MEMORIES OF THE WAR

A Confederate soldier contributes to the Atlanta Constitution a poem written by Col. W. S. Hawkins, of Tennessee, who as well as the soldier, was a prisoner at Camp Chase, Ohio, during the war, and spent much labor among the sick in the camp. A young soldier, engaged to be married, anxiously looked for a letter from the woman, that he might read her loving words before he should die, but the letter did not come until after his death, and then it proved to be to break off the engagement. Colonel Hawkins wrote these lines in answer:

Your letter came, but came too late,
For Heaven had claimed its own
Ah! sudden change from prison bars
Into the great white throne.
And yet I think he would have stayed
For one more day of pain,
Could he have read those tardy words,
Which you have sent in vain.

Why did you wait, fair lady,
Through so many weary hours;
Had you other lovers with you,
In that silken dainty bower?
Did others bow before your charms,
And twine bright garlands there;
And yet I ween in all that throng
His spirit had no peer.

I wish that you were by me now,
As I draw the sheet aside,
To see how pure the look he wore
A while before he died.
Yet the sorrow that you gave him
Still has left its weary trace,
And a meek to saintly sadness
Dwells upon that pallid face.

"Her love," he cried, "could change for me,
The winter's cold to spring."
Ah! trust of thoughtless maiden's love,
Thou art a bitter thing.
For when these valleys fair in May
Once more with bloom shall wave,
The northern violets shall blow
Above his human grave.

Your dole of scanty words has been,
But one more pang to bear;
Though to the last he kissed with love
This tress of your soft hair.
I did not put it where he said,
For when the angels come,
I would not have them find the sign
Of falsehood in the tomb.

I've read your letter and I know,
The wiles that you have wrought
To win that noble heart of his,
And gained it, fearful thought.
What lavish wealth men sometimes give,
For a trifle light and small.
What manly forms are often held
In folly's flimsy thrall.

You shall not pity him, for now
He's past your hope and fear,
Although I wish that you could stand
With me beside his bier.
Still, I forgive you, Heaven knows,
For mercy you have need,
For God his awful judgment sends,
On each unworthy deed.

To-night the cold winds whistle by,
As I my vigil keep,
Within the prison dead-house, where
Few mourners come to weep.
A rude plank coffin holds him now,
Yet death gives always grace,
And I had rather see him thus,
Than clasped in your embrace.

To-night your rooms perhaps are gay,
With wit and wine and song,
And you are smiling just as if
You never did a wrong.
Your hands so fair that none would think
It penned these words of pain;
Your skin so white, would God your soul
Were half so free from stain.

I'd rather be this dead, dear friend,
Than you in all your glee,
For you are held in grievous bonds,
While he's forever free.
Whom serve in this life, we serve
In that which is to come.
He chose his way, you yours. Let God
Pronounce the fitting doom.

Grant and His Old Friend.

Gratitude fills no small space in a fine character. Indeed, it is indispensable to a complete character, and round the whole emotional nature. This trait was notably conspicuous in General Grant, and it has seldom been more touchingly illustrated than by a story of him, which the Kansas City Star prints.

Prior to the Civil War Grant was living near St. Louis, in the most humble circumstances. Although a graduate of West Point, and soldier by instinct as well as by education, he was then daily engaged in selling and delivering cord wood to whosoever would buy. Among his many customers was a man of wealth and social standing, Samuel Churchill, a native of Kentucky, who often told Grant that when he failed to sell to others he might drive his load to his woodshed, throw it in and call for his pay the next day.

The two men became well acquainted. Grant always delivered good wood, full measure, and Churchill beside being prompt and liberal in his payments, extended to his neighbor many hospitalities which were accepted and appreciated.

The war, when it sprang up, divided the two men. Churchill cast in his lot with the South, and it is a familiar story how the young woodseller, loyal to the North, gradually displayed the qualities of a great military leader, and was advanced from grade to grade, from station to station, from [illegible] to Lexington, from Donelson to Shiloh, from Shiloh to Vicksburg, from Vicksburg to the Potomac, from the Potomac to Richmond and from Richmond to the presidency.

Some years after the surrender of General Lee, Churchill, whose property had been confiscated and sold, returned home to Kentucky to begin his life anew. As he passed through Washington, he felt it his duty and pleasure to call upon Grant. He approached the White House with some apprehension, however, not knowing how he would be received, if indeed, he would be received at all.

He did not fully know his old friend. The reception room was filled with Senators, Congressmen and others, all awaiting their turn to be called into the President's room, yet as soon as Churchill's name was read, he came to the door himself and invited Churchill in.

The door was closed between them and the outside crowd, and the President told the servant to notify the others that he could not see them for half an hour. For an instant Churchill did not know what was to become of him; thoughts of prison, expatriation, and other punishments for treason, rushed through his brain; then he heard the President speaking cordially, almost affectionately:

"Sam, how are you? Sit down and have a smoke. You used to give me the best Havanas when I could not buy; now I want to return some of your past favors. Do you want anything? Have you money? Do you want an office? Can I be of service to you in any way? I think more of those who were my friends when I was poor and helpless, with a growing family on my hands, than I do of all such time servers now standing on the outside waiting to press me for places."

Churchill was overcome by Grant's generous warmth, but he said:

"I am a rebel, fresh from the Confederate army, and I have too high an opinion of you as our conqueror, and as my old time friend to ask any favors at your hand. I accept nothing that would embarrass you with your own party. I have no right to ask anything. I did not come here for that purpose. I only came here to see what changes, if any, had come over my old friend."

"I care nothing for that," replied the President, simply. "There are obligations stronger than politics, and higher ties than the recollection of an unfortunate war. Think it over, Sam, until evening. Then come and dine with Mrs. Grant and me. If you want Democratic talk, she and her father, General Dent, will give you all your heart desires. I promise you that I will not break up the treasonable camp."

Both men are dead, the Southern gentleman and the great soldier. Each was a friend to the other when times were rough, and both have left bright memories of manly generosity which sprang from good hearts.

Comrades.

Wearers of the blue and the gray alike were brave in daring the fire of the enemy to save or succor wounded comrades. One would hardly expect, however, to find the instances numerous of Confederates who risked their lives for a negro, but the Osceola Democrat cites one moving instance.

George Macdonald, one of the few colored Confederate veterans in his State, was wounded at Wilson's Creek, where a minie ball plowed through his hip and a buckshot struck him in the face. He lay groaning upon the ground when he was found by Owen Snuffer, lieutenant of his company. For Snuffer the negro had all the affection a pet slave lavished upon his master, and the master knew it.

The white man bent down, examined the black man's wounds and stanched the flow of blood from them. The wounded man, as soon as he could speak, begged for water. The lieutenant's canteen was empty, but midway between the firing lines was a well. To reach it was to become the target of sharpshooters, but the groans of his black friend moved the lieutenant deeply, and he determined to take chances.

He pushed forward under fire until the well was reached. And then he discovered that the bucket had been taken away and the windlass removed.

The well was an old-fashioned walled one of great depth. After an instant's thought Lieutenant Snuffer pulled off his long cavalry boots, and taking one in his teeth he made a slow and laborious descent of the well. When water was reached and the boot filled he began climbing up the same way he had gone down, straddling the well and clutching with hands and feet at the rocky walls.

Reaching the surface, he picked up the other boot, and crawled and wriggled back to the Confederate lines.

He gave the negro as much water as he cared to drink, and filling his canteen, poured the rest of it over his burning wounds.

Witty Gratitude.

Walter Scott liked to tell the story of his meeting an Irish beggar in the street, who importuned him for a sixpence.

Not having one, Scott gave him a shilling, adding with a laugh, "Now remember, you owe me sixpence."

"Och, sure enough," said the beggar, "and God grant you may live till I pay you!"

The Brute.

Mistress of the House—Your hands look as if you never washed them.

Eaton Jogalong—I don't, ma'am. Ten o' the best years o' my life I worked in a soap factory.—Chicago Tribune.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

The Caress.

DISPLAYS of affection among members of families are largely matters of temperament. The members of some families never meet or part without ardent demonstrations of love which are delightful to themselves and pleasing to every sensible observer. Who can witness, without a warming of the heart, the cries of joy, and the embraces with which children welcome the return of father or mother from a temporary absence, or the affectionate parting and meeting of husband and wife? A person who finds in this proper display of pure family affection only an occasion for ridicule is to be pitied. There are other families, however, in which outward demonstrations of love are almost never seen. The members of such families reserve any show of affection for extraordinary occasions when the deepest feelings of the heart are stirred, and even when betrayed into an exhibition of their love, have a feeling of shame as if they had shown a weak side of their nature. There is no reason to suppose that the love of these persons for their family and friends is not as strong and deep as that cherished by those who are more demonstrative, and they would without doubt do as much in case of need for their comfort and pleasure. The repression of the expression of feeling is peculiarly an American vice. The actions of many foreigners when even slightly moved seem to us extravagant and amusing. We cover our deepest emotions with a joke and a laugh. But those who are so chary of displays of proper emotion rob themselves of much pleasure. While demonstrations of love among friends may go so far as to be indecorous or insincere, reasonable exhibitions of affection are both proper and pleasurable. Especially repression by any one of a show of love from a child or a companion is a cruel blow at one of the sweetest and most precious things in life, sincere affection in the heart of a friend.—The Watchman.

The Spirit of Tolerance.

WE would fain believe that men are growing more tolerant of each other's opinions, political, religious and otherwise. In our own country, at least, it is easy to discover a growing disposition to minimize differences of belief and to find for the betterment of mankind. Coleridge somewhere says that there are errors which no wise man will treat with rudeness, while there is a possibility that there may be the refraction of some great truth as yet below the horizon. * * *

Sir Thomas Browne, a sectarian of the strictest order, rejoices that he never divided himself "from any man upon a difference of religious opinion." It is only by the recognition of the manhood beneath the opinions, prejudices, preconceptions, perhaps misconceptions, with which we invest ourselves that we can dwell together happily in this world. * * *

Our opinions may come from birth and early environment, and may not be the result of inquiry, study and conviction, however firmly one may believe that we have worked out the problem for ourselves. We should, therefore, extend the greatest charity to those who refuse to go our way. Bishop Taylor, writing on friendship and general benevolence, observes that a good man is a friend to all the world, and he is not truly charitable that does not wish well and do good to all mankind in what he can. This all-embracing friendship, benevolence and tolerance overleaps the confines of sects, creeds, parties and social distinctions. It emanates from the Deity. "The greater our friendships are, the dearer we are to God." We do not all attain this catholicity of friendship, for we are imperfect beings at best, but we should strive for it. Were the world imbued with this spirit, it would be transformed, and oppression, poverty, a thousand woes would be removed.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Forestry and Irrigation Must Go Together.

THAT the time has come for an important, aggressive movement for the reclamation of arid and semi-arid lands in the western part of the United States is plainly indicated by the very large representation of States and Territories at the eleventh national irrigation congress recently held at Ogden, Utah.

For many years the friends of irrigation worked earnestly and hopefully for Federal aid in carrying forward projects for the reclamation of arid lands. They were retarded, but not discouraged, by persistent opposition. The final enactment of a national irrigation law by the last Congress, the fruit of long agitation, makes it incumbent upon these advocates of Federal aid to co-operate with the Government in planning a comprehensive irrigation project for the upbuilding of a great agricultural empire in the western zone of the republic. It is estimated that there are in the semi-arid zones about 600,000,000 acres of vacant public lands with sufficient water available under the storage system to irrigate one-sixteenth of it. In his address to the congress President Clark stated his belief that if the Government would expend $10,000,000 annually for thirty years in providing reservoirs sufficient to reclaim 20,000,000 acres, the land reclaimed would provide homes for 12,000,000 to 15,000,000 people. As this sum might be easily realized from the sale of reclaimed Government land a magnificent contribution to the wealth of the nation could thus be made with but small outlay.

Development and reclamation of the arid West, to be of permanent value, must have its foundations laid in a system of forests for protecting the sources of water supply which will be forever protected by the Government from destruction.—Chicago Record-Herald.

What Fast Train Operation Means.

WHEN the "Twentieth Century Limited" train recently made a run on the Lake Shore Railroad of 123.4 miles from Toledo to Elkhart in 114 minutes, probably none of the passengers gave a thought to the real meaning of such a magnificent speed performance. In order to accomplish the feat a speed of fully 85 miles per hour had to be maintained for considerable portions of the distance. With a modern passenger train such speed can be attained with safety only when roadbed, track, equipment, discipline of employes and other operating conditions are about as perfect as human skill can make them.

The train consisted of six Pullmans, each weighing 55 tons, or a total of 330 tons, one combination baggage car weighing 30 tons and a locomotive 135 tons. To hurl a mass weighing a total of 495 tons, or 990,000 pounds, along steel rails weighing only 85 pounds to the yard means a sustained shock of tremendous force, and a strain to track and roadbed which would search out the slightest weakness or defect.

One revolution of the engine drivers, which were 84 inches in diameter, carried the train forward about seven yards. In running one mile the piston rod must go backward and forward 247 times. A speed of 85 miles per hour means 1½ miles per minute, so that the piston rod would have to go back and forth, and the large drivers revolve six times each second, which is almost too rapid for the eye to follow. Experiments have shown that a train weighing as many tons as the "Twentieth Century Limited," when running at the rate of 85 miles per hour, cannot be brought to a stop within 3,000 feet.

An "emergency" stop would be very likely, therefore, to mean disaster to such a train, and only perfectly operated signals and the highest art in train dispatching can insure the train against such stops. When it is realized also that a slight defect in any portion of the equipment or imperfect inspection of the same is almost certain to be followed by dire results, the wonder grows over the degree of perfection attained in the various arts and in discipline which have united in making modern train operation possible.—Chicago Record-Herald.

What Constitutes Riches?

THE New York Times has been printing the ideas of many contributors given as answers to the question: When may a man in New York City be considered rich? The notion of riches is always a variable one. The question related to the amount of money one must have to be reckoned a rich man according to New York standards. Well, New York standards are various. To some $100,000, to others $500,000, to others a million or ten millions seems necessary. One's idea of riches depends largely on his ideas of luxury; that is, of what would seem luxury to him, the power to satisfy all his wants. But wants grow with the ability to supply them. There is always something beyond the present power of acquisition that seems desirable. Most men refuse to admit that they are so rich that they desire no more. Riches might be defined as something more than one has. As might be expected, there are the usual philosophical answers, as, for example, "good health, freedom from debt and anxiety, and tastes corresponding to one's income." This is a definition of happiness rather than of riches.—Boston Herald.

DRAINING A TREASURE LAKE.

Columbia is the empire of El Dorado—so named by the Spanish conquerors. At this very moment the exploitation of some of its hidden treasures is the object of an engineering enterprise directed by British energy, writes Benjamin Taylor, F. R. G. S., in Chamber's Journal. A London syndicate is draining the sacred Lake of Guatavita, which lies about twenty miles from Bogota, the capital of the republic.

It was in 1535 that the Spaniards heard of the lake. As the story reached them, the Cacique of Bacata— the Indian predecessor of the modern city of Bogota—was "always covered with powdered gold, fixed on his body by means of an odoriferous resin." Every night he washed off the gold in the sacred lake, and every morning he was gilded anew; "which proves," wrote Oviedo, the annalist of the conquerors, "that the empire of El Dorado is infinitely rich in mines."

So it was, and is, and there is no doubt that the lake was the principal and general place of worship, that rich offerings were continually made to it, and that many a cacique, with all his wealth, was buried beneath its waters. Moreover, when the Spaniards came, great quantities of treasure were sunk in the lake, that they might not fall into the hands of the invaders. Possibly when the country became more peaceful some of it was recovered; but a French writer—not Jules Verne—has estimated that gold and jewels to the value of five billion dollars still lie at the bottom.

The lake, which is about a quarter of a mile in diameter, and has a maximum depth of about forty-five feet, lies in a cup-like depression on the summit of a mountain, its surface being about ten thousand feet above the sea-level and several hundred feet above the surrounding plain. A tunnel eleven hundred feet in length is being driven through the side of the hill at a level of about seventy feet below the surface of the water. A vertical shaft is being sunk from a point near the edge to meet the tunnel, which is driven from both ends.

When the tunnel and shaft are completed, an open cut will be made from the shaft toward the center of the lake, and the water will be siphoned off through the shaft and tunnel as the works proceed, both to avoid any undue rush, and to enable the men working in it to keep dry. The mud and silt in the bed of the lake will then be treated for the recovery of the gold and precious stones they are believed to contain.

In the course of the operations many curious articles of gold and pottery have been found on the margin of the lake and about its shores. These objects are not only of great antiquity, but they appear to be imitations of the products of a still earlier age. Some of the vases and ornaments recovered are very similar to objects found in the tombs of the Incas in Peru and Ecuador; others have a suggestion of Egyptian craft or teaching.

The finding of these empty vases—which are believed to have held treasure—leads to the supposition that many treasure-seekers have been there already; but what has been got out can only have been by dredging, and as the appliances available for work of that kind must have been very inefficient, the London treasure-hunters expect a rich reward for their own labors.

It sometimes happens that the world thinks a man is wise simply because he doesn't take the trouble to explain his mistakes.

"Know thyself," says an old adage. A man can find out quite a good deal about himself by running for office.

WIT IN TOASTS TO WOMEN.

Some Examples that Are Famous Because of Their Point.

A banquet with a list of toasts as a part of its program almost necessarily includes one "To Lovely Woman." To omit such would be lese-majeste of the most ungallant sort. Many of these toasts have become famous for their wit or sentiment or sarcasm, and among them may be recalled the following:

"Woman, the fairest work in all creation. The edition is large and no man should be without a copy."

This is fairly seconded by a youth who, giving his distant sweetheart, said: "Delectable dear, so sweet that honey would blush in her presence and treacle stand appalled."

Further, in regard to the fair sex, we have:

"Woman, she needs no eulogy; she speaks for herself." "Woman, the bitter half of man."

In regard to matrimony some bachelor once gave: "Marriage, the gate through which the happy lover leaves his enchanted ground and returns to earth."

At the marriage of a deaf and dumb couple some wit wished them "unspeakable bliss."

At a supper given to a writer of comedies a wag said: "The writer's very good health. May he live to be as old as his jokes."

From a lay critic: "The bench and bar. If it were not for the bar there would be little use for the bench."

A celebrated statesman while dining with a duchess on her 80th birthday, in proposing her health, said:

"May you live, my lady duchess, until you begin to grow ugly."

"I thank you sir," she said, "and may you long continue your taste for antiquities."

Towels and eggs can never be too fresh.

BOOK REVIEWS

There is to be a new and cheaper edition of Horatio F. Brown's biography of the late John Addington Symonds.

G. P. Putman's Sons have in preparation "The Angler's Secret," an appreciation of the gentle art of angling, by Charles Bradford, author of "The Wild Flowers."

Miss Frances Parker, whose "Marjie of the Lower Ranch" is in its third edition, has submitted the scenario of a second novel to her publishers, the C. M. Clark Publishing Company, Boston.

Seumas McManus, the author of "A Lad o' the O'Friels," is making a short visit to America. Mr. McManus is one of the "Young Ireland" party, the aim of which is to keep alive the national spirit of the country.

"Tobacco Leaves," by John Bain, Jr., has just been published by H. M. Caldwell Company, Boston, cased in a cigar box, and bound in tobacco-colored ooze calf, with two tobacco leaves and a coat of arms consisting of pipes, cigars and cigarettes stamped in gold.

F. Frankfort Moore's latest novel is called "Shipmates in Sunshine," and is to be published in this country by D. Appleton & Co. Its scene is laid in different parts of the world and is the result of Mr. Moore's recent globe-trotting adventure in the Caribbean seas and South American countries.

A very diverting book of recent publication is entitled "The Witchcraft of the 20th Century." Its many pictures, readable articles, poetry and music all make for the advancement of cleanliness and the elimination of dirt in all its forms. The whole is done with extreme cleverness. Incidentally and with a persistence that guarantees sincerity, it is urged that a well-known cleaning preparation is par excellence. The book is edited by Artemas Ward. Enoch Morgan's Sons & Company are the publishers.

HEIR TO MILLIONS A WORKER.

Yale Graduate Gets Job in Father's Mill at $4 a Week.

Heir to several millions and the recipient already of a life income of many thousands, Franklin Farrel, Jr., 21 years old, Yale graduate, owner of fast horses and a $10,000 touring car, works ten hours a day in his father's foundry at Derby, Conn., says the New York Herald. He can be seen daily bending over a grindstone at the grimiest and lowliest labor in the whole plant.

Determined to learn and master the complicated business of his father's large foundry, young Farrel began his apprenticeship.

Franklin Farrel, Sr., one of the wealthiest men in Connecticut, his estate being variously estimated at from $10,000,000 to $15,000,000, was unaware of his son's purpose until the latter had actually gone to work. Young Farrel is obliged to enter the mills with the other workmen at 7 o'clock every weekday morning and he passes out with the oil-begrimed crowds at 6 o'clock in the evening, hurrying home in his overalls and jumper to Tower Hall, the handsome Farrel residence.

He is beginning to abandon society, as the hard work in the mill drives him early to bed. Only the fact that he had undergone severe training as a candidate for the Yale crew enables the youth to stand the exacting work. On express orders from the office no favors are shown him.

Franklin Farrel, Jr., was graduated from Yale last June, standing high in his class. In the class statistics he was rated the best-dressed man of 1903. He was a member of the famous "Jolly Eight" who were innocently instrumental in bringing about Carrie Nation's visit to Yale. Some wags sent an invitation to the famous bar-breaker to come to New Haven at a stated time, signing the names of the "Jolly Eight."

Mrs. Nation arrived at the appointed time and found the "Jolly Eight" just finishing a reunion supper in Vanderbilt Hall. She snatched away the cigarettes they were smoking and delivered her usual lecture, after which she was taken away by another party of students.

Young Farrel, while he is serving his apprenticeship, will receive $4 a week, but in the course of six months or a year, as he may show his proficiency, he may be paid at the rate of 12½ cents an hour. He carries his dinner in a pail and eats with the other workingmen.

His cousin, Alton Farrel, has been appointed to a position in the office of the foundry, where he will learn the commercial end of the business.

Miss Elise Farrel recently caused a stir by abandoning society, in which she was prominent, taking a course at a business college and entering the foundry office as stenographer and typewriter, assisting her father in his correspondence and assuming in a measure the duties of private secretary. She later gave up the work.

Very Dangerous.

Sandy—I saw Dusty running from a danger sign this morning.

Cinders—Was it at a railroad crossing?

Sandy—Yes, an' it said: "One Hundred Workingmen Wanted."