

CAMPFIRE TALES.

A Little Woman.

In a little precious stone what splendor meets the eyes;
In a little lump of sugar how much sweetness lies;
So in a little woman love grows and multiplies—
You recollect the proverb says, "a word unto the wise."

A peppercorn is very small, and seasons every dinner
More than all other condiments, although 'tis sprinkled thinner;
Just so a little woman is, if love will let you win her—
There's not a joy in all the world you will not find within her.

And as within the little rose you'll find the richest dyes,
And in a little grain of gold much price and value lies;
As from a little balsam a rich odor doth arise,
So in a little woman there's a taste of Paradise.

The skylark and the nightingale, though small and slight of wing,
Yet warble sweeter in the grove than all the birds that sing,
So in a little woman, though a very little thing,
Are sweets above all other sweets, 'e'en flowers that bloom in spring.
—From an Old Love Letter.

Played Possum for Life.

"Speaking of assaults," said the major, "when Col. Dan McCook's brigade made the assault June 27, 1864, on the 'dead angle' at Kenesaw Mountain, Capt. Jo Major, company A, Eighty-sixth Illinois volunteer infantry, while close to the Confederate works, was knocked down by something thrown over the works by a rebel. When he regained consciousness he found himself on the flat of his back just outside the rebel breastworks, among many dead and wounded. Our troops had fallen back about eighty feet, and by hugging the ground closely were partly protected by the brow of the hill. Spades were trumps, and by hard digging with spades, bayonets and canteen sides a new line was soon established which protected the men.

"In the meantime Capt. Major returned to consciousness and soon realized that he must play himself for dead or he would be forced to crawl over the rebel works a prisoner, as others who showed signs of life were forced to do. On the other hand retreat was impossible. About this time a venturesome rebel climbed over the works, and crawling around among the dead and wounded came to the captain, relieving him of his revolver, sword, haversack, canteen, pocketbook and hat. Noticing the captain was breathing, the rebel turned a little water into his mouth, but although nearly dying of thirst the Yank was afraid to swallow, and permitted the coveted fluid to run out of his mouth and go to waste in Mother Earth. The Johnny crawled away and left him, supposing, of course, there would soon be another dead Yank.

"It was now about 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and for the balance of that hot day Capt. Major lay on the flat of his back, with the merciless rays of the sun pouring down into his bare face, not daring even to scare the flies from his mouth or nose, from which blood was oozing as a result of the blow in the stomach. Nor could he shift his body to gain a more comfortable position. He could hear the bang! bang! of the Yankee guns, and the crack of Col. Fahnstock's Henry rifle in the hands of Fife Major Weber, who had got a good position behind a chestnut tree and was doing all he could to keep the rebel heads below their head logs. When the rebels replied the smoke would almost puff in Capt. Major's face. With the bullets passing both ways, only a few inches above his body, there he lay, playing possum.

"Finally after a long wait darkness came. Gathering all his strength for a supreme effort, Capt. Major got on his feet and made a dash for the Union line. The route was down hill, and he came as near flying as a man could. The dried twigs and leaves made considerable noise, and the rebels fired a

volley after him, but, fortunately, he escaped without a scratch. Reaching the line he sprang over works and men, causing surprise and joy. His nostrils and ears were fly blown from lying in the sun all day.

"Thirty-five years after this event Gov. Tanner received a letter from James A. Jones of Monroe county, Alabama, inquiring for a 'Major Eureka, Eighty-sixth Illinois,' saying his grandfather, John Williams, a Confederate soldier, captured a sword inscribed 'To Major Eureka, Eighty-sixth Illinois volunteer infantry,' which he desired to restore to the owner. It had been used in school exhibitions, and, later, by plantation hands to strip sugar cane. Gov. Tanner's inquiry resulted in the deciphering of the inscription to be, 'Presented to Capt. Jo Major, Eighty-sixth Illinois volunteer infantry, Eureka, Ill.,' and Mr. Jones forwarded the sword to Capt. Jo Major, now residing at Eureka, Ill."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

"Mother" Bickerdyke.

When the grand review of the victorious armies of the north took place in Washington in 1865, there was one woman in the ranks, on horseback, who marched with the soldiers from Illinois. She was one of the most impressive figures in the most impressive parade of soldiers which ever took place in the United States.

That woman was Mrs. Mary A. Bickerdyke, better known as "Mother" Bickerdyke, who had endeared herself to the soldiers as did few other women during the war, through her self-sacrifices and her untiring work as a nurse on the battlefields and in the hospitals of the south.

On that great day in Washington the tried soldiers of the republic did this noble woman a signal honor because they loved her and because they appreciated to the full what she had done. The soldiers of the south respected Mother Bickerdyke fully as much as those of the north, for she made no distinctions in her charity and her philanthropy. And so it was that the woman on horseback in a plain calico dress and sunbonnet, was cheered equally that day with the great generals, the tattered battleflags and the long columns. That plain calico dress and sunbonnet were eagerly purchased the next day for \$100.

That gives some idea of what the soldiers thought of Mother Bickerdyke in 1865, but she has not been forgotten by any means. Her "boys" in Illinois are going to commemorate her services to the country with a fitting monument to be erected at Galesburg, and it will be one of the choicest memorials in that state. It will be the first public monument erected in the United States to a woman for services in behalf of her country during the civil war, and no monument is more richly deserved.

G. A. R. Parade on Shipboard.

Probably the first national G. A. R. reunion and parade ever celebrated on shipboard in midocean occurred on August 16 last, on board the steamship Ontario, at the same time that the G. A. R. parade took place 'n Boston. Disappointed at being unable to reach Boston in time for the parade, owing to a break in the machinery of the steamer off Norfolk, Va., Post No. 67 of Cincinnati decided to parade on the ship at the time designated for the Boston parade. The captain ordered every flag and bit of bunting on board to be displayed, and arm in arm with the ladies of the party a parade around the ship was made to the tune of "Yankee Doodle" and the "The Star Spangled Banner."

Saw Hard Service.

The Thirty-sixth Massachusetts, Col. Henry Bowman, was recruited in Worcester in 1862, and was in the Third brigade, Ninth corps. The total enrollment was 1,315, 106 were killed in action, 27 died in Confederate prisons and the regiment was in eighteen general engagements, including Fredericksburg, Vicksburg, Knoxville, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor and Petersburg, where it sustained heavy losses.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Consider the Lilies.

The lilies of the field, whose bloom is brief—

We are as they;
Like them we fade away;
As doth a leaf.
Consider.

The sparrows of the air, of small account,

Our God doth view,
Whether they fall or mount—
He guards us, too.
Consider.

The lilies that do neither spin nor toll

Yet are most fair—
What profit all this care
And all this toil?
Consider.

The birds that have no barn nor harvest weeks,

God gives them food—
Much more our Father seeks
To do us good.
Consider.

—Christina Rossetti.

A Weighing Contest.

Here is a jolly kind of entertainment for you boys and girls to make use of the next time you give a party. It will please your little guests ever so much.

Get two sets of scales, one to weigh large articles and one for the smaller things. For some of the tiny objects suggested below it will perhaps be better to buy a cheap pair at a toy shop. Having arranged for the weighing, select a number of articles to be weighed. Have these as unlike and deceptive as possible, so that there really will be great difficulty in deciding. For instance, the following list:

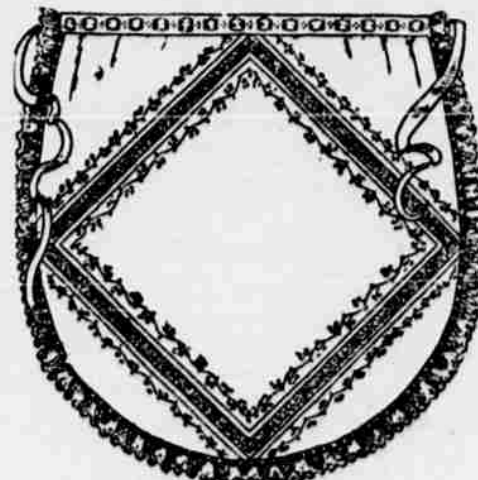
- A man's hat and a book.
- A pair of scissors and a bunch of keys.
- A boot and a pasteboard box (containing, say, a stone or something very heavy).
- A large book and a pasteboard box (this one empty).
- A watch and a bottle of ink.
- A pen nib and a feather.
- A pin and a little piece of paper.
- An envelope and a postcard.
- A one-cent piece and a bow or ribbon.
- A doll and a shoe.
- A newspaper and a package of tacks.
- A rubber ball and a sponge.

Arrange the articles beforehand, and let each boy and girl write down on a slip of paper which of the two articles in each lot they think is the heavier. The competitor hands the list, signed, of course, to the judge. Then commences the weighing.

A prize should be given to the one guessing the greatest number correctly.

A Dainty Handkerchief Apron.

Have any of our readers ever seen the pretty aprons made of handkerchiefs? It is a gift that will delight



your friends. To make this pretty and useful gift two embroidered handkerchiefs, or two gentleman's initial silk handkerchiefs, one yard of hamburg insertion, three yards of one-inch ribbon, four yards of baby ribbon and three yards of valenciennes lace are required.

Cut one of the handkerchiefs into four parts diagonally and join to the other with the valenciennes insertion. The outside edge is then shaped to give the rounded effect, edged with

valenciennes insertion run with baby ribbon and valenciennes lace. The belt is made of inch-wide insertion laced with baby ribbon an inch wide and leaving enough of the ribbon at either end for ties. The accompanying illustration will be of great benefit to you in making this apron.

How to Lift Oneself Up.

No doubt you have often heard how impossible it is for a man to lift himself from the ground by pulling on the strap of his boots. Other things are supposed to be equally impossible, one of them being to lift one's self by means of a rope and pulley.

While this is perfectly true in the case of a straight pull, there is a very simple way to do it which you may easily prove to the astonishment of your friends.



Lifting One's Self.

Throw a rope over the limb of a tree, and in one end of the rope make a strong loop large enough to hold your foot. Now you are to pull yourself up as the boy in the picture is doing. You stand on the ground with your left foot in the loop of the rope and pull your best on the other end of the rope, but, though you feel a good deal of strain on your foot in the loop you do not stir. Now you are doing exactly what is done by the man who tries to lift himself over the fence by pulling on his bootstraps.

By this time you are convinced that there is a trick to it. Indeed, there is, but so simple a one, that you will have no trouble in performing it. Bear your weight on the rope in your hands and lift your legs, swinging them upward from your hips. The result will be that your feet will go up about three feet from the ground, while the rope in your hands will sink till your head is about on a level with your feet.

Now climb up the rope, "hand over hand," till your head is above your feet and lift your feet as before, pulling on the rope at the same time.

You do not easily pull yourself up this way, but it looks so to the spectators. You climb up the rope hand over hand, and could do it just as well without having your foot in the loop at all, providing the rope was fastened to the limb.

Game of the Bird Dealers.

The game of the bird dealers is played as follows: The children stand in a row, leaving two outside. These two represent the bird dealers. Each child represents a bird—one being a crow, another a crane, another a canary, and so on. One bird dealer says to the other:

"I wish to buy a bird."

"What kind of a bird?" asks the second dealer.

"A bird that can fly fast," says the first dealer.

"Very well," answers the other dealer, "take what you wish."

"Then," says the first dealer, "I will take a robin."

As soon as the word is out of his mouth, the "robin" must leap from the row and run around to escape. If he catches the bird, he puts it in a cage, where it must stay until all the other birds are caught.