

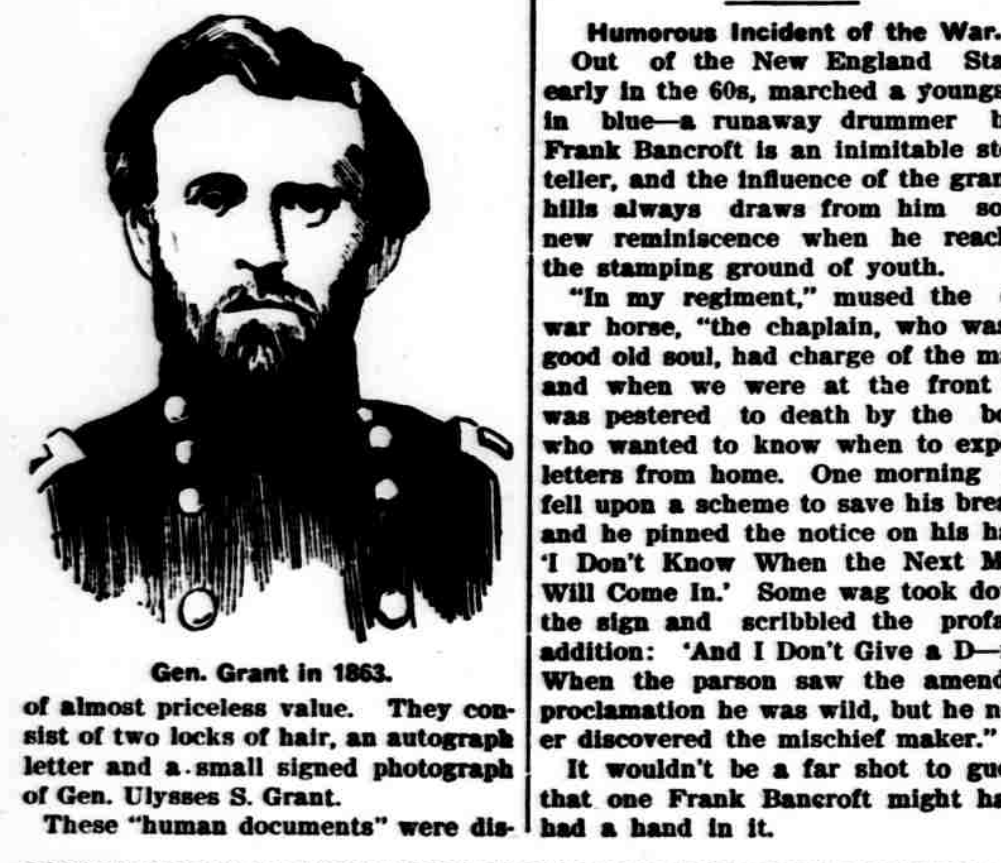
Columns

TO A SOLDIER.

Free forward! Think not of the dark!
It falls softly when it comes.
Think on thy sword, its service bark,
Heed but the beating of the drum.
Look never backward! That is death!
All glory beckons from the front.
The love of home it cloys the breath;
The sight of ease will courage blunt.
Face forward! Yonder on the field
The end may come, for doom is there.
In justice is a hero's shield.

GEN. GRANT IN 1863

Some interesting relics have been discovered in Rochester, N. Y., which throw a warm and clear light on the character of one of the great men of history and revive the memory of an important event in wartime records. It is now almost forty years since these occurrences took place, and the passage of the years makes the relics



Gen. Grant in 1863.

covered the other day by the former city anchor, A. S. Mann, while he was searching in an old desk for some papers of importance. They were carefully inclosed in a heavy envelope, and had been placed there for safe keeping by Mr. Mann forty years ago. The portrait was taken in Chattanooga, Tenn., in 1863.

Humorous Incident of the War.

Out of the New England States early in the 60s, marched a youngster in a runaway drummer boy. Frank Bancroft is an inimitable story teller, and the influence of the granite hills always draws from him some new reminiscence when he reaches the stamping ground of youth. "In my regiment," named the old war horse, the chaplain, who was a good old soul, had charge of the mail, and when we were at the front he was pestered to death by the boys who wanted to know when to expect letters from home. One morning he fell upon a scheme to save his breath and he pinned the notice on his hat: "I Don't Know When the Next Mail Will Come In." Some wag took down the sign and scribbled the profane addition: "And I Don't Give a D—n!"

WHERE BRADDOCK FELL

The protected memorial tablet in Kenwood Park, Pittsburg, to commemorate Gen. Braddock's crossing of the Monongahela river at that point has awakened public interest in those chapters of local history relating to the ill-fated expedition against Fort Duquesne, and every patriot among his veterans. The exact locality of the battle in the wilderness is being sought, and probably will be marked by a suitable monument.

PAUL VAN DER VOORT DEAD

News has been received of the death of Past Commander-in-Chief Van der Voort, who was born in Ohio in 1846, and was under 16 years of age when he enlisted for three months' service in the Sixty-eighth Illinois Infantry. He re-enlisted in Company M, Sixteenth Illinois Cavalry, and was with his regiment in service in the Ninth and Twenty-third Corps, and in the Cavalry Corps of the Mississippi. He was taken prisoner and confined for nearly a year in Andersonville and other southern prisons; was discharged August 1, 1865, sergeant. After the war he continued to live in Ohio, where he joined the Grand Army in

WANTED HIS RATIONS

"Speaking of losing rations," said the Colonel, "there was a case at Kenesaw that took the cake. The men were carrying five days' rations in haversacks, which was a pretty heavy load for a man in action. While we were in line Reuben Whitman of the Fifty-first Ohio took his haversack off and hung it on a high sapling near him. The enemy was bombarding us with shells and shot, and whenever our lookout would shout 'down' every head would go below the earthworks. "Whitman was just in the act of

HE WAS CLOSE BEHIND

A party of United States engineers and some friends were taking a trip down the Tennessee river to visit the Muscle Shoals improvements. Gen. Wheeler and Gen. John T. Wilder were among the guests. Gen. Wheeler fell into a reminiscent mood, and was talking freely of civil war days, during which he commanded a division of Confederate cavalry. Gen. Wilder commanded a Federal

SALUTE FATHERS' FLAG

The First regiment of infantry broke camp at Augusta, Maine, after the annual encampment, and marched in a body to the State House, where it was massed in the rotunda. The poem, "The Returned Battle Flags," was read, the band played "The Star Spangled Banner," and the young soldier saluted the tattered flags which were carried by Maine regiments in the civil war.

DOUBT

Oats for Fowls.

We notice that a contemporary says that wheat is undoubtedly the best grain for poultry. We must differ from that opinion. We believe the grain most adapted to the development of chicks is oats. It is indeed true that birds have to be accustomed to eat oats before they will eat them constantly and in large quantities, but once accustomed to them they eat them with great relish. Naturally fowls prefer corn to oats. But habit reverses this preference. The writer remembers one case where he had kept oats from his hens for some days. They had been accustomed to that grain for months. When oats were again given it was in the form of a mixture of corn and oats. To his surprise the hens picked out the oats in preference to the corn, eating the latter only after the oats had disappeared. One objection raised against oats is that they sometimes manufacture with their sharp points the tender membrane in the crops of young birds and even pass through the skin. The writer fed oats for years and never experienced any such mishap with his chicks. It may be possible to cut the half-starved birds fed oats and then watered. But oats should be kept before the fowls all the time, and they should be permitted to pick at them at their leisure. They never seem to get sick from them, and their nutriment in the oats there seems to be a stimulant which the scientists call avoinea. This is thought to be a valuable part of the oat as a feed.

New Stock and Diseases.

Every farmer should realize the risk he takes when he imports into his flock stock from other flocks. Contagious diseases are almost always brought in this way. There are some flocks that are free from lice and mites as well as disease. When a farmer has secured this condition of things he should go very slow about increasing the number of his fowls through purchase. It is therefore best to increase the flock through raising the birds. This may take longer than to increase it by purchase, but it will give a big profit. It is not uncommon to have a whole flock swept away by some malady introduced through careless purchase of new birds. The writer had a poultry house that had been free from lice and mites for years. He regarded it quite wonderful that he had not been exterminated the red mites. But in an unguarded moment he purchased the entire flock of a man about to move away. The result was that the red mites were introduced and caused much loss to the original flock. The whole purchased stock was worth.

Important Points in Poultry Care.

Cleanliness is essential to success with poultry. Young chicks should not be allowed to eat stale or sour food. The drinking water should be kept clean and should be changed frequently. Plenty of straw or leaves should be put in their houses, and a little grain of some kind scattered therein several times a day to keep them scratching. Be careful not to overfeed or to let them become too fat and will not lay. Avoid feeding too much corn in the warm months of the year. During the winter months it can be fed in the evening, as it supplies the necessary fat to keep them warm. For morning feed alternate soft mash with wheat or oats. Give also an occasional feed of vegetables either raw or cooked. They will be beneficial and much relished by the fowls.—J. R. Brabazon.

Poultry Gives Quick Returns.

One of the principal advantages in poultry production is that returns come quickly. With the exception of strawberries there is practically no crop of small fruits on which you can begin to realize in less than three years. A milk cow does not approach the full power of production short of three and a half years; apple trees do not begin to bear freely short of seven or eight years; and if you go in for formal reproduction, a realization of your investment does not come inside the life of half or even a whole generation. How is it with the hen? Three weeks from the setting of the egg you have a batch of chickens; from four to four and a half months from hatching, the cockerels are ready for the market, and in five to five and a half months the pullets will begin to lay.—A. G. Gilbert.

Another Milking Machine.

Fruit Victoria, Australia, comes a report that a new milking machine is being tried there. In a recent trial it took five minutes to milk a cow and the machine was found to be very time. The cups that fit over the teats of the cows are made on the pulsator plan, and reproduce the pulsator movement of a calf's tongue in the teat. The force used is steam, and the pressure 40 or 50 pounds. The steam pumps out of the air and forms a vacuum in the milking pail. By a momentary admission of air the pulsation is produced. It is claimed that the machines are very easily cleaned.

What Do Your Cows Pay You?

A creameryman of the Egin district made the statement that among his patrons were some who did now and never had realized more than \$35 as an average per year from each of the cows of their herds. He told of one patron who takes the trouble to keep an account of the feed he gives his cows and the receipts from milk and his average is \$35. One other patron, who has none but common cows, realized no more than the above sum from the feeding of the feed he gives them. He was one of those patrons who, if he wanted to stay in town until 10 o'clock at night he did so, and the feeding of his half dozen cows was done after he got home. He had no particular knowledge about feeding, but when he finally came to believe that he could make money by following the creameryman's advice, he went to work to learn and do his work properly. He succeeded in bringing his common cows up to being \$55 instead of \$35 cows.—Chicago Dairy Produce.

Woman is the weaker vessel only while she remains unmarried.

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Judge Was Annoyed

Old Gentleman Had Lived Too Long to Enjoy Playing Poker for the Drinks.

The late Judge Treat was a gentleman of the old school, and held by the manners and customs of the rapidly disappearing code of a former generation. An amusing story of his views on what he sometimes characterized with more of humor than of cynicism as the degenerate method of a decadent day, is told by his friends in Rochester. The judge was joyfully admitted to membership in one of the most exclusive clubs in that city, and after the election appointment at the clubhouse and began to make himself acquainted to his surroundings. He wandered from room to room, and at last passed into the apartment reserved for cards. Three or four tables were filled up, and the judge stood by and watched the game. Suddenly he started precipitately toward the door, and going downstairs, met one of the board of governors.

"My dear Judge," said the club officer, "I assure you," again broke in the officer with a laugh of forced lightness upon his lips. He was getting nervous for the club had a high reputation for its moral tone, and upon gambling and the suspicion thereof it turned its face resolutely. "I beg you, sir, to excuse me," the judge continued, "but I was naturally interested in that conversation. Now, sir, I would like to ask you, sir, if those gentlemen were in earnest."

The judge rose to his full height. "I will enjoy it, sir, do you say," he thundered to the astonished governor of the club's reputation. "I take the liberty of differing with you, sir. I have learned what I was seeking for. You have given me the desired information. Sir, I have played poker with Ulysses S. Grant and with William Tecumseh Sherman, sir; and by God, sir, I am not going to play it now for the cigars and the drinks at my age, sir."

He Caught the Horse

Chicago Chauffeur Utterly Unable to See Humor of Most Amusing Situation.

This story might be called "The Mishaps of F. C. Greene and His Devil Machine." It is a true story, and is the chief of conversation at the Chicago Automobile club. Several days ago Mr. Greene, who is a prominent member of the club, was on his way to work when he was overtaken by a man who called himself "Michigan" and who had been sitting near the horse rose up and denounced the chauffeur. Mr. Greene laughed at him and sped away.

"Get out of that thing or I'll fill you full of lead," commanded the farmer. Mr. Greene's relative began screaming. The farmer leveled the weapon and fired. Mr. Greene got out of the auto. "Now, then," said the agriculturist, "I ain't succeeded in ketching that there horse yet. Maybe you kin do better'n me. He's brown'n round on that head and neck yonder. You go git him, an' I'll follow you with this gun. It's a new gun, by the way, an' ain't likely to miss fire." Mr. Greene protested that he knew nothing about capturing horses and offered to pay the man whatever damage he thought had been done him, but the farmer wouldn't listen to any propositions and so the chauffeur had to start out after the horse.

Retired Army Officer Tells Fellow Clubmen of Gruesome Experience in the West.

A silence deep and profound had fallen upon the quiet around the table on the broad veranda of the country club. It was broken by the retired army officer.

Dined With Cannibals

once an unwilling witness of a cannibalistic feast. The Toronto man was enlisted in the Confederate army, where he was captured by the Shawnees, who had espoused the cause of the Union, and in the battle which followed several Shawnees were captured. I took them into their hands. On the day following the battle one of these Shawnee captives was killed, cut into small sections, and boiled in a pot. Then the whole tribe, about two hundred of them, feasted on the grisly feast. The tribe is almost extinct now, but there are still about fifty of them on a reservation near their old hunting grounds.

QUEER CUSTOMS OF CHINESE

Liquids Sold by the Pound and Cloth by the Foot.

In China liquids are sold by weight and grain by measure. John buys soup by the pound and cloth by the foot. A Chinaman never puts his name outside of his shop, but paints inside a motto, or a list of his goods on his vertical signboard. Some of the queer customs are frequently asked such as, "One word hall." "A child two feet high would not be cheated."

Power From Artesian Well.

St. Augustine, Fla., has an oddity in the way of industrial machinery in the shape of a water-power wheel driven by an artesian well, the only wheel of the kind in America. It supplies power to a woodworking shop. The wheel is 16 feet in diameter, the water is 240 feet deep. Since the well does not supply power enough, however, a second well has been driven near by to reinforce the present one. The new well is eight inches in diameter.

Field of Crystallized Salt.

In the middle of the Colorado desert, a little to the north of the Mexican border, and 264 feet below the level of the sea, lies a field of crystallized salt more than a thousand acres in extent, presenting a surface as white as snow, and beneath the noonday glare of the sun so dazzling that the naked eye cannot stand its radiance. It stretches away for miles and miles about Salton Col., an ocean of blazing, blistering white.

A One-Legged Champion.

Here is a curious challenge which was recently published in England: "I am 20 years old, 5 feet 2 inches in height and I weigh 140 pounds. My left leg has been amputated below the knee, but I am, nevertheless, ready to box any man in the world who has only one leg." A boxing match between two one-legged men would be a novel sight, and there is no doubt it would attract a large crowd.

OPINION

Seventeen Years in a Wooden Cage.

In a village in the province of Vermont, Broderick woman has just been discovered clad in a single garment and shut up in a wooden cage, which she has never left for seventeen years. Having become mad, she was entrusted by her family to the care of some peasants, who undertook to look after her for \$60 a year. When released she was dreadfully emaciated, and in an indescribably filthy condition.

Clock Run by a Geyser.

A curious clock is described as having been recently put into commission in a small western town. The machinery, which is nothing but a face, hands and lever, is connected with a geyser, which shoots a column of hot water every thirty-eight seconds. This shooting never varies to the tenth of a second. Every time the water spurts up it strikes the lever and moves the hands forward thirty-eight seconds.

Gold in Streets of Denver.

While a trench was being dug in one of the streets of Denver the other day it was found that the gravel taken out carried gold, and a number of dollars' worth of the yellow metal was panned out. The find caused great excitement, and the police had to interfere to prevent the gravel from being carried away bodily and the streets being torn up.

Lost Town in Texas.

Washington county, Texas, is a curious county. Thirteen towns that used to be located in the county have disappeared from the face of the earth. The first county seat of Washington county was Mt. Vernon and it went the way of flesh many years ago. Some of the towns were the rivals of Sodom and Gomorrah and were wiped out by fire.

Won Fortune on Counterfeit Note.

One of the jokers at Monte Carlo a few nights ago having won in a private game all the money in the possession of a certain noble, proceeded to hide it in a small sack, and to pay him with a rather clever counterfeit note. The loser had the note changed in all good faith, went to the public tables and won a small fortune before the same night was over.

Keeping Milk in Labrador.

Cows are scarce in Labrador, because it is difficult to keep them in the extremely cold weather. The natives procure their milk for the winter and then kill their cows. The milk is kept in barrels, which are never turned sour throughout the entire season. When one wishes to use any milk he has simply to go to the barrel and cut out a slice.

Girl Couldn't See the Jobs.

Ralph Craydon of Melbourne, Australia, made a wager some months ago that he could become engaged to a certain girl after a half hour's talk with her. He won the bet—it was one of the most curious engagements to the satisfaction of the young lady, who has just secured a verdict for \$5,000 against Craydon for breach of promise.

A Valuable Statue.

A wonderful statue adorns a public square in Yokohama. It is a seated image of the god Diabutus, and its height is 63 1/2 feet. The total weight of this great statue is 450 tons, 500 pounds of which are pure gold.

The Smallest Village.

Probably the smallest village in the United Kingdom is Bagley Wood, about 100 miles from London. It is a hamlet of only four houses, and the name of a hermit, and has only four inhabitants now.

The Old Instruments.

"The sackbut, the shawms and the psaltery," said a musician, "are musical instruments not much used today. I have, however, fine specimens of each sort in my collection at the studio. The shawm is a musical instrument of the oboe class; it has a double reed inserted in a slender mouthpiece. In literature, for some reason, it is only used in the plural number. You see in Beaumont and Fletcher, the Bible and in Chaucer the frequent mention of 'shawms,' but no mention of 'shawm.' The sackbut is a medieval trombone—a long, bent tube with a movable slide. Sackbut, by the way, comes from the old French words 'sacques' and 'buche,' and its literal meaning is belly-emptier, for the old French word meant a bellows. The psaltery is a kind of zither—a little harp that the player held upon his lap. Another ancient instrument now no longer used is the recorder—a kind of bagpipe, with seven holes, or stops, and a mouthpiece."—Philadelphia Record.

Compassion for a Spy.

"After the fight at Mission Lane our surgeons cared for the rebel wounded as well as our own. One rebel, shot through both legs, was brought to Dr. H. C. Goodbrain, and while the doctor was amputating the legs he recognized the wounded man as one who had visited our camp some days before selling pies. After the operation, the doctor said: 'How do you sell pie?' and realizing the full import of the question, the poor fellow begged the doctor not to expose him. The truth was, he had come to the camp as a spy, disguised as a countryman, selling pies, and the doctor, feeling that his principles were so severely enough kept his secret."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Russia's Military Balloons.

Russia now possesses a school of military ballooning.

Germany's Standing Army.

Germany, at the end of 1902, will have a standing army of 485,000 men.

"A rolling stone gathers no moss" but it enters the atmosphere.