



She Was a Heroine.

As our brigade advanced, crossing pasture land, sweeping through thickets and fording a creek which seemed to be all turns and elbows, a man about ten feet from me on the left dropped dead. My company was on the extreme left of the line, you see, and the man was a flanker. He had been shot from the window of a humble looking cabin which stood in open ground about rifle-shot away.

There had been more or less fighting over this same ground all the forenoon, and the artillery and musketry fire had been pretty hot. We were now driving the line, and as we advanced we found many of the dead still lying where they fell.

How many men were in the house we could not say, but as soon as in position we opened fire on the doors and windows. Not a shot was fired in return for three or four minutes.

Then that one of my men at the wall, who had exposed himself, got a bullet in the shoulder and crawled away to hide under a bank of earth. Our bullets soon riddled doors and windows, and must have searched every part of the house.

There was a man who always appreciated a good story, no matter under what circumstances it is told—whether the thermometer registers ninety-five degrees in the shade or the mercury is ready to freeze.

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Snatching his pipe out of his mouth, he threw his hand out toward the rebels and shouted: "About face—forward, march! and quick, too!"

The Johnnies sprang to their feet, wheeled around, and seeing what they supposed to be a revolver pointed at them, walked out into the road ahead of his horse.

One half-hour later three rebel soldiers came running into the Union lines ahead of a horse carrying a 14-year-old boy, who had a briarwood pipe in his hand.

You may well imagine the surprise of his companions on seeing him bring three prisoners into camp. They took him from the horse and tossed him into the air, and gave three cheers for the little hero of Co. F.

President Lincoln Obedyed Orders. Mr. Chittenden tells an anecdote in his "Recollections of President Lincoln" which illustrates how ready the President was to obey orders.

A young colonel of artillery, the officer of the day, was in great distress because the President would express himself. He had warned Mr. Lincoln that Confederate sharpshooters had recognized him and were firing at him, and a soldier near him had just fallen with a broken thigh.

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When you come home with wet feet don't throw aside your boots to get hard and moldy. Stand them up, put them in shape, and then fill them with oil, such as they feed to horses.

A woman in Cleveland went to a chiropodist and told him she was afflicted with an ingrowing toe nail. He diagnosed the boot she wore and found a roll of bills worn to fragments in the toe.

You might as well not try to call the garment you wear in the daytime a dress, and the one you go to bed in a gown. All the new dictionaries have reversed the appellations.

Do take off your skin, my dear, or you will catch cold," said the hostess. "No, thank you. To tell the truth, since I've grown so stout I can't get out of my skin easily," said her blonde visitor.

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How She Lost Her Lover.

That a summer ago when he left me here. A squarer of smiles with never a tear. Till I said to him with a sob, my dear! Good-bye, my lover; good-bye!

For I loved him, oh, as the stars love night! And my cheeks for him flushed red and white! Who he first called me his heart's delight! Good-bye, my lover; good-bye!

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been employed in fitting Circassians for the bazaar. A woman's first interest in physical culture is to fill out her neck so that she may look better in a décolleté gown.

There is one big "don't" which nine-tenths of womankind might with advantage hang up over their dressing tables, and it is this: "Don't smile perpetually."

Something About Names. I was in a private house the other day on a business errand and heard a mother summon her child.

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A Pair of Twins.

There were two little kittens, a black and a gray. And grandmamma said with a frown: "It will never do to keep them both. The black one we'd better drop."

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me, but I don't care for it and you may have it if you won't be stingy," said his mother. Davy took the jelly and ran toward the barn with it thinking, "If I divide with the fell there won't be a spoonful apiece. It is better for one to have enough than for two to have a little."

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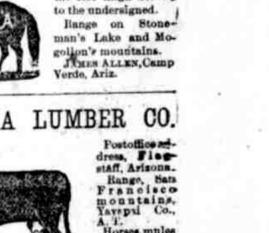
The Arizona Cattle Co., Range, San Francisco Mountains.



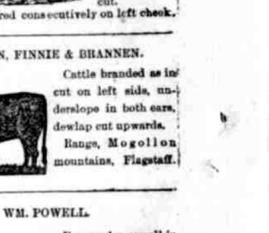
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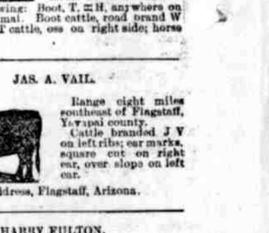
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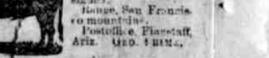
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