

# CAMPFIRE TALES.

## Never Mind the Old Times.

Never mind the old times;  
They were bright an' sweet!  
Sunny skies above you—  
Violets at your feet;  
But the new times wear a smilin' face  
That's mighty good to meet.  
An' you'd better find the light that  
makes the mornin'!

Never mind the old times;  
They were great, I know;  
Old friends that we loved so!  
But the new times sing the song of Hope  
Where sweeter roses grow.  
An' you'd better find the light that  
makes the mornin'!  
—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

## Eccentric Colonel Burke.

"Yes," said Gen. Coates. "I knew Col. Martin Burke, who was in command at Fort Lafayette when prisoners therein quartered made the fort and the commander subjects of controversy. Apart from any controversy, Col. Burke was an interesting personality and an old character. I remember him as one of the old school army officers given to some eccentricities that made me smile then and often cause me to smile now. He occupied a trying position, but he made minding his own business a matter of professional pride, and he never would go near Washington for fear that some investigating committee would get hold of him.

"The boys on duty at Fort Lafayette had a constant reminder of the colonel's kindness of heart. He found, on occasion, a dog hurt in collision with an army wagon or a gun carriage. The dog's leg was broken, and he was in pitiable condition, and the colonel's orderly reported that he was no better than a dead dog. The colonel, however, ordered the poor little beast taken to his own quarters, and in due time the dog recovered, with a supreme disregard of all military regulations and proprieties.

"This latter quality undoubtedly grieved the colonel, but he stood by the mischievous puppy through thick and thin, and wherever the colonel went with his traditional dignity went Sam, the puppy, with his abnormally developed bump of mischief. The colonel always appeared on dress parade in the full dress of the old-time regulars, and he held every man in line to a most serious cast of countenance and most dignified manner. The uniform, as Burke wore it, was queer enough to make any man smile, but Sam, at these parades, was a full comedy in himself.

"He would caper about the colonel's legs, indulging in pranks that would make a horse laugh, and yet the colonel stood there in stately pose, blind to the puppy's pranks, but watchful as to the expression on the faces of the officers and men in line. These poor fellows nearly died of suppressed laughter, and they were always wondering what Sam would do next. But whatever they expected him to do, he always did something else, and no matter what he did, the colonel stood by him.

"The men on duty at Fort Lafayette in the latter part of the civil war may have forgotten the most notorious prisoners held there, but I will venture to say that not one of them has forgotten the eccentric colonel or his patient orderly, or the dog Sam. Those nearest the colonel testified that the orderly never showed impatience or irritation except on one occasion. The colonel had worked late one night on some perplexing papers, and, halting for a moment in his work, pushed his spectacles up well on his head, instead of taking them off.

"This was his regular habit, but on this occasion he pushed the glasses back farther than usual, and when, on resuming his work, he put his hand up he found no spectacles. This was disconcerting and irritating, and he shouted, 'Orderly, orderly, come here, sir!' The orderly had been sound asleep for two hours, but he jumped

up, wriggled into his clothes, and presented himself to his absent-minded colonel. Burke looked him over in disapproval of his unusual appearance and snapped out, 'My glasses.'

"The orderly turned on his heel without a word and in a minute placed before the colonel two glasses, a pitcher of water and a decanter. Burke looked at him in amazement and roared, 'My glasses, you fool. My spectacles, my spectacles!' Then the worm turned. 'Yure glasses, colonel,' said the orderly, 'are on the top of your head, sor. An' ye call me from me bed to tell ye that' The colonel in high dudgeon put his hand to his head, but found the glasses, and then said, 'Having found the glasses, go to bed at once. I never would have found them myself.' Any reference to Hotel Lafayette, or Bastille Lafayette, or Fort Lafayette always brings to my mind the figure of quaint but soldierly Col. Martin Burke.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

## The Badge Money Cannot Buy.

A heavy disk of bronze, bearing the state seal surrounded by the inscription, "Department of Michigan, G. A.



MICHIGAN.

R.," designates the comrades of the Michigan department. Upon the reverse appears the little bronze button surrounded by the words, "38th National Encampment G. A. R., Boston." This disk is pendent from an oxidized silver pin by a cherry ribbon on which is the place and date of the national encampment in gold letters. The pin is lettered "Organized May 6, 1868. Michigan."

## Their Sons in Civil War.

An inquiry whether any man was living in North Carolina who had sons in the confederate army is eliciting replies of an astonishing character.

A letter from Hillsboro states that James D. Daniel of Orange county, now 97, had five sons in the confederate army. Three of these are living.

In the same township W. G. Wright is still living, 88 years of age. His son, J. B. Wright, was in the confederate army.

At the soldiers' home one of the inmates named Bunn served in the same company with two sons. There is also at the soldiers' home a veteran who served in the Indian war of 1835, the war with Mexico and the civil war, and never received a wound. He is 93 years old and is active and interested in everything.—New York Herald.

## Battery in Reunion.

The annual reunion of the survivors of the Fifth New York Independent Battery, Light Artillery, was held in New York last week. The battery was organized by Capt. E. D. Taft in Brooklyn on August 15, 1861, mustered into the United States army Nov. 8, 1861, and served in the Army of the Potomac until May 19, 1864. It then served with Gen. Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley and was mustered out of the service July 6, 1865. The old comrades greeted each other on the forty-third anniversary of the muster in. Letters were read from absent comrades.

# BOYS AND GIRLS

## High and Low.

All men are equal in their birth,  
Heirs of the earth and skies;  
All men are equal when that earth  
Fades from their dying eyes.

'Tis man alone who difference sees  
And speaks of high and low,  
And worships those, and tramples these  
While the same path they go.

O let man hasten to restore  
To all their rights of love;  
In power and wealth exult no more  
In wisdom lowly move.  
—Harriet Martineau.

## Guessing Match.

A guessing match about cats is entertaining. Write out the following list for each competitor without giving the answers, which are here printed in parentheses, and the ones guessing the largest number wins:

- A dangerous cat (Catastrophe).
- An aspiring cat (Catamount).
- A cat than can swim (Catfish).
- A cat that can fly (Catbird).
- A cat than will be a butterfly (Caterpillar).
- A library cat (Catalogue).
- A cat that asks questions (Catechism).
- A cat's near relation (Catkin).
- A cat that is good to eat (Catsup).
- A horned cat (Cattle).
- A cat that throws stones (Catapult).
- A tree cat (Catalpa).
- A water cat (Cataract).
- A cat that flavors the grapes (Catawba).
- A cat that covers acres of grounds (Cataclysm).
- A subterranean cat (Catacomb).
- A cat that, living, appears dead (Catalepsy).
- A cat prized as a gem (Catseye).
- A cat with a cold (Catarrh).

## Bucket Race on Skates.

Here is a new pastime for the days when it is cold enough to call your skates out.

An old broom and a bucket are necessary for each player. The buckets should be filled to the brim with water and set in front of their respective owners.

The object is to push the filled buckets of water a given distance across the ice, and the player who succeeds in traversing the distance in the quickest time wins, providing he retains more water in his bucket than the others. But if he spills more than does the boy who comes in second, then the order of finishing is reversed and the second boy in point of speed wins. A rule can be used to measure



Bucket Race.

the amount of water remaining in the bucket.

If you are giving a skating party and wish to introduce some novelties, you will find the bucket race will make a hit as one of them, as well as affording the slower and more careful skaters a chance to "even up" on their speedier and more careless friends.

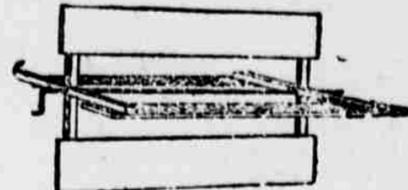
## Chinese Boy's Queue.

When the Chinese boy is old enough he grows a queue. This event in the Chinese boy's life does what the first pair of trousers does to the American boy—changes him from a baby to a

boy. The queue has many uses. In some of the games played by the Chinese boys the queue is used in a variety of ways. In geometry it is used to strike an arc or draw a circle. The laborer spreads a towel over his head, wraps his queue around it and makes himself a hat. Cart drivers whip their mules and beggars scare away dogs with their queues. When a Chinese father takes his little son out for a walk he takes hold, not of the boy's hand, but his queue. Sometimes the child follows the father, and, lest he should get lost, the father gives him his queue to hold, and when his little boy wants to play horse their queues are always ready to be used for reins.

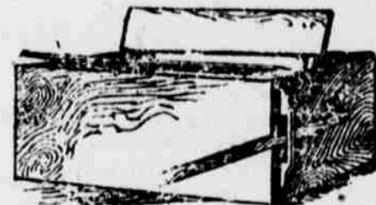
## Simple Box Windmill.

The two pictures shown are enough to enable any ingenious boy to make a



The Fans of the Mill.

fine windmill without any further explanations. The windmill is a small copy of one that is used in a great many places throughout the Western states. The big ones are immense affairs that give power enough to drive quite heavy machinery. The fans are placed in the box so the fan that is uppermost will just rise above the edge of the box as the frame revolves. The wind strikes only this blade,



The Windmill Complete.

which is forced over and down in the other side of the box, another blade always coming up to take its place, and so a constant revolution is secured. The shaft, or axle, on which the frame revolves passes out through the ends of the box, one end of the shaft being given a crank form to which a pitman rod is attached for the running of machinery, or a wheel may be put on at this end for a belt to run upon in the ordinary way, according to the machinery that is to be run. A grocery box two feet square and eighteen inches deep will make a good one, and a dry goods box about three by four feet in length and breadth will make a very powerful windmill which will run almost any small "real" machinery.

## Novel Grab Bag.

On a narrow sheet hung up in a doorway, cut a hole large enough to allow a false face to be fitted in. Flaps of cloth are left for pasting inside the face. Cut two holes for arms to pass through. In these sew sleeves of material, perfectly bright colored muslin, but in the form of an apron. The sides are then pasted or sewed to the sides of the sheet.

When pasting in the false face, first cover the flaps left at the opening for the face with stiff paste. Then paste these flaps into the inside of the false face, bringing it close to the sheet. If small openings are left, or the sheet puckers, never mind, cover the defects by sewing on a frill of thin white material around the face and for the collar.

Leave an opening or pocket hole through the sheet, so the hand can be slipped in for packages placed within reach, back of the curtain. Some one should be seated behind this curtain, and slip her arms into the sleeves, then she can see to whom she is talking. In one hand she holds the package and in the other she receives the money. Print on the sheet these words:

"Five cents for what is in my pocket."