

TOLD of the VETERANS

The Patriot.

His eyes ashine with ancient memories,
His blood aglow with subtle racial fire,
For him are quenched the stirrings of
desire,
The pageant of the world has ceased to
please;
Hushed are the evening songs—the lutes
of ease;
In the war flame, that old ancestral
pyre,
He casts his hopes of home, wife,
child, or sire;
Instinct of race, a passion more than
these,
The spirit of his country, holds him
thrall;
In him forgotten heroes, forbears, rise,
Strengthening his heart to common sac-
rifice;
Out of the darkness generations call
And martyr hosts, that unrecorded fall,
Salute him from the void with joyful
cries.
—London Daily News.

Premonition Meant Captivity.

In February, 1865, Gen. John A. Kellogg was placed in command of the brigade and he took me along as his adjutant general, writes Lieut. Col. J. A. Watrous, U. S. A. About a week before the closing campaign which ended at Appomattox, a premonition seemed to fasten its ugly fangs into my brain, heart and flesh. It was at my elbow when working or resting; when walking or riding; when reading or writing; when asleep and when awake, and always to torment. Mine was a more mysterious premonition than those which sat by the side of poor Brown, Ticknor, Chapman, King, Durand, and Williams, and pointed to open graves. Theirs were outspoken—told them, and in the most cold-blooded and merciless way, that they were to be killed in battle. My premonition stared me in the face and gave warning of an approaching calamity, but did not deign to reveal the character of the calamity. I was assailed in the dark—did not know what was coming. Pride sealed my lips.

It was the general's first fight in command of a brigade—the brigade we had served in the better part of four years—King's, Gibbon's, Bragg's, Robinson's, Morrow's iron brigade of the west. The command was massed, division front, in a piece of woods, out of sight of an enterprising enemy, the forenoon of March 31, when Gen. Kellogg had his officers assembled. "This, without doubt," said he, "is our last campaign. Think of service done and glory won. See to it that in these coming struggles we add to the old brigade's good name."

Sword belts were tightened and each officer seemed to give himself a fresh pulling together.

Up to that moment my tormentor had not left my side, but it then left me as it had come, without seeking permission. Relief? Yes, indeed.

Five minutes later Gen. McGowan's division crossed White Oak road and started in our direction with a yell, and drove in our skirmishers. For an hour and a half the field of Gravelly Run was an extremely lively portion of the Old Dominion. It was a strong division of two large brigades against our three regiment brigade. When McGowan had sent a force to pour lead into our right flank and another to do the same for our left flank, and still held a firm line in our front, it was too much. We had to get back. "Adjutant, order the Ninety-fifth to fall back at once," said the general. I had to ride through a piece of woods where the underbrush was thick. Just as I was approaching the point at which the Ninety-fifth was ten minutes before, my horse fell to his knees. He answered the spur with a couple of leaps and landed me in the center of an advancing line of Confederates, a score of whom demanded a surrender, enforcing the demand with ugly guns carelessly pointed in my direction, some of the barrels within a foot of my body. It was no time to bandy words. As I swung from my horse, he reeled and fell, a bullet hole in his

neck explaining why he had fallen to his knees a moment before. Old Charley carried me on a mission to save the Ninety-fifth and then lay down and died, and I was a prisoner.

Met Death Unflinchingly.

The noted Bishop C. C. McCabe, who was an ardent admirer of Gen. Powell, tells the following incident:

"Some time after the close of the war Gen. Sheridan, Bishop McCabe and a number of prominent army men were together, whereupon some one made a remark complimentary to Sheridan. With the modesty characteristic of the man, Gen. Sheridan placed his hand upon Gen. Powell's shoulder and said:

"Gentlemen, the country could have better spared me in the war than this man."

As might be expected, Gen. Powell finally met death as fearlessly as he had faced him a thousand times on the battlefield. While on his deathbed Gen. W. W. Blackmar, commander in chief of the G. A. R., paid him a visit at his home in Belleville, Ill. Gen. Blackmar had appointed Gen. Powell to a position upon his staff, and he made up his mind to cheer the sick man up a bit.

"You are looking fine," exclaimed Gen. Blackmar. "I shall expect you to serve actively upon my staff."

Gen. Powell smiled and in a cheerful voice replied:

"Thank you, general. I should dearly love to do so. But as I can't serve you on this side, I shall be pleased to do so on the other side should the occasion present."

Virginia and North Carolina.

The department of Virginia and North Carolina has a bronze badge in the shape of a disk, bearing upon either side the seal of one of the two states. This disk depends from the pin by two bronze chains and between



them hangs a miniature peanut. The pin is inscribed "G. A. R., Department of Va. and N. C."

New Pension Commissioner.

Vespasian Warner, the new pension commissioner, was born in Dewitt county, Illinois, on April 23, 1843, and was studying law at Clinton, Ill., when he enlisted, June 16, 1861, in company E of the Twentieth Illinois Volunteers. In February, 1862, he was promoted to second lieutenant, and remained in the service until July 18, 1866, when he was mustered out with the rank of captain and brevet major. He was severely wounded at Shiloh, and was with the Army of the Tennessee until the end of the Atlanta campaign, when his disabilities compelled his being ordered home. After recovering he went on the plains and took part in the campaign against hostile Indians. Upon leaving the service he entered the law department of Harvard university. He was graduated in 1868, and began practicing law in Clinton, Ill. He was colonel and judge advocate general of Illinois through the administrations of Govs. Hamilton, Oglesby and Fifer; was a Republican presidential elector in 1868, was elected to the Fifty-fourth congress and has been re-elected to all succeeding congresses.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Sing-Away Bird.

O say, have you heard of the sing-away bird,
That sings where the Runaway river
Runs down with its rills from the bald-headed hills
That stand in the sunshine and shiver?
"O, sing; sing-away; sing-away,
How the pines and the birches are stirred
By the trill of the sing-away bird!

And the bald-headed hills, with their
rocks and their rills,
To the tune of his rapture are ringing,
And their faces grow young, all their
gray mists among.
While the forests break forth into sing-
ing,
"O, sing! sing-away! sing-away!"
And the river runs singing along,
And the flying winds catch up the
song.

It was nothing but—hush! A wild white-
throated thrush
That emptied his musical quiver
With a charm and a spell o'er valley
and dell
On the banks of the Runaway river,
"O, sing! sing-away! sing-away!"
Yet the song of the wild singer had
The sound of a soul that was glad.

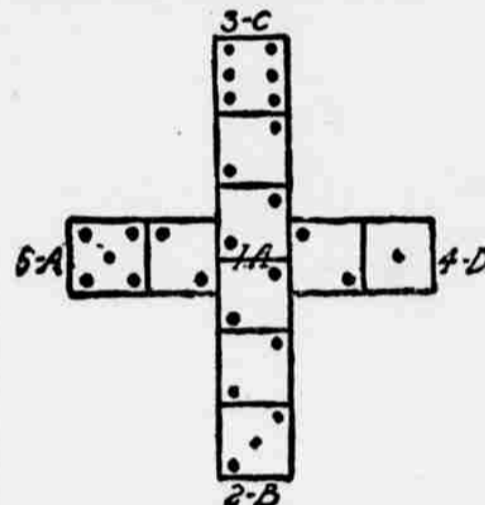
And beneath the glad sun many a glad-
hearted one
Set the world to the tune of his glad-
ness;
The river shall sing it, the breezes shall
wing it,
Till life shall forget its long sadness.
"O, sing! sing-away! sing-away!"
Sing, spirit, who knowest joy's giver,
Sing on, by Time's Runaway river!
—Lucy Larcom.

The Game of Sniff.

This is as enjoyable a game as you could ask for.

If you do not know how to play it, follow the directions quoted below from the Book of Indoor and Outdoor Games:

Sniff is a game of either dominoes or



card dominoes, and may be played by two persons or four as partners.

The dominoes are posed face down, and each player takes six, the rest being left in the stock. The one who has the highest double opens the game.

If no one has a double, each draws in turn from the stock until one is found. He places this in the center of the table. The domino is called "Sniff," and the next player on the left must place next to it another piece, one end of which must correspond to the numbers of Sniff. If he cannot do this he must draw from the stock. If after drawing three pieces he is still unable to play, he loses his turn.

All four sides of Sniff may be played to, and the object of the game is to play the pieces so that the sum of all the pips may make five or a multiple of five. Each five, or multiple of five, made by a player is added to his score, and the one first reaching 100 or 200 (as agreed upon) wins the game.

It is of great advantage to get rid of one's dominoes quickly, for the first one to do so adds to his score all the pips in his adversaries' hands.

Five, or a multiple of five, alone is counted. For instance, if the opponents' pips added together make seven, he adds five to his score; but if eight, he adds ten.

The player or Sniff adds ten to his score; but if Sniff is double six, it counts twenty.

In the diagram double-two is "Sniff," and counts the player, A, 10, B plays No. 2 and counts five (two and three equal five), and player No. 3 does not

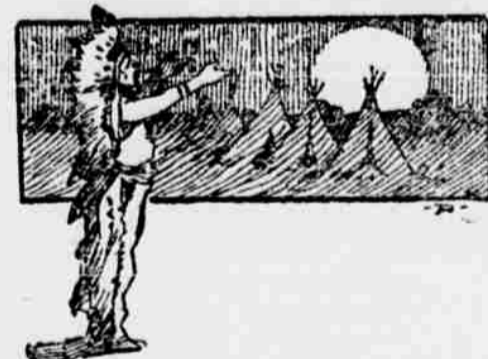
score (three and six equals nine), but the players of No. 4, D, and No. 5, A, count ten and fifteen, respectively.

The score would therefore read thus:

Score of A. and C.	Score of B. and D.
10	5
15	10
—	—
25	15

Death of the Sun.

Among the Ojibway Indians, who once occupied the lands about the great lakes, in Canada, the sun, moon and stars were all objects of worship; for the red man was, in his own way, a decidedly religious person. At dawn the old chief and warriors chanted the praises of the sun, and at nightfall they thanked him for the light and heat with which he had supplied them



during the day. An eclipse of the sun filled them with dismay; that event was looked on as his death, and they were then very anxious about his safety. They used to fasten bits of live coal to the points of their arrows and shoot them up into the air in order that the expiring sun might be relighted. As for the moon, it was equally precious; they reckoned their months by it. Their children were forbidden to point at it with their finger lest it should be bitten off.

Brother, Who Knocks?

Two players are blindfolded and sit down back to back. Another player creeps to them and taps one of them gently on the head. The child that is so touched asks the other blindfolded one:

"Brother, who knocks?"

If it guesses who it was, the "knocker" must take his place.

The Magic Bottle.

Here is a trick that will prove a puzzle to those who are not pretty well up in physics.

Take an ordinary dinner plate and fill it with water, then a small empty bottle, and assure the spectators that you are wizard enough to pour water through the solid bottom of the latter.

Pass the bottle around, that all may see it perfectly empty and dry, then, having thrust a stick into it and held it to the fire until it is very hot—too hot to hold in the bare hands—stand it, mouth downward, in the plate of water. At the same time pour a tablespoonful of water on the upturned bot-



Water Rising in the Bottle.

tom, as if you were beginning to fill it in that way.

Each time you do this the bottle will be seen to retain more water, and as a corresponding amount will have disappeared from the plateful from which you are dipping it, it will easily appear as though the water had passed through the bottom of the bottle.