

Campfire Tales

YESTERDAY.

It is not far to Yesterday—
And there we turn our eyes
To see the past, and memories
In pleasing pictures rise.
The faded roses of to-day
Grown rich and with dew,
And where gray clouds are spreading
nowhere.
We see the skies of blue.

It is not far to Yesterday—
The sunshine always beams—
To-day we close our eyes and see
Our Yesterday in dreams;
To-day we hear the long-drawn song
Of its cadence, and know why it made
Our Yesterday all grand.

A little way to Yesterday—
Yet Yesterday has its tears,
To-morrow has its fears—
To-day—to-morrow—What of them,
What we can do to-day?
That leads us to the golden land—
The land of Yesterday!

It is not far to Yesterday;
With glamour of the rose;
With haunting echo of the song
That thrilled us to the core.
To-morrow and To-day are loss—
Their workmen and their gloom;
And each will soon be Yesterday
With melody and bloom.

A NEGRO PATRIOT

Notable among the colored heroes of the revolution was brave Austin Dabney of Georgia. His owner bravely refused to shoulder a flintlock, but the negro offered to enlist, and, after some discussion, the owners enrolled him. He was one of the heroic black who faced the charge of the Seventy-first Highland regiment at Blackstock's farm, and turned the crack troops of Europe in open field with rifle and musket against the bayonet, and at Kettle Creek Dabney was severely wounded. After the war he was pensioned by the United States government and received grants of land from Georgia. For gallant service in the field he was freed by an act of the state legislature and his value paid from the public funds. Grateful to the white family who named him when he was born, he earned money to educate their eldest son, and wept with joy when the youth was admitted to the bar. Fitting into Savannah to draw his pension he humbly fell to the rear of the white men he bore company. Gov. James Jackson, himself the owner of many slaves, saw Dabney, rushed out, shook his companion in arms by the hand, and had him lodged in his "quarters" or row of houses where the servants lived.—Levi's Monthly.

A Gettysburg Monument.



One of the monuments at Gettysburg erected by the people of the great New England state to commemorate the valor of their volunteer soldiers.

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC

"The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here." The above memorable words were spoken by the immortal Lincoln at the dedication of the battlefield of Gettysburg, Nov. 19, 1863. Two great armies met there and fought the greatest battle in history—a fair field and about equal numbers on a side, about 100,000 each. The army of the South, named the army of northern Virginia, fought under the leadership of their favorite Gen. R. E. Lee, and flushed with their victories at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. The Army of the Potomac battled under the leadership of Gen. George G. Meade, who had been in command only three days, July 1, 2 and 3, 1863. Both armies were in a death grasp.

MONUMENT TO GEN. GIBSON

"They are going to build a monument to Gen. William H. Gibson in Ohio," said the major, "and it ought to be a big one. I remember Gibson before the war, when he ranked as the most eloquent man in the New Republican party. My boy's heart went out to him when he was dismissed from the State Treasurer's office because of the defalcation of another man. There were a lot of us youngsters who grieved over the enforced silence of Gibson in the campaign of 1860 and who rejoiced when the cloud lifted from his personality in 1861."

When Gibson announced that he would raise a regiment for the Union service over 400 men in his county came to him. His fervid, picturesque oratory was heard again in central Ohio, and over 700 Ohio-born men served in his regiment. The Forty-ninth Ohio, under Gibson, was the first fully organized Union regiment.

LISCOM'S GREAT BRAVERY

Among the interesting figures at the recent naval maneuvers at New London was a signal corps sergeant named Ackers, who lays claim to one of the most remarkable war records in the army. At Manila, in China and in the west he has seen service. At the time of the Chinese campaign he was chief telegraph operator of the American forces. During the battle before Tientsin Ackers was sent with a message to Colonel Liscom of the Ninth Infantry, whose regiment was under heavy fire. The orders were to retreat.

"I brought the word to Liscom," said Ackers, in telling the story. "Liscom's fighting blood was up, and he was mad at the idea of retreating. Turning to me he gave me about the worst wiggling I ever received. There we stood out in the open, with the bullets flying in all directions and the

colonel sailing into me for fair. Of course, I had to stand up to attention, and it wasn't the most comfortable position in the world with about 50,000 Chinese shooting at us."

"Well, Liscom had just about finished with one tack and was beginning another when all of a sudden he doubled up and went down in a heap in front of me. I think that was the end of a wiggling. The sheer nerve of the man to stand up there and call me down as if we were in barracks while bullets were whizzing on all sides was wonderful, but it cost him his life."

Originally a new flavor given to old-fashioned cocktail.

I have more fear of a hypocritical old cuss than I have of a hardened old sinner.

ANDREW JACKSON'S SWORD

The acting mayor is in receipt of a letter from S. B. Pearson of Stephenville, Tex., stating that he has a sword which was worn by Gen. Andrew Jackson during the war of 1812. After the battle of New Orleans Gen. Jackson presented it to Capt. Robert Fenner for bravery displayed during the battle. Capt. Fenner, Mr. Pearson writes, had a brother or first cousin, who was a resident of New Orleans, and whose name was Dr. Erasmus Fenner, a practicing physician. Mr. Pearson further writes that he has been

DAY OF MANY MEMORIES

Memories of the dark days of the public, when deeds of valor and sublime heroism were a part of the daily life of every brave citizen-soldier, we recalled and thrillingly recounted with choked voices, with hand-claps or merry laughs by the hundreds of Union veterans assembled in Washington. It was the day of annual reunions of the many branches of the Grand Army—the day upon which the

JOHN BROWN'S CAPTOR

Col. William A. Banks is dead at his home in Bryan, Tex., at the age of 59 years. He was a native of Virginia and a graduate of Washington and Lee University. His life was spent in educational work, and he was eminently successful in Virginia.

A Three Days' Jag

On Sulphuric Acid.

Ex-Representative Morgan of Missouri tells a good story about an old timer in the state of the muddy water. When he first settled down to practice the town boasted of a drug store run by one of his friends. The store had a soda fountain and back of this, with the bottles of liquids otherwise medicinal, was placed a bottle of whisky. In the town was an octogenarian, known as Uncle Billy. It was Uncle Billy's habit to step into the drug store every morning, pass behind the counter, and help himself to a tumbler of whisky.

"Good mornin'," he always said, and "Good mornin', Uncle Billy," everybody said to him. That was about all that passed in a conversational way as he made his regular morning call.

One morning Uncle Billy had made his regular visit to the habitat of the whisky bottle, and was just disappearing through the door when the druggist discovered that Uncle Billy had drunk out of the wrong bottle. He had taken his potion from a bottle of sulphuric acid. Well, the druggist was almost panic-stricken. Uncle Billy had gotten out of sight, meantime, and the druggist closed the door of his shop, and in fear and trembling sent for his friend, the struggling young lawyer who later represented the state in congress. When told the situation

Morgan advised that the only thing to do was to open the doors just as if nothing had happened and to await developments.

Both momentarily expected word of Uncle Billy's death. Three days passed and no word came. Finally they were about to conclude that he had dropped dead from his dose of the poison in some obscure spot where no one had yet come along to discover him, when Uncle Billy, looking a little the worse for wear, but smiling all over, walked in rather nervously. The druggist was beside himself with joy.

"Glad to see you, Uncle Billy," he exclaimed, and repeated. "I am certainly glad to see you this morning. I've got a bottle of the finest brand of whisky I want you to try."

"Sorry," answered Uncle Billy, "but the fact is the last time I was here I got some that was a little bit different from anything I ever had before. But it was the finest I ever tasted, and I think I will stick to that."

And the old man, who, instead of being killed by the poison, had gotten a three days' jag on it, insisted on being allowed to sample the sulphuric acid again.

A practical joke is a fool's cowardly insult.

Life's Plans Seem Sadly Out of Joint.

If, indeed, the intention was that life should mean happiness, how sad has been the blundering! For consider, for one thing, the pitiful ignorance which has resulted in such tragic suffering to humanity. As a matter of fact, man has been cheated of his birthright, supposing him entitled to happiness, for he has not been compelled, unaided, to wrestle with the problem of fitting himself to his environment? Through long ages, by sweat of brow, travail of spirit and onerous physical toil, he has struggled to adjust himself to conditions into which he was thrust. He found no paradise of happiness free to all. Life is a perpetual struggle, not elysium, says Vogue. Not only have millions been the victims of hideous slavery, but the whole race, from all time, has suffered cruelly because of ignorance, the most pathetic phase of this suffering being the unpremeditated cruelty and injustice which results from ignorant parentage. Can those who claim happiness as a birthright explain why sentient beings are predestined for

happiness are not put in the way of achieving it? For instance, is the fate which is supposed to dispense happiness asleep, or gone on a journey, that it permits northern capitalist unholly love of money to combine with southern parental greed for the torture of children, in the process of mill money getting? If happiness be the designated portion for humanity, then are life's plans sadly out of joint, for the most cunning of malevolent spirits could not possibly devise greater variety or more lacerating kinds of misery than those which human beings in all grades of society are made to experience. Apart from the inevitable personal sorrows which affect all, how is it possible for any but the very young or the very selfish to be happy in a world where the majority are miserable because of disease, little health, dire poverty, incapacity, onerous labor, or cruel anxiety? Life as discipline for character-building is an inspiring conception. Life as an abortive happy hunting ground is an appalling theory.

Some of the Popular Cures for Rheumatism.

American men of science have returned to an old cure for rheumatism, in the shape of bee stings. The scientific explanation is that a bee when stinging injects formic acid which is a cure for rheumatism. What probably happens is that the patient, after having sat for some time on the beehive, gets all about the rheumatism.

It is probably the long continuance of damp weather which has inspired so many newspaper correspondents to give the world just now their notions on cures for rheumatism. We referred briefly the other day to the American revival of cure by bee stings—a measure heroic enough to please every Simon Stylites in the world; and now we are told in the press of a cure by means of a mole's foot worn next to the skin, suspended from the neck by a silken cord so that it hangs a little below the chest. In many jewelers' shops one may see "rings for rheumatism," it being a common faith among even educated people that a metal ring worn on the little finger of

the left hand is a cure infallible. But of all these notions the most interesting and probably the most popular in England is that known by the name of the potato cure, as the London Globe says. It is said that if a person suffering from rheumatism will carry a potato about with him he will find himself free from pain and distress. It is asserted that a potato carried in the pocket of a rheumatic person will speedily become as hard as a rock, while in the keeping of a person free from the complaint it remains in its ordinary condition. Therefore it would appear as if the explanation of "faith" in this case does not apply—as it would perhaps in the matter of charms. So far as we know, science has no pronounced judgment on the potato cure, but it would certainly be interesting to obtain a scientific explanation of the hardening of the potato.

Revenge may be sweet if one could forget.

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VOLUNTEERS FOR THE FRONT.

Embarrassing Mistake Made by a Visitor to Hayti.

That the character of the frequent revolutions in Hayti tends to distract the operators of business is attested by a story which has gained currency in the navy department during the last week. It emanated from a man who held, under one of the mushroom governments of Hayti, the post of admiral of the Haytian navy, the same office held by Admiral Killik, who is reported to have gone to the bottom with his ship, the Crete-a-Pierrot, when it was sunk by the German gunboat Panther.

The admiral was standing in the doorway of a hotel in Port au Prince in company with another American, who was familiar with Haytian customs.

Down the main street came a band of negroes. They were ignorant looking and seemed little inclined to march ahead, but were forced along against their wills by the persuasive powers of long black whips in the hands of brilliantly uniformed persons, evidently officers of the Haytian army.

"Who are those—convicts?" asked the admiral, turning to his friend.

The friend appeared surprised, for he had just finished talking of the revolution reported to be raging outside Port au Prince. "Why, no, indeed, they're not convicts," he replied. "They are volunteers going to the front."

Reasuram.

Dark her eyes; yet darker ever Is the darkness that they know, Gray the dust upon them lying Where the tinted daisies grow.

Fold and white; where friend or lover May not seek her, never come, Little hands so pale and listless, Singing mouth forever dumb.

In her breast the lotus flowers Bloom yet green in death's perfume Like their mistress, stilled to sleeping By the shadow of the tomb.

Ingenious Poachers.

Poachers in the Ardennes are ingenious. One had the heels of his boots fixed under his toes, so that his tricks appeared to be going in an opposite direction. Hares and other game are sent to Brussels in skins of butter, so that the scents shall not betray them.

Horses Need Steady Work.

The horses that are best able to stand hard drains are those which work steadily every day in the week.

Volunteers for the front.

Embarrassing mistake.

Volunteers for the front.

Volunteers for the front.