



### One Flag, One Country, One God.

Col. Peter Donnan, a native of Pensacola, Fla., and an ex-Confederate, was invited to speak to the veterans at Moorhead, Minn., recently, and among other things he said:

"No man can so fully appreciate the valor and the knightliness of the soldiers of the Union as a Confederate who fought against them. I salute in you the representatives of the warrior legions that conquered the grandest army of modern ages—except your own."

"Think a moment. But for us where would you have been? If there had been no Confederates whom you would have been your heroes? Who would have been your heroes? If there had been no Confederates, Grant would probably have been, to the end of his days, a tanner at Galena, Sherman a schoolmaster in Louisiana, and Phil Sheridan, at most, a major or lieutenant-colonel of cavalry at some rude frontier outpost."

"But for us—the Confederates—you and the world would never have known what heroes you had, and the imperishable records of American patriotism and courage and devotion would never have been written in the fire and blood of our four-year's war. Your mighty heroes and ours will, you must go, hand in hand to fame. Grant will never be mentioned without a mention of Lee; Sherman will sweep through the ages side by side with Johnston, and Sheridan and Custer will ride neck and neck to immortality with Stuart and Hampton and Forest. We share alike the fame of Washington, Jefferson, Hancock and Adams, of Taylor and Scott, of Lincoln, Grant, Sherman and Sheridan, Lee, Jackson, Johnston, Longstreet and Hill. Your flag is our flag, your country is our country, and your God is our God. Your destiny and ours is one and inseparable. Let us, then, lay aside all bitterness and bickering and work together as brethren for the highest good of the majestic new-world republic that rightfully claims the allegiance and the love of us all."

### A Soldier Dog.

A remarkable story about a dog which was all through the civil war was made public today, says a Pittsburg correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer. The department of public safety has granted old Ben another year's lease on his life. He belongs to Dr. J. J. McGrew. He walked majestically into the Seventeenth ward police station this morning, led by his owner, who wished to procure a license for him. Ben first saw the light thirty-one years ago.

The members of the old volunteer fire department kept him as a watchdog. A man named Jeffries was foreman in 1861. When the call was made for men Jeffries was first to respond. Ben accompanied him. All the soldiers in the brigade made a great pet of him, and he would never leave the line. When the soldiers were in line for roll-call Ben would always be at the head of the column.

In the line of march he would always run ahead of the regiment, but would never go out of sight, but as soon as the first gun was fired Ben invariably dropped in the rear; when the men retreated he would retreat, when they advanced he would advance, but always managed to keep behind.

In the battle of the Wilderness his ear was pierced by a bullet, and he was not seen for three days. This is the only mishap he had, and yet he passed through most of the principal battles of the late war. His master was mortally wounded in the battle of Manassas Junction, and Ben seemed to realize his loss keenly, though he still stayed with the regiment. He was on the battle-fields of South Mountain, Antietam, and in the battles before Richmond.

### Stonewall Jackson's Coolness.

Since the unveiling of Stonewall Jackson's statue this story about the confederate general has come to light: On one rainy day, while advancing on Bull Run, he started out to reconnoiter in person, and got caught on the wrong side of a bridge guarded by a field-piece and some Federal artillerymen. When he discovered this Jackson did not hesitate a moment. Galloping up behind the men he shouted out to the officer in command: "Who directed you to put that gun on the road? Take it away and mount it in the woods on the hill yonder. I never saw such a piece of folly. Here in the open ground your men will be shot down from the brush on the other side." On he went as though in a terrible passion, berating the officer, who colored, saluted, apologized and hastily gave the order for removing the gun. Jackson, with his staff at his heels, galloped off to the left, as though to pass down the stream, made a sudden turn, thundered across the bridge and escaped. The befuddled officer in command of the gun had not gone far when he suspected something wrong, but he did not discover who the stranger was until next day.

### He Retired Early.

A little story was related at the navy yard the other day which concerns Rear Admiral Thomas O. Selfridge, retired, who is visiting his son, Captain Thomas O. Selfridge, the commandant of the navy yard. Some years ago the Admiral, who is the oldest living United States naval officer, being over 90 years of age, was dining at Delmonico's in New York with a distinguished company, among whom were Generals Grant, Garfield, Arthur, Sherman and Sheridan. At 10 o'clock, when the festivities were at their height, the old Admiral arose from the table and called

asked for an explanation. He replied that he never permitted enjoyment to interfere with his health, and that 10 o'clock was a good hour for him to retire.

All present laughed heartily, chaffed him a little, and begged him to remain.

He could not, however, be coaxed to remain. After bidding them good-night, he slipped to bed, and sound to sleep; to longevity, and I'm going to prove it to you all." All except the Admiral who were present at the banquet that evening have passed away. The Admiral has kept his word.—Boston Globe.

### Why He Was at Home.

When the Confederate army was pouring through Richmond, on its march to the Peninsula, the soldiers received constant and substantial tokens of the good will of the people of the region. Women and children thronged the sidewalks, pressing on their defenders everything which the scanty Confederate larder could supply, while from many of the houses gloves, socks and comforters rained down upon the companies. Mr. T. C. DeLeon's "Four Years in Rebel Capitals" gives an incident connected with this march of the sort which is calculated to move the roughest soldier's heart.

The southern soldier was ever a cheerful animal, with a general spice of sardonic humor. Refreshed inwardly and outwardly, the men would march down the street, answering the waving handkerchiefs at every window with wild cheers. Nor did they spare any amount of chaff to those luckless stay-at-homes encountered on the streets.

"Come out'r that black coat!" "I know yer a conserp! Don't yer want'er go for a sojer?" "Yer's yer chance ter git yer substoot!" These and similar shouts, leveled at the head of some unlucky wight, brought roars of laughter from the soldier's and from the victim's unsympathetic friends.

At one house a pale, boyish looking youth was noted at a window with a lady. Both energetically waved handkerchiefs, and the men answered with a yell, but the opportunity was too good to lose.

"Come right along, sonny!" was the cry. "The lady'll spare yer. Here's a little musket fur yer!" "All right, boys!" cheerily responded the youth, rising from his seat. "Have you got a leg for me too?" and Colonel F— stuck the shortest of stumps on the window seat.

With one impulse the battalion halted, faced to the window, and came to "present!" as their cheers rattled the windows of the block. That chord had been touched by which the roughest soldier is ever moved.

### Enjoyed the Encampment.

"Let me tell you something," said a stout, matronly-looking middle aged lady during the Detroit encampment, "about this reunion. Twenty-six years ago, just after the war closed, my husband and I, only married a few months, went out West and located our farm in Southwestern Kansas. We have been there ever since, have worked hard, seen lots of hard times and some grief, and a year ago, feeling that we had got out of the woods, we resolved to come to the encampment. We have saved and saved, whenever and wherever we could, and we are here, and I tell you it is worth it. Now we are ready to go back and stay until the encampment comes out West."

### Great and Growing.

According to the records of the Grand Army of the Republic there were 398,607 comrades in good standing on June 30, yet this is only one-third of the number of men now living who are eligible to membership. There were 5,589 deaths in the order last year, a very slight increase on the number of deaths in 1889-90. The fact is that although it is more than a quarter of a century since the close of the war, the Grand Army is still gaining more by enlistments than it loses by death, and this is likely to continue to be the case for some years to come, mainly because there are so many old soldiers who have not yet joined the order.

### Notes About Veterans.

Henry W. Slocum of the famous old Tenth corps is said to stand near the head of the roster of surviving war generals of the army.

Joseph Paxton, who lives near Clifton Hill, in Randolph county, Mo., still has the pony he rode in the Confederate army. It is now 36 years old and as fat as a mole, not having been used any, or very little, for some years.

William Ransom was private in Company G, Ninety-ninth Illinois infantry, and according to evidence in the possession of the government, was killed at Vicksburg on August 19, 1863. Somebody has been drawing a pension in the name of this same Ransom since August 11, 1865, and has lately secured an increase and something over \$1,000 back pension.

The number of war veterans in the employ of the various departments of the city government of New York is 197, divided as follows: Bureau of chief engineer, 23; bureau of water purveyor, 79; bureau of sewers, 29; bureau of streets and roads, 17; bureau of repairs and supplies, 33; bureau of lamps and gas, 1; bureau of street improvements, 3; bureau of water register, 22. The above does not include laborers and mechanics of whom there are many employed.

Gov. Buckner, of Kentucky, he who held Fort Donelson against Grant after Pillow and Floyd had skedaddled, has been at West Point enjoying the old scenes and telling stories. He was at the academy with Grant for three years, and says of him: "Grant was the most fearless rider I ever saw at West Point. He rode a horse named Rocket. And I have seen him take a six foot hurdle in the basement of the old academic building, when everyone present expected that he would have his brains dashed out against the low ceiling or his leg or back broken by coming in collision with the beams."—The New York Times.



### A Woman's View of It.

How does a woman love? Once, no more, though life forever its loss deplores; Deep in sorrow or deep in sin, One King might hear her heart within, One alone by night and day.

Moves her spirit to curse or pray, One voice only can call her soul; Back from the grasp of death's control; Though loves herself, or friends deride, Yes, when she smelt another's bride, Still for her master her life makes moan, Once is forever, and once alone.

How does a man love? Once for all, The sweetest voices of life may call, Sorrow daunt him, or death dismay, Joy's red robes bedecked his way; Parting smile, or just or frow, The cruel thumb of the world turn down, Loss betray him, or love delight, Through storm or sunshine, by day or night, Wandering, toiling, asleep, awake, Though souls may madden or weak hearts break, Better than wife, or child, or pet, Once and forever he loves—himself.

### Homey Men and Pretty Wives.

As a matter of fact the homely man almost invariably succeeds in capturing a pretty wife. History and daily observation furnish innumerable proof of this proposition.

Lincoln, the awkward rail-splitter, whose face was strong and kindly, but devoid of nearly all the charms that enter into the make-up of a "handsome man," captured the charming Mary Todd, of Lexington, Kentucky. And this was twenty years before he had been the member of the old volunteer fire department kept him as a watchdog.

A man named Jeffries was foreman in 1861. When the call was made for men Jeffries was first to respond. Ben accompanied him. All the soldiers in the brigade made a great pet of him, and he would never leave the line. When the soldiers were in line for roll-call Ben would always be at the head of the column.

In the line of march he would always run ahead of the regiment, but would never go out of sight, but as soon as the first gun was fired Ben invariably dropped in the rear; when the men retreated he would retreat, when they advanced he would advance, but always managed to keep behind.

Don't follow fashion in dress unless it accords with the dictates of reason and good sense. Don't forget that pure-minded, intelligent women are not strictly fashionable. Sensible persons have more important subjects about which to think. Don't wear tight corsets if you value health. Women who persist in tight lacing should be sent to where they could revel in the luxury of a straight jacket.

Don't tattle. Tattling is the thorns and briars of speech and is detrimental morally and mentally. Don't cultivate the habit of criticizing every person and everything you see; it is evidence you are a better subject for criticism than anything else. Don't forget that your best dowry is the dowry of perfect womanliness. Don't forget that a good domestic education will give more real enjoyment and comfort when married than any amount of superfluous accomplishments.

Don't forget that marriage makes or mars two lives. Don't marry a man who has sown many wild oats. It is a sure crop and you may live to reap the harvest. Don't marry a man in the habit of drinking. Better take Rognon or Tipplers, that is a grain of sense. Don't marry a dude; he is a cross between a peacock, a donkey, and a tailor's goose—an unclassified nothing. Don't marry an irreligious man. Impiety is a canker worm that eats up every blossom in the garden of manhood.

Don't forget that the superstructure of wedded happiness must be based on the foundation of affinity, compatibility and true love, or it must ever prove a failure. Pray don't read the foregoing paragraphs and cast them aside as worthless without weighing them in the scales of light and reason.

For the Ladies. That vaseline, taken half a teaspoonful at a time cures a cold. That an excellent beautifier for the complexion is a hot-water bath, followed up by dabs of eau de cologne upon the face. That a mixture of benzoin and rose-water is an excellent remedy for tightening the skin when it is inclined to form wrinkles.

One of Mrs. Grover Cleveland's occupations is to lead a helping hand in the management of a mission kindergarten. Mrs. Cleveland is, in fact, the vice-president, and visits the mission frequently. New York Weekly: Mrs. Bibbs (suspiciously)—I don't see how it is that type-writer girl of yours manages to dress better than I can. Mr. Bibbs—Why, you see she works for a living and you don't.

Mrs. Mary Clement Leavitt, who is now in Chicago, has just completed a tour of the globe in the interest of the Woman's Christian Temperance union. This undertaking occupied eight years and subjected Mrs. Leavitt to many hardships. Mrs. Joel Chandler Harris, who is described as a bright-eyed brunette, says her accomplishments have dwindled to two—"making butter and getting the children to bed by 8 o'clock."

As "Aunt Remus" has six little people to corral every night, the latter accomplishment is an important one. One of the notable guests at the reunion of the old-time telegraphers in Washington will be Mrs. Roswell Smith, wife of the president of the Centennial company. Mrs. Smith, then Miss Ellsworth, sent the first telegraph message over Morse's line between Washington and Baltimore.

### Successful Men's Wives.

A writer in the Point of View has something to say about the "Penalty of Success."

"Did you ever see the wife of a successful man? I am tempted to ask, when some one points out to me the shining light of these two friends of mine. Not that the men were brutal, ill-tempered or exceptionally irritable; rather the reverse is true of them; they are amiable enough. Yet their unconquerable self-absorption has made them any thing but boon companions. The bubble they follow is ever dancing before their eyes; the fery pursuit is all-in-all. Their wives share in the triumph, of course, and why should they complain? They do not. Like the Dutchman's wife upon her death-bed, they are resigned because they have to be. It is only between the lines of their patient faces that one may read the wish of the heart for the old days to come back when things were otherwise."

Excess of Women in Prussia. The women in Prussia, according to statistical reports, far outnumber the men. The latest estimates show a difference of about 600,000 in favor of the women. To the great regret of the fair sex each year shows a larger increase in the excess of the number of women. In 1887 there were only 229,415 more women than men in Prussia. At present of every 1,000 persons 490.9 are men and 509.1 are women. The proportions are about the same in the city and in the country.

### The Angel's Sign.

That angels make the flowers can any doubt, Though in no book the declaration reads; That opening heaven's windows they fling out On the warm earth the little shining seeds? So, be you student, friend, or connoisseur, Search well thro' all the tangled, curious lines For the spirit of the angel fashioner; Somewhere plain as the light his signet shines.

Look in that flower-to childhood always sweet— It droops upon a long and slender stalk— You come upon it in a wild retreat— Or sometimes in an open, sunny walk.

Unnoted hitherto, 'till often seen, Now, studying with clear and childlike eyes In the sorrel blossom's treflow leaves of green, You will find the secret mark of paradise.

Beneath the twisted buds, purple or pink, Sometimes a yellow, rare and golden link, A drop, like pen point dipped in crimson ink, Or the green leaves—that is the angel's sign.

—ACRES E MITCHELL. Lost Identity. The New York board of education recently decided that all teachers employed by the board must use a dignified Christian name. This is a dignified demand, and public sentiment will support it. Kitties and Lillies and Mammies and Nellies so written and spelled would weaken the value of any parchment; it is to be hoped that these pet names will be confined in the future to the immediate family circle, and it would be better still if they were dropped before the child began to have associates outside of the family.

There comes to mind now a summer spent in a New England village with a family who bought all their sea food supply from a big, honest, clumsy man, who wore boots that wrinkled down around his ankles with wrinkles so hard and brown that one never ceased to wonder how the man was able to endure—what it seemed must be—the torture of wearing them. Trousers several inches too short emphasized the size of the boots. Waiting for the tide to fall, so that he could plow the mud and discover the hidden means of livelihood, had developed a leisurely manner that was fascinating to one who had spent a year in the rush of city life. His boat, the very rake over its stern, had an air that imparted a feeling of skepticism to the truth of the poet's declaration that "Time is fleeting." His name, pronounced "Fresh," was beyond the power of solution, though many idle minutes had been spent in the hope of giving it a beginning and an end, a place in some family relation. At last, curiosity forced a question. What was the name? The man's name was "John," plain, honest, strong, and fitting. When a baby his mother had called him "precious boy," and this had been appropriated by schoolmates, and clung to him all through his life. Who can tell how far that pet name had weakened muscles and courage, and kept the boy where his mother could keep her eye on him? It deprived him of identity. When "John" was carved on his tombstone the family had to explain that it was set up to keep alive in enduring stone the memory of "Fresh."—Christian Union.

The Germans have a story which that home-loving people like to repeat. A father, when his daughter became a bride, gave her a golden casket with the injunction not to pass it into other hands, for it held a charm which in her keeping would be of inestimable value to her as the mistress of a house. Not only was she to take it every morning to the cellar, the library, the dining-room, the bedroom, and to remain with it in each place for five minutes, looking carefully about. After a lapse of three years the father was to send the key, that the secret talisman might be revealed. The directions were followed. The key was sent. The casket was opened. It was found to contain an old parchment, on which were written these words: "The eyes of the mistress are worth one hundred pair of servant's hands." The wise father knew that a practice of inspection followed faithfully for three years would become a habit and beself-perpetuating—that the golden casket and the hidden charm would have accomplished their mission.

The Faith of a Child. Bishop Vincent tells us an inspiring story of the war times. He was pastor of a church at Galena, Ill., when the first Bull Run battle was fought. The first news was favorable to our arms and every one was jubilant. Later came reports of the awful reverse, the rebels victorious and our defeated troops streaming backward toward Washington. He had a meeting of his officers that night, but they could do no business. Thought and tongue would dwell only on the dreadful defeat. One brother said: "We couldn't eat any supper. First one, and then another, would push back from the table, leaving the food untasted, and exclaim of the horrors of the battle and its disheartening results." Four-year-old Cynthia, in her little rocking chair, said: "I don't care, 'long's Dad ain't killed. He'll bring 'tout all right." The faith of the little girl rebuked their fears, and enabled them to say: "The Lord reigneth let earth rejoice!"

### What Columbus Thought.

In a lecture Prof. Fiske says: Columbus estimated the earth to be one-seventh smaller than it really is. He exaggerated the length of Asia, and supposed it to extend so far east that its eastern coast would come to where Mexico is. Then he supposed the island of Japan would extend to where Cuba is; and he argued from a verse in the Apocrypha that one-seventh of the temperate zone was water, and that that would be what he would have to cross, which distance he figured at 2,500 miles.



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### Invention of the Typewriter.

The typewriter was invented as long ago as 1714 by one Henry Mills, who in that year obtained a patent in this country for a device that "would write printed characters one at a time, or one after the other." There is no description of this device to be had now, but there is no doubt that Mills' invention was the parent of the present typewriter. In 1838 a French patent was granted to Monsieur Progin (Xavier) of Marseilles for a typewriter, which he called a typographical machine. The account of the machine is somewhat obscure, but enough is given to show that it was an operative one by which typewriting could be fairly well executed. M. Foucault sent to the Paris exhibition in 1855 a writing machine for the blind, and several typewriters were invented by Wheatstone. After successive improvements a manufacturer in America in 1873 contracted to construct 25,000.

### A Brave Mother.

As show the force of maternal love among the lower animals, there are few more pathetic incidents than the following, which comes from Australia: The owner of a country station was sitting one evening on the balcony outside his house, when he was surprised to notice a kangaroo lingering about, alternately approaching and retreating from the house, as though half in doubt and fear what to do. At length she approached the water-pails, and, taking a young one from her pouch, held it to the water to drink.

While her baby was satisfying its thirst the mother was quivering all over with excitement, for she was but a few feet from the balcony, where one of her great foes was sitting, watching her. The little one having finished drinking, it was replaced in the pouch, and the old kangaroo started off at a rapid pace.

When the natural timidity of the kangaroo is taken into account it will be recognized what astonishing bravery this affectionate mother betrayed. It is a pleasing ending to the story that the eye-witness was so affected by the scene that from that time forward he could never shoot a kangaroo.

### Gems of Thought.

Every man is a volume. If you know how to read him.—Channing. Vice stings even in our pleasures; but virtue consoles even in our pains. The tale-bearer and the tale-hearer should both be hung up back to back, one by the tongue and the other by the ear.—South.

All of us who are worth anything spend our manhood in unlearning the follies or expiating the mistakes of our youth.—Shelley.

The woman who really wishes to refuse contents herself with saying so. She who explains wants to be convinced.—Alfred de Musset. Examine your own words well, and you will find that even when you have no motive to be false, it is a very hard thing to say the exact truth, even about your own immediate feelings—much harder than to say something fine about them which is not the exact truth.—Adam Bede.

### At West Point.

Luxuries are not suffered at West Point. The rules are exceedingly strict, and if a young man appears at the window of his room with his coat unbuttoned he is reported. He is not allowed to have pictures upon his wall or even the luxury of pockets in his trousers. A young man of Albany, N. Y., found the rules exceedingly irksome and sought to mitigate their rigor occasionally by placing them in innocuous desuetude. This, however, is a difficult thing to do at West Point, and when the cadet endeavored to take his ease in the seclusion of his apartment by fitting a pair of ingeniously contrived rockers to his hard wooden chair, he was unlucky enough one morning to forget to hide them under his mattress and so got two demerits as a punishment for indulging in luxury.

### Gladstone on the Gospel.

Mr. Gladstone recently said: "The older I grow the more confirmed I am in my faith and religion. Talk about the question of the day! There is but one question, and that is the gospel. That can and will protect everything. Agnosticism? I am profoundly thankful that none of my children or kindred have been blasted with it. I am glad to say that about all the men at the top in Great Britain are Christians. I have been in public life fifty-eight years, and forty-seven in the cabinet of the British government, and during those forty-seven years I have been associated with sixty of the master minds of the country, and all but five of the sixty were Christians."

### Large Bishops.

Next to Phillips Brooks, whose gigantic size is well known, the bishop of the Episcopal church who possesses the greatest height and stature is Bishop Walker of North Dakota. He is three inches above six feet in height, stout in proportion, and has a strikingly handsome face. His hair and beard are black. The bishop is an entertaining talker and a man who shines as brightly in society as in the pulpit. A few days ago he won some notoriety by introducing a "missionary car" into the service of the church, and with it he carried the gospel by rail through the Northwestern States.

### The Prince of Wales.

"It is remarkable news in our cable dispatch," says the N. Y. Sun, "that the British Wesleyan conference had passed a full hour in praying for the conversion of the Prince of Wales. Among all the criticisms that have yet been made upon the Prince, this is the criticism that he will be likely to feel the most keenly." That which above all things else makes this remarkable is the fact that there is nothing but a life, which already exceeds the three score and ten years, between the Prince of Wales and the throne of Great Britain and the headship of two great Protestant churches, namely, the established churches of England and Scotland. But such incongruities are inherent in church and State union.

### The Arizona Cattle Co.,

Range, San Francisco Mountains.



Ear marks, slit in each ear; horns and imple, all right hip; increase A on left shoulder. P. O. address, Flagstaff, Ariz. JOHN V. RHOADES, General Manager.



Range, San Francisco Mountains. P. O. address, Chandler, Ariz. PHILIP HULL.

### McMILLAN & GOODWIN.



Horses and mules branded as above on the left thigh belonging to the undersigned. Range on Stone-mountain, Lake and Mogollon mountains. JAMES ALLEN, Camp Verde, Ariz.

### ARIZONA LUMBER CO.



BRANNEN, FINNIE & BRANNEN. Cattle branded as in cut on both sides, underdeveloped in left ear, develop cut upwards. Range, Mogollon mountains, Flagstaff, Arizona.

### WM. POWELL.



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

### RABBIT BROS.



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

### HARRY FULTON.

