

LOSS OF VICKSBURG.

EFFECT ON THE GENERAL WHO COMMANDED AT THAT POINT.

Pemberton Resigned and Took Service in a Lower Rank — His Family Were Wealthy Pennsylvanians, and He Was Disinherited When He Joined the South.

In an address at San Antonio, Tex., the Hon. John H. Reagan said:

"While I am speaking of matters connected with the war which have not, so far as I know, gone into history, I desire to do an act of justice to the memory of Lieutenant General John C. Pemberton, who was in command at Vicksburg when that city was surrendered. He, with the balance of his command, was paroled after their surrender. The great strategic importance of Vicksburg, commanding as it did the Mississippi river, and the loss of which substantially bisected the territory of the Confederacy by the line of that river, was so important and was so keenly felt by our people that it caused deep regret and great dissatisfaction, and many of the people questioned the fidelity of General Pemberton to our cause. It is of this that I wish specially to speak in justice to his memory.

"He was a citizen of the state of Pennsylvania and a major of the federal army when the war broke out. His mother lived in Philadelphia and was wealthy. He believed the people of the south were in the right and that their cause was just and determined to enter the Confederate service. He notified his mother of his intention, saying to her that he was a military man, and that his age would require him to participate in the war, and that he could not afford to risk his life in a cause which he believed to be unjust. His mother protested against this course and threatened to disinherit him if he persisted in it.

"You may well understand what a trial it must have been to him to refuse to comply with his mother's wish and to separate himself from his own section of the country, greatly the stronger, and unite with the weaker section, placing his life at stake because of his conscientious conviction of duty. On his merits as an officer he rose to the rank of lieutenant general in the Confederate service, and on account of the confidence of the president in his ability and fidelity to our cause he was put in command of the important military position of Vicksburg.

"After he was exchanged as a prisoner and released from his parole I was with President Davis in his office when General Pemberton called on him and stated that the discontent on account of the fall of Vicksburg had destroyed his usefulness in high command and made it proper for him to resign his commission of lieutenant general, which he then did, and he asked to be assigned to the rank of lieutenant colonel of artillery in the regular army of the Confederacy. The president, with expressions of sympathy and regret, accepted his resignation as lieutenant general, and he was assigned to his line rank of lieutenant colonel of artillery. This was the only instance during the war of an officer voluntarily resigning a high rank in the army and asking for service in a lower one.

"Not long after this General Butler, in command of the Federal forces, moving a portion of the army from the south to the north side of the James river, with a large force attempted to capture the city of Richmond. Our line of works in front of him was defended by a number of siege batteries and by infantry. The principal attack was by field batteries on the line of the Williamsburg road. Lieutenant Colonel Pemberton was in command of our batteries, which covered that line of approach and in the immediate front of the Federal batteries. Colonel Preston Johnson of the president's staff and I, on hearing the heavy firing, rode out to where we could witness the contest. We saw Pemberton standing on the parapet of the battery on the Williamsburg road, fully exposed to the most terrific fire of shot and shell, giving directions to his command. Seeing this, we feared that the disaster at Vicksburg and the criticisms to which he had been subjected were causing him to seek relief in death. This supposition may have been unjust to him, and his purpose may simply have been to encourage his comrades.

"On my return from prison in 1865, in going from Richmond to Columbia, S. C., I met General Pemberton on the case at Greensboro, N. C., and learned that he, too, was going to Columbia to see Mr. Trenholm, the late secretary of the treasury, his object, as he told me, being to try to borrow money from Mr. Trenholm to enable him to get on a farm as a means of support to his family. I inquired of him if he understood farming. He said he had no experience in farming; that he had no profession but that of engineer, and that there was no opening for him in that line, and he saw no other way of supporting his family except on a farm. He was then in a destitute condition financially. I said to him that I understood his family in Philadelphia was wealthy and asked him if he knew of his condition. His answer was, in character with his past actions, that they did not and never should know it from him.

"From this we can understand the injustice of the criticisms to which he had been subjected. I saw him no more, but have since learned that he died in Philadelphia, and from this fact trust that he became reconciled with his family. I learned from President Davis the facts relating to General Pemberton's leaving his home and entering the Confederate service."

Top Emotional.

"Julia, I never see you at funerals." "No; when I go, I always cry harder than the widow, and that makes people think I was in love with the man."—Chicago Record.

GRANT AND UNCLE BEN.

The President Remembered the Old Man Who Was Kind to Him.

D. R. Garrison told a story to General Schofield at the Dent House which illustrates to a certain extent the kind heartedness of General Grant. Grant was a great lover of horses, and while he was president he came on a visit to St. Louis, and Mr. Garrison, at that time president of the old Pacific road, took him out to his farm. They started off in a buggy for a drive, and after going some distance met an old man going along on a horse. The man was in his shirt sleeves and wore a straw hat, but Grant recognized him, and, stopping the buggy, he got out, and walking up to the old man put out his hand and said: "Hello, Uncle Ben! How are you and the old woman getting along?"

The old man was Uncle Ben Sappington. He welcomed the president, and said that he was getting along very well. He remarked that they were happy as long as they had enough to eat and a pipe and a little tobacco.

"Uncle Ben, wouldn't you like to be postmaster of Meramee township?" asked the president.

Uncle Ben said he would not object, and Grant shook him by the hand and said: "God bless you and your wife, Uncle Ben. I think of you often."

When Grant got back in the buggy, the tears were streaming from his eyes, and he said to Mr. Garrison: "Poor old Uncle Ben. He has a big heart. I remember," he said, "when I and my wife, living in that house over there, did not have any more to eat than needed, and old Uncle Ben would come around to the house at night and leave a basket of provisions on our doorstep. He was afraid to come and give them to us, thinking that he would possibly hurt our feelings. God bless his memory!"

Uncle Ben was made postmaster, and after living to a ripe old age he joined the great majority and was followed by Grant a few years ago.—St. Louis Republic.

OOM PAUL'S EFFECTIVE PRAYER.

This Story May Not Be True, but It Is Far From Impossible.

Here is a little anecdote told, not by a malicious nitlander, but by a Boer. In the early days, before the Transvaal was a republic, there was a famine in the land, and a party was organized to hunt the hartbeest. For days the party scoured the veldt in vain; there was no sign of game of any description. Then one of the Boers declared his intention of retiring into the bush to pray for succor, as did the patriarchs of old. He accordingly left the party in company with a native and disappeared into the bush. Some hours afterward the Boer returned and informed the party solemnly that he had prayed, and in three days' time a very large troop of hartbeest would pass that way. The party remained at the camp, and, sure enough, two days after the promised game appeared in sight, and the Dutchmen, with thankful hearts, made a great haul.

From that moment "the man of prayer" became the popular hero until he was elected president of the South African republic. That man was Paul Kruger.

And now listen to the edifying sequel: It was some time afterward that the native who accompanied Kruger into the bush gave his version of the affair. The native stated that when Kruger entered the bush he did not pray, but struck out for a neighboring Kafir kraal. Calling the headmen, the Boer informed them that the white people were starving and could find no game. There was a large number of armed Boers on the other side of the bush, who had sent him to tell them that unless they (the natives) discovered game in less than three days they would all be shot. Knowing Boer methods only too well, the frightened natives set out forthwith, discovered the game and drove it toward the Boer camp.—London Figaro.

Chinese Treatment of Children.

However little liked the Chinaman may be by his white neighbors, I have at all times found that the Chinese had at least one good and praiseworthy quality—the kindness shown by all of them toward their children. The poorest parents always seem able to save enough money to array their little ones in gay garments on New Year's day or other holidays. The children in turn seem to be remarkably well behaved and respectful toward their elders, and rarely if ever receive corporal punishment. They seem very happy, and apparently enjoy their childhood more than most American children. On almost any sunny day the fond and proud father may be seen at every turn in Chinatown carrying his brightly attired youngster in his arms. Other little tots, hardly old enough to feel quite steady on their legs, toddle about with infants strapped on their backs. They do not appear to mind this, and it does not seem to interfere with their childish pastimes. About the time of the Chinese New Year Chinese children are particularly favored, and the fond fathers deny them nothing. The little ones always appear to be well provided with pocket money to buy toys and candies.—Theodore Wores in St. Nicholas.

An Artist Without Arms.

The comrade without arms was a most assiduous worker. It was amusing to watch his mitted feet step out of their shoes and at the shortest notice proceed to do duty as hands. His nimble toes would screw and unscrew the tops of the color tubes or handle the brush as steadily as the best and deftest of fingers could handle it. Very much unlike any of us, he was most punctilious in the care he bestowed on his paint box, as also on his personal appearance.—Felix Moscheles in Century.

The mocking bird seems to have a genuine sense of humor. Often when engaged in the most charming imitation of some song bird it will suddenly stop and break out with the quacking of a duck or some other ludicrous sound.

SOLITUDE AND SILENCE.

A Peculiar Charm Possessed by South African Scenery.

A peculiar charm which South African scenery possesses is that of primeval solitude and silence. It is a charm which is differently felt by different minds. There are many who find the presence of what Homer calls "the rich works of men" essential to the perfection of a landscape. Cultivated fields, gardens and orchards, farmhouses dotted here and there, indications in one form or another of human life and labor, do not merely give a greater variety to every prospect, but also impart an element which evokes the sense of sympathy with our fellow men and excites a whole group of emotions which the contemplation of nature, taken by itself, does not arouse.

No one is insensible to these things, and some find little delight in any scene from which they are absent. Yet there are other minds to which there is something specially solemn and impressive in the untouched and primitive simplicity of a country which stands now just as it came from the hands of the Creator. The self-sufficiency of nature, the insignificance of man, the mystery of a universe which does not exist, as our ancestors fondly thought, for the sake of man, but for other purposes hidden from us and forever undecipherable—these things are more fully realized and more deeply felt when one traverses an immense wilderness which seems to have known no change since the remote ages when hill and plain and valley were molded into the forms we see today.

Feelings of this kind powerfully affect the mind of the traveler in South Africa. They affect him in the Karroo, where the slender line of rails, along which his train creeps all day and all night across long stretches of brown desert and under the crests of stern, dark hills, seems to heighten by contrast the sense of solitude—a vast and barren solitude interposed between the busy haunts of men which he has left behind on the shores of the ocean and those still busier haunts whither he is bent, where the pick and hammer sound upon the Witwatersrand and the palpitating engine drags masses of ore from the depths of the crowded mine. They affect him still more in the breezy highlands of Matabeleland, where the exurgences over an apparently endless succession of undulations clothed with tall grass or waving wood, till they sink in the blue distance toward the plain through which the great Zambesi takes its seaward course.—Professor James Bryce, M. P., in Century.

MASCULINE MEDICINE CHESTS.

Every Man Carries His Favorite Remedy Always With Him.

It is customary for men to sneer good naturedly at the physical weaknesses of the opposite sex, but women would doubtless be surprised could they know how generally the medicinal remedy habit permeates the ranks of their masculine friends. Think over your list of male acquaintances and pick out the few who have no ailments and carry no bottles, powders or prescriptions. They will be very few indeed, unless your list includes but very young men.

It has been said that every woman knows the best face wash on earth and is willing to part with her secret only on compulsion, but will try anything else suggested by a friend. But men are the most obstinate believers in sovereign remedies. Every man carries at least one remedy in his inside pocket and is willing to unload it on anybody who will listen or dare to test its infallibility. I have known four or five healthy looking men in a group, not one of whom would be suspected of ever being ill, draw concealed vials of pellets and little unsuspected boxes of pills and astonishingly worded prescriptions from their confidential hiding places and discourse most learnedly upon their miraculous powers.

In every case of this kind there has been at some time, more or less remote, an apparent justification of merit claimed, from which time and thenceforth forever that particular individual goes contentedly and even boastfully bound to that medicinal chariot wheel.—New York Herald.

Useful Gum Chewing.

Even so disagreeable a habit as gum chewing may once in a great while serve a useful purpose, as witness an incident narrated by the Chicago Journal:

A guest was washing his ring in a washbowl, when the diamond came out and started for the sewer. It could be seen at the turn in the pipe, but was out of reach.

The clerk of the Auditorium annex, in which the accident occurred, appeared on the scene. He was equal to the emergency. He called a bellboy and sent for a package of chewing gum. When it was brought, the boy chewed gum as he never had before. Then putting the soft, plastic quid on the end of a long lead pencil, he pushed the diamond stuck in the quid, and was brought out safely.

Obliged to Give Up His Chops.

"We used to have a fine chop for breakfast regularly in Africa," said a traveler who has just returned to the city after a long absence, "and occasionally we have them here, and I like 'em, but we live in a flat, the kitchen is small, we can't get but one chop into it at a time, and the cook has to stand out on the fire escape and turn it with a pitchfork, and it's such a slow, inconvenient way of cooking them that I suppose we'll have to give 'em up."—New York Sun.

His Excuse.

Magistrate—You're charged with stealing some diamond studs. Have you anything to say?

Prisoner—Well, yer worship, the card on which was the studs was marked "collar studs," so I took it as an invitation, an did collar 'em.—London Fun.

BEAR SAWED THE LOGS.

Strange Tale of a Woodman and the Effects of Mines Pie.

"I don't like to repeat a story about Sullivan county unless I know it is true," said Phil Kinney. Mr. Kinney never tells a story except with the most serious countenance, writes a correspondent of the New York Press.

"A farmer," he said, "from Forestburg was here recently, and he told me of an experience he had out in the woods, and I'll give up my dinner if I don't think he told the truth. You see, he is one of those honest old fellows who drink hard cider around home. He says plain cider doesn't hurt him, but when he comes here he winks at me and says, 'Put a little in my cider.'"

"Well, sir, he was getting out railroad ties down where he lives. He uses in doing it one of those big, double handled cross cut saws.

"Says he: 'I was a-sawin away out thar in the snow, with my little fox terrier nosin round in the bushes after jacks, when he sudden like puts his tail twixt them slender legs o' his'n and digs out for hum. I kinder looked round, but blessed ef I could set them eyes o' mine on anything out the ordinary. I kept on a-sawin till it gits time to eat my old woman's bits.

"I set down on a log an et away, an I sets the pail down when I was through, an I saved my mince pie for a little later. I fell into a doze, an when I come to I was half skairt outen my boots by a blasted big black bear sittin longside an eatin my mince pie. I knew better'n to try to get up 'fore he could swat me with his paw. So I sets still, a-shakin and a-shiverin. Purty soon I heard them whistles a-blowin for 1 o'clock down in Port Jervis. Then the funniest part o' the hull business commenced. That they're bear jes' wipes his nose in the snow an goes over on ketches hold that saw and went to work.

"By gosh! I was expectin that he would do some sort o' trouble to it, an it wuz the only saw I hed. But he didn't. He sawed off four or five logs jes' the right length, an then he saw the rest o' that tree wuz too small fer use as ties, an he looked round fer another tree. But there wuzn't none down, so he sets the saw up agin a tree an goes off."

"I said to him then," continued Phil, "You better have a little more cider." He took a big drink and then another. Then he says: 'Phil, I don't want you to laugh at me, but I went down there nex' day, an I cut down six trees, an I put two mince pies an the saw longside the first one an went an hid behind a tree. I waited till 2 o'clock, but that blasted bear never showed up.'"

Perils of a Joke in Germany.

This story illustrates the perils of practical joking in Germany: Eighteen months ago four gentlemen of leisure from the Rhine country went to the kirmess in Bullay. They rode about with a cabby and drank wine until they were overtaken by the conditions of mind and body which accompany these performances at German festivals. Then they began to dispute with the cabman as to the weight of his horse and cab. Eventually they offered him 50 pennings—or about 12 cents—a pound for the whole equipage. He accepted the offer. The horse and cab went on the scales and registered 3,000 pounds. The whole outfit was worth about \$75, so the cabman hastened to surrender it and demand his 12 cents a pound, or \$360 in all. The four gentlemen of leisure then protested that it was all a mistake, a joke, in fact, and they couldn't think of paying \$360 for a \$75 equipage. They went away, but the cabman sent horse and cab after them by express C. O. D.

When the four gentlemen of leisure refused to follow the practical part of the joke farther, the cabman sued them. He carried on the case from court to court, in response to their appeals from each successive decision in his favor, and two weeks ago obtained the final judgment in his favor from the high court of justice in Coblenz. The costs meantime had risen to \$640, so the four gentlemen of leisure were ordered by the court to pay \$900, all told. That is the total cost of the practical joke about the cabman's \$75 outfit, excepting the private retainers which, for the defense of the four jokers through the steady legal fight of a year and a half, are said to amount to about \$600 more. The Bullay cabman has bought a pair and a victoria and has gone to Berlin to carry men with titles and spurs on their boots.—New York Sun.

An Island City.

Greater New York consists of 45 islands—just as many as there are now stars in our flag. It might be called the Island City. Read the names of some of the larger: 1. Manhattan island. 2. Long island. 3. Staten island. 4. Hart's island. 5. City island. 6. Riker's island. 7. North Brother's island. 8. South island. 9. Blackwell's island. 10. Randall's island. 11. Ward's island. 12. Berrian's island. 13. Governor's island. 14. Barren island. 15. Coney island.

Many small ones in Jamaica bay have as large names. One inland island, Marble Hill, near Kingsbridge, has been made by the government channel cut through on the Harlem river improvements.—New York Dispatch.

More Keen Than Kind.

Hostess—Well, there is one very creditable thing I can say about my husband. We have lived together over 20 years now, and during all that time I have never heard him swear once. What do you think of that?

Guest—I think it the most remarkable case of self control I ever heard of.—Boston Courier.

More Fun Now.

Aunt Jane—In my young days, Evelyn, girls amused themselves with a spinning wheel.

Evelyn—But, aunty dear, you ought to see my wheel spin!—Detroit Free Press.

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" Lima beans, "	05
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