

WHERE LEADS THE FLAG WE FOLLOW



WHAT are these stars that men should die,
And dying, hold them yet on high?
Do they the stars of night outvie?

The stripes that you so boldly bear
To battle—can their glow compare
With blood of men left lifeless there?

Or can this azure compensate
For home-ties broken, or abate
The grief and tears your deaths create?

Those stars—the stripes, the blue, the white,
No power but God's can disunite;
Symbol of Freedom, might and right—
Lead on! Lead on, we follow thee!

All o'er the world loud paens swell,
Which proudly to the nations tell
That to the very gates of hell,

If that flag leads, we follow it!

BABY SOPRANO.

Wee Two-Year-Old Girl Who Sings Grand Operas.

The youngest musical wonder in all New York is little Marguerite Mandelkern, just 2 years and 3 months old. The wee girl has not yet learned to lisp plainly the mingled English and German in which she expresses herself, but there is no music too difficult for her to sing with absolute precision after once or twice hearing it upon the piano.

The little treble voice is as clear and true as a bell, and most intricate measures are given with a strict adherence to time that would make a prima donna envious.

The child is a daughter of Joseph Mandelkern, of No. 106 East One Hundred and Twentieth street, and has doubtless inherited her marvelous ear from her father, whose rilling passion is music. For hours, while her sister Elizabeth, a pianist of no mean order, is playing, Baby Marguerite will creep into the room and lie silently listening. This had been going on for some time before the family observed the little one's habit and became aware of her devotion to melody.

It was when near her second birthday, however, that the infant musician essayed her own powers. Her choice was grand opera, and her debut made in an aria from "Aida." As the first note was struck "Gracie," as she is known at home, stopped suddenly in her play, threw back her head, parted her red lips and to the surprise of every one present sang in a sweet, pure thread of tone the entire aria.

Once having found her voice the little maid, tremulous with delight, went on to make her own every theme that appealed to her. And Gracie knows, too, everything that she sings. It is a matter of moment to this small music lover whether it be Verdi or Mendelssohn that occupies her attention.—New York World.

Educated Tinkers.

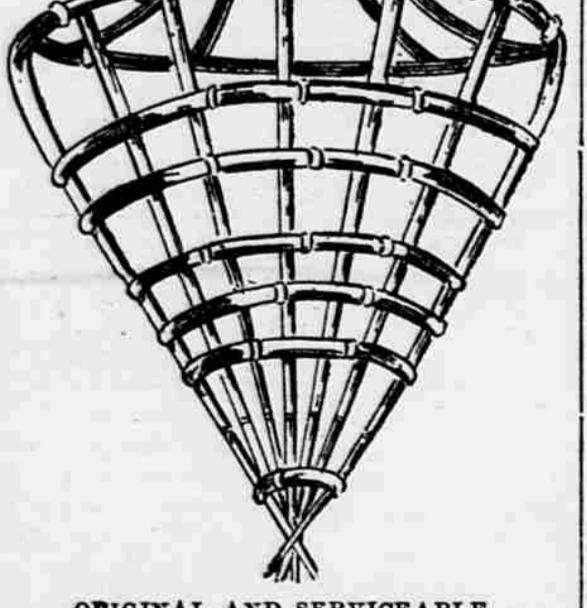
A leading Australia paper calls attention to the fact that Bulgaria would offer a much larger market for agricultural machinery if there were some reliable repair shops for such machinery in the country. If there is but the smallest repair work on such a machine to be done nobody can be found

to do it, and in many cases German experts have been called for. The Economical Society of the Bulgarian capital has just now submitted a memorial to the government asking for the state appointment of some 75 to 100 capable mechanics able to do this kind of work. The ministry supports this scheme, and decided that these mechanics should have to instruct in the first place the rural population in the application of improved agricultural machinery and implements.

This impetus will doubtless result in a large increase of the imports of all kinds of agricultural machinery.—Philadelphia Record.

Bird Cage Made by Navajos.

Here is another illustration of the ingenuity of the Navajo Indians. It is



ORIGINAL AND SERVICEABLE.
A bird cage made of bamboo. The design is original and the material very serviceable.

He Promised.
"Oh, George," she cried, after he had kissed her, "you'll never tell any one, will you?"

"Never have the slightest fear on that score," he replied. And it must have been the way he said it that made her angry.

A good-sized whale yields about one ton of whalebone.

Some men are built for labor and some are built for politics.

INDICATE CHARACTER.

What Different Kinds of Noses Mean to Their Owners.

A thick nose and flat is an unfavorable feature with men as well as women, usually signifying that the character is predominated by material instincts, while a turned-up nose with wide nostrils betokens a vain disposition.

Especially wide nostrils are signs of courage, strength and pride; small nostrils of weakness and timidity. Noses large in every respect are usually found among men, and when a woman possesses a large nose it indicates she is masculine in character.

The nose, the form of which has so much to do with the beauty of the face, is amenable to culture, and we have it on the authority of a German physician that it is beyond dispute that during half an ordinary human life the nose is capable of receiving more noble form. The mental training of an individual has a great deal to do with shaping the nose.

The small, flat nose, found among women and called the sottrette nose, when occurring with an otherwise agreeable cast of countenance, indicates a gracious and cheerful nature, combined with considerable curiosity. Such a nose is seldom found among men, and when a man is unfortunate enough to possess it he is characterized by weak and definite sagacity.—Philadelphia Press.

German Geographical Prize.

Herr Krupp, of Essen, has given 10,000 marks to the German Geographical Society for a gold medal, to be awarded yearly for geographical discovery. It will be called the Nachtigal medal, after Krupp's friend, Gustav Nachtigal, the African explorer, and, where the merits of candidates are otherwise equal, will be given in preference first to discoveries on the African continent, and next to exploration in German colonies elsewhere.

Female.

"Any mail for me this morning?" asked the lawyer.

"No, sir, but there was a lady," replied the bright boy.—Philadelphia North American.

One pound of sheep's wool is capable of producing one yard of cloth.

SOLDIERS' STORIES.

ENTERTAINING REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR.

Graphic Account of Stirring Scenes Witnessed on the Battlefield and in Camp—Veterans of the Rebellion Recite Experiences of Thrilling Nature.

Former Lads of I Company, COMPANY I, fall in for roll call!"



"Look at the gawks!" Well, for a fact, it was a rather awkward lot of men which fell in for roll call on Company I's sheet, at Camp Randall, that July morning, in 1861. It was made up largely of farmer boys from Vernon County. When it was decided to raise the company a drummer and fife were put into a wagon and driven out among the farmers. As the band played the farmer lads left their plows and planting and sought the cause of the demonstration. That day at dinner and supper the question of enlisting was discussed. Two days later the required hundred men and boys had put down their names. Most of them were under 20, many under 18, strapping, healthy fellows. They had been too busy clearing the land and making farms to get out and rub against the world to any great extent. They swung their arms extravagantly, took long steps—walked just as they did in following the plow or carrying milk to the springhouse. It was hard to make them look to the front while on duty; they were staring here and there, seeing the sights and making odd comments on scenes, officers and the other companies. It was laughed at for its awkwardness. A tony chap said: "Look at the gawks!"

At that time it was necessary, in choosing an adjutant, to take him from the line. There was a young lawyer, a graduate of an Eastern college, who was wanted for adjutant. He was a trim-built, handsome fellow, and looked the soldier he proved to be. The resignation of a lieutenant of I Company opened the way. He was commissioned a lieutenant in that company and immediately assigned as adjutant. The boys were all strangers to him, but he gave them much attention. He liked those rosy-cheeked awkward fellows from farms, the rest of us thought, better than he did the other companies.

On review its brasses, uniform, muskets and accoutrements were, as the adjutant used to say, "in apple-pie order." Before the campaigning began all of the original officers of Company I had resigned. Captain R. R. Dawes, of Company K, later General Dawes, father of Charles G., the present Comptroller of the Currency, was asked if he was willing that his first lieutenant should be transferred to Company I as captain. He had a fondness for the happy-faced, curly-haired lieutenant and hesitated somewhat, but he wouldn't stand in the way of his promotion, so Lieutenant John A. Kellogg added a bar to his shoulder-straps and became I's leader. A couple of boys from Liberty Pole were made lieutenants—Clayton E. and Earl M. Rogers.

Let the record speak for Company I. They participated in every battle of the Army of the Potomac save those on the Peninsula, under McClellan. They were at Rappahannock Station in the Pope retreat. The night before the retreat from there it was I Company that was called upon to tear down buildings and construct a bridge across the Rappahannock River. At Gainesville no company in the regiment fought better or suffered worse. It was at Bull Run on the 29th and 30th; at South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Pitzhugh Crossing, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and in all of the other battles of the Potomac army up to and including Appomattox. One of its members was voted a medal of honor by Congress. Sergeant Frank A. Waller, later a lieutenant, captured the flag of the Second Mississippi at Gettysburg when the regiment charged the cut and made prisoners of Major Blair and most of his men.

In the great review at Washington a man without an arm, both having been shot off at Antietam, stood in front of the Treasury Building waiting for his old regiment. When it swung to the right from the long stretch on Pennsylvania avenue and moved past the great building the no-armed man was full of smiles and comments. As his old company approached he swung the stub of the right arm to his hat, removed it, bowed his head, and said, "I could kneel to you, Company A." When I Company passed he did the same. It was the tony young fellow who, nearly four years before, had said "Look at the gawks!"

From I Company's ranks had fallen forty-one, killed in battle. Forty-one! All from one company, or nearly half of the original number. There were whole brigades that did not lose as many men in battle. The wounded numbered sixty-five. Many were wounded two or three times. Seventeen died of disease. Company I contributed one brigadier general, Frank A. Kellogg. It contributed a colonel, Frank A. Haskell, who was killed at Cold Harbor the day after he had been recommended for promotion to brigadier general. With armless A. H. Young, of Company A, I "could kneel" to Company I's farmer boys.—J. A. Watrous, in Chicago Times-Herald.

A Modern Munchausen.

An old officer who was passing by, an acquaintance of the General's, now stepped up to the group. He had recently been ordered in from the plains, and his wild tales of red-handed slaugh-

ter in the land of the savages had already made him known in the army as the "Injun-slayer." An aide remarked to him, "Well, as you've been spooling for a fight ever since you joined this army, how did yesterday's set-to strike you by way of a skirmish?" "Oh!" was the reply, "you had large numbers engaged, and heavy losses; but it wasn't the picturesque, desperate hand-to-hand fighting that you see when you're among the Injuns." "No; but we got in some pretty neat work on the white man," said the aide. "Yes; but it didn't compare with the time the Nez Perces and the Shoshonee tribes had their big battle," continued the veteran. "Why, how was that?" cried all present in a chorus.

"Well, you see," explained the narrator, "first the Nez Perces set up a yell louder than a blast of Gabriel's trumpet, and charged straight across the valley; but the Shoshonees stood their ground without budging an inch, and pretty soon they went for the Nez Perces and drove 'em back again. As soon as the Nez Perces could catch their breath they took another turn at the Shoshonees, and shoved them back just about where they started from. By this time the ground between 'em was so covered by the killed and wounded that you couldn't see as much as a blade of grass. But still they kept on charging back and forth across that valley, and they moved so fast that when their lines of battle passed me the wind they made was so strong that I had to hold my hat on with both hands, and once I came mighty near being blown clear off my feet."

"Why, where were you all this time?" asked several voices.

"Oh," said he, "I was standing on a little knoll in the middle of the valley, looking on."

"Why," remarked an officer, "I should think they would have killed you in the scrimmage."

Then the face of the veteran of the plains assumed an air of offended innocence, and in a tone of voice which made it painfully evident that he felt the hurt he said: "What?—the Injuns! Lord, they all knew me!" The General joined in the smiles which followed this bit of sadly mutilated truth. Similar Munchausenisms, indulged in from time to time by this officer, demonstrated the fact that he had become so skilled in warping veracity that one of his lies could make truth look lean alongside of it, and he finally grew so untrustworthy that it was unsafe even to believe the contrary of what he said.

—General Horace Porter, in the Century.

Gen. Lee at Time of Defeat.

I took my first and last look at the great Confederate chieftain. This is what I saw: A finely formed man apparently about 60 years of age, well above the average height, with a clear, ruddy complexion—just then suffused by a crimson flush, that, rising from his neck, overspread his face and even slightly tinged his broad forehead, bronzed where it had been exposed to the weather, was clear and beautifully white where it had been shielded by his hat—deep brown eyes, a firm but well-shaped Roman nose, abundant gray hair, silky and fine in texture, with a full gray beard and mustache, neatly trimmed and not overlong, but which nevertheless almost completely concealed his mouth. A splendid uniform of Confederate gray cloth, that had evidently seen but little service, which was closely buttoned about him, and fitted him to perfection. An exquisitely mounted sword, attached to a gold-embroidered Russia leather belt, trailed loosely on the floor at his side, and in his right hand he carried a broad-rimmed soft gray felt hat, encircled by a golden cord, while in his left he held a pair of buckskin gauntlets. Booted and spurred, still vigorous and erect, he stood bareheaded looking out of the open doorway, sad-faced and weary; a soldier and a gentleman, bearing himself in defeat with an all-unconscious dignity that sat well upon him.—George A. Forsyth, in Harper's Magazine.

Ordered His Own Execution.

"You heard of men being shot by other men in the same army," said a veteran with long chin whiskers, "but the most remarkable case of the kind that I ever knew of happened during the siege of Yorktown, where a captain named Wood was killed by one of his own men, and by his own orders, at that."

"Capt. Wood was the officer of the day, and he had posted the last picket at night. He had given strict orders to all of the pickets to shoot the first man they saw approaching from the direction of the Confederate lines, without waiting to ask them for the countersign, for we were in close and dangerous quarters then, and it might endanger the whole army if a picket stopped to parley with would-be visitors."

"After giving these instructions to the last picket, Capt. Wood left him and started, as he supposed, to return to the camp. It was very dark, however, and he lost his way, and instead of going inside the lines he went outside. He soon discovered his mistake and turned back. His road took him past the picket to whom he had just given the decisive order. In the darkness the quick-sighted soldier saw a dark figure stealing along the road, raised his piece and fired."

"The bullet struck Capt. Wood in the side, inflicting a mortal wound. The mistake was soon discovered, but Capt. Wood remained conscious long enough to exonerate the picket from all blame, and died in the consciousness that he had ordered his own execution."—Buffalo Express.

Milk can be kept cool in summer in a new can which has a central compartment extending up to the lid, in which there is an opening for the passage of ice into the central tube.

COSTLY EXECUTIONS.

Bills for Killing Criminals Formerly Paid in Holland.

Edam, in Holland, where the Dutch cheese comes from, has just opened a museum of local antiquities, and among the not least interesting of the exhibits are the accounts of the municipal executioners during the eighteenth century. One of these functionaries, by name Vogel, presents a detailed bill, dated Dec. 19, 1713, in which he sets forth a claim for 6 florins for one decapitation and 3 florins each for a sword and winding sheet, with 3 florins 14 cents for a coffin for the decapitated one. His charge for hanging a criminal was also 6 florins, with the further addition of 3 florins for "cutting down and impaling ditto." "Breaking a man on the wheel" was a costlier luxury and ran to 9 florins, while for supplying "nine new lashes for scourge" the charge was 27 florins.

On the whole, however, Mr. Vogel was a moderate man in his charges or the value of human life went up a good deal in the next fifty years, for in the no less circumstantial accounts of Johannes Ka, presented Aug. 1, 1764, we have a charge of 12 florins for "going on board the Hans and preparing instruments of torture," with a like charge for "torturing one person." But this must have been for the "lesser torture" only, as on Aug. 30 the same Johannes sends in a bill for "torturing three persons at 75 florins a head"—total, 225 florins, while a few days later no less than 600 florins is charged for "hanging four persons at 150 florins each," and for "flogging two persons and burning a third" he exacts 150 florins. Clearly considerations of economy, if not of humanity, must have tended toward the reform of the criminal code in Holland.—London Chronicle.

The Time Niagara Dried Up.

It seems almost incredible that at one time in its history the greatest and most wonderful waterfall in the world actually ran dry. Nevertheless, it is an established fact that this occurred on March 20, 1848, and for a few hours scarcely any water passed over Niagara Falls. The winter of that year had been an exceptionally severe one, and ice of unusual thickness had formed on Lake Erie. The warm spring rains loosened this congealed mass, and on the day in question a brisk east wind drove the ice far up into the lake. About sunset the wind suddenly veered round and blew a heavy gale from the west. This naturally turned the ice in its course, and, bringing it down to the mouth of the Niagara River, piled it up in a solid, impenetrable wall.

So closely was it packed and so great was its force that in a short time the outlet to the lake was completely choked up, and little or no water could possibly escape. In a very short space of time the water below this frozen barrier passed over the falls, and the next morning the people living in the neighborhood were treated to a most extraordinary spectacle. The roaring, tumbling rapids above the falls were almost obliterated, and nothing but the cold, black rocks were visible in all directions. The news quickly spread, and crowds of spectators flocked to view the scene, the banks on each side of the river being lined with people during the whole day. At last there was a break in the ice. It was released from its restraint, the pent-up wall of water rushed downward, and Niagara was itself again.

The Prince of Wales' Dinner Table.

Good taste reigns over all the arrangements. Thus, the tablecloths are severely plain, though of the finest quality, and simply worked with the royal arms—the rose, the thistle and the shamrock—while the table napkins are invariably folded into a small square to hold the bread, and never in the fancy shapes in vogue elsewhere. To each guest two forks, and no more, are provided, and these are placed prongs downward. In addition there are one large tablespoon and one large knife, for in no circumstances are two knives together given to any guest. A great many reasons have been assigned for this rule, but apparently no one has summoned up the courage to ask the royal host and hostess. It has been asserted that his royal highness has the old-fashioned dislike to seeing knives inadvertently crossed. Small water bottles are used, but the princess holds to the Hanoverian habit of never having finger bowls. At Marlborough House dinner begins at 8:45, and is never allowed to last much more than an hour. Occasionally during dinner soft music is played. The menu is always served a la Russe—that is to say, nothing is carved in the dining room.—"Our Prince at Home."

The Cabin Boy's Mistake.

When the British fleet was at Hong-Kong a merchant ship was seen coming over the bar with her ensign upside down. The ships in the harbor at once lowered lifeboats and raced to be first to give assistance to the supposed sinking ship. When the first boat got within halting distance they saw the skipper clapping his hands and shouting, "Go on! Come on! Well pulled!" etc. The officer in charge then said: "What's the matter, captain?" "Nothing the matter," said the skipper. "Then why have you got your ensign upside down?" The skipper glanced aloft as his colors. "It's that boy Joe again," he cried, in disgust. "I thought it was a regatta."

Forest in a Former Lake Bed.

Lake Rikwa, or Leopold, between Lakes Tanganyika and Nyassa, in Central Africa, which when first discovered forty years ago, was 180 miles long by 30 broad, is reported by recent travelers to have dried up completely. The bed of the lake is now a plain covered with thick woods.

A fine ostrich is calculated to yield \$2,000 worth of feathers.