



A MIRACLE OF THE STORM.

Sunday after Sunday the same demure little creature sat in the last pew on the right-hand side of the center aisle in St. Matthias' Church, and Sunday after Sunday the young minister in charge looked down over his congregation and caught the wistful look of a pair of dark-brown eyes that were solemn and pathetic at once. Before the last storm of the recession had ceased to vibrate on the ears of the kneeling worshippers the little creature had each time made her way out of the church unnoticed. After awhile Rev. John Grimshaw, who was six and twenty, and impressionable at that, began to feel the influence of that benign expression, and of those solemn dark eyes, and decided to speak with the girl if an opportunity presented itself, and the opportunity did come one Friday night on a saint's day when there was a special service at the church in the evening.

She had never been into the church before except on Sunday, and what was his surprise and pleasure when the young minister lifted his eyes that night and saw the face that was beginning to interest him sitting before him quite near the front. During the singing of a hymn he approached her and asked her to remain after the service, as he wished to say a few words to her. She did not reply, except with a mute appeal in her splendid dark eyes. He mistook her silence for embarrassment and returned to his place at the lectern. At the close of the service he hurried to the side of the girl, who was just in the act of leaving her pew, and spoke a few words to her. He was inviting her, in that calm, deliberate way that characterized him, to come to church often, to consult him, to become a regular worshiper at the church; but as he talked in low, persuasive tones, and no response came from the girl, he began to wonder at her extreme bashfulness, and when she began to shake her head, to make rapid signs with her deft fingers, in an instant he realized that the appealing eyes that followed him in his dreams and in his waking moments, and the pretty but sad face, were those of a deaf mute, and so swift and sudden was the surprise that swept over him, that he could have cried out in his anguish. A chill came over his heart, but only for an instant, and in the next he communicated as best he could by nods and smiles and expression that he understood her and was sorry for her. He tried to make her understand that he would like her to continue to come to church and be a good Christian, but whether she comprehended him or not he did not know. He walked to the door with her, and as she went slowly down the stone steps he nodded a pleasant good-night as she looked back.

When he was alone that night the young preacher gave way to his emotion. He realized that he was deeply in love with the little being who had never spoken a word to him, and whom he now knew would never speak to him. He should never know that sound of her voice, which in his fancy was low and soft and musical. And now, on



True there were other girls in the parish who would gladly accept him if he would make the offer, but he did not love one of them as he now realized that he loved this girl who had occupied that rear seat in the church Sunday after Sunday, always attired in a neat black dress, a bit of soft white lace falling over her collar and setting off her pretty throat. She might be 18 or 20, he thought, and was just tall enough. He had noticed that she came to his shoulder as he walked down the aisle with her that night. Her hands were so pretty, too, when she made a few hurried signs, and he should never be able to hold them between his two large palms.

At last sleep pulled the curtain before those precious, yet bitter, thoughts and Rev. Mr. Grimshaw fell into a deep slumber, and dreamed that he was sailing the sea with this beautiful girl, that he held her in his arms, that he called her "Ruth." When he awoke it was with the bitterest disappointment, for he was alone, and the bright sun was streaming full upon his face. He remembered that the King's Daughters of the parish were to enjoy an excursion down the bay that day, and as he held many little affairs of importance he started to before 2 o'clock, the hour of sailing, he busied himself about them, saying the name Ruth softly to himself in the meanwhile, and wondering if her name were really Ruth.

ing at the dock, and one by one the young girls stepped aboard, each smiling her sweetest as she noticed the young minister standing on the wharf. He returned their salutations with a serious countenance, and with dignity slightly lifted his hat; but his eyes were strained to the little narrow street beyond, watching and waiting for her, hoping, yet not knowing, that she would come. It wanted one minute of the hour, and anxious ones aboard the little excursion steamer were calling to Mr. Grimshaw to come aboard and not get left. If he heard he heeded not, and just as he was about to give up hope of her coming, just as they were about to pull in the gangplank, a slight figure in a neat-fitting black dress with white



HE EXPLAINED THAT SHE WAS LATE.

lace at the throat and a small black hat set upon a shapely little head crowned with a wealth of chestnut-brown hair, approached the wharf. Calling to the sailors to wait a moment, John Grimshaw sprang forward and, taking the girl by the arm, forgetting that she could not hear a word he said, explained to her that she was late and must hurry to get aboard in time. She only smiled and turned her wistful eyes full upon him, and his heart swelled with a feeling undefinable, for he thought that he perceived love in her looks.

It would occupy an hour and a half to reach their destination, and he took her under his special charge. It was a merry crowd. It was jolliest in the stern of the boat, where people were packed like sardines on the deck seats and on camp stools. John Grimshaw and the mute little creature he loved were sitting together. Their arms touched as they leaned on the railing and looked out upon the water—the yachts, the smacks, the sailing vessels, the rowboats that passed and repassed them. Suddenly he felt what seemed to be the spray against his face. Another instant, and without warning, big drops of rain began to fall and an ominous black cloud covered the blue of the sky. Sheets of water rained and blew from the northeast. Big green waves that afterward became reasty lashed themselves angrily against the sides of the little steamer that rolled and pitched in its efforts to upright itself against their fury. Thunder rolled and blinding and zig-zag streaks of lightning played across the sky. The rain poured in torrents and swept over the deck, wetting everything in its path, and driving the now thoroughly frightened people to the opposite side of the boat, which, with its uneven weight, leaned and tipped in that direction. Water rushed in upon the lower deck. The captain shouted: "Some of you go to the other side of the boat. Don't all rush to one side, or you will have us overboard!" The women became excited, and a general rush to the cabin began, until the order was given that no more should come down into the cabin. Women grew frantic, children cried and those filled with bravado laughed at the almost calamity. Young men who tried to be funny put on life preservers and walked about exhibiting themselves, announcing: "The boat will sink in fifteen minutes; got your life preservers?" But a warning look from the minister soon quieted them.

The fury of the tempest in the meantime never abated. The steamer was shrouded in a mist of wind and rain, and the erstwhile jolly crowd was now a panic-stricken one. Lunch baskets and boxes that were carefully placed under the seats were saturated with salt water.

Meanwhile the young minister had laid a firm grasp upon the girl's arm, and half lifted, half dragged her to a passageway leading to the cabin, that was inclosed by glass windows and doors, and thus protected her from the rain. She did not seem to comprehend the extent of her danger, and looked on at the movements of the panic-stricken crowd like some curious, wild-eyed child. Mr. Grimshaw was white to the lips, and as he lifted his eyes to heaven, one could see that his lips were moving in prayer. He prayed that the fury of the wind and waves might be abated, that lives should not be lost, that the boat should anchor in safety, and "Oh, Lord," he prayed, "if it be Thy will that we sink to a watery grave, let her speak to me once, let me hear her voice just once upon earth, as in heaven I shall hear it as she sings with the angel choir."

The sky became ink black. Nothing could be discerned on the open deck but the terrific sheets and gusts of rain, made gray by the blackness. Just then the boat stopped to open, and a

blinding flash of lightning played and crashed across the boat; a deafening peal of thunder, like the bursting of a thousand cannon, seemed to shake the very waters of the deep, and to echo and re-echo across the boundless waste. It was terrific, and people clapped their hands to their ears, and white faces became blanched. A sharp, shrill piercing scream rose above it all. A scream of agonized fear. It came from the deaf mute, who swayed for a moment, and would have fallen had not her ever watchful companion caught her and supported her in his arms. What had caused her to scream? Fright, perhaps, he thought, as she witnessed the battle of the elements. Surely she had not heard that thunderbolt as it hurled itself from on high. Pshaw! Was she not deaf, and how could she hear? It made him almost glad to know that she had been spared that peal that caused many a heart to stand still for an instant.

He held her fast in his arms and softly spoke the name "Ruth." She lifted those eyes with a glance as sweet as an angel's. Her heart fluttered. She smiled with a smile of recognition, as if she had heard. Intuitively he felt that she had heard his voice. He had read once of such a miracle—that a volley of thunder so dense and so terrific as to deafen a person of ordinary hearing had in some miraculous and divine way restored the hearing of a man who had been deaf from birth. And, perhaps, this precious gift had been restored to the girl he loved. He spoke once more the name he had spoken in his dreams, and she gave a gasp that he heard. It was too true. It was a miracle of the storm, and he bowed his head and thanked God.

If he could but hear her voice. But that inestimable pleasure was to be denied him. And yet his dream was coming true, for he dreamed that he sailed the sea with her in his arms, and was she not now in his arms? "O, gentle dreams! O, destiny!"

It was not long before the storm ceased as suddenly as it came, and the heavy black clouds receded, and the blue in the sky was as bright as when they started out. The little steamer cut pluckily through the water, and in half an hour the party, now in excellent spirits, had reached the cool, shady grove. The miracle wrought during the storm was the talk of the day, and not less talked about was the devotion of the minister to the happy unfortunate who knew now that she loved him, and with an unfathomable intuition given to creatures like herself, knew, also, that John Grimshaw loved her. He did not love her less because she could not speak, else the bans would not have been published, and the marriage that took place at St. Matthias' Church, six months after, would never have occurred. She never spoke to him with her voice, but her eyes and her lips and her hands spoke to him always, and Sunday after Sunday as he looked over his congregation, the same little figure,

with a face of sweetness rather than sadness, looks up into his eyes, intelligently, and hears the blessed words as they fall from his lips.—Lillian Lewis.

Colonial Well Discovered. While making an excavation for an electric light conduit in Independence square lately the workmen uncovered an old well, which proved to be in an excellent state of preservation. An examination of it later demonstrated the fact that it is 25 feet deep and 3 1/2 feet in diameter. The walls are strongly constructed of hand-made brick, not one of which is out of place, and the cement used shows no signs of disintegration. When the work on old Independence hall was begun in 1722 four of these wells were sunk in the square, and at first were equipped with the old-fashioned chain and bucket operated on a windlass, but later on they were walled up and pumps put into them, and it was from these, especially the one lately uncovered, that the continental congress took its drinks between the acts.

The well is located about twelve feet in front of the main entrance of Independence hall into the square, and formerly two watch towers stood on each side. One of these is now in the possession of C. J. Smith of Germantown, and there is in the city, if not the pump used in this well in colonial days, one of the same pattern. The unearthing of this old well, which has been arched over perhaps seventy-five years and forgotten, has led the city authorities to the determination to give it a new lease of life, as closely resembling its former state as may be possible. It is true the Indians will not be recalled to sit around it and smoke the pipe of peace as of yore, but it will be cleaned and a marble slab will be placed over it.

The old colonial pump will be reinstated, while its ancient and long-separated friend, the old watch tower, will be placed to one side of it, looking as it did when they parted company 100 years ago. On the other side will be erected a watch tower, which art will do her best to make resemble the genuine one of colonial days, which will complete the picture with the exception of the Indians.—Philadelphia Record.

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THE FIELD OF BATTLE

INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

The Veterans of the Rebellion Tell of Whistling Bullets, Bright Bayonets, Burning Bombs, Bloody Battles, Camp Fire, Festive Baza, Etc., Etc.

Neal Dow's Captor. COLONEL ALLEN D. Chandler, Georgia's Secretary of State, was a mountain schoolmaster at the breaking out of the civil war, but he comes of fine old Irish ancestry, and the opportunity to lay aside the rod of correction and take the shillalah of war was too much for the doughty pedagogue, and he raised a company and offered his services to the Confederate Government and soon rose to the rank of colonel of the regiment.

His command was stationed in North Georgia in 1863, to assist in stopping the advance of the Federals, but he was detailed to take command of the post at Jackson, Miss., and was there during the summer of that memorable year, when hard fighting was going on around Vicksburg, and the Confederate and Union forces were struggling for supremacy in Mississippi.

"One morning bright and early," said he, while indulging in some reminiscences the other day, "a planter from down near Hazlehurst, Miss., called at headquarters and asked to see me privately. Taking him into my private office, he disclosed the fact that there was a Union general who had been severely wounded around Vicksburg stopping in his neighborhood at the home of a Union sympathizer, and he offered to pilot me to the house if I wished to effect his capture."

"It was too good an opportunity to be missed, and taking a posse of six men I proceeded to the little town of Hazlehurst, which was the last Confederate outpost on the New Orleans, Jackson and Great Northern Railroad that remained in possession of the Confederate forces."

"We arrived at Hazlehurst late at night and with the planter to guide us started on the march over roads so abominable that we could hardly pick our way in the darkness. There was no conveyance of any kind to be procured and we had to foot it through the fields and woods for seven miles before we reached our destination."

"The planter pointed out the house to us and remained in the background himself, so that he might not incur the enmity of his Unionist neighbors, and we quietly surrounded the house and I knocked for admittance. It was not until after he was convinced escape was impossible that the Unionist agreed to surrender his guest, and the latter came out into the struggling light of the early dawn with his arm in a sling."

"I asked him his name and rank and he informed me that he was Neal Dow, holding the rank of brigadier general in the Union army. I told him that he must consider himself a prisoner of war, and we started on the return journey to Hazlehurst. My prisoner proved to be an elderly man of commanding presence and possessed of more than the average intelligence, and our acquaintance progressed rapidly."

"When we arrived at Jackson I consigned him to the most comfortable room in the building which I had appropriated as a military prison. It had been the former office of the Flag of the Union, a red hot Unionist newspaper, whose publisher decamped when the Confederates took possession of the town, and the name of the newspaper still appeared on the front of the two-story wooden building in flaming letters."

"The only entrance to the second story was by an outside stairway, so that one sentinel could easily prevent the escape of prisoners confined above, and in that part of the building I placed my distinguished prisoner. I visited him every day and carried him such newspapers as fell into my hands, and we discussed the merits of the two sides of the question quite freely."

"We soon became the best of friends, and it was with genuine regret that I started with him to Richmond, where he was to be consigned to Castle Thunder as a prisoner of war. I was accompanied by 'Coon' Mitchell, a pudgy little music teacher, who had wandered into the ranks of the Confederate army along with all the rest of that strangely assorted assemblage of warriors."

"One night in August we started, and when we reached Montgomery, Ala., we went to the old National Hotel, where I secured a room. I had not been there long before I noticed that a mob was collecting in front of the hotel, and pretty soon the proprietor of the hotel appeared and with trembling lips warned me that I had better take measures to protect my prisoner, as the mob was gathering with the avowed intention of taking him out and hanging him to a lamp-post."

"It seemed that a number of Pensacola men, mostly Spaniards, had refugeeed to Montgomery, and as General Dow had been in command at Pensacola during its occupation by the Union forces, they were greatly incensed against him and accused him of robbing them of their personal property, some of them even claiming that he had stolen their silver spoons. Of course, I put no credence in the charges, but the point was to defend my prisoner from the violence of the mob, and to

responsible mob, so a post for Colonel Bibb, who was in command of the post. "On his arrival we went down and harangued the crowd and pleaded with them not to cast such a stain on the government and on the city by such an act of violence against all the rules of civilized warfare. After much pleading we succeeded in dispersing the citizens of Montgomery, who had assembled to assist in the execution."

"But the Spaniards from Pensacola were not so easily dissuaded from their purpose. They continued to fill up on mean whisky, and in a short time they began gathering in front of the hotel again, and Colonel Bibb and the proprietor of the hotel advised me to get the prisoner out of the city as soon as possible."

"I learned that the next train for Atlanta would leave at 4 o'clock in the morning, so that I must do something to avert the tragedy and keep my prisoner safe from harm until train time. General Dow remained perfectly cool and self-possessed, although suffering from the wound made by a bullet which had passed through the fleshy portion of his right arm, and did not appear at all disconcerted by the danger that menaced him."

"Leaving the hotel by a back door, we picked our way carefully through the garden, and slipping through a gate into an unfrequented alley, we made our way to the railway yards. Locating the mixed train which was to pull out at 4 o'clock, I obtained permission to enter a box car, and, folding our blankets, we lay down on the floor of the car, having securely fastened the door, and awaited the time of leaving."

"In all my war experience I never passed such an anxious night as that, and I never felt safe until we had passed the outskirts of the city and were speeding away toward Atlanta as fast as steam could carry us. When I arrived here I turned General Dow over to 'Coon' Mitchell, feeling that all danger was past, and he accompanied the prisoner to Richmond and turned him over to the authorities there."

"I passed through many thrilling experiences during the war, but I was never in such a close place as I was that night in Montgomery, while in charge of the great temperance leader, who was afterward to make such a world-wide reputation as the undaunted leader of the crusade against the liquor evil.—Montgomery M. Folson, in Chicago Times-Herald.

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"Liberator of the Press." Gen. Porter relates the following anecdote in the Century.

Gen. Meade had been untiring in his efforts during this eventful week. He was Gen. Grant's senior by seven years, was older than any of the corps commanders, and was naturally of an excitable temperament, and with the continual annoyances to which he was subjected he not infrequently became quite irritable. He was greatly disturbed at this time by some newspaper reports stating that on the second night of the battle of the Wilderness he had advised a retreat across the Rapidan; and in talking this matter with Gen. Grant, his indignation became so great that his wrath knew no bounds. He said that the rumor had been circulated throughout the press and would be believed by many of the people and perhaps by the authorities in Washington.

Mr. Dana, the assistant Secretary of War, who was still with the army, was present at the interview and he and Gen. Grant tried to console Meade by assurances that the story would not be credited and that they would give a broad contradiction of it. Mr. Dana at once sent a dispatch to the Secretary of War, alluding to the rumor and saying: "This is entirely untrue, he has not shown any weakness of that sort since moving from Culpeper, nor once intimated a doubt as to the successful issue of the campaign."

The Secretary replied the next day (June 10), saying: "Please say to Gen. Meade that the lying report alluded to in your telegram was not even for a moment believed by the President or myself. We have the most perfect confidence in him. He could not wish a more exalted estimation of his ability, his firmness and every quality of a commanding general than is entertained for him." The newspaper correspondent who had been the author of the slander was seized and placed on a horse, with large placards hung upon his breast and back bearing the inscription, "Liberator of the Press," and drummed out of camp. There had never been a moment when Meade had not been in favor of bold and vigorous advances and he would have been the last man to counsel a retreat.

Hadn't Thought of That. "Some time ago," says an Insurance man, "a man asked me to accompany him home, as he had some things there to be insured. When we arrived at his house he showed me 100 boxes of cigars, which he wanted insured. There were 100 cigars in each box, making 10,000 in all, and were valued at \$1,000. A few days ago the man came to me and asked for the insurance money. 'You've had no fire at your house,' I replied. 'No, but I've smoked them,' said he, 'and according to the paper, I am entitled to the money, as it reads distinctly that if the goods are consumed by fire money is paid on application.' As far as technicalities were concerned he was all right, but I knocked him cold about a minute later by saying, in a very stern manner: 'All right, sir; you'll get the money; but, according to your own confession, I will proceed at once to make a charge against you for incendiarism.' 'Well, I'll be hanged!' was all he said, and the room shook violently after he banged the door."—Philadelphia Record.

An affected humility is more insupportable than downright pride. Take care that your virtues be genuine and not the victims of show and not to

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"I passed through many thrilling experiences during the war, but I was never in such a close place as I was that night in Montgomery, while in charge of the great temperance leader, who was afterward to make such a world-wide reputation as the undaunted leader of the crusade against the liquor evil.—Montgomery M. Folson, in Chicago Times-Herald.

"Liberator of the Press." Gen. Porter relates the following anecdote in the Century.

Gen. Meade had been untiring in his efforts during this eventful week. He was Gen. Grant's senior by seven years, was older than any of the corps commanders, and was naturally of an excitable temperament, and with the continual annoyances to which he was subjected he not infrequently became quite irritable. He was greatly disturbed at this time by some newspaper reports stating that on the second night of the battle of the Wilderness he had advised a retreat across the Rapidan; and in talking this matter with Gen. Grant, his indignation became so great that his wrath knew no bounds. He said that the rumor had been circulated throughout the press and would be believed by many of the people and perhaps by the authorities in Washington.

Mr. Dana, the assistant Secretary of War, who was still with the army, was present at the interview and he and Gen. Grant tried to console Meade by assurances that the story would not be credited and that they would give a broad contradiction of it. Mr. Dana at once sent a dispatch to the Secretary of War, alluding to the rumor and saying: "This is entirely untrue, he has not shown any weakness of that sort since moving from Culpeper, nor once intimated a doubt as to the successful issue of the campaign."

The Secretary replied the next day (June 10), saying: "Please say to Gen. Meade that the lying report alluded to in your telegram was not even for a moment believed by the President or myself. We have the most perfect confidence in him. He could not wish a more exalted estimation of his ability, his firmness and every quality of a commanding general than is entertained for him." The newspaper correspondent who had been the author of the slander was seized and placed on a horse, with large placards hung upon his breast and back bearing the inscription, "Liberator of the Press," and drummed out of camp. There had never been a moment when Meade had not been in favor of bold and vigorous advances and he would have been the last man to counsel a retreat.

Hadn't Thought of That. "Some time ago," says an Insurance man, "a man asked me to accompany him home, as he had some things there to be insured. When we arrived at his house he showed me 100 boxes of cigars, which he wanted insured. There were 100 cigars in each box, making 10,000 in all, and were valued at \$1,000. A few days ago the man came to me and asked for the insurance money. 'You've had no fire at your house,' I replied. 'No, but I've smoked them,' said he, 'and according to the paper, I am entitled to the money, as it reads distinctly that if the goods are consumed by fire money is paid on application.' As far as technicalities were concerned he was all right, but I knocked him cold about a minute later by saying, in a very stern manner: 'All right, sir; you'll get the money; but, according to your own confession, I will proceed at once to make a charge against you for incendiarism.' 'Well, I'll be hanged!' was all he said, and the room shook violently after he banged the door."—Philadelphia Record.

An affected humility is more insupportable than downright pride. Take care that your virtues be genuine and not the victims of show and not to



HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT

Pudding. In the best plum pudding beef marrow is used, not suet. Remove the strings from three-quarters of a pound of the nicest beef's marrow, and chop it fine, adding a teaspoonful of salt; add also a pound of Malaga raisins, a pound of sultanas and a pound of currants, with three-quarters of a pound of fine grated breadcrumbs. Mix together half a teaspoonful each of allspice, ground cloves and cinnamon, and half a grated nutmeg, and add to the pudding. Mix thoroughly all these dry ingredients, grate in the yellow peel of a lemon, and add two ounces each of candied citron, orange and lemon peel, cut in thin slices, and a quarter of a pound of granulated sugar. Add, finally, ten eggs, half a gill each of rum and brandy, and a gill of sherry. Mix the pudding, and if it is too stiff add a little hot milk; if too thin a few more bread crumbs. A quarter of a pound of sweet almonds, blanched and chopped fine, is sometimes added. When the spices are omitted a teaspoonful of bitter almonds is added for seasoning.

To Protect the Cook's Hands. The detachable handle principle has been very conveniently applied to the kitchen boiler kettle, as is herewith shown. The pot illustrated has a detachable handle, so that when the boiling is accomplished the pot can easily



POT WITH DETACHABLE HANDLE.

be removed without burning one's hands. Another striking feature of this pot, of English invention and design, it may be added, is the strainer in the lid, the many advantages of which it is needless to point out.

Things to Know. Mix stove blacking with vinegar; this will make it stick better and also give a better polish.

To cool a hot dish quickly set it in cold water and salt; this will cool it far more rapidly than if it were stood in cold water only.

After washing lamp chimneys rub them with dry salt, which will give a brilliant polish to the glass.

Frosted green vegetables may be restored by steeping in cold water twelve hours before boiling.

A few grains of salt sprinkled on coffee before adding the water brings out and improves the flavor.

To keep parsley a good color for parsley sauce, tie it in a bunch, throw into boiling water and boil five minutes; chop finely, and add to the sauce in the usual manner.

Filling for Fig Cake.

For the cake any good white cake receipt will serve. For the filling the figs must be cut into pieces the size of Lima beans, covered with water and stewed slowly for two hours; then one-half of a pound of sugar for each pound of figs must be added, and the gentle simmering continued until you have a soft, well-blended, thick preserve. This should be prepared before-hand, that it may be