WAR'S BRAVEST DEEDS.

Recollections of Episodes of Heroism by Land and Sea.

Stirring Contributions From Colonel N. T. Willis, Major Alfred R. Calhoun, and Captains Number of a Notable Series

It is proposed in the series of papers, of to give to the public for the first time and in men to the prowess, patriotism and chivalrous magnanimity of the American soldier. Thus those heroes who, by their individual deeds of daring, added there and enthusian to the conflict-some in distinguished and others in saying that he had serious notions of escaping, with a commission, and I have always rehouself redes will find their true place in the at which they laughed, garded his explait, as the bravest act that loving and admiring hearts of a united nation.

TOLD BY MAJOR A. R. CALHOUN. "By-you are the one man I want to see

The man, who wrung my hand and shouted this into my ear, was in the uniform of a Federal Captain of the Cavalry. He was about thirty years of ago, over six foot in height, and lean Ethe, and active as a tiger. His hair was cris; and yellow, his eyes blue, and but for the de termined and almost desperate expression of his face at this time, Captain George Walker, o Carter's Second East Tennessee Cavalry, fight in' for de Gov'ment," might have been thought handsome. As he addressed me in the prison per at Atlanta Ga .- this was in November 1863, i noticed that he was distinguished from the other prisoners by having a thick fron ring attucked to his right ankle. To the ring was fastened a heavy, rusty, iron chain, at the end

as if it were a to A year before this when, a boy of eighteen, I entered the army, I met Walker for the first named Ross, with a sergeant and guard came time at Somerset, Kentucky. At that time he in to count the prisoners: the process was About a week before the battle of Val Varde, was regarded as one of the most daring scouts known as "roll call." Some times Confeder— I was then a capitaln, I was ordered to report tained to the end.

of which there was an iron ball that weighed at

least a hundred pounds, but which he carried

You can't be a friend to be glad to see me | the "caged Yankees." the rain pouring down in torrents on the hunthere, the captain told me his story,

specially detailed. He was an East Tennessian | to be a Confederate private, he should out: and an intense Union man, so, at the first op portunity, deserted, made his way through to listed in Carter's regiment.

His courage, intelligence, and knowledge of so be you don't mind." the people and geography of the mountain country, made him an invaluable scout. He you, and go to the front, where you'll see palgn when he was captured and taken on to Turner motioned his guest to the door. Atlanta, from which point the prisoners were



"YOU ARE THE ONE MAN I WANT TO SEE

sent north to Libby and Belle Isle. At Atlanta, Walker was recognized by some of his former associates, separated from the other prisoners, tried for desertion, and sentenced to death. This was Wednesday the 23d of November.

and he was to die on the Friday following. "But," he said, in conclusion, "if they shoot me, it must be on the wing, and I want you to

I told him I was ready, but I did not see how Leveld assist an unarmed man, hampered with a ball and chain, to scale the fifteen feet of surrounding stockade, with an armed guard every

fifteen paces. "I've filed the rivets and can get rid of the irons," he explained. "And with the help of a stretcher, that's inside, I can climb so as to get hold of the stockade, then I can pull myself

up, and swing over." But the guards!" I protested. "I want you and your friends to take care of

them," he said. In the middle of the stockade there was pile of bricks, the chimney of a house that had been burned down, "All the guards are green," continued Walker, "and if just at twelve, you could get our boys to heave beicks down at the other end, they'd run there from their posts and leave me a clear front to the south. They have a camp, with five thousand men in it outside, but if I'm shot running through it'll be a d-n sight better

than standin' up to the thing blindfolded, you I at once told Walker's purpose to a score or more men, whom I could trust, and I found every one of them ready to risk his life to help their comrade. I was with him when the guards called out "Half past eleven and all's well!" He freed himself from the chain, and I bade him "good-by and God speed."

I went to the men, whom I found crouching on the wet ground with bricks in their arms, I never feit so peryous before, and I was amazed at the Captain's splendid nerve and coolness. At length the shout went round the stockade, "Twelve o'clock and all's well! That was the signal. On the instant, thirty men rose and began to "heave bricks," With cries of alarm, the guards fired wildly into the stockade, and rushed in a body to the point of nttnek:

Walker's one chance had come; the space to the south was clear. I rose and watched him by the dim light of the dead line lamps. He ran to the stockade, placed the stretcher against it, mounted, seized the top of the logs, and was over, with the speed and grace of a grey-hound. We could hear the firing along se trail, and the distant cheer, that told us by

/as free of the camp.

The Confederates, who hurried into the penfound a ball and chain, with no Walker at the end. The gallant fellow reached the Union ines in safety, and, strange to say, no a man Nas injured by the firing of the guard. ALPRED R. CALHOUN.

TOLD BY CAPTAIN GEORGE P. SINGER. Thoresare different qualities of physical courand I have seen them, who, in company, would slab-sided young man, who spoke but little, him, and firing wildly as they ran,

to the state of the

and that little with a drawl, and who in ap- | My first impression was, that the fugitive pearance and manner was far from being an ideal soldier. He had a fair reputation in his in the act of deserting to our lines. But be and Berks counties.

part of 1864. He, with a large number of his man headed, the shouts and the shots increas-regiment, had been captured at Gettysburg, I solieve; and eight months in prison had re- swollen, ice-covered current, he dove in, withduced his uniform to rags. At this time, the out an instant's hesitation. Richmond authorities permitted the friends of George P. Singer and Edward Dawn-Fifth flag of truce, boxes containing food and cloth- during swimmer our rifles opened on the ing, provided the clothing was such as is worn by citizens.

Eupp was fortunate in getting a box, and in which the following forms the fifth number cloth of which looked as if it were made at be killed before he reached our side. He was home; there was no doubt that the tailoring was authentic form, by a large number of distin- dove there. Drossed in this butternut costume wished contributors, the stories of the most. | the Heutenant bore a striking resemblance to signal deeds of individual herotsm and self- one of those North Carolinians so familiar to his aid. sucrifice occurring under their personal ob- all at the front. Indeed, his friends in "the servation while in the service, either by land Upper East Room," called him a "Tar-heel," or sea, during the war of 1801. The collection, and made frequent inquiries about the last schen completed, will form a splendid monu- news from "North Killeny," which he bore with haracteristic good nature, if not actual

dam a powerful sight of private thinkin, daring, added lastre and enthusiasm to the and more than once he amused his friends by

Every morning at daylight a little clerk



here. I said, as we sat side by side on a log. One dult morning in early February the dandy, and Pfeiffer's rather plain exterior, in guards were going down the steps leading to difference to military ofiquette, as well as his gry, poorly-clad men in blue about us; but sit- the office of Turner, the commandant, on the brusqueness of manner did not proposess me in ground floor in the west end of the building. his favor, but my opinion was destined to be When the war broke out, he was working at when, to the unspeakable amazement of all suddenly changed. his trade in the machine shop of the Georgia who saw the act, Kupp fell in behind them. Central Railroad, at Atlanta. Every man cap- The guards passed directly through Major able of hearing arms was at oncomustered into Turner's quarters and out to the street; but the service of the Confederacy, and those here Kupp hung back. After a few minutes needed for other duties, like Walker, were the commandant entered, and supposing him

"Hello! What the devil do you want?" "Waal," drawled Kupp, "I got a furlough Camp Dick Robinson in Kentucky, and en- to come up to Richmond, and so I thought I'd like to drop in and take a look at the Yanks, if

"But I do mind! Get out of here, confound was on special duty in the Chicamauga, cam- Yankees enough to scare you to death," and Kupp said "all right Kernal," and left the prison by order of his keeper.

An ordinary man would have made tracks as oon as he got out, but not so Kupp. The man had no nerves, no fitting sense of the danger of his situation. He crossed to the other side of Carey Street, and stood looking up at the bars behind which swarmed his astonished friends. At length, he lifts his hat and made a bow that et even the guards a laughing. He deserved o get through and he did. Up to this time Kupp's escape ranks first in my memory of all the acts of cool during witnessed during the

TOLD BY CAPTAIN EDWARD DAWN.

I saw hard service, from Mill Springs, in Kentucky, till the surrender of General "Joe Johnson, in North Carolina, but, at the risk of being considered "odd." I will venture the statement that the finest deeds of daring were not those exhibited on great battlefields, and, ecouse of this, many of them will pass away unrecorded. For instance, there is the case of Sergeant James Owens, of the First Kentucky, which I think the most thrillingly daring incident of the war, and I am glad of the opportunity to keep it from sinking into

In November, 1863, two division of the Ninth orps were besteged in Knoxville, East Tennessee, by General Longstreet. I was in the besieged city at the time with a company of dismounted cavalry. The weather was bitterly cold, rations were reduced and uncertain, and there was a protty general feeling that if relief did not soon reach us from Chattanooga, that

we would be starved into a surrender. It will be remembered that immediately after the battle of Missionary Ridge, General Sher man was ordered to march north with all speed nd relieve Burnside, and it was all-important that Burnside should know that relief was coming. After much searching a man was ound, who knew the country as well as if he and built it, and who was ready to carry the nows of coming help to the beleaguered gar-

A brave heart a good horse, and fine roads were desirable, but the first of these was the only necessity sergeant James Owens of the First Kentucky had. All the horses were reduced to skeletons and the roads were fright ful. In addition to these drawbacks, the scout must travel in disguise, for to venture outside he Union lines in the regular uniform would have been a sort of suicide. Owens must go as a Confederate. He was as intelligent as he was brave, and so knew that this was an undertaking on which even the commander-in-chief of the cause, he volunteered promptly, as soon | battle,

as he learned what was needed. erate cavalry swarmed in the country over of the number. which Owens must ride alone, and after this was successfully done, there were the well guarded lines of Longstreet, which must be passed before his mission was ended.



"HE DOVE IN WITHOUT A MOMENT'S HESI-TATION.

Once outside the Union lines, the sergeant was a Confederate in appearance, but a spywith a balter awaiting blm, if detected. He kept away from the direct roads, repre senting to the casual bands he met up with that he was on his way to join Longstreet After traveiling constantly for thirty hours, his horse dropped under him, and he shot the

peor creature to put it out of misery; then he resumed his journey on foot.

Just at day break on the morning of Nov. 28th, I was in command of the pickets along the Hois ton River, when I was startled by hearing yells and shots on the other side where the enemy's pickets had been very quiet. While I was wondering what the uproar meant, I could see in the indistinct light a man running like a deer for the river, with a lot of other men on foot, and a few mounted, were speeding after him, and firing wildly as they ran.

and then my service will become a matter of duty.

And so the galiant fellow "volunteered to be of detailed," for this dangerous and trying service.

He stood by his captain's cot, as his regiment marched away, leaving them in the woods to fall into the hands of the enemy.

The captain's wound, though well high more tal, was nealed, and Mr. Coomes was then sent to prison where he languished for many meaths and the first days in the wood and a feather of the duty.

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The total variable away leaving them in the woods to fall into the hands of the stood by his captain's cot, as his regiment marched away, leaving them i I was in command of the pickets along the Hols ton River, when I was startled by hearing yells age, just as there are of cloth. There are men, and shots on the other side where the enemy's rush with a shout upon a battery, but who, if , wondering what the uproar meant, I could alone, would be incapable of anything like see in the indistinct light a man running like reckless daring. Lieutenant Kupp, of the a deer for the river, with a lot of other men Eighty-Eighth Pa. Voluntoers, was a tall, lank, on foot, and a few mounted, were speeding after

regiment, in which there were a great many hat as it might, the fact that they were trying sturdy "Pennsylvania Dutch," from Reading to kill him, was to us sufficient reason for trying to save him, and on the instant, we opened I first saw Kupp in Libby Prison in the early | fire on the pursuers. Straight for the river, the

By this time, our firing had called out the prisoners, in the North, to send through under | nearest regiment, and over the head of the enemy, who, instead of returning our fire, still directed their attention to the fugitive.

The bullets cut, and splashed, and richoch the box there was a suit of brown clothes, the cited about him, and it seemed that he must about a hundred feet from the bank when he suddenly stopped and threw up one hand. On the instant two men leaped in and hurried to They brought him to the shore, with his left,

arm broken. He was carried out of fire, looking like a dying man, but inspired by his purpose, Owens, before he fainted, had the strength to reveal himself, and to cheer the in iff sence. But all the time Kupp was troops at Knoxville with the thrilling news that Sherman was pressing north to our relief. Owens survived the struggle and came out

> came under my notice during the war. EDWARD DAWN.

TOLD BY LT.-COLONEL N. T. WILLIS. Only those who are entirely familiar with the detailed history of the whole war, are aware of the fact that the tide of battle swept West till dashed its red spray on the foot hills of the Rocky Mountains. In the summer of 1862, the Confederate General, Sibley, with some ten housand men, invaded New Mexico from Texas. 'The Second California and the Second New Mexico Cavalry, of the latter regiment the famous frontiersmen Kit Carson was the colonel, with a few hundred regulars, were our unda reliance to hold the investon in check till the Colorado troops could come to our assist-

The Heutenant colonel of Carson's regiment was a Hollander, named Pfeiffer, and he was certainly one of the most kindly-hearted as well as the most gallant man I ever met. Enamored of frontier life, Pfeiffer, the son of a wealthy father, saffed from Heiland and came to the far West soon after leaving college, and, at this time he had been Kit Carson's constant companion for more than twenty-five years.

in our service, and this reputation he main- are soldiers on leave in Nichmond, and even with my troop to Lieutenant Colonel Pfeiffer. private citizens came in with the guard to see | for scouting duty in the direction of the enemy, I was young at the time, and inclined to be



"HE REACHED THE BUGLER.

We had been out for three days, without see ing a trace of the enemy, and when we went into camp the third evening, our Mexicas scouts, very skilful, but far from reliable, as I soon learned, reported that there was no armed enemy within a day's march. Of course we took all the guard precautions, but the mosimid did not dream of an attack. I should say here that all Carson's calisted men and many of the officers were native New Mexicans,

There was a hint of day in the east, the next orning, when our pickets fired, and came rushing into camp, shouting at the top of their voices: "Los Texicanos! Los Texicanos!" and many leaped on their horses without waiting to saddle, and dashed away.

Fortunately our camp was surrounded by masses of volcanic rock that made an excellent natural defence, and hurrying behind these we opened such a fire on the Texans as arrested the onset and forced them to fall back to the protection of similar rocks, about three hun dred yards away; our camp had been in the intervening space.

A number of our men had been killed and wounded before we could get under cover, and among the latter was a bugler of Pfeiffer's regiment, a handsome lad of sixteen. The day that followed was blistering hot, and the bugler, shot through the legs, began about noon to call piteously for water. The poor lad's appeals were heart-rending, but to go to his scue meant death.

'My God! I can't stand Pedro's cries any longer!" This I heard from Pfeiffer, and the next instant be had leaped over the rocks and was hurrying to where the bugler lay.

The enemy fired and I expected to see the gallant officer fall every moment. He reached the bugler, stooped, and took him up in his arms. The instant his purpose became known, and he turned back, the enemy ceased firing. Not only that, but as soon as the daring man reached our lines, the Texans sent up an anproving cheer, showing that, even in the heart of battle they could appreciate an act of selfsacrificing herotam. N. T. WILLIA.

TOLD BY CONGRESSMAN JOHN F. LACEY. Reminiscences of deeds of bravery of the late idmself could not order him, yet, for the good | war usually embrace only acts of chivalry in

I have seen so many instances of cool daring Wheeler's, Wharton's and Morgan's Confed. under fire that it is hard to single one out

Af such times the excitement of the moment, he pride of distinction, the admiration or applause of comrades brace up a soldier's nerves to deeds of heroism.

When Napoleon's attention was called to the blanched cheek of a soldier who was marching up in the face of a battery he said, "There is a brave man, he knows and realizes fully bis danger, but yet he faces it."

I will relate a simple incident of an act of intent heroism after a battle was over. Jenkin's Ferry Ark., April 30, 1861, was a bloody field, and Ruben Coomes, of Co. "C" 38d lows, tought as gallantly as any of his comrades. His captain, A. J. Constock, was dangerously

Rock, and Caut. Comstock must be left to fall into the hands of the enemy.

He asked if any of bis company would volunteer to stay with him. Had a foreorn hope been called for to lead a charge many would have disputed for the place of honor. But to fall into the enemy's hand meant that when the service of the nurse was no longer needed the soldier would be sent to the prison pen of Tyler, Texas. In 1861 the horror of prison life was a nightmare to the Union soldier.

Mr. Coomes came forward, said he "I cannot robusters to fermain here, my family at home are very dear to me, and if I should nover return from the enemy's lines, they would feel that I had sacrificed my life which belongs to them as much as to one. But let me be detailed, and then my service will become a matter of duty."

Mistress of the White House Pictured by a Personal Friend.

REAL MRS. CLEVELAND.

Stately, Courteous, Tactful and Witty-Her Hatred of Gossip-Mongers-How She Entertains the "Smart Set" in Washington Society-Her Domestic Frugality-Inquisitive Nuisances and Curiosity-Seekers.

(Copyright by the Wilson Press Syndicate, 1894). Washington, Feb. 17.-It is all but ten years since the young graduate of Wells' College took her place beneath the Bacharat crystal chandelier in the Red Room of the Executive Mansion, to await the ceremony that was to unite her in bonds of holy matrimony to the then recently elected President. As she stood there in her beautiful gown, with her dark, oft hair, intense glowing eyes and almost girl. ish femininity, she could hardly have been thought by a worldly-wise observer to give promise of great things. There are some women who are "warranted to run" until marriage; but that estate reached, there is no further development in them. But the young college girl was of quite different material. She simply moved onward, grasping each opportunfty as it came. When she came to live in the big White House, although a newlyfledged matron, with a good deal of the balo that covers such a character with a mysterious charm, she was true to the progressive instinct in her nature. She became rapidly Clevelandesque and now, in her second occupancy of charming Dolly Madison's old home, she has shown herself more so than eyer.

It is truly curious, at any rate from a woman's point of view, to note how unfallingly Mrs. Cleveland has met social success on every occasion. I think even the twittering sparrows that whisper together on the housetons could hardly find an exception. Punctitious etiquette never failed her nor was she everguilty of a social anachronism. Auxious to make a good impression on all those who came within the circle of her nesconal influence, while her husband was making official history, the young wife was equally intent on acaleying a social and kindly fame.

Something more than mere cordiality is needed to make a perfect hostess. Mrs. Cleveland, stately and condescending by turns, has this subtle charm, which one seeks in vain to define. As she speeds dainfilly down the spread ing stair-case of the old White House, that has held so many charming mistresses, her skirts giving forth a subdued from from and her firmlooking white hands held out, palms upward, in hearty greeting, hereyes are fixed on yours and her smiling lips are parted in gracious words-Presently you discover that she is an admirable listener, unwearled under the recital of the 'infinitely little," prompt with sympathetic rejoinder, tactful and witty. But whatever turn the conversation takes, one never fails to receive the impression of unruffled serenity and perfect breeding.

I had the good fortune to be honored, on a certain occasion, with an invitation to lunchcon, during the season when Congress was in session. The Capital as usual was in a mild sort of politico-social delirium. Washington luring the recess reminds one of what Henri Taine said of London as to its" being Sabbath every day of the week there." but while our capital inclines to play dead when Congress is not in session it is just as surely in a state of desirium when the statesmen are actually busy I arrived at the Executive Mansion at the appointed hour, to find some fifty other guestaully pointed hour, to find some fifty other guestaully pointed hour, to find some fifty other guestaully pointed hour, to find some fifty other guestaully prominent and noted in the social galaxy. There were Mrs. Admiral Upsher, who in the days of the last empire was renowned at the Court of Eugenie for her exalted style of beauty; Mrs. Phil, Shoridan, who as wife of the then commander in chief of the army, resident is Washington, was expected to appear Taine said of London as to its " being Sabbath

expected to write on a card their requests for interviews if they wished them. Our hostess amiably granted these peritions and chatted with us in sets of six or eight at a time. Each parlor would have a party and every party a parlor. The ceremony was quite simple and unoscentations. Mrs. Cleveland would come forward with a little rush, her skirts breezy about her, and giving her a somewhat too cere monious air, although the hostess herself was all graciousness and smiling case.

Looking into the diary kept by a daring goung person who was "in the swift mere a few winters ago, I found this written: "The Secretary of State and Mrs. Endicott gave Mrs. Cleveland a reception too night, I wasn't invited, nor were a lot of nice people whom I know so I tancy it is to be merely official." "Official" "Official" isn't the top crust, nor yet the plums beneath in the opinion of some of the "sinart set" in Wasnington. Mrs. Cleveland used to be at home unofficially on Tuesday mornings, to her more intimate friends, for an hour or so and these were the most delightful days. On one such occasion, we were among the last to leave the Real Room, Passing out to the hallway. such occasion, we were among the last to leave the Red Room. Passing out to the hallway we were getting on our outdoor wrape, when an usher was sent to detain us, and in a moment Mrs. Cleveland ran out from the parlor Putting out her hand with a pretty coaxing namer she said:
"De come back again for a few moments, to

manner she said:

"De come back again for a few moments, to hear the stranger perform. She promises to be a famous whistler.

I had already observed a little groupsnaggled away in a corner of the Red Hoom while the informal reception was going on, among them the lovely deaghter of the late Commander-inchief of the Confederate forces, Mies Mildred Lee. There were some strangers too, and there had been some discussion as to who they were. All doubt was set at rost when the principal stranger, at Mrs. Cleveland's request, placed herself at the open plano, struck a few preliminary chords, then gave us the aria from "Martha, accompanying the clearest sweetest most delicious whistle, I had ever heard. The privileged listeners were enchanted. Afterward when the whistler had executed several delightful selections and made her adieu to the Miatreas of the White House, the usher informed me in strictly confidential whispers, as we passed out, that "the lady had four children and a set of twins all of whom could whistle like the mother." This lady was Mrs. Shaw, who has since become famous here and abroad, and who is indobted for her initial encouragement to the young mistress of the White House, whose genius for doing the best thing at the right moment had happily taken that opportunity of introducing her to a little but highly appreciative audience of her own favored guests.

8. Cleveland would never consent to bring ty to "wooden nutnegs," but she has a been, notwithelanding, as actute as any a purty to "wooden nutmers," but she has always been, natwithstanding, as astute as any Yankes. I mean of course, in the sense of moral selection. Today, her course as mistress of the White House is instructive as touching the financial pressures and what should be a reasonable retrendment in our superlative extravagance. Moderation is the key-note of Mrs. Cleveland's alministration, the distinctive hallmark of the nursery, the kitchen, the salon, as well as of the personal expenditure in the minutine of her own dress. The economy of the French mesager is to spare a little here, prime a little there, save against the next necessity. Mrs. Cleveland is a methodical, allround manager, and a good book-keeper, as her necounts show, the entries all made by her own hand, with tidy precision. The does not believe that even a large become warrants avish expenditure or ultra-extravagant squandering. This subject coming up to general conversation, the has not infrequently reiterated her belief in the beauty of maderation. "Let us have not only the spirit, but the letter of the law, while the national treasury is under the present strain, and hanger and cold are ever the land," she has said quietly, and she herself sets the example of a good thrifty housewife.

conserved the example of a good thruly conserved. The atmosphers of the White House is charged with goesip on occasion, owing to the respectable goesip-mongers. Mrs. Cleveland fieldless this emphatically. Notwinhatanding per social ambitions she has an instinctive listage for publicity of the sort that haunts me prominent in affairs. That distaget, I need cardly say, has been intensited by the well-remembered explorations of the goesiping into he unknown or forgotten early manhood of the set Secretary Biaine and the campaign raids made by the unserupalous political opponents made by the unscrupulous political of her husband into his private life.



MES. CLEVELAND AND HER CHILDREN.

dmultaneously at various places, such were the from unknown embraces and the alarming

f pink.

I have rarely seen a prettier effect anywhere, to attain a perfect success, she had personally uperintended the preparation of the luncheon of that the whole occasion was really the result of her own handlwork.

superintended the preparation of the luncheon so that the whole occasion was really the result of her own handlwork.

Callers on Mrs. Cleveland, then as now, were am for the dinner, "Truth,"

Mas. Waters.—Are you anxious to carn a good dinner, my poor man!

Wearr Waters.—Not half as anxious as I was purred with a sense of haste, by some unhappy slight, she perhaps unadvisedly marries.

Such Women are Seldom Favorites with | possible results. If he is some old lover, weak

The Two Kinds of Women that Flease Men-Those the Latter Flirt With are Not the Ones They Marry The Winter of Discontent that Follows Wasted Opportunities-Telling Words frem Mrs. Amelia E. Barr.

It may be taken as a rule that women who re favorites with men, are very seldom favorites with their own sex. Wherever women congregate, and other women are under disussion, men's favorites are named with that tone of disapproval and disdain, which infers something not quite proper-something undesirable in the position. If specific charges are made, the "Favorite" will probably be called



an artful little filrt," or she will be "sly " or fast," Matrons will wonder what the men the smiles and sparkle. They may put the see in her face or figure; and the young girls will deplore her manners, or rather her want of nanners; or they will mercifully "hope there is nothing really wrong in her freedom, and boldness but"-and the sigh and shrug will deny the charitable hope, with all the emphasis neessary for her condemnation. For if a girlisa have expected nothing better, nothing morfavorite with the men of her own set, she is permenantly valuable. They tell themselves naturally disliked by the women, since she attracts to herself far more than her share of admiration, and the admiration of men. whether women acknowledge it or not, is the desire and delight of the feminine heart; just as the love of women is the desire and delight | " of the masculine heart.

In their social intercourse, two kinds of woman please men; the bright, pert woman, who says such things and does such things as no other woman would dare to say and do, and who is therefore very amusing; and the sympathetic woman who admires and parhaps loves thom. But these two great classes have wide and indefinite varieties and the hright little woman with her innocent audaclousness, and the graceful swan-nocked angel, with her final feelings and her softly spoken compliments are but types of species that have infinite peculiar-like and distinction. Therefore, before a girl commits hereeff to a course of frivolity and time-pleasing, which will fasten on her such a misnomer as a In their social intercourse, two kinds of but types of species that have infinite peculiar-

itles and distinctions. The two women sitting quietly in the same room, and dressed in the same orthodox fashion may not appear to be radically different, but as soon as conversation and dancing commences, the one in a frankly outsnoken way, says just what she thinks, and charms in the most undisquised manner while the other must be looked for in retired cerners, quiet and demure, listening with pensive adora tion to her companions eleverness, and flirting in that insidious way which sets other women's cheeks burning with indignation.

An absolutely womanly ideal for the purposes of flirtation or of platonic friendship-if such an emotion exists-is not supposable; for man s himself so many sided, that the woman who is perfect in one's estimation would be uninter esting in another's. It is, however, very cortain, that the women men flirt with are not the women men marry. Their social favorites are not the matrimonial favorites and therefore it is not a good thing for a girl's settlement that she should get the raputation of being a "gentlemen's favorite," It is rather a position to be avoided, for the brighest or sweetest girl with this character will likely mass her best years in charming all without being able to fix one lover to her side for life. This is the secret of the great number of plain married women whom everyone counts among their acquaintances. The position of a Favorite is no easy one,

She has to cultivate many qualities which should be put to better use and bring her more entisfactory results. She must have discrimination enough to value flirting at its proper value; for if she confounds love-making with Love, and takes everything au grand serieux. her reputation as a safe favorite would be serlously endangered. In her filrtations she must never permit herself to show whether she be hit or not. She must never suffer a fop to have any occasion for a heast. She must avoid every circumstance which would allow a feminine rival an opportunity for a sneer. She must be able to give, and take cheerfully; to one! concent every social wound and slight, and to se deaf to every disagreeable thing. In short,



not have ventured to clasp her shoe buckle.

If he happens to possess a firm will and a strong character, he will try to pull her sharply up to his mark, and there will be endless frictions and reprisals with all their in purpose, fatuous and brainless in his admiration then the foolish flirting virgin will like become a foolish flirting wife; and a miserah. emplaisance will bring forth its natural ou growth of contempt and dislike, and perhaps subminate in some flagrant social miscle

To be a favorite with men, is not then a desire ble honor for any woman. They will admir her loveliness, sun themselves in her smiles and catch a little ephemeral pleasure and glorin her favor; but they will not marry her. An the reason, though not very evident to a thoughtless girl, is at least a very real and powerful one. It is, because such a girl, never touches them on their best side; and never reveals in herself that womanly nature, which a man knows instinctively is the foundation of wifely value:-that nature which expresses itself in service for Love's sake, as a very necessity of its being.

On the contrary, a "Favorite" leans all to one side, and that side is herself. She is overbearing and exacting in the most trivial matters of outward homage. She will be served on the bended knee, and her service is a hard and ungrateful one. And this is the truth about such homagemen may be compelled to kneel to a woman's whims for a short time; but when they do find courage to rise to their feet, they go away for-

So that after all the estimate of women, for those of their own sex who are favorites of a great number of men, is a very just one. It is neither unfair nor untrue in its essentials, for in this world, we can only judge actions by their consequences; and the consequences of a long career of general admiration, does not justiful honorable mention of the belle of many seasons. She can hardly escape the results of her social experience. The must of necessity become false and artificial. She connot avoid a morbid jealousy of her own rights; and a painful jealousy of the successes of those, who have passed her in the matrimonial career.

Nor can she as these qualities strengthen, by any means conceal their presence. Every attribute of our nature has its distinctive atmosphere; it is subtle and invisible as the perfume of a plant, but it makes itself disnotly present; even when women are careful to permit no translation of the feeling int action. Men are not analyzers or inquirer into character, as a general rule, but the bright ways and witty conversation of their Favorite, does not deceive them. Sooner or later, the are sensitive to the restlessness, disappoint ment, envy and hatred, which couches beneat knowledge away at the time, but when they are alone, they will eventually admit and understand it all.

And the saddest part of this situation is, the they are not at all astenished at what the: hearts reveal to them. They know that thes frankly, that in this woman's society they never looked for imperishable virtues; she would a pretty passetchips—a woman suital, for life a Laughter, but not for its noblest duties

for the a haughter, but not for its noblest dutie and disciplin.

For when good men want to marry, the seek a woman for what she is; not for which she looks. They want a gentlewoman of blue less honor, who will lave her hisband, as neither be reluctant to have children, nor lefter the result of the base children.



THE SAUCY PLIRT.

Favorite" of men, let her carefully pender that "Favorite" of mon, let her carefully ponder that close of such a career. For having once obtained this reputation, she will find it very hard to rid herself of its consequences. And it is alsel very likely that many girls enter this career thoughtlessly, and not until they are entangled in it, dud out that they have made a mistake with their life. Then they are entangled in it, dud out that they have surrounded themselves with; and yet are afraid to leave them. Their popularity is odious to them. They stretch out their hands to their wasted youth, and their future apals them. They weep, for they think it is too late, to retrieve their errors.

errors. No! It is never too late, to lift up the home and the heart! It is always the right home to become noble and truthful and courageout once more! In short, there is yet a Divine he for those who cook it; and in that strongth, any turn back and recapture their best selve While life lasts, there is no such time. blile life lasts, there is no such time too late!" And Oh, the good that fact do

AMELIA E. BARD.

TOLD BY CONGRESSMAN W. S. LUCAS.

ittle band and about the lines of the enemy Earl J. Lamson, a corporal of in, Y. J. Co., "B 14th lowa, offered himself as the desired incudiary, I warned him of the imminent danger of such an undertaking and the few chances of escape from capture or death. He replied, fully comprehend the danger, but General Erring believes it necessary for the safety of this command that the barn shall be fired and I can it truly treat a better service that to a company to perform the service. He stripped himself, stole over the banks of the railroad cut and was soon lost to sight. As we waited with batted breath for the result, moments seemed minutes and minutes hours. Soon however, a commotion was discovered among the enemy's troops, and about the same time a twinkling also better the social work. In the midst of the noise and excitement Lawson came bounding toward the railroad cut with the speed of a race horse, as he benefit with the speed