

BOBBY'S VIVID IMAGINATION.



Bobby has been stealing apples, and his fears have worked on his imagination.—Ledger.

IOWA'S OLDEST RESIDENT.

Mrs. Lucy Alexander Said to Have Seen 124 Years of Active Life.

In Soap Creek Hollow, near Keokuk, lives Mrs. Lucy Alexander, 124 years of age, and, according to the census returns, the oldest person in Iowa. On Concord street resides Mrs. Mahala Robbins, who, tradition says, is over 100. Both the old women are colored.

Mrs. Alexander makes her home with Mrs. Lizzie Thomas, and here she sits in the sunshine and tells stories of a past age. Notwithstanding her advanced age she is quite well preserved and has full possession of all her faculties. She can thread a needle without glasses—never uses glasses, indeed, for any purpose. Her hearing is good, mind bright and active and health unimpaired. Within the past year she walked across the river to Oakwood, a distance of nearly five miles. At times her memory is better than others, and she then speaks freely of old-time events, recounting the names of prominent generals of the Revolutionary War and the early Presidents.

Away back before the Revolution Mrs. Alexander was born, a slave, in Winchester, Va. Her maiden name was Page, and her master's name Miller Alexander. Her master served in the Revolution, and when he returned home at its close she met him at the gate and carried his knapsack and accoutrements into the house.

Her earliest recollection goes back to the home of her master in Prince Edward's County, Virginia. While living there General Washington stopped at her master's house, but whether it was during or after the Revolutionary War she cannot remember. Later the family moved to Richmond. That was then quite a small place. In 1838 her master removed to Kentucky, taking his slaves with him. After some years he died there, and the interest of the other heirs in the estate was purchased by Miller Alexander, Jr., who brought the slaves—ten in number—to Hamilton, Ill., and set them all free. This was about five years before the commencement of the Civil War. Miller Alexander remained in Hamilton till the close of the war and then removed to St. Louis, where he now resides. He was a model master, as was his father,



MRS. LUCY ALEXANDER.

also. None of her family were ever sold from the plantation, and all were kindly treated.

Mrs. Alexander's husband, Robert, died in Hamilton, Iowa, in 1885, at the age of 104 years. The couple had lived in Iowa ten years at that time. Many years ago Mrs. Alexander saved \$150 and bought her husband from slavery.

Bell, the telephone inventor, is an enthusiast on sea fishing and has an estate of 15,000 acres on Cape Breton which he enjoys chiefly for that sport.

During the past year 682 steam and sail vessels of 182,719 gross tonnage were built and documented in the United States.

CUSTER'S HEROES.

HOW THE PLACE WHERE THEY FELL LOOKS TO-DAY.

Site of the Little Big Horn Battlefield Turned into a National Cemetery—262 Little White Slabs.

OUT in Southwestern Montana, about sixty miles from Billings and ten miles from Fort Custer, is a National cemetery. This death's acre is the site of the most tragic and desperate battle in our military history—the battle of the Little Big Horn. Here Custer, with the gallant Seventh Cavalry, two hundred and sixty-two strong, met the Indians on June 25, 1876, and not one of those brave men was left to tell the story; only 262 little white slabs clustering about the cross that marks where Custer fell give mute evidence of the heroism and bravery so vainly displayed at that terribly fatal battle. That the battle was fought cannot be doubted. Custer was leading an attack and had located the Indian village in the valley of the Little Big Horn and was making a forced march in the night to fall upon them before they discovered his presence. The Indians, however, discovered this plan and when Custer realized this he attacked them for fear they might escape. The battle took place on the brow of a high hill, which commands a view of the whole valley of the Little Big Horn. It was not a massacre or ambush, for this field stands out the most conspicuous in the whole valley, without trees, shrubs, grass or weeds to conceal an enemy. When the mutilated bodies



CUSTER'S BATTLEFIELD AS IT LOOKS TO-DAY.

—for all were mutilated except that of General Custer—were buried a little pile of empty cartridge shells was found by the side of each body. This is indisputable evidence that they died fighting, and when you look at the alignment of the marble slabs you will note that they are in line of battle—the General on the highest point, with his brother, Colonel Tom Custer, just behind him, Lieutenant Reilly on his left, and Captain Yates on his right. Other officers were grouped about the commander, and the troopers were a little farther down the hill in front, stretched out in line of battle. A half-dozen slabs stand out a few rods in advance of the main lines like skirmishes. To the right of the line are two slabs bearing the names of Boston Custer and Arthur Reed, the young brother and nephew of the General, who accompanied the expedition and died in the ranks of the soldiers. The slab bearing the name of Lieutenant W. W. Cook is in front of that of Custer, and a little to the left, where a line officer could lead his men. No man could form a more precise line of battle than were these three mute sentinels, glistening in the bright afternoon sun, placed, marking the place where 262 brave men followed Custer to death. Standing by the monument and facing toward the West, from which direction the onrushing tide of Indians came to overwhelm Custer's little band of sixty-one, to the left another quarter of a mile is another group of marble sentinels. They seem to be marching around the side of another part of the hill and trying to reach the centre of the battle which raged around the General. They are not so compact as those around the cross which marks where Custer fell. They are scattered out in line just as men might be who were fighting against great odds and trying to gain the top of the hill, where the fair-headed chief stood among his soldiers.

Back in the other ravine in the east of the hill are other groups of white marble slabs, some standing close together, like soldiers touching elbows; some detached and straggling along the hillside. One of these slabs bears the name of the gallant Captain Keogh and another the name of Lieutenant Crittenden. These marbles all look to represent a body trying to climb the hill and rally around the Commander-in-Chief. They may have been cut off by another tide of savagery that swept through the ravine and between them and Custer. They died there, a little band of thirty-eight men, together. There are few slabs scattered far away from the groups to indicate that any tried to escape by an individual effort. The men fought together, died together, and the marble slabs marking their positions stand together, as sentinels to tell the coming generation how Custer's men died, if not how they planned and fought their last battle. This field marks the place of every man, where he fought and where he died. There is not another battle field like this in the world, where all the coming generations may come and stand beside the granite monument on the brow of the hill and see in the white marble tablets scattered about just how the five troops of the Seventh Cavalry who followed Custer in that last battle fought and died in line of battle, forgetting

neither military tactics nor duty in fighting a horde.

There is one slab to which is attached a pathetic little story. It is the one which marks the resting place of the body of Lieutenant John J. Crittenden, the only officer buried on the field. All others have been removed—Custer and his brother to West Point, the other officers to their homes or to other military cemeteries, and the privates are buried on the top of the hill around the granite monument. But Lieutenant Crittenden lies where he fell. His father, General Crittenden, telegraphed that a soldier's grave should be on the field where he gave his life to duty, and the boy was buried where he fell and a monument placed over it by his friends.

No more fitting tribute than this silent battalion of white slabs arranged in line of battle could be paid to the gallant troopers of the Seventh Cavalry who died on Custer's Hill, where they showed such heroic sacrifice; no thought of self, but duty, and that was to bring in the hostile Indians who were with Sitting Bull. This battlefield has made the name of Custer and his cavalry immortal; the slabs have stamped it on the face of time.—New York Advertiser.

A Flying Dormouse.

Among the animals in the last collection sent from Cameroons by the explorer George Zenker was a mammal of an entirely new species, a flying dormouse, to which the name Idiurus Zenkeri has been given. We publish herewith an engraving of this little animal, for which we are indebted to the Illustrirte Zeitung, and which shows plainly the membrane that ex-



THE FLYING DORMOUSE FROM CAMEROONS.

tends around its body and enables it to fly or jump from branch to branch. Such membranes are well known among animals of certain species, but it is distinguished by the peculiarities of its very long tail from all other mammals. In the cut the tail is shown slightly curved, so that the under side can be seen. At the root of the tail there is the fold of skin, behind which are fifteen oblique rows of little horny scales, three or four in each row, short bristles protruding from among the scales. On the under side of the tail, along the middle and the sides, are comb-like hairs, and from the short, soft fur on the upper side—from the root of the tail to the brush-like tip—projecting long upright hairs. No one knows for what purpose this singularly shaped apparatus is intended, for as yet nothing is known of the life of the little creature. Nor is anything known of its origin; it has been called "flying dormouse," because it resembles this sluggish in the shape of its body, its skull and its teeth; but its membrane and the horny scales are similar to those of certain species of squirrels and its skeleton shows peculiarities possessed only by the jerboa. Probably the dormouse, the species of squirrels referred to, and the jerboa are the last of a very large extinct family.—Scientific American.

A New Product.

It is now stated that by subjecting pure cellulose to the action of caustic soda and afterward treating the same with carbon bisulphide, which has been practiced in England, a product possessing remarkable industrial value is the result. Dissolved in water an insoluble coagulum is produced, which when washed and removed from the water, becomes hard and compact, in which condition it is found available for tool handles, buttons and other articles; or, if the material while still in solution has alcohol added to it, there is obtained a mass which may be stamped into a variety of objects, may be used as a medium for pigments in printing cotton goods, applied to cloth as a facing, or used as a substitute for leather. It is also stated that cloth having a coating of this solution is flexible in washing, but stiffens when ironed, so that shirt bosoms, collars, cuffs and table linen may be made from it advantageously.—Philadelphia Ledger.

WINGS ARE WORN.

BIRDS CROWN FEMININE HEAD-GEAR THIS FALL.

Fashion's Flat is for Feathers in Woman's Attire—Latest News of the Modiste and Milliner.

WHEN the ancient poet wrote the lines:

Birds, the free tenants of land, air and ocean. Their forms all symmetry, their motion grace;

In plumage delicate and beautiful. Thick without burden, close scales, Or loose as full-blown poppies to the breeze;

He little thought the use that they would be put to. Birds are not the free tenants of either land or air, for they are being mercilessly entrapped and shot, in order that their heavenly tinted breasts and wings may adorn the hats of fair women. The flat has gone forth that these masterpieces of creation are to crown dainty heads this autumn. Even the exquisite ruby-throated humming bird, with stomach of emerald brilliancy and wings tinged with ultramarine blue, is to be shorn of its plumage feather by feather, to enable some modiste to spangle lace with the tiny scales. Entire crowns of hats will be composed of the Amherst pheasant. Even the

in place by the little animal, claws. Evening hats will be smaller than last season and trimmed with gauze wings, flowers, jeweled ornaments and small birds.

CROCHET WORK THE RAGE.

At the present moment crochet work is simply the rage; no matter what one makes, whether dress trimmings, a finish for underwear, or edgings for fancy work, the crochet needle is one of the favorite employments of the industrious young woman. Crochet shawls are again coming into fashion, not exactly on the old fashioned lines, where the shawls dragged into great holes, and were in a short time stringy and unattractive looking, but with snug, close stitches so arranged that there is durability to them as well as beauty.

There is nothing prettier for a shoulder wrap than a handsome shawl, crocheted of some not too fine material. Little shoulder capes, with ribbon run through, are also much liked; and there are little scarf shaped articles to throw over the head. These are particularly convenient and agreeable for evening wear when one desires to take a stroll either on the porch or in the street.

PRETTY FROCK FOR A GIRL.

Alpaca is a charming material for young people's wear. The frock here shown is intended for dull rose-col-



HATS TRIMMED IN RIBBON.

parrot's vivid plumage will be used in moderation. Wings large and small will be worn by women of all ages. Every wing, even if it be of farmyard extraction, will be fashionable this season, but those most in vogue will be in the opalescent effects. There will be wings that shade from light fawn to deep brown, and a quantity of two-toned wings beautifully blended. Pure white wings and feather wings spangled with jewels will be in fashion. There will be wings of steel, jet and gold. When fur or velvet is used it will be in the shape of a wing. The general character of the hats will be a low, broad effect. The turban will be the smartest hat for street wear, and it will be embellished with wings, or breasts running entirely around the hat. The crowns will be of velvet, felt or rows of fine, narrow braid. Spangled velvets will also be used for crowns, combined with either fur or breasts. A new turban has a crown formed of very small wings of parrot-green. The broad band which forms the rim is of black velvet. At the front of the turban rim is a jet pin, shapely like two widespread pinions. Turbans made of large birds will be considered very swell. Many of the

ored alpaca, with a trimming of dark rose-tinted ribbon, over which is laid narrow vandyked insertion lace. This makes a very uncommon trimming, and is very inexpensive. The yoke is of cream-white Pongee, set in gathers top and bottom, and laid over the bodice lining as far as the bust. The



GIRL'S FROCK.

lower part of the bodice is then faced with the material, which in front has no darts, and the superfluous fulness is set in careless gathers at the waist.

A REVIVAL.

One of the revivals is the long coat of cloth with silk lining. This is to be a specialty for the coming season, and its universal use is predicted. Some of these cloaks have capes, others are made without, and have either standing collars or those that flare back from the throat. The sleeves are very comfortable, having enormous arm-holes; indeed, this is one of the distinguishing characteristics of the new long cloaks, arm-holes allowing the garment to be put on over an ordinary dress with the ballooned and be-puffed sleeves.

MARIE ANTOINETTE STYLES.

Square-cut bodices are all the rage once more, which is another sign that Marie Antoinette is going to live again in fashion ere long. We shall then, without a doubt, regret the comfortable sleeves and full bodices which we will be obliged to lay aside for another half century or so.



THE NEWEST SLEEVE.



COIFFURE OF TODAY.

toques and large hats will be of braided chenille, combined with fur or velvet, and ornamented with wings. Pinions will be used with little fur animals, and choux of lace will be held