New Story of Grant

How the Great Commander Nullified a Harsh Order That He Had Given

Col. George Inman, a civil engineer, who was an engineer in the Union army with Grant in front of Petersburg in 1864-1865, as colonel of engineers, now engaged on some public work near Richmond, told this story of U. S. Grant to a group of Confederate veterans, ex-officers, there recently.

In the winter of 1864 a Capt. Hamilton of the Confederate army was captured within the Federal lines, and there were found on his person papers which clearly indicated that he had penetrated the lines for the purpose of gaining information for Gen. Lee. He was court-martialed and was at once condemned to be hanged at sunrise the next day. Col. Hamilton, who was in command of a cavalry regiment under Gen. Grant, was charged with the duty of furnishing the detail which was to execute the sentence of the court.

The night of the day on which the court pronounced the sentence on Capt. Hamilton Col. Inman went to Gen. Grant's tent to see him on a matter connected with the operations against the Confederates. He had been in the tent for some time when the orderly announced, "Col. Hamilton." A soldierly appearing officer entered and saluted. Before Gen. Grant had time to speak the colonel said in hard tones: "General, I cannot obey the order to execute that spy to-morrow morning."

Gen. Grant started as if shot.

"Why not?" he said in sharp tones.

The colonel was silent. He stood with bared head dropped on his bosom. Gen. Grant again asked him why he refused to obey his order, and this time there was a sharpness in his tone which was not there before. Col. Hamilton raised his head and looked the commander-in-chief full in the face.

"General, that man is my only son."

Gen. Grant looked his officer in the face for a moment. Then he turned his back. The colonel remained standing and silent, uncovered and his head bowed. Then Gen. Grant wheeled around and said in a harsh voice:

"Col. Hamilton, you will obey your orders."

The colonel saluted and left the tent.

Col. Inman remembered that the next morning the detail charged with the duty of hanging the spy went to the tent, and when the sentry entered it was found that there was nobody inside.

About ten years afterward Col. Inman was in San Francisco on business connected with his profession. While there he chanced to meet a Mr. Hamilton, with whom he became well acquainted. Hamilton one day mentioned that he was in the Confederate army and the relation of war experiences began. It came out that the Mr. Hamilton was the Capt. Hamilton whom Col. Hamilton had been ordered to hang. There were questions from Col. Inman, of course, and the story of the escape of the young soldier was brought out.

On the night before the day on which he was to be executed, he said, after midnight, he was lying on the blanket in his tent, half asleep, for the circumstances did not warrant heavy sleep. He was aroused by the entrance of some one into the tent. A candle was burning dimly and he saw before him a heavily built man with short stubby whiskers, wearing a blue uniform without any insignia of rank on his shoulders a black slouch hat pulled down over his eyes. He recognized Gen. Grant.

The story does not go into details as to the conversation which ensued. The result was that the condemned spy, after there has been exacted a promise that he would never again assume the part which had so nearly cost him his life, was given the countersign which would enable him to pass the sentries. Then the man in the slouch hat went away.

And the man who was to have hanged him at sunrise did the same thing, and before the sun was set was within the Confederate lines.—New York Journal.

The Vanity of Negroes

Colored Woman Willing to Suffer Pain for the Sake of Possessing a Gold Tooth

"Negroes are fooling about gold teeth," said a citizen who lives in the old French Quarter, "and recently I have had this fact rather forcibly impressed on my mind. Some time ago I had a negro woman working for me, and one day she was telling me about a negro who had a gold tooth, and remarked that she had tried to get him to give it to her. It sounded so ridiculous that I laughed. 'Why, boss,' she said, 'that nigger's teeth is better'n mine. He jes had do gold slipped on the outside, for he done took it off and showed it to me.' And it was a fact, too. It was just a thin and shiny covering for the outer part of one of his front teeth, and he used it because he believed it added to the sweetness of his smile.

"We have a new servant at our house, a negro woman, and she is afflicted with the same mad idea that there is nothing to equal a gold tooth when it comes to winning favors among the members of her race. A few days ago she brought a handbill home which she had picked up somewhere in the street. It had been scattered broadcast by a local dentist, who advertised the fact that he was giving to every patient who called at his office one gold tooth. This caught Lucindy's eye.

"I happened to be passing the kitchen window and I saw Lucindy before a mirror, with her mouth wide open, and she was making a close inspection of every tooth in her head. My wife had said something about the pretty, even teeth the negro had, but I thought probably she had the toothache. 'Toothache, Lucindy?' I asked. 'No, boss,' she replied, 'never has had toothache. Jes tryin' to see which one o' dese teeth I'm gwinter have pulled, so I can git one of dese gold teeth,' and she showed me the circular which she had picked up in the street. I told her she ought not to do it, and she seemed to be very much put out about it."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The hand of officialdom cannot save the world.

Crow Indians Wealthy

Tribe in Montana Owns Three Million Acres of Land and an Irrigation System

"The Crow Indians," said J. E. Edwards, who is government agent for that tribe, in talking with a Washington Times reporter at the Ebbitt, "have a magnificent reservation of over 3,000,000 acres of land in Montana. I think is about the best reservation in the United States. They want to sell 1,150,000 acres, and there is a prospect of such legislation being enacted by the present congress.

"There are about 2,000 of the Crows. They came nearer maintaining the purity of their Indian blood than any other tribe. At the same time their numbers are decreasing. Consumption has done its fell work among them, and its ravages continue. It seems strange that they should be such easy victims to this disease, considering the robust original stock and their active outdoor life. But it is true that there is no community, nor race, in the world where the mortality is so great from tuberculosis as among these full-blood Crows. It is largely due, many think, to their imprudence in personal exposure and neglect of simple rules of health.

"They have about $700,000 invested in irrigation facilities, and are about the most industrious Indians in the country, raising large crops of wheat and hay. The older ones retain many of the primitive ways of the aborigines, but the rising generation is copying the civilization of the whites."

A Gladstone Escapade.

It is very hard for any of us to realize that the world's great men were once boys, and often mischievous and fun-loving boys at that. Children are always delighted to hear of some frolic indulged in by some great man when he was a boy, and so they will surely appreciate the following:

Next door to Mr. Gladstone's home when he was a little boy lived a lady who gave large evening receptions, and during the evening there would be many coachmen and footmen waiting outside. Gladstone and his brother would go on the top floor of their house, armed with squirt guns, with which they squirted the coachmen and footmen waiting in the street below. Henry Chaplin said the way in which the venerable statesman chuckled at the recollection of these youthful escapades was most amusing. He said that Mr. Gladstone became quite convulsed when he proceeded to tell him how delightful he and his brother were to hear the servants expressing their wonder as to where the rain came from.

Marriages of Convicts.

Marriages between convicts continue to be permitted in the Andaman Islands. Last year the superintendent received sixty-eight applications for such unions. Of these, four free and thirty-two convicts were sanctioned and the balance (thirty-two) were refused.

It was the brotherhood of man rather than the sisterhood of the saints that Christ revealed.

BEAUTIFUL NIECE OF THE LATE JAMES G. BLAINE MARRIED AT WASHINGTON.

Miss May Gillespie Blaine, daughter of the late Robert Blaine, and a niece of the late James G. Blaine, was married to Mr. Charles Eppa Lipscomb of Virginia at St. Peter's church in Washington in the presence of a large party of friends. Among the guests were Mr. James G. Blaine, who came over from New York to be present; Mrs. Harriet Blaine Beale, who hurried back from Cuba for the same purpose, and Gen. Coppinger and his two children.

Shortest Name for a Vessel.

The Ea is said to be the shortest name for a vessel in the world. She is a Spanish steamer and reached Philadelphia laden with iron ore last week after a voyage so rough that three of her sailors were incapacitated by seasickness. The Ea was named by a Spanish nobleman after his daughter, Esmerelda. She belongs to a line that has set, in the matter of short names, an example that other lines are beginning to follow. The Eolo, the Aro and the Oria are sister ships of hers. In all the fleet there is not a name that is more than five letters long.—Philadelphia Record.

Story of Cecil Rhodes.

The late Cecil Rhodes not only was a bachelor, but fought very shy of the fair sex. There is a story which is told of him in this connection: While on a visit to London several years ago he dined at the house of a very wealthy lady of title. Later, when he was discussing the affair with his secretary, the latter asked, "And whom did you take to dinner?" "Oh, I don't know. Some Lady Somebody," was the reply. "But what did you call her?" "Didn't call her anything—never spoke to her," replied Rhodes.

Photographs of the Kaiser.

The kaiser has ordered the distribution of 1,000 copies of his photographs among the sailors of the German navy.

A Crazy Belgian Town.

Gheel is a town about thirty miles east of Antwerp and about the same distance from the German frontier. It is unique, for there is no other town in the world which can number so many lunatics amongst its inhabitants. There are some 1,300 demented creatures within its boundaries and they are not confined within the walls of any asylum, being perfectly harmless. They live in the houses of the sane inhabitants, with whom the government makes arrangements for their keep, etc. There are four mental specialists resident in Gheel, who, with the assistance of four other men, look after the people of this curious town.

Origin of "Honeymoon."

Very few people know the origin of the term "honeymoon;" but it really is derived from the old Teutonic custom of drinking honey-wine (hydromel) for thirty days after marriage. It is said that Attila the Hun died from the effects of drinking "an enormous quantity of hydromel at his marriage feast."

Vacation Time.

When Timothy Dwight resigned the presidency of Yale university he said, among other things: "I lay down my office, not because I am old. Seventy is not old, but it is the end of the summer time and vacation time has come."

MILLIONAIRE LEADER OF THE REVOLTING SOCIALIST PARTY IN BELGIUM.

M. Van Dervelde, the leader of the Socialist party in Belgium, who was under arrest for a time during the recent rioting in Brussels, although an advocate of the partition of wealth, is a millionaire. He is a lawyer in Brussels, is a doctor of laws, and is professor in the school for higher studies. He is 36 years old and has been in Parliament for a number of years, being for several sessions the youngest member. He is one of the most active men in the Chamber, taking part energetically in all discussions, and the king's fiercest critic. His arrest was due to mistaken identity, and after his release he addressed the mobs and asked them to desist from violence.

LITTLE FOLKS

Childhood's Lost Beliefs.

I once knew all the birds that came
  And nested in our orchard trees;
For every flower I had a name—
  My friends were woodchucks, toads and bees;
I knew what thrived in yonder glen;
  What plants would soothe a stone bruised toe—
Oh, I was very learned then—
  But that was very long ago.

I knew the spot upon the hill
  Where the checkerberries could be found—
I knew the rushes near the mill
  Where pickerel lay that weighed a pound!
I knew the wood—the very tree—
  Where lived the poaching, saucy crow,
And all the woods and crows knew me—
  But that was very long ago.

And pining for the joys of youth,
  I tread the old familiar spot
Only to learn this solemn truth:
  I have forgotten, am forgot,
Yet there's this youngster at my knee
  Knows all the things I used to know,
To think I once was wise as he!—
  But that was very long ago.

I know 'tis folly to complain
  Of whatso'er the fates decree,
Yet were not wishes all in vain
  I tell you what my wish would be;
I'd wish to be a boy again,
  Back with the friends I used to know;
For I was, oh! so happy then—
  But that was very long ago.

—Eugene Field.

What a Boy Should Know.

People differ as to how much a collegiate education helps a young man in a business career, some contending that it is of the utmost importance, others that he can get along without it. As a matter of fact, it depends on the young man himself, for while a collegiate education can hardly be called a hindrance, it might, in some cases, give a young fellow a foolish pride that would make him hold himself above the so-called drudgery of a business life.

A very successful man, in speaking of what a young man should know to begin a business life in the right way, summarized the qualifications about as follows:

He should be able to write a good, legible hand.

To spell all the words that he knows how to use.

To speak and write good English.

To write a good social or business letter.

To add a column of figures rapidly.

To make out an ordinary account.

To deduct 16½ per cent from the face of the account.

To receipt an account when it is paid.

To write an ordinary receipt.

To write an advertisement for the newspaper.

To write an ordinary promissory note.

To reckon the interest, or the discount, on the note for years, months or days.

To draw up an ordinary bank check.

To take it to the right place in the bank to get the money.

To make neat and correct entries in day-book or cash-book.

To tell the number of yards of carpet required for the parlor.

To tell something about the great authors, statesmen and financiers of the present time.

If, says the successful business man, a boy can do all this, it is probable that he has enough education to make his way in the world.

Didn't Care to Try It.

Mr. Francis Tabor, who is director for several boys' clubs in New York city, always has a fund of interesting anecdotes on hand, many of which are actual experiences in his daily life. The boys will enjoy this amusing experience.

One night at his club a young man lounged in with his hands in his pockets and an ugly look on his face. He happened into the checker room, and sat down.

They began a game and the visitor failed to get a king. Within an hour he was beaten ten games. It went on this way for three nights without the stranger winning a single game. Finally he turned to the club member and asked:

"Say, do you know the superintendent of this club?"

"Why?"

"Oh, nawthin, only I'm a-goin' to lick him. I've licked every superintendent this club has ever had, and I don't intend to break my rule now. See?"

"Well, you've got to fight better than you play checkers if you lick the superintendent, and you'd better begin right off, because I'm the man you're looking for."

"I guess we'll break the rule this time. If you can fight as well as you play checkers I'm not in your class," was the slow reply.

Mind Reading.

Any number of people can join in mind reading, and the game is both interesting and mystifying. A ring is formed, all joining hands, and there must be two sitting next to each other who know the secret of the game. Let us call these two Alice and May. Alice, who is introduced as a "professional mind reader," leaves the room, and those remaining choose any word, a short one preferably. The object of the game is for Alice, who is ignorant of the word, to return and guess it, and this may be done by a simple little trick so that it attracts no attention whatever. All are told to close their eyes and think hard of the word chosen. Then Alice is called back and sits down in the circle, taking hold of her accomplice's hand, as well as that of her neighbor on the other side. Then very quietly May taps Alice's palm with her fingers, the tap signifying letters, the first tap meaning "a," the second for "b," and so on. For instance, supposing the word was cat. May would rap Alice's hand three times, c being the third letter of the alphabet, and then pause for an instant, so that Alice might understand that was the first letter. Then one tap and a pause would mean "a," and since "t" is the 20th letter in the alphabet, Alice would easily understand 20 taps for "t." Thus any word may be spelled out, and it is always a long time before the uninitiated "catch on."

Self-Sacrificing Kangaroo.

Mrs. Kangaroo has a big pocket, in which she carries her young ones. It is the coziest kind of a place for a little kangaroo, and sometimes you will find a whole family of brothers and sisters in the pouch at once.

However, this is not the only way Mrs. Kangaroo has of carrying her children. When hunters pursue her she puts all her babies into her pocket and runs for dear life, but if she feels that the enemy is gaining on her and that she is in danger of being captured, she seizes one little one after another with her forepaws and hurls it out of the pocket to one side of her pathway as far as she can throw it. She takes care to do this only at times when the enemy is not in sight. In this way she is relieved of the weight of the youngsters, and she can run faster.

At the same time her motive is not a selfish one. She throws her babies out in so skillful a manner that it does not hurt them. They are soft little creatures, and when they land in a brush heap they are none the worse for it. The hunter loses all scent of the little kangaroos by this movement on the part of the mother, and, at the most, the pursuing party can capture only self-sacrificing Mrs. Kangaroo.

"Don Quixote" Eyeglass.

If you look at a candle flame through a piece of very fine silk gauze stretched over a frame of cardboard the flame will appear drawn out in four directions, at right angles to each other, forming a luminous cross, the arms of which are fringed with rainbow colors. This is an example of what physicists call diffraction, and is of the same nature as the colored halos seen around lights in a fog.

Now, this little experiment may be made very amusing by constructing of stout paper a windmill, or the facade of one, with a small hole where the arms should cross, and placing within or behind it a lighted candle, with the flame just behind the hole.

Then darken the room and call in your friends to admire your windmill, which glows dimly by transmitted light.

If any one asks where the arms are, hand him your "Don Quixote eyeglass" that is, the frame with the gauze. Looking through this, he will see the arms resplendent with all the colors of the rainbow, and the mill will turn just as fast as he rotates the eyeglass.

Game for "Shut-Ins."

Shut-ins or others will find no little amusement in the game of "Passing People." The players—one or more on a side—sit in a front window looking out on the sidewalk at a time when quite a few people should be passing by. The passing people are sort of animated playing cards. All persons going in one direction count for one side; those going in the opposite direction count for the opponents. The winning score is 50 points.

A boy or girl counts two points. A man or woman counts one each. A lame person adds five to the score, a fat man counts 15, and a red-haired girl is good for 20 points. A short man with a taller woman going by together is game.

Every dog passing by takes one from the score; so that a man or woman with a dog counts nothing.

A passing policeman gives you minus five. A man wearing a silk hat counts three. A nursemaid with child counts five. Three men or three women passing by together count minus three.

The Trading Mouse.

The trading mouse, as he is called in Florida, is a queer little fellow with a rule of conduct very different from that of others of his species. When he carries anything away he always puts something in place of the article taken. This "exchanging" seems to be the business of his life, for he will carry off things of which he can make no use.

He may take away a finger ring and put in its place some seeds, or carry off a brooch or locket and replace it with a number of shells. A very lopsided exchange at best, but then he may think we cannot tell the difference between a bean and a locket.

Was in the Ink Bottle.

Margaret, aged 5, was making pictures some time ago with pen and ink. She made a picture of a cat without any tail.

"Where is the tail?" asked Norman.

She looked puzzled for a minute, then she replied with a wise look:

"Why, it's in the ink bottle yet."