

CAMPFIRE TALES.

LINCOLN ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

President Watched Contest For the Possession of Washington.

Of all the places of historic interest in and about Washington, there is not one that played a more important part in the defense of the nation's capital than picturesque Fort Stevens, just to the north of the city. There, a bit over forty years ago, Abraham Lincoln stood on the parapets of this hastily constructed fort and watched the battle for the protection of the city of Washington. It was the only time in the history of the country when the President, who is commander-in-chief of the army, has stood exposed on the field of battle to the bullets of the sharpshooters of the opposing forces.

Sacred as the spot should be, it was for many years neglected. In recent years, however, a dilatory Congress has seen to its care, and now it is attractive enough to take many visitors daily to the high ground five miles north of the city where the Union soldiers fought it out with Jubal Early's men on that memorable morning of July 12, 1864. There is a little cemetery hard by now, where clustered about a tall flag pole from the top of which the stars and stripes float to the breeze, are the graves of the men who died that Washington might be saved. It is hard to say what might have been the result had they not checked Gen. Early's march on Washington. If President Lincoln had escaped capture it must have been in flight.

High up from the pike, in former days the main artery between Washington and Baltimore, stands to-day a picturesque little church of stone, called Emory Chapel, the home of a congregation of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. It stands in the very center of the old fort, and in the spot where the magazine then was. Its position is a commanding one, giving a view of all the surrounding country. Round and about it the breastworks of the old fort are yet to be seen. Here it was that the Union soldiers sustained the only onslaught of the Confederate troops in their attack on Washington.

It was first called Fort Massachusetts, because it was largely constructed by troops from the Bay state, but after it was strengthened and altered, in 1863, it was rechristened Fort Stevens, in honor of Gen. Isaac I. Stevens, colonel of the 79th regiment, New York infantry, afterward major-general of volunteers, who was killed Sept. 1 at Chantilly.

It was in the early part of July, 1864, that Gen. Early laid his plans for a descent upon the national capital. Lew Wallace had opposed his march with the 6th corps at Monaca, and, though the Confederates won the day, they were so worn by the battle that they had to rest one day before following up their advantage. That one day was fatal. It enabled Grant to overtake the 25th New York cavalry by telegraph at City Point and hurry them by way of Baltimore to Washington. They reached Fort Stevens early on Monday morning, twelve hours before the other reinforcements.

News of Early's coming had reached Washington, and the town was in a turmoil of excitement. It was known that the forts about the city were garrisoned only by small forces, composed chiefly of hundred-day men, convalescents of the veteran reserve corps and clerks from the government department who had bravely and cheerfully responded to the call for volunteers. So great was the anxiety in the city that a steamboat was kept at the river front with steam up all day ready to take away the President

and the most valuable government records. It was decided that the main attack would be made at Fort Stevens, and so what force could be mustered was concentrated there.

The command of the forces for defense was placed in the hands of Maj.-Gen. Alexander McDowell McCook. Lieut.-Col. John N. Frazee was given immediate command of the fort. Maj.-Gen. Horatio G. Wright was also there. In fact, there were many generals and few privates.

As Early's men advanced, much woodland was cut down and many houses burned, the occupants being given but a few hours to get their goods out. A skirmish line was thrown out, consisting of the 25th New York cavalry, and, although they lost heavily during the first day's battle, they were able to hold Early's forces in check until reinforcements arrived the day following. On Tuesday the real battle was fought, and the morning after not a Confederate was to be seen. It was a fight in the open, and a bloody one. Of the 1,000 men of the 6th corps who went into the fight 250 were either killed or wounded.

The opposing forces were not more than fifty rods from the fort, and during it all President Lincoln stood on the parapets, apparently unconscious of his danger until an officer fell mortally wounded within three feet of him. Then Gen. Wright peremptorily represented to him the needless risk he was running, and the dire consequences an injury to him would involve.

Four hundred Union men were killed and 600 Confederates, a loss small in comparison to other battles of the civil war, but the importance of the result cannot well be overestimated. Confederate success would have meant the flight of the President, and the capital of the country in the hands of the enemy. The effect of the resultant demoralization to the loyal men of the Union and foreign complications that would have inevitably followed cannot be told.

The little plot of ground a bit to the north, called the National Battle Ground cemetery, is where forty of those who fought for the Union on that hot July day rest until the last call. Each year, on Memorial day, the people gather there to do them homage, while the children of the public schools strew flowers on their well kept graves.

To the north of this beautiful spot, with its sheltering trees and quaint little stone lodge, there is another grave, that of an unknown wearer of the gray. Every effort has been made to learn the name of this brave man, who fought until he could fight no more, but without success. There are several stories told about him, the most authentic, perhaps, being that told by Charles Hobbs, a native of Montgomery county, Md., who was an eye witness of the battle.

He says that while Early's men were falling back in front of the advancing 6th corps a number of Confederate sharpshooters were left in the rear to sting the oncoming lines of blue. These riflemen dodged from tree to tree, firing as they retreated. The unknown who fills the lone grave was one of these "hornets," evidently more daring than his comrades, who, in his anxiety to bring down some of the enemy, lagged too far in the rear, and met death by a minie ball through his heart. His body was found the next day in a clump of bushes, where he had crawled after receiving the mortal wound. He was buried near the spot where he fell, and now a neat marble monument marks the last resting place of the unknown soldier in gray.

Gets Soldier Husband's Ring.

Mrs. Spencer Pillsbury of Mt. Holly, Vt., has just received word of the finding of a ring on the battlefield at Spottsylvania, Pa., which is marked with the name of her first husband, Corp. David A. Patch, Co. B, 2d Vermont volunteers, who was killed in that battle.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Since Mother's Gone.

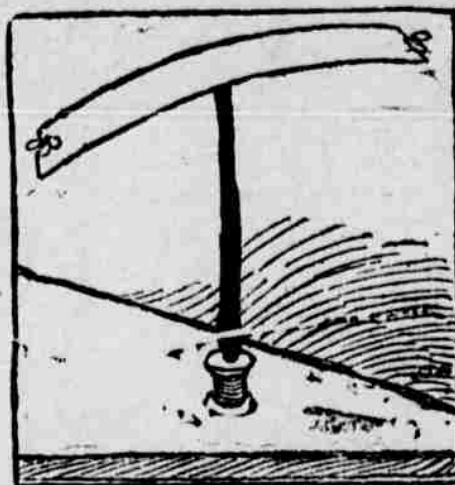
Since mother's gone I miss the smile
And gentle voice that used to cheer
My boyish heart, day after day,
And put to flight each care and fear
Which chanced to be along my way.
No more about the humble home
I see her ply her daily care,
Or hear her sing some sacred song,
Or plead with God in fervent pray'r
For right to triumph over wrong.

I love to hear some sacred song
Or hallowed hymn she used to sing,
Or pray the pray'r she used to pray
That I to Him may firmly cling
Who was her comfort day by day.
The mem'ry of her holy life
Remains to cheer me on my way.
Strengthens my soul as I press on
Amid life's toll, from day to day.
To that sweet place where mother's gone.

—Alva N. Turner, in Washington Post.

Fun with a Fly Seesaw.

Here is an amusing little trick that you will find lots of fun: Stick a long



See-Saw in Operation.

lead pencil in the end of a spool of thread so that it will stand upright. Now get a piece of very stiff blotting paper and from it cut a strip two inches wide and about a foot long. On each end of this put a drop of molasses or syrup.

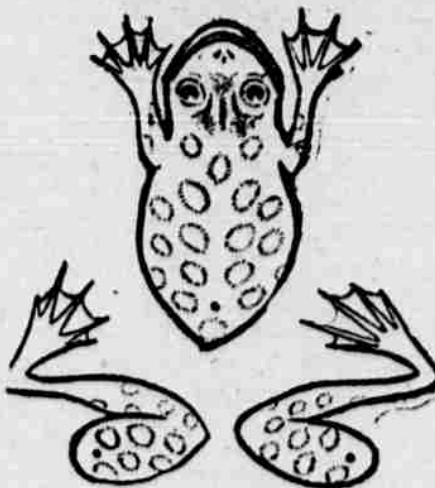
Now balance the strip of blotting paper, with the syrup side up, on the point of the pencil. You should have two players, although one will do. Each player chooses an end of the paper. In a moment a fly will alight on one end, attracted by the syrup, and that end of the paper will go down a trifle. Then another fly will light on the other end, or perhaps several will come there for the sweets and things will be reversed.

As more flies come, alighting on the ends, the paper will lean first this way, then that, till it overbalances and falls to the tables. Then the player whose end grew so heavy as to cause the tumble wins.

We would not advise you to try this in the house, but rather out of doors in the warm sunshine, where the flies will not bother any one.

Pindertoy.

This frolicsome frog needs only to be cut out and the three parts pierced through the dots with a pin, sticking



the pin into a cork or stick to hold it firm. If pasted on an old visiting card it will have more body and last longer.

A Quiet Game.

If mother has asked you not to get dirty after you have dressed for a

drive, and you do not know just what to do to amuse yourself, get some one to play the following little game with you. It is very simple, but will help the time to pass pleasantly:

"I see a color you don't see," says one.

"What color may it be?" asks the other.

"It may be pink (or some other color in the room,) says the first inquirer. Then he begins the questioning. Is it the paper? The ribbon on your hair? The pink in the doll's dress? And so on, until happily the guesser mentions the exact article of pink that has been chosen. The successful guesser then takes her turn at saying, "I see a color that you don't see."—Washington Star.

The Rat and the Dove.

There can be no doubt that strong attachments are formed between animals, and that they are capable of emotions of pity and acts of generosity, not only toward their own kind, but even toward creatures of another species.

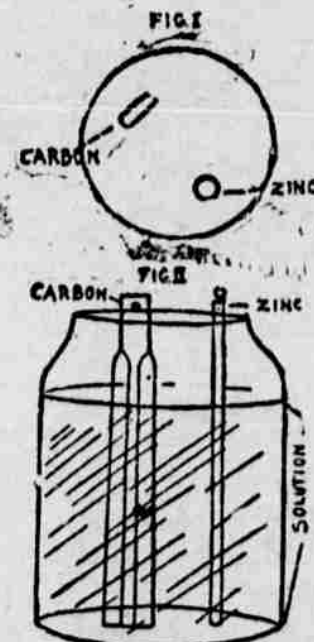
A gentleman who had a great number of doves used to feed them near the barn. At such times not only chickens and sparrows, but also rats, were accustomed to come and share the meal. One day he saw a large rat fill its cheeks with kernels of corn and run to the coach house, repeating this performance several times. On going over to investigate, he found a lame dove eating the corn which the rat had brought.

Such an action on the part of human beings would be looked upon as a charitable desire to relieve the necessities of a helpless cripple—and we must also so consider it in the case of the rat.

Fruit Jar Battery.

A correspondent writes: Seeing that somebody asked if I ever made a battery out of my mother's preserve jars, I will answer, yes.

First I obtained a few old dry batteries and took the carbons out of



them; at the store I obtained a number of zincs (stick) sometimes called pencil zincs. I then washed out a few jars and made pasteboard covers like Fig. 1.

I then put the zinc and carbon in the cover, filled the jar two-thirds full of sal ammoniac and put in carbon and zinc, my battery then being complete.

Indoor Garden Patch.

This is a source of endless delight to a little girl just able to use her needle.

The necessary requisites are a small square of green art denim, some pretty remnants of flowered chintz, and a small box of tiny crystal beads. If the little one is able to sit and use her needle, she will take unlimited pleasure in clipping the flowers and foliage from the chintz and transferring them to her square of green in artistic and odd effects. The crystal beads are a good substitute for dew, and with a little ingenuity can be most effectively placed. When completed the garden patch can be utilized for a pillow top, or can be made the nucleus of a quilt.