

CAMPFIRE TALES.

The Palace of Peace.

[The government of the Netherlands has finally decided to erect the palace of peace, given by Andrew Carnegie, in the woods of Scheveningen, on a hill overlooking the ocean.]

They will build them a palace of peace,
But what will they build it for?
As a place to meet in and talk and dream

And tell how they all abhor
The shedding of blood and the battle din
And the rage and the ruck of war?

Will they come from the distant climes,
From the islands and lands afar,
And hold up the dove as the bird they love

And point to a peaceful star,
Then hurry away in their headlong flight
To wage a new war like the Czar?

They will build them a palace of peace
Where the forest is all about,
And the towers that lift in the air
Will mirror themselves in the flood,
But the hands of the men who rear the pile
Are seeking to shed more blood.

And the lions of England may blush
As they think of the land of the Boer,
And the eagles of Russia may shrink
At the sound of the cannon's roar,
But behind all this peace is a fear
And a hideous menace of war.

They will build them a palace of peace
And the rills will flock to the place,
Each one with his hand on a gun
And a mask of peace on his face,
And doubtless before they are through
They may clinch in a deadly embrace.
—Chicago Chronicle.

Coxswain of the Kearsarge.

Capt. John F. Bickford of Gloucester was coxswain on the Kearsarge when she sunk the Alabama, and was one of the four seamen to receive the medal of honor for gallant conduct in that memorable sea fight.

Capt. Bickford was born in Mt. Desert, Maine, in 1843, and when he was 19 years old came to Boston and enlisted on the receiving ship Ohio, then stationed at the Charlestown navy yard.

He was detailed to the Kearsarge, which had been launched Sept. 11, 1861, at Portsmouth navy yard and completed Jan. 18, 1862, and on that day joined the ship, which under command of Commodore Charles W. Pickering was ordered to proceed to Cadiz, Spain, in search of the rebel cruiser Sumter, commanded by Capt. Semmes.

The Kearsarge sailed from Portsmouth Feb. 5, 1862, and after a rough voyage, during which she nearly lost all of her boats, arrived at Cadiz, March 4, where she found that the Sumter was at Algeciras, just across the bay from Gibraltar.

Here she remained some time and practically bottled up the Sumter, whose officers and crew were transferred to the "290," as the Alabama was then known to naval men.

Meantime the Sumter was sold by the rebels, and in September, 1862, the Kearsarge went in search of the Alabama, which was reported to be in the vicinity of the Azores.

The Alabama meanwhile had slipped away, and the Kearsarge, which was now in command of Capt. John A. Winslow, put in the winter of '63 and '64 watching the rebel cruiser Florida at Brest, France, and keeping a lookout for the Rappahannock, another confederate vessel.

Semmes and the Alabama were reported at Cherbourg, France, June 12, 1864, and the Kearsarge arrived outside that port on the 14th, and on the Sunday following, June 19th, Winslow sunk her.

Of course Capt. Bickford feels very proud of having been in that fight and for receiving the medal of honor. "I was the only one who went into the navy and rose to be master's mate and also receive the medal of honor."

When the Kearsarge returned home Capt. Bickford was transferred to the Lenape and detailed on the Cape Fear river station, where malaria re-

duced him from 216 pounds to 150, but he survived it and returned to Mt. Desert island after the war.

Capt. Bickford went to Gloucester in 1867 and became a fisherman, making some twenty trips to the bays, but malaria afflicted him again and he accepted the position of foreman in one of the large fish packing houses of Gloucester, where he remained about eighteen years.

But his love for the water prevailed, and for the past ten years he has maintained a fleet of sailing and row-boats at Rockaway inlet, Gloucester. —Boston Globe.

Fletcher Webster's Command.

In following the son of "The Great Expounder" in the defense of the constitution his immortal father had so frequently explained, Fletcher Webster's Twelfth, later commanded by Col. J. L. Bates, performed distinguished service. Recruited in the eastern part of the state, the Twelfth served in Baxter's brigade, Robinson's division, First Corps, and lost 367 men in action. The total enrollment of the Twelfth was 1,522, the regiment was present at seventeen general engagements, and the loss in action was 12.6 per cent. Out of 334 present on the field of Antietam, forty-nine were killed, 165 wounded, and ten missing, the percentage of loss suffered by the Twelfth on that fatal field being sixty-seven, the largest percentage of loss sustained there by any regiment on the Union side. The First Texas, which had a position opposite that of the Twelfth, in the cornfield, near the little Dunker church, sustained a loss of 82 per cent., which shows the character of the fighting in that locality. At Fredericksburg fourteen were killed and eighty-six wounded, out of 258 engaged. During the time the regiment was in the service, thirty-three men died in rebel prisons.

Fighting at Close Range.

"One war correspondent," put in the Major, "says that in one of the great artillery battles between the Russians and the Japanese there was not a man visible on the field. The Japanese, behind the swell of a hill, were firing indirectly at the Russians, killing hundreds of men, and the Russians, behind the brow of another ridge, were firing indirectly but effectively at the Japanese. But in the valley between the two ranges not a man could be seen. Great Scott! At Stone River the most effective artillery firing was done with our own infantry massed in front of the guns, the shot and shell flying over the men flat on the ground. When the massed artillery had done its work on the heavy charging columns of the enemy the guns were silent at a signal, and the infantry, 20,000 strong, was in two minutes in close contact with the men in gray. The whole battlefield was alive with men in the turmoil of close fighting, and it made a picture worth seeing. We old fellows couldn't get used to this long range business. There doesn't seem to be anything in it to stir the blood."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Efficient Army Nurse.

Everybody knows that Miss Dorothea L. Dix was appointed by Secretary Stanton of the war department as superintendent of the army nurses, and that, under her supervision, the large corps of women who were only too glad of an opportunity to show their patriotism were mustered by her into the regular service of the hospitals.

The pay of those who were regularly mustered in was \$12 per month, but hundreds were never mustered in, and they served without compensation. Because of the imperfect record of their services, many of these noble women, who sacrificed and suffered as much as any soldier in the ranks, have died in poverty.

The army nurse was under orders to serve to the fullest extent. Obligated to respond to duty at all times and in all emergencies, she could not measure her time, sleep or strength.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Joy of Living.

Oh! I am happy in the morning when the sun begins to peep,
And the golden colors shoot up in the sky;
And the little birds are singing that they're thankful for their sleep,
And are telling how they'll breakfast by and by.

Oh! I am happy at the noontime when the sun is getting hot,
And the poplar leaves are rustling in the heat;
The old dog is getting lazy and the dinner's in the pot,
And the longing and the stretching's awful sweet.

Oh! I am happy in the evening when the sun hangs red and low,
And promise for the morning's bright and clear;
And the supper bell is ringing in a way that's mighty slow,
And I'm awful glad that bedtime's drawing near.
—Leslie's Weekly.

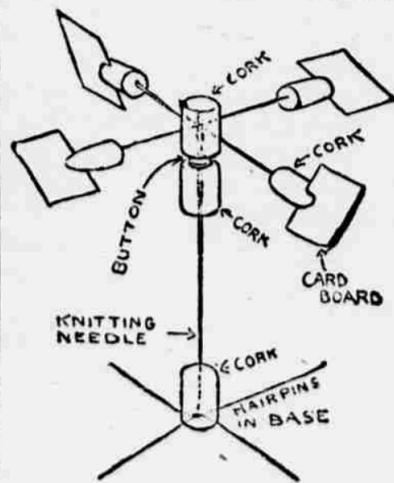
Draft Detector.

How many times in the week do you hear your parents say, "I believe I feel a draft?" Doubtless a great many, and then there is always an argument as to where the draft comes from, is there not? And sometimes it is not a draft at all, but just imagination. Still, it is a very simple matter to make a little instrument which will find the draft if there is one and besides show you pretty nearly where it comes from.

Get a knitting needle, three large corks and four small ones, eight hairpins, four bits of cardboard, and an ordinary button. The diagram shows you so plainly how to put them together that there is no use describing how it is done. The top cork is the only thing which is not perfectly simple.

Make a hole all the way through the top cork from top to bottom. A hairpin will answer to drill this hole with. Now make two or three more holes beside this first one and very near it. Run your hairpin briskly through these holes until their sides are worn away and they form one hole. Now run a small tube of macaroni or a quill toothpick through the hole. This is so that the knitting needle which pierces the top cork and acts as a pivot for it to turn upon will have a loose socket and will permit the cork to move easily.

When any one says "draft" get out this little draft finder and put near the place the draft is supposed to come from. The slightest breath of



air will set the sails in motion and the direction in which they move will indicate pretty clearly where the current of air comes from.

Reciting the Jabberwock.

Two clever sisters at a recent party gave an entertainment that was well worth the labor and pains it took to prepare for it. One of the girls dressed in a full blue cheese cloth gown that came down just to her wrists. On her hands were shoes and stockings and on her head was a very wide flaring hat. She then stood behind a table, which had a cloth over it ex-

tending to the floor, and so concealed the lower part of her body. Standing thus she was a funny little woman, with big head and little feet, which rested on the table, but with no arms.

The sister, however, supplied the arms. This sister stood just behind entirely covered with a dark cloak the same color, almost, as the wall paper, so that she was not at all noticeable, and thrust her arms through the sleeves of the first girl's gown, the sleeves being made open behind for that purpose.

The first girl then recited "The Jabberwock," from "Alice in Wonderland," while the girl behind did the gesturing, which, of course, looked as if it were all done by the arms of the funny little woman. Hands, feet and head were kept constantly in motion, the hand of the second girl going to



the ear of the girl in front as though listening, and performing other appropriate and graceful gestures all the time. As an encore the "funny little woman" danced a skirt dance to the music of the piano. This, of course, was more difficult and took a lot of practice beforehand, but the surprise and delight occasioned by this unique entertainment were well worth the time spent in bringing it to perfection.

Racing Drops of Water.

This game can be readily made in a few minutes by any boy or girl. As is well known, if a drop of water be placed on a piece of paper it will be at once absorbed by the paper, but if the paper is oiled the drop of water will remain intact and slide gracefully over the paper.

The first thing necessary is to get four or five books, one smaller than the other, and rest them on their edges on the table.

Then get a sheet of strong paper held it over a lamp till it is thoroughly blackened by the soot from the flame and then oil it. This done, you lay it over the tops of the book covers, holding it down with a plate or other small vessel at the end. Take a spoon and let a few drops of water drip on the paper, and they will slide along like so many living things until they fall into the plate. The game is to see which drop of water gets there first. It can be played by any number of boys and girls, but a careful watch must be kept on the various drops of water, as they slide very quickly. By coloring the water and having each player own a differently colored drop, they can be readily kept track of. The one who gets the greater number of drops in the plate first wins the game.

Snow-Proof Ponies.

Dr. J. C. Ewart, in discussing the problem of the origin of horses, describes as one of the most distinct kinds now living the Celtic ponies, which are found in the most northern parts of Ireland. They reach a height of only four feet, and are so abundantly furnished with hair that in winter storms they are practically snow-proof. Dr. Ewart observed the conduct of one of these ponies during a snowstorm. As soon as the storm began she turned her hind quarters to it, and in a short time the snow had formed a kind of shield or disk upon the long hair growing about the root of the tail. Thus protected, the pony did not shift her position while the storm lasted, except to turn with a change of the wind.—Boston Globe.