EASTER LILIES.

"'Tis is silent, dumb world," the Deaf Man said:
But, no," said the Blind Man, shaking his head,
It is noisy and black——"

There were two lilies on one stem.

They had led a very modern life—a life of artificial heats and lights; they had been fed on sophisticated food, drawn from the reeking mould in which their roots wandered; they had drunk the hot steam of the glass-covered house; they had loved the epicene odors of dwarf roses. And they grew up wan, stately, neurotic. They were high-bred lilies, tall and fair. They were poised on one stem, like dumb and senseless ballet-dancers, dressed in green tights and white satin.

"Easy wi' them twins," said the florist to his man, "there's the pick of the lot."

"Sure, on yer life," said the man, as he slid his thumb-and-the-round the stem.

The lilies fell apart.

ONE LILY MADE A NIGHT OF IT.

He was a perfectly proper young man, from his bell-crowned hat to the tips of his pointed boots. His black frock coat, buttoned snugly over his corset, fell nearly to his ankles. The voluminous linen about his neck was girdled by a gory stock. He wore no gloves and carried a woollen walking-stick. His eyes were dull and his fat face was flabby from over-shading, but he was a perfectly proper young man. He leaned against the marble counter in the florist's shop and smoked a cigarette.

"Violets, eh?" he was saying—"well, let it be violets. But you do pick it on Sanders, I swear, now, you do pick it on my good fellow. Violets is the thing, eh? If they don't suit her what would, eh?

I'm as modest as a violet,
I'm that shy,
If you speak to me I'm gone,
It's a wink of me I'm—
Are you buyin'? Well, a bottle of the boy. Eh, Sanders? Send the violets. But, look-ee, Sanders, can't go shinin' in a rose on a day like this. So violets is the thing, eh? If they don't suit her what would, eh?

I'm as modest as a violet,
I'm that shy,
"If you wink at me I giggle, oh Jimmie!"—
Send lily, correct thing, Easter, y' know. Eh?—

"Eh, yes," returned Jimmie.

Ned continued his walk. Broadway was less crowded, but the noise of the cable cars, the jostling of clerks and shop girls coming from work disturbed him. He crossed to Fifth Avenue, where there is always a certain amount of decorum. The sunlight, falling aslant, flattered the palatial barracks that line the avenue and reddened the dingy cobble-stones of the street. It was getting on for dinner-time and Ned went home to dress. By the time he had got into evening livery of black and white and had dined it had gone nine o'clock. He hailed a passing hansom cab.

"Tivy," he ordered.

This is a short hand well "understanded of the people," who dwell in the part of New York where the lights shine o' nights. The cab man gave his horse a cut of the whip and the hansom whirled away to the Frivolity Music Hall. As everyone knows this was built for Grand Opera with capital letters. But there was more money in the Japanese juggler who spins plates on his nose, the "lady contortionist" and the slangy girl from London, so high art and the capital letters vanished. Now it is a jolly place where young men sprawl in the boxes drinking champagne, while other young men sprawl in the orchestra chairs, drinking beer out of stone mugs. Blue clouds of smoke, from cigars and cigarettes, swing and eddy in the hot, light air. Behind the shining row of footlights, femininity in tights of all colors, contorts itself in dances and acrobatic feats, stage Irishmen crack jokes; clowns tumble and posture; snappy girls from Paris sing; roaring girls from London slang the musicians.

Ned went through the stage door, with a friendly nod to the keeper. He made his way to Miss Tottie Kickham's dressing room.

"Down't come in," she shouted when he knocked, "stay out."

"How are you to-night," he asked.

"Ow it's you, is it," Tottie called out, "'ow are ye, me beauty?"

"Pretty well y' know," said Ned, "sent ye some vi'lets—

I'm as modest as a vi'let, y' know,
I'm that shoy, y' know—

lily, too, y' understand, quite the thing, y' know."

"Gow away now," Tottie reiterated, "me turn's comin'. When I'm finished we'll go and stoke up, me beauty."

Very obediently Ned wandered round to the front of the house and took a seat in one of the upper boxes. He was not much surprised to see his fat and horsey friend there.

"She's in great form to-night," he remarked.

"Is she?" Jimmie said with a touch of envy.

"Why don't yo ask a fellow to go along and pick the bones?"

"Toss ye for the supper and it's done," said Ned.

"Done," said Jimmie and as the other spun from on his knee, he called heads.

"On me," said Ned, "get some other people and come along."

While his friend was about this business Ned gave his attention to the stage. Was not Miss Kickham on? One could tell that by the unusual animation; even the orchestra began to perk up. Ay, she was there, a plump woman of forty, in a yellow wig, a gorgeous long frock of many colors and a wide Gainsborough hat. As she sang the song of the violet, which—as you may have gathered was notably shy, she did a few dance steps and swayed and postured with a vigor that displayed all the plentitudes of forty years. They were cheering and clapping for another song when an usher came scuttling down the aisle, carrying Ned a basket of violets, with one great, pallid lily nodding in the centre. It was handed across the footlights and Miss Tottie snuffed it and cooed and sung another song.

A four-wheeler bore them away to supper. There were Ned and Tottie and Jimmie and a young lady who played seventeen musical instruments. They were all smoking cigarettes and the smoke fluttered like flags from the cab windows. Jimmie was singing as they drove up to a restaurant off Broadway. Ned was fighting, unsuccessfully, with Miss Tottie for a kiss. The Kickham was muscularly gay. The struggle continued after the cab stopped; it was carried on jocosely on the sidewalk. Miss Tottie had pinned the great white lily on her breast. Just as they entered the doorway Ned threw one arm round her and captured his kiss—a powdery, grease-paint kiss it was—but the lily was knocked off and fell unregarded to the sidewalk.

The emblem of purity lay there waiting for some chance passer-by to tread it under foot.

ONE LILY WENT WHERE SORROW IS.

"Let us learn from these flowers," said the Rev. Dr. Goodman, touching gently with his upper fingers, the lilies that decked the pulpit that Easter morning, "lessons of humility and patience. They are born and they die; they not before they have spread the fragrance of meek, pure, beautiful lives. Let us who are of His household carry into the world the fragrance of lives as pure and beautiful. As you know, my brethren, it is our custom to send the flowers which have graced the altar on this festal day to the hospitals, that their beauty may charm away a few moments of pain and suffering. Let us remember it was for this, too, we have been made white—that we may carry succor to suffering humanity and bear light and hope to those who sit in darkness."

Softly the great organ droned like far away bagpipes; then gathering strength it burst into a stormy anthem of hallelujahs and praise. The people filed decently out of church. Only a few remained. They stripped the altar and pulpit of the flowers. Baskets were sent to the different hospitals. On the top of one basket, among tufts of moss, violets and roses, lay the great, white lily, which had pointed the preacher's moral. It was languid, listless, neurotic. This basket was carried to a hospital in Forty-second street. It is a hard-featured, red building, with two bulging bay-windows. The little sanctuary at the corner has a notion, vague and not very valid, that it is a grim, red monster, feeding on the little crippled wretches he sees enter there. For they never come out. Year after year there has been this unhappy procession of crippled and crippled children, passing through the iron gates into the great building. The men nearest the windows must become of them. He never sees them come out. How is he to recognize in the merry, red-backed things who come dancing out the little wretches who hobbled in wailing? Or those driven darkly away in the small, black boxes?

Sad? Even a listless lily, oppressed with a nostalgia for dwarf roses, could hardly find it sad on Easter morning. The morning sun beating through the broad windows,

"THE YOUNG MAN STROLLED SLOWLY."

stirred the little deformed children into a grig-like merriment. They capered in their jangling irons and danced in the leather harness that held in place their crooked limbs. The eighty well, lame girls woke altogether in their white cots; sat up altogether; chattered altogether like the gamin sparrows out in the street.

For it's Easter morning and here's a state of things:

The White Rabbit has ridden in on a moonbeam and played his old prankish games. Eggs under the pillows; eggs in jolly little folds of the sheet; eggs under the cots; eggs in pinafores, eggs in shoes and stockings; hello—eggs on the window-sill; eggs up the chimney; eggs on the mantel-piece. Wonderful old fellow, the White Rabbit. Eggs of all colors—red, white, blue, green, yellow, mottled, speckled and silver; eggs with chicks peeping out of them; eggs that fall apart and spilled candy. Very wonderful fellow, the White Rabbit. Young white rabbits chockful of sweetmeats, everywhere; lilies and myrtles everywhere else. And eighty small girls jubilant.

Eighty all but one. She stands by the window. She does not laugh with her little crippled mates.

"We call her our little sentinel," said the nurse.

A pitiful little sentinel, with warped and wasted body and pain-drawn face—keeping ward over her last Easter day. The doctors can do nothing for her; the nurses cannot keep her; the lonely, rueful little sentinel stands by the window, waiting for death's relief. The other children try to tempt her into their songs and games. She does not care for these things.

They are singing the carols of Easter, the old new songs of the risen Christ. They

SHE STANDS BY THE WINDOW.

sing very sweetly with young, quivering voices.

"Sing, little sentinel," the nurse says, "here is a lily."

It is the fairest one of all, white and stately, but she lets it fall unregarded at her feet. Lilies of Easter and the Easter Christ—she knew this long ago. She is waiting, waiting, and He does not come.

Patience, little sentinel.

There are only a few weeks more—it may be before the tall lilies have faded.

"Here's some one to see you, little sentinel," the nurse says.

He is a small lad, a healthy, dirty young heathen, his grimmy legs straight and tough and strong, showing through his rags. As he looks at her he dabs one black, little fist in his eyes and demolishes his tears, but for all that he has an air of triumph about him, as one who should say, "I don't want it known but I've a small matter of a diamond necklace in my pocket for you." The little girl rested her deformed shoulder against the wall; there was no answering brightness in her dismal, little yellow face, hollowed with lifelong suffering.

"Do you know me, little sister?" the boy asked.

Yes, little sister knows him.

"Look, little sister, what I got fur ye!" he says brightly, and holds up a rare white lily, soiled a bit by the trampled ooze of the pavement, but still fair and beautiful.

"I foun' it in de street las' night, little sister, see? an' I kep' it an' brung it te yous," he added proudly.

No, little sister does not care any more about lilies—the gift falls from her crippled fingers, and lies uncared for on the floor. It is Easter and Christ has risen, but the world is full of pain and the little sentinel waits.

"Really, my dear," said one lily, "I have seen the world and it is very wicked. I wish I were back on my stem. Don't you long for that rocking stem and the lights and heat and dwarf roses?"

"I have seen the world," said the other lily, "it is not very wicked, but it is very, very sad."

"Ah! you should have seen—"

But the janitor swept them out.

VANCE THOMPSON.

"FRED" GEBHARD SKETCHED.

One of New York City's Most Remarkable Young Men.

Whenever a man through his wealth, private conduct, or personal peculiarities is differentiated from the masses, he becomes an object of general interest, and to a certain extent a public character, and so a legitimate subject for newspaper report and comment.

There are in New York, and other cities, many young men as rich, as handsome, and possibly as intelligent as Fred Gebhard—his many friends and many who do not know him call him "Fred"—but there are none of them with the marked individuality and indifference to the opinions of others that so long characterized him.

Mr. Gebhard is at this time just thirty-seven years of age. He is about five feet ten inches in height, weighs 190 pounds, promises to get heavier after middle age, and though he looks it, he is not an athlete. He walks with a rolling motion, as if he had been much at sea in an unsteady boat. His hair is short and very black and his mustache is of the same color, except one patch at the corner of the left lip, which is noticeably white. The eyes are small, gray and good-natured. The shape of the head is by no means intellectual and has in it a suggestion of John L. Sullivan, though Mr. Gebhard is not, and even in his most convivial days, was not regarded as a combative man.

The senior Gebhard was a German by birth and accumulated a fortune, estimated at $5,000,000, which he left in entail to his two children, Fred and Mrs. Nielson, now an interesting widow with two daughters. The income from the well-invested estate amounts to about $240,000 a year, equally divided between the two children.

When Mrs. Langtry, like many other socially notorious women, took to the stage to make profit from her lapses rather than her talents, she came to America, and for some years Mr. Gebhard was one of her most devoted admirers. They bought adjoining ranches in California, and having a fondness for sport, they became interested in fast horses, fast yachts and other fast amusements.

With plenty of money and all the time necessary to spend it, Fred Gebhard contracted convivial habits which at one time threatened to develop into the disease of inebriety. Suddenly, and to the great amazement of his club friends, he announced his purpose to lead a better life. He went to an institute at White Plains, New York, that was two years ago, was cured of the desire for liquor, and from the day he left till the present time has never touched intoxicating liquors.

Following, this Mr. Gebhard sold out his stables, gave up his swarming and festive club friends, and became a model of social propriety.

But the best move he has yet made is in marrying Miss Morris, the belle of Baltimore. He has the age, experience and wealth so desirable in a husband of leisure. His many friends wish him continued happiness in the new life, and Tammany talks of running him for congress next fall.

It is said with a good show of authority, that as soon as the United States leaves the Hawaiians to themselves, the Dominion of Canada will step in, in a neighborly way, to see what she can do for them. Honolulu is on a direct line between Victoria, B. C., and Sydney, Australia.

Oklahoma has entered into competition with South Dakota in the divorce business. It is possible to go to Guthrie, stay thirty days, and get a release from marriage without having the papers served on the defendant.

China and Japan together have 200,000 square miles of coal fields, much of the territory unworked. The United States comes next with an area of 194,000 square miles. The estimated total coal area of the world is 471,800 square miles.

BRAVEST DEEDS OF THE WAR.

Stirring Recollections of Heroism by Land and Sea.

TOLD BY THOSE WHO WERE PRESENT.

Stirring Contributions from General James S. Longstreet, Colonel W. S. Wofford, Colonel Joseph Moore, Hon. E. M. Woomer and H. H. Perry—Saving an Army.

TOLD BY GEN. JAMES S. LONGSTREET.

It is a delicate, difficult and apparently an invidious task for a man who has served through three wars in active and prolonged military life, to particularize what he regards as the "bravest deed" during such periods; and it is not intended that what is related is the "bravest." In such an extended service and experience, covering years of my life, numerous instances of marked daring and valor were witnessed as performed by the Blue and the Gray, all showing that the Americans, North and South, are the most martial nation on the face of the globe; and it is hoped that in the fast and furious race for wealth we will not allow the era of selfishness to overshadow the epoch of heroism. Recitals of such bravest deeds are perhaps usually confined to active battles, where, by the touch of elbows and the sense of comradeship, and amid the inspiration of horse artillery and the rattle of musketry, and the cheers of comrades, soldiers are deeply moved to do and dare for country; but too little attention has been bestowed upon the lone sentry watching over a sleeping army. He is conscious of the fact that he may, at any moment, be shot "by a rifleman hid in the thicket," and that his loved ones at home will never know how nor where he fell. But, despite this oppressive sense of loneliness, the picket at his post performed deeds as brave as any ever seen on the battle-field, witnessed only by the God of Hosts. Soldiers make generals, not generals make soldiers.

"'Tis nothing: a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost,—only one of the men,
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle."

During the Mexican war at the battle of Resaca de la Palma, as General Taylor's artillery was actively at work and his infantry winding their way through the water to assault the Mexican lines, Captain Charles May stood with his squadron on the road as near the enemy as cavalry adjustments would warrant. As the proper moment came for May to reach the enemy's battery and our infantry leaped from the water against the enemy's infantry, General Taylor ordered: "Charge, Captain May." Randolph Ridgey, who commanded Ringgold's splendid battery, called: "Hold on, Charlie, till I draw their fire." He provoked and drew upon himself the fire that would have been hurled into his cavalry comrades. May quickly made the dash and captured the battery before it could reload, taking as prisoner, with others, General La Vega.

At the battle of Molino Del Rey, Lieutenant Morris of my regiment was severely wounded. In those days we seldom had stretchers or parties for removing the wounded from the

"HOLD ON, CHARLIE."

field, and on this occasion we didn't even have a blanket. As Morris was anxious to be conveyed out of the severe fire a stalwart, jolly Irishman was asked if he could take the disabled officer on his back. He said probably he could, and we lifted Morris to his stout shoulders. The officer's arms were still strong enough to clasp tenaciously around the private's neck. Just behind us the ground divided to a little ravine that furnished shelter from the Mexicans' galling fire. Upon starting the soldier moved by backward steps, facing the enemy, and putting his body between the Mexican bullets and Morris, and thus backed to get under cover at the ravine. Morris impatiently ordered the soldier to turn about and hasten off faster. "Shure" said the gallant private, "the liftinest wouldn't have me put him betwaxen me and the bullets?"

Officers, who study and appreciate the obligations of conscription to the service in time of war, know that the emergency may come when they will be called upon to sacrifice themselves and their commands, in order thereby to save the other part of the army, and these are the occasions that sorely try men's souls. On the march of the Confederate army from Richmond and Petersburg to Appomattox Court House, in April, 1865, Lieutenant-General Ewell and Lieutenant-General R. H. Anderson, realizing the necessity of holding the line at Sailor's Creek, to save the army trains, put their respective commands in position for that purpose and utilized every moment to hurriedly throw up some slight embankments. Our rear guard command came up and marched on by, leaving Ewell and Anderson without any artillery. They fully understood their one and only chance was that the Federals might charge precipitate, without waiting the play of the batteries, and in this contest they felt they could hold their ground. "In vain is the net spread in sight of the bird." The pursuing Federals were too wily and wary, flushed as they were in following a foe that vainly and reluctantly retreated. The Union batteries coming up, the infantry soon halted, while the heavy guns felt of our position and soon disclosed or exposed our men without any artillery. Without coming directly under our infantry, their batteries, so skillfully handled, as they always were, put the Confederates to disorder, when a valiant charge was superbly made, capturing nearly all of General Ewell's men, the major portion of General Anderson's and the trains, but the unselfish, gallant conduct of Ewell's and Anderson's men, who beforehand thoroughly understood the consequences, saved for the time the balance of General Lee's army.

JAMES LONGSTREET.

There are fifteen men, each over a hundred years old, who are drawing pensions for services rendered in the war of 1812, and there are thirteen women, the widows of soldiers who fought in the Revolution under Washington, on the pension rolls.

TOLD BY COLONEL W. S. WOFFORD.

Before writing my story, I have read over with care all the "Bravest Deeds" so far published, and I note that without exception the writers declare it is most difficult to recall some one man or act and point to it as exceptional. Speaking for myself, and I am sure it is the experience of other officers, valor was so usual that it was only an act of cowardice that impressed one, and of this, I must confess, I saw but little. In bodies men would undertake things that could not be thought of by smaller numbers, and then again field officers did not have an opportunity to note individual acts.

From the many rushing through my mind, I select one, not because I think the hero was the bravest man I ever saw, but because this act was uncalled for and showed an indifference to death that might rank it with devil-may-care exploits rather than cool deeds of deliberate daring, where there was a duty or a great principle involved.

It was at the battle of Sharpsfur, where I had the honor to command a brigade under General Hood. I need not remind any of the survivors North or South that Sharpsfur, or Antietam as our Yankee friends call it, was for the numbers engaged the bloodiest battle of the war.

We had been fighting all day near or about a building known as Mumma Church. Sometimes we were in the advance of this building, and again the terrific firing would force us to seek shelter in the woods, where there were a few pieces of almost useless artillery. As we had done again and again during the day, we drove the enemy back, and were again subjected to a perfect rain of shells. The

"WE SAW HIM LIFTING A MAN."

Fifth Texas on the right of the brigade was commanded by the gallant Captain Turner, and as I rode in his direction, I noticed that an enlisted man, whose name I learned was Monroe, was engaging him in earnest conversation.

Before I came up, Monroe had left the Captain and was running like a deer in the direction of the enemy, who were quick to fire on any moving thing. "Captain, what does this mean?" I asked, as I looked after the flying figure.

Pointing to the trampled corn field in which so many men, friends and foes lay, the Captain said: "Monroe, one of my men, saw a flag rising and falling a bit ago, over near that that burned stump, and he asked for leave to go out and get it."

"Has your regiment lost its flag?" I asked.

"No," he replied with pride, "what's left of the colors of the Fifth Texas, is still in our possession and we'll keep it while there's a man to carry it," and he pointed down the line to where a lot of blood-stained tatters flapped about a bullet scarred staff.

"It must be a Yankee flag," I said, "and if so, I hardly think it prudent to risk a man on such a venture."

Captain Turner made no reply, but meanwhile my attention was drawn to Monroe, for I was now intensely interested in the outcome of this adventure.

He reached the black stump about two hundred yards away and dropped so suddenly that at first we thought he was shot. Soon to our great relief Monroe rose to his knees. We saw him lifting a man on his back and that the man clung to a flag.

Monroe straightened up, took a quick glance about him, and then started for our lines. He was a young athletic fellow, but he had no child's burden. Men were falling back in the line, and how he escaped is one of those wonders that can never be explained, though he was slightly wounded in the shoulder.

He brought back with him not a Yankee and his colors, but the color bearer and flag of the Fourth Texas, lost in our retreat. Every man in the brigade saw this exploit and greeted it with a ringing cheer. The colors were saved, and I may add the color bearer got well. Had it not been for Monroe the flag would have fallen into the hands of the enemy, and so I cannot count his act as sheer rashness.

W. S. WOFFORD.

TOLD BY H. H. PENNY.

The bravest deed I witnessed during the war was at Sharpsburg, as we call it, or Antietam as known at the North, and this participants were all commanding officers. Among them was General Longstreet, "Lee's Old War-Horse," as General Lee himself styled Longstreet at the close of this battle. When the fighting was over all the generals had reported and collected at General Lee's headquarters. Longstreet came up a little late, when Lee stepped forward, and, heartily grasping his hand, said: "And here comes my old war-horse." From that time to the present "Lee's Old War-Horse" was the nickname Longstreet has gone and goes by. The special deed of bravery was participated in by General Longstreet, Col. Osmond Latrobe (brother of the present Mayor of Baltimore), Col. G. M. Lowell, president of the Ocean Steamship Company in New York), and Major Fairfax. The Union forces had killed all the gunners of one of our batteries, and here a portion of our line was unoccupied, and Burnside's men, seeing the gap, charged up to take possession. Perceiving the imminent peril, General Longstreet, Col. Osmond Latrobe, Col. G. M. Lowell and Major Fairfax dismounted and Longstreet loaded the cannons and pull the lanyard himself. For quite awhile this quartette fought an immense Federal force, and Longstreet's splendid skill and practical knowledge as an artillerist stood him well in hand, as they handled three pieces of artillery with such tremendous effect that the Federal advance

"HERE COMES MY OLD WAR HORSE."

was checked and, they were compelled to fall back beyond Longstreet's range. In the meantime he sent for ex-Senator Robert Toombs' brigade, gunners were supplied and well supported by Confederate infantrymen. I believe this was the only instance during the war where a corps commander with his own hands actually managed the loading and training of artillery, sighted the cannons and jerked the lanyard.

H. H. PENNY.

TOLD BY CONGRESSMAN WOOMER.

One of the most conspicuous examples of persistent nerve and endurance that came under my eyes during the war occurred at the fight near Mary's Heights, not far from Salem Church and Fredricksburg. We had been camped during the night on the Falmouth side of the Rapahannock. In the morning we crossed to Fredricksburg, driving the Confederates before us and capturing the Washington Artillery, a brigade from Louisiana. Fredricksburg Heights were occupied, and the Sixth Corps pushed on to Salem Church, four miles farther on, and there met another body of the enemy and engaged them in fierce fighting. Company A, of the Ninety-third Pennsylvania, of which I was a member, was, with the regiment, in a very uncomfortable position. Though the men were falling all around me I took particular notice, quite naturally, of my own bunkmate, E. C. Euston, who fell, apparently killed or mortally wounded, almost at my side. Amid the roar of the cannonading and the frightful rattle of the musketry, I shall never forget how it occurred to me that poor Euston was gone and that I would have to hunt another bunkmate. Later in the day the tide of battle turned in favor of the Confederates. We were repulsed with great loss and before night were compelled to fall back, and recrossed during the night to the Falmouth side.

When about to go into camp I felt about as gloomy as a man could be capable of feeling, at the loss of my mate, and was proceeding to look out for a new companion for bunk and mess, when I saw what seemed to be a familiar form approaching slowly. When it came close enough for recognition who should it be but my old bunkmate, Euston.

"Why, I thought you were killed," I exclaimed, hardly believing the evidence of my eyes, and almost ready to think it was Euston's ghost.

"Not by a long shot," was the reply, but in a strange, mumbling tone, which made his words almost unintelligible.

"Where were you shot?" I asked.

He answered by pointing to the left side of his nose, and then I noticed that there was a hole there, and that it was stuffed full of cotton.

"Where did it come out?" said I.

He put his finger in his mouth and touched the roof of it and said "here."

"And where is the bullet?"

"Oh, I threw that away," he mumbled.

"Why, you foolish fellow," I said, "you should have kept it for a souvenir."

"You are the foolish fellow," he replied, "I've had that bullet a good deal longer than I wanted it already."

Euston persistently refused to go to the hospital, although he suffered intense pain. He went with us all through the terrible cam-

"MY OLD BUNKMATE, EUSTON."

paign that followed Fredricksburg, unable to bite anything hard, living on soup and hard-tack softened in water, and afterwards fried, and fought bravely through the battle of Gettysburg in that condition, and is still living.

E. M. WOOMER.

TOLD BY COLONEL JOSEPH MOORE.

Claude Neville is rather a romantic name, but the original was anything but a fine type of the hero of fiction. He was a Kentucky mountaineer, and how he ever came to join the Fifty-eighth Indiana, I do not know. I had charge of a pontoon section in General Slocum's wing of Sherman's army, and four companies of this Hoosier regiment were in my command, among them Claude Neville.

This man was tall, lank, sallow, reticent, full of dry humor and more indifferent to fatigue than any one I ever met, yet he was not personally energetic, indeed, at times he was as painfully deliberate in his actions as he was in his speech. He could go for days without eating, and then he had the capacity to gorge himself like an anaconda. I have heard that he could drink a company blind and never show a sign of liquor himself. He was as placid under fire as if smoking miles away from the enemy. Indeed, he had the reputation of being the most fearless and profane man in the army, but he swore as a matter of habit, not from excitement; he never got excited.

We had reached the Ogeechee River in an advance under Sherman, and finding the bridge across that stream burned, we prepared to put down pontoons. Above the place where we struck the river, Neville found a dugout, and was paddling down, when the enemy's sharpshooters opened fire, and we could see our friend fall in the bottom of the boat, and believed him to be dead.

It was growing dark very fast, and as the water was bitterly cold, and we reasoned that Claude Neville was beyond help, no attempt was made to secure the dugout, but it was permitted to drift down under the cypruses, and moss-covered live oaks.

Now that poor Neville was gone his comrades had many stories to tell of his quiet courage and generous heart, and it was voted that no matter how many recruits joined us hereafter, no one could be found to fill his place.

The night before we entered Savannah, I got a permit to visit a brother officer in command of our pickets not far from the enemy's works. It was about ten o'clock and I was about to return to my own camp, when a sergeant and two men came in from the front, with a well mounted prisoner, two mail and despatch bags being strapped behind his saddle.

I heard the prisoner shouting out:

"You —— —— ejots! I'm a Kentucky Yank, d—— you! and my name's Claude Neville! I belong to the Fifty-eighth Indiana, I do!"

I hurried to the man, and on seeing me he caught me in his arms. I never saw him demonstrative before, and then he told his story. He had not even been wounded, but he floated in the dug-out past the enemy's camp. He hid in the swamp till that afternoon, when he came upon a carrier's horse hitched before a house. He leaped into the saddle, "and rid for dear life to the west." The dispatches proved to be of value, and I have always doubted if any man but Claude Neville could have done that thing.

JOSEPH MOORE.

From an investigation of John Y. McKane's accounts, which some of the people of Gravesend had the courage to undertake since the boss went to Sing Sing, it would seem that he and his associates should have been in the Penitentiary years ago for plundering the town out of hundreds of thousands of dollars. And now even his Sunday school begins to fear he was not so good a man as he appeared to be on the sabbath.

It is a curious fact that in countries like Italy and Spain where the percentage of suicides is the lowest of any in the world, that the percentage of homicides is the highest. On the whole, if killing must be done, we prefer the man who makes subject of himself.

THE MEN WHO SELL MONEY.

Their Profits Were Large During the Panic—How They Operate.

The men who sell money made a lot of money during the panic. They are still gathering in cash from the sale of cash. Dealing in bullion and specie has always been considered profitable. But hard times make it doubly so. When the merchants are hard up, the money broker reaps a harvest. When the financial world is in trouble, gold and silver are exported and the specie bankers get liberal and frequent commissions. It doesn't follow that they are Shylocks. Quite the contrary. The leading money bankers of the country are indispensable in troublous monetary periods. They help out Lombard street, in London; Wall street, in New York; Devonshire street, in Boston and Third street, in Philadelphia, and furnish money where ready money is in great demand.

Nearly all the great banking institutions, with foreign connections, are to a certain extent, money buyers and money sellers. The importation of gold early in the panic was conducted by large houses. The exporting of gold, after the Sherman act was repealed, was managed by the same houses. The world renowned houses of Brown Brothers, Drexel, Morgan & Co., and Morton, Bliss & Co., engaged in the export and import of gold to a certain extent. But they did not make a specialty of this branch of finance. The New York house that may be considered the leading specialists in this line are those of Ladenberg, Thalman & Co., and Lazard Freres. The one is a German concern and the other is French. They did an enormous business. Ladenberg bought in Germany as well as in Great Britain. The Lazard Brothers secured considerable in Paris. There was a time late last summer when the vaults of the Bank of France and the cellars of the Bank of England poured out the rich yellow metal because they were paid rates that warranted them letting it go. Not over four months afterwards, these same banks needed their coffers replenished and paid the bankers acting as their correspondents in America to return some of the gold that had gone across the Atlantic earlier in the year. The Bank of England has for a century been noted as the great gold repository of the world, but of late years, the gold reserve of the Bank of France has exceeded that of any banking institution in any of the countries.

But gold buying and selling is not the only productive and profitable branch of the specie trade. Silver has its booms and its boomerangs. It also goes through its times of appreciation and depression. Just at present, the silver market is at its lowest ebb. Yet there is always more or less demand for it. Bullion, which is gold or silver in the bar or lump, is a constant commodity. In fact, that is the way in which these precious metals are purchased and sold. The bullion broker does a thrifty business at any time. The past year has witnessed large transactions in his department. One of the largest bullion houses, and at the same time one of the chief factors in the silver trade, is that of Handy & Hannon, in New York. Its quarters are not palatial. They do not compare with the handsome offices of the big houses on Wall street. The business of the firm is done in comparatively small offices in the basement of the Mutual Life Insurance Building on Warren street. Yet the transactions are often very large. Shipments of a million or two dollars worth of bullion at a time are so frequent as scarcely to cause comment. The head of the firm, Parker Handy, is a young man. He has only been out of Princeton College about fifteen years. He knows the subject thoroughly, however. He got his schooling and experience from his father, after whom he is named. The senior Handy, who has been dead some years, was one of the quiet factors in the financial movements of his day. He was a Director of the Equitable Life and was also interested in a number of banks and financial concerns. His son has inherited his father's fortune, business and brains.

Only in the periods of the greatest monetary depression and excitement, is there a great demand for greenbacks and small change. There was a big premium on current cash in 1873 and somewhat of a similar premium in 1884. But the year 1893 will go on record as the red letter era for dealings in the ordinary small coin of the republic. The panic that it is hoped and believed is passing away, was marked by one week at least when money was scarcer than ever. The latter part of the month of August and the early part of the month of September saw money eagerly sought after. But it was during one of the weeks in that period that the financial and mercantile world found itself painfully short of cash. Merchants had to have small bills and the smaller coin with which to pay their employes. The banks refused to pay out much money. Certified checks presented at the paying teller's desk with the request for greenbacks and small change were refused. The average citizen found it hard to secure enough ready cash to meet his ordinary needs. Hotel proprietors and tradesmen, in lots of cases, declined to receive checks in payment, much less to cash them. Everything got down temporarily to a strictly cash basis.

Then it was that a comparatively obscure firm reaped a quick fortune. On Wall Street, only a few doors from Broadway, was the house of Zimmerman & Forshay. It had a little coop of an office, inside of which scarcely a dozen persons could gather at a time without imperiling the stability of the narrow glass counter. The firm dealt in specie. For years, persons passing had hurriedly noticed the piles of coin, of various denominations and minted in different countries, in the little window. A goodly heap of greenbacks constituted part of the window exhibit. When money began to be badly required, this house stood ready to supply it at a premium. During the week already instanced, the firm practically cornered the market. It raised the percentage of premium day after day, as the demand increased. But even with their knowledge of the business and their widespread purchases, they could not keep up with the market. Finally they inserted conspicuous advertisements in the daily newspapers, offering from one to two per cent. premium for money. It was a tempting bait and it took. Hundred of people scraped and hoarded until they got together all the way from fifty to a thousand dollars and then sold it to Zimmerman & Forshay. Just as fast as it was bought it was sold at a larger figure. The line of customers reached all day long clear up the street. One day the crowd was so great that the services of a policeman were required to keep it in order. It was impossible to accommodate the patrons in the crowded office. Fortunately for the firm, but not for the sufferer, a broker failed a few doors above, and the money dealers at once rented his offices, which were larger and more commodious. Even the new quarters were filled daily for many weeks, and up to recently there was more or less of a steady demand for currency at a slight premium. It is estimated the firm cleared, just in the difference between the prices paid for money and the prices at which it was sold, over $100,000 in one month.

This episode must be chronicled in the annals of the panic of 1893-4, as one of its most unique events.

LAWRENCE S. MOTT.