A WAR REMINISCENCE

REBEL GEN. FORREST'S PURSUIT AND CAPTURE OF COL. STREIGHT.

The Story Told at Recent Confederate Reunion—Forced March for Ten Days.

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Gen. A. P. Stewart read at the Soldiers' Home the other day a very interesting account of Forrest's famous pursuit and capture of Streight. The account was written at the request of General Stewart by Maj. M. H. Clift, who participated in the action.

The account is as follows:

"On the 23d of April, about 11 o'clock p. m., 1863, General Forrrest, then encamped at Spring Hill, Tenn., received an order from Gen. Braxton Bragg, commamnding the Army of Tennessee, directing him to make a forced march in pursuit of the federal Colonel Streight, with his old brigade, then consisting of Starnes's Fourth, Dibrell's Eighth, Biffle's Ninth, Cox's Tenth, Edmondson's Eleventh Tennessee Regiments and Morton's Battery. Soon after this order was received the Eleventh moved out for Bainbridge on the Tennessee river, with instructions to cross there and unite with Roddey's brigade as soon as possible. The balance of the brigade moved about 3 o'clock on the morning of the 24th. Dibrell, with the Eighth, was ordered to take one gun and move down on the north side of the Tennessee river, in the direction of Florence, to divert the enemy and make them think there was a force there intending to cross the river, in order to compel General Dodge, who was in command of the federal forces on the south side of the river at Eastport, and moving in the direction of Tuscumbia, to fall back. The Tenth, having been previously sent off on other duties, took no part in this raid. Gen. N. B. Forrest accompanied the Fourth and Ninth Tennessee Regiments, with Morton's Battery. Colonel Starnes being sick at the time, Captain McLemore commanded the Fourth in this raid, and afterwards became colonel of it.

FIGHT DODGE'S COMMAND.

The march from Spring Hill, Tenn., to Decatur, or Brown's Ferry, on the Tennessee river, was made in the thirty-six hours; the river was crossed on the 26th. On the 27th the command moved to Town creek, where on the 28th we had a stubborn fight with Dodge's command. On the evening of the 28th General Forrest received information of the movement of Streight with his command, east of us, and in the direction of Moulton, and, divining his purpose, he directed Colonel Roddey to take his command, the Eleventh Tennessee Regiment (Edmondson's), and Julian's battalion, throw them between Dodge and Streight, and follow directly after the raiders, Gen. Forrest placing himself at the head of Starnes's and Biffle's regiment, and two pieces of Morton's battery, and Ferrell's six pieces started in pursuit of Streight and his command by way of Courtland, Ala.

"We reached Courtland about 11 o'clock on the night of the 28th, halted long enough to feed, and moved out for Moulton as soon as the horses had time to eat. Soon after leaving Moulton, Biffle was ordered to take his own regiment and the Fourth to a point some miles northeast of what is known as Day's Gap, at the foot of Sand mountain, where a road came down off of the mountain, in order to prevent Streight from taking this road and return to Dodge's command. On reaching this point Biffle was to wait further instructions from Gen. Forrest. Before reaching the point we heard the firing at Day's Gap and knew that Forrest, with Roddey's brigade and Edmondson's regiment, had come upon Streight's command and the fight was on.

"We, with impatience, waited for Streight's men to come down the road, or for an order from General Forrest to join in the fray. However, we did not have long to wait, as the firing ceased and soon after General Forrest rode up to these two regiments in quite a passion, stating that his brother had been wounded, two pieces of his artillery captured and that by —— he was going to take those two regiments and whip and capture Streight's command.

"The writer, M. H. Clift, was ordered to mount the men, and to report to him as one of his staff for the time being, which I did. Forrest placing himself at the head of these two regiments, Starnes's Fourth being in the front, ordered the men to move out at double quick, which they did, and from the time we commenced the movement until we struck the rear of Streight's column, our command had been moving at a gallop wherever the roads permitted. When the head of the column struck or came up with the enemy the order was to charge, not wait in column. It was about 11 o'clock in the morning when these two regiments, that is the advance of them, came upon the rear of Streight's command, and Forrest at their head charged with those that were up and drove the rear guard of the enemy, and then it was a running fight until about dusk of the 29th, when Streight with his entire command made a stand on a considerable hill with every advantage in his favor.

CHARGED IN COLUMN.

"When Forrest discovered that the Federal forces had made a stand he did not halt his command to form in line of battle, but charged in column, the Fourth Tennessee leading, and before Biffle's regiment had reached the ground night had set in. He directed me to go back and form Biffle's regiment in line of battle, and then instruct Biffle to take his command around on our right, the enemy's left, and attack them in the rear. This I did, reporting at once to Forrest of Biffle's movements. General Forrest sent his escort on our left and the enemy's right to co-operate with Biffle in this night attack in the rear. It was not long after Biffle started for the rear until I recognized that he was already in the rear of the enemy by a signal agreed upon, and so stated to General Forrest, at about which time we heard the musketry from Biffle's brave men, and we knew then that it would only be a short while until Streight with his command would leave the field, or he was ours.

"Forrest pressed forward with Starnes's gallant soldiers to such close quarters that we could see the officers of Streight's command beating their men over the heads with their sabers, and hear them swearing at them to keep them in line. This was a glorious fight, one that did the soldiers' hearts good to look upon, made there in the mountains in the darkness of the night, almost hand to hand, with only the light from the vivid flash of the artillery and small arms to show the position of each to the other, and how to take advantage of the situation. However, it did not last a great while after Biffle reached the rear, as soon thereafter Streight and his command left the field, leaving their dead and wounded, together with the two guns captured by them in the morning at Day's Gap, in our possession.

"General Forrest, however, throwing Biffle's regiment in front now, at once took up the pursuit and followed the raiders so closely that a running fight was kept up until about 1 o'clock in the night, when Streight, selecting another advantageous position, made another attempt to check General Forrest and his command. He dismounted Colonel Hathaway with his regiment, and formed them in line on a commanding position with the balance of his troops on the flanks, hoping to ambuscade General Forrest, but Streight had not yet learned the wiley nature of the man he had to deal with. General Forrest at once discovered the attempt to ambuscade, and ordered up two of his guns and opened fire on the ambuscaders, the first fire killing eighteen of them. This was between 2 and 3 a. m. on May 1. The enemy breaking ranks and mounting their horses or mules as soon thereafter as possible, made off in the direction of Blountsville. Biffle, with his regiment, was now again thrown in front, and the pursuit was again taken up and continued until about 4 o'clock in the morning, when a halt was called and all ordered to dismount, unsaddle and feed their horses and lie down for two hours' sleep, which was so much needed by both horse and man. Promptly at the end of two hours, Forrest and his men were in the saddle and moving forward after Streight and his men.

ENEMY WAS OVERTAKEN.

"The enemy was not again overtaken until after we had passed through Blountsville, which took place about 3 o'clock in the afternoon of the 1st of May, and from there on to the Black Warrior river, it was a running fight. When Forrest and his men reached the river Streight and all his men except the rear guard had already crossed, and he had posted his command with his artillery in a commanding position, and contested with gallantry our crossing the river at this point. This was about 10 o'clock on the night of the 1st of May. Forrest, seeing the situation, and not desiring to sacrifice any of his gallant band unnecessarily, ordered Biffle to take command and keep up a constant fire on the enemy, and the writer to accompany him in search of another ford or crossing place. The two galloped off up the river, and after traveling about a mile struck a road leading in the direction of the river, and taking this road for the river soon ran upon a company of the raiders stationed on the west bank of the river. Without a moment's hesitation General Forrest ordered a charge, and we two alone there in the night, a mile at least from any others of our command, charged and drove these men across the river and took position at the house where they had been stationed, which was on the bank of the river.

"As soon as they had crossed General Forrest ordered me to go back to the command and bring up Starnes's regiment, which I did as soon as possible, and when they came up General Forrest, placing himself at the head of this regiment, moved forward with the same, crossing the river in front of the enemy, firing on us from the opposite side. The enemy broke before we had much more than entered the river, and Streight, with his command, left the main ford, when Biffle, with his regiment and artillery, crossed. Pressing forward after the raiders for some two or three miles, another halt was made, and horses ordered to be fed, that the men might have a short rest. In about an hour afterward the march was again resumed. About 9 o'clock the next morning, May 2, Streight, with his command, on the east bank of Black creek, he having crossed said creek and destroyed the bridge, was found formed in line to contest Forrest's men crossing the stream. It was here that Forrest, at the head of his column, came dashing down the road close on the fleeing Federals, the rear guard of which crossed the bridge just as the same was set on fire, when he rode up to a house standing on the side of the road, there meeting a young girl of about sixteen years of age, who told him the bridge was destroyed and there was no other bridge nearer than two miles, but that there was, near by, a ford she had seen their cattle wading across in very low water. This young girl was Miss Emma Sanson, now Mrs. C. B. Johnson, of Calloway, Tex. Forrest asked her to show him this ford, when she asked to have a saddle put on a horse that she might do so. The general replied, 'No time for saddling horses now; get up here behind me,' and took her behind him, and she showed him the ford.

OPENED FIRE ON RAIDERS.

"At once he formed his men in position, opened fire on the raiders with both artillery and musketry, soon driving them from the bank of the river, when a crossing was effected, and the onward march again resumed. A running fight followed through the balance of the day and on late into the night of the second. During one of the night attacks of the second Col. Hathaway was killed, and Streight's command captured a young boy belonging to our command by the name of Haynes, who was very closely interrogated by Colonel Streight, which, together with the death of Colonel Hathaway, so worked upon Streight and his men that when we came upon them on the morning of the third at or near Lawrence, a short distance beyond Cedar Bluff, Forrest conceived the idea that Streight and his command were ready to surrender. After maneuvering his men and making as great a show of the forces present as possible, he sent Capt. Henry Pointer, of his staff, the only one of his regular staff with him, with a flag of truce to the federal commander, demanding the surrender of himself and command. This demand was finally acceded to. The number of men and officers surrendering was 1,640, whereas General Forrest had by actual number only 420 up and present at the time the surrender took place.

"After the terms of surrender had been agreed upon, Forrest ordered Biffle's regiment, together with some imaginary command, to go into camp and feed, while Captain McLemore was ordered with Starnes's regiment to act as guard to the prisoners. This regiment numbered 240 men at this time present. The Federal troops were marched at least a mile after they had surrendered to an open field before they were ordered to stack their guns. On reaching this field they were formed in line, the guns stacked, and they moved off on the march to Rome, stopping for the night about ten miles southwest of Rome, where they were guarded, fed and cared for just as the soldiers of Forrest's command. Reaching Rome on the 4th, about 11 o'clock, our troops were received with great demonstration and rejoicing by the citizens.

"It will be observed from the foregoing that Forrest and his faithful soldiers were almost constantly in the saddle from the morning of the 24th of April until the 4th of May, 1863, but with little sleep or rest and but little to eat. Everything taken into consideration this, perhaps, is not only one, but the greatest military achievement ever accomplished in the annals of war, and it was this campaign that gave to General Forrest the true appellation of "the wizard of the saddle."

CAPTAIN JOHN J. PERSHING

Captain Pershing has achieved fame by conducting a successful campaign against the Moros of Mindanao.

Bad Sign.

Judge.

"Ma poowers are failin'," moans the famous writer of Scotch dialect stories.

"Hoot, laddie!" says his friend in cheerful tones; "ye're aye muckle better than ane weel cud expect frae ye."

"I dinna ken," sighs the author, albeit he brightens somewhat at the kindly words: "I dinna ken. 'Twas but the day I writ soom deealect whiik I somelike felt I onnerstood masel'."

Shaking his head dourly, he endeavors to devise a new way to misspell things.

IN FASHION.

Bear—What on earth are you wearing on your neck?

Giraffe—That's my boa.

END OF LA CHARTREUSE

SCENES AT THE CLOSING OF THE FAMOUS MONASTERY.

Indignation of the Populace at Expulsion of the Monks—How Their Overthrow Was Accomplished.

New York Evening Post.

The excitement of the Catholics in France over the present expulsion of the religious orders, which has already resulted in riots in different parts of the country, and in the resignation of several army officers—among them the distinguished Colonel of the Fourth Dragoons, Monsieur de Coubertin—is particularly apparent here in Grenoble and the surrounding Dauphine region.

For a time it was supposed that the Carthusians of La Grande Chartreuse would not be included in the forced exodus of the "religieux" because of the financial benefits accruing to the country from their presence. When, however, Monsieur Combes, the "defroque," as he is invariably called by the Catholics, owing to his being an ex-priest, sent forth the order expelling also the monks of La Grande Chartreuse, the indignation was great in all Dauphine.

In Grenoble especially these monks are highly regarded and beloved. Their liqueur factory at Fourvoire gave employment to a large number of workmen; they built and sustained a free hospital at St. Laurent-du-Pont, as well as an asylum for deaf mutes near the monastery. It is claimed that a large part of their immense revenue was given away yearly in charity.

The majority of the monks have already gone, taking with them their treasures, their library, their chronicles and the appliances for making their precious liqueur. Only a handful of brethren remain to represent their order in that bleak monastery high up in the mountains of the Massif de la Chartreuse, where since 1089 Carthusian monks have lived, prayed and died. It is true this handful had been carefully selected, and only able-bodied men, keen-witted and cool judgment were allowed to remain to hold the monastery against the government. They have barricaded the doors, no one is given exit or entrance; they are provisioned for three months, and it is their avowed intention to compel the government to forcibly eject them, and by so doing, said Father Clovis, "violate in our persons the rights of citizens."

As the expulsion was expected to take place on the night of the 29th, a small party of Americans, myself among the number, determined to visit without delay the famous monastery before its extinction.

It is not the time of year the average tourist selects for a visit to La Grande Chartreuse. The snow lies too deep yet on the mountains, the road is not without its dangerous places, and the air is far too cold for comfort. Nor are the "voitures de service" running, and those who contemplate an excursion must either walk or engage a private carriage.

At 7 o'clock on the morning of the 29th of April, we accordingly started for the monastery.

ON THE WAY TO THE MONASTERY.

We were accompanied by Madame la Comtesse G——, whose husband, an ardent Catholic, is among the vast numbers arranging a "manifestation" when the moment of expulsion comes.

We drove past the little village of Corenc, along the ledge of the "Col de Vence," where we commanded a magnificent view of the valley Graisivaudan, watered by the winding Isere, and the more distant lying Drac. The white houses of that "coquette ville" Grenoble glistened gayly far below, unawed by the grim, gray walls of Fort Rabaut above it. On our right towered Mount St. Eynard, its bleak fort isolated in the clouds.

The snow became less deep as we descended into the valley of St. Hugues, where small hamlets snuggled cozily on the side of protecting mountains. But, if we left a snowstorm above us we found a driving rainstorm awaiting us. We arrived at St. Pierre de Chartreuse wet and cold and hungry. We halted at the small hotel for lunch. There was an air of suppressed excitement about the inn, and indeed in the usually quiet little village as well. From the direction of the convent came a succession of women and children, trudging along in the pouring rain, carefully balancing under their arms cheap-framed pictures of saints, of the Virgin, of the infant Christ—the farewell gifts of the Chartreuse monks. But a longer procession passed them, ascending the steep mountain road to the convent, a procession composed of peasants, some white-haired, their backs bent with age, others in full vigor and manly strength, and still others not out of their boyhood days. Not for monkly gifts were these peasants going—they left that to their women-kind—but to join the army of campers outside the convent walls.

My attention was, however, particularly attracted to a quiet, elderly man, military in appearance and possessing a fine air of distinction. He was keenly alive to all that took place in the dining room, and watched sharply each new arrival. Once his stern features relaxed and I saw him smile kindly upon a tall young man who entered. Mme. G— whispered to me, indicating the new arrival. "That is Monsieur Poncet, the 'advocat' of the Chartreux brothers." This young lawyer has for many days past remained behind the convent walls with the monks, advising them, directing them in every step they take in resisting the government's action against their order.

Later during lunch Mme. G— learned that our military-looking neighbor was Count P— de C—, with whom her husband was well acquainted. She promptly made herself known to him, at the same time introducing us. We had a most interesting conversation with him. For eight days he had been in camp beyond the walls of the monastery. He came up on the first rumor that gendarmes were to be sent to expel the monks, and such was his haste that he stopped for nothing, not even for a change of clothing. He was in a white velvet hunting costume, very much soiled as to color from his long exposure in the mountains. He intended, he added, to remain to defend the monks if any violence was offered them. We heard him give an order to send forthwith all the necessary ingredients for a punch, to the camp about the convent. He turned to us with a smile and said we must not suppose him capable of consuming that amount of liquor, that he intended it for his men in camp, who had slept for nights in the cold and wet, without covering of any kind. It was almost 2 in the afternoon when we again stepped out in the pouring rain and into our carriage. The count had preceded us, his picturesque figure enveloped in a long black cape, and a "beret" (a species of tam-o'-shanter) covering his gray locks.

GRAND CHARTREUSE MONASTERY.

Three-quarters of an hour later we reached La Grande Chartreuse. Behind the great stone inclosure of the convent no sign of life was apparent. The heavy wooden doors were locked and barred; the "avocat" alone can gain admittance there. But beyond the walls a curious scene of animation reigned. In all the little sheds and outhouses of the monastery bonfires blazed; around them peasants were drying and warming themselves, while on some fresh-laid straw near by tired watchers slept. One young fellow stepped up to us as we entered a shed and invited us to share the welcome warmth of their fire. He pulled a large log nearer the blaze, at the same time appologizing that he could not offer us more comfortable seats.

"When it is war-time," he said, "one cannot have many conveniences."

"Ah! it is war then?" I asked.

"I hope so," he replied, significantly.

"There are not many of you," I continued tentatively, at the same time throwing a comprehensive glance at the figures about the fires.

"The others are in the forest—everywhere" (par-tout), he answered quietly, casting another stick into the blaze.

Just then the count came up to us, in his hands some small "objets de piete," which he presented to us, saying he had begged them from the monks as souvenirs for four ladies of his acquaintance.

We were very desirous of a conversation with one of the "fathers," and asked the count if he could not persuade one of them to talk with us through the small grating in the gates. He promised to lend us his influence to obtain our wish.

We accompanied him to the great wooden gates, before which stood a crowd of men who also had come up from Saint-Pierre to interview the monks. They had rung the big bell, knocked vigorously on the doors, and made, in fact, every effort to obtain some response. But no sign came from the inclosure that they were heard. The count pulled the bell gently, then stepped up to a small wooden slide in the gate and called softly:

"Frere, frere, c'est moi."

Instantly the slide was withdrawn, and through the grating a cowled head was just visible. The count explained our desire to have a conversation with one of the "fathers," and added "as well as a benediction."

The brother said he would inquire, and before long he returned with the reply that if we could wait till 4 o'clock our petition would be granted.

Unfortunately, we could not wait. As we turned to leave, I noticed for the first time, suspended from a tree, an unfurled flag of France draped with long streamers of black crepe; beside it floated the red flag of the convent, the "Bleeding Heart" in the center.

"Who did that?" I inquired of our new friend, and pointing to the black draped flag.

"We did. France is in mourning," he made answer. He then saluted us gravely and disappeared.

As we made our wet descent to Saint-Laurent-du-Pont we passed the still unending stream of peasants mounting to La Chartreuse. They were all unarmed, save for great mountain sticks, but a certain unsmiling mood seemed upon them, which augured ill for the gendarmes when they should appear.

April 30—Since this visit the monks have been ejected, but not by the gendarmes alone. The government, cognizant of the presence of those watchful campers in the woods, took the precaution to send two troops of cavalry and a battalion of infantry with the police. Against these well-armed soldiers resistance was more than futile.

What would even a thousand unarmed men—peasants or counts—do against such a force?

They could only indignantly protest as the gendarmes, guarded by the sternly silent military force—for the soldiers, whether Catholics or Protestants, like ill these recent duties—battered down the venerable doors and led out one by one their beloved recluses from the chapel, where they were found kneeling in prayer.

But three of the officers—two captains and a lieutenant—who accompanied their men to La Grande Chartreuse, after obeying the orders they had received, sent in their resignations, with the statement that they entered the army to defend their country, and not to eject monks and nuns from convents.

DRESS GOODS SILK WASH GOODS WHITE GOODS GINGHAMS PERCALS INDIA LINENS TABLE LINENS CRASHES CALICOS MUSLINS SPREADS UNDERWEAR GLOVES SHIRTS HOSIERY SHOES CLOTHING STRAWHATS
STAR STORES BIG JUNE REDUCING SALE
CARPETS RUGS CURTAINS MATTING SHIRTWAISTS LADIES SUITS CORSETS MUSLIN UNDERWEAR LADIES HATS INFANTS HOODS LACES EMBROIDERIES RIBBONS NOTIONS CHINA GRANITE SCREENS LAMPS CROCKERY

Monday morning we start our big June Reducing Sale. In three weeks we take inventory, and a radical change of prices has taken place. This sale means a saving of 25 to 50 per cent. to those that take advantage of this great sale. The early bird—you know.

75c Wash Goods Now 39c, and 35c Grades Now 19c

SILK LISLE SWISS, 45 inches wide, seven yards makes a full suit, fine sheer and crisp, beautiful embroidery and stripe effects, 69c and 75c value, in the June sale at, a yard... 39c
FINE PICOT STRIPES, dotted swiss and sheer batiste, all the colors in light and dark printings, stripes, figures dots and lace stripes, 17c to 22c values, now... 14c
FINEST CORDED DIMITY and Batiste best American make, full sheer and finest quality, light and dark grounds with neat and dainty figures, also stripes, floral scroll and plain colors, 14c to 19c values, now... 12½c
FINE LAWNS and Grass Cloth Batiste, blue, buff, pink, black, green, red and other good shades, stripes, dots and figures, also heavy corded effects, 10c to 15c value now, a yard... 9c

White Goods
A great sale of white goods that is just in time for the graduating girl.
WHITE FRENCH LAWNS, fine sheer crisp quality, reduced from 50c to 35c, 35c to 25c, 29c to... 19c
WHITE MERCERIZED WAISTING and lace stripe Piques, finest lustre silk finish, embroidery and lace stripe effects, 59c and 69c grades, now... 39c
32-INCH MADRAS, pure white, very fine quality, assorted stripes and heavy cord effects, 20c value, a yard... 12½c
36-INCH MADRAS, 200 pieces fine white goods, 15c to 25c grades reduced as follows: 25c grade 13½c, 19c grade 11½c, 15c grade... 7½c

EMBROIDERED SWISS, lace stripe Batiste and corded, best colors and new emb. effects, stripes and dots, elegant designs for children's dresses and ladies' shirtwaist suits, 25c to 35c values, June sale price... 19c
LACE STRIPE GINGHAMS and fine lisle tissues, pretty and popular textiles, light weight but very firm, absolutely fast colors in all the desirable shades, immense assortment of stripes, figures and lace stripe weaves, 29c and 39c quality, now... 19c
CHAMBRAY AND MERCERIZED GINGHAMS 12½c Just the thing for shirtwaists and shirtwaist suits; blue, pink, green and white grounds, stripes and emb. dots, also plain colors, 19c and 25c values, in this sale, per yard... 12½c
FINE ZEPHYR and Madras Waistings, 32 inches wide, 19c and 15c values, pretty styles for shirts and shirtwaists... 12½c

50c Silks, 25c
50c corded stripe Wash Silk.
50c Taffeta Silk, in white, cream and colors.
50c Moire Silk, assorted colors.
50c Silk Mulls, plain and figured weaves.
35c Cream Wash Silks.
25c
BLACK SILK, 25 pieces Beaux Arts, extra heavy quality taffeta finish, guaranteed to wear satisfactory.
69c grade, 20 inches wide... 49c
89c grade, 25 inches wide... 69c
$1.50 36 inch Black Gro Grain Silk... 98c
$1.50 36 inch Black Taffeta, guarantee in selvage, yard... 98c
$1.75 36 inch Black Peau de Soie... $1.19
$1.25 42 inch Black Silk Grenadine... 69c

JUNE SHOE SALE
$2.00 SHOES 89c Ladies' Strap Sandals and Oxfords, flexible hand-turn soles, $1.50 and $2.00 values... 89c

Bargains in the Big Star Store Basement
15 CENT SEA ISLAND PERCALES 5c 50 pieces 36 inch genuine Sea Island Percales, light and dark colors, stripes and figures, also bordered patterns, 12½c and 15c values; a limit of ten yards to each customer; June Reducing Sale, price, a yard... 5c

5c Bargain Counter
7½c, 8c, 10c and 14c Values
FINE CORDED DIMITY, Sheer Batiste French and Madras Ginghams, blue, pink green, black, red, gray and buff shade, a wonderful selection of styles to chose from, 7½c, 8c, 10c and 14c values, at, a yard... 5c

7½c Bargain Counter
10c, 12½c, 15c and 20c Values
32,000 YARDS fine wash fabrics, English lawns, holly batiste, silk mercerized ginghams, woven oxford madras waistings and dotted swiss, fine styles for waists, dresses and tub suits, 10c to 20c values, a yard... 7½c

LADIES' SUITS, $15.00 Kind... $7.75
LADIES' FINE WOOL SUITS, a choice selection of $10.00, $12.50 and $15.00 tailor-made suits, to-morrow... $7.75
$18.00 SILK SKIRTS $10.00 Black Peau de Soie Silk Skirts, elaborately trimmed with lace valour and chiffon ruffles, $15.00 and $18.00 values... $10.00
GIRLS' CRASH SUITS, sailor collar and four-in-hand tie, ages 5 to 12 years, $1.00 value... 69c
LADIES' UNDERSKIRTS, made of seersucker gingham, with deep ruffle... 50c
LADIES' SILK WAISTS, black and colors, up to $4.00 values... $2.98
LADIES' WHITE WAISTS, heavy vestings and fine India linens, also silk ginghams, up to $2.50 values... 98c
FINE SHIRTWAISTS, white and colors, up to $1.50 values... 69c
FINE SHIRTWAISTS, made of lawns, dimity and homespun, 75c and $1.00 values... 39c
LADIES' WASH SUITS, all the new shirtwaist styles, special values at $5.98, $4.98, $3.98 and... $2.98

RIBBON SALE
SILK TAFFETA RIBBONS, white and all colors, 3¼ inches wide, 19c values, per yard... 10c

Ladies' $1.50 Parasols, 29c
LADIES' FINE PARASOLS, fine silk, dark and light shades, $1.00, $1.25 and $1.50 values... 29c
LADIES' UMBRELLAS, black gloria silk, steel rods and pretty handles, $1.50 values, in this sale... $1.00
CHILDREN'S PARASOLS, fancy shades, 200 in sale, each... 10c
WHITE SILK FANS, all the season's new styles, graduating fans at 25c, 50c, 75c up to... $1.39

Hose and Gloves
25 CENT HOSE 5c Children's tan hose, all sizes, fine ribbed, 19c and 25c grades; also children's 10c grades of black hose... 5c
CHILDREN'S LACE HOSE, fast black, seamless grades, 25c, 15c and... 10c
LADIES' KID GLOVES, black, white and all colors, regular $1.00 values... 55c
BLACK LISLE GLOVES for ladies, also white and black lace gloves, 25c values, pair... 10c

The Star Store 360-370 W. Washington St.
The Star Store 360-370 W. Washington St.

"AFTER DARK" BANKING.

Features of a Novel Experiment in the New York Uptown Districts.

New York Evening Post.

The decision of the Waldorf-Astoria Trust Company to keep open "after hours," for the accommodation of theater-goers and down-town business men who do not reach the residential districts till late in the afternoon, suggests the ever-increasing use of checks in American cities for purposes of "hand-to-hand" money. No other center in the world could probably make a success of "after-dark" banking, and while the present venture is experimental, it is undertaken in response to a legitimate demand from thousands of people who find it inconvenient to visit a bank before three o'clock in the afternoon. If the movement succeeds, it will no doubt prolong the business hours of most up-town banks.

Berlin bankers close their doors during the noon dinner hour, and Holland institutions are similarly shut a portion of each day. Banks in American cities are never closed, except on extraordinary occasions, between 3 and 10. During the holiday rush those in the up-town districts of this city often find it necessary to accommodate patrons "after hours." On a recent occasion one of the largest Wall-street banks notified an important customer that it would keep its men in readiness to put through a large deal till 6 o'clock. During the "end of the year rush" in December last, both the National City and the National Park banks of New York organized their clerks into night shifts for service between midnight and 8 a. m. This enabled the banks to get their mail in readiness and have late out-of-town checks assorted and verified before the daily return for the clearing house was compiled. It saved the banks thousands of dollars in a day's interest charges.

HE WAS WISE.

Mrs. Benton Holme (to Tommy, who has spilled the milk and is crying)—There! there! It's no use to cry over spilled milk.

Mr. Benton Holme—That's right. The milkman's put enough water in it already.

THE FLIGHT OF MOSQUITOES.

Breeders of Malaria Rarely Go More than Half a Mile.

Nature.

When Drs. Stephens and Christophers, the Royal Society's commission on malaria, were in India, Captain S. P. James had the advantage of being associated with them, and his book contains the result of his own observations, both at that time and since.

The chapter on the causes which influence the spread of malaria in different parts of India, in which the writer has been helped by Drs. Stephens and Christophers, is one of the most valuable in the book. The data therein cited clearly show the great general influence on the prevalence of malaria, due to the particular species of anopheles present, and to the nearness and abundance of anopheles breeding grounds. The number of species of anopheles in India is large, and previous description of them inadequate. A considerable and well illustrated part of the present monograph therefore is devoted to the differentiation of the various species of Indian anopheles, and promises to be of high practical value in future malaria investigations. The remarks on the subject of the favorite breeding places of the various species of anopheles are also of importance, and show how thorough inquiry in this direction ought to be. Captain James's observations on the usual distance of flight of anopheles in India go to show that this rarely, if ever, exceeds half a mile, and therefore that at this distance from a focus of infection "we are practically safe from malaria." With regard to the influence of altitude, it has been found that under 4,000 feet has no effect by itself on the prevalence of malaria in India.

In reference to the prevention of malaria, the following remarks of Captain James are significant: "Complete protection from malaria (and blackwater fever) may be insured by any individual who is willing to take the trouble to pay scrupulous attention to the use of a good mosquito curtain at night, and to protect himself adequately from being bitten by mosquitoes during the evening hours. If these simple precautions are taken it is quite unnecessary to use quinine as a phophylactic. No other precautions than these have been used by any of us during our tours through some of the most malarious parts of India, and none of us have experienced a day's fever during this time. By the use of the same precautions also, and without taking any quinine, Dr. Stephens previously passed two years in the most malarious parts of Africa, without a single attack of malaria."

Watching a Spider at Work.

June Success.

Watch a spider spin his web, and I shall be surprised if you ever kill a spider again. It takes him about an hour, somewhat less, for he is a marvelously quick worker, and there is something almost terrifying about the skill with which he works. There is his body, no larger than a match's head, yet, inclosed within that mere dot of nature there is an intelligence which is able first to prospect the area for his web, then to plan it out like a geometrician, and then to carry out his plan with workmanlike precision. Meanwhile, too, it must be remembered, he is not only doing his thinking and his weaving, but also spinning the material for it, all in that mite of a body. But perhaps the uncanniest feature of the whole thing is that the spider not merely has his plan clear in his head, but knows when he has made mistakes, and you can see him breaking off misplaced threads here and there, making taut slack lines, and securing shaky connections.

The Bluebird.

Some time in heaven sojourned this bird,
And there the chant of the seraphs heard;
One note of the theme it repeateth still—
"Cherish, cherish, oh! cherish"—till
Quivers the song swept blue above;
And earth, lying dreamily under,
Thrills with delight and wonder—
"Cherish Love."

Therefore, the bloom to the apple bough,
The flower to the wood knoll springeth now,
And leaf mist gathers in copse and glen.
"Cherish, cherish, oh! cherish," again
The flute voice calls from the blue above.
How shall I dare gainsay it?
What should I do but obey it?
"Cherish Love."

Not now can the seed be pent underground,
The bud in its winter sheath be bound,
Nor the spirit in me be chained and dark.
"Cherish, cherish, oh! cherish"—hark
To the seraph taught in the blue above!
But if the song should not reach thee,
Who shall it be that will teach thee
"Cherish Love?"

—Edith M. Thomas.

SEED STORY EXPLODED.

Grain from Ancient Mounds and Tombs Will Not Grow.

Washington Post.

At the last meeting of the Biological Society of Washington Mr. J. W. T. Duvel read a paper entitled "The Vitality of Seeds," exploding a fallacy which, as he himself states, is believed in even by many scientific workers. That fallacy is the notion that seeds found in mummy cases and tombs and known to be several hundred, and even one thousand years old, will, if planted, germinate. He called attention to the fact that for the last thirty years a story has appeared periodically in the newspapers to the effect that some one out in the far West has obtained corn from the grave of some cliff dweller—corn that has lain in the tomb for thousands of years, or, perhaps, the story is of wheat that some person has taken from the case of an Egyptian mummy of the first dynasty, 3,000 years before Christ, and planted. These accounts, he added, are always of the most detailed and circumstantial character, and oftentimes, in one way or another, bear the name of some man of science. One man somewhere in the West, who said he had found an ear of corn in the grave of an aborigine, buried under a large mound, and had raised a crop from it, did a land-office business advertising the seed of his prehistoric orn.

The truth of the matter, he said, was that the vital energy of seeds expires quickly, so that the stories which have gone the rounds about Egyptian wheat and prehistoric cliff dweller corn, germinating after a lapse of thousands of years, were falsehoods pure and simple. Where or how they originated was a mystery, but, like every other scientific humbug, the story and as much vitality and longevity as the miraculous grain which it described. Some twenty years ago, he said, the British Association for the Advancement of Science, as a result of the members seeing, hearing and reading a great deal of this nonesense about Egyptian wheat sprouting, decided to investigate the matter thoroughly.

The results of this investigation have only recently been made known. The association experimented with the seeds of some 382 species, including wheat and corn, and discovered that out of this entire lot there were only three or four species that would germinate after a period of fifteen years. Of this entire 382 species all were treated alike; that is to say, placed in dry, dark and cool places, where the conditions were exactly the same as in the case of the grain found in mummy cases. The great majority of species lost all vitality after a period of four years, and the few that did germinate at the end of the fifteen-year period, produced very weak and feeble plants. These were the seeds of very hardy and vigorous plants indigenous to desert countries, where the struggle for existence is very hard, and not wheat and corn which were among the earliest to lose their vitality. Moreover, of the entire number of seeds of the three varieties which produced after fifteen years in storage, only a few produced plants.

Alfalfa, a variety of forage plant grown extensively in desert regions (especially in Colorado and California), and the seed of which is remarkable for its vitality, had been preserved in alcohol and shut off from the air by an Italian scientist, who succeeded in raising a few plants from seed thus kept sixteen years, but the seed of the plant preserved in the same manner for seventeen, eighteen, nineteen and twenty years did not germinate, and such also was the experience of the British association, which body found that not one of the 382 species would germinate after remaining in storage for seventeen or twenty years, although they did succeed in obtaining a few sickly plants from seed of three species kept fifteen years. As a result, therefore, of these experiments, Mr. Duvel said that the longest period that any seed could be kept in storage and still germinate was fifteen years.

In the discussion following the reading of Mr. Duvel's paper, Dr. F. V. Coville, botanist of the Department of Agriculture, said that some years ago he also became interested in this problem, as a result of reading newspaper accounts of seed found in tombs of the prehistoric period germinating, and that while on a trip to Arizona he took the trouble to obtain from graves, in one of the old cliff dwellers' cities some beans and other seeds which he was quite certain had lain there since the pre-Columbian period, and were at least 400 years old. Moreover, he said, the dry climate of Arizona was eminently adapted for preserving objects of all sorts, especially seeds, so that if there was anything in the story, these seeds, above all others, should have germinated. They had, the doctor stated, every appearance of being "sound," but for all that he planted them, watered them, and did everything that could be done to obtain germination, not one of them sprouted, and so this fallacy, along with many others, was laid in the dust.

During the meeting Prof. W. J. McGee arose and asked Mr. Duvel to state the exact status with regard to wheat found in mummy cases, and said to have germinated after so many hundreds of years. He wished to know whether this particular phase of the subject had received the proper attention from men of science, and if so what were the results. Mr. Duvel stated that it had, both in Berlin, Germany, and by a French investigator. In both cases the findings were the same. The Frenchman, he said, had found that the wheat taken from mummy cases of the period of 300-500 B. C. had every external appearance of soundness, and that, upon investigation, he had also discovered that the starch contents of the seed were unaltered, but that the embryo, the life of the plant, the tiny sprout within the seed, was in every case dead, and would not germinate on trial.

The French investigator had therefore done what was even more wonderful than the newspaper accounts of 1,000 years old wheat germinating. He had taken some of the grains of this mummy-case wheat; cut out the dead embryo, and inserted in their places live embryos of fresh wheat. Thus altered and planted, every one of the grains had germinated and grown. The live embryo of the fresh wheat had, in this case, germinated, and had drawn its primary nutrition from the starch contents of a grain of Egyptian wheat that had lain in storage over twenty centuries.

This was as near, he said, as anyone had ever come to raising grain from seed that had lain in storage for several centuries.

HE KNEW.

Mrs. Short—When I kiss you, you are not afraid I am going to ask you for money, are you?

Mr. Short—No; but I'm afraid you've already cleaned me out while I was asleep.

ONE MAN'S EXPERIENCE.

How Provision He Made for His Taking Off Helped Him in Getting On.

New York Sun.

"It may seem odd to you," said a man who has money enough now to buy a dozen cemeteries if he wanted them, "but the first great feeling of relief and gratification that came to me with my first little accumulation of money sprang from the realization that now, for the first time since I had been married, we had money enough to bury any of us who should die.

"For years I had been dead poor, right down to hard pan all the time, using up every dollar of the few I earned as fast as I got it—I never had a cent. I never took a gloomy view of things, however, even in those days, any more than I do now; in fact, I used to smile over them, sometimes, when I thought of how devilish hard up we really were; but I used to wonder, sometimes, too, what we should do in case anything should happen; and it was a blessed feeling of relief, indeed, that I experienced when finally I had got together that first little pile of savings.

"Now we could bury any of us properly and with all due observance and with the gentlest care, without asking help of any one; at last we were so fixed that we could afford to die.

"And to be freed of that anxiety I found, when I did come to be free of it, was not only a great relief, but it was an actual help to me in a business way. It made me feel safer and easier and more secure about everything; it gave me greater confidence and helped me in every way; and so this provision for our taking off helped us greatly in getting on."

An Objectionable Word.

Philadelphia Record.

"It positively pains me," remarked the cynic, "to hear some abbreviations. Photo, for instance. That strikes me as absolutely vulgar—perhaps, because of the young persons who are so much given to exchanging photos, as they express it. Once I asked a youngster why the abbreviation was used. He said 'twas quicker to say photo. Alack! Alas! It never occurred to him what valuable time he was losing when he invariably signed himself Adolphus Algernon Punkpiddiwick! It is quite the same with the female of the species. She also leans to this abbreviation, even though she writes her name, or would like to, Geraldine Evangeline Montmorency. To both their little minds it's a case of big 'I' on this little sublunary planet, and, naturally, a 'photo,' being a lasting counterpart of their much-revered features, so appeals to them that their constant use of the word denoting it makes its abbreviation desirable."