

Campfire Tales

THE SONGS OF THE BUGLES.

Crosses lighting the dusty square,
And the grass that is faintly showing,
Hunting of geese of a later day,
Speak of peace—but, far away,
Near the bugles blowing,
I hear heart and soft, I catch the note
Of off-bugles blowing.

Song of the bugles—brave and sweet,
And the measured pulse of marching
feet,
That the roar of the town grows still to
hear,
Till the music blurs in a sudden cheer,
Song of the bugles; the flag goes by,
A scarlet flutter against the sky
(The April sky that seems to be
Tender as with a memory);
Oh, the steady sway of the close-ranked
men,
And the bugle's song that rings again,
These are your own—Oh, city, rise to
meet them,
These are your own—Oh, city, hold them

fast!
These are your own, and the great sea
waits to greet them,
And down the way that leads to her
your strong men march past.

March past! March past! And what's
to stop or stay them?
March past, march past, and who's to
say them nay?
There was no prayer that you could pray
to hold them or delay them,
For the flag is on the April wind and all
the bugles play.
Cheer! For high hope, or young courage
burning,
Cheer! For quiet eyes and for the steady
troop—
Cheer! For all those who go! Cheer!
For their safe returning,
Aye, and cheer your hearts out in a
cheer to pledge your dead!
—Arthur Ketchum, in *Ainslee's Magazine*.

Fight at Westfall

Where Confederates Were Driven
Back Into Western Missouri

H. Warren Phelps contributes the following to the Ohio State Journal:
"In the State Journal of May 31 appears an account of the unveiling of a monument to the memory of Confederate soldiers at Westfall, Mo., a suburb of Kansas City, by the Daughters of the Confederacy.

"Many of the survivors of the Ninety-fifth and Seventy-second regiments, O. V. I., of the late Gen. McMillen's brigade, well remember the battle at Westfall on Little Blue river, Missouri, seven miles from Kansas City, on Monday morning, Oct. 24, 1864. We were not engaged in that battle but made a nearly all-night march hurrying to get there in time.

"The command under Major General A. J. Smith, three divisions, went from Memphis to Little Rock the first week of September and headed off the enemy, which came down from Western Missouri, under command of Gen. Sterling Price to take Little Rock. The enemy was driven back into western Missouri, and on Oct. 23 our command marched twenty miles in close pursuit of the enemy, which was mounted, and went into camp at Sunset, within ten miles of Independence. At 12 o'clock that night we received orders to march again, as the enemy

was being held at Little Blue River, Gen. Blount's and Curtis' cavalry, six miles beyond Independence, by having come in from Kansas; Gen. Pleasanton's cavalry force was in our front and in rear of the enemy.

"Gen. Smith's command started at 4 o'clock a. m. The enemy knowing that the cavalry would be reinforced by the infantry at sunrise made a determined charge on our cavalry lines and fought its way out.

"Gen. Smith's command arrived on the battle ground about an hour after the battle. There was every indication that there had been desperate fighting; bloody nats were lying scattered about, and there were many bodies of both Union and Confederate soldiers lying in the timber along the stream. The southwest bank of the stream showed evidence of a fierce struggle.

"Our command remained there during the day gathering up and burying the dead and then went on into Kansas. The cavalry followed the enemy into the Indian territory. The infantry command returned to St. Louis. We suffered terribly, as we had only rubber blankets and the weather became extremely cold, with snow fifteen inches in depth, before our arrival in St. Louis on Nov. 12."

Origin of Memorial Day

First Decoration of a Soldier's Grave
Was Spontaneous Act of Nature

Will B. Smith, author of "On Wheels, and How I Came There," sends the following to the Los Angeles Times:

"On a beautiful May day, thirty-five years ago, there gathered beneath the overhanging boughs of a fruit-bearing tree beside an open grave in a little churchyard among the mountains of New York, the friends and kinsmen of one who, though a mere boy, had faced the brunt of battle, his body pierced by the enemy's bullets and had won for himself the golden crown of martyrdom in the military service of his country. There were also gathered there a few of his comrades in arms, bronzed veterans, survivors of the red flames of carnage that swept Pickett's division from the field of Gettysburg, who had come to drop a tear at a comrade's grave and voice a tribute to his memory.

"Just as the solemn rites of burial were over and the last shovelful of earth had been heaped upon his resting place, God's breath shook the overhanging boughs and sweet beautiful apple blossoms came gently down and decorated the hero's grave.

"This incident coming to the ears of Commander-in-Chief John A. Logan was the inspiration that caused him to issue the order creating Grand Army Memorial Day, and ever since on the 30th of May the loyal people of this Union gladly follow the example heaven so graciously set and to see that no veteran's grave is neglected with the flowers of spring, and place thereon the flag which the valor of himself and comrades kept flying under the blue heaven."

Liberty consists of letting your wife do as you please.

An Appetizing Stew

Old Soldier Tells of Finest
Meal He Has Ever Eaten

"I never saw a guerrilla in my life," said one of Col. Oddyke's Tigers (One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Ohio). "I never saw a prisoner cruelly treated, but I was often cruelly treated myself, mostly by circumstances, but I generally came out in pretty good shape. I had the worst luck while we were penned up in Chattanooga, after Chickamauga. While in the act of stealing corn from a mule I received a kick from the aforesaid mule that seemed to me the very quintessence of cruelty. There I was starving, and here was a mule eating corn. I didn't want all of his blamed corn, anyhow, but the moment I tried to take one ear he let loose and I went over backward.

"When I got to my feet I was in a retaliatory mood. I killed the mule, skinned the carcass, cut out what I regarded as the choicest bit of mule

flesh, boiled it until it was thoroughly cooked, seasoned it with salt and pepper, to which I added the stolen corn, after parching and grinding it, by putting it into a stocking and beating it until it was practically meal. This stew was to me in my starving condition the most appetizing food I ever ate. Sometimes when I go into the high grade restaurants or go to my own table, where the choicest food has been cooked in the best possible way, I think of that mule stew at Chattanooga. Do you know, no dinner in the world has ever seemed as good to me as the flesh of that mule which kicked me for stealing corn. This was cruelty, of course. The mule was cruel to me, and I was cruel to the mule, but it was war."

It is better to be true to the false than to be false to the true.

In An Old Well

Remains of Confederate Officer
Unearthed at Chambersburg, Pa.

A few days ago an old citizen of this town informed Janitor Henninger that when the workmen who are excavating for an addition to the courthouse would reach the bottom of a well back of the old Hope Fire Company's house, in the rear of the courthouse, they would likely find some human bones. This morning the workmen reached the point indicated and a quantity of human bones were discovered, together with a number of brass buttons.

Being questioned further the man who gave the information said that during the civil war, before the town was burned by the Confederates, a resident of Chambersburg and a Confederate officer were engaged in a game of cards in the fire company's house. Mr. Henninger's informant was accus-

ent and was sent by the Chambersburger to purchase some beer. On his return he found the Chambersburger man alone. Upon being asked what had become of the Confederate officer the Chambersburger replied that he had thrown the Confederate down the steps and in the fall his neck had been broken, and in order to get rid of him he had thrown the body down the well.

The man who is supposed to have committed the deed has not been a resident of this town for many years.—Chambersburg (Pa.) Correspondence Philadelphia Press.

Some men object to dogs, and some women object to men who object to dogs.

HOME AND FASHIONS

HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS THAT
MAY BE OF VALUE.

Light Weight Midsummer Costume
That Should be Popular—Dress of
Two Linens a Novelty of the Season—Some Little Tips.

FOR the morning a well-cut, well-hung skirt of pique, duck or linen, with a pretty shirtwaist of the same color, is as smart an outfit as is at all necessary. There are many good designs for sample percales and ginghams, especially the silk ginghams, which are made with very little trimming, and that trimming of inexpensive embroidery. A good model is the pleated skirt, or skirt with attached flounce; the waist is pleated to match or has a box pleat just in the center with a small straight band of the new flat lace or embroidery, the collar being in one piece, with a straight band. The foulard and India silk gowns in plain colors are also smart for morning, and the black and white checked ginghams which look so much like silk are in great demand.—Harper's Bazar.

Novelty of the Season.

The dress of two linens, a plaided and a plain one, is a novelty of the season. A blue plaid or a sprigged flower pattern with plain cream flounces, a collar and turned up cuffs showing soft lawn underneath, or a coral scheme with pale pink embellishments are attractive models.

With these colored linens the embroidery on the white or creamy collars is in a contrasting shade of the color of the gown, or of the same tone as the collar. A white linen dress, with collar, cuffs and belt of cream color, embroidered in the same creamy tint, is exceedingly cool and pretty.

Light Weight Midsummer Costume.

Among the fabrics of the season is a sort of zebeline, iron gray in color, with a surface showing white hairs, which is very similar to the material greatly liked for cold weather wear; but of course it is very light in weight. It is rather exclusive in effect when made up, as such materials

stitching done with Corticelli stitching silk, a coarse silk generally used by the best dressmakers for this purpose. Overlaid upon this were applique flowers, cut from white broadcloth, stitched in heavy black silk, which is also used for the outline stitch, and French knots which compose the center and stems of the flower and are worked with Corticelli embroidery silk. The belted blouse with basque shows the same flower, below which the white silk ves is bordered by scallops outlined by bias straps of the white cloth.

Girl's Graduation Dress.
Fagotting, a general term for open work stitching of whatever kind, fair



ly runs riot on the gowns for summer wear, and a very dainty finish it is, when properly executed with Corticelli EE twisted embroidery silk. A charming frock worn at a recent girl school graduation showed this pretty stitching wherever an insertion was to be let into the crepe de chine of which the frock was composed. This design is not very ornate, but of an elegant simplicity. The skirt has the prevalent panel effect, the latter being entirely untrimmed. The fullness is lightly gathered at the belt and the edge bordered by three rows of Valenciennes inserting, mounted with briar stitching in pale blue Corticelli embroidery silk. The blouse shows a vast effect, the continuation of the skirt panel. The sailor collar was composed of Valenciennes inserting, and bias folds of pale blue taffeta, joined by fagotting in blue silk. The hat which completed this costume was of pale blue chiffon with ostrich tips of the same shade.

Some Little Tips.

Brick red is a smart color for linen dresses.

Tassels are, of course, an accompaniment.

Separate undersleeves are called "sleevelets."

Silk pendants are either bell or sachet-shaped.

Five-inch white silk fringe adorns one lovely cream dress.

Ruffles tend to simulate petals, four or five deep, form a pretty foot finish.

Black-dotted white dresses are a fad. The smaller the dots the better.

Lace cuffs are a lovely finish. Lace stocks are even more effective, but not as new.



do not seem to appeal to persons of common tastes. The gored skirt is very simple in outline, close fitting in the upper portion, flaring below, and finished on the edge with rows of

LITTLE FOLKS

Tell Him So.

If you have a word of cheer
That may light the pathway clear
Or a brother pilgrim here,
Let him know.
Show him you appreciate
What he does; and do not wait
Till the heavy hand of Fate
Lays him low.
If your heart contains a thought
That will brighten make his lot,
Then, in mercy, hide it not,
Tell him so.

Wait not till your friend is dead
Ere your compliments are said;
For the spirit that has fled,
If it know,
Does not need to speed it on
Our poor praise; where it has gone
Love's eternal, golden dawn
Is aglow.

But unto our brother here
That poor praise is very dear;
If you've any word of cheer
Tell him so.

—Denver News.

Clever Card Trick.

Card tricks which are not difficult to perform are often mystifying, nevertheless. Here are directions how to place four kings in different parts of the pack and then cut them together: Take the four kings and exhibit them facewise, but secretly place behind the second one two other court cards of any description, which, being thus hidden behind the king, will not be visible. The spectators being satisfied that the four cards are really the four kings, and none other, fold them together and place them at the top of the pack. Draw attention to the fact, that you are about to distribute the four kings in different parts of the pack. Take up the top card, which, being really a king, you may exhibit without apparent intention, and place it at the bottom. Take the next card, which the spectators suppose to be also a king, and place it about half way down the pack, and the next in like manner a little higher. Take up the fourth card, which, being actually a king, you show carelessly, and replace at the top of the pack. You have now really three kings at the top and one at the bottom of the pack, though the onlookers imagine they have seen them distributed in different parts of the pack, and are proportionately surprised when the cards are cut to find all the kings are again together. It is best to use knaves or queens for the two extra cards, as being less distinguishable from the kings, should a spectator catch a chance glimpse of their faces.

What is a Horse-Power?

When men first begin to become familiar with the methods of measuring mechanical power, they often speculate on where the breed of horses is to be found that can keep at work raising 33,000 pounds one foot per minute, or the equivalent, which is more familiar to some mechanics, of raising 330 pounds 100 feet per minute. Since 33,000 pounds raise one foot per minute is called one horse-power it is natural that people should think the engineers who established that unit of measurement based it on what horses could really do. The horse that can do this work does not exist.

The horse-power unit was established by James Watt about a century ago, and the figures were fixed in a curious way. Watt found that the average horse of his district could raise 22,000 pounds one foot per minute. At that time Watt was employed in the manufacture of engines, and customers were so hard to find that all kinds of artificial inducements were necessary to induce power users to buy steam engines. As a method of encouraging them Watt offered to sell engines reckoning 33,000 foot pounds to a horse-power. And thus he was the means of giving a false unit to one of the most important measurements in the world.

Sneezing Superstitions.

There is a quaint old rhyme about sneezing which runs as follows: Sneeze on Monday, sneeze for danger. Sneeze on Tuesday, kiss a stranger. Sneeze on Wednesday, have a letter. Sneeze on Thursday, something better. Sneeze on Friday, sneeze for sorrow. Sneeze on Saturday, see true love tomorrow.

A sneeze on Sunday meant a visit from the parson the next day, and a good old English housewife set everything in order against his coming.

The sneeze has certain unflattering traditions attached to it, especially among the early English peasants, and handed down to our day, they have become superstitions.

The number of times any one sneezes was always noticed, and the meaning proclaimed with a serious or cheerful face, as the case might be, according to the number of sneezes. Nowadays even the least superstitious will say "Bless you," or pat you on the back three times or four or five times, according to the number of sneezes.

Sneezing was considered very healthful and for this reason snuff became a fashion, which grew to be harmful, as snuff takers found it hard to break away from the custom.

As to Users of Tobacco.

"Nine years ago we commenced to keep a record on this subject," says Dr. Fish, an eminent eastern educator, "and we have found that the boy who falls usually uses tobacco. When asked to sign our pledge the pupil usually answers that he does not use very much, but we find that he continues to fall in his studies. One of the questions submitted in our record blank is whether or not the pupil thinks the use of tobacco is necessary

to his success. I must admit that many answer this question in the affirmative. In our chapel we frequently ask all those who have not had tobacco in their mouths for twelve months to arise and be counted. The average varies from 60 to 70 per cent."

Dr. Fish's theme was "The Student and the Cigarette," and, while he took the stand that tobacco in any form had a tendency to dull the mind of the pupil, he said that he was compelled to admit that the cigarette form was the most objectionable and the most injurious. He showed by reciting statistics taken at the university during the last nine years that the student addicted to the cigarette habit made a much lower average in his class percentages than those who were not given to the use of the little paper cylinders.

Cat and Dog Story.

Everybody knows how much a dog and cat hate each other, but it is very seldom that their dislikes lead to such serious results as did a difference that lately occurred between a bulldog and a black cat in a fruit store.

The owner of the bulldog used to let him run around in the cellar for exercise, but one morning the dog got tired of his narrow quarters, and went up stairs into a neighboring fruit store, where the black cat lived.

Of course, the cat did not like to have any one come into her home without an invitation, much less one of her old natural enemies—the dog. So as soon as the dog entered out jumped the cat full upon him, and, of course, a fight followed, which naturally drew into it the owner of the fruit store and the owner of the dog.

The dog, being very lively, soon turned over several baskets of fruit and upset the stands of oranges and peanutt, while their masters were vainly trying to settle the row. As there seemed no early settlement in sight, the owner of the cat and fruit stand called in a policeman, but in the meantime the dog had virtually gotten the better of the fight, having caught the cat by the neck, and all the coaxing and pulling would not persuade him to let go.

The owner of the dog pulled and pounded, and the policeman, seeing a way out, put his "billy" between Bruno's teeth and pried open his jaws, only to find that the cat was so badly mangled that it had to be killed, which the policeman did with two bullets from his revolver.

Bruno's owner settling the difference by paying the damage, they both went out, after having learned once more that cats and dogs have a standing disagreement that in but few instances is overcome.

Chinese Fables.

A tiger captured a monkey. The monkey begged to be released on the score of his insignificance, and promised to show the tiger where he might find a more valuable prey. The tiger complied, and the monkey conducting him to a hillside where an ass was feeding—an animal which the tiger had never before seen.

"My good brother," said the ass to the monkey, "hitherto you have always brought me two tigers. How is it that you have brought me only one to-day?"

The tiger fled for his life. Thus a ready wit wards off danger.

The principle of the next fable the Chinese always apply to the European instructors in the art of war.

A tiger, finding a cat very prolific in devices for catching game, placed himself under her instruction. At length he was told there was nothing more to be learned.

"Have you taught me all your tricks?"

"Yes," replied the cat. "Then," said the tiger, "you are of no further use, and so I shall eat you."

The cat, however, sprang lightly into the branches of a tree and smiled at the tiger's disappointment. She had not taught the tiger all her tricks.

Do Animals Help One Another?

Yes, a thousand times yes. Instances of foster-motherhood in the animal world are to be counted by the hundred. From the days of old Aesop, when the mouse helped the lion, and, indeed, long before his time, one animal would assist another. Thomas Edwards, the working Scotch naturalist, once wounded a seagull and saw two others lift the stricken bird by its wings and fly with it out of range. The kindness of rats to their old and blind and feeble is almost proverbial. Fanny Kemble mentions a lady who observed a cow actually pumping water from a well for another cow. The creature raised the handle between her horns and pumped waist the other drank.

Morbid Sensitiveness.

The surest way to conquer morbid sensitiveness is to mingle with people as freely as possible, and, while appraising your own ability as you would those of a friend or acquaintance, to forget yourself. Unless you can become unconscious of self you will never either appear at your best or do the best of which you are capable. It requires will power and an unending determination to conquer this arch enemy to success, but what has been done can be done, and many who were held down by it for years have, by their own efforts, outgrown it and risen to commanding positions.—Sneeze.