"THE LITTLE REBEL."

"Father! father! Do come here! Father, don't you here! Please come, quick."

Abraham Lincoln sat with Secretary Stanton in the busy office at the White House, in 1862, while "little Tad" called from the [hall below; but getting no answer he rushed into his father's presence, laid his hand on his arm, and said: "O father, do come down and see the poor man and the little girl. She cries so, father, and she says Mr. Lincoln can cure her papa, she knows."

Secretary Stanton asks, "Tad won't I do as well? Let me go, while your father signs these papers."

"No, no! Just father; he's the best—he helps everybody, you know."

Mr. Lincoln could no more refuse his little eager boy than he could stop the war; so he slowly rose, took Tad by the hand, and went down the stairway into the large hall; and lying on the marble floor, with an old gray coat under his head, they found a dying man. Close beside him, with her small hands clasped around his neck, knelt a child, a blue-eyed little girl, about eight years old.

She raised her wild, tearful face and sobbed, "Oh, Mr. Lincoln, they told me if I could get to Washington you would cure my papa. See—see how cold and tired he is! And now he is going to sleep."

Tad tugged at the long coat till his tall father knelt down too, and laid his dark face on the old jacket that had already ceased to stir, with the heart underneath. The servants and a surgeon came, they laid the man on a cot; but he was dead.

The great east room of the White House was then used as a hospital. The beautiful carpet had been taken up, covers had been drawn over the satin and velvet furniture, and the vast place, eighty-six feet long and forty feet wide, was closely filled with cots, mattresses and blankets. One could just pass between the rows of wounded and dying men.

The little girl watched eagerly every movement of the doctor, and when Mr. Lincoln said in a low voice, "Come now—come with Tad, my dear," she seemed to know the truth. She threw herself across the cot, kissing the still face, running her fingers through the matted hair, and calling, "Papa, do you hear me?" But the soldier had gone beyond the roll-call and battlefield, and the sad President bent tenderly over him with a heart heavy and bowed down with care.

Suddenly one long cry and the doctor took the child in his arms and carried her to Mrs. Lincoln's room, where she lay for hours like one dead. She looked like a bit of a flower grown under a warm Southern sky, but a storm had swept over the blossom. She had wonderful eyes, such as the Indians would call "eyes of the sky," soft, fair cheeks, yellow, tangled hair, and such a pretty throat, over which somebody had pinned a rag of a shawl. The little body was exhausted and worn with the journey; her whole nature had sunk under the strain.

Pinned to the bosom of her torn waist was a ragged strip of paper on which was written in pencil:

To President Abraham Lincoln: This man will be passed through the lines. He will die. The family are killed. I can't separate the child from him. Take care of her. Name, Tennessee Carter. U. S. GRANT.

"God pity and bless her!" said Mr. Lincoln, as he went back to his work.

"Where is mother, and why don't she come?" asked the impatient Tad, as he wandered up and down behind the doctor and the servants while "little Missy" was made comfortable.

"Don't know, Master Tad, but what do you think she will say to this child?"

"Now, Albert," Ted answered, very confidently, "you know that my own father said she was to stay here in this very place with me, and mother'll think that's all right, too."

And she stayed. In the delirium of fever she sang "Dixie," talked about home and the flowers, of "Joe," and "mamma;" and the blue eyes opened to strange faces as she lay in the pretty south room of the President's home. She was nursed by "Mammy Jane," and held tenderly on her big black breast, and soothed with all the love and all the crooning songs of Mammy's warm heart.

"De Lawd love de po' lamb—po' lamb," she would say, as she bent her gaily turbaned head over the sunny curls; and "de good Lawd hol' de sweet lamb on His heart."

"Mammy, sing, sing!" Tennie would cry; "sing 'Maryland, my Maryland,' as papa did."

Everybody in the White House loved the pretty child. The busy Secretaries on their way to the Cabinet meetings always give Tad and his companion a word as they passed them in the wide halls or out on the green between the War Department and the Executive Mansion. They named her "the little rebel," and Tad claimed her as his own.

But the big house was full of confusion; the summer nights were plaintive with the groans of the wounded and dying; the streets echoed to little besides the marching of armies and the beating of drums. Tennie watched, with sad, pitying eyes, the pale-faced men who came to see Mr. Lincoln, and Mammy begged to take her to a new home. A lady in Georgetown had two little girls, and she would take good care of "the little rebel." So Tennie went to her new home.

The war was over. Our sad-eyed, overburdened President had toiled, suffered and borne a troubled nation on his heart—and died.

Little Tad seldom smiled. He said to Secretary Chase one day: "My father never was happy here in this house; but God has taken him now in a nice home, where they don't have soldiers and a war!"

He went to say good-by to Tennie, and it was a sad sight to see the pretty child cling to Tad, the small brown head of the boy touching the yellow curls, and the bitter tears running down the fair cheeks of one and the brown ones of the other.

"Tad, I never will be happy again, never!" sobbed Tennie. "You are my best, my first friend, Tad. Don't you remember that awful day?—and your father, Tad, and——"

"O, Tennie, don't, don't, I can't bear it. My father has gone now to live in the same beautiful city with yours, and that's what the lovely verse is about—'The blues and the grays.'"

That was the last time Tad ever saw his little friend.

* * * * * *

From 1862 till 1872! How the ten years had blessed "the little rebel," as if they loved her! The warm color lay on her cheeks and the golden sunshine on her hair. She was pretty, very pretty, and she had missed none of the refinements of a good education. Secretary Chase had given her a desk in one of the departments. The little penciled letter was her only inheritance, and a most sacred treasure. It bore the added signature "Tad Lincoln"—"to remember us by, Tennie—father and me," Tad had said one day, proudly.

Monsieur Fontaine, our Minister from France, lived in an old historic house on Georgetown Hights. His three small boys spent all their hours out of school at their boat-house on the Potomac. Tennie's house was close by, and the little boys had confidentially told their mamma that Miss Tennie was "the sweetest girl in the world," and mamma had no trouble in believing the boys.

One night in May, as Tennie was coming from the office, she saw far out from the shore a small boat, with its pretty flag lazily hanging from the bow, and Pierre, the eldest boy, rowing idly along, while her pet, little Andre, only four years old, leaned over the side of the boat, with his dimpled bare arm and hand dipping into the water. She cried, "O, Andre, sit up! don't lean over! Pierre, see!"

But neither heard; the sparkling water seemed to charm the baby eyes. Suddenly a shriek, a splash! And he had gone over!

"Pierre, put out your oar," gasped Tennie. The little head was out of sight. Tennie tore off her shoes, hat, and a heavy skirt and ran up the narrow pier, and before a single man could reach them she jumped off into the Potomac. She called to some men as she ran: "Follow me closely with a boat! Don't wait; I can swim to them."

Only a white face and two slender wrists and hands in sight. The dress dragged her down. Again the white face—a few bold, fearless strokes for life! She grasped the long curls on the little head as it rose again, and swam toward the shore with the child's face close to her shoulder. They both sank; but one, two, four men reached out to them, and strong arms lifted them into the boat. The crowds on shore were wild with hurrahs and cheers, and Tennie and her boy were carried to her home, amid tears, prayers and rejoicing.

Down the road Andre's father had heard of the accident, and with a face as white as Tennie followed the crowd. Doctors came; they rolled the little body on the floor, they used all the restoratives possible; at last, against his father's breast, the faintest flutter came to the little heart, and then the childish voice murmured, "Oh, papa; dear papa—dear Tennie."

In another room willing hands ministered to Tennie, while little groups stood outside the door, some praying, some crying. After a chill came a fever, then delirium. Tennie talked about the cold water and Andre, sang snatches of hymns, laughed as she held some imaginary treasure in her bare white arms, sang in broken French Andre's baby songs, and "Dixie" and "My Maryland" fell softly from her lips, like an almost forgotten joy.

Through many days and nights the doctor came and went. Monsieur and Madame Fontaine scarcely left the house, and kept their servants in readiness to answer any summons, but life came back with the summer roses, and Andre once more dried his eyes and took his old place by the side of his "only dear love," reverently worshiping her. In the Fontaine carriage, beside the "*chere maman*," the summer mornings or the cool evenings found the invalid driving over the hills of Maryland.

July was very warm and dry and the broad avenues of the capital were deserted for the mountains or the sea. The Fontains went to Atlantic City, and, in spite of vigorous protests, Tennie was their guest. "You know, my dear child, you are our own now, since you gave us back Andre," said the grateful parents; and "*la charmante mademoiselle*" was feted and admired to the great satisfaction of her young friends.

The Glee Club from the Princeton College came down to enjoy themselves a few days on the beach and give a few concerts at the hotels, and the guests crowded the great ball-rooms. Handsome Madame Fontaine with her little family sat close to the improvised stage. Master Andre had persuaded "his love" to let Finette dress her hair and put on her one of his mamma's French gowns; so, "for fun," Tennie appeared in blue and gold, with her shining hair wrapped in softest lace. Papa threw up his hands and exclaimed, "Ah, Andre, your love is too beautiful for us to-night! Some fairy will fly away with her."

The hall was packed, and the boys were encored until Jack Somers exclaimed, "Hold on, now! We're growing too famous. I'm hoarse as a crow."

They had given glees, ballads, songs of the North and of the South; they were to close with "Home, Sweet Home." A tall, pale-faced boy among the students leaned over and whispered; in a moment the whole chorus burst forth with "Maryland, my Maryland." With strong, sweet clearness the melody thrilled the audience; the last refrain almost sobbed away into silence. The pale boy leaned his head on his hands; and Andre drew his little arm closer about "his love," for a shiver seemed to pass over her, and tears dropped fast on the beautiful lace across her breast.

A gentleman with a kindly face under his gray hair, and the gold stars of a General on his broad shoulders, stepped off the stage, and after the concert he followed Mr. Fontaine as he took his late walk on the beach. An hour later, and they had talked over the story of "the little rebel," and her strange connection with the French family. They sat on the wide veranda until the bands had ceased to play. The college boys had danced with the prettiest girls, and walked in the glory of a full moon on the beautiful beach until tired, and then said, "Good-night."

"I say, Joe, didn't we give your old Maryland a good send-off though, to-night? She took, didn't she? There's a mystery somehow about that French young lady. Did you notice how she got pale, and then red, and cried, and stared at you so?"

"Come now, George," said Joe, "don't say she stared at me. Her lovely blue eyes just fixed themselves on the singers, and ——"

"Boys," spoke up their leader, "that girl looks enough like Joe to be his blood relation—much as 'Beauty' you know can be like the 'Beast,' hey? But, honest now, there never were two pairs of eyes so much alike!"

"I couldn't keep my eyes off her," said another; "and when we sang 'My Maryland' she looked like an angel in tears!"

* * * * * * *

Tennie and her boys were early on the beach the next morning. It was evident that something was going on. The Glee Club stood about in little groups. The pale boy called "Joe" walked with the General, whom everybody seemed to know and speak with. At last M. Fontaine took Tennie by the hand and said, "My dear, let me introduce you to Mr. Carter. He may be a cousin; who knows? He bears the same name, you see."

Tennie shook hands and said: "I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Carter. The name is uncommon here, but very common in the South, I think."

"Yes," replied Joe; "in Virginia I know a dozen families, and my Uncle Samuel, of Richmond, has six boys."

Tennie looked into his face steadily and asked, "What was your father's name? Was he in the army?"

"Yes, Miss Carter, he was killed in the war, and his name was——"

Tennie stepped closer, placed her hand on his arm, and said, "Did he leave any children—but you?"

"His name was Joseph, Miss Carter, and I was the only child left after that dreadful battle."

Tennie clasped both hands now on his coat sleeve, and gasped, "Did you have a little sister called 'Tennie?' and——"

The big breakers swept over the sandy beach with a roar, drowning the sweet voice.

"Oh, I did! I did! little yellow-haired Tennie; but she died in the hospital, with our father.'

Just that minute, George, Jack, and the other boys came walking along.

"What's this?" burst from the lips of a dozen Princeton students at once. For right before their very eyes there stood Joe—pale, big-eyed Joe—holding the beautiful young lady in his arms, and, said Jack, "hugging her like a great bear."

Joe folded the white hands closer about his neck, laid his hand on her pretty head, and called, loud enough for the ships at sea to hear, "Boys! Come, all of you! Come here! This is Tennie! my own little sister Tennie. Oh! I'm going to cry like a girl—I must!"

Pale, very pale, Tennie clung to her brother. The big General, the Fontaines, the excited boys, the strangers on the beach, all joined in the rush of congratulations. But nobody could find Master Andre. They looked everywhere. At last Tennie got sight of a pair of small legs, clad in velvet breeches, hanging off a pile of lumber, and above the legs the little, dirty, tear-stained face of her "only love."

"I don't care! I never thought you'd hug any boy but me, either," said that jealous young man.

And so the story of "the little rebel"—Abraham Lincoln's little golden-haired waif—was told to everybody.

The children had strayed, no one could tell how, amid the shot and shell, and in the turmoil of battle, and the confusion of the battlefield, the burning of the towns and the taking of prisoners, they had been saved. A wealthy citizen of Philadelphia had gone down the Potomac, after a battle, to find the body of an only son. With a broken heart and his brain almost crazed, his eyes fell upon a little lad ten years old, who said, "Can you find my father and Tennie? They were here, the General said."

And so the little boy found a father and mother, and now—Tennie!

* * * * * *

Five years later, and the Princeton Glee Club had a reunion; the old members came from Florida and Maine.

The old mansion on Georgetown Heights was filled with guests. Down the broad stairway into the drawing-room came a fair sweet girl in simple white, leaning on the arm of M. Fountaine. There seemed to be no best man, no bridesmaids, but one tall, slender boy, carried a huge basket of roses.

"Brother Joe" gave way the bride, the big, gray-haired General took the first kiss, and the delighted bridegroom was no other than "Jack." Andre emptied the whole bushel of roses over "his love," as she knelt on the pretty cushion, and before the wedding breakfast was served Jack disappeared. Out on the verandah stood the club—not one missing; and Jack—happy Jack!—was leader still.

"Maryland, My Maryland!" they sang, with all their hearts in every word—the sweet, clear notes of the old home song.

Tennie stood silent and with a sweet dignity listened to the end. Then she turned to Joe, and throwing her arms about his neck, said: "Oh, if 'little Tad' could only see us now, and Mr. Lincoln—and, Joe dear, if our father and mother could see their 'little rebel.'"—*Margaret Spencer in Demorest's Magazine.*

TRAINING THE LITTLE ONES.

Example Better Than Precept—And Both Are Good.

Training by precept is, of course, far better than no training at all; but the reason it usually fails is that children generally do just as mother does—or father too, for that matter. Therefore, a careless, slovenly housekeeper, and one who gives no evidence of a sense of responsibility to God or her neighbor, can hardly expect to see her sons or her daughters grow up into careful, wise and noble manhood and womanhood.

If a newly-married woman knows her education in these matters has been neglected it is her solemn duty to make up at once for that lack of training, so that when she becomes the mother of children, and because she is a wife, and much of her husband's prosperity will depend upon her co-operation, she shall not make others suffer for her shortcomings, but will be able, both by precept and example, to train up her children in the way they should go.

On reflection, a sensible, newly married woman will realize the importance of the position she has assumed, and of its probable, or at least possible, future solemn responsibilities, the rearing of young children, and the molding of their lives, temporal and spiritual. There is hardly a sadder sight than that of a family of little children growing up without moral or mental training, and consequently devoid of any special sense of duty toward God or man. No, the good and the wise mother is she who, besides caring for their physical needs, insures their mental and moral well-being by proper training. If a woman finds herself lacking, and hence personally unfitted for such training, she can most assuredly teach herself, and certainly any woman should be an apt pupil to so interested a teacher as herself.—*Mail and Express.*

THE HOUSEHOLD.

WINTER SUCCOTASH.—This can be made of dry Lima beans and canned corn which may be left from former dinners. Warm them over together with a little milk and butter, and thicken the milk with a little flour.

BROWN BREAD.—One pint of Indian meal, one-half cup of molasses, one tablespoonful of salt, two-thirds cup of yeast and one pint of hot water; mix, let it rise, steam three or four hours and brown the top a little in an oven.

HAZEL PUDDING.—Beat two eggs very well, add to them one gill of new milk, two ounces of castor sugar, one ounce of finely shred orange peel, and enough pounded nuts to form a stiff paste. Bake in a buttered dish for an hour.

BAKED STEAK.—A good way to cook steak when the top of the stove is occupied is to place it in a tin, season with pepper and salt, cover with another tin and bake one hour. To those that relish them, onions placed between the slices make another dish for the table.

ROAST PARTRIDGES.—Pluck, draw and wipe dry, cut off the head, leaving sufficient skin on the neck to skewer back, rub with salt and pepper and sprinkle a little sage inside, bring the legs close to the breast, pass skewer through the thick part of the thighs, roast thirty minutes, baste with butter frequently, and serve with gravy and fried balls of dressing.

CHICKEN POTPIE.—One pair of chickens, joint them and boil in three quarts of water, with a few slices of salt pork added; season with salt and pepper. When they are nearly done add a crust made of one quart of flour, one saltspoonful of salt, four tablespoonfuls of baking powder, mix with water or milk to a stiff batter and drop into the kettle while the chicken is boiling; cover very close and cook half an hour.

ENGLISH MUFFINS.—Make up over night one quart of flour with cold water as soft as you can handle it. Put in a little salt and a quarter cake (dissolved) of Vienna yeast. Stir together and set aside in a warm place. The next morning beat up one egg, yolk and white separately, to a stiff paste. Put it in the mixture and beat well with a spoon. Bake in large muffin rings on a griddle.

HEAD CHEESE.—Clean and scrape the pigs' heads, boil them in salted water until the flesh loosens from the bones. Take out the meat, season with salt and pepper in the proportion of one ounce of pepper to four of salt, and any herbs you may prefer—sweet basil and thyme are good—stir thoroughly, tie in a thin cloth and hang it to drain. When perfectly cold and dry take it from the cloth and put under pressure to shape it for slicing.

QUINCE WINE.—Grate twenty large ripe quinces, taking care not to touch the cores; throw them into a gallon of spring water and boil gently for twenty minutes. Strain into an earthenware pan on two pounds of loaf sugar; add the peel and juice of two large lemons; stir it about till cool, then put in a piece of toast covered with brewers' yeast, and let the pan stand closely covered for twenty-four hours. Take out the toast and lemon peel, put the wine into a cask, and let it stand three months before bottling. When the fruit is strained it must be wrung hard through a coarse cloth.

DON'T irritate your lungs with a stubborn cough when a pleasant and effective remedy may be found in Dr. J. H. McLean's Tar Wine Lung Balm.

BOWSER IN POLITICS.

Mrs. B. Narrates His Bitter Experience in an Aldermanic Contest.

[From the Detroit Free Press.]

"Well, what do you think?" queried Mr. Bowser, as he looked up at me across the supper table one evening.

"You—you haven't been and bought another horse, Mr. Bowser?"

"Horse! Can't you think of anything but horse? I suppose you'll throw that horse up to me to your dying day?"

"I'm so glad you have decided not to buy another! Is it some more chickens, or a new fire-escape, or another dog to eat us up?"

He turned pale and refused to say another word for two hours. Then he could hold himself no longer, and he suddenly observed:

"I suppose you will feel proud of the title of Mrs. Ald. Bowser?"

"What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. You are soon to be known as Mrs. Ald. Bowser."

"Are you going to run for office?"

"I am. It was all settled this afternoon. I am going to be nominated for Alderman of this ward.

"Mr. Bowser, it is impossible that you are going to let them lead you into any such foolishness! I thought that you had a more level head than that, in spite of all your mistakes."

"My mistakes!" he shouted, "I never made one in my life, except when I married you! Level head! I'd like to see some one who carries a more level head than I do."

"And so you are going to be Alderman?"

"If I live."

"But what for?"

"Because it is the wish of the people. My country calls. The committee have canvassed the ward, and concluded that I was not only the best man for the office but the only one who stood any show against the vicious opposition. It is a sacrifice on my part, but the true patriot must be ready to sacrifice."

"I am so sorry."

"So sorry! For what? Because I have been selected above all others? Because honors have been thrust upon me? Mrs. Bowser, you have never appreciated the man you married, and you probably never will."

"Well, I shan't say any more. It think it is a put-up job to get money out of you, and I know that a gang will be running here after you. It's your own affair, however. Don't blame me if you get left."

"There you go! Always opposed to me! I can plainly see why some men never get along. If I had a wife like some I know of I'd have been Governor of the State long ago. I'm going to run, however, and after I'm elected you'll probably be just mean enough to say you brought it about."

I didn't say any more. As soon as he left the house next morning I prepared for visitors, and I was not disappointed. He was hardly out of sight before the bell rang, and I opened the door to find a dirty-looking fellow with his hat on his ear, who asked:

"Is Bowser home?"

"No, sir."

"Gets out pretty early, doesn't he? Leave any money for me?"

"No, sir."

"He didn't, eh? Purty specimen of a candidate he is! Expects us to do all the figurin' fur nothin', does he?"

"Who are you, sir?"

"Who are I," he repeated, as he slanted his hat a little more and spit over his shoulder. "I'm the party as carries this ward in his vest pocket, I am, and if old Bowse don't cum down liberally he gets left. Tell him to come and see me."

Nine times that afternoon I answered the bell to find a ward-heeler or some other sort of political parasite on the doorstep. One of them went so far as to ask me to pledge Mr. Bowser to vote for him to run one of the City Hall elevators. There were three others waiting for him when he got home to dinner, and I saw him give them money. He came in excited and jubilant, and when I told him what had occurred, he replied:

"Let the dear people come! They know that I am the man to do all I can for them if I am elected, and elected I shall be as sure as the sun rises on the day. What do you think? I was talking with a prominent man belonging to the opposition, and he said it would be no use for his party to put up a man against me. Bowser stock is away up, hey!"

For a week I lived in a state of miserable agitation. Every hour in the day a ward-heeler rang the bell, and when he wasn't ringing it was some man who wanted a sewer or other contract. Every evening the house was full of politicians laying plans and guzzling down my currant wine, and on three nights Mr. Bowser had to "go the rounds" of the ward and "see the boys." On the last night I had to help him up stairs, and the tears rolled down his cheeks as he whimpered:

"Shay, Mrs. Bowser, it just breaks my heart to shee how e'r people love me. They cry f'r me, and—and I cry f'r zhem!"

This went on for a week, and then the caucus was held to nominate. Mr. Bowser said he would go through by acclamation, but as the boys would expect some sort of speech, not to say a keg of beer, afterward, he would have to be on hand. As soon as nominated there would be no more heelers running after him, and a nomination meant election by a large majority. I didn't say much, but felt pretty sure how it would come out.

Along about 9 o'clock he came home. He was running. He also breathed hard and looked white.

"What on earth is the matter now?" I asked as he banged into the hall.

"G—gone!" he gasped.

"How gone?"

"Gone up."

"Mr. Bowser, tell me what has happened. You act as if you had met a ghost and lost your senses."

"I—I didn't get the nom—nomination!" he whispered, his knees quaking so that he had to sit down on a chair.

"Why didn't you?"

"Because they concluded that Mr. Scott was the more popular and the stronger man."

"What! That cross-eyed loafer who was arrested only last week for whipping his wife?"

"Y—yes."

We looked at each other for a long time without speaking. Then I said:

"I thought the dear people loved you, Mr. Bowser."

"Yes."

"You were to be selected above all others and honors thrust upon you."

"Yes."

"Your country called upon you to down the vicious opposition. You were the patriot who was ready to sacrifice himself."

"Yes."

"How much has this experience cost you?"

"Four hundred."

"Well, you have made a fool of yourself, and I hope it will be a lesson to you. You'd better go to bed."

"I—I guess I will."

At midnight he woke up, sat up in bed, and exclaimed:

"Look here, old lady. I hope you feel better, having accomplished your villainous object!"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that you defeated me in the caucus! Everybody knows you, and this opportunity for revenge could not be passed over. Mrs. Bowser, you have gone a step too far! To-morrow I shall consult a lawyer about divorce proceedings."

"Go to sleep."

"Yes, I'll go to sleep; but don't imagine I shall forget or overlook your base duplicity. I have borne and borne, but this is the end!"

Next morning, however, he made no reference to the matter, and as some of his party made him believe that he had been withdrawn in the interests of harmony, he came home one day to observe:

"I hear that my name is being mentioned for Mayor, but I shan't take the nomination. I prefer to be a plain, humble citizen."

FAITHFUL BUDGE.

Career of a Dog with the Army of the Potomac.

"Speaking of dogs," said General Joe Bartlett a few evenings ago to General McFeely, as he reflectively sent the smoke of his cigar curling up to the ceiling, "do you remember that big three-legged yellow dog called Budge that followed the Army of the Potomac during the early years of the war? Well, Budge was a character, if I may be pardoned the expression. He was a patriotic dog, too, for he was one of the first to get to the front in 1861, with the three-months-men of New York, of which he was a native. Budge was a terrible fighter. I remember when the troops were sent on the march to engage in the first battle of Bull Run, he chewed up every rebel dog en route. Every man that wore the blue was Budge's friend, and took it upon himself to see that he had the best the camp and the country afforded. When the fight was well under way on the plains of Manassas it was fun to watch Budge chase the half-spent cannon balls and shells as they rolled along or plowed up the earth. It was while engaged in this cheerful pastime that Budge lost his left fore-leg; a cannon ball took it clean off. We, who took an interest in him, were about that time too much engaged to look after wounded men, much less dogs, therefore Budge was left on the field as we supposed to die or fall into the hands of the enemy.

"Some days subsequent to the battle, when we had all returned to our old camping ground, who should come limping in on three legs, his tail wagging like mad with joy, but old Budge. Well, sir, some of the boys who witnessed the scene just shed tears over the fidelity and loyalty of that dumb brute. A surgeon of the Twenty-seventh New York fixed up the stump, and in the course of time it healed. Budge was all through the Peninsula campaign, and during the advance and retreat he hobbled along, and during engagements followed his favorite pastime, chasing cannon balls and shells. Nothing could abate his zeal in that direction. Budge followed the troops back to Washington, took part in the second battle of Bull Run, the battle of South Mountain, and then hobbled along until he reached Antietam. In the battle of the second day Budge chose to take part in the conflict on our right, and seemed to enjoy it. He was very busy that day, and had got so that he could made good time on three legs. He had plenty of balls and shells, I can tell you, to look after, too. When the fight was over along in the afternoon Budge was missing. The next morning in passing through the terrible cornfield in search of our dead and wounded soldiers, some of the boys ran across the lifeless body of old Budge, and, by his side, was the body of a wounded member of the brigade who had been in the habit of feeding him. Budge, he said, remained with him when he fell, and when the rebels swept through the cornfield in one of the numerous charges made, Budge defended him against what he knew was the assault of an enemy, and was shot down, loyal to the last to the cause, the old flag, and the Constitution and the Union, too, if you please, if he was nothing but a dog."

How a Congressman Lives.

For a Congressman to live in the Capital—that is, to make even a very mediocre figure in society—he must spend an amount equal to at least twice his salary. I should think $15,000 a year would hardly go far in giving a man anything like a prestige. I mean, of course, the average Congressman, the person who has neither brilliancy nor social standing to commend him. It is a fact, and a regrettable one, that a Congressman is measured by the money he spends, not by his ability or merit. Take the average Congressman who endeavors to live within his modest salary and he lives in a very unpretentious way. A cheap boarding-house, say from $8 to $10 a week (boarding-house equal to a clerk's boarding-house in Philadelphia), is his temporary home. His social life is a narrow one, as must necessarily be the life of a representative who has no wealth to squander. He is a fit prey of the lobbyist, an easy subject for shrewd jobbers, for he sees the others living in clover and knows that it is within his reach, and the temptation is not always resisted. But take it all in all, the Congressmen do not always live "high," not in the elegant style which newspaper correspondents delight in picturing. Very few, if any, of them save any money out of their salary. It is possible for a man to live, but his standing is impaired and his prospects damaged beyond repair. There is no reason why a man could not live within his means beyond that of social pleasure. —*Washington Star.*

Where Rattlers Are.

A trustworthy citizen of Clinch county, Georgia, which is noted for its rattlesnakes, tells a strange story. One afternoon recently his little boy went out to hunt the calves, not far away from the house, and the dog followed him. About half a mile from the house the dog began baying furiously at something in a gallberry thicket, and the lad, like all boys will do, went to see what had been treed. He soon found himself close upon a very large rattlesnake. He fled to the house and informed his father. The old man got down his gun and went with the boy. He approached carefully, and discovered a pile of young snakes before he saw the old one. Into this heap he fired, killing seventeen. At the report of the gun the old snake, as large as a man's thigh, ran into a hole, followed by young ones not injured. The young snakes had each one rattle and a button. While examining them the snake hunter suddenly disturbed another pile of younger rattlers, evidently another litter, and before he knew it the little reptiles were scampering all over the ground about his feet. He did not stop to shoot, but figuratively speaking, took wings and flew from the spot. He got seventeen, he says, but left the old one and many young ones to mourn their sudden taking off, and perhaps to revenge their deaths.

WELL, Sarah, what have you been doing to make you look so young? Oh, nothing much, only been using Hall's Hair Renewer to restore the color of my hair.

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Better the head with the hair off than the hair with the head off.

The half (baked) loaf is worse than no bread.

The man who is always too late for the tide will never be seasick—*Detroit Journal.*

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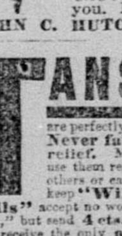

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GEORGE A. WEST,
Executor of the estate of EMELINE V. BROWN, deceased.

Dated Sacramento, October 12, 1889. o12-5tS

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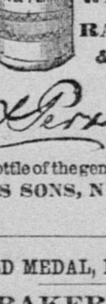

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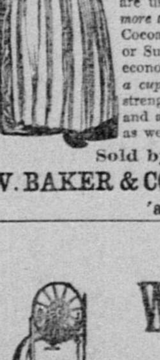

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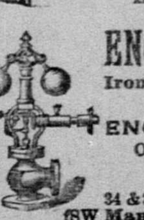

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