

The Mayflower log proves very conclusively that Gov. Bradford used to have come very bad spells occasionally.

The Boston Herald complains that Calve doesn't make a good appearance in knickerbockers. Calves very often do not.

It is said that the herri herri has broken out in Cuba. We don't know what kind of disease that is, but it evidently is herri herri bad.

Bin Said has abolished slavery in Zanzibar. He seems to be a pretty fair ruler, in spite of everything that has been said to the contrary.

A boy in St. Joseph, Mo., has become a confirmed drunkard by inhaling gasoline fumes. He must have been pretty light-headed at the start.

If Lieutenant Peary insists upon making another dash to the pole he ought to be thoughtful enough this time to send his relief expedition ahead.

An 8-year-old boy in Ohio is unable to talk, but continually barks like a dog. The buckeye medical authorities are a unit in declaring that they never saw a case.

Weyer has not done well in Cuba, but it remains to be proved that anyone else could do better. The "pacification" of a people fighting for freedom is a bad job for anyone to undertake.

The editor of El Comercio in Havana wants to "split in the face of the United States 100 times." If he ever tries that he probably will be willing to mark down that estimate to ninety-eight at least.

The Des Moines Register explains that "Millionaire Rockefeller rides a wheel dressed in a black Alpine hat and brown kid gloves, together with knickerbockers and sack coat." But what does Mr. Rockefeller himself wear?

The chess-playing members of Parliament were very much astonished, it is said, at the strength and subtlety of their congressional opponents, but they would simply be paralyzed if they should challenge the House to a game of poker by cable.

Baroness Blanc left a vaudeville engagement in New York the other day long enough to run into a police court and testify that she was "likely to become a charge on the county and an object of charity" because she is now earning only \$200 a week. Advertising has become one of the fine arts.

While the Belgian government is changing the official clocks so that they will show the hours continuously from 1 to 24, instead of dividing the day into two sections of twelve hours each, a conference at Paris has advocated the decimal system as applied to minutes and seconds. It would have 100 minutes constitute an hour and 100 seconds form a minute. Old Chronos will have a good kick coming if both these suggestions are adopted. Think of asking the time and being told it was 13:42!

The Chicago policemen on bicycles, whose duty it is to round up lawbreakers in the South Park system, appear to have woe of their own that have hitherto been unsuspected. It is reported of Officer Kilbury—a very appropriate and comprehensive name—that having arrested a scorcher he found when he came out of the station that some one had stolen his own wheel, which he had left standing at the curb. Then as he was crossing the street bemoaning his misfortune another scorcher ran into him and over him, leaving him probably the most thoroughly downcast policeman on the force. After reflecting on these incidents it is easier to realize the Spartan-like courage required by bicycled policemen to stick to the narrow path of duty.

The changed conditions under which Jews live in Great Britain is shown by the fact that the Jewish community in London has petitioned the chief rabbi to alter the form of the prayer for the Queen used in the synagogues, that it may be more in conformity to the newer social conditions enjoyed by the Hebrews there. In former times, when the Jews were only allowed to live on sufferance, the prayer offered was in keeping with this service condition. It has survived to this day and contains the words: "May the Supreme King of Kings in his mercy put compassion into her heart, and into the hearts of her counselors and nobles, that they may deal kindly with us and with all Israel." For this has been substituted a more self-respecting yet equally reverent supplication. It is also significant that the words "May he subdue nations under her sway" have likewise been omitted. There is certainly an improvement in the social condition of the Jews in England from the days of the Tudors to that of D'Israeli and a Jewish lord mayor of London.

The parliamentary committee which is investigating the South African scandal is in the position of the legendary hunter who caught a bear by the tail and was afraid to let go. It has run up against several snags which clearly show that Rhodes is backed by the British authority in assuming the attitude of defiance which has proven so costly. Even the pugnacious are not to be trusted at the task of

reaching the truth about the Jameson raid, and the latest act in the investigating fiasco is that of the committee in not compelling the production of the very important telegrams now in the possession of the South African Company's attorney. These telegrams, it is said, instead of compromising Secretary Chamberlain, as it was first supposed they would, implicate, so some journals do not hesitate to assert, no less a person than the Prince of Wales, who at one time held a number of the company's shares, but who disposed of them when the exposures began. There is every evidence that the investigation is going to fall to the ground, the complicity of the Prince of Wales and other high dignitaries preventing the committee from doing its whole duty in the year of the queen's jubilee.

The English judges have a way of taking a hand in the examination of witnesses and evidence which their American brethren do not seem to avail themselves of. At a recent trial of a case for damages brought by a woman against a dressmaker for the alleged ruining of material in making up a costume, the judge said he could not decide upon the merits of the case until he had seen the dress upon the complainant. The latter was more than willing that he should have this advantage and was only restrained with difficulty from making the change in the presence of the court. When she emerged from the retiring room wearing the complained of dress the judge said he called it a very good fit. He gallantly qualified his assertion by saying that maybe it was the wearer that caused that effect. He had before him the fashion plate according to which the dress was supposed to have been made and compared it critically with the costume itself and pronounced the latter an excellent copy of the plate. Then amid brutal laughter a male jury decided against the complainant. This shows the necessity of having women judges and juries, at least for those causes which involve decisions upon matters of dress and the finer feelings of women. What can a common man be expected to know about the fit of a dress? This judge probably did not know taffeta when he saw it and could not tell passementerie from pigskin.

The cocottes scribbled has seized all class of English people and the presses of London are flooding the world with literature the like of which Grub and Fleet streets never saw before. The chap-books and penny broads of a century ago are multiplied in number and intensified a thousandfold, and the servant girls who once were written for are now themselves writing. One of these literary maid servants appeared in a court as plaintiff against her mistress, who had dismissed her without the customary month's notice, and the testimony was better than Dickens or Thackeray could ever have imagined. The mistress said that the cook was of a literary turn of mind, and that in her passion for novel writing she neglected her work, even to letting the frying pan become hot upon the stove, while the steak remained unprepared in the pantry and the children sat hungry in the dining-room. The title of this brilliant work was "The Vengeance of the Viscount." She also spilled a bottle of ink upon the tablecloth. The budding novelist explained this by saying that she had an idea in her head and that she was bound to write it. In court she added to this statement the assertion that she was not going to miss an idea for anyone. She objected to her mistress' pronunciation, especially her habit of dropping her h's, and she frequently said to her: "Please speak English, ma'am. I don't understand Whitechapel." When she was awarded damages she generously said that she would repay the money when her book was published. The picture of the literary housemaid writing furiously upon "The Vengeance of the Viscount" amid the overturned ink stand and her mistress' dropped aspirates is worthy of the attention of the greatest living novelist.

A New York man has recovered the price of an overcoat lost by him last winter in a Harlem restaurant. The coat was handed by its owner to a waiter, but was missing when the diner had finished his meal. The court apparently held that the waiter in taking charge of the garment made the house responsible for its safe-keeping. It will be seen that this will not prove a precedent in cases where hats or coats have not passed through the hands of employes of the house. The recovery of damages for property stolen in this way from frequenters of city dining-rooms is very doubtful. The restaurants most extensively patronized do not make provision for the safety of diners' hats or coats, indeed they positively disclaim responsibility for those articles, and signs to that effect displayed in the most alarming type are to be seen upon the walls. This is one of the causes of indignation among city men. They rush into a restaurant for their midday meal and hang their hats and coats upon pegs more or less convenient to their seats. Ever mindful of the lack of responsibility of the proprietor, they swallow their food, thinking not of what they eat, but of the chance that when they have finished they may find battered ties, or maybe no ties at all, in place of their silk hats. They either do not eat enough or they eat improperly, and indigestion results. Undoubtedly physicians would bear out this statement. Restaurant keepers say that they cannot afford to establish coatrooms at which customers may check their garments and receive them again when the meal is finished, and Americans have become too used to the habit of spending not more than fifteen minutes at their noonday meal to bother with checking their hats.

BLUE AND THE GRAY

BRAVE MEN WHO MET ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

Thrilling Stories of the Rebellion—Old Soldiers and Sailors Relate Reminiscences of Life in Camp and on the Field—Incidents of the War.

A Famous Scoop. "The first time I saw General Grant," Col. W. R. Holloway, the well-known editor of the Indianapolis Journal, says, "was early in June, 1861. I was then private secretary to Gov. Oliver P. Morton, of Indiana.

"I purchased the Indianapolis Journal in the fall of 1864, just previous to Sherman's march to the sea. One morning several officers of Indiana regiments arrived in Indianapolis, on sick leaves, and informed me that Sherman had burned Atlanta, taken a large portion of the army, and cut loose without baggage or transportation, except for ammunition, and had started for the sea, expecting to live off the country, their motto being, 'Salt water or hell.'

"He said they had left an ample force under General Thomas to take care of Hood, and proposed to cut the Confederacy in twain.

"I waited patiently until nearly 3 o'clock in the morning for some news of the movement by telegraph, but nothing came, when I realized that I had a tremendous 'scoop' and wrote a brief account of the same, which was double-headed and put at the head of the first column on the editorial page.

"When the Journal arrived at Cincinnati the Associated Press agent sent the account to the press of the country, giving the Journal credit. It was commented on by nearly every leading paper in the country, but generally discredited, because the news came from Indianapolis, which place they declared was not a news center.

"They argued that if such a movement had been contemplated it could not have been kept quiet, and some intimation from the same would have leaked out at Washington, or would have come from Nashville, Louisville or Cincinnati.

"Editors did not seem to remember that the telegraph offices at those points were under the control of the military commanders, and no news regarding the movements could be sent from those points without being first approved by the commanding officer of the post.

"When the New York papers arrived in Washington containing the Indianapolis Journal's account of the great march there was great excitement, and Charles A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, telegraphed Gen. Hovey, military commander of the District of Indiana, ordering him to investigate the sources of the Journal's information and report to him at once.

"When papers arrived at the headquarters of the Army of the Potomac Gen. Grant was both astonished and annoyed.

"He ordered that all copies of morning papers seized and brought to his headquarters to be destroyed, but unfortunately some of our pickets had gotten a few copies, which they traded to the rebel pickets for Southern papers, which they sold to newspaper correspondents at good prices. It turned out afterward that the rebel authorities received the first news of Sherman's movement through the Journal's article.

"Two days after the publication Gen. Horace Porter, of General Grant's staff, walked into my office at Indianapolis, with an order from General Grant to proceed to Indianapolis, and require the editor of the Journal to furnish the names of his informants, and all the facts in his possession relating to the manner of obtaining the information, or arrest and hold him for further orders. I was in a dilemma, and I did not want to give the names of my informants, as they assured me they had it direct from General Thomas, but that it was not given in confidence.

"I informed General Porter that General Hovey, the military commissioner of the District of Indiana, had received a telegram from the War Department calling for the same information, and inasmuch as the same parties had talked with General Hovey, he had as much information about the matter as I had.

"We called on General Hovey, who handed General Porter the telegram from Assistant Secretary of War Charles A. Dana, and, after reading it carefully, he said: 'The War Department ranks General Grant. The telegram lets me out.'

"Of course, when I published the news, I had no idea it would be regarded as 'contraband,' but concluded I had a 'scoop,' and used it for all it was worth.

"If I remember correctly, General Porter told me the details of the great march was arranged by correspondence between General Grant and Sherman, he carrying all the letters that passed between them, and that the first knowledge the War Department had of the movement they obtained from the Journal's account as published by the Associated Press."

Admiral Brown. Admiral Brown, who has just been retired from the navy, and is said to be the man who fired the first and last shot from a warship during the late civil war, will make his home for the rest of his life in Indianapolis. The Indiana town has nominally always been his residence, but owing to his duties he has only been there but a short time since his graduation nearly fifty years ago. Notwithstanding that fact, some enthusiastic admirers talk of nominating him for mayor. He cannot be said to have very pronounced

political convictions, for he never voted but twice in his life, once for Grant and once at a local election. This does not necessarily mean that he would not make a good mayor, but it seems strange that any one should think of putting him in such an important position. His long service in the navy is a very honorable one, but it has naturally put him out of touch with affairs on land.

Had Much Money to Burn.

"When Burnside made his mud march onto Fredericksburg we men in advance had some gay times," remarked a veteran of the civil war. "It was a long time before the Johnnies would let us cross the river, but when we did get across we made the fellows who had been shooting at us for the past three hours get right up and dust for safer quarters. The infantry soon followed us and took up their position along the river toward Falmouth, while we skirmished through the town. When we came to the Planters' hotel we just walked in and took possession. Everybody had deserted the place and we did just as we pleased. In going through one of the rooms I came across three bundles of Confederate notes. Each bundle was labeled to contain \$5,000, and as I held them aloft I shouted to the rest of the men that we now had money to burn. They laughed and I thrust the notes into my pocket. The Johnnies had taken or destroyed everything to eat and as for liquor there wasn't any in the town.

"After satisfying ourselves that there was nothing further to be had in the Planters' hotel we sallied forth and walked toward the home of the mother of our country—George Washington's mother. We had had no breakfast and it was now close onto noon. One of my companions had some coffee in his haversack, so I thought we might have a little coffee, if nothing else. Well, we got the coffee out and then discovered we had no firewood. There was some tall swearing just at that time, for the Johnnies hadn't left so much as a match behind them.

"I've got it," I cried, and I hauled out the three bundles of notes I had found in the Planters' hotel. My expression was greeted with a shout by my companions and we had money to burn. We soon had the fire going and the coffee cooked. Need I say to any soldier that we enjoyed our coffee at a price which seems rather high—\$15,000. We were soon through and marched back into the town, only to see our men trying to buy some tobacco without money. How strange it seemed; they had not a cent, while we had money to burn and burned it.

"Four years afterward I regretted having had this money and burned it. While in Washington in the winter of '65 I had the mortification of seeing an advertisement for this identical package of notes and offering 50 per cent. on their face value for their return. They were Virginia State bank notes, hence their value. Whenever I hear that a man has money to burn I think of my \$15,000 and shed a tear of regret that I burned it."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Relics from War Days.

Two interesting relics have been sent to the Chicago Tribune by Major Henry C. Whitney, of Beachmont, Mass., who was a paymaster in the United States army during the civil war in 1861-65. These are the original pay vouchers acknowledging receipt from Paymaster Whitney by Major General John M. Palmer (since United States Senator from Illinois) and Major General H. G. Wright of money due on salary and subsistence accounts. In addition to their value as war relics these old documents are of interest as showing how the Federal government provided for volunteer officers of high rank during the rebellion. The papers are yellowed with age and scorched by fire. General Palmer's voucher bearing the marks of especially hard usage. For thirty-two years they have been packed away among Major Whitney's effects, and now that they are no longer necessary for the protection of his own accounts with the government he has forwarded them to the Tribune for preservation in Chicago.

General Palmer's voucher covers the four months from Oct. 31, 1864, to Feb. 28, 1865, at which time he was on duty as a Major General of volunteers, in command of the department of Kentucky. For his own services General Palmer was paid the regulation salary of \$220 a month, with an allowance of \$4.50 a day for subsistence. Besides this, like all other commanding officers, he had a staff of four private servants, whose pay, clothing, and rations were figured into his own account, making the total allowance for the four months \$1,748.02. General Palmer's servants were: Jack Harris (white), and "Jim," "Dick," and "Martin," black boys.

General Wright drew \$456.92 as pay and subsistence for himself and four black servants for the twenty-four days from March 1 to March 24, 1863, when he was in command of the Department of the Ohio. This was the last voucher signed by him in that capacity, as the following notation of the document, in his own handwriting, shows: "Relieved from command of the Department of the Ohio March 25, 1863 by Major General Burnside. Appointment as Major General revoked by War Department letter dated March 24, 1863, in consequence of its having been negatived by the Senate.

"H. C. W."

All the history of the war is not written in the books. There are many incidents of local interest to be gathered from inspection of records packed away and long forgotten.

A St. Louis girl baby, born during the great windstorm last summer, has been christened "Cyclonia."



A FAIR DEPUTY SHERIFF.

WOMEN are fast rising to positions of prominence and responsibility in the West. The latest of these to enter a field that has hitherto been closed to the opposite sex is Miss Clair Ferguson, whose picture appears in these columns. She has recently been appointed deputy sheriff of Salt Lake, Utah, and entered upon the duties of the office last week.



MISS CLAIR FERGUSON.

Her duties will not be of a dangerous character, but will consist principally in the serving of papers and notification of jurors. Miss Ferguson is a native of Utah, her mother being a prominent woman suffragist of that State. She has been well educated and is very popular in Salt Lake City, where she resides. Previous to her appointment as deputy she had been a stenographer in the sheriff's office.

How to Grow Graceful.

Describe a circular movement with each arm twenty times in succession. Extend the arms forward, outward and upward thirty times in succession, taking eight or ten deep inspirations between each series. Execute a circular movement from the waist, swaying the upper part of the body slowly around, the hands resting on the hips, thirty times. Extend the leg as nearly at right angles with the body as possible twelve times each side, taking eight or ten deep inspirations between each series. Extend and bend the foot twenty times each side; perform the gesture of reaping or sawing thirty times; bend each knee rapidly thirty times; take eight or ten deep inspirations.

Raise the arm swiftly and rapidly, as in the action of throwing a lance, twelve times in succession; throw out both arms simultaneously twenty or thirty times; take eight or ten deep inspirations. Trot on one spot, resting the hands on the hips and lifting the feet briskly 100 to 300 times. Take eight or ten deep inspirations. Jump with the hands on the hip and the head and body erect fifty to 100 times. Take eight or ten deep inspirations. If necessary a brief rest should be taken after each exercise.

The English Nurse.

Nowadays the French nurse is little seen, unless with very poor folk. In her place with the children of the rich is the English nursery governess. She is apt to be rather gaunt-looking, but she is certain to be a woman of gentle birth, gentle manners and with sufficient education to answer until the children are ready to go under a regular governess. This autocrat of the nursery brings with her, in addition to a perfect English accent, pronounced English ideas on the subject of children's parties, sweetmeats, baths, clothes, waiting on one's self, lessons and spanking. In this last art she is an adept. She teaches the children that they must eat and eat properly, and they learn, very early in their acquaintance with her, that she obeys King Solomon's order, and is not economical with the rod. She is absolute monarch in the nursery.

Women as Interior Decorators.

The decoration and furnishing of the most successfully completed great houses of recent construction have been absolutely dictated and supervised by the women most interested, and there seems no reason why the woman decorator has not come to stay. She is dotted in pairs of girl bachelors among the larger cities of the country, and, though the firm is apt to dissolve after a more or less brief existence, it is not due to lack of business, but rather to the quick opportunity which seems to offer for the formation of permanent partnerships under a consolidated firm name. There are those to whom reverses of fortunes have forced to use their taste and talents in this most womanly of occupations, and these, having once found the pleasures of self-help and independence, are the pillars of the profession.

Novel Dishwashers.

A housekeeper, who is noted among her friends for the scrupulous neatness of her establishment down to the smallest detail, says that she has discovered that the best sort of dishwasher is a

whisk broom. This she esteems far above the ordinary soft dishcloth or the twisted cords sold in the housefurnishing shops. Two such brooms, kept, respectively, one for plates and pottery, the other for metal dishes, always hang over the sink in her kitchen, and are in daily use. An especial recommendation is the ease with which they are kept clean, a moment's holding under the running faucet washing away every scrap which may cling to them, and an occasional dipping in hot water, to which a little washing soda has been added, keeping them perfectly sweet.

Something New in Curtains.

Little curtains for the summer cottage can be made of Swiss muslin, either dotted or plain, and those with ruffles ten inches wide and hemmed at both sides make exceedingly dressy and very effective hangings. The ruffles should be put on with a puff and narrow heading, lying on the curtain, and a ribbon of the prevailing color of the room run under the puff. On this puff at intervals of six inches from the center of flower to center of flower a large daisy, without foliage or stem, sewed on accurately, or a wide-open wild rose, gives a most fascinating result.

Some Beauty Hints.

Do not wash the face in hard water. If possible, use filtered rain water, but as this is not easy to get soften the water by artificial means. Half an ounce of California borax, three ounces of almond meal, and three ounces of finely ground oatmeal may be mixed together in a cheesecloth bag and dropped in a bowl of water. This will soften it, and the complexion will be found much improved in consequence. An ounce of powdered orris root may be added to the mixture, giving it an odor of violets.

Emancipated Woman.

Knit socks are now sold at 5 cents a pair. Our grandmothers would spend a couple of days knitting a pair of socks not so comfortable as these, for in turning the heel they would leave ridges, while the machinery-made sock is seamless. Woman, being thus emancipated from the knitting needle, turns her attention to Debsartian exercises, to cooking schools and to lecturing. She develops into a superior intellectual and spiritual being.—Birmingham Herald.

Energetic Women.

The other day when the women of Rockford, Ill., "ran" the trolley cars they realized a handsome sum in consequence for their aid society. Last winter this society helped to support the families of 600 unemployed men. The cars were packed from early morning until 12 o'clock Saturday night, and the men who paid a \$5 bill for a ride of two or three blocks were voted "angels."

He Will Be a Minister.

Miss Marie H. Jenney, daughter of Colonel E. G. Jenney, of Syracuse, has just completed a four years' course at the Meadville Theological Seminary in Pennsylvania and has declared her intention of becoming a Unitarian minister and of taking a charge next year. Miss Jenney is said to be not only a pretty but a stylish young woman, with a charming personality.

Farmer Verdi.

Verdi, the musical grand old man of Italy, is evidently of opinion that a man in his eighties is in the golden prime of life. Two or three years ago he gave to the world his delightful opera of "Falstaff," just to show how copiously the fount of inspiration may flow in the soul of an octogenarian. At Genoa, he rides the bicycle. His real delight, however, is in pastoral life at his country place, like the poet Horace on his Sabine farm. Verdi's farm is in the neighborhood of Piacenza. On his recent birthday—his eighty-third—the patriarchal composer was seen at 5 o'clock in the morning at the weekly market in town, whither he had brought some sheep to sell. He also wished to buy a cow and some vegetables, and so spent the entire day among the agriculturists and traders of the market-place. It was like a chorus scene in one of his own operas. At 6 o'clock in the evening he invited his bucolic friends to the inn and treated them to a rousing supper, at which vino rosso flowed liberally, and the company roared out the Italian equivalent of "For he's a jolly good fellow!"—Leslie's Weekly.

Created by the Trade Winds.

About the middle of the century Lieutenant M. S. Maury, the American hydrographer and meteorologist, advocated a theory of circulation as the chief cause of ocean currents, claiming that difference in density, due to difference in temperature and saltness, would sufficiently account for the oceanic circulation. This theory gained great popularity through the wide circulation of Maury's "Physical Geography of the Sea," which is said to have passed through more editions than any other scientific book of the period, but it was ably and vigorously combated by Dr. James Croll, the Scottish geologist, in his "Climate and Time," and latterly the old theory that ocean currents are due to the trade winds has again come into favor. Indeed, very recently a model has been constructed, with the aid of which it is said to have demonstrated that prevailing winds in the direction of the actual trade winds would produce such a current as the gulf stream.—Harper's Magazine.

Birmingham, Eng., makes \$7,000,000 pins daily.