GEN. NEAL DOW'S CAPTURE.

STORY OF THE EXPLOIT BY THE MAN WHO DID IT.

He Still Retains the Sword He Took From the General Near Port Hudson.

Almost everybody knows that General Neal Dow was captured by "the enemy" during the civil war, but few people know how pertinacious "the enemy" has been ever since. For 30 years there have been on an average, one daring individual per annum who has joined the glorious company of alleged Dow captors and the ranks are still being recruited.

The latest aspirant to the honor of having bagged Dow is said to be Colonel Allen D. Candler, Georgia's Secretary of State, and, according to some critics, a gentleman of fertile imagination. His thrilling tale has interested many people, but none more than Dr. John C. MacKowen, sometimes of Louisiana, sometimes of Capri, Italy, and sometimes of the world in general. Dr. MacKowen has good reason to be interested, because he has a vivid recollection, and sundry proofs, of having himself captured Neal Dow on June 3, 1863, and without the assistance of Mr. Candler or anybody by that name.

Dr. MacKowen is a Colonel by right of service in the Confederate army; but in a country where such a title may be earned from cabbies and bootblacks by the bestowal, or the mere hope of a tip, he objects to anything more military than his degree of M. D. Having lived in Europe most of the time for a good many years, he has an abnormal dread of American reporters, and the "Sun" correspondent had to be duly certified to and vouched for before the wary ex-soldier would consent to talk. Once fairly embarked in conversation, however, he is as genial and as unreserved as one could expect of a man of pure Irish descent, bred in the South, and ripened by the sun of Italy.

"I have never paid much attention to these alleged Dow captors," said Dr. MacKowen. "Their stories, when I saw them, amused me, but that was all. As I live abroad most of the time, I gave my friend, Calhoun Fluker, Esq., the privilege of capturing Dow as often as he wanted to if he would agree to suppress all other would-be captors in this State. Mr. Fluker has conscientiously lived up to the agreement. The Boston Club, here in New Orleans, has been the scene of his repeated capturing exploits, and he has religiously kept all other Louisianians out of the field.

"But, with the best intentions in the world, he couldn't cover the whole South, you know, so Dow captors have sprung up with surprising regularity and frequency. When Candler captured Dow as a political card, however, some of my old soldiers thought it was time for me to try to secure a little rest for the old General. The publication of the exact facts may not have any effect in suppressing these inventive geniuses, but I have ample proofs of what I state.

"In 1863 I was a captain of scouts in Louisiana, having been compelled to leave my regular regiment because the knuckles of my right hand had been shot out, as you see, at Shiloh. I was then 21 years old. My father's plantation was in East Feliciana parish, and the house was full of costly articles, which I knew very well would be a great temptation to anybody with such a propensity for stealing as that with which rumor credited Dow. It was to this reputation, in fact, that he owed his capture, for my original intention was to take General Banks himself.

"Accompanied by five scouts, by name Henry Berkley, Bragg MacNeely, Wilson Medearis, John Petty and J. G. B. Simms, I entered the Federal lines early in the morning of June 3d. How did we get inside the lines? Well, do you know what a bayou is? It is an outlet from the river to the salt water. It is in reality one of the mouths of the river, the water of which eats its way in various places through the soft alluvial soil on a side cut to the gulf. Owing to the quality of this soil the mud in the bed of a bayou is from ten to fifteen feet thick, and therefore the Federal Generals thought they had the finest picket line in the world when they had a bayou between them and the enemy. But there was one thing upon which they were not informed, and that was the subject of bayou bridges. The planters used to bridge their bayous by piling logs one upon another, laying them parallel with the banks. The water flowed through the interstices, you see, and yet one could cross easily.

"During the course of the season, however, the logs gradually sank deeper and deeper into the mud until, if more logs were not added, they gradually sank beneath the surface of the dark, muddy water. That is what had happened at the time I speak of; so that while the Federal Generals slept in the sweet confidence of having the best picket line in the world, there really existed these submerged bridges, known to the Confederate scouts, who came and went at their own pleasure.

"Well, as I said, we entered the lines early in the morning and lay all day in the cane brake, about a mile from Dow's headquarters. As we waited there during those long hours I thought the matter over and finally decided to capture Dow instead of Banks. I kept thinking, you see, of Dow's rumored fondness of appropriating what pleased his fancy, and I was pretty sure that a certain solid silver table service belonging to my father would scarcely fail to tempt him. I knew my father to be a peppery Irishman, who would not be deterred from thrashing Dow, even by the presence of Federal troops. I could see, as a logical sequence of such an incident, that Dow would have my father shot with small ceremony, and the longer I thought about it the more ardently I leaned toward capturing the man from Maine. Banks would have been the easier prey, but Dow was the more dangerous character, and I finally decided on him.

"We waited until after taps and then walked our horses to headquarters, allowing time for the Federals to turn in and get to sleep before we arrived. The house where the General had his quarters was owned by a Mr. Cage, who was a good Confederate, as was also his wife. Like all plantation houses it stood in a large yard, in which were scattered the kitchens, smokehouse, storehouses, servants' quarters and other outbuildings. I ordered my men to tie their horses to the back fence and to leave their firearms there. You know how it is in a case like that. Some one is sure to get nervous, and a pistol shot would have brought the whole camp down upon us. I took my own pistols with me and the other men carried knives.

"It was a moonlight night. You have no idea how black a Southern swamp can be on a dark night, so I had chosen a time when the moon could show us our way. I walked around in the front of the house, where I found the sentry on guard. I was wearing my saber and in the moonlight he took me to be a Federal officer.

"'Good evening,' I said. 'Is this General Dow's headquarters?'

"'Yes sir,' he said, 'but the General is not here.'

"Of course, when I spoke to him he came to the salute, which in the Federal tactics is different from the Confederate method. He held his gun out in front of him, you know, with both hands on it. I had anticipated this and had directed Medearis, a big, powerful fellow, to slip up behind the sentry and pin his arms to his sides so that we could put on the buckskin gags without his offering any resistance. The plan worked perfectly, and having secured the sentry we carried him back to the horses, then awakened the others of the guard lying asleep on the veranda of the house, one by one, binding and gagging them in the same way.

"Then we went through the stables and picked out good horses—and there were plenty of them, for Dow had helped himself from the best studs in Louisiana. We mounted these men, tying their feet together under the horses, and stood around waiting for Dow himself. Of course, I did not know whether to believe the General had gone away temporarily or had got out of our grasp entirely, and, as our danger grew with every moment's delay, you may believe I was in a quandry whether to wait any longer or not. Finally I tackled an Irishman whom we had among the prisoners. It seems that I got the right man, for he cherished a grudge, so he said, against Dow because the latter wouldn't 'divide' the spoils of war.

"This Irishman told me that Dow had gone over to the house of Dr. B. B. Barnett, only half a mile away, where two New York Colonels were imprisoned for trying to dissuade their men from re-enlisting. The Barnett house was distinctly visible from the Cage house, and the fields between the two glimmered with the white tents of the Federal soldiers. I waited almost an hour before General Dow rode up alone. Before he could dismount I was at his horse's side, and had my cocked six-shooter jammed with what I fancy was unpleasant insistence into the General's abdomen.

"'Will you surrender quietly, General,' I said, 'or shall I be compelled to kill you?'

"'Oh, I surrender!' he exclaimed. I suppose it was somewhat disconcerting to feel the sudden pressure of that six-shooter.

"I told my men to disarm him, and we led his horse back to the fence where the others were waiting. While I had been waiting for the General to return, by the way, I had taken his papers and a fine presentation sword, which now hangs in my villa in Capri, Italy. I had everything we wanted, the other prisoners were on their horses, and, with the General in our hands, there was nothmore to wait for, so we set off at once. We walked our horses while inside the lines, then put them at a gallop toward Centerville, Miss. We had to skirt their lines for some time, and every little while we would come to a road which struck ours at right angles, and which came from their camp. At these places I would send one of our men up the crossroad a quarter of a mile so that he could give us warning of the approach of the enemy, and we stopped to breathe our horses.

"Early in the morning we stopped at a plantation for breakfast, and we had a good one, I assure you. The planter was so pleased with us for having captured a leading Federal General that he killed all his chickens and gave us the best of everything he had. When I went out to take our horses again, one of my men pulled out a fine gold watch to see what time it was. I asked him where he got the watch, and he said he had taken it from Dow, along with various other things. He said Dow had been taking our property for a long time, and he saw no reason why the tables shouldn't be turned. I made him give the watch back to Dow, but, with the consent of the Colonel at Centerville, each of my men received something as a souvenir of the capture; a souvenir which was well earned, I thin. One had the horse, another the saddle, another the pistols, and so on. I was allowed to keep the sword I spoke of, and it now bears two inscriptions: 'Presented by business men and manufacturers of Portland, Me., to Colonel Neal Dow, Thirteenth Maine Regiment,' and 'Presented to Lieutenant-Colonel John C. MacKowen for entering the Federal lines near Port Hudson, June 3, 1863, with five men, and capturing General Neal Dow and guard at his headquarters.'

Dow was sent the next morning to the Jackson and Great Northern Railway (now the Illinois Central), then to Mobile, and afterward to Libby prison, where, after nine months, he was exchanged for General Fitzhugh Lee.

"Candler's account of the way in which he captured Dow is inconsistent with the real facts in other details besides the individuality of the man who performed the exploit. Candler claimed that General Dow was severely wounded near Vicksburg in the summer of '63, and was hiding in the house of a Union sympathizer, seven miles from Hazlehurst, Miss. The inventive Mr. Candler asserts that, piloted by a planter, he went to this house and captured Dow, whose arm was then in a sling. He carried Dow, so he says, from Hazlehurst to Montgomery, Ala., where a mob tried to hang the General. As a matter of fact, Dow was not at the siege of Vicksburg, but at that of Port Hudson. He was not wounded in the arm, but he had received a slight flesh wound in the leg, which was completely healed when I captured him. He was not captured at Hazlehurst, but three and a half miles east of the Mississippi River, back of Port Hudson; and he was taken, not to Montgomery, but to Mobile. Also, the man who planned and carried out the capture was not named Candler, but MacKowen, and I can prove it.

"Strangely enough," concluded Dr. MacKowen, "General Dow and I had not seen the last of each other when we parted at Centerville in '63. After the war I went back to Dartmouth, where I had been at college when the war broke out. I took my degree there and then went to Montreal and took a steamer for England. There was a good deal of trouble then over the Alabama claims, and England had sent over several detachments of troops to have them conveniently placed in Canada in case of serious developments. A number of the officers were going home on a furlough, and quite a crowd of us were discussing recent events one day when a certain elderly American of the party became very angry with me and stalked off in a rage, refusing to discuss matters any further. The elderly and irascible gentleman proved to be Dow himself. He did not recognize me, nor did I know him. At the time of the capture I was wearing a beard and General Dow was shaven. When we met on board the vessel he was wearing a beard, while I had only a mustache.

"A few years later, however, I ran across him in front of Magny's in Paris, and that time we recognized each other. Reminding him that we had not breakfasted together since 1863, I asked him to go into Magny's with me and have some of the best soup in Paris. I was as cordial as I knew how to be, but the Genral declined my invitation. I saw him once more, in San Francisco. He was with P. T. Barnum, and he didn't care to introduce me; was not, in fact, what you might call at ease with me.

"It would really put an end to a very entertaining fad if my incontrovertible claim to be the 'only original' Dow captor should discourage these imaginative gentlemen who seem determined to go on capturing Dow so long as there are papers that will print their stories and people who will read them. There seems to be a fascination about the exploit which tempts men to indulge their fancies along that line. Now that the poor old fellow is dead, however, it seems as if they ought to let him alone. I'm sure I wish they would. I know I don't want to have to keep on capturing Dow in the newspapers, nor be waving that presentation sword in the air all the time. I used to be troubled with insomnia and I went to Capri to sleep. Then I went to the Sandwich Islands to sleep, and I have gone to many other remote lodging-places in the same quest. But now I can sleep here in New Orleans, so I suppose I'll stay here and get rid of the rheumatic gout that I got with Capri Blanco and the cold marble pavements of Italy. If I stay on the ground this capturing business will stop for a while, and the General, the papers, the public and I myself will all have a rest."—New York Sun.

Private Howe's Pay.

When the civil war broke out an immense meeting was held in Bridgeport, Conn., and many men volunteered for the army. To the general surprise, one of the richest men in the State, Elias Howe, the inventor of the sewing machine, arose and made this brief speech:

"Every man is called upon to do what he can for his country. I don't know what I can do, unless it is to enlist and serve as a private in the Union army. I want no position; I am willing to learn and do what I can with a musket."

But it soon proved that the chronic lameness from which Howe suffered incapacitated him from marching with a musket, even to the extent of standing sentry. Determined to be of use, however, he volunteered to serve the regiment as its postmaster, messenger and expressman.

Sending home for a suitable horse and wagon he drove into Baltimore twice a day, and brought to the camp its letters and parcels. It was said that he would run over half the State to deliver a letter to some lonely mother anxious for her soldier boy, or bring back to him a pair of boots which he needed during the rainy weather.

For four months after the Seventeenth Connecticut entered the field the Government was so pressed for money that no payment to the troops could be made, and there was consequently great suffering among the families of the soldiers and painful anxiety endured by the men themselves.

One day a private soldier came quietly into the Paymaster's office in Washington and took his seat in the corner to await his turn for an interview. Presently the officer said:

"Well, my man, what can I do for you?"

"I have called to see about the payment of the Seventeenth Connecticut," answered the soldier.

The Paymaster, somewhat irritated by what he supposed a needless and impertinent interruption, told him sharply that "he could do nothing without money, and that until the Government furnished some it was useless for soldiers to come bothering him about pay."

"I know that the Government is in straits," returned the soldier. "I have called to find out how much money it will take to give my regiment about two months' pay. I am ready to furnish the amount."

The amazed officer asked the name of his visitor, who modestly replied: "Elias Howe." He then wrote a draft for the required sum—$31,000. Two or three days later the regiment was paid. When Mr. Howe's name was called he went up to the Paymaster's desk and signed the receipt for $28 65 of his own money.

The officers of a neighboring regiment sent over to the Seventeenth Connecticut to see if they could not "borrow their nnUtx17so mh mh mh mh mh mhmhm private."—Youth's Companion.

A Chinese Mandarin at Dinner.

In China, it appears, men generally eat alone, and in any case it is not respectful for either a wife or a son to sit and eat in the master's presence. Though mandarins occasionally give expensive "feeds," in which birds' nests, sharks' fins, sea slugs and other luxuries take a prominent part, still in their private life they are usually very simple. Even a viceroy will occasionally squat on his heels with a plain bowl of rice in his hand, and shovel it down with chopsticks like a common coolie. The usual course, however, is for the meal to be served in the "library"—so called from having no books in it—or other vacant apartment in the private court. There is never a regular "set" repast—no knives, spoons or forks; no table-cloth, cruet-stand, mustard, pepper, salt, bread or napkin. A large bowl of hot rice is set down on a tea-poy or bookshelf, another bowl, containing soup or rice-water, with perhaps a pigeon's egg floating in it, and a couple of small saucers containing an ounce or two of pork, sour cabbage, salt duck, smoked ham, shrimps, etc., are placed near; the mandarin, placing a tiny morsel of tasty stuff on the end of his tongue to encourage the rice down and give it a zest, proceeds solemnly to shovel away. Occasionally he may take a glass or two of wine, or rather rice spirit, always served hot; but half a dozen of these would scarcely amount in bulk to a single glass of our sherry. The meal usually winds up with a long pull at the soup and rice-water; then a few cups of tea and a pipe or two, and finally a snooze.—Cornhill Magazine.

The King's Enemy.

In Lady Gregory's newly published reminiscences, she says of George the Fourth's trip to Ireland in 1821: "The King arrived after a good passage, during which much goose-pie and whisky had been consumed. Word had just come of the death of Napoleon at St. Helena. The story goes that 'Sire, your enemy is dead,' were the words he was greeted with. 'When did she die?' was the response. But the Queen was indeed also dead."—Argonaut.

Coast Line of the United States.

The length of the coast line of the United States, according to the coast survey, is 5,715 miles, embracing 2,349 miles on the Atlantic Ocean, 1,556 on the Gulf of Mexico, and 1,810 on the Pacific Ocean.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

GENERAL DANIEL E. SICKLES.

With a loaf of bread under his arm and sixpence in his pocket a young man, heated and dusty, toiled wearily toward Philadelphia. He had walked from Princeton, N. J., and just before reaching the Quaker City he stopped at a farmhouse and asked for a glass of water. He was greeted by a comely maiden, who gave him, instead of water, a bowl of milk. This young man was not Benjamin Franklin. His name was Daniel E. Sickles, and the incident occurred in the early forties. A few months before his friendless entry into Philadelphia young Sickles had, in a spirit of independence, left his prosperous father's farm in New Jersey and had endeavored to get into college at Princeton, but in consequence of insufficient means he was obliged to abandon that attempt. After working for a while at the printer's trade in Princeton, Sickles decided to seek a larger field of action. He was young, vigorous, ambitious and possessed of an indomitable spirit.

In the parlor of one of those substantial and old-fashioned brick mansions on lower Fifth avenue a few days ago sat this same Daniel E. Sickles in his seventy-third year, and yet looking not a day over fifty. Surrounded by a rich profusion of works of art and antiquities, collected during long years of travel and residence in foreign lands, this remarkable man talked entertainingly of his extraordinarily active and varied career. Printer, lawyer, statesman, soldier, diplomatist, and art connoisseur, there was a wealth of historic reminiscence even in his casual talk. General Sickles was born in New York City, October 20, 1825, and his interest in the welfare of his native place has never faltered.

People of the present generation are probably not aware that Daniel E. Sickles was largely instrumental in giving them their beautiful Central Park. For several years he fought sturdily for the establishment of that park when the influential voice of fashionable society was raised against it. He and the few who stood with him were obliged to combat not only prejudice and ridicule, but the united power of the rich land owners of the town.

"I have a fatherly feeling for Central Park," said General Sickles. "As Corporation Attorney in 1853, I drew the original bill authorizing the establishment of the park. Subsequently I went to Albany and gave personal attention for several weeks to urging the passage of the bill. It was only after the most persistent and energetic efforts that the bill was carried through. Almost everybody of influence here in New York opposed it, and only one newspaper would print anything in its favor. Some of the objections raised against it were that it took too much land, and that it would cost too much money, and that none but the rabble would enjoy it. The Four Hundred of that period were unanimously against it, and sent delegations to Albany to resist the passage of the Act. The idea that ladies would ever condescend to ride in Central Park was poohpoohed, and the assertion was made over and over again that its environments would consist of saloons, gambling dens, and dives of the lowest character. The bill passed by the Legislature created a commission to lay out boundaries and take the lands, and owing to the adverse sentiment it was a very long time before the report of that commission was confirmed by the courts. I went to Europe in the meantime, and upon my return I found the opposition to Central Park still fierce. My election to the State Senate followed, and without delay I introduced a bill and secured its passage authorizing an appropriation of $2,000,000 for the park. That practically ended the fight."

General Sickles' early education was obtained in the University of the City of New York. Although his father was at that time, and in subsequent years, a wealthy man, Daniel preferred to strike out for himself, and it was with a view of self-support that he learned the printer's trade. When temporary reverses overtook his father, this high-spirited lad became of real service to the family, as he was able to earn good wages by "working at the case" in the office of Mr. Turney in Fulton street. After various vicissitudes and wanderings, young Sickles returned to this city, and entered the law office of Benjamin F. Butler, who was Attorney-General under President Van Buren. The young man's professional studies were aided by Kent, Butler and Clerk, all eminent jurists. Then it was that he formed the political principles to which he energetically adhered. The brilliant Butler was a leading Democrat, and his student became imbued with an enthusiastic devotion to that party. Sickles was a successful lawyer from the start; his fine legal mind and effective oratory gained for him eager clients and large fees. Without neglecting his practice he took an active part in politics, and in 1852 was a member of the Baltimore convention, which nominated his warm personal friend, General Franklin Pierce, for the Presidency. He was for several years a member of the General Committee of Tammany Hall, and in 1856 was regarded as a Democratic leader in this State. He participated in many turbulent scenes and on more than one occasion was in personal danger. One night a mob rushed into a Tammany meeting, and pushing aside Mr. Dillon, James T. Brady, and other eminent associates, seized Sickles, who had in some way excited their ire, and threw him violently down the stairway. He had the presence of mind to grasp the banisters in his descent, and although he fell stunned and bleeding, he was not seriously injured. At another time while he was addressing a meeting of the Tammany General Committee, an angry mob broke into the hall and advanced upon him with murderous intent. Without showing the slightest fear or excitement, Mr. Sickles, it is related, quietly resumed his seat, and thrusting his right hand between the first and third buttons of his close-fitting frock coat, calmly looked in the eyes of his approaching assailants. The leaders cowed before his gaze, and the mob melted away. It was thereafter a question among his friends whether it was Daniel E. Sickles's eye or the position of his hand that saved his life on that occasion.

Fear of personal danger seems at no time to have had any place in General Sickles' nature. An incident that made a strong impression on the public mind occurred on Monday, March 11, 1872, when General Sickles led an invasion of the barricaded Erie Railway offices in the Grand Opera-house building. Jay Gould had possession of the offices and the property. A majority of the Erie stockholders had engaged General Sickles to restore to them their vested rights. He advised heroic action, and, accompanied by General John A. Dix, Mr. Barlow, and a few others, went boldly to the Grand Opera-house, took forcible possession of the Erie offices, held a stockholders' meeting, and voted Gould out of office. There was intense excitement for the time being; hundreds of Gould's retainers were standing around ready to make trouble if Gould but made a sign. Sickles' boldness, however, took the fight out of Gould and he capitulated. General Dix was elected President of the Erie Road then and there, and General Sickles, who refused to take the Presidency, received a fee of $150,000 for restoring the property to the stockholders.

General Sickles was appointed Corporation Attorney of New York early in 1853, and in the fall of that year he was commissioned Secretary of Legation in London, James Buchanan having been appointed Minister to England. After spending two years abroad Sickles returned to New York, and in 1856 he was elected a State Senator after a bitter and exciting campaign, in which the successful candidate made his election a test of the indorsement of Mr. Buchanan by the New York Democracy. Although associated with a minority of three others, Senator Sickles made a brilliant record in the Senate. His speech on the Trinity Church bill, establishing the rights of that corporation, was a noted event. So complete and effective was his review of the question at issue that the Vestry of Trinity caused many thousand copies of the speech to be printed for distribution in after years. While receiving the most grateful acknowledgments from Dr. Berrien, Bishop Horatio Potter, General Dix and other prominent Episcopalians, Senator Sickles' most cherished reward was the consciousness that his elaborate and successful argument was a response to his mother's request to him to defend what she regarded as the rights of the church of which she was a member. In the winter of 1856-7 General Sickles was nominated by the Democratic members of the Legislature as their candidate for the United States Senate.

Before his term in the State Senate expired Mr. Sickles was elected to Congress. About the same time Fernando Wood was a candidate for the Mayoralty. There was much opposition to Wood and his methods, and Mr. Sickles took an active part in the fight against Wood and in favor of Daniel F. Tiemann. The latter was elected by a majority of 3,000. Mr. Sickles served two successive terms in Congress, and he took a high rank in that body. He held a leading position on the Committee on Foreign Affairs, and his influence in Congressional debates was of a positive character. It was during his residence in Washington that the one dark cloud of his life eclipsed his domestic happiness. Discovering a guilty intimacy between his wife and Philip Barton Key, United States Attorney for the District of Columbia, he shot and killed Key on February 27, 1859. He was tried for murder and acquitted, the verdict being in accord with a strong public sentiment. Commenting on this event in April, 1859, a writer in "Harper's Weekly" said of Mr. Sickles: "Whatever he may have to charge against himself in the matter of youthful follies, a hundred proofs can be furnished of his perfect devotion and passionate attachment to his unfortunate wife. In Washington it would be difficult to find a man, especially in public life, more domestic in his habits, or more devoted to his family than he has been during his residence at the Capital."

Retiring from Congress in March, 1861, Mr. Sickles was one of the first to anticipate the need of his country for soldiers. At the outbreak of the war of the rebellion he organized the Excelsior Brigade of United States Volunteers in New York, and was commissioned Colonel of one of the five regiments. He was nominated Brigadier-General in September, 1861, but was not confirmed by the Senate until March, 1862, when he was nominated a second time for gallantry. General Sickles served under General Joseph Hooker with marked distinction at Williamsburg, Fair Oaks and Malvern Hill. He was in the seven days' fight before Richmond, and also participated at Antietam. Succeeding General Hooker in the command of the division, he took part in the engagement at Fredericksburg. He was appointed a Major-General of Volunteers on March 7, 1863, his commission dating from November 29, 1862. At Chancellorsville, commanding the Third Army Corps, to which he had been promoted, he was highly commended for gallant conduct, and his courage and activity at Gettysburg are matters of history. All authorities accord him a very important part in that great battle, some contending that his was the master stroke that saved the day. It was at Gettysburg that he lost a leg. In March, 1865, he was breveted a Major-General of the regular army for bravery and meritorious service at Gettysburg.

President Lincoln and Secretary Seward sent General Sickles on a confidential mission to Colombia and other South American States early in 1865. He negotiated an important treaty regarding rights of transit over the Isthmus of Panama. Immediately upon his return to this country he was selected to play an important part in the task of reconstruction. He commanded the Military Department of the Carolinas in 1865-7 and performed his duties in a manner that elicited the cordial commendation of Secretary Stanton and General Grant. The views of President Johnson differed from those of General Sickles, however, and the President relieved Sickles of his command, after first offering him the mission to the Netherlands, which he declined. He was mustered out of the service January 1, 1868, and was placed on the retired list with the full rank of Major-General April 14, 1869.

In the spring of 1869 President Grant having tendered to General Sickles the mission to Mexico, which was declined, appointed him United States Minister to Spain, a post which he retained until March 20, 1874. After relinquishing that office to his successor General Sickles continued to reside abroad, chiefly in France, until 1880. He formed many close friendships during that period with persons distinguished in statecraft, literature, and professional life. Since his return to New York General Sickles has served a term in Congress, has held for a brief period the office of Sheriff of this county, has been President of the New York State Board of Civil Service, and he is now and has been since its creation Chairman of the State Commission for Erecting the New York Monuments. During his latest term in Congress General Sickles drew and secured the passage of the Act making the Gettysburg battlefield a national park. As Chairman of the State Board he has superintended the erection of all of the New York monuments on that famous field and at Chattanooga. To this particular subject he has given a great amount of attention and study, having equipped himself as thoroughly as possible as an expert on monumental architecture. He has accumulated a rare and valuable collection of books dealing with that subject, also pictures and choice models of the famous monuments of the world.

General Sickles' highly cultivated artistic sense is apparent in the interior decoration and furnishings of his home. His apartments are literally crowded with art objects, rich, rare, and curious, the result of his collection for many years. On the walls are original examples by Murillo, Rubens, and other old masters; in one corner is a complete Persian chain armor set in gold, in another corner a Moorish cabinet between 700 and 800 years old, and near by another quaint and historic cabinet constructed of tortoise shell. Marbles and bronzes of rare quality are lavishly displayed, and one room, which General Sickles calls his Dresden room, contains some exquisite specimens of that dainty ware. The patriotic spirit of the owner of all of these art treasures is significantly indicated by the lambrequin draperies above the parlor windows. There in graceful folds hang American flags caught up between the windows by an American shield. The General's beloved Third Army Corps headquarters flag forms a feature of one of the lambrequins.

In recent years General Sickles' mode of life has been exceedingly quiet, from which, however, he emerged in the last Presidential campaign, traveling through all the Western States in an effective campaign against Bryan and the Chicago platform, making more than a hundred speeches. With his daughter he enjoys such social pleasures as his tastes suggest. He is very fond of music, and good opera finds in him a steadfast and liberal patron. He is a diligent reader, and his fine library still has room for all that is worthy in literature. He is of a sociable disposition, and enjoys heartily the companionship of his friends, of which he has many. If he has any lingering ambition for public station, it is that he might be Governor of Cuba, with the latter as one of the United States. With quickening sympathies he has watched the struggle of the Cubans for freedom, and he believes that under favorable circumstances that wonderfuly productive island can be made the garden spot of the world.—Earl D. Berry, in New York Times.

THE MAGIC WORD.

The Sound That Brought Happiness to Young Sylvester.

Impetuously he knelt at her feet, utterly oblivious to the bags his knees were molding in his trousers. "O, be mine," he cried, "dear Elvira, be my wife."

These beseeching words spouted from the reservoir of J. Van Sylvester's love and were directed to Miss Lovnay.

He was a poor young man, and a wage-earner—whenever he worked; and she the only daughter of an affluent ward-heeler.

Her worldly condition, in a financial sense, being so diametrically opposed to his, helped him to love her. It stimulated his ardor to a point of enthusiasm beyond that ever reached by everyday affection.

He longed to be the guardian of her and her possessions; and he pleaded earnestly for this right.

But the fair Miss Lovnay vouchsafed no reply. Not even an intimation of a sound escaped her lips, which were pressed together like two postage stamps in a July pocket-book.

Her beautiful set of company teeth, which had cost $14 at a painless dentist's, were hidden as by an impervious curtain.

Her vocal organs, that usually poured words on the vibrant air with the rapidity and incessantlessness of the knocks on a debtor's door, now seemed to be without life.

On the marble mantel a French clock of Connecticut manufacture softly ticked, "Yes, no, yes, no."

Ah, which would it be? When that beautiful mouth delivered the answer, would a magic "yes," bringing renewed life to the suitor, be heard, or a baneful "no," driving him to despair and another girl?

The suspense was becoming serious. To J. Van Sylvester it was tragic. The tattooing of his tremulous heart was changing to a death knell. His spirit chafed with anxiety, and his knees with pain.

Then, at last, when it seemed that nature must succumb to the ordeal of uncertainty, there was a sudden rustle of a nightrobe upstairs, and a rude, maternal voice called: "Say, Vira, ain't it time that young fellow went home?"

The clinging lips sprang apart; a strong, bright light beamed from Miss Lovnay's eyes and in a strong alto tone she enunciated the word which J. Van Sylvester had so longed to hear.

But the only happiness experienced by the crook-kneed young man as he stumbled down the stone steps of the Lovnay mansion was the penurious relief that his last dollar need not be spent for an engagement ring.—G. T. Evans in Up-to-Date.

A Funny Little Cub Bear.

The funniest model in my experience was a cub bear; and during his visit to the studio we laughed more than we worked. While his antics were very amusing, it was the indiscribably funny expression he always wore which kept the studio in such a state of hilarity. "Unbeknown" to us, one day he got out; and, walking along on his hind legs in a ridiculous shuffle, effectually blockaded the hallway, until we came to the rescue of the frightened people. It was not the only time he fell into trouble. When we first came into possession of little Bruin we sent the studio boy with a large market basket to bring the treasure up town. The boy was cautioned to be very careful of his charge—in fact, he was cautioned too much. On the elevated railroad train that boy fairly ached to get a look at the bear, and so opened the lid the tiniest bit, and peeped in. Instantly the bear thrust his whole head out, to the great astonishment of the lady passengers, among whom he created a small panic. It is needless to say that both bear and boy were put off at the first stopping place.—Mrs. Nugent, in St. Nicholas.

It is stated on German authority that the astounding number of 2,000,000 glass eyes is made every year in Germany and Switzerland, while one French house manufactures 300,000 of them annually.

THE COST OF NEGLECT.

WE HAVE TO PAY DEARLY FOR NOT BEING PREPARED.

Present Difficulties Could Have Been Avoided if We Had Been More Provident.

The United States, with seventy-five millions of inhabitants, practically unlimited credit, and in the midst of an era of peaceful business prosperity, has entered upon a war with Spain, a country of seventeen millions of inhabitants, with substantially no credit, and weakened by three years of exhausting internal warfare. Such a war should be conducted by the United States with ease, determination, promptness and an absence of disturbance of the ordinary channels of commerce.

When last year England found her Indian Empire threatened by a great uprising of the northern tribes, backed apparently by formidable hostile influences, her hold on Egypt attacked by the Dervishes, her policy of extension in South Africa blocked up by the ambitions of the Transvaal Republic, and her supremacy in the East opposed by the combined inroads of Russia, France and Germany, she organized and dispatched a formidable and successful army into Upper Egypt, concentrated 35,000 troops on the northern frontier of India, quelling the uprising there, continued her extensions in South Africa, and gathered in the Chinese waters a formidable fleet. All this was accomplished without friction—almost without excitement, while the price of English consols scarcely moved an eighth. Even when her Cabinet Minister defied the world by the statement that England would protect her possessions, her position and her policy, even at the risk of war, there was scarcely a tremor in the British Empire — because England has had the manhood and the prescience to face her problems, and is always prepared.

We of the United States, with the confidence born of great wealth and of tremendous latent energy, believe ourselves ever prepared for all emergencies and all contingencies. The confidence is justified to this extent, that, given time enough, we are undoubtedly able to rise to the demands of any occasion. But events in modern life do not wait on the awakening of a nation. Above all, modern warfare is a matter of quick, precise, concentrated blows. For years we have known that our seacoast defenses were inadequate. We have known that our fleet was ludicrously out of proportion to the demands of our commerce, nay, even to our dignity as a nation, and when we have built battleships and cruisers we have failed to supplement them with torpedo boats and destroyers.

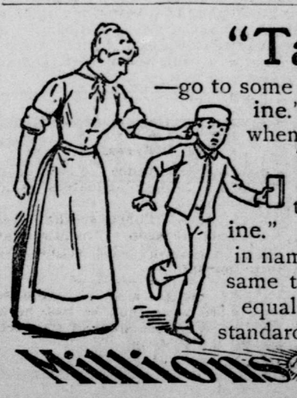
Our army is so small as scarcely to be able to perform the functions of a National police. For the two first mentioned defects the excuse has always been advanced that, were we prepared for war, we would probably find wars in which to engage; and that the best assurance of peace is the fact that we are unable to go to war. The illogical character of this argument, which has always been apparent to the thinking minds among us, has been demonstrated by the fact that we are now at war with Spain. The opposition to an increased army has been based on the maudlin sentimentality of a pretended sympathy with "labor." There is no pretense that in a country like ours any man, even if supported by an army of one hundred thousand soldiers, would for a moment be so mad as to dream that he could affect, much less subvert, the free institutions of 75,000,000 of people. Nor in our whole history can any instance be pointed out where honest organized labor or peaceful agitation has been interfered with by armed force. Neither the honest laboring man nor the peace-loving middle classes have ever uttered a protest against, nor can they conscientiously oppose, the maintenance of such an army as would secure us enduring internal tranquility and unquestionable safety from foreign attack.

Nevertheless, for years we have gone ahead in a slipshod, hesitating, compromising spirit, unprepared for war, though uninsured for peace. The crisis came some six weeks ago, and what have we seen? Without a dissenting voice Congress has placed in the hands of the President the unprecedented appropriation of $50,000,000 to be expended for the National defense in such manner as he in his sole discretion may determine. Is not this a greater power than the constitutional direction of a standing army? Thereupon we have had frantic efforts to purchase abroad and improvise at home the implements of war which improvidence has failed to supply us in advance. Modern battleships, however, must be built; modern guns must be constructed; and soldiers capable of withstanding modern armies must be trained. So much of the $50,000,000 as has been spent, must of necessity have bought us perhaps only half as much as it would have paid for if expended conservatively and slowly; and what it has procured is haphazard, and only partly adapted to our needs.

A Valuable Gatekeeper.

An English gentleman was staying with an Irish friend during the agrarian riots. As they drove home in the dusk, a bullet flew past them just as they passed the lodge gates. "Good God, what is that?" exclaimed the stranger. "Oh," answered the Irishman, "it's only the lodge-keeper." "Lodge-keeper?" said his firend. "That gun was loaded with ball." "Of course," was the rejoinder. "Had we not better send for the police immediately," asked the visitor, "and have the ruffian arrested?" "Heaven forbid," was the reply, "he is the worst shot that I ever had."—Argonaut.

Wales is the richest part of Great Britain in mineral wealth. England produces annually about $10 to each acre, Scotland a little less than $10, but the product of Wales amounts to over $20 per acre.



"Take it back

—go to some grocer who will give you Pearline." That's the only way to do when they send you an imitation. The popularity of Pearline begets the habit of calling anything that's washing-powder, "Pearline." Those who notice the difference in name, think perhaps "it's about the same thing." It isn't. Nothing else equals Pearline, the original and standard washing compound. 578

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