

The Ox Team.
I felt upon my ox team, calm,
Beneath the lazy sky,
And crawl contented through the land
And let the world go by.
The thoughtful ox has learned to wait
And nervous impulse smother,
And ponder long before he puts
One foot before the other.

And men with spanking teams pass by
And dash upon their way,
As if it were their hope to find
The world's end in a day,
And men dash by in palace cars,
On me dark frowns they cast,
As the lightning-driven Present frowns
Upon the slow old Past.

What do they chase, these men of steam,
Their smoke-flag wide unfurled,
Pulled by the roaring fire-flend
That shakes the reeling world?
What do ye seek, ye men of steam,
So wild and mad you press?
Is this, is this the railroad line
That leads to happiness?

And when you've swept across the day
And dashed across the night,
Is there some station through the hills
Where men can find delight?
Ah, toward the Depot of Content
Where no red signals stream,
I go by ox-team just as quick
As you can go by steam.

—[SAM WALTER ROSS in Yankee Blade.]

CUPID'S ARROWS.

Once upon a time there lived at Simla a very pretty girl, the daughter of a poor but honest district and sessions judge. She was a good girl, but could not help knowing her power and using it. Her mamma was very anxious about her daughter's future, as all good mamma should be.

When a man is a commissioner and a bachelor and has the right of wearing open-work, jam-tart jewels in gold and enamel on his clothes, and of going through a door before every one except a member of council, a Lieutenant-Governor or a Viceroy, he is worth marrying. At least, that is what ladies say. There was a Commissioner at Simla in those days who was and wore and did all I have said. He was a plain—an ugly man in Asia, with two exceptions. His was a face to dream about and try to carve on a pipe-head afterwards. His name was Saggot—Barr-Saggot—Anthony. Barr-Saggot, and six letters to follow. Departmentally he was one of the best men the Government of India owned; socially he was like a blushing gorilla.

When he turned his attentions to Miss Beighton I believe that Mrs. Beighton wept with delight at the reward Providence had sent her in her old age.

Mr. Beighton held his tongue. He was an easy-going man.

Now, a Commissioner is very rich. His pay is beyond the dreams of avarice—is so enormous that he can afford to save and scrape in a way that would almost discredit a member of council. Most Commissioners are mean, but Barr-Saggot was an exception. He entertained royally, he horsed himself well, he gave dances, he was a power in the land and he behaved as such.

Consider that everything I am writing of took place in an almost prehistoric era in the history of British India. Some folk may remember the years before lawn tennis was born when we all played croquet. There were seasons before that, if you will believe me, when even croquet had not been invented, and archery, which was revived in England in 1844, was as great a pest as lawn tennis is now. People talked learnedly about "holding" and "loosing," "steels," "reflexed bows," "fifty-six-pound bows," "blackened" or "self-yew bows," as we talk about "rallies," "volleys," "annahs," "returns" and "sixteen-ounce rackets."

Miss Beighton shot divinely over ladies' distance—sixty yards, that is—and was acknowledged the best lady archer in Simla. Men called her "Diana, of Tara-Devi."

Barr-Saggot paid her great attention, and, as I have said, the heart of her mother was uplifted in consequence. Kitty Beighton took matters more calmly. It was pleasant to be singled out by a Commissioner with letters after his name and to fill the hearts of other girls with bad feelings. But there was no denying the fact that Barr-Saggot was phenomenally ugly, and all his attempts to adorn himself only made him more grotesque.

He was not christened "The Languor"—which means gray age—for nothing. It was pleasant, Kitty thought, to have him at her feet, but it was better to escape from him and ride with the graceless Cubbon—the man in a dragon regiment at Umballa—the boy with a handsome face and no prospects. Kitty liked Cubbon more than a little. He never pretended for a moment that he was anything less than head over heels in love with her, for he was an honest boy. So Kitty fled now and again from the stately

wooings of Barr-Saggot to the company of young Cubbon and was scolded by her mother in consequence. "But, mother," she said, "Mr. Saggot is such—such a—is so fearfully ugly, you know!"

"My dear," said Mrs. Beighton, piously, "we cannot be other than an all-ruling Providence has made us. Besides, you will take precedence of your own mother, you know. Think of that and be reasonable."

Then Kitty put up her little chin and said irreverent things about precedence and commissioners and matrimony. Mr. Beighton rubbed the top of his head, for he was an easy-going man.

Late in the season, when he judged that the time was ripe, Barr-Saggot developed a plan which did great credit to his administrative powers. He arranged an archery tournament for ladies, with a most sumptuous diamond studded bracelet as the prize. He drew up his terms skillfully, and every one saw that the bracelet was a gift to Miss Beighton, the acceptance carrying with it the hand and the heart of the Commissioner.

All Simla was invited. There were beautifully arranged tea-tables under the deodars at Annandale, where the grand-stand is now, and alone in its glory, winking at the sun, sat the diamond bracelet in a blue velvet case. Miss Beighton was anxious—almost too anxious—to compete. On the appointed afternoon all Simla rode down to Annandale to witness the judgment of Paris turned upside down. Kitty rode with young Cubbon, and it was easy to see that the boy was troubled in his mind. He must be held innocent of everything that followed. Kitty was pale and nervous, and looked long at the bracelet. Barr-Saggot was gorgeously dressed and more hideous than ever.

Mrs. Beighton smiled condescendingly, as befitted the mother of a potential commissioneress, and the shooting began, all the world standing in a semi-circle as the ladies came out, one after the other.

Nothing is so tedious as an archery competition. They shot and they shot and they kept on shooting till the sun left the valley and little breezes got up in the deodars, and people waited for Miss Beighton to shoot and win. Cubbon was at one horn of the semicircle round the shooters, and Barr-Saggot at the other. Miss Beighton was last on the list. The scoring had been weak, and the bracelet, plus Commissioner Barr-Saggot, was hers to a certainty.

The Commissioner strung her bow with his own sacred hands. She stepped forward, looked at the bracelet, and her first arrow went true to a hair—full into the heart of the "gold"—counting nine points.

Young Cubbon on the left turned white, and his devil prompted Barr-Saggot to smile. Now, horses used to shy when Barr-Saggot smiled, Kitty saw that smile. She looked to her left front, gave an almost imperceptible nod to Cubbon, and went on shooting.

I wish I could describe the scene that followed. It was out of the ordinary and most improper. Miss Kitty fitted her arrows with immense deliberation, so that every one might see what she was doing. She was a perfect shot, and her forty-six pound bow suited her to a nicety. She planned the wooden legs of the target with great care four successive times. She planned the wooden top of the target once, and all the ladies looked at each other. Then she began some fancy shooting at the white, which, if you hit it, counts exactly one point. She put five arrows into the white.

It was wonderful archery; but, seeing that her business was to make "gold" and win the bracelet, Barr-Saggot turned a delicate green, like young water-grass. Next she shot over the target twice, then wide to the left twice—always with the same deliberation—while a chilly hush fell over the company, and Mrs. Beighton took out her handkerchief. Then Kitty shot at the ground in front of the target and split several arrows. Then she made a red—or even points—just to show what she could do if she liked, and she finished up her amazing performance with some more fancy shooting at the target supports. Here is Miss Beighton's score as it was picked off:

Total	Gold	Red	Blue	White	Hits	Scores
1	1	0	0	0	5	21

Barr-Saggot looked as if the last few arrow-heads had been driven into his legs, instead of the targets, and the deep stillness was broken by a little snubby, mottled, half-grown girl saying in a shrill voice of triumph:

"Then I've won."

Mrs. Beighton did her best to bear up; but she wept in the presence of the people. No training could help

her through such a disappointment. Kitty anstrung her bow with a vicious jerk, and went back to her place, while Barr-Saggot was trying to pretend that he enjoyed snapping the bracelet on the snubby girl's raw, red wrist. It was an awkward scene—most awkward. Everyone tried to depart in a body and leave Kitty to the mercy of her mamma.

But Cubbon took her away instead, and—the rest is not worth printing.—[Chicago News.]

A Day With The German Princes.

Every day in summer as well as winter the princes rise at seven o'clock, and take breakfast—consisting of tea and rolls—three-quarters of an hour later. Never more than fifteen minutes are allowed for this meal.

Punctually at eight o'clock lessons begin. The princes are generally instructed separately, but in some branches the two older brothers are together. Crown-Prince William is very diligent, and far ahead of the others in most of his studies.

At 9.45 a lunch is served of sandwiches, red wine and "Furstenbrunnen" mineral water—now generally used at the Emperor's table. After lunch, studies are resumed for a short time, followed by riding-lessons. If the weather permits, these are taken in the open air; otherwise a manege-erect expressly for the purpose, serves for their equestrian exercises. The little Crown-Prince now rides his white horse "Abdul," a birthday gift from his father.

Sometimes a drive in a pony-carriage takes the place of the ride. This vehicle is drawn by a white pony, whose harness is hung with silver bells.

The princes dine with Mayor von Falkenhayn or their tutor, Herr Kessler, at a quarter past one. Soup, fish, a roast, potatoes and other vegetables, dessert, cheese, and fruit form the bill of fare. About half past two o'clock the boys go into the park to play. Generally on these occasions the Crown-Prince may be seen on a tricycle, which also was a birthday gift from his father.

While the Emperor and Empress were at the "Marble Palace," at Potsdam, the princes walked or drove over there at four every day to see their parents and younger brothers, and returned home at six o'clock, after having taken some milk and rolls. Upon their arrival supper was served; on alternate days warm and cold. Till eight the princes romp about; then they are bathed and go to bed. So one day passes like another. On Sunday morning there is service in the palace or the princes drive over to the garrison church.—[Harper's Young People.]

Goes to School Monday.

A very sensible lady out on Ninth street delayed sending her small son to the public schools until he should be old enough to look out for himself, and has been teaching him herself, in order that he might not fall too far behind other boys of his age. Yesterday morning Master Freddy came gravely up to his mother for his lesson. After the regular routine was ended, his mother put a few leading questions:

"Freddy, what is a year?"

"Three hundred and sixty-five days."

"What is a day?"

"Twenty-four hours—and an hour is sixty minutes—and a minute sixty seconds."

"What is an instant?"

"An instant?" and master Freddy knitted his downy brow a brief space, while he thought. Oh, yes, I know, I know, mamma—an instant is a hole in the ground."

"A hole in the ground!" exclaimed his mother, totally taken aback. "Why, how in the world do you make that out?"

"Why," declared Master Fred with decision, as he hurriedly opened his reader, "this book says 'John's dog fell down in an instant!'"

Freddy will start to school Monday.—[Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.]

Net Loss.

Teacher—You say, Jimmie, that your father bought a horse for \$500 and sold him for \$250; now, how much did he lose?

Jimmie—About \$600.

"Why, Jimmie, I'm surprised. There isn't another scholar in the class who would not have given a correct answer."

"There ain't one of them what knows anything about it. The horse kicked a \$100 settler to death. He smashed a new buggy so the maker didn't know it. He broke pap's leg and cracked two ribs for our Jersey cow. Now let your other smarties figure that out and see what they get!"—[Detroit Free Press.]

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

HATS FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

Hats for young girls are particularly pretty this season. Large flats have leghorn crowns in crepe brims, the crepe shirred on cords an inch or more apart. Pink crepe is used with good effect. Rosettes of the crepe form part of the trimming. The brim has a ruffle edge. A lovely example shows a broad brim drooping at the sides, with rosettes beneath, and others holding pink tips at the left. Three little tips are set against the crown, nodding outward, three incline forward and are graduated in height, standing taller toward the front.—[New York Times.]

DISCUSSING WOMEN'S WORK.

The women of Switzerland have made arrangements with the Zurich Post, one of the most prominent Swiss papers, to issue every fortnight a supplement entirely under the control of women and edited by Dr. Emily Kempin. The purpose of the paper is to discuss the work of women, to arouse in women a feeling of responsibility regarding their unions, to justify the co-operation of women in all fields of human effort, in anticipation of the time when women shall participate in politics and above all, to give adequate expression to the dignity of woman as wife and mother in all her legal rights.

BRIDAL WREATHS.

The German bride wears the myrtle for her bridal wreath, while the girl of the Black Forest adorns herself with the flower of the hawthorne. In France and England and the United States the orange flower is in vogue, while the maidens of Italy and the French provinces of Switzerland use white roses. Pink, carnations and red roses are worn by Spanish brides. In Lithuania the bridal wreath is wound of the Syrian rue, on the Ionian Islands the grape vine, in Bohemia, Carinthia, and the Krain districts of rosemary, and in Hesse of artificial flowers, to which ribbons are added. In Norway, Sweden and Serbia bridal crowns are made of silver, in Bavaria and Silesia of gold wire, glass beads and tinsel, among the Finns, the Wends and the peasants of Altenburg of paper, and in Athens of costly filigree. Bridal wreaths were in vogue among the pagans and were introduced among Christian brides during the Fourth Century.—[Courier-Journal.]

JEWELLED HAIR ORNAMENTS.

One of the newest arrangements for head decoration is the heavy ring of repousse gold, through which the hair is drawn, and then twisted into a tight Psyche knot.

A tortoise shell ornamented in the shape of a pen, the plume part of gold, exquisitely finished, is intended to stab this little classic arrangement through and through. The effect is very "classic," and Sappho might have worn it.

The fashion of wearing snoods wound about the bunched tresses has brought out a number of pretty jewelled ornaments to be placed where the bow-knot is tied. These have mostly a perky little air about them; jewelled antennae, or something of that sort.

The Russian manner of setting bits of turquoise, malachite and pink conch shell as an accentuation to silver openwork is extremely striking, and the Russian gold filigree, when lighted up with clear stones, such as the topaz, the sapphire and the diamond, is remarkably elegant.

Combs of this sort of work in the high pointed tops are now to be seen. In fact, these Russian gold combs and hairpins are so exquisite in workmanship, and such an addition to the hair when worn, that their extreme popularity is assured.—[New York Journal.]

THE USE OF PERFUMERY.

Strange to say, there are few women who understand the difficult art of using perfumes. It is a great mistake to change in this respect, according to the dictates of fashion, and a thoroughly refined and elegant woman never commits an error. She adopts one particular scent and uses it to the exclusion of all others, rendering it thus peculiarly her own, a proceeding which stamps her at once with a "cachet" of distinctness and exclusiveness. It need not be added that heavy scents are vulgar and disagreeable, besides being positively distressing to persons whose olfactory nerves are delicate and sensitive. Something slight and subtle, such as a mixture of peoni d'Espagne and Russian violet, of gray amber and sandalwood, is exquisite.

Parisian dressmakers and couturiers never omit to ask when a dress is or-

dered from them, what perfume is adopted by their client; and they then proceed to introduce between lining tiny flat sachets prepared in accordance with the answer. These are inexpensive little details which add greatly to the charm of a toilet and which anybody can afford to indulge in. Another nice idea is to sprinkle the underclothing with a few drops of liquid perfume and to "spray" the hem and bodice of one's dress before putting it on. This will cause a subdued and thoroughly refined odor to become perceptible without its degenerating into anything offensive.—[New York Commercial Advertiser.]

THE GOWN OF COTTON.

Fashionable dressmakers do not devote very much time to cotton goods, except in their dull seasons, in the middle of winter or late in the summer. Even the most liberal or extravagant customers are hardly willing to pay as much for making a gingham gown as they do for a gown of wool. Hence it comes that many of the simpler gowns of cotton and of India silk (which now must be ranked as a material chiefly for house wear) are made up by the seamstress at home.

The experiment which the dressmakers undertook last year of raising the price of making gingham dresses by making them over a silk lining did not prove a great success. Customers like a gingham gown for what it is, because it is light and fresh and may be laundered repeatedly. The condition of a gown made over a silk lining and worn an entire season did not commend it to persons of neat instincts. Cotton becomes sleek and stringy, even if it does not become actually soiled, much sooner than wool.

Ginghams are now usually made with unlined skirts and simple, full bodices, finished with berthas or incredible revers of Russian galpuro or of Genoa lace, with a high collar and short cuffs also covered plainly with lace. Or they are trimmed with the heavy open embroideries, so much used this season. These embroideries are put on in the form of a jacket, and in strips of insertion which stripe the pointed belt, band the close sleeve below the sagging puff above the elbow and trim the skirt.

The skirt pattern, which gives a shaped Spanish flounce reaching to the knees and attached to the upper part of a close-fitting skirt, is one of the most popular models for gingham skirts. This flounce may be trimmed on the lower edge by a couple of two-inch ruffles. Sometimes this flounce is united to the skirt by a two-inch band of insertion, and two strips of insertion trim the flounce. Where the ruffles are used, a deep ruffle surrounds the shoulders, outlining a round yoke. The sleeves are exceedingly full and an open Marie belt of satin ribbon or a folded Empire belt of moire or satin ribbon is worn at the waist. When the flounce is trimmed with insertions the bodice has tiny jacket parts of solid white embroidery and the full balloon sleeves are banded with insertion below the elbow.—[New York Tribune.]

FASHION NOTES.

Bonnets are smaller than any yet worn.

A red veil never looks well on a hot afternoon.

A charming head band is of gold, with a waving-rayed diamond pin.

Large pearl buttons are considered the most fashionable fastenings for evening gloves.

Large picture hats of Leghorn will be worn with the black satin gowns and full shoulder capes now popular.

The newest skirts, made with three bias ungathered flounces, lapping one above the other, are far more fashionable than they are pretty.

A dress of striped material is so cut that the wearer has the appearance of being diagonally bound up with narrow tape. It is scarcely pretty and not at all graceful.

Very useful to take the places of wash-dresses for the summer are those of tussore, these being excellent for wear in every sense—cool, not easily soiled and most enduring.

Point de Burges, which resembles Venetian point not a little, is one of the popular new laces. Point applique and point gaze are shown in dainty designs. No summer costume is considered complete without a lavish garniture of lace.

His Limit.

Clerk—How long will you be here, sir?

Guest—What are your rates?

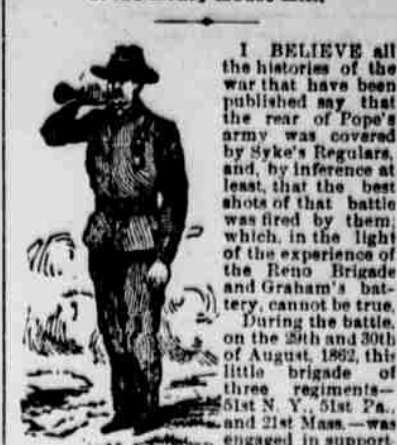
Clerk—Fifty dollars a day.

Guest—About five minutes.

SOLDIERS' COLUMN

SECOND BULL RUN.

What Work Reno's Brigade Performed at the Henry House Hill.



I BELIEVE all the histories of the war that have been published say that the rear of Pope's army was covered by Syke's Regulars, and, by inference at least, that the best shots of that battle were fired by them. During the battle, which in the light of the experience of the Reno Brigade and Graham's battery, cannot be true. During the battle, on the 29th and 30th of August, 1862, this little brigade of three regiments—51st N. Y., 51st Pa., and 1st N. Y. Cavalry—engaged in supporting batteries on the right of our line, and while witnessing the terrible disasters to our troops on the right and left, had not fired a shot. About sunset on the 30th Gen. Reno was commanding the two small divisions of the Ninth Corps, assumed command in person of his own brigade, and ordered it to move to the left at double quick. Knapsacks were left on the ground, and they never came back.

As we moved to the left, the rebels got sight of us, and for a few minutes their batteries saluted us with a miscellaneous collection of missiles—shot, shell and pieces of railroad iron—but their practice was poor, and they did us very little injury. In the passage of about a mile, most of the time under this fire, the 21st Mass. had but four men hurt—all wounded by the same piece of railroad iron. As we came to the Henry House Hill the last Union troops withdrew from our front. Gen. Reno placed his brigade, with the 51st Pa. on the right, the 21st Mass. in the center, and 51st N. Y. on the left. Graham's battery (K. 1st U. S. A.), belonging to Kearney's Division, was brought up and placed in intervals between the regiments. It had become quite dark. The rebels advanced out of the woods in our front, and Gen. Reno gave the order: "Give them about 10 rounds, boys—fire!" On the part of the infantry, certainly, the order was cheerfully obeyed, but the boys put in their 10 rounds in quick time. On the part of the battery, which was fighting on the same line with us, there was the same enthusiasm. Those six brass Napoleons were served rapidly. It was to us a strange battery; we had never met it before, and to my recollection, never served directly with it again, but its performance on the line of battle at Bull Run will never be forgotten by the men of Reno's Brigade who fought with it. I will not say "supported" it. The regiments and the battery fought as one, and each supported the other. The firing ceased, and for half an hour all was quiet, except the cries of the wounded, when suddenly a force of the rebels struck the flank of the 51st N. Y., doubling them up with great loss. That gallant regiment, however, was not dismayed. They stood their ground, and the 21st Mass. changed front and poured in their fire. Two pieces of the battery were sent to the left, and this attack of the enemy was repulsed and our line re-established.

There was no further fighting. About 9 o'clock Gen. Reno passed along the line, and told us we were to abandon the position and cautioned the men against making any noise. The guns of the artillery were run off by hand, piece by piece. The regiments followed quietly, and soon we were on the road to Centerville, having fired the last shots of this desperate and disastrous battle. Reno's little brigade of three small regiments, with Graham's battery, had held in check and stopped the enemy's victorious career for that day. If any of Syke's Regulars were near the Henry House Hill between 7 and 9 p. m. of Aug. 30 they were unseen and unheard of by us.

Gen. G. F. Walcott, in his history of the 21st Mass. says: "Olin, Surgeon of the 21st, was left on the field in charge of the wounded, with two hospital nurses, C. E. Simmons, of Co. F, and E. R. Reed, of Co. A. When they returned to us they gave an interesting account of their long, sleepless night among the wounded, not a rebel showing himself until next morning. Eight hundred of their dead and wounded who fell by our fire lay upon the slope of the hill, and their companions were not inclined to increase the number, so, waiting till daylight, they poured in with artillery, and then, after raking it thoroughly with musketry, moved a skirmish line over it and took possession." Two days later, at Chantilly, the enemy took bloody revenge on the 21st Mass. for its share in that night's work at Bull Run. It was another fight in the dark, with a thunderstorm accompaniment, and 117 officers and men, of about 400 present for duty, were killed and wounded. Gen. Phil Kearney who had in person ordered and led the regiment into the position in which it met this loss, there met his own fate, and this intrepid soldier, who had so often led his devoted troops in battle with such distinguished gallantry, laid down his life. Our gallant Gen. Isaac S. Johnston, commanding the First Division, Ninth Corps, was also killed, when cheering on his men, with the flag of his old regiment, the 75th N. Y. Highlanders, in his hand. Fourteen days later, at South Mountain, our own beloved Gen. Reno was killed, and the Ninth Corps and the army were called to mourn the loss of one of the most brilliant officers in which it met this loss, there met his own fate, and this intrepid soldier, who had so often led his devoted troops in battle with such distinguished gallantry, laid down his life. Our gallant Gen. Isaac S. Johnston, commanding the First Division, Ninth Corps, was also killed, when cheering on his men, with the flag of his old regiment, the 75th N. Y. 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