

GEN. B. CANON, Editor and Prop. BARRISON, N. H.

The next European concert will be held in China.

A good deal of the "higher criticism" of music is so sublime that it is ridiculous.

Mark Twain has learned from sad experience that book publishing is no joke.

Still, somebody should warn the Kaiser to let go of the stick when he sets off that Chinese skyrocket.

If the European powers do not quit fooling around their Oriental powder magazine somebody is going to get hurt.

As the setting of a jewel is a great deal, so the girl who may be pretty as a picture, hardly looks well in an ugly frame of mind.

Lots of office-holders try to carry their predilections on their shoulders, as it were, merely to provide some protection to their necks.

The beauty of the submarine "yacht" just launched at Baltimore, is that if caught out in a gale all hands can go below and take their ship with them.

No more sealskins will be passed at the custom houses, as the law is now interpreted. But then the cat as a fur-bearing animal we have always with us.

If England should ask Germany, "How soon will you retire from China?" the response may be, "Please give the date of your evacuation of Egypt."

The New York Tribune prints an editorial warning about "The Danger of Bank Notes." We haven't read it yet, but presume the greatest danger about bank notes is their scarcity.

A restored old print of what is now greater New York, when it was a small Dutch fishing settlement, bears the name "Novum Amsterdamum." To an uninitiated reader this name might at first sight look quite threatening.

A New York woman is seeking limited divorce from her husband because he has been mute for five years, while permitting nothing but pork to come into the house for food. In some ways this woman should appear to have been having a fat thing of it.

It is a solemn fact that the salary paid one of the foot-ball coaches at one of our great universities the past season exceeds in amount that paid to any college professor who undertakes to teach the collegiate idea how to develop itself on strictly intellectual lines.

The great Irish race horse, Galtree More, in a recent race, is said to have won \$113,185 in eighteen minutes and nine seconds. Rockefeller, the great Standard oil magnate, has made big sums in very quick time, but as a rapid money maker Galtree has the lead.

To read them one would suppose that the eulogies delivered in Congress over deceased members were heard by a large audience full of deep emotion. As a matter of fact they are generally delivered to almost empty seats, or more likely printed by leave without having been delivered at all. This is one of the time-honored pious frauds practiced by Congress.

It is not regarded as quite manly for a large, strong, rich man to seize a small, weak, poor man by the throat, and compel him to pay on the spot for an act which the big man declares has injured him. Perhaps what is not high-minded in an individual is praiseworthy in a government. Nevertheless Germany's virtual bullying of Hayd does not seem altogether admirable.

Rev. Dr. Edward L. Stoddard, rector of St. John's, the most aristocratic Episcopal church in Jersey City, has announced, as reported, that he will start a dancing class in connection with his church, and be prepared to furnish instruction in the terpsichorean art at the unprecedentedly low price of 6 cents a lesson. He very properly wants to know why the devil should get all the acknowledged advantages of dancing.

In spite of all feverish haste to be rich, maugre all Klondike crazes, and all sociable crazes pursued by those who expect or hope in some magical or indefinable way to live off society, with little personal effort, it is still a truth, and ever will be a truth, that the rewards of this world will go to those who earn them by slow, patient, steady industry; by careful, prudent, calculating endeavor; by painstaking application, temperate living and slow saving.

It is imperatively necessary that public opinion be roused to the necessity of taking a stern view of all abuses of trust. So far as legal restraints can be made more searching and efficient, this should be done. So far as offenses which are specific can be subjected to severe penalties, this should be done. But the indispensable prerequisite to improvement is a thoroughly aroused public sentiment. With this, the legal remedies, so far as practicable, will be sure to be provided in course of time, and what is more to the purpose, will be enforced.

Prosecutions for base majesty, under which crimes are avoided all disparage-

ling comments on the Kaiser, are becoming more numerous in Germany. About seven hundred persons were convicted of this offense last year. A socialist editor has been sent to jail for a jest about the Kaiser's trousers; and a young girl has recently received a six months' sentence for criticizing the workmanship of a printed portrait of the Kaiser. Persons sentenced for this crime are no longer treated as political prisoners, but are put into prison garb, their hair is clipped, and they are chained like common criminals.

The New York Times points out some of the causes of the growth of the pension list in the fact that there are 7,000 firms of pension attorneys in the United States, while more than 40,000 lawyers make the securing of pensions their chief business. That some of these—though not all, by any means—are unscrupulous, and resort to corrupt methods to win the success of their clients goes without saying. As a consequence of the zealous but dishonest work of some of these the Government is robbed of millions in the course of a year.

Because he was growing blind, Emil Christner committed suicide in New York. "It's hard to lose one's sight; hard not to see the beauty of the dowers in spring, the snow in winter, the sunsets of fall and the verdure of summer; hard not to see the grandeur of which others speak and the glories over which friends grow enthusiastic; and yet, Christner was foolish for committing suicide. Sight may be man's most precious faculty, but there are other things in life, and existence can be treasured even without the faculty of sight. The blind man can smell the fragrance of the flowers he cannot see, he can hear the joyful prattle of a beloved babe upon his knee, the music played by loving fingers, and the kindly-freighted words spoken by affectionate lips. He can feel the sympathy of hearts that beat in unison with his own, he can hear the thoughts that have brought contentment to men more sorely afflicted than Job, he can hear, feel and see with the mind's eye love—the only real thing worth feeling, seeing and hearing in life. Yes, 'tis hard not to see, but the man who would consign himself to an eternal grave, because he cannot see, must be woefully ungrateful to God and nature for the other faculties given to life.

One of the chief industries of Kentucky, the distilling of bourbon whisky, has been reduced to a desperate condition by the overloading of the market with inferior and adulterated stocks turned out by the so-called rectifiers. A year ago the big Monarch failure began the depreciation, and the more recent assignment of Richard J. Monarch, brother of the Monarch who failed last year, still further demoralized the distilling business. The Monarchs have been in the distilling business twenty years or more and the first one who failed had increased the capacity of his plant from 30,000 or 40,000 barrels per annum to 80,000, and was making an effort to increase it to 100,000 when he failed. The trouble began in 1893, when the production reached 40,835,873 gallons, or double the consumption. With the panic of that year the price of whisky fell and many distillers were ruined, while others have been in a crippled condition ever since. The depreciated value of genuine whisky is due to two causes, adulteration and overproduction, the former being the most important. Certain rectifiers, it is said, from one gallon of pure bourbon are able to produce four or five gallons of a fiery fluid that not one drinker out of ten can tell from the genuine. With the consequent decrease in price the real distillers find themselves forced out of business, and pure whisky is becoming a scarcer article.

Several weeks ago a bank in Indiana was visited by burglars, who blew open the safe and secured a large sum of money. A famous pack of bloodhounds were brought from Indianapolis and turned loose upon the robbers' trail. The man hunt lasted only a few minutes. Suddenly the leading dog began howling dismally and refused to go farther, and it was impossible to continue the chase. A prisoner in jail afterward turned State's evidence and gave the police all the facts concerning the bank burglary and the subsequent escape of the men. He says the bloodhounds were thrown off the scent without any trouble by rubbing an onion on the shoes worn by the burglars. He adds that no bloodhound can be induced to follow an onion trail. If this discovery is verified, what is to become of the terrible man-hunting bloodhounds, which ever since the days of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" have figured so extensively in saffron literature? What is to become of Eliza and that wonderful trip on the floating ice? Who henceforth will be thrilled by the blood-curdling baying of the hounds L. U. E. who he knows that Eliza could easily bid defiance to pursuit by using a lowly but self-assertive onion? The play must be revised. The river of ice may as well be left out altogether. Just at the critical moment when the approaching hounds are in full cry Eliza—the new Eliza—shall open a lunch basket, take out an onion, wave it triumphantly and cry "Saved!" just as the curtain falls. Why not? If the stage hopes to keep abreast of the age it must pay attention to those realistic details which, combined, make perfection in dramatic art.

Just a Slight Difference. Timkins—Isn't Lightly an Angli-maniac? Simkins—No; just a plain, everyday American lunatic.

The man who tells you he is no fool may be only mistaken.

THE BOOMING CANNON

RECITALS OF CAMP AND BATTLE INCIDENTS.

Survivors of the Rebellion Relate Many Amusing and Startling Incidents of Marches, Camp Life, Foraging Experiences and Battle Scenes.

Sam Davis. When the Lord calls up earth's heroes To stand before his face, Oh, many a name unknown to fame Shall ring from that high place! And out of a grave in the southland, At the just God's call and beck, Shall one man rise with fearless eyes And a rope about his neck.

For men have swung from gallows Whose souls were white as snow, Not how they die nor where, but why, Is what God's records show. And on that mighty ledger, Is writ Sam Davis' name— For honor's sake he would not make A compromise with shame.

The great world lay before him, For he was in his youth, With love of life young hearts are rife, But better he loved truth, He fought for his convictions, And when he stood at bay, He would not flinch or stir one inch From his narrow way.

They offered life and freedom If he would speak the word; In silent pride he gazed aside As one who had not heard. They argued, pleaded, threatened— He but would waste breath, "Let come what must, I keep my trust," He said, and laughed at death.

He would not sell his manhood To purchase priceless hope; And kings drag down a name and crown.

He signifies a rope, Ah, grave! where was your triumph? Ah, death! where was your sting? He showed you how a man could bow To doom and stay a king.

And God, who loves the loyal Because they are like him, I doubt not yet that soul shall sit Among his cherubim. O southland! fling your laurels; And aid your worth, O north! Let glory claim the hero's name, And tell the world his worth. —Confederate Veteran.

Once sentenced to die.

FEW men have had a closer escape from death than Col. Lambdin P. Milligan, who is now living in retirement in Huntington, Ind. During the war Col. Milligan was arrested on a charge of treason against the government of the United States, States, was tried by court martial and sentenced to be hanged together with two companions. The execution was to have taken place on a Friday, and on Thursday his sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life, the commutation being granted by President Andrew Johnson.

Col. Milligan has lived in Huntington since 1845. Before the war he was one of the ablest lawyers in the State. He has been a life-long Democrat, one of the Andrew Jackson kind. He was personally acquainted with Old Hickory, and they belonged to the same political school, so far as the questions of finance, banking, tariff, etc., were concerned. Col. Milligan stood by President Jackson with the utmost earnestness and steadfastness during the latter's fight against the rechartering of the United States Bank, and he is full of reminiscences of that thrilling time.

Col. Milligan has always had an inherent dislike for the East and everything Eastern, contending that the East was the oppressor of the West and South. Accordingly when the civil war broke out he was looked upon with suspicion by the people of the North. When it became noised about that the anti-war secret society, known as the Knights of the Golden Circle, had effected an organization in Huntington County, many persons looked upon Milligan as one of the leading spirits in the movement. It was charged that the organization was military in character, and that the Huntington County lodge was thoroughly organized, officered and ready for active military service for the South. Milligan's idea at that time was that the Northwestern States ought to pull away from the East and unite with the South in order to escape the oppression of the East. It was his old hobby. The Knights of the Golden Circle were supposed to be organized for the purpose of carrying out the design of forming a Northwestern Confederacy, and this drew forth the inference that Milligan was one of the leaders.

This agitation had reached its height in 1863 and the entire population was burning with the fever of excitement, when Milligan was placed under arrest by order of the Federal government, charged with treason and conspiracy looking to the formation of a Northwest Confederacy. He was taken to Indianapolis, where, with a Dr. Bowles and Stephen D. Hovey, also arrested on similar charges, he was tried by court martial. The trio were found guilty and sentenced to death.

All during the trial Milligan had contended that the court martial had no jurisdiction to try the case, because martial law had not been declared in Indiana. His position was that it was a case for the civil court of Indiana to try. Upon this theory his attorneys worked after the sentence, in hopes that they would be able to save the necks of the men.

In the meantime President Lincoln had been assassinated and Andrew

Johnson had become the Chief Executive. Oliver P. Morton was Governor of Indiana. The week for the execution finally arrived, and then Gov. Morton dispatched an agent to Washington to plead for a commutation of sentences of the three men. On the day before that fixed for the execution the commutation was granted, and soon afterward the condemned men were removed to the Columbus (Ohio) State prison. Efforts were at once begun to secure the freedom of the condemned and a year and a half later the United States Supreme Court took up the case. The court decided that the trial by court martial was illegal and that the prisoners should at once be liberated. Accordingly the prisoners were set free and immediately returned to their homes.

No sooner had Col. Milligan returned to Huntington than he instituted proceedings to vindicate himself. He filed a suit in the Federal courts against the members of the military commission who had composed the court martial and several others, who, he claimed, had been instrumental in causing his arrest and imprisonment. He demanded \$25,000 damages. Among the defendants named in his complaint were Gov. Alvin P. Hovey, Gov. Morton, Gen. James R. Shack, of Huntington, and others. After the case had proceeded for two years a decision was finally given by the court, and Milligan was awarded damages in the sum of \$5 and costs. This vindicated him, so he said, and Milligan was content with the result. It was only a few years ago that the last of the costs in the case were paid by the government.

Gallant Phil Sheridan. In his Campaigning with Grant, in the Century Magazine, Gen. Horace Porter pays a glorious tribute to Gen. Sheridan, the famous cavalry leader. The occasion was the appearance of Sheridan just before the surrender at Appomattox and while Gen. Lee was in the McLean cottage awaiting the arrival of Gen. Grant.

No one could look at Sheridan at such a moment, says Gen. Porter, without a sentiment of undisguised admiration. In this campaign, as in others, he had shown himself possessed of military traits of the highest order. Bold in conception, self-reliant, demonstrating by his acts that "much danger makes great hearts most resolute," fertile in resources, combining the restlessness of a Hotspur with the patience of a Fabius, it is no wonder that he should have been looked upon as the wizard of the battle-field. Generous of his life, gifted with the ingenuity of a Hannibal, the dash of a Murat, the courage of a Ney, the magnanimity of his presence roused his troops to individual heroism, and his unquarrelable columns rushed to victory with all the confidence of Caesar's Tenth Legion. Wherever blows fell thickest, there was his crest. Despite the valor of the defense, opposing ranks went down before the fierceness of his onsets, never to rise again, and he would not pause till the folds of his banners waved above the strongholds he had wrested from the foe. Brave Sheridan! I can almost see him now, his silent clay again quickened into life, once more riding Blenlo through the fire of hell, leaping opposing breastworks at a single bound, and leaving nothing of those who barred his way except the fragments scattered in his path. As long as manly courage is talked of, or heroic deeds are honored, the hearts of a grateful people will beat responsive to the mention of the talkative name of Sheridan.

The Old Soldier. The pleasantest of talkers is the old soldier. Always there is meat in his words, and almost always he is modest. Between him and the modern is the difference between the man who has seen and done and the man who has read about it. The scenes of the war were so tremendous and its cataclysms so frequent that time cannot dim their recollection of them. They are still as fresh in the minds of participants as are the things of yesterday. A veteran once told me that not a day passed over his head that he did not unwittingly recall a half dozen battles in which he had borne his part. Thus it is that in any company of men who were mustered out in 1865 the talk invariably reverts to that period. The old soldiers are dying with increasing frequency, as is the nature of things, but still there are enough left to make any gathering notable by their presence. Charles Lever says that so long as humanity exists men will do three things—make war, make love and gamble—and they can't be legislated out of it. Certainly, although we be all advocates of peace, we dearly love a warrior and we exalt his horn. We love him for the things he has done, we respect him for his bravery, we look with veneration upon his wooden leg, and we listen with pleasure to his repeated tales of suffering and daring. —Chicago Times-Herald.

Grant's Lesson to a Sentry. Gen. Horace Porter, in his "Campaigning with Grant," in the Century, relates an anecdote telling how Gen. Grant aided a drover in turning his cattle. Gen. Porter adds: He knew, of course, that the man did not recognize him. If he had supposed the man was lacking in proper military respect, he would perhaps have administered to him the same lesson which he once taught a soldier in the Thirty-first Illinois, when he commanded that regiment. An officer who had served under him at the time told me that Col. Grant, as he came out of his tent one morning, found a strapping big fellow posted as a sentry, who nodded his head good-naturedly, smiled blandly, and said, "Howdy, Colonel?" His commander cried, "Hand me your piece," and upon taking it, faced the soldier and came to a "present arms;" then handing back the musket, he remarked, "That is the way to say 'How do you do,' to your Colonel."

BRIEF GLANCE AHEAD

STYLES FOR COMING SPRING AND SUMMER.

Dresses for Early Spring Will Closely Resemble Those of the Winter—A Safe Guess on Skirts and Overskirts for Next Summer.

Furs Will Be Worn Late.

REAT is the woman who can be economical in the face of all the temptations to extravagance that beset her. Great she should be considered, since just when she feels that the expense of winter clothes is over, when the winter cloak or fur is decided on and bought, the winter dress in service—alone come the January bargains. But be careful! look—don't purchase. Be wary of bargains for next winter, be shy of advance and hold-over goods for the summer. Remember that you have on hand some hold-over summer things of your own, and that early in the fall there will be a hold-over sale when you will be able to get winter things almost as reasonably as now, and the dealers will have had the risk of storing and holding them.

Far more urgent to economical folk are the rigs to be made right-away for wear in early spring. They may not differ much from the present winter dresses—so much is the best of luck, but by the time warm days are occa-



FORERUNNERS OF SPRING.

sional it will be apparent how essential it is that they possess some touch of spring styles. If these must be made now, then the later days of spring are the ones to be aimed at, while if they are to be in part make-overs, then they may not be deemed unsuccessful if the earlier part of the coming season becomes them best. For the pronounced it would be difficult to devise anything more jaunty and safely stylish for an early spring rig than that set beside the initial letter. It consisted of a skirt of rough woolen goods plaided in green and gray, and a bloused jacket bodice of gray cloth. On this were an inserted vest and the inserted panels of black velvet, the latter crossed with handsome braid orna-



TO BE WORN LATE THIS YEAR.

ments. Chinchilla or other fur may be used to edge this vest and collar if you are willing to take the trouble two months later of removing it and putting in its place some braid finish that will harmonize with that of the fronts. That next summer's skirts will be trimmed, bonaced and draped is a safe guess; indeed, dressmakers are threatening to cut up didos with our spring cloth skirts. But the entirely plain skirt is slow to surrender, and is still

found in some very rich costumes, just as if it meant to die, when it must, in the very best of company. As employed in a ceremonious rig of black velvet it is sketched at the left in the next picture. Keeping in mind the styles that rule respectively for skirts and bodices, the bodice of this gown was quite as plain as its skirt. Though of the same fine velvet, it was very



ANOTHER LONG STAYE.

like the Norfolk jacket in cut, the velvet being formed into boxpleats at the top in back and front. These sprang out in the waist and were here belted with folded velvet. On the left side was a wide fold of white satin plaided with narrow black velvet ribbon, and the stock collar was of white satin. The dress was a model of the sort whose

plainness leaves rich material to make its best impression. Overskirts of cloth are going to be on hand with spring, and women will wear them, but how many, what proportion of women, is a matter that is difficult to forestall. Already the simpler forms of this fashion are presented, the heavier and more elaborate arrangement being kept in the background for the present. One of these mild forerunners is shown beside the costume last described. This skirt was halloptrope cloth, made with a tablier of lavender cloth, the latter trimmed with ornaments of fine silk braid. This trimming was repeated upon the bodice, which had vest and collar of white satin covered with pleated white chiffon and finished with a bow from the same. A purple velvet band belted this bodice, whose only echo of the tablier's lavender was in tiny epaulettes of the same goods trimmed with braid.

Braid isn't to be used quite as much upon spring dresses as it has been in the past season. It will be noticed that the braid on this last dress was scant as compared with the quantities that so recently were employed, and that the skirt trimming upon the third skirt of this row was black velvet ribbon, also significant of a change that sent good warning on before. This last dress was brick red cloth, black velvet ribbon ornamented the bodice in the manner here indicated, and red chiffon masked its vest and collar. Its belt, also of black ribbon, tied in a bow immediately above the skirt's bands, the result being a counterfeit slash effect. Gray is to be a favorite color for spring gowns.

On every hand is heard the statement that accurately fashionable folk are to wear their furs very late into the spring. The third of to-day's pictures presents a type of garment with which a woman can make a goodly show, and one that will surely be worn much later than heavy coats and longer capes. Midway between collarette and cape, it was of emerald green velvet, over which came a yoke of fur finished with tails, among which was a full lace jabot. Stole ends reached nearly to the knees, and pink striped velvet lined the garment, which is made up in substantially this manner. In sealskin, lamb's wool or krimmer. It is in wraps of this cut that finish of tails ends the last stylish resting place.

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