

A Buffalo, N. Y., judge has decided that within the meaning of the law horses are employees.

Cotton hulls and meal, it is claimed by Southern cattlemen, are a more economical food than the grains fed in the West.

Arizona has a greater number of varieties of forest trees than any of the other states or territories of equal area west of the Mississippi.

The latest anthropological statistics prove that in America the daily, monthly and yearly number of births exceed the deaths in the ratio of three to one.

One of the Hungarian towns has succeeded so well with its experiment of employing women as letter-carriers that a number of others have determined to follow suit.

The occupation of Korea by Japan is already beginning to change the country. An electric railway has been planned from the capital to the Han River, which lies three miles away.

Certain scientists say that Mars is like Holland. Its inhabitants appear to have drained the whole of its surface as a measure of protection against encroaching waters, which threaten an invasion when summer's heat melts the polar ice and snow.

A magazine, the first to appear in the West Indies, is to be published soon in the Island of Antigua. Its name will be the Carib. There is enough unknown history and romance in the islands of the Spanish Main and the Antilles to make it interesting.

In some of the long-distance telephone offices it is now the practice to give a person a stop watch when he goes into the booth to talk. He starts it when he starts conversation, and stops it when through, so that he keeps his own time and never has occasion for a controversy over the time occupied.

It is believed by some students of music that the science of musical composition depends on the simple principles that governed the composition of primitive ballad verse. Thus, they say that the long lines of the standard ballad verse (as in Rossotti, "She held three lilies in her hand") exactly measure an octave when its syllables are pronounced in equal time, and that a like principle governs throughout primitive poetry and primitive music.

Says the Marine Journal:—New York Harbor can be no longer ridiculed as defenseless against assault from the sea. A battery of sixteen rifled mortars has been established, concealed in the sand hills at Sandy Hook, capable, as was demonstrated a few days ago, of throwing 800 pound shells by the shower a distance of three and a half miles with perfect accuracy. The shells, fired from all the mortars, landed as aimed within an area less than the size of the deck of a battle ship.

The Chicago Times Herald observes:—The fact that the War Department has actually advertised for bids on 70,000 yards of red tape is considered one of the best jokes of the season. This would be a much better joke, however, if it came from the Treasury Department, for of all departments of the government red tape is most apparent there. The war department people, considering the military education of most of them, are remarkably easy of access and free from that tedious formality generally called red tape. This verdict against the treasury is founded on good authority, for no less a man than Mark Twain has put their judgment on record. In relating the facts in "The Great Beef Contract" he says: "I was told that the treasury department was the proper place for men to go to. I went there. I waited two hours and a half, and then I was admitted to the first lord of the treasury. . . . 'Go to the first auditor of the treasury,' he said. I did so. He sent me to the second auditor. The second auditor sent me to the third, and the third sent me to the first comptroller of the corned-beef division. This began to look like business. He examined his books and all his loose papers, but with no success. I was encouraged. During that week I got as far as the sixth comptroller in that division. The next week I got through the claims department. The third week I began and completed the mislaid contracts department, and got a foothold in the dead reckoning department. I finished that in three days. There was only one place left for it now. I laid siege to the commissioner of odds and ends."

THE ROLL CALL.



With sound of martial music
And reverential tread,
The armies of the living
Go forth to greet the dead.
Around the graves they gather,
A line on every soul
That listens in the silence,
While memory calls the roll.
From battle-stained Antietam,
From Missionary Ridge,
From Gettysburg and Shiloh,
From mountain, plain and bridge,
They come who died as heroes,
They come from far or near,
And as the roll is counted
Each man makes answer, "Here!"

Not one is of the missing,
The ranks are full to-day,
In solid marching order
They stand, a close array,
Their faces lit with courage
As in that long ago,
When for the love of country
They fell before the foe.

On every grave a garland
Of sweet May blooms is laid,
Till of the sad God's acre
A garden fair is made;
And ever with the living
By glade or sunny knoll,
The noble dead are marching
As Memory calls the roll.

They cannot be forgotten
To whom their comrades pay
The tributes of affection
On Decoration Day.
Still dear to those who love them
Each loyal, faithful soul
Will hear their answer, "Present!"
When Memory calls the roll.
—Helen Channey, in Independent.

A CHARGE AT SHILOH.

STORY FOR DECORATION DAY.

HOW Sam Harrington was my cousin. We were both born in the spring of 1840, just across the Ohio from Cincinnati. We went to school together, and were at Harvard when Fort Sumter was fired on; so I think I can say I knew Sam quite as well as he did himself, better indeed, as his plain and entirely unvarnished story will prove.

Sam was rather a quiet fellow, and up to the breaking out of the war, in accordance with his good mother's wishes, and I think his own desire, he looked forward to the pulpit as the field in which he could use his decided talents and spend his life to the greatest advantage.

I must confess, I had a hankering for a military life, and I was sorely disappointed when, in my seventeenth



GETTING HIS SPURS.

year, our member of Congress—he was never elected again—went back on his promise to my father and sent his own nephew, instead of myself, to West Point.

When I read Lincoln's first call for men, I telegraphed to my father that I was coming home to enlist, no matter whether Kentucky remained neutral or not, and when I told my cousin Sam Harrington what I had done, he said in his quiet way:

"I am glad to hear you say that, George, for I have done that self-same thing."

We were prevailed on to remain at Harvard till the close of the college year, then we hurried home, and as they were not enlisting men in Kentucky at that time, owing to Governor Magoffin's Southern feelings, Sam and I went over the river and enrolled ourselves in "Wilson's Troop"—the name was soon changed—and full of patriotism we felt prouder of our yellow braided tunics than ever did a major-general of his stars.

Sam was in love with Sally Weldon, a pretty little schoolmate of his only sister, and he told me, in confidence, that he feared his affection for this girl would make him a coward.

"The very thought of dying and leaving Sally for some other fellow, he said to me one night as we lay under the same blanket in camp, 'gives me the cold creeps. I'm sure if I ever get into a battle, I'll get thinking of that girl and show the white feather.'"

Those were the days of grand sacrifices. Our fathers were not only willing that we should fight for the Union, but they were ready to go themselves, and I shall never forget how our dear mothers tried to choke back their tears when the order came for us to cross the river and move South.

Sam's father, who had a large stock farm, gave him a beautiful, blooded mare, for which he had refused fifteen hundred dollars; but in those days nothing was too good for the soldier boys, and it was that same equine beauty that so severely tested the courage and presence of mind of Sam Harrington. This is how it was:

Up to April, 1862, we saw but little of the enemy. We had a few skirmishes with Morgan and Forrest in Southern Kentucky, but as neither side seemed eager for a fight there was but little damage done. We drilled during the



"THOUGHT IT WAS A RACE."

fall and winter, and Sam, who had gotten over his clerical inclinations, developed a great fondness for horse racing, and no wonder, seeing that his mare, Belle, could outrun anything in either army.

We were in Nelson's advance in the rush for Shiloh, then called "Pittsburg Landing," where Grant's star was in eclipse. Although it was near dark when our battalion was ferried over the Tennessee, we were pushed up Snake Creek, where we joined the Second Michigan Cavalry and the fragments of other mounted regiments, and we had a brush with the Texas Rangers, called on their rolls, "the Eighth Texas," and commanded by Colonel John Wharton. Up to this time, we had had a sort of sneaking dread of the be-bowie-knifed terrors of the Lone Star prairies, but the fact that we drove them in the first clash gave us no end of comfort and confidence.

Sam was very pale and nervous during the fight, but after it was over, I saw him despoiling a dead Texas captain of a pair of large silver spurs of Mexican fashion. Sam put the things on, and their jingling gave him a great deal of boyish satisfaction.

It will be remembered, the Confederates took a great many of our guns that first day at Shiloh, and we naturally felt like getting them back after Buell and Lew Wallace had put in an appearance.

On the afternoon of the next day all the mounted men were pushed up Snake Creek, the order being, after we had gone a certain distance, to dash up the bank, and charge on the batteries posted at right angles to the line of our advance, and about three hundred yards from the top of the ascent.

"I'm afraid I'm going to disgrace myself," whispered Sam to me, as we formed for the charge, within full sight of the guns, now rapidly wheeling to receive us.

There was no time for response. The bugles sounded, "forward," "trot," "gallop," then "charge," and with a wild cheer we were off.

The tendency of horses galloping side by side is to crowd together. It was so in this case, and the crowding turned Sam's feet and drove those cruel Mexican spurs into the satiny sides of the spirited mare. Stung with the pain, and no doubt believing there was a great race on hand, the mare snapped her teeth on the bit, and shot ahead of the line.

I saw the act, plainly as I see this white paper, on which I am writing, but while frozen with horror I was helpless to aid Sam.

The brave fellow was fully thirty yards ahead, and we were thundering and cheering behind him; and the

guns in front were beginning to open. I saw him rise in the stirrups, letting his sabre hang by the knot, while with both hands he jerked on the reins.

Instead of checking the mare, he broke the headstall and pulled the bridle over her head.

He was now helpless. He looked back, as if debating whether to leap off or go on. He reasoned that no matter what he did, it was death, and on the instant he decided to die, if possible, inside the battery in front.

He seized his sabre again, shouted so that the staggering line heard him and responded; then away dashed the mare, straight for a gun, behind which stood a tall Confederate with lanyard in his hand ready to pull.

I saw Sam disappearing in a cloud of flame and smoke, and on the instant horse and rider vanished and we were among the guns, our sabres falling like gleaming flails.

Well, we got the guns, and, after much searching, we found the mare nearly blown to pieces, and Sam, bleeding and powder-stained, seated on a tumbrel. He looked as if he had gone through a threshing machine, yet none of his wounds was severe.

He was made a lieutenant the next day, though to do him justice, he protested to General Sherman that he



"THOUGHT IT WAS A RACE."

did not lead the charge, and that his so-called gallantry was forced on him by his mare's running away.

But Sam demonstrated his valor on other fields. He married before the war ended, and afterwards I heard him saying to his wife, jokingly:

"I was a coward as a lover, Sally, but now that I know what married life is, I am indifferent to death."

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL GEORGE MOORE.

NATIONAL CEMETERIES.

Where Peacefully Sleep the Nation's Dead.

And while the birds are piping
Sweet strains in the leafy bowers,
And the winds of May o'er the low mounds
Play,
We strew our graves with flowers.

There are at present more than eighty national cemeteries for Federal soldiers. The largest of these is at Vicksburg, where more than 1600 headstones mark the graves of brave Boys in Blue who died that their country might live. Forty-seven acres are enclosed in its Vicksburg Cemetery, in the improvement of which the Government has expended more than half a million dollars. Ten men under charge of a superintendent are constantly employed in keeping the grounds in order. On the most elevated point stands a monument, on the point where Grant and Pemberton arranged for the surrender of the city after the long siege. In Vicksburg's silent city there are 12,710 graves marked with headstones which bear numbers only, the occupants being unknown. The bones of these unidentified sleepers were gathered from battlefields near and far. Chalmette Cemetery, just below New Orleans, holds 12,521 graves, with 5674 unknown occupants. This cemetery covers fifteen and a half acres, and is a part of the side of the battlefield on which Jackson repulsed Pakenham's men, and saved New Orleans during the war of 1812-14, which event is duly commemorated on the 8th of January, every year, by the people of New Orleans. The total number of interments in the various National cemeteries reach the great figure of 308,381, of which there are 152,117 known whites and 119,496 unknown; colored known, 13,005 and 20,505 unknown; and Confederate prisoners, 21,661. Seventy-eight of the eighty-one National cemeteries are under charge of superintendents. A list of these cemeteries, with the number of interments, follow:

Alexandria, La., 1280; Alexandria, Va., 3444; Andersonville, Ga., 13,717; Annapolis, Md., 3474; Antietam, Md., 4670; Arlington, Va., 16,280; Ball's Bluff, Va., 250; Barrancas, Fla., 955; Baton Rouge, La., 2923; Beaufort, S. C., 9219; Beverly,

N. Y., 145; Brownsville, Texas, 2907; Camp Butler, near Springfield, Ill., 687; Camp Nelson, Nicholasville, Ky., 3526; Cave Hill, near Louisville, Ky., 3774; Chalmette, La., 12,521; Chattanooga, Tenn., 12,948; City Point, Va., 3828; Cold Harbor, Va., 1941; Corinth, Miss., 5670; Crown Hill, near Indianapolis, 709; Culpeper, Va., 1348; Custer's battlefield, M. T., 259; Cypress Hills, on Long Island, N. Y., 3115; City of Mexico, 1004; Danville, Va., 1293; Danville, Ky., 359; Elmira, N. Y., 3995; Finn's Point, N. J., 2779; Florence, S. C., 2958; Fort Donelson, 639; Fort Gibson, I. T., 2152; Fort Harrison, Va., 256; Fort Leavenworth, 1108; Fort McPherson; 443; Fayetteville, Ark., 1210; Fort Scott, Kan., 409; Fort Smith, Ark., 1604; Fredericksburg, Va., 6693; Gettysburg, Penn., 3375; Glendale, Va., 636; Grafton, W. Va., 1226; Hampton, Va., 4184; Jefferson Barricks, St. Louis, 640; Keokuk, Iowa, 590; Knoxville, Tenn., 3961; Laurel, Md., 238; Lebanon, Ky., 847; Logan's Cross Roads, Ky., 694; London Park, Md., 1636; Marietta, Ga., 10,052; Memphis, Tenn., 13,838; Mobile, Ala., 810; Mound City, Ill., 5990; Nashville, Tenn., 16,538; Natchez, Miss., 3962; New Albany, Ind., 2753; Newbern, N. C., 2318; Philadelphia, Penn., 1819; Poplar Grove, Va., 5525; Port Hudson, Miss., 3804; Raleigh, N. C., 1159; Richmond, Va., 4835; Rock Island, Ill., 289; Salisbury, N. C., 12,120; Shiloh, Tenn., 3590; San Antonio, Tex., 483; Seven Pines, Va., 789; Soldiers' Home, Ohio, 5238; Springfield, Mo., 1518; Stone River, Tenn., 6063; Vicksburg, Miss., 16,606; Whitehall, Penn., 60; Wilmington, N. C., 10,605; Winchester, Va., 4035; Yorktown, Va., 1566.

Virginia has the largest number of cemeteries—fourteen. Virginia, Tennessee and Mississippi in their order were the battle States of the struggle for the preservation of the Union.

Lincoln's Address at Gettysburg.

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new Nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that Nation, or any Nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that Nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this Nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth.

Decoration Day Observances.

It was feared at the outset that the decoration of soldiers' graves could not be continued as a permanent custom; that the work would be performed principally by veterans of the war as a tribute to their fallen comrades, and that as their ranks became depleted by death the custom would be less observed, and before long cease. But experience has proved that when a soldier dies his children take up the work as a sacred legacy bequeathed to them by patriotic fathers, and each year the ceremony becomes more imposing and greater numbers participate in it.

While each soldier's grave is decorated by his comrades or by his descendants, the graves which mark the resting places of the "unknown dead" are never neglected. It is always a touching sight to witness the respect and tender reverence shown in decorating the graves of those whose names are unknown, about whom we can tell nothing except that they died in order that the Republic might live. —General Horace Porter.

The long-distance telephone between Paris and London has over 200 calls a day. At the rate of \$2 for each call it pays, states the Chicago Times-Herald.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

HOW TO COOK BEEF-STEAK.

Pound well your meat until the fibers break.
Be sure that next you have to broil the steak.

Good coals in plenty, nor a moment leave, but turn it over this way and then that; The iron should be quite rare, not so the fat. The platter now and then the juice receive, Put on your butter, place it on your meat, Salt, pepper, turn it over, serve and eat.
—Philadelphia Press.

KEROSENE A GOOD THING.

Kerosene will remove tar.
Kerosene will remove fresh paint.
Kerosene simplifies laundry work.
Kerosene is a good counter-irritant.
Kerosene will remove rust from bolts and bars.
Kerosene in starch prevents its sticking.
Kerosene on a cloth will prevent flatirons from scorching.
Kerosene cleans brass, but it should be afterward wiped with dry whiting.
—Philadelphia Times.

CARE OF HARDWOOD FLOORS.

If possible hall floors should be hard wood or tiles, and when this is not practicable the boards may be stained and a rug or strip of carpet then laid down, which should be held in place by slots of brass, if necessary. A floor of natural wood should first be lightly covered with linseed oil, and when dry should be rubbed smooth and cleaned; it should also be polished once a month with beeswax and turpentine, or it may receive a coat of shellac varnish. If the wood is soft pine, several coats of colored varnish will be best. Constant care is necessary to keep a wood floor looking well. It should be dusted daily and wiped once a week with a soft cloth and clean water. When needful wash it thoroughly with hot suds made from castile soap, adding a teaspoonful of oil to every quart of suds. This mixture should be stirred well every time the cloth is dipped into it; and after it is applied the floor should be wiped dry with a soft cloth. The same treatment should be applied to the stairs.
—New York Telegram.

A NEW USE FOR OLD FANS.

The doors and sides of cupboards, bookcases and shelves may be very cleverly and prettily decorated with Japanese fans. These are glued on flatly, the handles being cut off, and the wooden part of them also, so as to make them quite flat. When arranged with taste and skill they produce a delightful effect of color, and one is puzzled to understand how it is produced unless it is explained. Japanese scraps, such as mats and screens, are cheap and may be bought anywhere. A coat of varnish is sometimes applied, but unless it be bookbinder's varnish it is likely to turn the white of the paper yellow. The same treatment may be also applied to the panels of the doors, and to the frieze of the drawing or dining room walls, with excellent effect. The plan of putting the fans quite flatly on the walls or doors produces a better appearance than simply fastening the fans up without doing anything to them.
—Brooklyn Eagle.

RECIPES.

Turnips—Now, as to turnips. The small white ones should be boiled, if cut in thin slices, for thirty minutes, but if they be cooked whole forty minutes' time will be needed. Yellow turnips, when sliced, need forty-five minutes' cooking.

Escalloped Cheese—One teaspoon of breadcrumbs, one pint grated cheese, two eggs, one-half teaspoon salt and milk enough to moisten the mixture nicely. Place in a buttered earthen dish, sprinkle the top with bread crumbs and bake.

Corn Cake—One cup of yellow corn meal, one cup of wheat flour, one cup of sugar, one cup of sour cream or one cup of milk and three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar and half a teaspoonful of soda, a teaspoonful of salt, two unbeaten eggs. Bake twenty minutes.

Macaroni with Cheese—Break the macaroni in short pieces, cover with boiling water. When full and tender, drain off the water, adding fresh water and milk. Boil again, season with salt, butter and cheese, cut in thin slices. Put in baking dish, having the macaroni well covered with the milk and water. Bake an hour.

Maple Sauce—Grate half a pound of maple sugar and dissolve it in a cupful of cream or rick milk. Let it boil, stirring it frequently, so that it will not burn, keeping it on the back of the stove. When it is of the consistency of thin syrup, use a sauce for batter puddings or such puddings as have not much flavor of their own.