



Two Remarkable Rebel Letters.
Two letters have been published recently which surpass in a peculiar kind of interest any other page in the history of the rebellion. The authenticity of the letters is beyond doubt. They constitute a part of the rebel documents captured at Richmond, at the various State capitals and at the headquarters of the various rebel armies at the close of the war.

All of these documents, of every class, have been collected, arranged, filed and prepared for publication. A vast number of volumes have been published by order of Congress. Union documents constitute a part of the great war library consisting of these publications. All are genuine. No part of the volumes contain that kind of war history which is made up of cloudy reminiscences or tales of imaginary events.

The first of these remarkable letters was written by General Beauregard to Miss Augusta J. Evans, of Mobile, immediately after the battle of Bull Run and gives an account of some of the events of the day. It discloses the fact that female spies at Washington carried to rebel headquarters at Manassas accounts of the strength of the Union army organized to advance in Virginia in the "on to Richmond" movement.

General Beauregard tells Miss Evans that a Miss Duval, of Washington, brought to Fairfax Court House a message from a Mrs. Greenhow, also of Washington, describing "the intended positive advance of the enemy across the Potomac."

In a later part of the letter General Beauregard says: "On the night of the 16th of July I received by special messenger (a Mr. Donnellan) the second dispatch (in cipher also) of Mrs. G., telling me that the enemy—55,000 strong, I believe—would positively commence that day his advance from Arlington Heights and Alexandria on to Manassas via Fairfax Court House and Centerville."

This information he telegraphed to President Davis, who ordered General Johnston, then in West Virginia, to move with his entire force to Manassas. These reinforcements arrived in time to aid Beauregard in the defeat and rout of the Union army.

The other remarkable letter was written by General Robert E. Lee to President Davis Aug. 8, 1863, after he had returned to Virginia from his defeat at Gettysburg. He tendered his resignation as commanding general of the Confederate army and asked that it be accepted. Among his reasons for asking President Davis to "select another commander for the army" are the following:

"I have seen and heard of expressions of discontent in the public journals at the result of the expedition. I do not know how far this feeling extends in the army. My brother officers have been too kind to report it and so far the troops have been too generous to exhibit it. It is fair, however, to suppose that it does exist, and success is so necessary to us that nothing should be risked to secure it. I, therefore, in all sincerity, request your excellency to take measures to supply my place. I do this with the more earnestness because no one is more aware than myself of my inability for the duties of my position. I cannot even accomplish what I myself desire. How can I fulfill the expectations of others? In addition I sensibly feel the growing failure of my bodily strength. I have not yet recovered from the attack I experienced the past spring. I am becoming more and more incapable of exertion, and am thus prevented from making the personal examinations and given the personal supervision to the operations in the field which I feel to be necessary. I am so dull that in making use of the eyes of others I am frequently misled."

He expressed his belief that "a younger and abler man could readily be obtained." The whole letter is pathetic in the highest degree. In urging the acceptance of his resignation he said: "It would be the happiest day of my life to see at its head a worthy leader—one that would accomplish more than I could perform and all that I have wished."

President Davis refused to accept the resignation and General Lee remained in command until his final defeat at Appomattox. It is singular that these two remarkable letters should be published for the first time simultaneously so long after they were written—one telling how the first great Federal defeat was caused in part by the services which female spies rendered to the rebel commander, the other a confession of weakness and despair by the greatest Confederate soldier of the war.

Logan's Matchless Courage.
After the death of McPherson at the battle of Peach Tree Creek in the Atlanta campaign the command of the Fifteenth Army Corps fell to Logan. It was a moment when hesitation might turn victory into defeat and undo the work of months, accomplished at enormous expenditure of life and money. The Northern troops had been fighting with great bravery, but their leader was dead, and as the fact became known there was evidence of that un-

definable something which to the skilled military man presages an unfavorable turn in affairs. There was no open wavering, no apparent let-up in the storm of battle, but just that peculiar condition which frequently precedes a sudden and unaccountable stampede to the rear. Taking in the situation like a flash, Gen. Logan grabbed a flag and rode out to the very forefront of the fight. Dashing down the line, with bullets falling fast on all sides of him, he yelled in his powerful voice:

"Give it to them, boys. Give it to them. We've got them licked." His example was contagious. The sight of their new commander braving the dangers of battle in the thickest of the fight inspired the troops with fresh courage, and they pushed the struggle with a fury of determination which brought decisive victory. One of the men who participated in that battle was Levi P. Holden, now a banker in Hampton, Iowa, who was then major in the Eighty-eighth Illinois Volunteers. In describing the scene Maj. Holden says:

"Gen. Logan was inspired with the force and bravery of a military giant on that day. Nothing could have withstood the intensity of his leadership. McPherson had been killed by Confederate sharpshooters, and the front rank of battle was more than ordinarily dangerous. Hidden in trees, the sharpshooters were rapidly shooting down every man of mark who showed himself in front. Ignoring the request of his aids to keep in the background, so he might be spared to direct their movements, Logan dashed to the front and remained there until the fight was over. It was a most remarkable exhibition of personal courage and had a wonderful effect in reviving the spirits of the troops. How he escaped alive I cannot understand. He certainly must have had a charm on his life that day, for the sharpshooters were continually blazing away at him. They had no trouble in hitting other officers, and men fell dead on all sides of him, but Logan got through without serious hurt. Confederates in talking about the matter afterward said the dashing bravery of Logan amazed and unnerved them."

Gen. Logan himself never attached much importance to the event, and whenever it was brought up in his presence invariably passed it over lightly by saying: "How do you expect troops to fight well in a hard place if their commander shirks danger himself?"

Logan's Patriotism.
John A. Logan's first military service in the war of 1861-65 was performed at the battle of Bull Run, in which he participated as a private soldier. He was in Washington at the time the Southern troops began to concentrate at Manassas Junction, and seizing a gun he hastened to the front, against the protests of his political associates. Up to that time Logan had been a Douglas Democrat, being elected to Congress from Illinois in 1856 as a representative of that party. He was advised to keep aloof from actual conflict, but the martial spirit was strong within him and he decided to take up arms for the Union. Having served with distinction in the Mexican war he was told by prominent Democrats that if he must fight he ought to have a commission as a Colonel at least.

"Pride, if nothing else, ought to keep you out of this thing, Logan," was the way in which his associates argued. "A man of your experience ought to be recognized by the government, and so long as the authorities don't see fit to give you a command you're foolish to take up arms for it."

"Pride be d—d," was the hot rejoinder. "This is no time to talk or quibble about rank. There will be fighting enough pretty soon to keep all hands busy, and if I'm not badly mistaken there will be vacancies enough for all the officers that can be found. I'll take my chances with a gun until then."

So Logan went to the front and fought at the battle of Bull Run. He left Washington in a hurry, without uniform, and wearing an ancient and battered hat of the "stovepipe" pattern, in which he faced the rebels and did his fighting. After the battle he came back to Illinois and raised the Thirty-first Volunteer Infantry Regiment. After that his rise was rapid and the close of hostilities found him wearing the insignia of a Major General and with a record for bravery and military dash unexcelled on either side. One day in talking over his war experiences with a knot of Confederate veterans one of them asked him the following question:

"General Logan, what moment in your experience as a soldier do you consider the most vital and important?"

"When I stood in the Union ranks for the first time at Bull Run and manipulated an old-fashioned percussion-cap, muzzle-loading musket," was the reply. "I have had numerous lively adventures since then, but that moment was the turning point in my career. If I had hesitated then—but, pshaw, what's the use of saying that? I couldn't have hesitated if I wanted to. I was simply forced into the war by my conscience."

Survivors of Bull Run say the sight of Logan in his battered stovepipe hat and black frock coat taking part in the battle was ludicrous enough to overcome the gravity of the situation, and some of the Union soldiers forgot to fight in their amazement.

An Arctic expedition led by H. J. Pearson and two other English gentlemen has started for the Barents sea. It will explore Novaya Zembla and the island of Waigats, as well as the great Tundra of the Samoyeds from the Ural mountains to the Petchora river.

GOWNS AND GOWNING

WOMEN GIVE MUCH ATTENTION TO WHAT THEY WEAR.

Brief Glances at Fancies Feminine, Frivolous, Mayhap, and Yet Offered in the Hope that the Reading Public Restful to Wearing Womankind.

Gossip from Gay Gotham.
New York correspondence:



SETTING toward the styles of autumn are the current fashions in dress, though as yet there are no indications of radical departures. If there were a plenty of outright and radical changes, the present array of fashionably dressed women would not be as handsome as it is, because advanced notions always jar the observer's feelings. Though those same notions may come in time to be generally adopted. One striking feature of the fall fashions is to be, if only women will take the designers' dangling bait, a rush into big plaids in wooleens. Just now these fishers for favor are not claiming that the plaids' colors will be brilliant, but they insist that the squares must be big. If women accept so much there is little reason to doubt that before one knows it the hues will become garish. Then, for a while, we'll wish we could wear smoked glasses, and if we dislike the display of horse blanket stuffs enough to ignore their promoters' claims, they'll not become stylish; if they gradually win favor, then we'll soon come to view

was white embroidered chiffon. The bodice had a fitted lining and a square slashed yoke of the taffetas edged with green embroidery. To this yoke the embroidered chiffon was gathered and fell loose to the waist. The sleeves were also of taffetas with a ruffle of embroidered chiffon around the arm holes.

New weaves of taffeta are appearing, and this silk promises to soon have other uses than as linings and trimming. One new sort that is woven close with metallic threads is really regal and is one of the few dressy materials that lend themselves to the needs of elderly women. Draped with lace or net, the metallic gleam flashing through, the result is at once artistic, dressy and dignified. It is not at all the sort of thing that buds should wear, but neither is duchesse lace. Only the delicate web laces are suitable to young folk, valenciennes above all. Older folk may wear any lace that is beautiful, but all the heavier types belong especially to the dignity and beauty of years. But for the young folk there are beautiful new taffetas, rich of weave and well recommended as to durability. One of these, in pale rose pink, made a beautiful gown of number 1 in this group. In the skirt the silk was tucked lengthwise several times in the center of the front, and also in groups around the bottom that separated frills of narrow black Chantilly lace. The blouse waist was trimmed with a band composed of black lace bordered with tucks and narrow lace frilling, and on either side of this the material was tucked crosswise with bands of black lace insertion between. The belt of black satin had long sash ends.

Such gowns as the one numbered four here are the sort that assert the complete stylishness of cashmere, for if such pretty dresses as this are made of it, who can say it may? Narrow bias folds of white silk trimmed it in the skirt, and the bodice's white silk lining

you, but because it has not been adapted artistically to your need.

Half sleeves below loose puffs are being worn again, in our grandmothers' style. The half sleeves are delicate muslin, which is, if you are lucky, heavy with hand needle-work. Dainty round collars of needlework, such as we see in the pictures of our great aunts, are worn with these sleeves, only they are now set on a high collar. Is it that we have not the throats of our great aunts had? Have long years of gripping high collars really spoiled the lines of the throat when it is cut off sharp by a mere neck band? However that is, even the girl who looks stunning in low dresses can hardly wear a round collar without the relief of neck swathing above. The collar above should be made of a bit of muslin yellowed as the collar is, with a bit of needlework from some old piece applied on. Every tiny scrap of hand needlework is precious these days even if the muslin on which it is wrought is falling to pieces with age. Cut out the beautiful embroidery close to the edges and buttonhole it to a new piece of net or muslin. It is well worth the pains.

The dressy wrap just now is of lace or net, cut work and embroidery. We are beginning to admit a prejudice against appearing out of the house without some effect of a wrap to drape the outlines of the figure, even though that wrap does not add a bit to the warmth of the costume. For this nominal protection the gauzy wrap is, of course, perfect. A pretty type of it is shown here by the artist. It was made of black mousseline de soie and white embroidered mousseline, consisting of two short capes; the lower black, the upper white. Commencing at the collar in front two long tabs of pale gray silk reached below the waist and were garnished with jet beads and lace applique. The collar employed both materials, and the embroidered mousseline formed a cascade jabot in front. Some of these dainty garments are no



FROM THE END OF SUMMER AND FORESHADOWING THE FALL.

them with the naked eye and vote them tasteful.

Besides the evidence of hesitancy on the part of the weavers that declares at first for subdued shades, there is another sign of their uncertainty; though it may be fairer to characterize it as shrewd scheming. That is that the first gowns offered in these stuffs are for indoor wear. Later will come the outdoor rigs and the forty-horse power colors. One of the lures set by these manufacturers is shown in to-day's smallest picture. The stuff had a soft brown ground crossed by fine lines of green and red, the skirt was a modified godet and the bodice, alike in back and front, was arranged in deep tucks below the yoke, which was green silk covered with cream passementerie. The stock collar matched the yoke and was trimmed in back with green silk wired points, the whole edged with a narrow puffing of white chiffon. The rather full sleeve puffs were tacked down as shown, white chiffon ruffles finished the wrists, and green velvet furnished the belt. Thus made the goods was certainly attractive, so it may be said to have scored its first point.

Women who would leave to others more daring than themselves the testing of new fancies, and who do not insist that the end of every season shall provide them with a new set of dress rules, will have a chance to choose from many materials and methods of making that hold over to autumn. Cashmere promises to be stylish and very pretty new dresses are made from it. Gown number 5 in to-day's large picture was of white cashmere, embroidery in porcelain blue silks ornamenting its skirt as indicated. In the bodice the goods was tucked, yoke, vest and revers being white silk embroidered with roses and forget-me-nots. The belt and the two tiny rosettes in front were mauve velvet. Even closer to the summer styles was the brown dress immediately above this in the picture, and like the other it was a very dressy model. It was white mull, lined with red silk and made with a wide fluffy skirt gathered at the waist. The bodice had a plain vest finished with cascade frills of the mull and a novel yoke divided by the vest, but square in back and trimmed with bands of scarlet satin ribbon. Below the yoke the mull was tucked, and the slashed basque was also trimmed with ribbon.

For the remaining house dress of this group, number 2, lettuce green taffeta was used as skirt lining, and over this

supplied a slightly bloused vest that was partly hidden by a huge drapery of white chiffon. Over this came a bolero of the cashmere trimmed to match the skirt and finished with plain sleeves. The remaining gown of this cluster of novelties was an exceedingly unusual combination of silks. Two flounces of striped silk, the stripes matching perfectly at the edges, gave the skirt, and the blouse waist was white silk covered with gathered white chiffon and finished with a bolero of black Chantilly edged with black velvet and held together with two black velvet straps. A lace yoke trimmed

more than elaborated fichus, made with point reaching well to the belt at the back, and attached by a dainty belt to the fluffy knot at the waist in front. Consistency and clearness of detail are given by bands of velvet or satin, and black is the favorite color, though for country use lovely confections of this sort are gotten up in black dotted white. Liberty silks are also much used in their more gauzy qualities. Now that autumn is not far away, it would seem to be time to consider wraps that are essentially protective, but fashionable women haven't a thought of that as yet.

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NOVEL FORM OF HOSPITALITY.

Plan by Which an Irishman Added to the Sum of Human Enjoyment.

A man with an unusual idea of hospitality was Mr. Mathew of Thomasboro, Ireland, who lived in the earlier years of the last century. Mr. Mathew inherited an annual income of about \$125,000. For many years he lived abroad in a very frugal manner in order to accumulate an amount that would enable him to indulge in a form of hospitality in his own country in harmony with the plan he had devised. His house in Ireland might be compared in size with a modern hotel. Each of those he wanted to visit him had a suite of apartments and ordered his meals at the hour that best suited him. He could eat alone or he could invite others to join him. All the visitors hunted, shot, fished, played billiards or cards at will, and all brought their own horses. There was a regular bar where drinks were served without stint. Mr. Mathew as host completely effaced himself. He mingled with his visitors as one whose stay was as definitely fixed as theirs. In fact, he conducted his house as if it were a hotel, with the exception that all was without charge. No servant was allowed to accept a tip. Violation of this rule was followed by the instant dismissal of the offender. This establishment, unlike other country houses of Ireland of the period, was conducted with perfect order and without waste. His hospitality was lavish, and attracted to Mr. Mathew all of the more famous men of the time. The great sum that he had put aside during his residence abroad enabled him to indulge his hospitable instincts until he died.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Russia will establish a permanent diplomatic legation in Abyssinia.

AN ENGLISH COUNTRY DOCTOR.

Incidents in the Life of the Famous Physician Hudson.

Doctor Hudson, who practised in the midst of the "stocking" district of England, was known as "The Evening Mail," because he rarely made professional visits, unless specially summoned until after his dinner, three o'clock. His partner who did most of the day-work, was characterized as "The Morning Post." They had a practice so extensive as to require the services of thirteen horses and two dispensers, or makers of medicine. The late Sir Benjamin W. Richardson, who was Doctor Hudson's aid for several months, tells in his "Chapters of Medical Life" several anecdotes illustrative of this country doctor's character and practice.

The first time Richardson accompanied Doctor Hudson, five-and-twenty visits were made between five and ten o'clock, p. m., and at every house of importance at which the doctor called a table was spread with refreshments—biscuits, sandwiches, port and sherry.

Doctor Hudson was a stern-looking man with a course voice and an abrupt, jerky delivery. He had a kindly spirit which sometimes was the dupe of his heart. Once while riding through a village he was called in to see a girl who was very poor. She had all the symptoms of death. The doctor was touched, and used all the means at his command to restore her. Then he galloped home to procure the best remedies for her case.

He found that the dispensers were well acquainted with the character of the case, and one of them remarked that it was only that "Hysterical Harriet," who would cure herself with a peppermint drop. Whereupon the doctor became angry, asserting that hysteria had nothing to do with the illness; that the girl was dying, and would probably be dead before the medicines arrived. The dispensers worked rapidly, and a special messenger was sent off with the medicines.

The doctor passed a restless night, thinking of the poor girl, and rode off the next morning before breakfast to see her. He found her singing at the wash-tub, and she had not touched his physic! It was a splendid illustration of "the mimicry of disease."

A nervous, lonely man, with a generous, sensitive heart, but of a sad nature, lived near the doctor's house. One day the man committed suicide, and the horrified neighbors supposed that his body, according to the custom, would be buried outside of the churchyard; but to their surprise the rector granted burial in the consecrated ground.

Then it was rumored that the rector had given his consent to the erecting of a stone by the doctor at the head of the suicide's grave, and that the doctor would also furnish an appropriate epitaph.

There were no flowers or other artistic designs, such as fashion then enjoined, carved upon the wide gravestone; but, cut deeply, were to be read the full name of the deceased, and the date of his death. Just beneath were two words: "Judge not!" The villagers were brought to a stand by the admonition, and were ever after dumb on the subject of this man's death.

Among the Eskimos.

It is said that the Eskimo, as the natives of Greenland and the Arctic shores of North America are called, dislike water very much. Therefore they hardly ever wash themselves, and when they do so their toilet is rough and ready. If their feet get wet, they change their boots at once, as the extreme cold of the climate renders their feet icy and their boots stiff after a dip in the water. No doubt this also is the reason why they so seldom enjoy the luxury of a wash. So, too, they cannot swim; and, even if they could, the accomplishment would be useless, since the cold water would freeze them in no time. When an Eskimo mamma thinks her infant needs a little polishing-up and titivating, she uses her tongue!

A Meeting of Monarchs.

About one hundred and eighty years ago Peter the Great visited Paris, and was received with much ceremony by Louis XV, then 7 years of age. Two chairs of state had been placed side by side for the two puissant monarchs, in anticipation of an interview of world-wide significance. The sequel was rather amusing. While Louis, with becoming deference, waited for the czar to say something, the illustrious Peter was obliviously embarrassed by the tender age of his host. Finally, faute de mieux, he took the little king in his arms, kissed him, and conversed about toys, to the disgust of the courtiers, who had expected a set speech on political matters.

The Cause of the Trouble.

"Wires ain't working," said the operator tersely. "Can't take your message."
"What's the matter? Storm?" demanded the man with the message.
"Worse than that," replied the operator.
"What?"
"Just received a cablegram in Russian and it has twisted the wires all out of shape."—Washington Star.

A Fake.

Yeast—What do you think of that man Blobs? He reads the future, you know.
Crimsonbeak—Reads nothing! I was with him last night until late and do you know what the last thing he said to me was?
"No! I can't imagine."
"He said: 'Your wife won't say a thing to you to-night.' He's a fake!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Last year \$26,000,000 of English capital was invested in the business of manufacturing automotor carriages.