

### THE POINT OF VIEW.

And the boy, did you say, has gone wrong—  
 Won the badges of disgrace and should wear them?  
 It appears that dishonor and trouble will throng.  
 When the heart is less able to bear them,  
 You call him a criminal—but I  
 Can't forget all his baby completeness;  
 You say mercy should pass, like the Levite, on by—  
 I remember his infantile sweetness,  
 I tell you a truth that will live:  
 The adult may be bad as you've thought him—  
 But the heart that loved the child will forgive  
 The man for the joy baby brought him.  
 —Cleveland Enquirer.

### KEEPING HIS PROMISE

R. MOPSLEIGH was an aspiring man. His motto was "Upward and Onward." And, to a certain extent, he had lived up to it; for, beginning life with no greater capital than a ragged coat, a shoeblack, and a box of blotting, he had succeeded in amassing a fortune of something over \$100,000. He had never married, because he had been too busy in his younger days, and now that his means would admit of such a luxury, his hopes and aspirations were all centered in his only nephew, a fine young fellow, just 21 years of age.

"You're all I have in the world, Dick," said he. "And you shall be my heir, if only you marry to please me."

Mrs. Mammion and Cupid are almost invariably ranged in opposition to one another in this world—and in full view of the unparalleled idiocy of such a proceeding, Dick Avenel fell in love with a pretty girl who hadn't a penny to bless herself with, and one day he sought his Uncle Mopsleigh.

"Uncle," said Dick, "I'm in love."

"The deuce you are!" said the old gentleman.

"With the sweetest girl in the world!" averred Dick.

"And who, pray, may she be?" demanded Mr. Mopsleigh.

"Her name is Clara Cleveland. She's a nursery governess in Mrs. Van Vorst's family."

"Then," said Uncle Mopsleigh, "you'd better get out of love with her as quick as you can. I want no beggarly governess in my family! Besides, I've already picked out a wife for you."

"Oh?" said Dick.

"Miss Clementina Etherage, the heiress! Just come to visit her aunt, Mrs. Major Doddington. Worth a quarter of a million in her own right! And they tell me she is as pretty as a pink! That's the sort of a wife for you, my boy."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Mr. Avenel, with dignity. "Were she as rich as Croesus, and beautiful as Venus, she would be perfectly inadvisable to me!"

"Don't be an ass!" said Mr. Mopsleigh.

"Sir!" said Dick.

"Come with me at once, and call on Mrs. Major Doddington. See for yourself."

"Of course, I will do as you please about this," said Dick, mentally steeling himself for a stiff combat. And, inwardly more determined than ever, he got his hat and accompanied the old gentleman.

Mrs. Major Doddington lived in a pretty mansard roofed villa just out of town. There was a fountain in front of the veranda, and a perspective view of blue-silk furnished drawing-rooms through the open French casements.

"Mrs. Major Doddington is not at home," said the little maid in a white apron and pink-ribboned cap, who came to the door. "Would the gentlemen walk in and see Miss Etherage."

But Mr. Mopsleigh declined this. He didn't quite like to face the heiress without the advantage of Mrs. Doddington's presence. He handed out his card, on which he hurriedly pencilled beneath his own name that of his nephew, and said that he would "call again."

But as they passed the corner of the house, themselves hidden by a miniature thicket of rhododendrons, they had a fine view of one of the blue-silk rooms, where a slender, pretty young lady, also in blue, sat writing at a desk—a young lady with long eyelashes, an oval face, and a rose twisted in the coils of her blue-black hair.

"That's she, sir," said Mr. Mopsleigh, grasping his nephew's arm and gesticulating toward the unconscious note-writer with the forefinger of his disengaged hand. "That's the heiress! Look at her! Isn't she a beauty?"

"She is, indeed, sir," said Dick, who stood transfixed in the middle of the rhododendrons. "But are you sure—"

"Of course I'm sure," brusquely interrupted Mr. Mopsleigh. "Who else can it be? Dick, look here! You shall marry that girl!"

"I will, sir!" averred Dick, with equal sincerity.

Mr. Mopsleigh's face brightened up.

"You're a trump, Dick," said he. "I knew you'd come back to your senses after a while. Marry her, Dick, and I'll settle my fortune on you."

"All right, sir," said Dick.

Hardly had the footsteps of the departing guests died away on the lawn than another young lady came in from an adjoining room and bent her pretty head over the fair letter-writer.

"Are you almost through, Clara?"

"Quite through now, dear!"

"Well, then, Clara, look here!"

And Miss Etherage—the real Miss Etherage—sat herself down with a resolute air.

"I've made up my mind to one thing, Clara," said she. "You shall be a governess no longer. You shall live

with me. You shall be my companion and I'll pay you twice as much—"

"But, Clementine—"

"Say yes, darling—do say yes!"

And when Richard Avenel called that evening, in obedience to a little pencil note from Clara, he found that she had decided to change her situation.

"So you are the heiress?" said Richard, bluntly, when Clara introduced him to Miss Etherage.

"Exactly," said Clementina. "And you are the nephew of the rich Mr. Mopsleigh, I suppose?"

Dick nodded. "Yes," said he. "And my uncle wants me to marry you."

"Much obliged to him, I'm sure," said Miss Etherage, laughing.

"And I am determined to marry Clara Cleveland, and no one else," added Dick.

"I admire your taste," said Miss Etherage.

And Dick went on and told the whole story of how they had called there that morning, and how his uncle had mis-taken Miss Etherage's visitor for Miss Etherage herself.

"He told me to marry you," said Dick taking both Clara's fluttering little hands in his, "and I mean to do it!"

Now it so chanced that Mr. Mopsleigh was telegraphed to come to Chicago the next morning, to be occupied there for an indefinite length of time, but he left a message that Dick must not forget to prosecute his suit.

"No, I won't," said Dick, smiling to himself.

Mr. Mopsleigh had not been gone two weeks when Dick wrote to him.

"You will be glad to learn, uncle," said he, "that I am engaged to the lady you pointed out as my future wife. We are to be married at once."

In answer to which Mr. Mopsleigh sent on his blessing by telegraph. And in less than a month he found himself enabled to hurry back to New York and with him he brought a superb set of diamonds for his new niece.

The first place to which he hastened was the residence of Mrs. Major Doddington, where, he had understood, the young couple were making a temporary sojourn after their trip. Mrs. Doddington received him beamingly.

"So kind of you," said she. "Walk this way. They are in the morning room."

Mr. Mopsleigh wrung his nephew's hand, and kissed the blushing bride affectionately.

"Here's my wedding gift," said he, hanging the diamond necklace around Clara's neck and laying the rings and brooch on the table. "Welcome, my love, into the Mopsleigh family!"

Just then a tall, blue-eyed girl entered, and Mrs. Doddington made haste to introduce her to the elderly visitor.

"Mr. Mopsleigh, my niece, Miss Etherage."

"Miss Etherage!" bawled the old gentleman, wheeling around toward the bride. "Then who is this?"

"Formerly Clara Cleveland, at your service," said Dick, bowing low.

"Not the governess?" yelled Mr. Mopsleigh.

"Yes, the governess," said Dick. "She was here on a visit to Miss Etherage that day you saw her. You told me to marry her, and I said I would. And I have obeyed you."

"Don't be angry, sir," cooed Miss Etherage. "Clara is the sweetest girl in all the world!"

"Forgive us, sir," pleaded Clara, in the prettiest of supplicating attitudes, with her soft eyes brimming over with tears.

"Well," said Mr. Mopsleigh, after a momentary pause, "I suppose I shall have to! Kiss me again, my dear. You are pretty! And, Dick—"

"Yes, sir."

"I'll have the blue and silver rooms fitted up for you at once. For, of course, you'll come and live with me?"

And so the old gentleman acquiesced, as philosophically as he might, in the irresistible tide of circumstances, and Dick and Clara were happy.

"And, after all," says Dick, "I did obey my uncle."—New York News.

**LANDS WHERE PRISONS ARE UNKNOWN.**

There are no prisons in Iceland. There are not even any police in that country. The people are so honest that there is no need of such guardians of peace and property, nor places of punishment.

The history of Iceland for one thousand years records no more than two thefts. Of these two cases one was that of a native who was detected after stealing several sheep, but as he had done so to supply his family, who were suffering for want of food, the stigma attached to his crime was considered sufficient punishment. The other theft was by a German, who stole seventeen sheep. But as he was in comfortable circumstances and the robbery was malicious, the sentence passed upon him was that he should sell all his property, restore the value of what he had stolen, and then leave the country or be executed, and he left at once. There is, of course, provision for the administration of justice, which consists, first of all, in the sheriff's courts; next, by appeals to the court of three judges at Reykjavik, the capital; and, lastly, in all criminal and most civil cases, to the supreme court at Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark, of which kingdom the island forms a part. The island of Panania, one of the Lipari group, is equally fortunate in having neither prisons nor lawyers, and being absolutely destitute of both paupers and criminals.

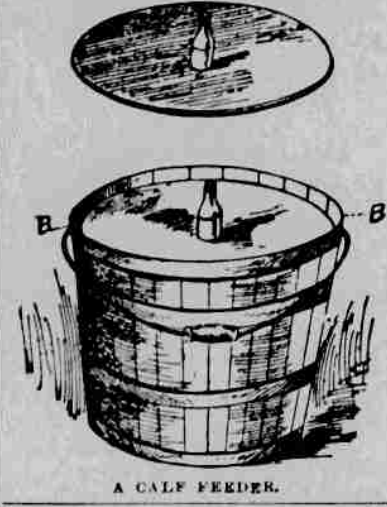
**Girls as Sandwich Men.**

Some of the sandwich men in London now are girls. They march about the streets, wearing white felt dunces caps and skirts and coats of bright-colored cotton, with calico signs stitched on their gowns. Their pay is only two shillings a day, but this is twice as much as the men get for similar work.

A man may wear extra sleeves over his shirt, without necessarily doing any great amount of work.



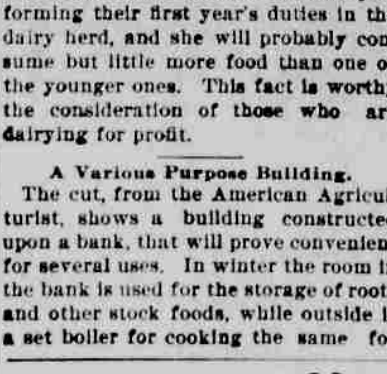
**Feeder for the Calf**  
 The following is a cheap and convenient arrangement for keeping a calf that is being raised by hand from swallowing milk too fast: Use a piece of light wood board, cut round, so as to fit loosely inside of a common pail. Insert in the center of this float a spile (A) of size and shape of the cow's teat. Cover



this spile (or teat) with some suitable material—a piece of old gum boot top will answer. This may be tacked securely to the float. The hole in the spile should be small, so that the flow of milk through it when in use shall correspond with the natural flow from the cow's udder. As the milk in the pail is used, the float follows downward, enabling the calf to get all the milk in the pail. To prevent the calf from throwing the float out of the pail two cleats are tacked on inside of same, at B B. These cleats are so arranged that the float may be readily removed by the operator.—Ohio Farmer.

**Profitable Age.**  
 Many dairymen and others who milk cows for profit believe that when a cow reaches the age of 7 or 8 her useful days are over, and that she should be replaced by one younger, says a writer in the New York Tribune. But, other things being equal, this is a mistake. A cow that has been well cared for, with generous rations and proper attention given to her comfort, through all seasons of the year, is better and will make a more profitable return at 8 years than at an earlier age; in other words, she is in her prime, and she will continue in this condition several years, and will not be considered an old cow until fourteen or fifteen years have passed. Cows with first calves at 2 or 3 years—are generally unprofitable in their milk yield, and one really good cow between 7 and 8 years old will pay a better revenue than two that are performing their first year's duties in the dairy herd, and she will probably consume but little more food than one of the younger ones. This fact is worthy the consideration of those who are dairymen for profit.

**A Various Purpose Building.**  
 The cut, from the American Agriculturist, shows a building constructed upon a bank, that will prove convenient for several uses. In winter the room in the bank is used for the storage of roots and other stock foods, while outside is a set boiler for cooking the same for



**Putting Up Grapevines.**  
 One of the first jobs to be done in spring is to lift up the grapevines from the ground, where they were thrown after last fall or winter's pruning. This is necessary to prevent the buds of the vine from starting prematurely, as they are very likely to do if the vines are left in a sheltered place and exposed to the direct rays of the sun while protected from the cold winds that usually prevail during much of April. So soon as the grape bud bursts into leaf the slightest frost will kill it. To keep it back as much as possible, and avoid the danger from late spring frosts, should be the vintner's care, and this in spring is best accomplished by keeping the vine on its trellis.

**The Dairy Nation.**  
 From German experiments it requires about nine pounds of digestible food to keep a steer or dry cow of 1,000 pounds for a day, without losing or gaining flesh, and that a cow in full flow of milk will need at least fifteen pounds. Hence, 60 per cent. of all the food a cow consumes is needed to maintain her body, and it is only by feeding abundantly above this mark that anything contributes to produce a profit. A dairy cannot be run successfully upon a mere pittance above a maintenance ration.—Rural World.

**Growing Pigs to Sell.**  
 There is no kind of stock that thrives so much ready sale as young, curly pigs. They are sure to rapidly increase in weight and value, and if young they can be always done at a profit. Consequently the farmer who grows young pigs to sell can be certain of getting more than they are worth for pork as they stand. If he does not find a customer who will divide the profit of keeping a pig, he can keep it himself, and make all the profit there is by killing and selling the grown hog as pork.

**The Farm Hand.**  
 Willingness to work is not the only qualification of a good farm hand. The man who is to become a member of the family and a companion for the boy should be required first of all to be a man—clean in speech and up right in conduct.

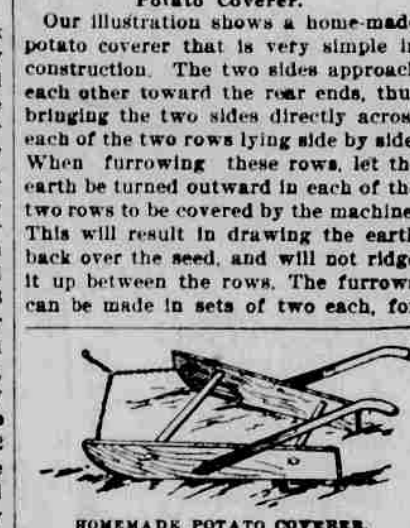
**Three Crops in a Year.**  
 Most farmers get only one crop a year from land, and if they secure two crops a year it is only by extra manuring, which costs perhaps as much as the second crop is worth. But market gardeners, who have brought their land to the highest degree of fertility, find it

much too valuable to let it lie idle during any time of the growing season. Some of them regularly take three crops off their best land. The first is spinach, which is partially covered during the winter to protect it, and is hoed so soon as the ground is fit to work. After the spinach comes a crop of wax beans to be sold as string beans, and either cabbage or turnips occupy the land after the bean vines are plowed under early in July.

**Success with Tomatoes.**  
 Last year I had two patches half a mile apart, one hard, tough black land which we call "gumbo," very difficult to tend. I did not expect much of a crop, but we framed them up and had a fine crop of very large tomatoes of the Imperial variety. We gathered bushels and bushels of them every second or third day till frost, at which time they were as large as ever, and many green ones coming on. I think one reason of their doing so well was that we pruned them. We framed one Turner Hybrid vine which stood off to itself, and I never saw so many and such fine tomatoes as we secured from that vine. We weighed several that went 2 pounds each, and we wished afterward that we had weighed the entire product of the vine, as I never saw so many large ones on one vine. The other patch was on light sandy soil, much easier to tend; we framed most of them; they did well till frost came, but were very small and knobby at the last. Our tomatoes did not keep well, and I would like to ask whether they should be very soft and ripe to keep well. Mine were so large they rotted before becoming very ripe. Some say the weather was too dry and hot. I canned lots of them in August, and as the weather was very warm, and I had no cellar, I put them upstairs for a long time until I got a cellar.—Mrs. E. J. Woodward in Practical Farmer.

**Important in Seed Growing.**  
 It is a good plan, when sowing small flower seed, to cover the bed with coarse brown paper, well soaked in water. The little seeds, when sown in moist soil, swell, and germination starts at once. Unless the soil is kept damp, it often forms a crust, and the seeds dry out, thus destroying their vitality. The application of paper as above directed keeps the soil moist, prevents the crust from forming, and causes the germination of the seed to proceed without interruption. Dampen the paper from time to time as it becomes dry, and remove when the plants begin to show through the soil. Try It.—How to Grow Flowers.

**Potato Coverer.**  
 Our illustration shows a home-made potato coverer that is very simple in construction. The two sides approach each other toward the rear ends, thus bringing the two sides directly across each of the two rows lying side by side. When furrowing these rows, let the earth be turned outward in each of the two rows to be covered by the machine. This will result in drawing the earth back over the seed, and will not ridge it up between the rows. The furrows can be made in sets of two each, for



this purpose. The horse goes between the rows, and the handles permit one to draw back over the seeds just enough of the soil to cover them properly.—Orange Judd Farmer.

**American Soldiers Took Havana.**  
 In 1762 soldiers from the American colonies which afterward became the United States captured Havana under English leadership, and men of Massachusetts hauled down the Spanish flag from Morro Castle.

The story is well worth recalling, because it shows how bravely and successfully our ancestors fought against Spain. The following is from Bancroft, Vol. III:

"Assembling the fleet and transports at Martinique and off Cape St. Nicholas, Admiral Pococke sailed directly through the Bahama Straits and on the sixth day of June came in sight of the low coast around Havana. The Spanish forces for the defense of the city were about 4,000; the English had 11,000 effective men and were recruited by nearly 1,000 negroes from the Leeward Islands and by 1,500 from Jamaica. Before the end of July the needed reinforcements arrived from New York and New England; among these was Putnam, the brave ranger of Connecticut, and numbers of men less happy, because never destined to revisit their homes.

"On the 13th of July, after a siege of twenty-nine days, during which the Spaniards lost 1,000 men, and the brave Don Luis de Velasco was mortally wounded, the Morro Castle was taken by storm. On the 11th day of August the Governor of Havana capitulated, and the most important station in the West Indies fell into the hands of the English. At the same time nine ships of the line and four frigates were captured in the harbor. The booty of prop-

### THE FIELD OF BATTLE

#### INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

**The Veterans of the Rebellion Tell of Whistling Bullets, Bright Bayonets, Bursting Bombs, Bloody Battles, Camp Fire, Festive Bugs, Etc., Etc.**

**Loss of Life in War.**  
 THE civil war cost 303,000 lives. Of that number 98,089 were slain in battle. The vast army which succumbed to disease was no less than 184,331, while the remaining 20,000 or so died of wounds received.

At the battle of Waterloo 51,000 men were killed or disabled. There were 145,000 soldiers in that great struggle, and it is estimated that one man was either killed or disabled for every 400 shots fired, counting both the artillery and rifle shots.

In the Crimean war 95,615 lives were sacrificed, and at Borodino, when the French and Russians fought, 78,000 men were left dead on the battlefield. There were 250,000 troops in combat in that engagement.

Of the 95,615 men who perished in the Crimea 80,000 were Turks and Russians. In 1851 a great uproar was caused because Englishmen took up all the skeletons they could find, brought them to England and converted the bones into fertilizer. It is said that nearly the entire 80,000 skeletons of the Turks and Russians were thus made into money.

Since the birth of Christ 4,000,000,000 men have been slain in battle. Before the beginning of the Christian era the losses cannot be estimated, owing to the very indistinct and inaccurate accounts that have been handed down. It is generally conceded, however, that the numbers said to have participated in the battles of the Greeks and other warring nations of the ancient world have been greatly exaggerated.

At Canes, however, where the Romans suffered the worst defeat in their history, it is said that 52,000 of their soldiers were slain. The Roman army in this battle consisted of 146,000 men—the picked brawn and sinew of the empire.

In the Franco-Prussian war 77,000 Frenchmen were killed. The Germans fired 30,000,000 rifle shots to attain this result. During the same war the Germans fired 363,000 artillery charges.

In none of the battles mentioned was dynamite used. In the wars of the future this terrible agent of destruction must be reckoned on. Men who have studied the mortality statistics of the past shudder at the thought of what may be in store in the wars that are to come. Only recently has the use of dynamite in land warfare been considered safe for the army using it. The modern dynamite gun, however, has seemingly solved the problem, and the men who go to war hereafter will face an agent of destruction beside which the charges of Napoleon's old guard were child's play.

Even now civilized nations rather shrink from the dynamite idea in warfare. The fearful explosive has been used in Cuba, but only by the insurgents. The reports that have been allowed to pass the Spanish censors hint at the destruction caused by the new weapon rather than give the details. The Cubans, however, claim that the result of a shot from a dynamite gun is something appalling. At any rate, while the truth about the success of this new agent is rather obscure, enough is known for soldiers to make the prediction that it must be figured on as the most terrible thing that has come to the front in connection with warfare. Some men who have studied the progress made with the Zolinski air-charged dynamite gun say that it will not be long before war will become an affair of extinction in which the more exposed army will be wiped out of being by means of dynamite.—Chicago Times-Herald.

**A Trying Experience.**  
 "I was with Hooker's grand division when it crossed the Rappahannock River and took possession of Fredericksburg," said the signal service man. "Where do you suppose they put me? In the highest church steeple in the city. There I had to stand all day and watch for and answer signals. Back of the city, on the hills, were a score or more of batteries blazing away almost constantly, and on the other side of the river our own guns were pounding away at the enemy. Hundreds of solid shot and shell roared past me, each one seeming to call for a winking up of my career. Think of it! I was over 100 feet from the ground, charged with a sacred duty that demanded ceaseless attention, and any second a shot or shell might hurl me to the street. The church was struck in a dozen places, each time giving me a jar that I can never forget. A shell hit the top of the steeple and exploded, a piece of iron half as big as your hand dropping within an inch of one of my feet. A solid shot went through my perch three or four feet below my platform. How did I feel? Can't tell. I thought the hour to go had come, but at that moment a message from Burnside's headquarters at the Phillips House was signaled and I repeated it. Never did a poor fellow pray for safety as I did."

**Wounded Men in Our Civil War.**  
 AJOR C—was talking about wounded men in war, opening the subject by observing that they "had some thrilling experiences. The night of Dec. 31, 1862," he continued, "at Stone River was very cold. In that part of the field most fiercely fought over the wounded could not be cared for. Thousands of poor fellows in blue and many in gray suffered intensely, and from neither of the watchful lines could relief be sent. Our men had, as a rule, full haversacks, and each man had his overcoat and one blanket, except in the cases where these had been thrown away in the excitement of battle or panic. I had no blanket. I was so severely wounded in the arm and had been so weakened by loss of blood before I dropped down that I lay for some hours in a sort of numb, unrealizing condition. But after a time, dull as my senses were, the complaints and calls of the wounded disturbed me. At last I shook myself clear of the dead about me and sat up.

"Gradually an understanding of the terrible situation came to me. I was seriously wounded, but I knew that there were scores about me wounded to the death, helpless to protect themselves against the cold. I struggled to my feet and, finding that my legs were all right, stumbled over to where a poor fellow was crying out in the bitterness of suffering. He was practically frozen to the ground. With my one hand I took blankets from those who never would need them again and was piling them over him when a voice said: 'Why not give me one?' I turned and there sat, against a tree, a man in gray, who had watched all my maneuvers and said not a word. He was not of the complaining kind, but said he was suffering intensely. I helped him as well as I could to where other men lay, and in time placed, at his suggestion, half a dozen as close together as I could, the theory being that the warmth of their bodies would keep them from perishing.

"As I moved about among the cedars I found two Confederates wounded, like myself, in the arm. We gathered in groups many of those more severely wounded. This had to be done slowly, because any great exertion prostrated us. We had so little strength that it took an hour to do what, had we been well, we could have done in a few minutes. When the sun came on Jan. 1 I found some alive who could not have lived through the night had it not been for our care, poor as it was. Then we who wore the blue shared the rations that were in our haversacks with the men who had fought against us the day before, and together waited for relief."

**Poverty wants some things, luxury many, avenges all things.—Covety.**