Mother (to Bobbie)—You must not put off till tomorrow what you can do today.

Bobbie—Then let's finish the plum pudding.—N. Y. Journal.

A Hard Combination.

'Tis sad, it cannot be denied,
In families or in nations
To find folks long on family pride
And short on living rations.
—Detroit Free Press.

BRITISH MARKETS INVADED.

Cobden's Prophecy in Regard to American Made Goods Has Come True.

The insular prejudices and the complacent self-sufficiency of the average Briton have long hindered him from understanding or admitting the possibility of other nations ultimately occupying fields of industrial activity that he has for generations been accustomed to look upon as entirely his own.

The earlier prophets of the impending danger were treated with even more than the ordinary amount of intolerance proverbially accorded in their own country to those who do not prophesy smooth things. Here and there, however, a voice was heard crying in the wilderness. Cobden, more than fifty years ago, pointed out that "it was to the industry, the economy and the peaceful policy of America, and not to the growth of Russia, that politicians and statesmen of whatever creed ought to direct their anxious attention, for it was by these and not by the efforts of barbarian force that the power and greatness of England were in danger of being superseded." Lytton, in his "Coming Race," speaks of that American and notably industrial progress "in which Europe enviously seeks her model and tremblingly foresees her doom." For years past the "lights in the window" have shown that British industrial prowess was not so safe as it was supposed to be, and that the threat of American competition on a colossal scale was not a mere phantom. But that possibility has never been brought so near to our inner consciousness as it is at the present time.

Great Britain is now importing American pig iron, American steel rails, American wire, American agricultural machinery, American machine tools and many other American products. The aggregate value of these importations must be very considerable. I know of one case where a single firm imported last year, in six months only, American machinery, including machine tools, to the value of nearly £150,000. That this competition has come to stay appears to be generally admitted. The conditions and prospects of American competition appear, indeed, for the moment, to overshadow every other industrial problem, except that of labor, with which it has a closer affinity than is usually supposed, and to call for the most serious consideration.—Engineering News.

"How is it that your baby drops asleep at such a regular time? What do you give her?

"Nothing. Her father just stops singing to her.—Indianapolis Journal.

There Are Others.

Tom—Do you have any trouble meeting your creditors?

Dick—No. It's easy enough to meet them—the trouble is to avoid them.—N. Y. Truth.

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.

The Veteran's Flag.

Unroll the ragged remnant now,
And fling its tatters high,
To meet the winds that blow and bow
A welcome from the sky!
Each faded fold is sacred yet,
As when, unfurling, fair,
It fell o'er fields where armies met
To wage their battles there.

No sullied stain has flecked its face
To foul the waning hue!
No single gem has lost its place
Amid the bleaching blue!
But, as of old, above the field,
Above the cannons' roar,
'Twill fly for right—to never yield
One star forevermore!

No wealth could pay the peerless price
Of one torn, tattered fold,
Where every warp, and weft, and splice
Are threads of tangled gold!
Whose war-worn meshes mutely tell
Of strife and struggle where
A legion formed, and fought, and fell,
Beside their colors there!

As waving when the battleery
Was flung from foe to foe!
The peerless banner of the sky—
Fore'er, as long ago—
Now, now, with mem'ries falling fast
From each unfurling fold,
Fling back the tatters to the blast,
As in the days of old!
—Chicago Inter Ocean.

When Sherman Swung Around.

Just before old Sherman swung around to Jonesboro, the people seemed to know that there was trouble a-brewing, and the big roads were filled with refugees getting out of the way. Refugeeing is a part of war and a very sad part. These refugees had been moving on in front of Sherman from away in Tennessee and the most of them were in a bad condition; in fact, the most of them were in distress and had to live as best they could from the charity of the few who yet remained at their homes along the roads. My folks, nor Brown's folks could ever find it in their hearts to turn away these poor refugees as long as there was a crust of bread to divide or a place to stick one of them on bad nights out of the weather.

The night before Sherman swung around it was raining and as dark as Egypt. We had taken the refugees in till there was not a place for one to lie. They had been put upon the floor after the beds gave out till there was not room to step about without stepping on some one. Me and the old woman had reserved our own bed, and were just fixing to retire, when the dogs broke around the house as if they had discovered some wild varmint and were bent on tearing it up. When I stepped out to see what was the matter, what should I find but as sweet a young lady as you ever laid your eyes upon, and when we had got her inside the house she told the most pitiful tale you ever heard about as how she had started down the road to keep out of the way of the Yankees, had lost her way in the dark, could travel no further and was just about to faint. The old woman shed tears as the girl related her story and went about to get up a little something to eat. I gave up the last drop of spirits I had to stimulate the poor thing and my good old woman give up the last grain of sure enough coffee in Georgia to warm the lady and make her feel as much at home as was possible under the circumstances.

After so long a time, we began to figure as to how the young lady should sleep for the night, whereupon she insisted upon just sitting in the chair through the night. My old woman would never hear to such a thing—such a sweet creature must have a bed if we had to do without one ourselves; but at last it was arranged that we should crawl up the ladder into the loft and sleep on the broomstraw up there, and I will remark that I had as good a night's rest as I ever had in my life, for the rain pattered on the boards right at my head and sounded so sweet that I forgot all about the war and dreamed sweet dreams the whole night through.

The young lady was up and gone by the break of day the next morning and our hearts went with her, wishing her a godspeed upon her way. Up in the day, after breakfast, I saw a long line of blue coats coming. I called the old woman and told her that we were goners—that old Sherman was upon us. Brown's girls were there and persuaded me out of running, and so we stood upon the porch and awaited the coming of the soldiers.

Just as the line arrived in front of our house the soldiers halted and scattered to each side of the road and sit down for a rest. Directly there came in sight some men on horses, and as they approached the soldiers arose and shouted, with a great waving of caps: "Huzza, huzza, huzza!"

I did not like that sound, nor I don't like it much till yet, but anyhow, I soon understood that the men and horses were some general and staff, and before I could tell it two of them rode right in our yard and once again I would have swore that we were goners, but they soon turned to the well and inspired the hope that they only wanted water. One of these two was a monstrous handsome young officer and the other was a sharp-looking man, whom I afterwards learned was Gen. Sherman. I kept my eyes on them and expected every minute to see them begin to feel for matches, but they didn't, and pretty soon the young officer lifted his hat and gave us a salute. Then, thinks I, what in the thunder is the matter with these Yankees, and before I had time to feel good over their politeness the old general called a man and pointed toward us. This man, with six others, at once came marching up to us, and again I would have sworn that we were goners, but the spokesman said, as they halted in our front:

"We are sent here by Gen. Sherman to guard your home."

Before I had caught my breath from the surprise up rode another fellow with a whole lot of bundles and handed them over to the old woman. Along with a lot of sure enough coffee and other good things, there came a note for me. It read:

"These things are sent you by an officer of the United States Army whom you so kindly entertained last night, thinking I was a lady. I am a Federal scout."—Sarge Plunkett, in Atlanta Constitution.

"Dem Bungshells."

"Dem pore boys down to Richmond is complainin' of bein' hongry a'ready," said Une' Joe. "Ef de Lawd would jess open dey eyes an' let 'em see how much dey got now what dey ain't gwynter have arter 'while, dey would be a heap more happier. Dey jess lek my young marster, which I went out wid him in de fust beginnin' ob de las' wah. He had ev'rything a man wanter eat—ham, an' aigs an' poke, an' lam', an' spring chicken tyum yum, an' pickle, an' wegitibbles, an' all dem kin' o' things, an' he say to me, 'Joe.' I say, 'Sur.' He say, 'Joe, I hongry. I say, 'Huccum yer hongry. Marse Jibby, when yo' got 'nuff dar to feed a fambly?' He say, 'I don' wan' none ob dem d—d things.' Marse Jeems, we'en he feels sorter scrumpshus, was mity apt to use powerful insinnewatin' langwitch. I say, 'Marse Jimmie, I knows wat's de mattah wid you—yer don' wan' no wittles. Yer wants ter see yer ma at dis eend ob de table an' yer pa at dat end, an' yer sister settin' rite ober dar, an' yo' a'setting rite ober heah, an' den yer wants to go down ter mammy's cabin an' git some ob dem good ole ashcake, an' chittlins, an' swee'taters, an', potlicker—dat's 'zactly what yer want.' He say, 'Joe.' I say, 'Sur.' He say, 'Go to de debble,' an' he went tarin' off down de woods lek he wanter kill ob'ry Yankee in de Newnited States. An' dat's what de mattah wid dem boys in Richmond."

"Why, Une' Joe, I didn't know you was in the civil war?"

"Oh, yuas, sir—was in de fust battle ob Manassey. Dem Yankees come ober dar mont'ous uppity an' 'gun ter fling dem bungshells 'round dar permiscous, an' Marse Jimmie he tole me ter git to de r'ar, an' jess den dey let off de Long Tom rite to'ard us, an' I pick up my foot in my han's an' com' 'way fum dar. Fokes long de road wanter know what I runnin' so fur. I tole 'em Marse Jimmie don' sont me home fer a clean shurt, fur he 'spec' he need one after he done mess hisse'f up killin' dem Yankees. I nuvver stopped ontwell I git ter Charl'sville, an'," said the old man looking furtively around, as if expecting to hear "dem bungshells" again, "I ain't done runnin' good yit."—Philadelphia Times.

Generals Killed in Battle.

The fact that no generals on the American side were killed before Santiago is in contrast with the battles fought during the civil war.

The battle of the war most fatal to generals was Gettysburg, fought just thirty-five years before the battle of Santiago. At Gettysburg fell Major-General Reynolds, Brigadiers Weed, Farnsworth and Zook of the Federal army, and Major-General Pender and Brigadiers Barksdale, Armistead, R. B. Garnett, Posey and Semmes of the Confederates.

On both sides generals were killed in three battles in 1861, in twenty in '62, in nine in '63, in nineteen in '64, and in fourteen in '65, a total of fifty-five battles. The first general to be killed in the war was the Confederate, R. S. Garnett, a West Pointer, who fell at Carrick's Ford, Va., in July. The last general killed was Smyth, Federal, who met his death at Farmville, Va., April 9, 1865, the day before Lee surrendered. At first Bull Run Bartow and Bee, Confederates, were killed. Bee a short time before had given Stonewall Jackson his sobriquet, saying, "Look at Jackson standing there like a stone wall." At second Bull Run the only dead general was Taylor, Federal.

The first full general of the Confederacy to be killed in action was Albert Sidney Johnson, who fell at Shiloh. The first major generals of the Union army to die in battle were Kearny and Stevens, both of whom were killed at Chantilly, Va. At South Mountain we lost Reno, and the Confederates lost Garland, while at Antietam, three days later, the Federal generals, Mansfield, Richardson and Rodman, were mortally wounded, and the Confederates lost G. B. Anderson, Branch and Starke.

In the battles around Vicksburg thirty-five years ago the Federals did not lose a general, while the Confederates lost Tracey at Port Gibson, Tilghman at Champion Hills and M. E. Green at Vicksburg.

At Chickamauga fell Lytle, Unionist, who the night before had written the poem, I am Dying, Egypt, Dying. The Confederates lost Deshler, Helm and Preston Smith. On the Union side in the Wilderness fell the New York general, Wadsworth, father of the present representative in Congress, and General Hays. Here fell, too, the Confederates, Jenkins and Stafford.

At Yellow Tavern, Va., fell the Confederate cavaryman, J. E. B. Stuart. Sherman's Georgia campaign cost us two generals, Harker at Kenesaw Mountain and McPherson at Atlanta. The Confederates paid dearer, however, for they lost at Kenesaw Mountain their bishop-general, Leonidas Polk, and, at Atlanta, Benton, Stevens and W. H. T. Walker. In ten days at Spottsylvania we lost the gallant Sedgwick, Rice and Stevenson, and here the Confederates J. M. Jones, Daniel and Perron were killed.

The best proverbs are thoz which hav the least words and the most truth in them.

It iz too often the case that old age iz venerable simply bekause it iz old. There iz nothing truly venerable but what iz truly virtewous.

Add exercise to tempranse, subtrakt fret and worry from the amount, divide the sum bi reazonable fun on the haff shell, and the remainder iz just what we are all looking after.

Which cow gives the most milk, and produces the largest quantity of butter in a year, may be known to every farmer who has a herd, but only a few of them know the exact quantities for every day or week in the year, simply because they do not keep records. Then there is the cost of the milk and butter to be known, as some cows are heavy feeders and do not produce accordingly, while it is also possible for a good cow to give large yields and yet not at a cost to allow a profit.