

ON THE MARCH.

Down the canon of the street,
Hear the muffled marching feet!

Marching down the western light,
Burns the column on our sight!

Now the marching men have passed
We have watched them to the last,

So the night comes on apace,
Sottles on each solemn face,

HOW GRANDPA CAME BY THE MEDAL.

BY M. A. A. RUTLER.

"What is this, grandpa?" asked Kent.

He had picked up from the floor a large silver medal that baby sister had been biting with her toothless little gums.

"That? Why, it's the medal that the United States government gave me in 1851—before your mother was born," answered grandpa, as he studied the inscription absently.

"Did the government give you that?" cried Kent, surprised that his grandfather had been on such familiar terms with the government of the United States. "Why, what for?"

"So I never told you that story, did I?" says grandpa, with some pride in his voice. "That was for helping to rescue the crew of the brig Zilica, bound for Bay of Fundy and shipwrecked off this coast. And it astonishes me to this day to remember that we did not every one of us lose our lives trying to save them."

"Oh, tell it! tell it! Please tell it!" urged Kent, now fired with interest to hear about a real adventure by his own grandpa.

"That happened in the days before the United States life-saving service was organized. That branch of the marine service was not established until the year 1871. Some time before you leave the Cape I will take you to the back shore to visit the life-saving station and show you some of the wonderful appliances they have nowadays for saving life—lifeboats, life buoys, pinnacled breeches, mortars for throwing the lines, red fire to burn and all the numerous traps besides. I think you will find these more interesting than the story, my boy."

"But the story, grandpa; the story! Tell that now, grandpa," insisted Kent, impatient for grandpa to begin.

"How many men were there with you when you rescued the sailors?"

"Let me think! There was Steve, my brother; Jesse Freeman, Robert Judson—well, I think there were six of us all told."

"And did they all have medals like this?"

"Yes, every one of us."

"Do tell the story, grandpa."

"Well, it was about dark when we took the last ones off the brig," says grandpa, beginning at the end of the narrative. "Poor fellows, they had lashed themselves to the rigging, where they had remained all day, hungry and wet and chilled to the bone. They couldn't have stood it much longer—night a-coming on and the vessel fast going to pieces."

"Half the men in Wellfleet had been up to the back shore that day to see the wreck and the men. They would just go and look at the gruesome sight for a little while and then turn about and go home."

"Why did you wait all day before you tried to get them off?"

"Because the wind was blowing a terrific hurricane all day, my boy. The sea was raging like a fury, seething with foam and dashing over the wreck every moment. The breakers were booming and crashing on the beach, and nobody wanted to brave their fury. The most experienced of them thought it was foolhardy to risk their lives with the certainty of being drowned or dashed to death by the waves."

"It was the first day of December, and a smothering snowstorm raged all day. My, how the wind blew that day!"

"I was out of town in the morning and did not hear of the disaster to the Zilica until I came home about 3 in the afternoon," went on grandpa, now fairly back at the opening of his story and beginning to stir with awakened memories.

"Have you heard the news?" your grandpa asked, as I came into the house. "There's a ship ashore up the back side. Eight men, they say, lashed to her rigging and no hope of saving them."

"Thunder!" said I, and rushed out again into the gale and started to walk up to the beach."

"How far?" asked Kent.

"Three or four miles. I was young then and didn't mind a little walk as I do now. I ran half the way, I guess. As I went along I overtook three other men, acquaintances of mine. One of them called:

"Hullo, Ben; haven't seen ye before. Where ye been?"

"There was the vessel, driven beam on against the sands, close on shore and the big boiling seas breaking around and over her and over the poor fellows in the rigging. Almost crazed with suffering and fright, they kept calling to the people on the shore and groaning desperately. They soon sighted us as newcomers and fairly yelled, hoping we had come to help them. 'Save us, save us! We are freezing to death, freezing to death!'

"Their despairing words shrieked out above the booming breakers and seemed to fill the air. The wind had abated a good deal by this time, and it had stopped snowing. The sea was still terrific in its violence, thundering and booming and lashing the shore with foaming wrath. Nevertheless, it seemed to me that I ought to attempt something, risky as it might be."

"We men looked at each other with questioning faces, for none of us at the moment could see just what could possibly be done."

"Poor fellows!" said Tom. "Just hear them call to us. And they've got to drown here before our eyes. I reckon we can't do anything without a boat, and we can't with a boat in this sea, even if we had one, and there isn't a boat—likely—within three miles."

"We couldn't get a boat here in time anyway," remarked another.

"She'll break up all to pieces in an hour," said a third.

"Help! Help!" wailed the voices of the imperiled men.

"Good thunder!" said I. "I can't stand here and wait and see 'em die like rats—can you, Jess?"

"I shall never have any peace of mind again as long as I live if we do," answered Jesse.

"Boys," said I, "let's go down to the town and get a boat and see what we can do."

"At that all turned as one man toward the village, Jess waving his 'sou-wester' as we reached the top of the sand dune, while we all shouted back:

"Hold on, hold on for your lives!"

"On the way, half running now with the impulse that had seized us in common, we made our plans how we would operate for the rescue. We agreed, for one thing, that Jess should be captain of the enterprise, as he had experience with boats rather more than the others of the party."

"We'll try to get along with anything that Isaiah Hatch happens to have, then," says Jess. "It won't be so far as the village."

"When we reached Hatch's house we found that he had nothing better than a leaky old dory."

"However, we were not to be discouraged now at anything. Our blood was up, and every man of us stood ready to risk his own life to save the poor wretches on the brig, whose cries seemed to be still ringing in our ears."

"She'll leak like a riddle," says Jess, critically examining the boat while others of us harnessed Isaiah's old horse to a farm cart. "Get a couple more bailers, and we'll try her anyhow."

We hauled out the lumbering old boat and lifted her into the cart and soon were on the way back, the sheet driving in our faces and freezing on our beards. The storm seemed to be rising again, and we felt that the enterprise was desperate."

"On the way we were joined by two other men, who volunteered to assist in the undertaking."

"We reached the beach at last, though it seemed doubtful if the old horse that we had pressed into service would hold out to draw the cart to the end of the journey."

"We saw that the ship had lowered in the water perceptibly during our absence and might go to pieces any moment. The men, however, were desperately holding on just about as we had left them. When they saw us they cheered, and this served to strengthen our resolution. We answered as well as we could, while we hauled the boat down to the water's edge and jumped in. It was more or less perilous launching a dory in such a sea, but by watching for a smooth instant we succeeded. The current ran strong against us, and the heavy northeast wind blew us down the shore. But we had made allowance for this in part by launching some distance north of the wreck. Then, with faces set and muscles tense, four of us bent to the oars, while the other two were kept busy bailing the leaky craft."

"The man on the vessel were silent now, watching our desperate efforts, while we were tossed like seaweed up and down on the roaring waves. Twice we were borne past them by the treacherous undertow and swept a quarter of a mile down the shore before we

could recover ground, and twice we stemmed the tide and wind and struggled back again to our course."

"Fetch her round this time," commanded Jess, "er all's lost."

"Our strength was well-nigh spent," "It's no use," cried Steve.

"We'll be swamped if we get a broadside," said some one else.

"They say 'fortune favors the brave,'" and I think it may be so, for suddenly our old dory seemed to career and almost capsize and then, righting itself in spite of the waves, swept down straight toward the vessel. The men on board her, watching us as their last hope of life, began to cheer heartily at this, and in a moment more our boat was in the lee of the great bulk and close under her bows."

"The sailors began to clamber down from the rigging, watching the seas and holding on all the time lest they should be swept away while reaching the boat."

"Jess shouted his orders to them as they came in sight, leaning over the rail. By his directions they found and brought a coil of rope, one end of which they with some difficulty made fast to the jib-boom, where it would have a good height above the water."

"Now, four of you crawl out and lower yourselves on the rope. Boat won't hold more than four at once," Jess shouted.

"Those boys didn't have to be told twice what to do, like some boys I know," said grandpa, looking meaningly at Kent.

"But, grandpa, do tell how you got back to the shore."

"Well, the men carried the coil of rope over into the boat, leaving the end fast to the jib-boom, and we rowed away, allowing the coil to unroll as we went. This proved of great service to us in making the second trip after the other four men who were still left on the wreck."

"We landed the half-frozen creatures on the beach and charged them to keep moving that they might not sink down and freeze in their exhaustion before we returned. Now they were on terra firma, they seemed completely unnerved."

"Rowing back, partly held to our course by the rope that we had made fast on shore, we soon reached the wreck the second time. The other four men were soon in the dory, and with a little cheer at our success we set out again for the shore."

"But I cheered a little too soon for my part. For when we were about half way in I stepped into a coil of rope that was lying in the bottom of the dory and that had somehow become twisted with the line by which we were helping to guide her, which the sailors had brought aboard. I was thrown from my balance and the next instant found myself in the icy billows."

"Ben's overboard—nab him!" somebody called out.

"Robert Jordan, at the risk of going over himself and of upsetting the whole boatload of us, reached over before I could be swept off and 'nabbed' me, indeed, as I struggled in the icy water. I was pulled in without upsetting the boat, which was a miracle almost, as she was overloaded, and the sea was like a yeasty tumult of billows. They pulled me over the rail, dripping with brine, with very little ceremony."

"Got a 'sonsing' that time, didn't ye, Ben?" asked Steve, glad enough that it was no worse. "Give him the oar or he will freeze."

"Were you much scared?" asked Kent. He had been listening with breathless interest to ascertain if grandpa really got drowned, forgetting that he was at that moment telling the story."

"Not so much as your grandma was an hour or two later, when I told her about it, sitting by a hot fire in dry clothes, sipping hot ginger tea," answered grandpa.

"And what did you do with the shipwrecked men, grandpa?"

"An organization for the relief of sea, called the Humane society, took charge of them and gave them new clothes. They were then sent home by land. They lost everything they had, though, on the brig."

"And what became of the brig? Did she really go to pieces?"

"Well, I guess she did? And we were none too soon making up our minds to attempt to rescue, either. It wasn't 15 minutes after we left her before the ship settled against the sands and parted in the middle. Then the sea soon did the rest. The masts toppled over, and the rigging to which the men had been clinging went dragging over into the sea."

"Oh, let's put the medal away and keep it then, grandpa," says Kent, quite seriously. "Don't let's give it to baby to play with any more. It might get lost."

"All right. We will put it away. The time may come when you, my boy, will want to take it out and show it to your grandchildren, and tell them the story I have told to you—of how Grandpa Newcomb helped to save the crew of the brig Zilica."—New York Ledger.

Dewey Not Heroic in Appearance.

"In person Dewey is not the naval hero of popular imagination," says L. A. Coolidge in McClure's. "He is slight, of medium height, with finely chiselled face, and hair sprinkled with gray, while his firmly set lips and clear eye would mark him as a gentleman and a man of the world. While in Washington he was a clubman and fond of society, one of those who rarely appeared after dinner except in evening dress; just the kind of a fellow, in short, that some have in mind when they inveigh against the 'dudes' of the navy who are pensioned on the government and haunt the drawing-rooms of the capital. He is quiet in manner, sparing and incisive in speech, courteous in bearing and decisive in action."

THE REALM OF FASHION.

Striking Outing Costume. French plaid in tones of blue, yellow and cream and bluet cashmere is here handsomely combined by May Manton, a soft quilling of mixed taffeta



MISSSES' BLOUSE WAIST

in harmonizing shades finishing the edges of the revers, collar, neck and wrists. An exceptionally pretty waist can be made from plain and plaid gingham, with embroidery or lace frills for decoration, and if a loose or cooler effect is desired the fitted lining can be omitted. The blouse is arranged over a lining fitted with single-bust darts, the other necessary seams closing in center-front. The vest has deep tucks across the front, the top being cut square and finished with a band of plaid edged at the top with the ribbon quilling. The sailor collar of plaid finishes the

called forth thanks from President Lincoln. Now that she is no longer able to practice her profession, it was deemed proper to insure her reasonable support for the remainder of her life.

A Stylish Fancy Waist.

A new fancy waist is of pearl taffeta. Bands of velvet ribbon in deep ruby cross the front diagonally from shoulder to waist line in one direction. From the other side of the waist corresponding bands, which are of gold-embroidered galloon, cross the front. These ruby and gold straps form diamonds. The effect is somewhat startling, but the result is an exceedingly handsome garment. The sleeve puffs are trimmed with diamonds of the same garniture.

A Useful Cape.

While short capes are popular for dressy wear, a great many long ones are worn—those that extend down the skirt to a point about where the finger tips would reach if the arms fell straight at the sides. These, however, are more useful capes. They are much liked by ladies who go out in dressy waists and wish to avoid the conspicuousness that attends the wearing of fanciful costumes on the street.

Authority on Cat Lore.

Mrs. Leland Morton is president of the Chicago Cat Club. She is a woman of culture and is an authority on cat lore, and her cat parties are the marvel of the metropolis of the West. A woman of wealth, Mrs. Morton owns prize cats valued as high as \$2000.

A Brave Woman's Reward.

Miss Ada Stark, a milkmaid of New-



WAIST WITH BOLERO FRONTS.

neck and rolls back from the fronts in prettily shaped lapels. The waist can be finished with high neck and standing collar, the pattern providing for low square neck by perforated outline. The two-seamed sleeves are of the latest cut and size, the wrists being banded with the plaid, and a belt of the plaid is worn around the waist. Striking combinations of material and color can be developed by this mode, which is as suitable for wash fabrics as for wool or silk.

To make this waist for a girl of fourteen years one and three-quarter yards of material forty-four inches wide will be required.

A Style That is Generally Becoming.

Few styles are more generally becoming, writes May Manton, than the bolero fronts with fitted back. The model shown in the large illustration combines the two with a shirred front and shallow yoke back, and can safely be commended as to style and general usefulness, in addition to which it lends itself to economical cutting and making, as do all patterns which allow of two or more materials. Innumerable combinations of wool with silk, and silk with chiffon or mousseline, might be devised, but the illustration shown is of flowered challie, with full portion of liberty silk and ruching of ribbon.

The foundation is a fitted lining that closes at the centre-front. On it are arranged the yoke and full front, in which shirring are allowed, and over them the seamless back and jacket fronts. The shirred front is held in place by the three bands, and closes invisibly at the left shoulder and under-arm seam. At the neck is a high standing collar, also shirred. The sleeves are two-seamed and snug-fitting to the shoulders, where there is a slight fulness which serves to support the epaulettes.

To cut this waist for a woman of medium size five yards of material twenty-two inches wide will be required.

Dr. Mary Walker's Pension.

A bill has been passed by the House of Representatives to increase Dr. Mary Walker's pension from \$12 to \$20 per month. This was done in consideration of her advanced age and the valuable service she rendered during the last war, when she was not only a nurse, but a skilled surgeon. She went upon the battlefields and into the hospitals, where her efficient work

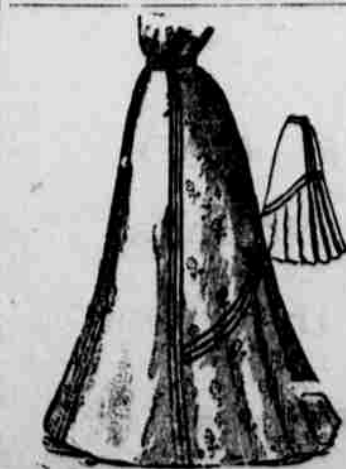
port, England, recently received a reward of \$15 for capturing a convict who was escaping from prison.

One of the Latest Skirts.

The round waist with trimmed front and fancy sleeves makes a favorite model for summer gowns. The costume shown in the illustration combines it with one of the latest skirts and is at once novel and chic. While the style is in every way suited to challie and light weight silks, as well as to washable stufts, it is here shown in figured organdy made over a colored slip.

The foundation for the waist is a fitted lining. On it are arranged the seamless back, the full fronts and the shirred vest, the closing being effected invisibly at the centre front beneath a strip of lace insertion. Bands of insertion trim both the front and back and narrow frills finish all free edges. The sleeves are two-seamed and are shirred along the line of perforations shown in the pattern then mounted upon fitted linings. At the shoulders are laced edged frills forming epaulettes.

The skirt is cut in five gores and fits smoothly across the front and over the hips with fulness at the back laid in deep plaits. The flounce is circular in shape and graduated in depth and is included in the two front seams, so leaving the front plain. At the edge of the skirt are two narrow ruffles. Bands of



LADIES' SKIRT.

insertion finish the upper edge of the flounce and run perpendicularly up the front breadth.

To cut the skirt six yards of material thirty inches wide will be required.

AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

Using Gypsum Profitably.

Gypsum or land plaster attracts moisture. Hence it is best used for crops that like cool, moist weather, and are most injured by drought. It is a good crop for potatoes but may do injury to corn if applied early when the young plant needs all the moisture it can get. Small grain crops often suffer from too hot and dry weather. But gypsum sown on these in summer may cause rust on the leaves, by keeping them covered with dew too much of the time.

Hot Water as an Insecticide.

Insects love hot weather but not hot water. Most of the slugs that attack vegetation will die if water of the temperature of 93 degrees to 140 degrees is thrown upon them. No kind of vegetation will be injured by water as hot as this. If it is to be used in spraying, as is most convenient in dealing with rose and grape slugs, the temperature may be several degrees higher, or as much as 145 degrees without danger of injuring the vegetation that the water comes in contact with.

Keeping Fertilizers in Stock.

A supply of some concentrated manure ought to be on hand at all times, so as to apply during the growing season to plants that are not doing well. Most farmers on buying fertilizers find at the last that they had not enough to fertilize the entire crop, and in the grains especially, they often lose twice the cost of sufficient to fertilize the whole. All the manure should not be used in early spring. Keep some for the late-heading cabbage. It will pay to do so.

Rolling the Potato Ground.

After potatoes are planted, the first thing to be done is to go over the ground with a farm roller. This will pack the soil above the set and enable it to make vigorous growth as soon as roots and shoots start. When potatoes are planted by hand, stepping on the hill after the seed is covered answers the same purpose as rolling. But the roller and the drag to roughen the soil may be used alternately until the potatoes are above the ground. Then the cultivator between the rows will best keep the field clear.

Salting Cows Regularly.

Now that cows are turned out to pasture, care should be taken to give them regular supplies of salt. The best way is to place some rock salt in a sheltered place where they can lick it at will. Some salt is found by analysis in milk. It is a curious fact that so long as the calf's food is chiefly milk, it has no craving for salt. This craving begins when the calf begins to eat grass and other vegetables, all of which require some salt to aid in their digestion. Cows that are salted only irregularly give less milk than they should, and what they do give furnishes cream that is difficult to churn.

"Late" Crops.

Some think that late corn, late potatoes, or other late crops, are to be planted later than the early kinds, forgetting that the precise meaning of the term "late," as applied to garden or farm crops, is that they have a longer period of growth than the early kinds. This is a mistake. Early potatoes and corn should be planted at about the same time as late. If you put off planting the late varieties till all the others are in the ground you do them injustice; you do not give them time for their full growth, and the result is an immature growth and an inferior yield.—Agricultural Epitomist.

Hints on Bee-Keeping.

Many people fail of success with bees because they do not place the hives right. If too shaded the bees are likely to be attacked by the moth milder, which breeds those worms that destroy the honey. It is well to have the bees up early, so the hives should front to the east, so as to catch the first rays of the morning sun. Either a well-wooded, low building should be put up as a bee stand, or the hives should be set on a bench under a tree all through the summer. In winter it is not best that bees see sun-light. If an underground cellar out of doors can be fitted up where the temperature may be kept below freezing all the time, it will be much better than the warmer house cellar.—American Cultivator.

Bearing Apple Trees.

It is easy to tell while riding through the country at this season of the year what orchards or apple trees have set with fruit and what have not. Even the blossoming is more or less exhaustive, and the trees that have blossomed freely have not put forth the dark foliage and luxuriant growth of shoots of those that have set no fruit. An experienced judge of orchards can tell while riding by one what trees have set full with fruit and what have set little or none. The orchardist ought to see to it that his bearing trees are properly fertilized, especially with potash and phosphate, both of which minerals are needed to perfect the fruit.—American Cultivator.

Late Potatoes.

Late potatoes ought to be planted deep. That is the way to encourage a large growth of roots, and these give you a strong growth of tops, or great vigor to the plants, and assist the formation of tubers. Six or even eight inches is none too much for late kinds especially, and that gives them abundant ground to forage in. Deep planting is the best protection against drought. If all the potatoes were planted at least six inches deep instead of two, they would yield many thousand bushels more than they do. Deep planting would save many a crop in a dry season.

There were at last accounts more than 6000 Friends in Philadelphia alone, and probably not fewer than 50,000 in the State of Pennsylvania.