

# RICH SHIRT WAISTS.

NOW WORN IN VERY ELABORATE STYLES.

They Are Made in Combinations of Different Materials, and in Forms so Fascinating as to Almost Take Them Out of the Shirt Waist Class.

Fancies of the Season. New York correspondence.



REDUCE her wardrobe as you will, she can get along if only you will leave her plenty of shirt waists. Among the very prettiest designs for morning and early afternoon wear are waists made of crisp taffeta or soft China silk of the sort to-day's initial shows. As pictured these seem simplicity itself, but fine weaves and artistic colors give to them a delicacy that is their best characteristic. They are laid in a lot of tiny tucks from shoulders to bust line, and the fulness escaping there is drawn into the belt. A plain band down the front shows little pearl buttons. If linen collar and cuffs are worn with such a waist it is severe enough for a tailor skirt. The latest fall, however, is to lend frivolity by dainty collar and cuffs of fine lawn finished with lace. Taffeta or other crisp silk makes up in waists that are a bit less informal than those of China or simple, soft silk. Indeed, a waist like the first three of these shown here may be boned, though one of the potent reasons for the popularity of shirt waists is that they are not all stiff with bones. In this model, which is a type of many, diagonal rows of tucks laid in groups of seven or eight meet in points front and back. Straps something like the suspender straps of a season or so ago crossed in the back.



ELABORATIONS THAT ATTACH TO SHIRT WAISTS.

and passed from shoulders to belt at either side of the fastening in front. A pretty ruche of silk covered the buttons with which the waist closed, and this ruche showed between the turned-over corners of the high plain collar, which was of silk finished with a milliner's fold to match "suspenders" and cuffs. This waist was canary colored, but the design is pretty in any light shade like green, blue or the ever popular white, though the last is, perhaps, the least preferable of all. With such a waist a belt to match of folded silk is prettier than a leather one; the leather belt is more in place with a plainer shirt waist. The ruff of silk down the front gives the finish of daintiness that makes a dainty hat in good taste, and



ORNAMENTATION THAT RELIEVES SLENDERNESS.

an afternoon call or even church in the country are occasions where such a bodice would not be out of place, yet she can include it among her shirt waists. When it comes to allowing something in the nature of a waistcoat front, elaborate braiding and a really ornate collar and neck finish, she ought not to call the garment a shirt waist. But she argues that it need not match the shirt, and that, considering the present elaborate frivolity of the fashion, it cannot be called "fancy," and so it must be a shirt waist. The middle one of these three pictures shows how far from shirt waist lines it really is, but

if, as in this case, the material is plume, if the braiding is the very latest idea of heavy white linen cord held down by loose overfitting of linen threads. If all the frills are crisp lawn, the stock crinkled lawn and if the skirt is quite plain except for some braiding to match the bodice, then she can claim that the costume is "just a simple skirt with shirt waist to match." These



HERE SLENDERNESS WAS COUNTER-PLAYED.

plique gowns are among the most popular of the season, and are intended for city wear by those detained from the country. It is an innovation of the season that different kinds of wash goods are combined in making waists, just as silk and chiffon are combined. Some of the prettiest and newest waists are made of white linen, percale or duck, the entire front being covered by shirred lawn drawn to a dainty ruche to cover the fastening down the front. Collar and cuffs match the plain part of the

# SOLDIERS' STORIES.

INTERESTING REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR.

Dramatic Account of Stirring Scenes Witnessed on the Battlefield and in Camp—Veterans of the Rebellion Relate Experiences of Thrilling Nature.

Every Man Was with Him.



WO veterans stood at the desk of a recruiting station swapping reminiscences for the entertainment of a group of eager listeners. "The enthusiasm displayed by you young fellows in rushing to enlist," said one, "reminds me of the impatience and high feather with which the youngsters of my day hailed the approach of hostilities with the Confederates. You remember how it was, don't you, Bill?" "Yes," replied the second old soldier, smilingly. "I thought I was going down South on a picnic frolic, and the only fear I had was that it wouldn't last long enough—but it did, it did."

"That was the way I felt about it," continued the first veteran; "that is until I got under fire, and then for ten minutes, I'm not ashamed to confess, I was the worst scared volunteer who ever hankered for war. There were tens of thousands who experienced the same fright, however, and they were not necessarily cowards, either. But the sight of a couple of thousands of rifle barrels suddenly and most unexpectedly rising out of a dense undergrowth in a thick wood, and all seemingly blazing away at your exposed bosom, is enough to send a cold shiver down any man's back, no matter how high he may stand in the hard school of courage. "It was at Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862, that Bill here and I first saw war, actual, terrible war, after weeks of golden dreams of valorous achievement and no thought of battle's grim horrors. We were in the same company, of which I was junior lieutenant and Bill was a sergeant. Our regiment was held in reserve for some hours after the fight opened, and the chaffing to get at the Johnnies and spill gore was intense, especially among the men of my raw company. Long standing at arms, too, had begun to tell on them, and they were muttering and apparently on the verge of mutiny. But at last came the welcome order to go into action, and away with a whoop we rushed, making a detour so as to fall on Johnston's flank. Just as my company swept up to the rattlesnake fence which edged an adjacent wood banked high with underbrush, about 2,000 of the enemy arose with the rebel yell, and poured one thunderous volley into us. To say the unexpected fire caused a check is superfluous. It simply caused a stampede. But in a few moments the confusion had subsided and I looked around to see how our men had stood it. Gentlemen, I cannot express to you how gratified I was to find that every man under my command was still at my side, like a faithful hero. Wasn't that so, Bill?" "Yes," responded Bill with a laugh which could have been heard a block away, "we were all with you to a man—half a mile away, and fat on our stomachs behind a stone fence."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Grant in the Wilderness.

"Oh, it was an intensely interesting study—my study of Grant at close range in the Wilderness!" The speaker was the Rev. Theodore Gerrish, a Maine veteran of the civil war. I repeat his story as I heard him tell it. "Ah! I can never forget that terrible day in 1864, when was fought the first of the two days' bloody battles of the Wilderness," said Mr. Gerrish. "I at the time lay wounded under a tree, close to Grant's headquarters in the field, and hour after hour watched Grant.

"While serving as a private in my regiment, I was severely, though not dangerously, wounded, and like a great number of others, was taken to the rear. I was placed under a small tree, and, as it happened, within a few rods of the spot where the leader of that mighty host of Union warriors was conducting the battle. In fact I was so near to Grant that I could see every motion he made, and critically study him in the momentous, fearfully responsible role he was playing.

"And such a study! "Why, it is not hyperbole to state that it was worth all the pain and disability I endured then and thereafter from the effects of my wounds. "There stood the silent man of destiny in front of his little tent, a man plain and unpretentious, holding in his hands not only the fate of his vast army, but the life of our nation as 'one and inseparable,' yet as cool and self-possessed as if he were merely reviewing a brigade of militia on training day. All about him was wild excitement and seeming chaos. In front of him, and for miles in extent, the unceasing roar of artillery mingling and alternating with the rattle of musketry, the bugle calls, the shouts of the contending troops; now nearer and more terrible, now seeming further away; anon the crashing of shell in dangerous nearness, causing a temporary scare in the vicinity of its fall, while, added to the appalling din, was the element of uncertainty and intangibility, causing that almost overpowering mental strain which comes of dark anxiety and forebodings of disaster.

"Everybody was agitated except him who had most cause for travail.

# AGRICULTURAL NEWS.

THINGS PERTAINING TO THE FARM AND HOME.

Need of Agricultural Instruction in the Schools—Value of the Garden—Hints for Tobacco Growers—Soil Variation in Fields—Home Cheese.

Agriculture in the Schools.

There is a general demand among speakers and writers on agricultural subjects, says the Farmers' Journal and Live Stock Review, for the adoption of some system of instruction in country schools that shall include not only the elements, but the practice of farming and gardening. This is not only a sensible move, but it is already in practice in various parts of Europe, with such success that the term "marvelous" is sometimes applied to it, and already an elaborate system of instruction with traveling professors has sprung up in some countries, based on the actual results so far as well as the possibilities of more careful and extended instruction. While there is much need of something of the kind in this country it will have to be confessed that the problem is a much more difficult one. The European country boy or girl is reared with the idea of remaining in the vocation of the family and will readily take to the study of things the soil, but the American youth, in country as well as city, is not attached to any particular calling or idea. Then the school systems of America are so different. In one of Alphonse Daudet's short stories the hero is a country school teacher in France who has been at the head of the same school for forty years. Of course he lived on the school premises and had his garden, which the children helped him cultivate. How easy it would be to teach agriculture in such a school. America as yet lacks the stability necessary to success in farming schools; lacks also the necessity of producing food at low cost. The conditions are not so unfavorable as they used to be, when the poor farmer, owing to the demand for his crops, could still make money, and it is time to be studying the problem, though half the school districts do not own land enough to carry on any sort of experiment in farming.

Redeemed Themselves.

The late General Rosecrans ran up against a tartar once, but he had the good sense not to let his ruffled dignity cause him to lose his temper. The story, as told by Colonel James T. Sterling, is as follows: Company A, of the Seventh Ohio, was formerly the light guards of Cleveland, and was one of the very best drilled companies in the army. It was commanded by Captain Creighton. The Seventh Ohio was in West Virginia in 1861, and "Old Rosy" was in command. The supplies for the army were brought up the Kanawha river in boats which were unloaded by details from the regiment. General Rosecrans had ordered that soldiers on duty must wear their equipment. Company A was sent out to unload a boat, and Captain Creighton permitted the men to take off their equipment and their coats as well while engaged in this hard work. When the work had been completed, the men and officers sprawled out on the grass for a rest, and then General Rosecrans and some of his staff rode up. The general looked at the soldiers a minute and then called for the commanding officer. Captain Creighton did not know Gen. Rosecrans, but he rose to his feet.

"Who commands this company?" asked the general.

"I do, to the best of my ability," replied the captain. "Don't you know, sir," inquired the general, sternly, "that it is against orders to allow the men to remove their equipments when on duty?" "I have heard some such order," said Captain Creighton, "but the man that issued it never did a day's work in his life. When my men have to work hard, I'll see him in the other place before I'll let them sweeter with their accoutrements on."

"Old Rosy" stared at the cool captain a moment and then rode down towards the boat.

A soldier approached Captain Creighton, and said:

"Do you know who that is?" "No, and I don't care."

"That's General Rosecrans, the commander of this department."

"Whew!" ejaculated Captain Creighton. "Company, fall in!"

Without question it was the finest company in the command. When the general and his officers rode back from the boat the company in full equipment stood in perfect order and gave him a present in such splendid style as to attract his attention. Gen. Rosecrans returned the salute, and requested the captain to put his men through the manual. When it was finished the general raised his hat, turned to the captain, and said:

"I think that a company that can handle muskets as well as that should be allowed to unload a steamer without anything on, if they want to."

Cost of the Civil War.

The New York Journal of Commerce has published an article showing the enormous expense of the civil war. In the four years of the war the direct expenditure of the national government amounted to about \$3,180,000,000, of which \$2,420,000,000 should be charged to the war. Of this amount \$730,000,000 was raised by taxation, while \$2,450,000,000 was obtained by issuing greenbacks and bonds. The interest on the war debt during and since the war to July 1, 1897, amounts to \$2,064,000,000; pensions since the war \$2,127,000,000, making the total cost of the war to the end of the last fiscal year \$7,711,000,000. Much of this expense is continuing, and if we are to believe a recent statement of the Commissioner of Pensions, the pension part of the expenditure is to be increased. The country is now paying in pensions and interest money on account of the civil war about \$3,500,000 every week. The Journal of Commerce estimates that by the time all the liabilities are settled, the money cost of the late war will have amounted to no less than \$12,000,000,000, a sum equal to the entire assessed valuation of all the property in the United States at the beginning of the conflict.

How Hampton Lost His Leg.

"The statement that Gen. Hampton lost a leg in the war reminds me of a little story," says the Montgomery Advertiser. "In the days before the war there was a hotel on top of Stone Mountain, in Georgia, and the water for use of the guests was raised by a force-pump from below. A Northern traveler who knew something of the use of hydraulic rams accosted the landlord with: 'This is fine water, landlord; is it raised by a ram?' 'Ram, hell!' snorted the landlord, 'it's a durned big mule!' And that's the way Wade Hampton lost a leg."

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farm, so as to grow a greater variety of crops. Difference in fertility only may be easily remedied with manure. But with clay spots, sandy knolls and gravel beds all in the same field, uniformity of fertility cannot be expected.

Cheese for Home Use.

It is surprising that farmers do not use more cheese. It is a healthy and nutritious article of food, and can be made far more cheaply than nitrogenous nutrition can be supplied in any other form. Another reason why farmers should use more cheese is that it will prevent the glut in prices of milk which every year causes so many farmers to sell milk at a loss. Such farmers do, we think, get in the habit of making more or less cheese, and their tables are well supplied. It is the farmer with only one or two cows who use least cheese. We used to make cheese on a farm when we had only two cows, putting night and morning's milk together in a single cheese.—American Cultivator.

The March of the Reapers.

As we list with the ear of the spirit  
There's a sound on every hand—  
'Tis the stately march of the reaper  
Thro' this glorious Western land,  
Where but yesterday was desert,  
Or sand dunes vast and lone,  
Or prairies, flower-studded,  
That the Indian called his own.  
Where lonely silence brooded  
And no other sound was heard  
Save the thunder of the buffalo  
Or the song of prairie bird.  
To-day o'er countless acres  
Waves now the harvest fair,  
And the marching of the reapers  
Is sounding thro' the air.

Where the gulf waves wash fair Texas,  
May's sunshine brings the gold  
Of the ripening wheat for harvest—  
Not the sickles, as of old—  
But with hum of vast steel reapers  
And the march of myriad feet,  
As northward moves the harvest  
Of the ever-ripening wheat,  
Next Oklahoma's valleys  
Take up the ceaseless tune,  
Then Kansas' rolling prairies  
Ripen with the skies of June,  
Then northward, ever northward,  
Sounds the reapers' busy hum,  
Till to far-off Manitoba  
The harvest home has come.

And this is what it meaneth,  
This vict'ry of the wheat,  
It is bread for earth's vast millions  
That they one and all may eat,  
And still its march is onward  
The barren lands to save,  
Till from Southern coast to Northern  
shore

Its fields in triumph wave;  
And greater still its victories,  
Till in the years to be,  
In lands now counted desert  
Its waving fields we'll see,  
Till in place of famine's wailing cry  
Shall be heard the reaper's tread,  
And far and near in every land  
The people shall have bread.  
—Kansas City Star.

The Use of Ashes.

Fresh wood ashes are often of little benefit. I think probably the caustic potash injures the roots of the tender plants in some cases, as I have tested by experience, in putting overdoes in the hill of corn with the seed or by putting around tender plants, as I have seen quite a number badly injured. But the ashes soon lose their caustic properties. In the soil vegetable decomposition is constantly throwing off carbonic acid, and this, with the dampness of the soil, soon neutralizes the alkali of the potash. Old ashes, which have long been exposed to the air, absorb considerable amounts of ammonia, and to this leached ashes owe much of their value. What potash they do contain after leaching is in the form of a nitrate and ready for immediate use. In early spring, before vegetation has made much start, they are one of the best manures which can be applied to the soil and all growing crops. On a thin plot of land I applied for two years in succession a double handful of leached ashes to each hill of corn when about six inches high, with very decided benefit.—Agricultural Epitomist.

Potash to Make Grapes Better.

It has always been known that the vine is a great lover of potash. It is necessary not only in perfecting the seeds, but it also heightens the color and improves the flavor of the fruit. No kind of fruit, not even excepting the cherry, requires so much potash as does the grape vine with its numerous seeds in the fruit and potash in leaf, branch and stem. Lack of available potash is in most cases the reason why grape vine and leaves mildew and the fruit rots. It is true these are fungus diseases, and the scientists have found that they proceed from spores, so that once the disease is started it can propagate itself, even after plenty of potash is applied. Dress the vines, therefore, heavily with wood ashes or other form of potash, and then spray the vines with Bordeaux mixture or other fungicide to kill the spores and keep foliage healthy. In Europe vintners manure the vine only with potash, using the ash from the burned prunings for this purpose. This is probably not enough, as the fruit is always taken off the land, and thus the supply of potash in the soil must constantly decrease.

Bowling Ground for Fowls.

The henyard ought to be large enough to allow a team with plow to go into it and turn the surface frequently. All that is needed is to expose a new surface of soil, burying the droppings of the fowls, and also turning up worms, grubs and small insects. If some oats or other grain is sown on this plowed surface, and slightly covered with soil, the hens will scratch diligently until they get nearly all of it, clearing themselves of vermin by the dust which they purposely throw among their feathers. It is a dust bath, and is as good for fowls as a water bath is for men and women. If some grains escape and come up the hens will eat the tender blades, and then dig down until they find the swollen grain.

Soil Variation in Fields.

It is a misfortune to a farmer to have different kinds of soil in the same field, though it may be an advantage to have variation in different fields on the same