



entirely by surprise, and spent the rest of his time till relieved from duty in searching for his gun, but was unable to find it till daylight next morning. He had heard of army nurses being angels of mercy; he now knew they were angels of strength. But after that he knew the Mother Bickerdyke was—

The Ex-Slave Pension Bill.
Hon. W. R. Vaughn, who is father of the bill introduced in Congress for the pensioning of the negroes freed by the emancipation proclamation, has received a letter from Frederick Douglass, the following of which is a copy:

I thank you very sincerely for calling my attention to the bill prepared by you and presented to Congress by Hon. W. J. Connelley, of Nebraska, which provides for the pensioning of freedmen. Upon first view I was somewhat amazed and startled by the apparent impracticability of the bill, but the more I thought of it the more practicable it seemed, and I saw that the nation ought to do, that the nation can do. The nation, as a nation, has sinned against the negro. It robbed him of the rewards of his labor during more than two hundred years, and its repentance will not be genuine and complete till, according to the measure of its ability, it shall have made retribution. It can never fully atone for the wrong done to the millions who lived and died under the galling yoke of bondage, but it can, if it will, do justice and mercy to the living.

There never was, and never can be, a proposition more just and beneficent than that contained in your pension bill. If men do not so regard it, the reason is to be found in the fact that long years of injustice toward the negro have blunted and perverted their moral sensibility and driven the negro outside the beneficent range of human brotherhood.

Under the whole heavens, and in all the history of the world, no people were ever more deeply wronged. Even their freedom was burdened with a curse. It was emancipation coupled with starvation. They were turned loose, not to comfort, but to misery; not to shine, but to the storm. Age and infirmity, the infirm and the strong, were so turned out, not to live and flourish, but to starve and die.

The Egyptian bondsman went out with the spoils of his master, and the Russian serf was provided with farming tools and three acres upon which to begin life, but the negro had neither spoils, implements nor lands, and today he is practically a slave on the very plantations where formerly he was driven to toil under the lash. Those who had once the power to whip him to death now have the power to starve him to death. This is largely due to the destitution to which he was doomed by the manner of his liberation. Had a measure like that you now propose been adopted at the start, upward misery might have been prevented.

Your bill is just, and I thank God that you have the head and heart to press it upon the attention of the nation. Very truly yours,
FREDERICK DOUGLASS.
Ana Costa, D. C., July 25, '91.

Hard Hit on the Field.
We had been held in reserve for five long hours while cannon thundered and muskets cracked spitefully all along the front a mile away. A procession of dead and wounded had filed past us until we were sick with horror. Shot and shell and bullet had fallen upon us behind the woods until the dry dead grass bore many a stain of blood.

The air is alive with the ring of bullets and the whizz and shriek of shot and shell. We bend our heads as if breathing a fierce gale laden with icy pellets. There is a wild cry—a shriek—a groan as men are struck and fall to the earth, but no one heeds them—no one hesitates. It is a hurricane of death, but we feel a wild exultation in breathing it. Men shout, curse, sing, swing their hats and cheer.

We are driving through the smoke-cloud when there is a flash of fire in front. I seem to rise into the air and float hither and thither, and the sensation is so dreamy and so full of rest that I wish it could last forever. It is suddenly broken by the sound of my own voice. Is it my voice? It sounds strange and afar off to me. Why should I cheer and curse by turns? What has happened?

Ah! now I came back to earth again. Above and around me is the smoke—the earth trembles under the artillery—men are lying about and beside me. Where is the brigade? Why did I drop out? I am lying on my back, and I struggle to sit up and look around. I rise to my knees—wade this way and that—topple over and struggle up again. There is red, fresh blood on the grass—on my hands—on my face. I taste it on my lips as my parched tongue thrusts itself out in search of moisture.

Who is groaning? Who is shrieking? Who is cheering? And why should I laugh and exult? Have we held the line against a grand charge? Did we scatter and decimate the lions hurled against us? Have we won a great victory to be flashed over the country and cause the bells to ring with gladness? Let me think. Give me time to remember how it all happened. Strange that my thoughts should be so confused, and the desire to sleep be so strong upon me when I should be up and doing. I will shake it off. I will spring up and follow after the brigade. Here—

"How do you feel?"
"My eyes are wide open and I am lying on a cot in a large room. I see people walking about—other people lying on cots like my own."
"I feel all right. Why?"
"You were hard hit in the fight four days ago, my boy."
"So there was a battle?"
"Yes."
"And I was wounded?"
"Had your left arm shattered by a piece of shell and we had to amputate it."
"His choice."
Proud father (showing off his boy before company)—My son, which would you rather be, Shakespeare or Edison?
Little son (after meditation)—I'd rather be Edison.
"Yes? Why?"
"Cause he ain't dead."



Little Flo's Letter.
A sweet little baby brother
Had come to live with Flo,
And she wanted it brought to the table
That it might eat and grow,
"It must wait for awhile," said grandpa
In answer to her plea,
"For a little thing that whistles, teeth,
Can't eat like you and me."

"Why hasn't it got teeth, grandpa?"
"Asked Flo in great surprise."
"No teeth—but nose and eyes?"
"I guess so, but that's grandpa!"
They must have been found,
Can't we buy him some, like grandpa?
"I'd like to know why not?"

That afternoon on the corner,
With paper and pen and ink,
Went Flo, saying, "Don't talk to me;
If you do I'll stop you tight!"
"I'm writing a letter, grandpa,
To send a way to-night,
And 'cause it's very important
I want to get it right."
At last the letter was finished—
A wonderful thing to see—
And directed to "King in Heaven."
"Please read it over to me,"
Said little Flo to her grandpa,
"To see if it's right, you know,"
And here is the letter written
To God by little Flo:

"Dear God—The baby you brought us
Is awful nice and sweet,
But 'cause you forgot his toofees
He can't smile and he can't eat.
That's why I'm writing this letter
A purpose to let you know.
Please come and finish the baby,
That's all. From
LITTLE FLO."

Loved the Light.
In parts of Missouri nothing is commoner in out-of-the-way places than a solitary "coal-shaft." In one of these remote mines there was kept, a hundred feet below the surface, a little old mule, whose business was to draw the loaded cars up the incline plane to the foot of the shaft.

Back and forth, back and forth it made its dismal journeys during working hours, and at night was left alone in a corner fitted up as a stable, to await in the silence and utter darkness the return of its human comrades.

For five long years it had never breathed the upper air, or seen the light of day. It was a great pet with the miners, who used to bring it bunches of fresh grass in summer or lumps of sugar and apples in winter.

One night, when the mule was being unharmed, some one proposed taking "Jenny" up in the cage. It was done; her tremors as the cage began to ascend were soothed by the assuring words and caresses of her companions, and when she found herself restored to a mule's natural privileges.

The next morning when the time came to go to work "Jenny" positively refused to return. Neither persuasion nor threats could induce her to approach the shaft and step into the waiting cage.

A council was held. The miners, touched by what the poor brute had suffered in her five years of isolation, and reproaching themselves that her imprisonment had been so long, at length solved the problem by subscribing on the spot enough out of their scanty earnings to buy "Jenny," and she was immediately loosed and "turned out to grass."

For years afterward she could be seen nibbling the grass near the shaft, or sheltering herself behind a liberal haystack that somehow was always there for her. She worked hours were over she was sure to be near the shaft, where she could mutely testify to her liberators as they came up, that she was the happiest mule in Missouri.

Five Millions of Soldiers.
Some years ago an idea suggested itself to an obscure workmanman of Belleville, an idea that since then has engendered an army, amply qualified, were it a question of numbers alone, to realize the dream of eternal peace by keeping in check the assembled armies of Europe. He sets on foot 5,000,000 soldiers a year. These soldiers are of humble origin, but so was Napoleon. They spring from sardine boxes, relegated to the dust hole, the sardine box is preserved from destruction by the dustman who sells it to a rag merchant in Belleville or in Buttes Chaumont, who in his turn disposes of it to a specialist, by whom it is then prepared for the manufacturer. The warriors are made from the bottom of the box; the lid and sides are used for guns, railway carriages, bicycles, etc.

All this may seem unimportant at first sight, but the utilization of these old sardine boxes has resulted in the foundation of an enormous manufactory, at which no less than 200 workmen are employed. I went there the other day, and no one suspecting me of being a political correspondent, I was admitted without difficulty to a view of the great arsenal and its 5,000,000 warriors. The poor workman, out of whose head the armed soldier springs—via the sardine box—is now a rich man, and what is more, an eager and keensighted patriot who, in his sphere, deserves the gratitude of his country.

After retreating for years the French soldier takes the offensive again; every year the German spiken helmets retire from positions conquered in French nurseries, and the time is not far distant when the tricolor shall wave over the Berlin toy shops—a slight revenge on attendant great.

A Girl's Composition on Boys.
Boys is men that have not got as big as their papa, and girls is young women that will be young ladies by and by. * * * Man was made before women. When God looked at Adam he said to Himself, "Well, I guess I can do better than that if I try again," and then he made Eve. God liked Eve so much better than he did Adam that there has been more women in the world than men ever since. * * * Boys are a trouble. They are very wearing on everything but soap. * * * If I could have my way half the little boys in the world be little girls and the other half would be dolls. * * * My papa is so nice to me that I guess he must have been a girl when he was a little boy.

At School in China.
The first thing that one is apt to smile about in visiting a school in China is the racket constantly kept up by the boys. They always study aloud, and when a score of boys talk in the same room at the same time it is hard to make out one sound from another.

The first task is to learn the characters, which are much harder to understand than the ABC of our primers. The teacher reads off the first six characters and the boys repeat them. The pupils learn to form the characters by tracing them with pencils on paper, which is thin enough for the characters to show through.

Each lesson contains a dozen characters, and some boys consume a great deal of time in learning even one lesson. The first book contains two hundred and seventy-six lines, of six characters each. The second book contains a thousand characters, and all of these the children commit to memory without knowing what they signify. It seems queer to see the boys bow low before tablets in honor of Confucius, the philosopher and law-giver, whenever they enter the school-rooms, and it is also strange that the girls are denied the opportunities given the boys. There is not one girl's school in the great city of Canton. The daughters of rich merchants and well-to-do people generally have private tutors, and some of them are highly educated, but as a rule, there is very unjust discrimination in favor of boys.

He Liked Sausage.
A correspondent sends from Michigan a true story of a farmer's dog who had been guilty of obtaining goods under false pretenses.

He is extremely fond of sausages, and has been taught by his owner to go after them for himself, carrying a written order in his mouth.

Day after day he appeared at the butcher shop, bringing his master's order, and by and by the butcher became careless about reading the document. Finally, when settlement day came, the farmer complained that he was charged with more sausage than he had ordered.

The butcher was surprised, and the next time Lion came in with a slip of paper between his teeth, he took the trouble to look at it. The paper was blank, and further investigation showed that whenever the dog felt craving for sausage he looked round for a piece of paper, and trotted off to the butcher's.

The farmer is something out of pocket, but squares the account by boasting of his dog's intelligence.

His Name Was William.
"What is your name, my little man?"
"Willis when I'm good an' William when I get licked."
"How old are you?"
"Ask paw."
"Where do you live?"
"To home."
"You look like a bright boy."
"Tell ye, mister, I'm 'way out o' sight, an' don't you forget it."
"Don't you think that so bright a boy as you are ought to be more manly?"
"Say, looky here, I'm in it, I am, an' I ain't goin' to let no old duffer pump me on private matters—hye, bye."

And the precocious child put his hands in his pockets and wuffed him self down the street, whistling "Annie Rooney."

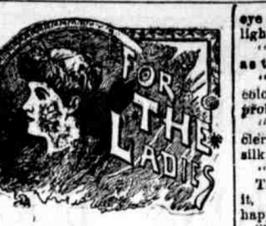
The kind old gentleman happened to be his uncle, just returning from a long sojourn abroad, and when Willie got home that night his name was William.

A Beautiful Description.
Almost every one knows the distress occasioned by a sudden tendency to cry at a time when one wishes to appear particularly unmoved and even stoical.

Marjorie never cries when any little mishap befalls her, and has been known to sustain without shedding a tear severe bumps that have rapidly acquired a black and blue aspect. But the other day Araminta, her dearly loved and tenderly cherished doll, fell into the open grate and received a contusion of the nose which was most unpleasant to contemplate.

Marjorie looked very hard for a few minutes, and then, running with her injured Araminta to her mother, she buried her head in her mother's lap, sobbing: "Oh, mamma, I don't want to cry; but my tears have all come unfastened!"

A Monkey Fireman.
A friend of the writer owns a monkey, which answers to the name of "Jocko." The children of the house and Jocko are boon companions, and of a summer afternoon enjoy a frolic together upon the lawn. One day some one threw a match down, the grass igniting and making a little blaze.



Applied Mathematics.
"My daughter, and his voice was stern,
You must set this matter right;
What time did that sophomore leave the house,
Who sent in his card last night?"

"His work was pressing, father, dear,
And his love for it was great,
He took his leave and went away
Before a quarter of eight."
Then a twinkle came in her bright blue eye,
And her dimple deeper grew,
"There no man to tell him that,
For a quarter of eight is two."

Self-Supporting Women.
It is pleasant and hopeful to note that so many of the young women of America are learning to value the mental powers and the education that will make it possible for them to support themselves if the necessity for doing so should arise. The daughters of comparatively wealthy men are not infrequently found assisting their fathers in the office or counting-room as typewriters or accountants.

Many so-called fashionable ladies make their own dresses and hats, and are told, having gone through a regular course of instruction in the art of millinery and dressmaking. An instance recently came to the notice of the writer that has in it a lesson for women who give no thought to the state of dependence to which they would be reduced if their parents or husbands should die, leaving them unprovided for.

A lady who had a beautiful home and three little children, and whose husband was supposed to be comparatively wealthy, one day found herself a widow and almost penniless, her husband having been engaged in unfortunate speculations just before his death.

The lady's friends were profuse in their offers of sympathy, while wondering "what in the world she would do now."
She knew just what she would do. Within a month she had opened a millinery establishment that at once became very popular and profitable, for the bonnets she had worn in the past had been such models of elegance that her fashionable friends were glad to take advantage of her good taste. They never dreamed that she had made those bonnets herself, nor did they know that she had privately given herself a very good business education.

She was successful from the first, and the praises she received for her cleverness and good sense would have turned the head of a less sensible woman.

Her Mother Made the Calendar.
Some one the other day thought of this about a calendar, says Harper's Bazar. A daughter was to go away, to be gone a long time, on the other side of the earth. So the mother, thinking to bring her good cheer, bought a calendar.

Now the ordinary calendar differs little from its fellow, except happily now and then in the way of quoted phrase, or blithesome child, or maybe decorative fruit or flower. More than that, no ordinary calendar seems an individual's very own. As how could it, with its counterpart on anybody's desk, and its mates all manufactured by the dozen?

But the calendar this mother made could be duplicated by no one, for this is what she did. Below the date on each leaf there was a blank space. She therefore took the calendar apart, sending its 365 leaves to as many different friends and relatives asking each to write some sort of salutation on this blank space below the date.

When these were returned they were bound together again and the calendar was given to the daughter, who knew nothing of what had been done, to tear off no leaf until the day had dawned when the leaf was due.

What a source of delight such a calendar would be to an exile from home can easily be imagined. Every day a new surprise, and never to know till the morrow what friend was to send a word of good cheer.

The one addition this mother might make on another calendar of its kind would be to ask each friend to keep a record of the date when the greeting, as it were, fell due; then to remember both greeting and date, so that when the exile read it in one of these far-away countries she and her friends at home might, for a moment at least, stand consciously face to face.

Women Who Get Shaved.
While being shaved in a Brooklyn barber's shop recently a reporter heard the rustic of silk behind him, and caught a glimpse of a woman sweeping through an open door into an inner compartment, where one of the barbers, presently followed her. Curiously prompted the reporter to remain in the shop until the woman went out, and he then saw that she was young and rather prepossessing in appearance.

"She is a regular customer," said the owner of the establishment, which is in a very select neighborhood on Prospect Heights.
"Does she come here to have her hair trimmed?" he was asked.
"Not at all. She is shaved every time, probably twice a month. At first she had to submit to a shaving only once a month, but the hair on her face has become so perceptible now that she comes twice as often. She has a growth of hair under her chin. I have several women who come here for the same purpose. They are very foolish to do so, for shaving only increases the growth, both in quantity and rapidly, but they will have it."

eye and she asked to see if master the light.
"Will that do?" inquired the clerk, as they drew toward the window.
"O, no," said she; "that is wine-colored, and my husband is a strong prohibitionist."
"Well, madam," continued the clerk, "we have some green watered silk; would you like to see that?"
"Yes," said she.
The silk was unfolded. She liked it, purchased it, and walked away happy.
She never saw the point. It was just as well, perhaps.

A Way to Preserve Flowers.
To preserve delicate flowers take very fine sand and mix it perfectly clean, and when dry, sift it through a fine sieve into a pan. When the sand is deep enough to hold the flowers in an upright position take some more sifted sand and carefully cover them. A spoon is a good thing to take for this as it fills in every nook and cranny without bending or breaking the leaves. When the pan is filled solidly leave the flowers to dry for several days. It is a good plan to warm the sand in the oven before using it, as the flowers will then dry more thoroughly. If taking the sand off great care must be taken not to break the leaves, as they are now dry and brittle.

Fancies preserved in this way will keep their shape and brilliancy of color all winter, and many other flowers can be equally successfully treated—anything, in fact, where the full pressure of the sand comes on both sides of the leaf, otherwise they will shrivel. Ferns when preserved in this way have a more natural look than when pressed, and the maiden-hair fern looks almost as well as when it is freshly gathered.

The Long Dress.
The young woman of to-day who is sweeping Broadway with the tail of her frock says a New York correspondent, would do well to remember the story that was told in the middle ages about a proud dame who flaunted along with her tail behind her as vain as a peacock, and yet presenting a most horrible appearance. For on this tall sat a collection of little devils, all fighting as hard as they could and making her burden very hard to bear. At last, however, she became conscious of her folly, and, reaching a sloppery place, she lifted up the train, and all the devils fell in the mire. Her sense returned to her, and she cut off the nonsensical length and gave it to be made into flannel petticoats for the poor! History doesn't relate how many petticoats were made out of this tail, but it is fair to conclude that there must have been several, else they would not have been referred to in the plural number. It may be mentioned, quite casually, that the little devils sitting on the trained skirts of to-day are named Dirt and Rags. She who runs ought to read the moral of this story.

The Art of Walking.
Some girls walk with a spring, some with a swinging carriage, some as though they had on high-heeled shoes, some as if they were breaking in new ones, others slowly creep along, some hobble; and in fact there are very few who walk correctly.

What a glorious thing it would be if there would be organized in some of our big cities in the United States, schools for teaching to walk correctly—how it would pay—how well it would be attended!

I believe that there is as much character about a woman's walk, and it is as demonstrative of her nature and ways as the daintily-gloved hand or booted foot.

A person may be very careful and all that in crossing a muddy thoroughfare, but if she has not that dainty knack of stepping she will undoubtedly spoil all the dresses she may put on.

Watch and criticize yourself very accurately, that you may be able to tell where your faults lie.

Romance of a Sultan.
The favorite wife of the sultan was once a poor girl living in the coal mines of France. She was a beautiful girl, and some charitable person found her occupation in a famous dressmaking establishment in France. She was sent to Constantinople with dresses ordered by the sultan's mother. Nothing more was heard of her for many years, until a little while since she was left her by a relative and notices were posted asking for her whereabouts. In answer to these notices a wonderful equipage, escorted by mounted eunuchs, stopped at the door of the embassy, and the sultan's only left wife stepped down to declare herself the once Flora Cellin and renounce the legacy in favor of her husband, who are still poor.

The Scheme Worked.
Some of the friends of a Portland young man called on him the other evening, says the Lewiston Journal, and had a pleasant time, but long after midnight he commenced to wonder why they did not thank him for his hospitality and leave for home. As dawn approached he abruptly left the room. After a few minutes had passed, the party went to search for him. They found him on the front steps looking anxiously about. He was peering over the fence and poking about in corners. "What are you looking for?" said one of the party. "Oh, I was just looking for the morning paper," replied the host. It worked.

The Newspaper as an Educator.
Any boy or girl who reads a newspaper and takes the trouble to look up and familiarize himself or herself with the location of all the places mentioned, will have a pretty thorough knowledge of geography by the end of the year, without having worked very hard for it. The news makes the geography interesting and fixes localities in the memory as a study of text-books and atlases can.

Velocity of Cosmic Balls.
It has been demonstrated that while the greatest velocity imparted to a cannon ball scarcely exceeds 600 meters a second—about 1,500 miles an hour—meteors from space penetrate the air with a velocity, it is claimed, of 50,000, sometimes 60,000, meters per second. This tremendous speed raises the temperature of the air at once to 4,000, 6,000 degrees centigrade, causing in many cases the complete destruction of the meteorite by combustion.

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

For marks, slit in each ear; horses and mules, all right legs; increase A on left shoulder. P. O. address, Flagstaff, Ariz. JOHN V. BRADDOCK, General Manager.

Horses and mules branded as above on the left thigh belong to the underlined. Range on Stone-man's Lake and Mogollon mountains. P. O. address, Chandler, Ariz. PHILIP HULL.

McMILLAN & GOODWIN.

T brand on right side of nose. Ewes, crop in right and split in each ear; weathers, crop in left and off split in each ear. Range, three miles north of Flagstaff. P. O. address, Flagstaff, Arizona.

Horses and mules branded as above on the left thigh belong to the underlined. Range on Stone-man's Lake and Mogollon mountains. JAMES ALLEN, Camp Verde, Ariz.

ARIZONA LUMBER CO.
Postoffice address, Flagstaff, Arizona. Range, San Francisco Mountains. J. A. T. Horses, mules and cattle branded as in cut.
Cattle numbered consecutively on left cheek.

BRANNEN, FINNIE & BRANNEN.
Cattle branded as in cut on left side, un-derdevelop in both ears, downlap cut upwards. Range, Mogollon mountains, Flagstaff.

WM. POWELL.
Ear marks, sawell in left and swallow fork in right. Post office address, Flagstaff, Yavapai Co., Arizona.
Other cattle 3 EIT All increase branded into B.

Horses branded on the left shoulder. Range on Ash creek to the summit of the Mogollon mountains.

JAS. L. BLACK.
Postoffice, Flagstaff, Arizona. Range, Mogollon and one-half miles southwest of Flagstaff. Cattle are branded as in cut; ear marks, iron-hornbit in each ear; also horses with same iron-hornbit on left thigh.

BARRITT BROS.
Postoffice address, Flagstaff, Arizona. Range, Clark's Valley, Mogollon mountains. Brand as above cut; all ears stock brand on both sides, with iron-hornbit in each ear; also own the following: Book, T, H, anywhere on the side of animal. Hoot cattle, brand W on right side; I cattle, one on right side, horse brand, C, O.

JAS. A. VAIL.
Range eight miles south of Flagstaff, Yavapai county. Cattle branded J V on left side; ear marks, square cut on right ear, over slope on left ear.

HARRY FULTON.

Horse and mule brand on left hip as shown in cut. Sheep, ewes, hole in left ear and split in the right; weathers, reverse of ewes; rams branded B on horn. Hoot cattle, brand W on right side; I cattle, one on right side, horse brand, C, O.

Postoffice address, Flagstaff, A. T. Range, San Francisco mountains. All cattle branded as in cut are the property of the underlined, and all horses and mules branded with B. H. GEORGE W. BRACK.

Cattle bearing brand as in cut and swallow fork in each ear belong to the underlined. Range, San Francisco mountains. Postoffice, Flagstaff, Ariz. GEO. PRIME.