The Columbus Journal.

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CAMPFIRE SKETCHES.

GOOD SHORT STORIES FOR THE VETERANS.

Conquering a Ruffian—The Overseer Thought That He Could Bluff a Whole Company of Yankees—They Made a Laughing Stock of Him.

The Defense of the Alamo.

Santa Ana came storming, as a storm might come:
There was rumble of cannon; there was rattle of blade;
There was cavalry, infantry, bugle and drum—
Full seven thousand in pomp and parade.
The chivalry, flower of Mexico;
And a gaunt two hundred in the Alamo!

And thirty lay sick, and some were shot through;
For the siege had been bitter, and bloody and long.
"Surrender, or die"—"Men, what will you do?"
And Travis, great Travis, drew sword, quick and strong;
Drew a line at his feet..."Will you come? Will you go?
I die with my wounded, in the Alamo."

Then Bowie gasped, "Lead me over that line!"
Then Crockett, one hand to the sick, one hand to his gun,
Crossed with him; then never a word or a sign
Till all, sick or well, all, all save but one.
One man. Then a woman stepped, praying, and slow
Across, to die at her post in the Alamo.

Then that one coward fled, in the night, in that night
When all men silently prayed and thought
Of home; of to-morrow; of God and the fight,
Till dawn; and with dawn came Travis' cannon-shot
In answer to insolent Mexico,
From the old bell-tower of the Alamo.

Then came Santa Ana; a crescent of flame!
Then the red escalade! then the fight hand to hand!
Such an unequal fight as never had name
Since the Persian hordes butchered that doomed Spartan band.
All day—all day and all night, and the morning" so slow,
Through the battlesmoke mantling the Alamo.

Now Silence! Such silence! Two thousand lay dead
In a crescent outside! And within? Not a breath
Save the gasp of a woman, with gory, gashed head,
All alone, all alone there, waiting for death;
And she but a nurse. Yet when shall we know
Another like this of the Alamo?

Shout "Victory, victory, victory ho!"
I say 'tis not always to the hosts that win;
I say that the victory, high or low,
Is given the hero who grapples with sin,
Or legion or single, just asking to know
When duty fronts death in his Alamo.
—Joaquim Miller.

Conquering a Ruffian.

It was while we were in the border of Kentucky that we halted at a good spring to water men and horses. The fine mansion on the farm had been burned, leaving only the chimneys standing. The surrounding shrubbery, orchard and improvements showed that it had been the abode of wealth and comfort. The barns, out-houses and negro quarters were all in good condition, and were so attractive that we concluded to pitch camp here for a while and feed, while we made coffee for ourselves. Riding into the orchard, we dismounted and soon had fires made with fence rails, and the men hastened to the crib after corn for their horses, which were fed on the ground where they stood.

It was about this time that we found out the true situation of affairs, as the overseer came dashing among us, waving his cane and ordering us off the premises. He was told that the Yankees had possession now. "Damn the Yankees!" he cried.

This exclamation was his undoing. Immediately the men gathered around him, so as to form a ring, and he was forced to tell all he knew. He said that the owner of the place had gone south with his family, leaving the overseer in charge, and with instructions to raise a crop. To do this, he had twenty-five hands subject to his orders. The Yankees, he said, had burned the house. When asked the name of the owner, he answered, "Col. Nixon, sah, an he is a Confederate, as he has a right to be."

The recollection of Col. Nixon restored his courage somewhat, and he again peremptorily ordered us off the place. "Repeat that once more, you damned old rebel, and we will tie you up by the thumbs to one of your beautiful apple trees to hang in the pleasant shade," said one of the boys. Then there was silence.

On going to the negro quarters the boys found two negro cooks in charge, and it afforded these much pleasure to give all the information they possessed. There was not a man on the place, except the overseer. All the colored men and boys had been sent down south to raise food for the Confederate armies, leaving twenty-five colored women to do the work on the farm. These were the "hands" mentioned to us by the overseer. They said that the "boss" was very cross and cruel, and that he whipped them unmercifully.

On hearing this the boys concluded to take some of the starch out of the "boss." When the women were asked if there was any bacon on the place they said, "Yes, in the smokehouse; dat's plum full." When asked for the keys, they said the "boss" had them in his pocket. We also learned from the cooks that the women working in the fields were compelled to take their dinners with them, and that they had to work until dark. On hearing this we sent one of the cooks to the fields to tell the women to come to "quarters" at once.

It was not long until the dusky damsels began to come in, some of them badly scared, while others were in a good humor and semed to look upon the affair as a joke.

The gathering about the cookhouse had excited the appetites of the boys, and it was determined to have some food cooked. Accordingly I was appointed a committee of one to get the smokehouse key from the overseer.

I approached that individual, and with mock ceremony made my request. I said: "If you give me the key we will not want much, but, if you refuse, we will go into the house anyway, and take all the contents."

Truth compels me to say that, in spite of my politeness, the old rascal had the nerve to say, "You can't have the key.

As I started back to report to the boys I saw them looking at me, and shook my head. They had already found some axes, and it was not long until the door to the smokehouse was a thing of the past. We found enough meat to supply a regiment for a week.

Our officers, of course, were unaware of what was transpiring, nor was it necessary to inform them. It was a matter which we felt ourselves capable of attending to ourselves, while they were resting.

When the overseer discovered what we were doing he came at us again in a great rage, waving his cane as before, and threatening terrible things. He did not pull his revolver, although he wore one, for there were too many dangling from the belts of the soldiers. At this the boys began to call out, "Put him under arrest, sergeant."

"No man can do that," he answered back.

But it was not long till he had surrendered, and I led him to a good seat, which I supposed he had often occupied before. "Sit there," I said, "until I release you." I then demanded his revolver, which he gave up. It was a poor thing; old-fashioned and almost worthless. I told him that if he behaved himself while we were there I would return the weapon to him when we left. "How long will you stay?" he asked. "Three days," I answered. This he took very hard.

The boys had the women cooking bacon and cabbage, and a big feast was in contemplation. All went well, and when everything was ready a good dinner was sent to the officers, who sent back word that we would march in one hour. I offered food to my prisoner, but he declined. I then released him. As soon as he was free he hastened to the cookhouse and told the women to drop everything and return to their work in the fields. An instant later I had him by the arm and shoulder, and conducted him in no gentle manner back to his seat. "If you give any more orders to these women while we are here, I will hang you." I then broke his old revolver over a stone and threw the pieces at his feet.

Our hour had now expired and "boots and saddles" was sounded by the everlasting bugler. Reluctantly we obeyed, for it was a good place to stay. However, before I took my leave of the mad overseer I told him to pay strict heed to my parting remarks, in order that he might clearly understand and not forget them. Then I said: "If you abuse any of these women, within six months after we are gone, by whipping or any other way, we will come back and hang you higher than Haman. And if you don't know anything about Haman, hunt up a Bible, turn to the Old Testament and read the book of Esther, and you will learn something of the terrible fate that came to him because of his evil deeds. The Third Indiana cavalry is in the employ of Uncle Sam, and it is our special duty to take care of these poor black people, and we are going to make them free. Don't forget, old man, we will be back again."

Then we rode away.

Fought With Farragut.

This is a picture of "Fighting Tom" Knowles, U. S. N., in the uniform in

which he went into battle under Farragut. He was an able seaman on the admiral's own boat. Later he became a quartermaster.

John Bull at Home.

Mrs. B. (doing her best)—Cheer up, John! Things are really fairly satisfactory. J. B. (dolefully)—You mean well, dear, but it's of no use. Mrs. B. (encouragingly)—But the fleet is strong and the army improving. J. B. (with a heavy sigh)—What are they? They won't help me to bear my loss. Mrs. B. (enthusiastically)—But the country was never so rich and so prosperous. J. B. (shaking his head)—Prosperity and wealth are good in their way. But a poor consolation for my loss, my dreadful loss. Mrs. B. (losing her patience)—What is this dreadful loss? J. B.—The cricket contest in Australia! (Tears and curtain.)—Punch.

How to Fill Your Potpourri Jar.

Pretty soon the roses will be blossoming in all the country flower gardens, and the girls will be filling their potpourri jars. Any girl can make fragrant potpourri inexpensively by following these directions:

Gather your flowers in the morning, leave them in a cool and shady place till the dew has evaporated from them, then put them in a glass jar, sprinkling salt over each half-inch layer. After this preparation has stood for ten days, mix with it layers consisting of equal weights of cloves, allspice and cinnamon, coarsely ground, then close the jar tightly and let it stand in a dark place for three weeks. At the end of this time remove the "stock" to your potpourri jar and mix with it layers composed of the following: One part mace and two parts of broken cinnamon, four parts of powdered orris root, sixteen parts of dried lavender leaves and a bit of grated nutmeg. A few drops of essential oils, such as rose, geranium, bitter almond or orange blossom, should be dropped upon the leaves, and over all should be poured some favorite toilet water or cologne.

No girl can write an effective love letter and chew gum at the same time.

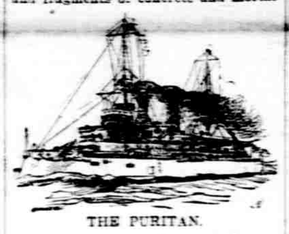
According to palmistry if your hand shows four aces you are in luck.

BATTLE OF MATANZAS

IT LASTED JUST EIGHTEEN SHORT MINUTES.

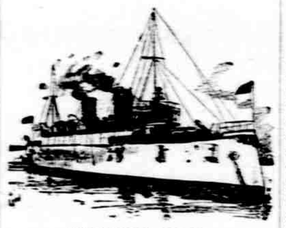
The New York, Cincinnati and Puritan Silenced the Spanish Batteries in Quick Order—Description of the First Engagement of the War.

The engagement at Matanzas lasted just eighteen minutes. It began at 57 minutes past 12 and ended at a quarter past 1. The Puritan and Cincinnati were left on guard at Matanzas and the New York returned to her old position. All told the United States ships fired eighty-six shots at the forts. The forts fired probably twenty-five shots. But far more important than the destruction of the Matanzas batteries is the conclusion about the future, which may be drawn from the bombardment. This conclusion is that Havana is absolutely at the mercy of the United States fleet whenever we choose to open fire. The fight he describes as follows: Admiral Sampson bombarded, silenced and pretty well destroyed the Spanish batteries in position and in course of construction at the entrance of the harbor of Matanzas. He did it with the flagship New York, the monitor Puritan and the cruiser Cincinnati. Not one of the American ships was struck, the Spanish gunnery being wild. There is as yet no means of knowing the number of dead and wounded on the Spanish side. It must be considerable. While the New York, Puritan and Cincinnati were reconnoitering in force for the purpose of locating and destroying the formidable defenses being constructed, the flagship was fired on by the batteries on Point Rubalcava and Point Maya, guarding the entrance to the harbor. The New York replied, firing her forward eight-inch gun on the port side. She steamed boldly in between the batteries and soon blazed away with both broadsides at them. The Puritan steamed in behind the New York and engaged the fortifications in Point Maya, while the New York went to starboard close up to the land and poured her shells into Rubalcava. The Cincinnati, which had remained well astern under orders signaled for permission to engage and received it, and soon was firing her guns at the fort on the west side of the bay. The batteries fired explosive shells and most of them fell wide of the mark. One burst just beyond the stern of the New York, and a shrapnel shot exploded above her. It took the three ships just eighteen minutes to silence the batteries. The last shot that was fired



THE PURITAN.

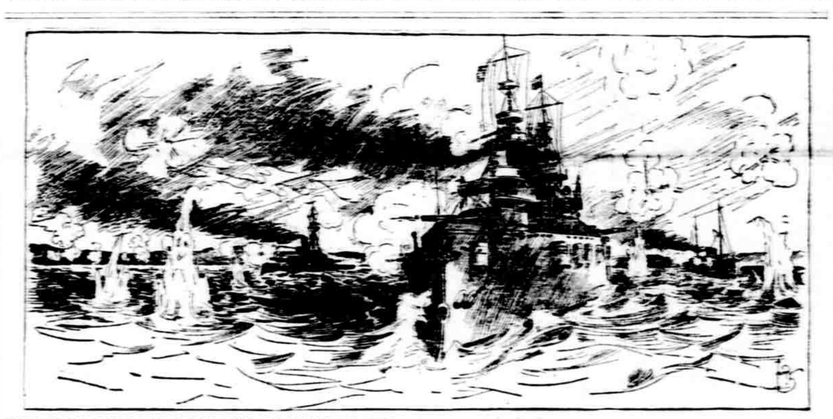
by the Spanish came from Point Rubalcava. The Puritan replied with one of her 12-inch guns. The shell struck the battery with wonderful accuracy and blew up a portion of it. After waiting in vain for the Spanish to renew the engagement, the ships withdrew, leaving both batteries in ruins. When Rear Admiral Sampson, on the flagship New York, left the cruising ground to pay a visit to Matanzas and Cardenas he made up his mind that something had to be done with the very aggressive Spanish artillerymen, who were manning the batteries out that way. They had twice fired on the torpedo boat Foote, and were very busy erecting fortifications and placing guns in position. At Matanzas the New York found the monitor Puritan and the cruiser Cincinnati, that have been blockading the port. Admiral Sampson decided to make a reconnoissance in force, for the threefold purpose of locating the batteries, discovering the kind of guns they mounted, and, if possible, stopping the work of fortifying. Matanzas lies at the head of a bay, about four miles from the sea. This bay at its mouth is three miles wide. On the west side of the bay is



THE NEW YORK.

Point Rubalcava, and on the east side Point Maya. These points have a very slight elevation above the sea, but the configuration of the harbor is such as to give the batteries on them a commanding position. Stretching back from these batteries are towering hills, and it was believed the guns had been mounted somewhere there, concealed by the shrubbery. The New York led the way into the bay of Matanzas. The Puritan was a few hundred yards astern on the port side, and the Cincinnati remained behind a slightly greater distance astern on the starboard side. Lines drawn from ship to ship would have made an almost perfect triangle. At a few minutes before 1 o'clock there was a puff of smoke from the east shore, and an 8-inch shell whizzed toward the New York and fell short. Scarcely had the report died away than another puff of smoke floated upon the Point Maya side and easily blew away. This shell also fell short. The range of the east battery was nearly 7,000 yards, but the flagship promptly opened fire with one of her 8-inch guns. The engagement in a few minutes became general, and shore and bay were covered with the wind-blown smoke, while the hollow between the hills roared with the cannonading. Continuing to cut loose with her guns, starboard and port, as well as fore and aft, the New York steamed quickly in and circled around to the westward toward Point Rubalcava, while the Puritan swung to starboard to engage the Maya batteries. The Maya battery was the more formidable and the fire from it was more frequent, but the shells fell short. The New York ignored this battery after a minute and proceeded to pay all her attention to the battery on Rubalcava, which was being pushed to completion. It was a beautiful sight to see the target practice of the New York. A big balloon of smoke would suddenly rise from her side. The eye, following the direction of the spot, would see an instant later a great clod of dust and fragments of concrete and mortar fly high in the air. Then would come the roar of piece, sullen and heavy.

The New York had soon reduced the range from 7,000 to 3,000 yards and soon was tossing shells into Rubalcava at the rate of about three a minute with wonderful precision and apparently great destructiveness. In the meantime the Puritan was taking care of Point Maya. It was a long shot to that battery. It was so well masked that the only target was the infrequent smoke from the battery. But when the Puritan got the range, her shells burst every time within the fortification and great was the explosion thereof. High up into the air would go a cloud of dust—atoms of the Spanish fort—looking for all the world like the explosion of a magazine of brown prismatic powder. The Puritan was doing fully as much harm on the east side of the bay as the New York was doing on the west side. All this time the Cincinnati had remained out of action. Capt. Chester signaled for permission to engage, and it was granted by the flagship. The Cincinnati steamed up to within 2,000 yards, broadside on, and began to let fly with her guns. The batteries and the New York were just giving the signal to retire when one defiant shot was fired from Rubalcava. It was the last shot that battery was ever to fire. One of the big guns on the Puritan followed back. It was the best shot of the day. It struck the battery just where the gun was, tore its way into the earthworks, and exploded, doing great destruction. Capt. R. J. MacHugh, an artillery officer of the British army, who was a spectator of the engagement, said it was one of the best shots he had ever seen made. Having practically demolished the Spanish batteries, the ships stood out to sea. Not a shell had struck one of them, but there had been three narrow misses of the New York. The Spanish fired schrapnel once, which had burst above the ship, a shell had struck just fore of her, and another struck just aft. The fact that the Spaniards failed to strike such a large target as the New York, towering as she does like a house out of water, was taken as evidence that they are not good marksmen. On the other hand, every shot that the New York fired after she got the range was pitched right into the batteries."



THE NEW YORK, PURITAN AND CINCINNATI SHELLING SPANISH FORTS AT MATANZAS, APRIL 27.

Reformed by a New Pavement.

Bill Smith lives far beyond King's highway. He has lived in that section since the time when it was composed of cornfields and cow pastures. For thirty years he has been a habitual drunkard. Bill Smith quit drinking intoxicating liquors recently. At first nobody noticed his reform. Finally, everybody became surprised when they stopped to think that Bill Smith had been sober for many weeks and was attending strictly to business, just as if he had never toyed with a bottle in all his life. "What's the matter with old Bill Smith? Has he reformed? He has been sober for a month now," said one citizen to another the other day. "Don't you know what's the matter? Bill Smith had to quit drinking," replied the second citizen. "Did the doctors tell him he had to quit," asked the first citizen. "No. Thirty years ago, and up to the last year, Bill Smith could get drunk and roll in the soft mud anywhere west of King's highway, but recently granitoid sidewalks were put down in his locality, and Smith went home drunk five night in succession, and each night he had a new bump the size of a hen's egg on his head. Bill Smith simply had to quit drinking, else he would have butted out his brains on these granitoid sidewalks."—Globe-Democrat.

His Class.

Aunt Jane—"Mr. Goodley seems to me such an exemplary young man." Flo—"Yes; he is the sort of young man that should be made an example of."—Pick-Me-Up.

MONEY TO BURN.

The New American Mortar Battery at Sandy Hook.

The new model American mortar battery as now installed at Sandy Hook presents many novelties, we might say, in the art of ordnance hitherto unpracticed, says Leslie's Weekly. When the sixty mortars are fired at once Sandy Hook will be a new rival to Vesuvius. And as each shot is twelve inches in diameter and weighs half a ton, one can see what an annoying thing it will be for an enemy's fleet to encounter our mortars on a summer's day. These "clickers" are to be put in one circuit and fired from armored turrets placed in out-of-the-way localities that command a full view of the approaches to New York harbor from the sea. And as the channels are spaced off into imaginary squares, the officer, with his plane tables and range finders, simply follows the enemy's boats with his telescope. When the instrument locates the fleet on a certain square the telescope connects a circuit that fires a pit previously charged on that certain square. As these pits are deep in sand surrounded by natural scenery, it is hard even for a Sandy Hook officer to go off shore and locate one. The only weak spot is the Atlantic highlands, from which, if an enemy should capture it, the shelling of the "Hook" could be done. But to take the highlands would be very difficult. It is intended that the mortar shells shall be fired into the air at such an angle that they will drop upon the enemy's decks. No ship has yet been built that can resist such an attack. Curiously enough, after they have been fired, you suddenly see them at a great height, sailing along like a flock of geese. They as suddenly disappear in midair and strike at your feet almost the same time. As each discharge costs about $50,000 for the entire sixty pieces, one hour's active work foots up a cost of $1,000,000, for a day's work, $10,000,000. One can therefore see Uncle Sam has powder to burn.

A Picture of the Brook Farmers.

In Col. Higginson's "Cheerful Yesterdays" there is this amusing picture of the Brook farmers: Among these were George and Burrill Curtis, and Larned, with Chas. Dana, late editor of the New York Sun; all presentable and agreeable, but the first three peculiarly costumed. It was then very common for young men in college and elsewhere to wear what was called blouses—a kind of hunter's frock made at first of brown holland belted at the waist—these being gradually developed into garments of gay-colored chintz, sometimes, it was said, an economical transformation of their sister's skirts or petticoats. All the young men of this party except Dana wore these gay garments and bore on their heads little round and visorless caps with tassels.

The Women Colonels of the German Army

The eight women colonels of the German army, who draw swords only semi-officially, and their salaries regularly, are: The queen, the empress of Germany, the dowager empress, wife of the late Frederick III., the Princess Frederick Charles of Prussia, the Queen Regent Sophia and Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, the duchess of Connaught, and the duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha (Edinburg), sister of the Emperor of Russia.

AMONG TITLED FOLK.

The duke of Teck is so much improved in health that he is going to leave White Lodge before long and will make some stay abroad.

The intended cruise of Prince Waldemar and Prince Charles of Denmark, who married Princess Maud of Wales, to Siam has been abandoned. They will go only to the Mediterranean in the warship Fyn, which is to leave Copenhagen for Gibraltar about the first week in May.

Queen Victoria has seen a great deal of the crown princess of Roumania during her stay on the Riviera and has taken a great fancy to the crown princess' children. These young folk are of special interest to her majesty, inasmuch as they are Stuarts of the senior line, being through their father descendants of Charles I. The marriage of their mother, the duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha's eldest daughter, was the first marriage of an English princess to a Stuart of the elder line or to a Roman Catholic since Henrietta, daughter of Charles I., married the duke of Orleans and so became the foundress of the senior line.

The prince of Wales always kept in touch with his old tutor, Mr. Henry Weymouth Gibbs, Q. C., who died in February and has left to his royal highness his painting by E. Lesl of the "Campagna de Roma" and his portrait by Watts. He also left an etching of Windsor castle by Seymour Haden to the Empress Frederick and legacies of $12,500 to Princess Victoria of Wales and 100 guineas each to the duke of York, the duchess of Fife and Princess Charles of Denmark to buy mementos of him. But more interesting than any of these is his bequest to the queen of two packets of letters, "described in an accompanying memorandum for the executors," and, there is little doubt, representing the prince of Wales' share of their correspondence from his boyhood upward. Mr. Gibbs was tutor to the prince from 1852 to 1858.

LAYING THE BLAME.

THE rich, black folds of Mrs. Claverton's new mourning gown trailed after her, as she wore it downstairs for the first time, with an elegance that put its wearer in a fine mood. She had risen in anything but a blithe humor, for her dinner last night had proved a disastrous failure, thanks to the fact that her guest of honor had failed her at the last moment. There had been no good reason for the thing having fallen flat even then, for the rest of the people she had asked were certainly most congenial. But it was toward the end of the season and, perhaps, they were getting weary of each other. Moreover, when they had come with the idea that they were going to meet a lion it certainly was a disappointment to find only the same men and women whom they had met everywhere for the last three months.

Hence Mrs. Claverton had fretted her maid, scorned her toast and finally ended in a frightful pet, till her eyes happened to light on the last new tea gown. That was a diversion, at least, and the lovely creation of sheeny satin and billows of creamy lace succeeded in smoothing away the fretful lines about its mistress' forehead with a marvelous suddenness.

The gown was particularly fortunate in the way it trailed in the back, and Mrs. Claverton, with a cautious peep to see that the butler was not in the lower hall, went down step after step, with her head turned back in rapt contemplation of the luxurious folds, gliding gracefully over the rich, old, polished oak of the staircase. In the library she stepped with stately tread up and down over the soft, deep rugs, each moment growing more and more convinced that, even though her cheeks were losing a little of their color, her shoulders and the line at her waist were as distinguished as ever. And then, just when the salve of contentment promised to sooth the lacerated feelings of my lady, poor Mrs. Claverton was unfortunate enough to pull all her happiness down in a ruin over her ears; for, as she stopped to lean her arm against the mantel in front of the open fireplace, in order to get a closer peep at her treasure of a dressmaker's skillful arrangement of becoming lace clinee about her long neck, the flounce edging of the sleeve of the precious new gown fell back, with a cruel lack of appreciation of the situation, and left reflected there in the mirror just beyond a poor, thin, red elbow, with its knotty point all too vivid to leave any room in its owner's mind for the hope that she was not growing older after all.

Mrs. Claverton set her teeth with a vicious snap, and she tugged so savagely at the hateful lace frill that it

BROKE IN A THOUSAND BITS.

parted in her impatient fingers and revealed the poor elbow staring out in all its denuded ugliness.

"That settles that," snapped Mrs. Claverton to herself, as she threw herself into a chair and cuddled her helpless arm down in the charity of a big silk pillow; "any woman who doesn't know enough to make a sleeve long enough to be—right can't expect any more work from me. What kind of a dressmaker is she, anyway. If she hasn't sense enough to put on an extra inch if a woman's arm is getting a trifle thin? I've been going too much and sleeping too little this winter. I must get away this Lent, and live on milk and porridge till Easter. It's a shame that Providence made a woman out of a bone in the beginning, and then keeps on reminding her of it through all the ages."

There came a light click on the polished floor without, and Mrs. Claverton looked up to see Nannie, her new maid, stop irresolutely in the doorway.

"I—I didn't know you had come down, ma'am," stammered the girl, as she turned all rosy in that exasperatingly becoming way the girl had. "I was going to clean the chandelier."

Mrs. Claverton hesitated. It wasn't pleasant to sit in a room while a servant manipulated a lot of soap suds, brushes and old cloths before one's eyes. She had decided to spend the long, rainy morning there in the library before the wood fire. Yes, the girl could do it some other time—it was such a nuisance, anyway, that maids and butlers always did their work in such an ostentatious way. It would have been so much better if they would have got through with it when the family was in bed, or out of town. A woman never knew when she might come into her own house without running against a man with a feather duster in his hand, or a girl with an odor of gasoline about her. Still, Mrs. Claverton sighed resignedly, and informed the maid she might as well do it then as any other inopportune time. It had been neglected long enough.

Nannie flushed again, but dragged her little set of steps to the middle of the room and began in her apologetic, timid manner the polishing of the glittering arrangement of brass and crystal above her head. Mrs. Claverton watched her dreamily. She didn't confess it even to herself, but some way, down in her heart of hearts, she wondered why it was that housemaids were born with such becoming ankles, and why even their pink print gowns could not conceal the fresh, young roundness of their waists. The mistress of the house was rapidly becoming a moral anarchist, with a mighty feminine desire to tear into bits any law of nature which allowed menials to have pink cheeks and snowy throats, while all the millions of her husband couldn't eradicate the tell-tale lines in front of ears and across her throat.

Poor Nannie, who wasn't wise enough to discover what was really meant by the spiteful gleam filtering through my lady's half-closed eyes, nevertheless was cruelly conscious that she was under some bitter disapproval, and her fingers all at once grew clumsy and slow. As she felt the relentless eyes bore deeper and deeper into her defenseless self her nervousness increased and she ended by dropping her soap with a splash into her pail of warm water. Mrs. Claverton gave an angry little "Take care!" and made as though some of the loathsome stuff had dashed on to the beautiful gown, although Nannie knew perfectly well that not a drop of it had come within a couple of yards of the fastidious lady. Still, the accident deprived her of her last vestige of composure and, as she climbed to the top of her steps again, she set her foot on the hem of her gown and a snarling little rent tore zigzags through the thin fabric.

"Stupid! What is the matter with you, anyway?" came Mrs. Claverton's quick voice again; that voice which her friends thought so suave and gentle. Poor Nannie's big blue eyes filled and she bit her quivering lip till the snowy teeth threatened to do irreparable injury to the tender red flesh. But without a word she lifted her round arms to their work again and soon there was no sound in the long room beyond the occasional clink of the burnished chandelier, as its prisms, spangles and tiny chains glittered under the nervous fingers.

Peace hovered close above the troubled scene for a few minutes, and all might have gone well if Nannie, in an attempt to reach the highest tip of the glittering rod, had not succeeded in loosing her sleeve, till it fell back halfway to the shoulder, revealing the most captivating elbow ever made; it was so soft, so smooth, with the deepest dimple at the very tip, and a hint of another at the inner bend, where the slight rosiness of the skin began to melt into the flawless white of the upper arm.

Mrs. Claverton saw, and she dug her own poor elbow deeper into the defenseless cushion. Then unconscious Nannie lifted her lovely arms higher, and the other sleeve slipped back, betraying a twin to the first lovely elbow, which might have outvied its mate, if that had been possible. Mrs. Claverton started forward in her chair, with a fierce little sound, not exactly a word and certainly nothing so unlovely as a hiss. But whatever it was it was sharp enough to startle the sensitive maid, and as a consequence one of the costly glass globes dropped from her taper fingers and broke in a thousand bits on the floor.

Mrs. Claverton herself didn't know what she said, but it relieved her pent-up feelings when the poor little creature crept from the room with her hateful sunny head bowed with sobs. Nannie told her mother that she had been discharged because she had "broke a big chiny lamp shade." But the real cause of her dismissal lay in the fact that Mrs. Claverton's gownmaker wasn't tactful.

PETTICOATS OF THE SEASON.

Fuller Than of Yore, But Pretty and Economical.

The new styles in petticoats are bewilderingly pretty; better still, they are eminently sensible in material and cut. Silk is the favorite material, and, as there never was a time when silk could be bought so cheap, it is quite possible, even for the woman who has to consult economy, to have several. Fashion requires that linings of the cloth suits this year shall be of contrasting silk, and one of the newest fads is to have a petticoat to wear under the gown of the same color as the gown itself, but just a shade or two lighter. All these are fuller than they were, but the fullness is gathered into a small space at the back, quite like the skirt of the gowns, and the fit over the stomach and the hips is carefully attended to. A deep Spanish flounce is still the fashion, but the skirt itself extends under the flounce now. One or more ruffles to trim the flounce and just as many inside ruches, or little flounces, as can be put on are added.

Lace insertion is very much used—black laces on the flounces of petticoats to wear with street gowns, white lace on those to wear with light gowns in the house. In all the petticoats there is some attempt at wiring, either with a feather bone run through just above and just below the flounce, or the dress extenders, put into the back breadths, so that the petticoat hangs out full and wide. The objection often raised that silk petticoats are too cold for winter wear is quite done away with by lining them with flannel as far as the knee. This does not add to the weight and yet gives sufficient warmth. In all styles it is most important that the petticoats be cut to fit the dress if a "smart" effect is desired.

Could Not Guide a Plow.

A certain incident connected with the great Napoleon, while he was in exile in Elba, is commemorated in the island, to this hour, by an inscription affixed to the wall of a peasant's house: "A man named Giacoui was plowing when the famous exile came along one day, and expressed his interest in the work. Napoleon even took the plowshare out of the man's hand and attempted to guide it himself. But the oxen refused to obey him, turned the plow and spoiled the furrow. The inscription runs thus: "Napoleon the Great, passing by this place in MDCCCXIV., took in the neighboring field a plowshare from the hands of a peasant, and himself tried to run the plow, but the oxen, rebellious to those hands which yet had guided Europe, headlong fled from the furrow."—Anecdotes.

Irresistible.

"And so that's George Ridgeley's wife? I'm surprised. I shouldn't think such a woman as she would have any attractions for him." "That's because you don't know it all. She has a hundred thousand big, round attractions for him, and all well invested."

One Thing Sure.

She—Do you think the north pole will ever be discovered? He—Not as long as people are willing to pay to hear men tell how they didn't find it.

The more a pneumatic tire is blown up the bigger it gets but the more a married man is blown up the smaller he feels.

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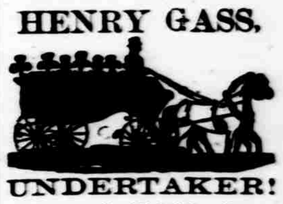

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