GEN. LOGAN.

His Ready Generosity to a Distressed Southern Soldier.

[*From the Natchez (Miss.) Crusader.—Dem.*]

During the dark days of reconstruction, we think it was in 1868, the month of June, three gentlemen sat on the porch of a private boarding-house in Michigan avenue, Washington City. As they sat together in low and earnest conversation, an old man in worn, but once respectable garments, lame and hobbling on a crutch, paused directly in front of the trio and glanced searchingly in the faces of all three. There was an expression in the upturned countenance of the old man too readily defined—a look of weariness—an air, in fact, of present poverty, that could not be misunderstood by the group.

"Can I do anything for you, my man?" asked the senior of the trio, attentively regarding the stationary figure in his front.

"I think not, sir," was the quick response.

"Where did you get that lame leg?" inquired the first speaker.

"At Chickamauga."

"On what side?"

"Your side, if you are a Southerner," rejoined the old man, leaning wearily on his crutch.

"Not mine, friend," said the gentleman; "I belonged to the other side."

"That makes a big difference," remarked the crippled stranger. "I was about to ask you for a favor, but you live on the wrong side of the house."

"What can I do for you, old man?" still urged the gentleman with quiet gravity.

"Well, I may as well tell you, as any one else. I am a stranger in this city, and trying to get out of it. I have a home in the far South and enough to live on when I get there. I ran out of money in Baltimore and was brought here by the kindness of the conductor on the train."

"Have you no money now?"

"I expected a remittance of $25 from home when I reached this place—but it has not arrived."

"Well! you shall not go home on your crutches if I can help it," and the gentleman produced his pocket-book and counted six $5 bills in the palm of the stranger.

"It is too much! I dislike to take it!" exclaimed the old man, grateful and astonished.

"Keep it—you are welcome to it," persisted the gentleman.

"I thank you—a thousand times!" said the old man. "When I get home I will return every cent of it. Your name—for I want to remember it and honor it as long as I live."

"Never mind that, old man. If you have enough, as you say, to live on in your far-away Southern home, and if you should ever meet in that home a boy in blue in such trouble as you are to-day, just hand him the little amount I gave you now, and say no more about it."

The man who sent one of our own dear boys—a poor Confederate—on his way rejoicing was General John A. Logan, noted, if some of our exchanges are to be his judges, for merciless treatment of Southern soldiers!

The Youngest Soldier of the Revolution.

[*W. W. Crannell in St. Nicholas.*]

Richard Lord Jones was born at Colchester, Conn., on May 15, 1767. He enlisted at Hartford, for the term of three years, in Captain James Watson's company of the 3d Connecticut regiment, commanded by Colonel Samuel B. Webb, the father of the venerable General James Watson Webb, and was the youngest enlisted person on the pay-roll of the Army of the Revolution. He was immediately placed under the charge of Bandmaster Ballentine, and instructed to play the fife.

The regiment was at one time engaged in an enterprise having in view the destruction of a large quantity of lumber on Long Island. But the colonel and a number of men, among whom was Richard, were captured while returning, after a successful expedition, by the British sloop of war "Folcon," and taken to Newport.

Upon the arrival of the prisoners at Newport, they were taken before a British officer for examination. The colonel, being called forward, was followed by Dick, who was anxious to learn what his own fate was to be. The British officer, noticing the little fellow at the heels of his colonel, sternly inquired:

"Who are you?"

"I am one of King Hancock's men," answered Dick, straightening himself proudly.

"What can you do for him?" asked the officer with a smile, and so strong an emphasis on the "you" that Dick answered defiantly:

"I can fight for him."

"Can you fight one of King George's men?"

"Yes, sir," answered Dick promptly, and then added, after a little hesitation, "if he is not much bigger than I."

The officer called forward the boatswain's boy, who had been curiously looking on; then turning to the young continental asked:

"Dare you fight him?"

Dick gave the Briton, who was considerably larger than he, a hasty survey, and then answered:

"Yes, sir."

"Then strip," said the officer, and turning to the British lad, "strip, and do battle for King George."

"Both boys divested themselves of all superfluous clothing as rapidly as possible, and went to work at once, and in dire earnest. It was a "rough and tumble" fight; first one was on top and then the other, cheered in turn by cries of "Give it to him, King Hancock!" and "Hurrah for King George!"

It was a memorable encounter for both contestants, but at last the courageous little rebel got the better of his adversary. The young Briton shouted "enough," and was rescued from the embrace of his furious antagonist.

With the generosity natural to great minds, but seldom displayed during the war of Independence, the British officer ordered the discharge of our young hero, for his pluck, and he was set at liberty.

The March of the Prairie Dog.

[*From the Albany (Texas) News.*]

The prairie dog is a standing threat against the future prosperity of the grazing districts of the State. Draw a line from Red River south to the Colorado, so as to run about the western lines of Throckmorton, Shackelford, Callahan, and Coleman counties, and you mark the front of the greatest immigration army ever dreamed of by man. From this line west 250 miles every square mile is infested by these devouring pests. They thickly inhabit a section of country 200 miles long and 250 miles wide. The advent of the white man into this country has but increased their numbers, as man has destroyed the wolves, badgers, rattlesnakes, panthers, and other animals which prey upon the prairie dogs. They eat the grass in summer and the grass roots in winter, and the consequence is that what was but a few years ago the finest grazing region in America is fast becoming a verdureless desert.

Unlike all other animals in America, the prairie dog is migrating, not west, but east. Only a year or two ago his eastern line was about the western line of this county. In a short time he has advanced his frontier east about five miles into Shackelford, Throckmorton, and the other counties lying north and south of Shackelford. Unless checked he will soon ravage all the mesquite grass land in the State, and will then descend in countless hosts upon the black waxy farming lands of Tarrant, Dallas, Collin, and the other counties east of us.

It is no exaggeration to say that $10,000,000 does not exceed the value of the grass annually consumed by the prairie dogs in northern Texas. Could they be destroyed instantly, as by a stroke of lightning, the price of land in all the regions described would advance 100 per cent. as soon as the fact was known.

A Tax Payer.

[*From the Chicago Herald.*]

"Please, sir," said a man at the station who said he was a farmer, but who looked more like a tramp; "please, mister, won't you lend me a dime? I live out in the country apiece, and will give it to you when I come in again. Ye see, I hev come to town to pay my taxes, and I find myself just ten cents short. My brother owns a farm just at the edge of town, but I hain't got time to run over there 'fore my train goes. Give me a dime and I'll bring you in the biggest watermelon grown on my farm when they get ripe."

The station agent listened to the old chap's request, and finally passed over the dime. But he didn't seem satisfied. He kept watch of the farmer, who had started off briskly toward the court house. The station agent watched him. He slipped into a saloon. The agent quickly followed. The farmer was just wiping his mouth.

"Here, you," cried the indignant agent; "I thought you wanted that dime to pay your taxes." "That's what I did," replied the tramp; "just paid the last installment. Bin payin' all my taxes that way for a good many years. I wonder what the country is coming to—it keeps me poor to pay my taxes. Will you—" But the station agent had gone.

Another Pension Office Technicality.

TO THE EDITOR:

I have read with much interest the article headed "Where to Begin," in your issue of June 5th. The points taken are all good, and should commend themselves to every well-wisher of the soldier. But there is another point which I think should be well considered, and relief afforded at once by the Commissioner of Pensions without an appeal to Congress. I refer to the requirement of the Pension Department, in so many cases, of evidence which from the very nature of things cannot exist. For instance, I know of a case of a claimant who, while in the service, was detached from his command with some twenty or more men under his charge to restore some mill property which had been partially destroyed by the rebels. No commissioned officer was present or within, perhaps, twenty miles. While these soldiers were engaged in hoisting a mill stone from a well the machinery gave way and the claimant was precipitated into the well—the millstone, timbers, &c., falling upon him. He was taken from the well very badly "breached" and injured seriously in many ways—so seriously, in fact, that he could not be removed to the hospital of his command, but was cared for in the vicinity of the accident. Now, in making out his claim, he stated fully all the circumstances attending his isolated place of duty, the absence of commissioned officers, &c., but procured and furnished the evidence of comrades who witnessed the accident as well as those who knew him as sound and healthy for three years or more prior to enlistment. Yet recently, in spite of all this, he has been required by the Pension Office to furnish the testimony of some commissioned officer who saw him fall into the well and receive the breach from which he has so long suffered.

It seems to me that in such a case as this no pretense of caution to prevent fraud can justify such a frivolous demand. Why should the testimony of comrades who witnessed the accident be refused or considered insufficient when such evidence is the best and only proof the claimant could, under any circumstances, have produced? I am satisfied that the claim would long ago have been allowed, had it been submitted to a jury of disinterested men under the common rules of law and evidence, or to any fair-minded individual who understands the principles of common law and the rules of evidence. This is only one of a large number of similar cases which have come to my knowledge, and I think it is high time that these technical rulings were abolished and a little common sense and regard for justice displayed in the conduct of the Pension Office.—SUBSCRIBER, Worcester, Mass.

Life and Death Struggle with a Bloodhound.

[*Special to Phila. Times.*]

BOSTON, June 28.—About 4 o'clock this morning E. W. Jackson, bookkeeper, was on his way from Medford to Malden to catch the early horse car for Boston. While passing the residence of George K. Goulding a large Siberian bloodhound belonging to Mr. Goulding rushed out to the sidewalk and attacked Mr. Jackson in a most savage manner. The animal jumped for the man's throat, but caught hold of his wrist, which was put up to ward off the attack. A desperate struggle followed. The vicious beast, having tasted blood, fought like a tiger and tore the flesh in several places from Mr. Jackson's arms. The dog being large and powerful, it required all Mr. Jackson's strength to keep it away from his throat.

The struggle lasted a considerable time, during which the cries of Mr. Jackson for help could be heard half a mile away, but unfortunately there was no one in the vicinity at that early hour and the man and beast had to continue the struggle for life or death. The dog finally got a vise-like grasp of Jackson's wrist, which he crushed and broke between his teeth. The hand being his right one, Mr. Jackson was at a great disadvantage. He finally succeeded, however, in grasping the animal by the throat and, with the unnatural strength of a man whose life is at stake, succeeded in choking the beast to death. Mr. Jackson was taken home and his wounds, which are serious, were dressed. The dog has been chained, but frequently broke away and was the terror of children and of everybody else who passed that way.

A Happy Grand Army Man.

President Arthur has been invited to Brooklyn, N. Y., to act as godfather to the son of Wm. Peterson, a well-known Grand Army man. In his letter to the President Mr. Peterson says: "My twelfth living son was born on June 5, 1884. This having raised the census of my children to the apostolic number, I am disposed to celebrate the event with all proper ceremony. I have, therefore, resolved, with your permission, to call this child by the name of no less distinguished a person than yourself. I do this, not merely out of consideration for the child, who, of course, is very dear to me, but mainly in testimony of the high esteem in which I hold and shall ever hold yourself. In order that nothing may be wanting to the auspiciousness of the occasion, the child will be christened by the name of Chester A. Arthur Peterson on the 4th of July, 1884, at the headquarters of Post Metternich, No. 122, G. A. R., Department of New York, No. 54 Graham avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., at — o'clock in the afternoon. You are respectfully and cordially invited to attend at the last-mentioned time and place to act as godfather to the boy."

A Happy Boy.

[*From the Detroit Free Press.*]

"Whar 'yer bin?" he asked as the other boy suddenly came around the corner.

"To the doctor's!"

"Fur yer mother?"

"No—fur me."

"What ails you?"

"Tongue all coated—see there?"

"What does that mean?"

"Heaps!" chuckled the other. "That means rhubarb to begin on, and loaf sugar, sweet cake, a velocipede, roller-skates and a jackknife before I git through! Don't you wish you were me?"

SONS OF VETERANS.

The Latest News from the Various Divisions and Camps.

S. Pruyn, De Witt, Iowa: The first annual election of Division officers for Iowa was held in G. A. R. Hall in this place June 10. The meeting was called to order by Col. Pruyn, and a prayer offered by Chaplain Fishwild of Wyoming. Officers elected: Lieut.-Col., A. D. Williams, of Wyoming; Maj., F. S. Wallace, Grinnell; Chap., P. V. Carey, Des Moines; Surg., L. A. Trump, Maquoketa. For Division Council (two year term): R. Fishwild, Wyoming; Geo. Williams, Grinnell, and W. C. Fraze, Maquoketa; (one year term), G. L. Nye, De Witt; A. K. Moore, Mauson, and W. H. Crocker, Sibley. Delegate and Alternate to attend Grand Division Encampment, P. V. Carey, Des Moines, and George Williams, Grinnell. Next annual Division Encampment to be held in Des Moines June 10, 1885.

General Orders, No. 6, issued at Lake Village, N. H., by order of E. A. Badger, colonel commanding—F. M. Shackford, Adj't—contains the following:

The installation of officers of each Camp for the semi-annual term commencing July 1, 1884, will occur at the first regular meeting in July, and where satisfactory arrangements can be made, it is deemed for the best interests of the several Camps and the Order in general, that the installation ceremonies be performed publicly.

Information has been received from the City of Mexico that American railroads in Mexico are to be handicapped by a law requiring that all railways in that country will be required to fence the entire length of their lines with fences on both sides which shall be stock proof, even to the keeping out of goats. It is estimated that the Mexican Central Road will have to expend $5,000,000 to comply with such a law.

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CATHOLICON.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

From the Lutheran Publication Society, Philadelphia, we have a copy of "Sabre Strokes of the Pennsylvania Dragoons," by Comrade T. F. Dornblaser, now chaplain of Lincoln Post, Topeka, Kan. The author, in his preface, announces it as his intention simply to tell the story of army life as seen and experienced by a soldier in the ranks, but he is in this respect too modest, for into this volume of two hundred and fifty pages he has managed to compress much authentic information of a definite historical value. It is well known that the achievements of our cavalry in the late war have so far failed to receive the attention which they merit and which long ago was accorded the exploits of other arms of the service, and every such contribution as this deserves, therefore, a hearty welcome. Moreover, the Pennsylvania Dragoons served throughout the war in the armies of the west, and their history, as it happens, is the history of one of the most gallant western commands—Minty's famous brigade, comprising at the battle of Stone River, under Stanley, the 7th Pennsylvania (Dragoons), 3d Kentucky and 4th Michigan.

The early pages of the book are occupied with an account of the organization of the 7th Pennsylvania cavalry, under Colonel George C. Wynkoop, which was recruited from the ranks of the Dragoons, (who had existed as an independent organization in Nittany Valley several years prior to the war, and had offered their services at the first call for 75,000 men, but had been rejected because the War Depapartment at that time "had no use for cavalry,") as well as citizens of Clinton and Centre counties in October, 1861, and abounds in entertaining camp stories and reminiscences. The command spent a part of its first winter at "Muddy Camp," Louisville, Ky., but in January, 1862, marched to Bardstown, whence it was ordered to Nashville, reporting to Brigadier-General Negley on the 18th of March. Their campaigning during the next few months was chiefly against Morgan, with whose forces they had some rattling encounters (the one at Lebanon, where Morgan made such a narrow escape, is particularly well described by the author,) but in August they were recalled to repel Bragg's invasion, and at Gallatin particularly distinguished themselves by a gallant charge and desperate fighting. In the march on Murfreesboro, preliminary to the battle of Stone River, the regiment had the advance, and in the battle gave a good account of itself. Indeed, it participated actively in all the movements down to the battle of Chickamauga, and afterwards in the Atlanta campaign and Kilpatrick's raid. When Sherman started on his march to the sea, however, Minty's brigade were ordered to turn over their horses to Kilpatrick, and in October, 1864, the command was sent back to Middle Tennessee to be remounted, but, supplies being exhausted at Nashville, it hurried on to Louisville, and in December started back to Nashville with fresh mounts, reaching there in January, after a hard march, in time to take part in the pursuit of Hood. The regiment's last service was with Wilson on his memorable raid, and it took part as a member of Minty's brigade in the pursuit of Jeff Davis. "Other historians do not seem to know it," writes Comrade Dornblaser, "nevertheless, the 7th was there and paid its respects to the ex-President." Appended to this extremely interesting history is a roll of honor and muster-out roll of the dead. The price is $1.50 per copy, and it can be ordered direct from the publishers, Lutheran Publication Society, Philadelphia.

In "Army Life," by Capt. Albert O. Marshall, of Joliet, Ill., we have what, upon careful perusal, we feel justified in pronouncing one of the most interesting and valuable contributions that has yet been made to the literature of the war. The author was a member of the famous (33d) Illinois Normal regiment, and, incidentally, the history of that regiment is given in this book; but what he has here attempted is not history, but a sketch, photographic in its accuracy, of the common everyday life of the private soldier. The narrative is reproduced from the journal which he kept during his three years' service, and it is, therefore, all the more vivid and distinct, preserving the spirit of the time at which it was written. It abounds particularly in entertaining anecdotes and stories of the camp, told with inimitable freshness and vigor, and it is calculated, therefore, to interest every soldier, no matter to what command he belonged. In fact, a better idea may be gained from its pages as to what life in the army really was than from all the histories that were ever written. The second edition is now ready, and can be had by addressing the author, as above. Price, $1.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., New York, have added to their parchment paper series "Pictures of Life and Character," a companion edition to Du Maurier's "Pictures of English Society," and embracing a collection of the drawings of John Leech, who preceded Du Maurier as the leading illustrator of *Punch*. These drawings are reproduced in miniature, but are not so greatly reduced as to impair in any degree their value, and they not only happily illustrate the author's artistic method of work, but afford a most interesting study of the humorous side of British society and manners. Mr. Leech died in 1864, so that the period covered by his sketches was the second quarter of the century. As compared with Du Maurier's caricatures they show more vigor and cover a greater range of subjects, and their humor, too, is perhaps more hearty, but they lack the former's delicacy of finish. This delightful little collection can be had in paper for 30 cents; in cloth for 50 cents.

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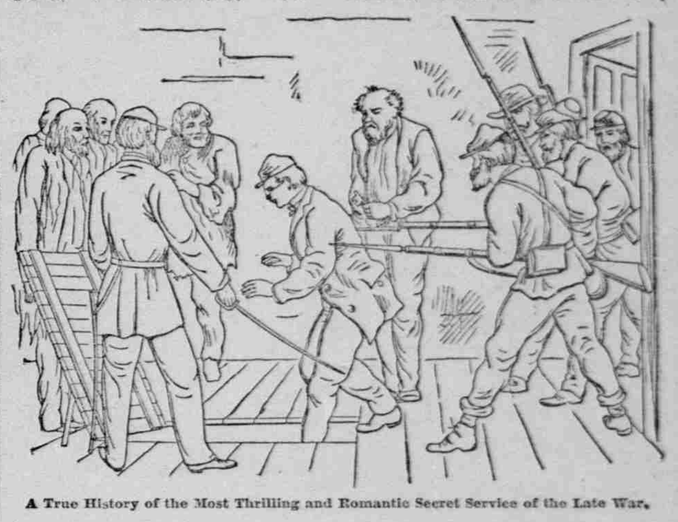

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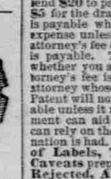

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