THE PASSING OF THE SHADOW.

Parental Love Too Much for All Other Considerations.

By ROSE WILLIS JOHNSON.

It was carnival week in the city. Wabash Avenue was a gay succession of booths, lunch counters, vociferous venders and showmen. Bands brayed at each other, and beggars sang praises of the Wabash out of tune. The high diver had accomplished his plunge; the professor was to climb the revolving sphere and perform on the slack wire. In the interim the Ferris wheel claimed attention.

Honor Splann stood as near to it as the crowd would permit, Patsy and Kathleen clinging to her hands.

"That's our seat," she whispered. "We do be sitting up there fine and brave. Now we come down—down—down. How nice to fall whin we don't light! Sure, Patsy"——

But Patsy, literal minded, pulled at her dress.

"We're not in it at all, at all!" he remonstrated. "Let us. Tell the man to stop, Honor."

Grave little Honor shook her head.

"He'd be slow to stop widout the dime. We've no dime, Patsy. But if we play we're up there, why it's up there we'll be, acushla. D'ye mind what Father Ryan said about the town pump?"

Patsy didn't remember. He was longing for a place on the big wheel, from whose summit he might view the crowd, or fall without shock or injury. But Honor was in full possession of the Ferris wheel. Not a revolution was lost. When two school girl laughingly took the place she had claimed, the prettier one instantly became Honor Splann. No prettier was she than the real Honor, with the eyes of soft, bright, Irish blue fixed so admiringly on her dainty frock and floating ribbons.

"How brave we are!" she laughed, squeezing Kathleen's hand. "Once more—there now—there!"

A shadow fell across the brightness of the uplifted face. "We're getting out now, dears, and indeed it is time for us. We're forgetting the time entirely—it's been that lovely here! "Mother"——

A hand touched her chin, turning her face upward. It was the big, kind hand of their family doctor, and his face wore a big, kind smile.

"Everybody on the streets, even Honor and her brood! Should you like to, really and truly? Then you shall, 'pon honor you shall—and no pun intended. I've brought you trouble, sister, so it is fair I should treat. Here you are—now let's see if you are afraid!"

Afraid! It was mounting—flying—realizing an ideal. When the guard released them her usually pale little face was bright as the face of morning.

"It's good you are, Dr. Moore,." she said shyly. "We t'ank you, sir."

The Doctor's eyes were very kind. "Little sister," he said, "go home now. Go home quietly, and be good to mother, and look after the children. Be a woman this night—as you always are! I told you I had brought you a new burden. When you say your beads you can ask intercession and grace for another soul. Goodby, my dears."

Wondering much, and hastening the children reached the cabin in Dobart's Block, and would have burst thereinto pell-mell but for Honor's restraining hand. A conception of what she was to find made her heart swell. She was not surprised when Mary Kelly met them at the door with her "Hist, darlints! It's a bye, a foine red-hidded bye! Phat do yez think o' that, all along wi' the street fair? Didn't ye see the baby booth at all, at all?" Her hand came down merrily on the girl's shoulder. "Come on, aisy, now. Your mother does be askin' for ye—the poor soul!"

Honor was already at her mother's bedside, and had slipped to her knees, kissing and fondling the outstretched hand.

"He said it was trouble he had fetched us, mother," she said, a sob in her voice. "How should he know, good man? Let me see him, mother—just leave me have him onct, little brother!"

The request was readily granted. She took careful position in their one rocker—"Mother's chair"—and proud as a queen received the red-flannel bundle. Patsy and Kathleen pressed closely, and their father, pipe in mouth, beamed satisfaction. It was only when Mary Kelly suggested supper his high spirits failed a little.

'Oh, it's supper, is it?" he sighed. "Go make the stir-about, colleen. Sure, there's another mouth now—the saints be wid him!—and niver a break i' the clouds, but wan black shadow, ivver and always!"

Kathleen—the big Kathleen—answered his doubting. "D'ye mind what Himself said onct, Tommy? 'Forbid them not,' with His hands on their heads in blessin'? Wan black shadow, is it? It will be passing now, wid the coming o' the sweet darlint. Look up, acushla! Sure we have enough for to-night—and nivver can we ate to-morrow's bread to-day."

"Thrue for ye, darlint!" he answered, his brow clearing. "It's yourself has the good word whin all the skies are gloomin'. It's joy he'll bring us, and not sorrow, plaze God!"

"Let's be naming him, Tommy," the mother said, softly, in the pause. "Ye shall name him—phat'll ye have? Speak up, thin."

Big Tommy shook his head, a smile starting in his eyes and flowing through the merry wrinkles of his face.

"By me faith, 'tis yourself shall do this same! Phat will ye like, Kathleen?"

Honor, hugging, her mother's hand whispered softly, "Stephen, mother—for St. Stephen's face was like the face of an angel, and sure isn't he an angel this blessed minute, the darlint?"

"Mikey!" Kathleen petitioned. "Mikey, for our friend gone to sea," and Patsy thought "Jamie" best of all. Big Tom, looking askance at the smiling mother, admitted his brother Tim would be that proud of the honor, if Timothy would do—which, indeed, he doubted.

Kathleen, the mother, dwelt on her innocent with tender eyes. How dear he was—how sweet!

"Let it be Stephen," she said at length, very softly. "Father Ryan tolt me onct Stephen meant 'a crown'—and isn't this same baby a crown to us this day? Stephen Timothy, if it plazes the whole av ye."

So, with the priest's touch of holy water, baby became Stephen Timothy Splann—little Stevie, who contrived to fill the big heart of his big father with a love the like of which he had never known before.

It was of little Stevie he thought—more than of all the rest—as day by day he trudged the streets, knocking at every door of labor, always to receive the same answer: "Hands enough and to spare." It was for little Stevie he bent the knee of supplication, pleading intercession of all good saints, to send them—to send little Stevie—the daily bread. But while little Stevie grew, day by day the one black shadow—the shadow of the unemployed—grew also, darkening, darkening.

They were very frugal, trying to keep out of debt—debt was horrible to them—but the tide came in overtaking power. When the hearth glow faded and the children were hungry, and Kathleen's song of courage died at the lips, then big Tom, heroic, went forth to ask the credit so readily granted—was not the man known.

Little Stevie did not know his father had made this rash concession to fate. He sat in his high chair, wrapped in a bit of faded gray blanket, and sucked his meat skin as contentedly as though it were paid for.

His eyes were blue—blue as Honor's own, and the little red spirals multiplied about his browns. He was fat and white, and had a propensity for laughter. Many and many a time Garrett, the grocer, bringing in a basket of potatoes, or bit of bacon, stopped to smile upon and covet Kathleen's "crown."

No baby had ever come to sit at his table—he laid this omission of Providence very much to heart. Why came they to Tom Splann, poor Tom Splann, without a cent to buy the priest's blessing, without a crust to feed them save as he, generous Jim Garrett, doled out in a sort of charity?

"Tom, you limb o' the law!" he exclaimed on one occasion, "yez going under wi' the childer pulling down, and the stream against ye. Let go—aise her up. Give me the little wan and I'll forgive ye your debt and help ye."

It was jocosely spoken, but with an earnest tone which thrilled the heart of Splann, big and true.

"Phat's that ye do be saying?" he answered, forcing a laugh. "Give ye the apple o' me eye, bye? He's that dear to the whole av us we'd be broke wid sorrow did the sun not find him in his place—the saints be betune us and harm! We'd be sore to pay ye so, Mr. Garrett."

Mr. Garrett took up his basket, still smiling, still earnest. "Our Lady be good to us! Wan for all—is that too

"GARRETT, THE GROCER, STOPPED TO SMILE UPON AND COVET KATHLEEN'S 'CROWN.'"

hard? If I face the whole av ye the hard Winter through? If I pit flannels on ye? If I make a gentlemin of me lad, and lave him the store, and the house and the stocking?"

Tom's face, gone white, hid itself in his hands.

"If it's jokin' ye are, Mr. Garrett, it's sor' poor fun to meself. If ye spake in earnest me good wishes ye have—and I'll pay ye, I'll pay ye. As to the colleen"——

The pause finished his sentence eloquently. Mr. Garrett grabbed the doorknob. "Good day to yez," he called back. "Send to the store for what ye ned—we'll not be cryin' for the gold. It's a long lane widout a bend, bonny bye."

The bonny boy sat for a long time pulling at his pipe, staring hard at the floor. When he spoke his voice had not quite regained its cheery ring, but it was confident and steady. "He could not do widout his mother, acushla. We'll lave him wid his mother—St. Stephen be kind! Sure, may be all will be well yet, if we do the will o' God—blessed be his name!"

But Winter set in with unexampled severity that year. It found them penniless, shivering in their threadbare Summer garments. Tom continued his hopeless search for work, and Kathleen and Honor washed, scrubbed, did anything and everything. It was bad enough at the best, but when little Patsy sickened, and lay moaning, not knowing them, then, indeed, the shadow lengthened, darkening all the land.

"Pneumonia," Dr. Moore said briefly. "Our little lad has been too much exposed, has not been properly nourished. I will not give you false hopes—it is going to be hard for him."

It was hard. For days they hung above the little bed in speechless anguish of spirit, doing what they could. And one day they hushed their tears to watch each gasp and struggle. Oh, yes, it was hard!

That day they were all sure that Patsy was going to die, but he lingered on into the next, the Sabbath. The bells of St. Ann's smote them, the sunshine was a mockery. In the morning Father Ryan and two sisters from the Home came, bringing a warm blanket and wine. They anointed the little body and said the prayer for the dying, but still Patsy did not die. His father would not let them take the pillows from beneath his head. "Kape him while I pray," he sobbed. "Kape him while I pray!"

Behind the house, in the cold, he humbled himself again. "Mother of God!" was his cry. "Spare the bye—smite me not in this way. I confess me me sin—the sin of love! The fault is mine. The little wan was the dearest, so ye do be takin' his brother. Spare the child, spare the child. Thin will I break the proud heart of me; thin will I yield me will to the will of thy dear Son, who bore me stripes!"

Some one was kneeling with him. He put out his arm and drew Honor close. "Mavourneen," he whispered, "go say it at the blessed Feet! Rin ye to St. Ann's beyant—pray the prayer there. Pray for our Patsy, dear as the two eyes av us. We'll pit the sin away—w'll pit the sin away—the sin o' love. Pray, Honor, pray wid your clane lips—pray! Our Patsy's on the bank, wid the two feet of him a-slidin' over!"

So Honor sped away on the wings of love, to sob out her story in the warm ear of divine compassion. She prayed so earnestly, with such steadfast faith, she arose comforted, and ran back through the graying twilight with peace in her heart.

Her father met her at the door, with upraised, cautioning finger. "He's slapin' now," he said softly. "The doctor has been, and says the turn is past. We'll kape him, glory be to Him foriver and iver—and He has me vow."

From that hour Patsy began to improve. The day he sat up for the first time big Tom declared the miracle and opened his heart to his wife Kathleen. She listened. She went on washing, not lifting up her head. Long since the shadow had paled the roses of her cheeks. They were ashen gray now—poor windswept flowers of destiny!

"I'll be washing his little duds" she said, after that death silence. "Honor will want to give Mrs. Garrett's baby her bright beads, and doubtless it's yourself will let him have the shaving mug—oft has he cried for it!—to play wid."

Tom nodded, thrusting his hands deeply into his pockets. "This day week," he said in a choked voice, and went out, closing the door behind him.

The very day Stevie went away in Mrs. Garrett's carriage Tom found work at the Van shops—steady work, with chance of advancement. There was no rejoicing, however. The little house was as silent as on that other day when the bells of St. Ann jangled on their hearts.

But Mrs. Garrett had her plaything, her heart's desire, and the coming of the hope long deferred was as the tree of life. Garrett was equally delighted. He made a hundred excuses to leave the store that day. He went home at an hour appointed to see Master Stevie in his bath—the cunning thing! And he was called in to assist in an effort to induce the young hero to accept a bottle, with brand new rubber tube, which contained a baby food indorsed by all physicians. Now, in reason, this was vastly preferable to his former source of nourishment—but he would have none of it. He protested wildly in the best language at his command. In the end hunger lost him the field, but the fight was a gallant one.

By 4 o'clock Mr. Garrett had sent up a crib, baby carriage, high chair, and dozens of things, each of which went to the test of Stevie's mouth, and was rejected with tears. From a worldly point of view he had had a promotion; but babies—other people's babies—are unsatisfactory creatures.

This particular baby grew more and more restless as night approached. It was quite late before he yielded to the inevitable, and an hour later an unwary movement of Mr. Garrett's awakened him, strengthened for the fray.

This time, with mind fully settled, he declined the offensive bottle. He fought with tossing arms and legs, with cries which soared the higher at each attempt at pacification.

Oh, dear, dear! Did Mr. Garrett think it could be colic that ailed the creature? Had they better give laudanum—or have the doctor? She arose in her white robes, distractedly pacing the floor, while Garrett followed after, vainly offering everything within reach. But all at once he stopped, turning very pale.

"What was that, Nora?" he asked. "Listen! Me mother heard the Banshee before"——

"That" was sobbing at their door, and all at once fell to beating against the panels with frantic, desperate hands. "Lave me have me baby!" a voice called distressfully. "Lave me have the lamb! What for would ye tear him loose from me? Is it you, Mrs. Garrett, that can hush him this minute? Open your door to me—open, I say! Let me in—let me in till me baby, acushla!"

Mr. Splann, Jr., recognized a voice familiar. He ceased his shrieks, and as Mrs. Garrett threw wide her door, admitting a weeping, disheveled woman, he broke into a crow of delight, and in an instant was the good-tempered baby of old.

The demented creature snatched him to her heart, devouring him with kisses. But in a moment the storm had spent itself. She stood up, trembling violently, and made as though to relinquish her burden.

"It's your pardon I ask," she said, with a humble yet proud little courtesy. "I did not mane ye should hear me. I did but creep to the door to list if he was sleeping. I'll be going now. No thought have I to fight the will o' Almighty God, or trouble me poor man"——

But Nora pressed the baby back into her arms.

"Take him!" she said softly. "Take the lad! Sure, how hard-hearted was we to try to rob ye! Right proud I'll be to have ye take him back. Och, the crying av him! Ye can have him, and welcome!"

"And no hard feelings," Garrett inserted, emerging from the closet. "Take him and tell your man I'll stand on me word—the old bill is forgotten. I'll write on your book 'Paid in full.' An he can kape the things I bought him this day. Shall I see you home, Mrs. Splann—'tis but a step, indade! Right glad we are Tom has got the job. A good place and stiddy. Oh, ye'll be lookin' up now. Sure, all ahead is sunny for ye."

She smiled at them through her tears, trying to find a broken word. Yes, the path of her feet seemed no longer uncertain. It stretched before her in the sunburst which followed the passing of the shadow.

HER BURDEN TOO HEAVY.

Girl Born Armless and Legless at Last Committed Suicide.

[Kansas City Journal.]

The death by suicide of Miss Dollie Delaney in Saline County the other day brings out a story very suggestive of the struggle of Helen Keller, the blind and deaf and dumb girl of whom so much is said in the papers. Miss Delaney was born nearly 19 years ago without arms or legs. In the place of her right arm there was a handless stub a few inches long. With this stub she was able to reach her chin, and by holding a pen between the stub and the chin she was able to write. She could crochet and do other fancy work, and she had cultivated an artistic bent until she could draw or paint a very passable picture. Moreover, she had developed a way of locomotion by which she could get about very readily, using a crutch under the stump of her only arm. Perhaps nothing would better show the facility with which the poor girl performed seemingly impossible things than the manner in which she accomplished her own death. She managed to load and cock a rifle and discharge its bullet through her heart, using the crutch to spring the trigger.

Up to very recently the girl had seemed to be happy and contented. It is gathered from some of her letters, however, that of late she has been brooding over her unfortunate condition.

Monuments to the Mothers.

(Youth's Companion.)

Soldiers' monuments will be dedicated on next Memorial Day, and it is not too early to suggest as does a correspondent of the New York Sun, that these should, in a sense, be "mothers' monuments," too. She repeats the story of womanly devotion that war-time made so familiar, and happily her letter has elicited the interesting fact that in Union, Conn., the mothers have been recognized. Mr. J. W. Corbin, of New York City, gave the town a soldier's monument, which was unveiled last Memorial Day. It bears the truthful and touching inscription: "Dedicated in grateful Memory to the Mothers who gave their sons, to the Soldiers who gave their lives, and to those who, daring to die, survived the War of the Rebellion, 1861 to 1865." Here the mothers come first. They were not last among those who sacrificed and suffered 40 years ago.

A Young Anatomist.

[Lippincott's.]

Some days ago two little fellows of seven and eight years heard older people speaking of skeletons. The seven-year-old boy listened intently to the conversation, when the elder boy, with an air of superior knowledge, said abruptly—

"You don't know what a skeleton is, and I do."

"So do I!" replied the younger. "I do know. I know for certain, I do!"

"Well, now, what is it?"

"It's bones with the people off!"

THE FIRST NEGRO REGIMENT

It Was Raised in New Orleans for the Confederacy.

[New York Sun.]

Some War Department officials were considerably surprised a few days ago, while compiling the list of soldiers who served during the civil war, to discover that a regiment of negroes had been mustered into the Confederate service from New Orleans.

This discovery has been described as bringing to light a forgotten incident of civil war history. There has been especial comment on the fact that the Confederate States should have enlisted negro soldiers first and nearly a year ahead of the United States.

It is, of course, well known that the Confederate Cabinet during the last years of the war seriously discussed the advisability of arming the negro slaves and enlisting them to drive back the Northern invaders, the slaves to be rewarded with freedom for their services. Mr. Davis is said to have favored this plan, which was proposed only when the outlook for the Confederacy was desperate, and to have abandoned it, not because he distrusted the negroes, but because it was pointed out that to take them from the farms would deprive the South of its food supply.

But although the War Department has dug up this interesting and forgotten fact of the organization of a negro Confederate regiment, it has succeeded in collecting very little information on the subject. It has found, for instance, the roll of but a single company, commanded by Louis Lainez, and it has been unable to get any definite information even as to that company.

It is not possible to give all the story of this regiment, for much of it has been lost in time; but, as far as it goes, it is interesting, and especially interesting just now in view of the attention being given throughout the country to the relations of the whites and negroes. It will throw some light on these relations during the period of slavery.

As is well known, a battalion of negroes served under Gen. Jackson at the battle of New Orleans. They were mainly mulattoes, a large proportion of them men driven from Hayti by the negroes, and they were commanded by a mulatto named Savary. Gen. Jackson had sent from Mobile a proclamation calling upon the free men of color of New Orleans (emancipated slaves or their descendants) to join the whites in repulsing the British. After the battle he complimented the free men of color—the word "negro" was offensive to them—on their courage and discipline.

The military service, and the compliments were treasured by the negroes for years afterward, and gave them standing and prestige. Thereafter, on the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, the colored battalion turned out on parade with the Louisiana Legion.

The free men of color had a number of privileges. They constituted a considerable portion of the police force of the city as well as of the fire department. Indeed, it was not until 1835 that the negro fire companies were abolished by the city government—and that most unwillingly—on the revolt of the white companies, and their refusal to divide the fire engines with the colored men.

At the time the civil war broke out, New Orleans had a negro population of 26,000, of whom nearly half, or 12,000, were free, and 14,000 slaves. The free negro population had been as high as 25,000 at one time, but the growing excitement over the negro question had driven many of them to France, for they were mainly mulattoes or quadroons, speaking French and with a considerable proportion of French blood. Those who remained in New Orleans were generally men of property or mechanics. Some of them had received a good education abroad; a number of them owned slaves of their own.

Their position was curious when the civil war came on, with slavery playing so large a part in it. The attack on Sumter aroused a strong military sentiment in New Orleans and Louisiana, and in March and April, military companies sprang up by the dozen.

Among those who caught the fever were the free people of color of New Orleans. A number of them were sons and grandsons of the negroes who distinguished themselves at the battle of New Orleans and won the praise of Jackson voluntarily.

The most prominent of them issued a call for a meeting to express their views on the situation, and to organize a regiment for the protection of the South, and New Orleans in particular, against the "enemy."

The meeting was held April 21, 1861. There were 1,500 free negroes present, two-thirds of the free men of color in New Orleans. This resolution was passed:

Resolved, That the population to which we belong, as soon as a call is made on them by the Governor of the State, will be ready to take up arms and form themselves into companies for the defense of their homes; together with the other inhabitants of the city, against any enemy who may aim to disturb its tranquillity.

The necessary call was made by Gov. Moore and the free men of color began to organize themselves into a regiment of eight companies, under the name of the Native Guards of Louisiana. They were under negro officers who were commissioned by the Governor. Jordan Noble, the negro drummer boy of Chalmette, who died at New Orleans only the other day, undertook to raise a negro company in Jefferson parish.

There is no reason to doubt that the men who organized the Native Guards were in earnest in their offers of service to the State of Louisiana and the Confederacy. All their interests lay in the South. Many of them were slave owners. The defeat of the South could only injure them; and, as they were already free, no emancipation could be of any benefit to them, while the ballot for negroes was not dreamed of by Mr. Lincoln at that time.

If the Native Guards did not figure conspicuously in the Confederate service, as the Choctaw Indians did, it was due to conditions that arose soon after they were organized. A number of free negroes were found masquerading as slaves and traveling on slave passes. As these negroes were mainly from the West, the conclusion was reached—and in all probability, correctly—that they were being employed to learn the military preparation of the South. Some of these free negroes were arrested; and while the threat of selling them into slavery was not carried out, as nothing could be proved against them, it produced a suspicion and distrust of all free negroes, from which the Native Guards suffered.

The Native Guards were sworn in as a part of the First Division of the Louisiana Volunteers. They turned out in the big military review of Nov. 23, 1861, and it was then that a roll was made of Capt. Lainez's company, the only record the War Department has been able to get of the regiment of negroes who enlisted to perpetuate slavery.

They were out again in the big parade of Jan. 27, 1862, when 24,818 soldiers were in line. The parade was given for the benefit of Farragut and Butler, it being desired to show the Union spies, of whom there were many in New Orleans, how strong the Confederates were in troops.

The Federal fleet off the passes increased the distrust of the negro regiment and the militia law passed by the Louisiana Legislature, which went in effect Feb. 15, 1862, practically abolished the Native Guards by restricting the militia to white men. Barely a month afterward, however, all this was reversed. The white regiments had been hurried out of New Orleans to join the Army of the Tennessee and take part in the campaign of which Shiloh was the central figure. There were scarcely enough troops left in New Orleans under Gen. Lovell to protect the city.

It was impossible under these circumstances to be squeamish on the color line. The free people of color were invited to join the Confederate service again, and on March 24 Gov. Moore issued the following order:

"The Governor and Commander-in-Chief relying implicitly upon the loyalty of the free colored people of the city and State, for the protection of their homes, and believing that the military organizations which existed prior to Feb. 15, 1861, should exist for and during the war, calls upon them to maintain their organization and be prepared for such orders as may be transmitted to them."

They did maintain their organization, but that is all. In another month New Orleans had fallen into the hands of the Union army. During the short interregnum which prevailed between the evacuation of the city and the occupation by the Union forces, the Foreign Legion, consisting of the French, Spanish and British subjects, in New Orleans, was called out by Mayor Monroe to preserve order, but the Native Guards were ignored. They did not leave New Orleans with the new Confederate troops, but remained behind, practically disbanded.

There is little reason to doubt that the colored men who organized this regiment intended to fight for the Confederate cause. Had they done so, had they been allowed to do so, it would not only have been a curious incident, but it might have had important effects. Thus Jefferson Davis might have conceived the idea of arming the negroes at the beginning of the civil war instead of near the end of the struggle, when it was too late.

The Native Guards, however, were treated with a scant courtesy that killed any enthusiasm they might have felt for the Confederate cause. They were sworn in and mustered out of the service and called back again only in the last few desperate days before the capture of the city by Farragut's fleet.

Four months after his occupation of the city Gen. Butler took up the work where the Confederates dropped it. He saw the possibility of utilizing the free men of color who had had some military education and discipline, and on Aug. 22, 1862, he issued an order calling upon all members of the Native Guards to enlist in the service of the United States.

None of the men who had taken prominent part in the organization of this regiment for the Confederate service re-enlisted on the other side, but some of the rank and file did. The First Louisiana Native Guards was organized, with Lieut.-Col. Bassett in command and with all the other officers colored. The regiment fought with courage and distinction at Port Hudson, where one of the Captains, Andre Caillioux, lost his life and became the hero of the negro troops. * * *

The military spirit of the negroes died out with the civil war. Even during Republican days no success was met with in organizing a negro militia. Under Democratic regime several negro militia companies were organized, the last survival being a company named in honor of Gen. Beauregard's son-in-law.

A few years ago the militia act passed by the Louisiana Legislature suppressed the independent companies and got rid of the negro militia. Thus it is that while Louisiana had negro militia companies during all the days of slavery, when one of its negro regiments fought bravely in the war of 1812, and another offered its service in the Southern cause in the civil war, to-day, with all the negroes free, there is no negro military organization of any kind.

Pat's First Thought.

[Lippincott's.]

Back in the good old days when nerves and railroads were little known, an old stage road ran from Lake Champlain to Ogdensburg, N. Y., passing through the little town of Sodom. This village nestled in a valley between two great hills, over which the white ribbon of the road wound steeply.

Upon one of the trips of the stage the regular driver, who had been at home for some weeks recovering from an illness, was riding inside while the red-haired, mild-featured, big-boned Irishman acting as his substitute occupied the driver's seat upon the box. The day was a beautiful one and the passengers were enjoying their drive keenly, their appetites increasing as the distance lessened between them and the town of Sodom with its promised pause for refreshment.

Suddenly, as the heavy stage lumbered over the brow of the hill, down which the road plunged at a sharp angle, running through the little town at its foot and ascending the hill beyond, the passengers became conscious that their pace had been recklessly increased. Faster and faster they went, dashing down the hill at a rate rapidly becoming a furious one. Trees and bushes at last became but a dizzying blur along the road. All clung to the reeling stage and held their breath in terror, while on the stage raced, down the hill with ever-increasing speed, into the town, past the hostelry with the waiting host left standing in amaze at the door, past the post office without pause, and out upon the road leading up the face of the hill beyond. There the pace slackened, and as the incline grew more steep, at last the smoking horses came to a standstill. With one accord the dazed passengers tumbled out and surrounded the driver, who now stood at the head of his reeking leaders.

"What is it, Pat? What is it? Did they get away from you?" came the breathless questions.

"Nope," replied Pat with a set face, "it wor that," pointing grimly before him. There lay the stage-tongue dragging uselessly on the ground at the heels of the horses, and completely severed from the coach. At a glance the regular driver comprehended the meaning of the danger to which the passengers of that stage, deprived of its sole means of guidance, had been exposed, and, realizing the miracle of their escape, he turned sick and fainted where he stood.

Later, back at the inn, when the excitement had somewhat subsided and fresh horses were being put to the repaired coach, someone turned to Pat and asked,

"Pat, what was your first thought when the pole dropped?"

"Well, sor," he answered, settling the quid more comfortably in his cheek, "me furst thought wor, 'Lord, ha' mercy on our sowls!' Thin thinks I to myself, 'Damn a horse that can't outrun a wagon!' and I licked the poor divils all th' way down the hill!"

A Modern Cannery.

(Century.)

A modern cannery is a marvel of mechanical ingenuity. After the fish is cleaned, automatic machines do nearly all the remainder of the work, even, in some instances, filling the cans with a motion for all the world like that that of two human hands, one holding the can, the other crowding it full of raw fish. I shall not attempt to enter into a description of the machinery; the can of fish is started rolling on its way, and one has the impression that it continues to roll through machine after machine, hardly touched by human hands. It rolls into the cooker and out again—even rolls itself into a bright-colored label—and finally, somehow, rolls into a packing box, ready to be loaded in the car waiting at the door.

Where Religion is Cheap.

[Lippincott's.]

The Reverend Kinnard Brice sat upon the roadside and gazed at his feet. They were large and substantial, but very tired and quite incapable of adding another mile to the many they had already traveled that day, yet tramp they must to reach their destination. He looked furtively about; apparently he was alone. From his trousers-pocket he drew a flat, black bottle, which he applied to his lips; his air as he replaced the cork was somewhat more genial.

"I done preach down tuh de Buck las' night fuh de mattah o' 10 cents," he soliloquized, "an' I done preach ovah in Noo Jahsey all Summah fuh de mattah o' 75 cents. Reckon dey's some folks gits dey 'ligion pow'ful cheap."

His View.

[Chicago News.]

"'One wife too many!'" exclaimed Mrs. Wederly, as she glanced at the headlines of her husband's paper. "I suppose that is an account of the doings of some bigamist."

"Not necessarily, my dear," replied her husband, without daring to look up.

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A 50-CENT HAT BY MAIL.

MEN'S HAT No. 1. In soft, rough finish. Colors: Gray Mix, Brown Mix, and Black Mix.

Either of these hats sent post-paid, on receipt of 50 cents in cash, postal order, or stamps. Money back if not satisfactory. We refer to the First National Bank of Middletown, N.Y. We are hat manufacturers, and make the following offer to introduce these hats and our other lines of men's, boy's and women's hats in every town in the United States. Send for catalogue.

MIDDLETOWN HAT COMPANY, 14 Mill Street, Middletown, N. Y.

MEN'S HAT No. 2. In smooth finish. Colors: Black, Brown, Maple, Steel and Pearl.

The Surrender at Appomattox.

Maj. John Slocum, who is now a furniture dealer at Bath, N. Y., raised the flag over his house April 9 to celebrate the surrender at Appomattox. He writes to us that he saw the finish. He was then the ranking Captain in the 189th N. Y., and in the morning deployed his company and drove the rebel skirmishers in front of him back into Appomattox. They were the first Union soldiers to enter the town, which was held for about 10 minutes, until Sheridan came up with his staff. Lee surrendered there 26,000 men, 147 pieces of artillery, and 18,000 stands of small arms. April 12 Maj. Slocum's company took its place on the right of the Second Brigade of the Fifth Corps, and stood in line of battle while they stacked arms. He is now 78 years old, and the scene is as vivid to him as if it had occurred a month ago. He has a piece of the apple tree. The Union soldiers cheerfully shared their scanty rations with the rebels until April 14, when supplies arrived.

Si and Shorty.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: We have been very much interested for several years in "Si and Shorty," and are sorry they got so badly "knocked out" in the last battle. However, please have them recover in time to make the march through Virginia to Washington, with Sherman's army, and take part in the final review. Would also like to see both promoted to commissioned officers. Make Si the Major and Shorty Captain of Co. Q. Mr. Jones particularly wants to hear from the young Lieutenant that married the old maid away back in Georgia, and wants some one to write up the history of Wilson's raid in The National Tribune. Would also like to have a story from some one of Carter's troopers in the Shenandoah campaign.—R. D. ROBINSON, Hallsville, Ohio; M. S. JONES, Co. B, 17th Ind.

Who Knows Him?

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I desire to know what became of Capt. Jesse Law, of the 6th Ohio Battery. In 1862 or '63, while his command was in camp on my father's farm at Jamestown, Ky., a mare of his battery gave birth to a colt, and he presented it to the writer, who was then but 10 years of age. I have never heard of the Captain since this occurrence. Though I have most of the records of the rebellion, I fail to find his name mentioned in same, and if you can enlighten us as to his fate I will appreciate it. Thanking you in advance, I am—J. D. BRYAN, Bentonville, Ky.

Suggestion as to Date.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I read your draft of a service pension bill, and it is all right except the last date. My regiment was mustered out March 14, 1866, on the Rio Grande River, Texas, and there were thousands left there at that time. It would leave us out.—ALONZO L. SUMNER, 7th Vt., South Woodbury, Vt.

MUSTERED OUT.

BEDELL.—At Hebron, N. Y., Nathaniel Bedell, Co. H, 123d N. Y., aged 80. Comrade Bedell was a member of H. E. Howard Post, 267.

BLANCHARD.—At Lawtey, Fla., March 26, J. C. Blanchard, Co. B, 12th Vt., aged 68 years. Comrade Blanchard served nine months. He moved from South Pomfret, Vt., to Kingsley Lake, Fla., in 1880. He was appointed Postmaster of Ionia in 1888; resigned in 1903. He moved to Lawtey only a few months before his death. He is survived by a widow.

COBB.—At Somerville, Mass., May 13, G. L. Cobb. Comrade Cobb enlisted May 3, 1861, in Co. D, 1st Me., for three months, and later enlisted for three years in a United States Engineer regiment. Comrade Cobb leaves a widow, Mrs. Louisa M. Cobb, living at No. 8 Shawmut Place, Somerville, Mass.

COON.—At Meeker, Colo., Feb. 15, Capt. Marcus Coon, aged 72. Capt. Coon enlisted April 22, 1861, and was discharged July 31, 1861, by reason of expiration of term of service. He had been a member of Meeker Post, 109, since 1901.

HENRY.—At New Bethlehem, Pa., May 26, Tate M. Henry, aged 64. He enlisted July 4, 1861, in Co. C, 62d Pa.; discharged March 10, 1862, on account of sickness. Recovering his health, he re-enlisted in January, 1864, in Co. K, 14th Pa. Cav. He is survived by two daughters.

HOLYCROSS.—At Plain City, Ohio, May 24, John K. Holycross, Co. I, 121st Ohio. He was buried with Masonic rites.

JONES.—At Oklahoma City, O. T., May 20, G. W. Jones, Commander, Grant Post, 1, Department of Oklahoma. Comrade Jones enlisted Aug. 6, 1862, at Castile, N. Y.; was mustered in as a private in Co. A, 1st N. Y. Dragoons, at the age of 21 years; was appointed Corporal, Feb. 23, 1865; was mustered out with the company, June 30, 1865. This regiment was in 65 engagements, and Comrade Jones took part in each of them, never being sick nor in hospital during his term of service. During his first year's service the regiment acted as infantry, and took part in many wearisome marches and severe engagements; later, when mounted and placed under the command of the gallant Sheridan, their work was not less arduous, the fighting was hard and the privations many. Comrade Jones went to Oklahoma at the time of the opening, and had built up a name respected and beloved by all who knew him. He leaves a family of three children, who have reached the years of maturity.

KWAPIL.—At Algoma, Wis., May 30, Frank Kwapil, Co. D, 26th Wis. Comrade Kwapil was born in Bohemia in 1839, and came to this country and settled in Wisconsin when about 16 years of age. For over a quarter of a century he had been prominent in mercantile and political circles, and since 1893 had been County Judge of Kewaunee County.

MOORE.—At New Bethlehem, Pa., May 20, James Moore, Co. L, 14th Ill. Cav., aged 63. Comrade Moore enlisted in October, 1862, at Rock Island, Ill., and was mustered out July 31, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn. He leaves a widow and two sons.

O'HARRA.—At Plain City, Ohio, May 3, Russell B. O'Harra, Co. B, 174th Ohio. Comrade O'Harra was well known to a large number of Ohio veterans because of his ability as a fifer.

SEARLS.—At Granville, N. Y., April 27, Comrade Searls, 44th N. Y., aged 64. He enlisted Sept. 8, 1861, and was mustered out Oct. 11, 1864. He was Commander of H. E. Howard Post, 267.

SYMONS.—At La Crosse, Wis., Feb. 22, William F. Symons, Corporal, Co. G, 16th Me. Comrade Symons was severely wounded at Fredericksburg, and death causes are directly traceable to wounds. Although totally disabled for the performance of manual labor, Comrade Symons was pensioned at a low rate until, finally, he succeeded in getting on the rolls at $17. He was Past Commander of Wilson Colwell Post, and Past Senior Vice Commander of the Department of Wisconsin. He leaves a family.

WEAVER.—At Mason City, Neb., May 13, Samuel Weaver, Co. F, 81st Ind., aged 73. He is survived by a widow, four sons and three daughters.

THAT WONDERFUL CHURN.

H. T. Marshall writes us as follows: "I want to add my testimony to the list of those who have used the lightning churn. It does all that they claim for it. You can churn easily in one minute and get a larger percentage of butter than with ordinary churns. I never took the agency for anything before, but so many of my neighbors wanted churns that I ordered 30 and they are all sold." Other farmers can do as well as Mr. Marshall. No farmer can afford to be without one of our churns. By using it he can make 25 per cent more butter than with his old churn. Any intelligent farmer can easily sell four or five churns every week in his own township. Everyone who sees his churn will want one like it. We will mail circulars and full particulars on demand. Mound City Churn Co., St. Louis, Mo.

"Soldiers! Soldiers!"

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Dedication of the Hooker Statue,

At Boston, Mass., June 25-26, 1903.

All members of Hooker's Old Brigade (1st, 11th and 16th Mass. Regts., 2d N. H. Regt., and 26th Pa. Regt.), who have not received notice, are requested to send their address at once to the undersigned. 300 men of the Brigade have already stated their intention of being present. The Brigade will hold a Camp Fire in historic Faneuil Hall on the afternoon of the 25th, to which all comrades of the Third Army Corps are invited. The Society of the Army of the Potomac will meet on June 26. ALBERT S. AUSTIN, Secretary Brigade Committee, 68 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

C. D. PENNEBAKER. JOHN PAUL JONES.

PENNEBAKER & JONES, Attorneys and Counselors, 1331 F STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Special attention to adjustment of accounts of civil war Volunteer Officers.

We think very few officers were properly paid. Widows (even if remarried), or other heirs, are entitled. Write for details.

We are especially anxious to communicate with officers (or their heirs) who (1) were not paid for recruiting services, or for services rendered prior to muster in; (2) who were denied bounty by reason of promotion; (3) who were dismissed from the service; (4) who were denied travel pay by reason of resignation for personal reasons or convenience; (5) who were not mustered and paid because command was below minimum number, and (6) who lost U. S. pay by reason of State payment.

PENSIONS

Mr. Hunter is a hustler; had 117 cases allowed in one day. He is at the Department each day, looking up neglected and rejected cases. He uses all the testimony on file, and will look up yours. Fee due when you get your money. He also procures patents or no fee. Every person who is interested in patents should read his book—Have You Brains? It is sent free. Thousands and thousands of pensions can now be increased. All letters cheerfully answered. Now write him.

JOSEPH H. HUNTER, Pension and Patent Attorney Washington, D. C.

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WANTED SOLDIERS' HOMESTEADS The addresses of all Federal Soldiers, their widows or heirs, who filed a Homestead on less than 160 acres before June 23d, 1874. Final Proof not required. Will purchase Land Warrants. Address Comrade W. E. MOSES, Box 1335, Denver, Colo. Mention National Tribune.

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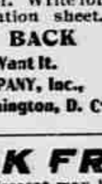

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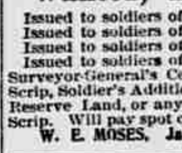

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PENSION TO EX-CONFEDERATES

who enlisted in U. S. Vols., served at least 90 days, and were honorably discharged. All such or their heirs should write us for information relative to new decisions and rulings upon the joint resolution of July 1, 1902.

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