BEN HARRISON AS A FIGHTER.

How Harrison Led Two Desperate Charges and Never Shirked Danger.

Oregon City Enterprise.

Anything pertaining to the Republican nominee for President will be received with interest at this time. It is therefore a pleasure to us to chronicle the story of an eye witness to the deeds of valor of the then Colonel Harrison. Mr. Daniel Watts, of this city, was in the same brigade with Benjamin Harrison, and the Enterprise cannot tell the story better than in Mr. Watts's own words. Replying to a query propounded by a representative of the Enterprise, Mr. Watts, who is a plain spoken man of quiet mien, replied:

"Yes, I served in the war with little Ben Harrison of Indiana, and am glad to know that he is nominated for President. You want to know about Harrison's career as a soldier? Well, I can tell you and the report will bear me out in my records though I cannot give all the dates just as they occurred, for you see those things happened so long long since that they have slipped my memory.

"Well, I belonged to Company A of the One Hundred-and-twenty-ninth Illinois, under Col. Case, and our regiment was stationed the spring of 1864 near Chattanooga, and with the One-hundred-and-fifth and One-hundred-and-second Illinois, the Seventy-ninth Ohio and the Seventieth Indiana, constituted the Firt brigade of the Third division of the Twentieth corps with General Ward, of Kentucky, as brigade commander. Harrison was colonel of the Seventieth Indiana and Fighting Joe Hooker had command of the corps.

"In May we were camped in a country just about like this (quite broken and hilly). On Saturday the Fourth corps attacked a battery commanding the line of March that Sherman wished to make to Atlanta, and was repulsed, losing 800 in prisoners besides killed and wounded. The following day, the First brigade, to which I belonged, was moved around into Snake Run gap to the side of a mountain, where we stacked knapsacks. On the mountain was the masked battery of four guns, before which, in intrenchments, lay the enemy in force, completely protected by their fortifications. General Ward gave the order to "fix bayonets and charge." As we marched up, five regiments strong, with fixed bayonets, the balls were so thick that I can compare them to nothing but a swarm of bees when they dive at you. Straight up hill we rushed with an Indian war-whoop, over the works and up to the guns without firing a shot. As the foremost man reached the battery one of the gunners was on the point of touching the match to a gun, when he was run through with a bayonet by a soldier of the One-hundred-and-second Illinois and forced to the ground. So thick were we hemmed in by the gap that the discharge of that gun would probably have killed 500 of our men. This shows the cool bravery of those engaged on both sides.

"When we went into the fort Col. Harrison and Col. Case of my own regiment were the only two commanding officers that went into the works with us.

"In taking the gap the brigade had pushed ahead of the body of the troops and as the other brigades would not bring up their line, the Johnnies were enabled to surround the fort and hem in the remnant of the brigade, and they tried for hours to retake the batteries. When Hooker saw the troops in that advanced position, he said: 'There's a brigade gone to hell,' but from 2 o'clock in the afternoon till after midnight, the colonels in charge of the regiments and fighting with the soldiers held the works against repeated desperate charges by the rebels. At 2 A. M. the Union line was advanced far enough to drive the enemy back and in the morning the rebels were gone, leaving the way clear for the forward "march to the sea."

"These four captured guns were brass twelve-pounders and were promised by General Hooker to the four regiments to be stationed at their respective county seats, and the next morning we drew them into Resaca. Whilst in that fort we had to hug the fortifications mightily close I tell you, for the bullets were as thick as hail. When the Johnnies got too close we would rise and give them a volley which would repulse their columns, then drop behind the breastwork. When the rebels saw that they could not drive us from our position, they fired the woods through which we forced our way, and where the dead and wounded of both forces lay burning over the field of battle where lay so many suffering men. My companion was shot from my side, and as he dropped I turned to him, but he said, 'Go on, don't stop for me,' and I passed along. The next day I found him with the clothes all burned off and the flesh of one side all roasted and in places crisp to the bone. It was a terrible sight, you may be sure. We were left to bury the dead of both sides.

"From this place which was the turning point or start of that great march to the sea, it was constant fighting.

"On the 20th of July, at Peach Tree creek, we had been maneuvering about in the valley during the forenoon without knowing the object of our movements. At noon we stacked our arms, put out a skirmish line, and were busy at dinner, when we heard firing on the skirmish line and their shouts for us to come on. Looking up, we saw them waving their caps for us to hasten. Springing to arms, we rushed to their assistance, getting ready as we ran. I did not get my belt buckled till we were into the fight. The skirmish line joined our ranks, though not obliged to do so, and up the side of the hill we went. As we swung into an advanced position through an opening in the trees, we could see the rebs lying thick behind a rail fence. Our regiment charged on their line and cleaned it out, but we lost 250 men in half an hour, so you may know we had hot work.

"In this fight Harrison, still a colonel, took the lead. As he swung himself into line not six feet from me, he said: 'Come on, boys, we've never been licked yet and we won't begin now. We haven't much amunition, but if necessary we can give them the cold steel, and before we get licked we will club them down, so come on.' And we went, glad to fight by the side of 'Little Ben,' who shirked nothing and took just the same chance of getting a bullet through the heart as we did. Not a soldier but liked Ben Harrison. Well, we won the day after a hard fight. For his bravery on that day Harrison was promoted at the special recommendation of Hooker. But his promotion made no difference in the man. He was always the same.

"You may just say that I haven't taken much part in politics for eight years, but this time I am all solid for Harrison, for he is a man, every inch of him."

HE IS A FISHERMAN.

How the Present Editor of a Nebraska Newspaper First Met General Harrison.

Paxton (Neb.) Pilot.

My first personal acquaintance with General Harrison made no impression on my mind which I have never forgotten, and as our meeting was accidental, and as there are some incidents connected with it that portrays the character of the man that is to be our next President, I will relate them. I think it was in 1866. The next year after the close of the war I was living on my father's farm, ten miles north of Indianapolis, Ind., and six miles from a place on White river called Broad Ripple. At that time there was no railroad at this point, and but few houses, although it was an old town, and for many years the early settlers of this portion of Indiana went there for the purpose of getting their wheat ground into flour and their corn into meal. At this time there was a dam across the river, and in the spring time black bass would run up to this dam, and, as they could not get over it, thousands of them would get in the deep water just below the dam, which made excellent fishing with hook and line. It was the habit of some of the farmers to go there fishing every spring soon after corn-planting.

On this occasion I was with the party that went from our neighborhood. Before going we dug a lot of angle-worms for bait. When we arrived at the old dam we found quite a number of gentlemen there ahead of us. We took our hooks and baited them with worms, but could not succeed in making any catches, while the party that was already there was pulling out the bass right along. One of their crowd asked me if I had any minnows, to which I replied in the negative. He then told me that he had a minnow seine in his carriage, and for me to get it and catch what minnows I wanted, but I need not unroll the seine over fifteen feet, as it was against the law to use one longer than that, but that his seine was forty feet long, one that he had bought before the law was passed. I took the seine and caught the minnows, and then went back to fishing. This gentleman that loaned me the seine asked me where I lived, and if I had been in the army. After I had answered him in the affirmative, he asked my name and regiment. I then asked him if he had been in the army, he said he had, and just at this time some one of his party in speaking to him called him General. I then asked him his name, and he answered, Ben Harrison.

England and Free Trade.

Philadelphia American.

The unanimity of England's public opinion is almost as laughable as it is significant. There is but one voice. The united chorus of the British press, of every party, from John o' Groat's to Land's End, is praise for Mr. Cleveland as the candidate whose election will best serve British interests. A few manifest some caution in showing how this is to be the case, but others candidly give the explanation that Mr. Cleveland's policy means lower duties on foreign goods, and lower duty means greater sales of such goods in American markets. All recognize the issue as it really is, and all see better days ahead for English manufacturing interests, since they are all quite sure of Mr. Cleveland's triumphant re-election.

As American free-trader once ruefully confessed that the cause of free trade was heavily handicapped by having as its chief representative a nation so thoroughly selfish and grasping as England is. His mistake was in not seeing that the free-trade policy is an integral part of the greed which has so dishonored England, and, by its very principle, must always tend, in any nation, to develop that trait. When a country fixedly adopts the doctrines of selfishness which lie at the bottom of the free-trade political economy she is ready to run the course of degradation, corruption, and oppression, in the interest of "trade," which England has pursued since early in the present century.

And what will be the effect of this British acclaim upon American votes? The Pall Mall Gazette cautioned its contemporaries, some weeks ago, that it was not the time to hurrah—that, in fact, every English exultation over the movement of Mr. Cleveland and his followers toward free-trade would be noticed and resented in "the States." This is true, indeed; if it were not true, the American people must be of a strange sort.

THE CARE OF DOGS.

How These Household Pets Should Be Fed and Housed.

Gordon Stables, M. D., in Medical Claims.

It is our bounden duty to see that the animals we have taken under our protection are treated by us in the manner which shall best conduce to their health and comfort, which, while keeping disease at bay, shall render them as happy as possible. Many people ill-treat their dogs through ignorance, many through kindness, and many because they neither know nor care, and think any kind of treatment good enough for a dog.

One of Landseer's best pictures, the name of which at present I forget, represents a poor little Scotch terrier chained to a kennel, and evidently deserted for the time by a heartless master; he has no food to eat, his water-dish is broken, his only companion is a snail in the foreground, who, like himself, can evidently find little to comfort him, and who, unlike the doggie, can move away, however slowly to better quarters; and the poor wee dog is raising his pleading eyes skywards with a glance that is most affecting. Now few, perhaps, know so well as I do, because few care to know, the amount of misery, starvation and wretchedness which dogs chained to out-door kennels have often to undergo. I have seen them in summer, with the thermometer at 90 degrees in the shade, out under the blazing sun without water to drink, digging holes in the gravel to try to find shelter for their heads from the sun's fierce rays. I have seen them in winter, with the mercury not far from zero, without food, and their drop of water frozen in their tins, shivering in strawless kennels. Do you not think, dear reader, that treatment like this might tend to breed disease? Ay, does it, and mayhap rabies! Now, dogs are, as a rule, among the healthiest animals in the world, and we have only to study their habits a little and let them have what they require in order to keep them healthy.

A dog is an animal of a most kindly and affectionate disposition, most amiable and friendly, fond of fun and enjoyment, fond of his kind, but fonder far of mankind, and will neither fight the one nor bite the other without sufficient reason. Rather large as to liver, he requires a goodly amount of exercise, and has an idea that one hour's romping in the open air does more good than a gross of blue pills, even if you get them for nothing. A dog will work hard all day and think nothing of it, but he will thank you for a good bed at night. He is blessed with a ten-horse power appetite, and this fact renders food a kind of necessity to him. He is a strict teetotaller upon principle, but can no more go without water than a modern steam-engine. That's what a dog is, only some people don't seem to know it.

I will now merely mention those things that are really necessary to keep a dog in health:

1. Food of good quality, and in sufficient quantity. There are many mistakes made by the public in feeding their dogs, and dog owners would do well to remember that the more regularly they feed their dogs the better, and the food ought to be cleanly and freshly made every day.

Avoid giving a dog bones, butter, grease, fine bread, sugar or sweet cakes, or that abominable residue of abominations, greaves.

Small dogs may be fed from the carefully-selected scraps from the table. Toy dogs, or lady's pets, on a mixture of boiled rice and cabbage, with a tiny scrap of meat in it. For the larger breeds, there is nothing better than Spratt's patent; they are made so nicely and cleanly that armies would thrive on them. I always recommend those with twenty instead of ten per cent. meat, as I believe few dogs get sufficient flesh, which is really their natural food. A dog of the size of a retriever will want three or four a day, a mastiff six or seven; give one or two for breakfast, dry or soaked, just as the dog may seem to prefer it, and the rest in the afternoon. Vary this occasionally with boiled green and pot liquor, if not salt. Salt should be avoided, except in the case of old dogs, when a dust may be mixed with the food.

2. Water—A continual supply of pure water should be placed where the dog can reach it without spilling or scratching dirt in it, and the water should not only be changed daily, but the dish ought to be well rinsed out.

3. Exercise is most essential to the well-being of a dog. To witness the way he enjoys a good scamper would tell any one this. Without exercise the wheels of the poor animal's life seem to clog, bad humors are not excreted, dyspepsia comes on, he gets morose, dull, and sometimes even irritable and unhappy, liver troubles come on, then jaundice, and then death. A dog ought to have at least two hours' daily romping in the open air.

4. Cleanliness—The animal's body, his kennel or sleeping-place, and his dishes ought to be kept scrupulously clean and sweet, while his coat should be brushed daily, and the action of the skin promoted by the free use of a good tortoise-shell comb.

5. Housing—Dogs should never be left out at night, and the places where they sleep should be well ventilated without being draughty; the bed should not be too soft, but it must be dry and comfortable.

Hints for the Fair Sex.

Philadelphia News.

The wise woman who wants to keep her face looking well during the summer will be the one who will carry out of the city sundry little bottles, the glass corks of which will preserve whatever is inside of them. One should have benzoin—this is to be used when the face is flushed or sunburnt. A few drops of it put in the basin of warm water in which the face is to be bathed, will cause it to grow milky in appearance, and the water itself will have a delightfully soft feeling, while the perfume is delightfully aromatic. The benzoin cools the skin, and in addition tends to keep it smooth.

Another bottle must have ammonia. If you are going to the country, water as hard as the heart of the average man may be given you in your bedroom, and only the grace contained in the spirited liquid will make it suited to hands accustomed to the water of cities. Another bottle should have in it some witch hazel, to be liberally applied when mosquitoes are especially bad, and more particularly if they prey upon one about the ankles in the day time. The best thing to do then is to pour plenty of the witch hazel right on your ankles, letting the stockings absorb it thoroughly and become perfumed with it, for if there is anything a mosquito does dislike, and from which he will flee, it is this powerful, if not agreeable, odor. Then, of course, you will take your own favorite cream or milk for sunburn, and if you are wise you will have some old linen to dabble it on your face with, so that when the sun has treated you rudely you may not irritate the already supersensitive skin by rubbing it in.

Two Souls.

When two souls have been truly blent in one,
It could not chance that one should cease to be
And one remain alive. Twere falsity
To all that has been to count union done.
Because death blinds the sight. Such threads are spun
By dear communion, even the dread Three
Cannot cut, or disentagle. Sea
From shore the moon may draw; but two drops run
Together what can separate? What thought
Touched but one brain? What pulse beat, faint or high,
Did not both hearts share duly? There is naught
In all we do or dream, from lightest sigh
To weighless deed, by which we are not taught
We live together or together die.

—Arlo Bates.

The Editorial We.

Tid-Bits.

Stranger, to bartender—I think we had better take a drink.

Bartender, cordially—All right, old man; mine's whisky. What's yours?

Stranger, with dignity—Excuse me, my friend, but I'm editor Styggles, of the Shacknecck Vindicator, and when I say "We had better take a drink" I speak from the editorial sense of the pronoun, and not from that of a boon companion. Give me some whisky please.

Bartender, much abashed—Yes, sir; 10 cent goods, of course!

The Measure of a Man.

Be sure to recollect when close you scan,
No single deed's the measure of a man:
No man can stand erect above all others,
So judge him on a level with his brothers;
And make allowance when excess of passions
Do not adjust to our prevailing fashions.

—Joseph Dana Miller.

A Mind Test.

Lowell Citizen.

Our idea of a strong-minded person would be one who can read the advertisement of a patented specific medicine and yet not have the disease.

MARY GARRETT'S BUSINESS ABILITY.

A Lady Who Manages a $20,000,000 Estate and Rescues a Corporation from Danger.

Philadelphia Record.

"Miss Mary Garrett, the daughter of the founder of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad system, is an extraordinary woman," said a gentleman well acquainted with the facts, "and, but that she is a woman, would to-day be president of that road." Miss Garrett has never obtruded her individuality in the management of the great property which her father left at his death, but her influence and capacity have nevertheless been felt and recognized by every one who has come in contact with the financial management of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company. For many years before her father's death she was his chief assistant. Her love for her father was the ruling passion of her life, and her devotion to him was the admiration of her friends and the despair of those who sought to win her hand in marriage.

Miss Garrett to-day, although few persons know it, controls and manages the Garrett interest in the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, and has for some time been the most potential factor in the manipulations of the interests of that great corporation. She is thoroughly acquainted with all the details of the business of the road and its final status, and has always been looked upon as one of its most auspicious advisors.

Although personally directing the management of a property worth not less than $20,000,000, Miss Garrett is almost unknown to business men, because her fine sense of modesty and true womanly reserve will not permit her to assume an individual and personal control which both her capacity for financial affairs and her direct control of millions of money would enable her to do.

There is no woman in the United States who can command more ready cash than Miss Garrett. Her knowledge of the road and its management gives her a position in the councils of that corporation not possessed by any other individual. When her father was living Miss Garrett was his private secretary, his best adviser and his most trusted friend, even above any of the old gentleman's sons. It was in this capacity that she obtained her knowledge of the road and her insight into its financial affairs. After the death of her father, Miss Garrett's influence over her brother, Robert Garrett, was so marked that it became a matter of current talk in Baltimore. But there were certain theories held by her brother which even the influence which she held over him could not successfully combat. When the schemes which led to the invocation of the aid of the Drexel syndicate culminated Robert Garrett saw the wisdom of his sister's counsels, which he had failed to follow, and practically surrendered to her the management of his interest in the road. When he started on his tour around the world his sister followed and overtook him at San Francisco, where he was induced to give her the control of all of his interests in the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company.

Recently, when the syndicate which had helped the Baltimore & Ohio out of the difficulties into which it had unwittingly been plunged began to haggle about the commissions and threatened to place the road in an embarrassing position, Miss Garrett quietly brushed them all aside, put up the needed cash and saved the credit of the company. Since the recent death of her brother, T. Harrison Garrett, Miss Mary Garrett's control of the Garrett estate has become practically unlimited during Robert Garrett's absence from the United States.

Miss Garrett is a most unassuming lady, and would never be taken for a great financier, as she is, at first sight. She is not fond of notoriety, and in manners and habits is a most domestic and home-loving woman. She worshiped her father, and her most ardent hope is to see the great road which he built and brought to such great importance kept up to the position where he left it, and perpetuated as one of the great institutions of the country.

COSMETICS BY WHOLESALE.

A Multitude of "Different" Lotions Covered by the Same Label.

Baltimore Sun.

"Are you aware that nearly all the complexion beautifiers, hair tonics and health renewers, of no matter what name, are manufactured by a single firm in New York?" asked a prominent dealer in that class of goods of a reporter to-day.

"No."

"Well, it is true, nevertheless, although naturally it is known to very few outside the trade. The firm I speak of began its operations in this line about five years ago and to-day it is one of the wealthiest firms in the city."

"Suppose," continued the dealer, "that you had an inclination to go into the cosmetic business, but that you had no recipe for preparing this or that lotion, what would you do? You would go straight to this firm, tell them what you wanted, and in a very short time they would put you in possession of the very thing you asked for, whether it is a hair restorer, face powder, lip salve, pimple remover or skin purifier.

"All of these things and many others are kept on hand in the largest quantities and can be delivered in short order, if necessary. But you will probably wish to have goods you are to sell possess a color or perfume different in many respects from others in the market. All this is provided for. You tell the firm what scent you desire to go into the face powder or ointment or what color you prefer for the lip salve, and you will be readily accommodated.

"Now," he went on, "all that you have to do is to furnish the bottles or boxes, get your labels printed with high-flown names and advertise the greatest medical discovery of the age. More than half your competitors are doing the same thing."

"Do you mean to say that the major part of the cosmetics sold under different names are to all intents and purposes the same?"

"Most certainly I do. Why, there is 'Madame Hypatia's skin purifier,' and 'Delia Evans's face lotion,' 'sweet rose lip salve,' and a hundred others advertised in well-nigh every newspaper in the country—all from this same firm, sold in bulk and bottled or boxed and named at pleasure.

"And this house will do more even than that, for, if you have not capital sufficient to go into business, they will stock your store for you and give you a living commission."

"Are these lotions and nostrums harmful?"

"You will excuse me from answering that question."

A BRAVE QUAKER GIRL.

Helping Sheridan Through a Faithful Old Colored Man.

Washington Star.

A modest little Quaker woman in the redemption agency of the Treasury Department wears a gold watch on which is inscribed: "Presented to Rebecca L. Wright, Sept 19, 1867, by General Phil H. Sheridan. A memento of Sept. 19, 1864." The watch is attached to a long gold chain, fastened at the neck with a clasp representing a horse-shoe, a military gauntlet and stirrups. Hanging to a short end is a sword, a key and a seal. The wearer of this is a lady of fifty, but she appears ten or fifteen years younger. Her manner is quiet, and her face expresses amiability and the gentler womanly qualities. There is nothing strong-minded or warlike about her bearing—nothing to suggest the wearing of military honors. Yet no soldier who followed Sheridan into Winchester, Sept. 19, 1864, did a greater service than did this little woman on that occasion. It was due to her that Winchester was captured, and Sheridan always spoke with pride of his "little Quaker girl." She was little more than a girl when he first met her.

When Sheridan was lying before Winchester, in 1864, a family of Quakers lived within the town, then held by the rebel forces. During the heat of the contest, the father, an old man, was made prisoner by the Confederates, and died from confinement and hardships. The mother, one daughter and a little boy lived together, and were much respected, notwithstanding their want of sympathy with war and rebellion.

The daughter was Rebecca Wright, then about twenty-five years old, and she it was who furnished General Sheridan with information concerning General Early forces, which led to the successful battle of Sept. 19. She has been married since then, and is now Mrs. Bonsal.

"I was engaged in some household duties," she said, recounting her story. "It was about noon on Sept. 10, '64. I was interrupted by a knock at the door, and, on opening it, I found an intelligent-looking colored man, who asked to see Miss Wright. There were two Misses Wright living in Winchester, and I asked which he wanted. 'Miss Rebecca,' he said; 'the other is in sympathy with the rebels.' He would not say what he wanted, but after looking about carefully, asked to be allowed to speak to me alone. I was impressed with his manner, and took him into another room. He at once closed the door, and I became alarmed, as my mother and I were alone in the house. But he immediately said he had a note from General Sherican, who wanted me to give him all the information I could concerning the rebel forces. He took from his mouth a little wad of tin foil, which proved to be a letter from General Sheridan, written on tissue paper. The colored man said he had carried it all the way in his mouth, and had been instructed to swallow it if molested by the Confederate pickets. He was engaged in carrying provisions through the lines for the use of the town, and General Sheridan had secured his services in this matter. I was taken by surprise and did not know what to do. I did not know how far I could trust the man, fearing that there might be a trick to get me into trouble, and I told him that I knew nothing about the rebels. But the man spoke very intelligently, and gave such evidences of earnestness that I concluded to trust him. While he was talking I was tearing the tinfoil.

"'Don't! don't!' he said. 'You will need that to wrap the reply in.'

"He said he would return at 3 o'clock.

"After his departure I read the note. It was written on very thin yellow tissue paper, which was greatly wrinkled and mussed from being folded so tightly.

"After reading the letter," continued Mrs. Bonsal, "I went at once to my mother and told her what had occurred. We were almost overpowered by the thought of the great danger we were in, but we concluded to run the risk."

"When the colored man returned I gave him an answer to the General's letter, telling the number of troops, their situation, and the fact that some had been called off for service elsewhere. I told him, in fact, the very things, as I see now, that he most wanted to know; but I expressed regret that I could not give more information, and said I would try to gather more for him if he would send the messenger back in a day or two.

"When I was awakened Monday morning by the booming of cannon my first thought was whether my note had anything to do with it. It was a terrible fight. I soon learned whether my note had to do with the battle. Hearing sabers clattering against the steps, I started to the front door and met two Union officers already inside the house. One introduced himself as General Sheridan."

Three Gifts and Three Empresses.

Lucy Hooper's Letter.

A year ago, at the charity bazaar at Berlin, there were exhibited the gifts of the three royal ladies, the Empress, the Crown Princess and the Princess Wilhelm. The first had sent a large photograph of herself, with the inscription "Augusta, Imperatrix et Regina." The second was a painting in oils, representing an Italian landscape. It was simply signed "Victoria." The third was six knitted waistbands for a baby, without any name attached. These three gifts were typical and characteristic to the last degree. Augusta Victoria—Victoria—Augusta—three names and three Empresses. These three women, united in a common royalty, the two last linked in a common sorrow, will henceforward drift farther and farther apart. They have never been sympathetic to each other, and have never loved each other. Differing as widely as it is possible for human beings to differ in aims and in interests, these three royal ladies will find no common point of attraction to draw them together. For us of the Anglo-Saxon race, the noblest and most interesting figure of the three is the widowed Empress of Frederick III, the loving wife, the devoted mother, the intelligent and spirited English Princess Victoria.

A Bill Nye Relic.

Laramie Boomerang.

The old base-burner stove, about which Bill Nye and his Forty Liars gathered in years gone by, was taken to-day from its place in Grow & Holcomb's store, draped in mourning, and now lies in state awaiting its final obsequies. The stove had stood in one spot, without ever being taken down or moved for any purpose, for fourteen years. It was the shrine at which the old gang worshiped daily and nightly, upon which they poured libations of tobacco juice, and against which they hurled stories so hard that they would have broken a wall of adamant. If the ancient and revered piece of hardware now relegated to the scrap-pile could speak it could tell a story that would surpass all the fictions of modern times. There was some talk of boxing it up and sending it to Nye at New York, as a souvenir from the Forty Liars, but it was finally decided to let it rest at last in the spot which was the scene of its long reign in the past, and where it will neither be unwept, unhonored nor unsung.

He Liked Exercise.

Troy Times.

A good story is related at the expense of a hotel proprietor at Tacoma, Washington Territory. A stranger, who had been stopping at the house for a few weeks, asked the proprietor how far it was to Mount Ranier, which appeared to be only a couple of miles distant, although, in fact, it was nearly 100. The proprietor winked at the bystanders, and said that perhaps it was a mile away. The boarder said he believed he would walk out to it for exercise. The landlord encouraged the "tenderfoot," who, after borrowing the proprietor's fine field-glass, immediately started. The joke was too rich for the hotel man to keep, and he treated all hands. But the pedestrian did not return. The landlord at last became suspicious and found that the valise which the "tenderfoot" had left was filled with brickbats, and that he had carried off seventeen towels and everything else that he could get into his pockets, besides this he owed a two-weeks' board bill. He is probably still walking.

Getting Even.

New York Sun.

Father—Who is that young man who comes to see you so much?

Daughter—Mr. Chestnut, a young coal dealer from Harlem, papa.

Father—Well, the next time he calls I want to see him.

Daughter—Oh, papa, you won't say anything you ought not!

Father (quietly but firmly)—I shall order a ton of coal and tell him to charge it.

Lost in a Trance.

New York Sun.

Young Mr. Hocking (at a Cincinnati soiree musicale)—Professor Beirstadt seems to be at his best to-night, Miss Overtherine.

Miss Overtherine—He is divine, adorable!

Mr. Hocking—You are fond of music!

Miss Overtherine—Passionately, Mr. Hocking! I have sat here in a perfect trance of dreamy enjoyment until my sausage is quite cold.

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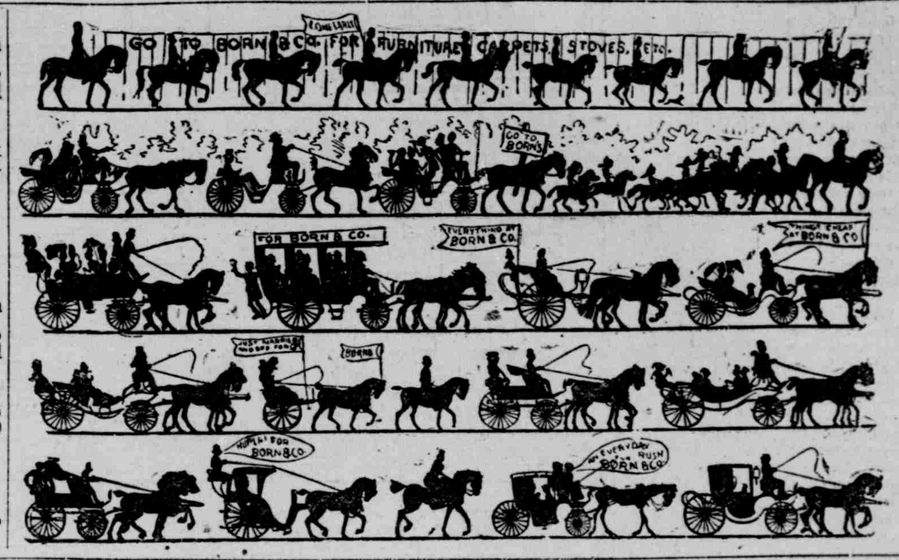
— AND —

GASOLINE STOVES.



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GENERAL HARRISON IN INDIANA.

His Strength and Popularity as Stated by an Indianapolis Clergyman.

Buffalo Express.

"Harrison will carry Indiana by at least 10,000."

So said, with the emphasis of conviction, the Rev. Dr. James McLeod, former pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church in this city, and for the past four years pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Indianapolis. He has been visiting his Buffalo friends, and yesterday a representative of this paper had the pleasure of a few words with him.

"I am no politician," continued Dr. McLeod, "but I can testify, of my personal knowledge, to General Harrison's high qualities. I made his acquaintance soon after I went to Indianapolis, and during the past four years have come to know him well. He is a Presbyterian, though not a member of my church, which is the Second Presbyterian. General Harrison and family are members of the First Presbyterian Church. But we frequently meet. We are both members of the Indianapolis Literary Club, of which he is an active and highly-esteemed member. We are also associated in the work of our local Charity Organization Society. Only the other day I stood on the same platform with him, and heard him make an address in behalf of some work being carried forward by the Sisters of Charity. That fact well illustrates his broadmindedness. He is not a sectarian. He is one of the most charitable men in Indianapolis, and is always ready to lend a hand for the alleviation of distress. He is in every sense worthy the highest honor that can be given him. His character is simply unimpeachable. Morally, socially, and politically he is everything that could be wished."

"Will he get very much support in his own State outside of his party vote?"

"Assuredly he will. He will carry Indiana by at least 10,000. State pride and personal regard will tell tremendously in his favor. Four years ago when Hendricks ran for Vice-president this same local feeling gave the Democrats the State by over 6,000. Two years ago, when the State was gerrymandered by the Democrats, Gen. Harrison made an active campaign of it, and the election of the Republican State ticket was no doubt due to his influence."

"How does he stand with the laboring classes?"

"I rather expected that question," said Dr. McLeod, "for it is naturally suggested by the insinuations of the opposing party. Gen. Harrison has been charged with unfriendliness to the cause of labor, but I know better. He is a laboring man himself; not with his hands, of course, but he works hard, he knows what the workingman's position is, and he has the warmest sympathy for him. That's one reason why he is so strongly for protection. As for myself, I am a strong Protectionist, and believe that any candid observer of the condition of men and labor in the old world will not wish to see in operation in this country a policy which would expose the laboring classes of America to the evils under which Ireland suffers. Why, if Ireland had had protection, her industries could never have been crushed out and killed as they have been. Gen. Harrison loves Ireland. I have heard him speak ringing words in favor of home rule. He will poll a large Irish vote."

"What can be expected of him as a civil-service reformer?"

"Gen. Harrison is a thorough believer in civil-service reform, and is squarely committed to it. If he is elected President the people of the United States will not find him breaking his pledges."

"What kind of a lawyer is he?"

"A good one and a successful one. He works hard. The firm is Harrison, Miller & Elam. Mr. Miller, who is a New Yorker, is named after General Harrison's grandfather—William Henry Harrison Miller. He too, is a very bright man. Without doubt the leading law firms in Indianapolis are Harrison, Miller & Elam and McDonald & Butler. General Harrison is especially successful as a pleader. He is a strong man to get at a jury, for his straightforward eloquence always tells.

"He does a large business, but is by no means a rich man, though socially he and Mrs. Harrison are very popular. Their home is unpretentious but comfortable. The family, you know, consists of two grown-up children, a son and a daughter. The son is married to a daughter of ex-Senator Saunders, of Nebraska. The daughter is also married and she and her husband now live with her father. I do not know whether she would be a member of his family in the White House or not, but this I do know, that if General Harrison is elected the White House will be favored with tenants second in no respect to any who have ever occupied it."

The Woman and the Type-Writer.

Boston Transcript.

"I notice," remarked Mrs. Fogg, "that type-writer girls are getting pretty common nowadays, and in some cases that I could mention I guess there's no earthly use for them. But the men think its awfully nice to have a pretty girl to chatter with. If a man wants a type-writer, why doesn't he get his wife to do the business? It's genteeler than making beds and washing dishes, and it looks more respectable besides."

"Ah, but you forget, my dear," replied Fogg, with more than his customary blandness, "that the men have to dictate to the type-writers. How long do you think, now, that a woman would stand dictation, and from her own husband?"

Death the Proper Thing for It.

Hartford Current.

The Philadelphia Times announces the disbanding of the Journalists' Club, of that city, and, if what it says of it is true, disbanding was the best thing it ever did. The Times says it was run on the black-mail and dead-head principle; that the benefits given for it by actors were demanded of them, and that it lived by issuing commands to stand and deliver. The death of such a concern, like the closing of any black-mailing shop, is a public benefit. Men who use the power of the press to levy upon the timid and on those who are exposed to attack are contemptible beyond measure.

Forgotten to Forget.

The maple leaves are whirled away.
The depths of old pine trees are stirred,
Night settles on the sullen day
As in its nest the mountain bird.
My wandering feet go up and down,
And back and forth from town to town,
Through the lone woods and by the sea,
To find the bird that fled from me.
I followed, and I follow yet—
I have forgotten to forget.

My heart goes back, but I go on
Through summer's heat and winter's snow.
Poor heart! We are no longer one:
We are divided by one woe.
Go to the nest I built and call,
She may be hiding after all—
The empty nest, if that remains,
And leave me in the long, long rains.
My sleeves with tears are always wet—
I have forgotten to forget.

Men know my story, not me,
For such fidelity, they say,
Exists not—such a man as he
Abides not in the world to-day.
If his light bird has flown the nest,
She is no worse than all the rest;
Constant they are not, only good
To bill and coo and hatch the brood.
He has but one thing to regret—
He has forgotten to forget.

All day I watch the ravens fly,
I hear the sea birds cry all night,
The moon goes up and down the sky,
The sun comes in with ghastly light;
Leaves whirl, white flakes about me blow.
Is it spring blossoms, or the snow?
Only my hair! Good-by, my heart!
The time has come for us to part;
Be still, you may be happy yet,
For death remembers to forget.

—From the Japanese.

A Mistake as to Stays.

London Truth.

The fact is that we are getting rather too clothesy nowadays. Our fiction, street hoardings, railway stations, and newspaper advertisement columns are all clothes now, and mostly underclothes. Take the matter of stays, for example. The use of these engines of deformity was formerly wont to be concealed, now it is avowed and paraded. It was, in days gone by, every woman's object to persuade people that she was naturally deformed; now her evident desire is to show that she has deformed herself willfully and of set purpose. Practically speaking, she now wears her stays outside her other clothes, and in every pictorial representation of her which appears in the illustrated novel and paper the outline of the corset is distinctly insisted upon. The dress is so arranged as to show the modest observer exactly where the stays begin and where they end; there is no longer any concealment about the matter. Now, I think this is a mistake.

The Infant Terrible.

San Francisco Chronicle.

The child had been piously brought up. She had been taught to say grace, and her prayers, and everything that a tender mother could do to keep her pure and innocent and make her refined had been done. She had been out playing late and when she came in to dinner they were all at the table. She threw her hat in a corner, and was immediately told to hang it up. She did so and then clambered up on her chair. She was about to start in on her soup, when the mother looked very reproachfully at her.

"Marie! Haven't you forgotten something?"

"No, ma."

"I thought I told you you must always say grace."

The child put her little hands together, raised her eyes toward heaven with childish earnestness, and said simply and reverently.

"Let her go, Gallagher!"

Two Clergymen on Sunday Recreation.

London Truth.

At the Aylesbury Rural deanal conference one of the usual motions deploring the desecration of the Sabbath by boating men and such sinners was brought forward, when the Rev. H. M. Meeres remarked that he did not think too many sermons were good for workingmen, and that some recreation should be provided for them on Sunday afternoons. He went on to say that he knew many poor men who slept through the sermons, and "he had in his congregation one excellent fellow who did so, and he took care not to raise his voice so as to wake him."

Cannon Evetts followed on the same side, entirely denying that some part of Sunday could not be given up to recreation.

Missing Capital.

New York Sun.

"Solomon Isaacstein," cried his wife in alarm, "dot little Jacob has s-vallowed a 10-cend piece."

"Vat!" exclaimed Mr. Isaacstein, "a 10-cend piece? Der nexdt time you gif dot poy moneys to blay mit, Rebecca, you gif him a von-cend piece."

A Slow Train.

Wichita Arrow.

Conductor (on Georgia railroad)—Do you mean to tell me, Madam, that this child is not twelve years old?

Madam (shortly)—Well, she wasn't when this train started, but, land alive, there's no telling how old she may be now!

HOW A PIG CAUSED A WAR.

An Interesting Story of the Origin of the War of 1812.

St. Nicholas for July.

It all happened in this wise: Two citizens of Providence, R. I., fell into a most unseemly discussion on account of the lawless trespassing of a pig owned by one of them. The aggrieved party possessed a very fine garden, in which it was his custom to spend his hours of leisure, weeding, grafting and transplanting the flowers and vegetables in which he delighted. But often, as he entered his garden in the evening, his ears would be saluted with a grunt and rustle, and the fat form of his neighbor's pig might be seen making a hasty flight from the garden in which it had been placidly rooting all day.

In high dudgeon the gardener sought his neighbor and complained of the pig's frequent visits, declaring that a little time spent in repairing the pig-sty would restrain the animal's roving propensities. But to this the owner of the pig responded that if his neighbor would keep his rickety fences in proper repair the pig might take its daily airing without temptation, and the garden would not be endangered.

Repeated misdeeds on the part of the pig fanned the smoldering fires of dissension into the flames of open hostility. At last the crisis came. The owner of the garden, rising unusually early one morning, discovered the pig contentedly munching the last of a fine bed of tulip bulbs. Flesh and blood could stand it no longer. Seizing a pitchfork which lay near at hand, the outraged gardener plunged its sharp tines into the hapless pig, and bore the body, thus fatally impaled, to the sty, where it met the gaze of its owner an hour or two later. Thereafter it was war to the knife between the two neighbors.

Now, what had all this to do with the war of 1812? The answer is simple. The two neighbors belonged to the political party known as the Federalists.

Through all the outrages that Great Britain inflicted upon the United States; while seamen were being