McCLELLAN'S OWN STORY.

PART I.

In taking up this work to review we feel a sadness difficult to express. We fear that Gen. McClellan has not made a friend by the production, but happily he is beyond friendship or enmity, and we fear that the editor, W. C. Prime, has exercised a bad taste that he will regret some of these days.

It is, in short, a special pleading extending over 681 pages to try to convince the world that it, for the past two decades, has been in error because it thought McClellan was not a great general. It is a hard task to do that, and wherefore? The world looks only at big results. It is nonsense to hope that the minutiæ of McClellan's campaigns will be inquired into by the unprofessional. He failed on the Peninsula, and that's all there is about it.

He succeeded in West Virginia, and he deserves credit therefor, but he had an enormous preponderance of force, which has been proven since 1861; he was called to Washington after the Federal defeat at Bull Run, and he reorganized the disorganized army and made Washington secure, and he deserved credit for that too, and he has received it. We would not raise a feather against his dues, but when this young man of five-and-thirty tried to hold back twenty million impatient people; people who were sweltering under that defeat at Bull Run; people who were paying the bills and sending their boys to the front; people who saw the Confederate flag flaunting within sight of their Executive; people who had forgotten party and thought of country only; people who knew he commanded 150,000 brave, idle men, and who saw a handful of gallant Confederates down the river blockading their capital—we say when this young man of five-and-thirty fancied he could curb these twenty million and make them wait his pleasure, he was the worst mistaken man that ever straddled a horse, and his big failure began right then and there. To drop all thought of party or politics, to forget whether he was Democrat or Republican, we ask the candid reader if a people ever was so trifled with?

More than once he was ordered to move by him who had the right to issue such orders; he fought against such orders and they were withdrawn. He had one plan, the Executive another. The Executive wished him to advance to Centerville and fight it out there; he wished to land at and march from Urbanna to Richmond or land on the Peninsula and thence to Richmond. The Executive yielded, but, it may be said, under protest.

Before he started for the Peninsula he took his army in hand and marched to Centerville, and the chagrin and mortification felt by the Union Army when it looked upon the abandoned Confederate works it would be difficult to describe. There were more than one who rode with him to Centerville who noted his nervousness, and there were more than one right then and there who saw that he had the bravery of the soldier, but he lacked the courage of the general.

To go back a little: It has been said that he wished to organize, arm, and equip his army so well that it would move irresistibly, and that is why he was constrained not to move, but surely he must have known that the Confederates would gain quite as much in that regard as could he during such delay, and many thought his army was in better condition in October, 1861, than it was in the spring of 1862.

In war it is often better to fight and lose than not to fight at all.

His delay for months about Washington was a two-edged blade that mowed his army down thus: it not only wore his gallant men out with camp *ennui*—a thing much to be dreaded—but it kept them inactive so long that the vim, the push and dare, and the romance which the new recruit feels had oozed away, and many of them became experts in malingering and remained so during the war.

Another tremendous error, in our humble opinion, he made in the offstart; he had an enormous, a complicated an unwieldy staff. To see it on review, parade, or march, it seemed perfectly farcical. Not only was the commissioned staff so large, but its enlisted men as clerks, orderlies, and servants were so numerous that it (the staff) looked like a brigade of cavalry. What an example for him to set to his army! What was the result?

With a few creditable exceptions every major general and brigadier general in the Army of the Potomac followed his example in that regard, and every colonel, captain, surgeon, quartermaster, and adjutant had men detailed as clerks, cooks, orderlies, servants, etc., etc., from the ranks, and the men so detailed were non-combatants. It will never be known how many men were thus taken from the ranks who never pulled trigger in battle, but this fact goes far to account for the comparatively few men the Army of the Potomac carried into action as fighters. And after the romance of soldiering wore away it became a trade in that army for many of its enlisted men to feel for and to secure "soft places." "These be harsh words, my masters;" but the truth wrongs no man.

Under pressure—and not by his volition—the army was at last taken to the Peninsula, started on its march to Richmond, and it reined up in front of Yorktown. All this is an old story. We know now what we did not know then, as the rolls are in possession of the Government. Magruder had but eleven thousand men behind his long works. They could have been assaulted successfully, or they could have been turned with the assistance of the Navy, and much precious time might have been saved; but McClellan's education as an engineer and his experience in the Crimea prompted him to settle down into a siege. He appointed one, who was doubtless his ablest lieutenant, as director of the siege, and he did his work very well. It could not have been done better, but, oh, the physical labor of that siege as borne by the enlisted men was worse than unsuccessful battle could have been to them. It sapped their energies, and the delay it entailed gave the able Confederate leader ample time to focus his army about Richmond for the future.

Yorktown evacuated and the army plunged ahead looking for its opponent to find him at Williamsburg. The less said of Williamsburg the better. It was a wild and foolish scramble instead of a battle, but that was not McClellan's fault, as he was not at the front until it was nearly ended. He wisely remained in the rear to despatch his turning force up the York. About this time he began to believe and assert that the Confederates had 200,000 effective troops in his front! and he whistled over the wires for reinforcements. It is easy enough to be wise after the event; that is hindsight. A wagon-master can stand on Mont St. Jean or A La Belle Alliance *now* and see where an Emperor erred, but that is hindsight, too. It is a matter of historic accuracy now that the Confederates never had during that or any other campaign an army of over 81,000 effectives. We look in vain through these 681 pages to find an acknowledgment of this stupendous error; therefore we are forced to believe that this work was skillfully produced not to tell the truth, but to swindle the world into the belief that he was a great general. It is but fair to state that his plans were interfered with by the Executive; that it was understood that when he got into position on the Peninsula with the army he had in hand that McDowell was to march from Fredericksburg to join him, and that his (McD.'s) force was about 41,000 effectives; that, startled at the report as to the limited number of troops remaining within easy call, the Executive was constrained to hold McDowell within easy reach of his orders for the protection of the Capital. And we cannot blame the Executive for all this, because it was further understood ere the transports steamed away from Alexandria that the (McClellan) was to have troops enough *about* Washington to render it perfectly secure, and he did not do it. So, when Gens. Hitchcock, Thomas, and Wadsworth reported to the Executive that there were not enough troops about the Capital to defend it, he was justified in holding on to McDowell. It has been charged that they deceived the President, but after events have proven otherwise.

So McClellan continued up the Peninsula and straddled the Chickahominy, thus placing his army in a dangerous position. The motive that prompted him to do this was laudable, to wit, to render it easy for McDowell—again promised him—to march from Fredricksburg and join hands (McClellan's) right, but Jackson's advance down the Valley of the Shenandoah startled the Executive again and caused him to once more forbid McDowell's march and order him to help try to "bag" Jackson. To be frank, we must admit that the Executive committed a great error in this; after events have proven that, but it can be said that with his shrewd sense he read McClellan, and feared that he would be tied up on the Peninsula with a small force of Confederates, while the rest of their forces would be foot-loose to plunge for the Capital. Is this a broad statement? We believe not. Please observe that he (McClellan) had been checkmated by the Confederate commander in every move he had made thus far—at Castersville, at Yorktown, and on the Chickahominy. Even at that early day his delays and excuses had shaken the faith of the Committee on Conduct of the War, the Executive and his Cabinet in McClellan's ability. Had you, kind reader, been in the Executive Chair then, you would have acted as the Executive did. His first duty was to defend the Capital, and it may be a hard saying, but the country could afford to lose the Army of the Potomac at that juncture rather than the seat of government, inasmuch as millions of unfriendly eyes across the water were watching the struggle—millions of unfriendly eyes belonging to a Nation of Shopkeepers, who were anxious that this Government might go to the devil if they could obtain cotton for British workshops the cheaper by reason of its ruin. It would be useless to load this paper down with a long and tiresome description of the rest of the operations on the Peninsula. How Jackson thundered down on McClellan's right, rendered untenable the base of the Federal Army at the White House, doubled up the line, joined hands with Lee, and after several battles and seven days' forced McClellan to take position on the James. That conception was Lee's, and, waiving all argument as to who was right or wrong in the struggle, it was professionally magnificent. In the meantime Halleck was made General-in-Chief at Washington. This stung McClellan. In a letter to the Executive he had set forth at length the wisdom of having a General-in-Chief at the seat of government, and he would have been more than human had he not hoped to be chosen therefor. It was believed at the front, we know, that that was to come to pass, and Gen. Fitz John Porter was his preference as commander of the Army of the Potomac. It could not have been placed in abler hands.

With his army on the James, Lee watching it, and the Army of Virginia under Pope, was the problem that confronted Halleck. It cannot be said that he did not look into it very thoroughly ere he decided to unite these divided forces. The Executive and he went down to McClellan's headquarters, listened to all that could be said by officers of rank, and decided to remove the army. This stung McClellan again, and he protested against it, almost implored that that order should be revoked. His communications to Halleck touching this illustrate a peculiar trait in his disposition, and a careful reading of these 681 pages, particularly the extracts from letters to his wife, grieves many who thought well of him till now. They show that he was inwardly on bad terms with nearly every man he met; they show that he abominated Scott, Stanton, Chase, Halleck, Burnside, McDowell, Pope, and, in short, every one, big and little, whose views differed from his; they show that he was nursing a dislike and a hatred that was unmanly, unwise, and impolitic, and we cannot think that any man at the maturest age of fifty-nine would again willingly blazon to the world the spleeny productions which emanated from his hasty pen at six-and-thirty. Therefore we unload the mischief which may be done by this work from his shoulders upon the prejudiced back of the aforesaid editor, Mr. W. C. Prime. But not altogether. After an unsuccessful battle down there, smarting under that defeat, he audaciously informed his superior officer, the Secretary of War, that he (the Secretary) had done what he could to sacrifice his (McClellan's) army, and he repeats that in this work, and says that the Administration wished him to fail because he was a Democrat, or words to that effect. We cannot think any fair Democrat will believe that. The Administration upheld Hooker, and he was a Democrat, and Meade, and Grant, and Sherman, all of whom were Democrats *then*. More than half of the officers of high rank, commissioned during 1861 and 1863, were Democrats. Furthermore, the Administration offered Hancock the command of the Army of the Potomac twice, and he ever was an outspoken and consistent Democrat.

With the cry "On to Richmond" waxing big and noisy in the Northern land; with every desire bent earnestly to put down the rebellion; with the finances not in a healthful state, there was everything that could be brought to bear, physically and morally, to prompt the Administration to make the war sharp and decisive, and it is folly to suppose that they could wish to stop the wheels of the ponderous machine and step aside to knife a general whose reputation was yet to be made. Furthermore, had it been the wish of those in power at Washington to ruin *him*, could they hope to gauge such a huge thing as that so delicately as to save his army from such disaster? That is to say, did they wish to unmake him and make his army? He was out of immediate view down there; steam and wire only could reach him, and they could not have hoped for and wished for his loss without fearing the loss of his army.

The naked fact is simply this: he had delayed so long; he had promised so much and done so little; he had shown so much pedantry and so little practical sense; he had either openly quarreled with or had cruelly snubbed so many influential men, and he had been so unsuccessful in his movements that the faith in his ability had frittered away, and we assert that there were more Democratic officers of high rank on the James who had lost faith in his professional capacity than there were of the opposite party.

So the Army was withdrawn, Pope was beaten, and the disorganized mass of troops streamed toward Washington, and he was placed in command. This was a great compliment to him. In the march from Washington north to Frederick he reorganized that disorganized army wonderfully, and the enlisted men were carried away with enthusiasm whenever he appeared among them. When he reached Frederick and Lee's found order was placed in his hands he fell into possession of an astounding advantage, one of those pieces of good luck that is seldom vouchsafed to a commander, but, oh, the delays! Had he fought and marched through Turner's and Crampton's gap with the vim and energy that Jackson and Lee exercised in concentrating on the west bank of the Antietam, it makes one dizzy to think what could have been done. But prompt, decided action was not in the man; that fatal halting between two opinions prevented his great success, and no one knew better than he his weakness in this regard, but he fought through the gaps after awhile and brought up at the Antietam.

When he bivouacked on the left bank on Monday, September 15, he had with him 50,000 troops. Lee confronted him from the west bank with less than 12,000. There was the time when a vigorous offensive was demanded, but delay again took the place of action, and when he did strike on the 17th he struck at the reunited Confederate army. Lee knew his opponent; he had a wonderful insight into his slow and methodical character, and his calm coupolse was scarcely ruffled. What did Lee on the 15th? He kept in view all the men he had in hand, and McClellan, seeing that big army, concluded that as so many of the enemy were in sight there must be a great many more out of sight, and Lee, therefore, had all his army in hand, and thus was McClellan balked, not by fighting, but by his over-caution.

FASHION FORECASTS.

Marabout aigrettes still make the prettiest decoration for the head on evening coiffures.

White sofa pillows are a novelty which has come with the white-framed furniture.

Cloth ribbon, so called, has a heavy mat surface, and makes very pretty bows.

Plain skirts will be the rule the coming season, with very long and full draperies in the overdress.

Colored Brussels net still takes the place of white ruching for neck and sleeves of dressy costumes.

Hopeless slippers of scarlet velvet are the latest for house wear, and offer great temptations for kicking them off.

Stockings of bayadere stripes are particularly stylish this season. They come in beautiful Persian colors, rich and deep.

All the new spring models have the effect of being "made over" costumes, as they are composed of two distinct fabrics.

Several small combs are worn in the hair instead of one good-sized one, and they are tucked in apparently at random.

The satin-striped gossamer silks are to be worn by bridesmaids the coming season, and these silks are found in all the delicate shades.

The toque bids fair to be as popular when made of lace for the coming season as it has been this winter, when made in velvet and plush.

Bonnet pins are growing more and more elaborate every day, and are now set with real stones of value, such as diamonds, pearls, and opals.

The yoked jersey is the last, and gives a little variety to this well-beloved waist, which will always be regretted when it goes out of fashion, if it ever does.

The ribbons were never in greater variety than this season, and those about to be opened for the spring and coming summer are gorgeous in the extreme. Brocades are the newest.

Carriage pillows are favorite wedding gifts, and have beautifully embroidered slip covers which are fastened by a cord run through eyelets on either side of the end left open.

Beads on shoes and slippers are the favorite adornment. Glass buttons, too, are so arranged on house shoes as to be very ornamental. These are in colors, and in many cases are quite attractive.

Red silk hose, with leather-colored shoes, on which is an ornamented bow of red velvet, is the stylish footgear for house wear, both for morning and afternoon occasions.

Basques which are in contrast to the dress enliven the walking costume when the outer garment is removed, and may be of striped fabric to be very pretty and stylish.

Ready-made bows are to be bought at the milliner's, both for the hair and bonnet, in great variety. This is a very convenient idea for those to whom the tying of a bow is a mystery hard to solve.

Fancy cloths will continue to be very stylish for spring jackets, more so than plain fabrics, unless they be the bisque-colored ladies' cloth, which costume is the most elegant and recherche of all.

Leather buttons are the novelty in this important detail of the costume. These are in alligator skin or Russian leather, and in large and small sizes, and are suitable for walking suits and jackets.

Fans cannot be too elaborate to be in style, and some imported ones are decorated in water colors by artists of known talent. Such artistic fans command very large prices, independent of the material of which they are made.

It is always a pretty fashion to have shoes to match the costume, and this season more generally than ever before, this fashion is in vogue. A velvet bow makes the finish of such shoes, which are in Louis XIV design.

The Fayette jacket is a stylish garment, which will compete with the stylish covert coat, so very fashionable last season. The Fayette jacket is short and tight fitting behind, and has long, pointed lapels which show the vest to the waist line. There are two pockets and clasps to fasten the vest.

The coiffure most liked in the fashionable English society is the Cadogan braid, which is tied low down on the neck with a bow forming a queue. Sometimes a golden ornament, such as a spear or a dagger, is thrust through the braid to give it a finish and make a more dressy effect.

Persian silks are used for lining tea gowns.

Turbans are to be worn more than ever the coming season.

The peasant sleeve with wide puff and bands is very stylish.

Corded ginghams are among the pretty new fabrics for the coming season.

Red is notably the color in early spring millinery, as it has been the past winter.

Watered ribbon is much worn as sashes, both for house and street wear.

Cuff buttons are small and flat, and obtrude themselves as little as possible.

The sash curtains of striped chambery gauze are very pretty and dainty.

For spring garments there is nothing prettier than the covert and coat in the light bisque shades.

Dull red corduroy skirts are quite picturesque as well as stylish. Dark green is worn with them.

Corduroy in white is seen in some English models. The trimming is of velvet in either red or black.

The fancy for yellow in the dress and its accessories still reigns in full force alongside that other fancy for red in its deepest and most vivid tones; and between them the two brightest and most pronounced of colors make any gathering of women unusually flame-tinted, and picturesque. The liking for yellow extends to the jewelry. Horn, said the professed queen of the *furors* for amber, which is seen on every occasion, appearing in necklace and bracelets, in ornaments for the hair and pins for the flowers on the corsage, in every possible position, and applied to every conceivable use. It is only the gregarious instinct that induces one sheep to follow another in jumping over a wall that makes such a sudden flaming out of one color, one shape, or one material all over the city possible, and it is this very monotony of dress and conduct among city women in general that engenders something worse, that straining after the eccentric and the outre, not to keep up with fashions as our censors of the other sex put it—we all do that without any difficulty—but to get ahead of them that is responsible for at least much "nervous prostration" and general breakdown as a half dozen other causes combined. Amber will shortly be "common;" let us therefore diligently rack our brains to think of something else.

The wedding gown worn by one of the prettiest brides of the week was of white and filmy lace, worn not as is usual over a satin slip, but over a skirt of white India silk muslin, the delicate and diaphanous character of the draperies being far better preserved than is ever the case with the more substantial foundation.

The reappearance of the white kid glove is announced at periodic intervals with flourish of trumpets. But in spite of the triumphant strains the conquering hero never comes. Swedish gloves hold their own, even for weddings.

HOW THE KING CAME HOME.

"Oh, why are you waiting, children,
And why are you watching the way?"
"We are watching because the folks have said
The King comes home to-day—
The King on his prancing charger,
In his shining golden crown,
Oh, the bells will ring, the glad birds sing,
When the King comes back to town."

"Run home to your mothers, children;
In the land is pain and woe,
And the King, beyond the forest,
Fights with the Paynim foe."
"But," said the little children,
"The fight will soon be past.
We fain would wait, though the hour be late;
He will surely come at last."

So the eager children waited
Till the closing of the day,
Till their eyes were tired of gazing
Along the dusty way;
But there came no sound of music,
No flashing golden crown;
And tears they shed, as they crept to bed,
When the round red sun went down.

But at the hour of midnight,
While the weary children slept,
Was heard within the city
The voice of them that wept;
Along the moonlit highway
Toward the sacred dome,
Dead on his shield, from the well-fought field—
'Twas thus the King came home.

—*Chambers's Journal.* FLORENCE TYLEE.

A LEADER OF COTILLONS.

One evening, from my seat in the parquet, I saw in an opera box a vision of beauty, remarkable for the sentiment expressed in the pose and costume. A squint through the glass revealed a friend, and a few minutes later I was seated noiselessly a few feet behind her listening to "Lohengrin" and enjoying, not for the first time, the charm of a nearly perfect woman. Who was it said that God Almighty took twenty years to make a perfect woman? It was true in this case, and the few extra years had added something else that may have been a disturbing element, but only deepened the charm. Her profile came against the dark lining of the boxes across the way; her head, like those of maidens in the Panathenæa procession, bent forward a trifle moodily; a small, pink, round ear was listening to the slow words of a youth directly at her back, and I thought the polished right shoulder—shoulders are immensely expressive sometimes—had a certain protesting turn to it. My admiration for this lovely vision had been open enough the winter before to warrant friends in retailing all the gossip of the summer in regard to her, particularly as to things I might be expected by no means to relish, and I sat wondering whether any of it was true and whether the abstracted look in her face had to do with what I had heard.

Finally I examined the youth. He proved to be a noted leader of cotillions, not born to New York, but already indispensable to young ladies and their mammas who give balls, rightfully esteemed, moreover, for his taste in flowers and the fitting up of boudoir and drawing-room. He, too, was worth examining. I could not but think how nice of him it was that he, like the young ladies his patrons and clients, should give so much time and pains to to his dress. Handsome to begin with, although not cast in any heroic mold, he was exquisite as a bouquet that comes from the florist's—exactly proportioned, just right in the arrangement of the flowers, sweet-smelling and fresh, with the ice water that artfully recalls dew glimmering neatly on rose and leaf. His face did not indeed sparkle, but it was fresh colored and the blonde mustache curled with exact care at the right number of inches below the suggestion of a curl on his white forehead. I envied heartily the perfect set of his coat, the unwrinkled line of his trowsers, and the little patent-leather shoe that coyly peeped below. The upper body was bent at just the right angle at the waist, creasing slightly the starched white waistcoat with gold buttons. A flower corresponding with the bouquet that she had laid on the edge of the box was in the lapel, and his gloved hands rested against each other lightly, yet with the motion of an appeal—an appeal belied, however, by the immobility of his face. I wondered if they were engaged, hoped they were not, and fortified the hope by reflecting that because they were alike in some things, because their names were connected, because it was to the world in all respects so fitting a match—just for those reasons they never would marry.

The act ended and I waited for him to move, but he would not budge, though he saw me well enough and knew who I was. I had to rise and talk over him. The warm look of friendship, the elaborate glance my friend gave round about for a chair for me, were not enough to move him. She was determined, however; seeing that, he rose and bowed himself out.

"Is it true?" said I, nodding in his direction. She looked away, frowned slightly, and said: "Take me round to Mrs. Norman's box; she is nearly alone and there is so much chattering here."

I reflected as we passed to the other box that last year she would not have dared to suggest even such an innocent thing as this. Once ensconced in the vestibule to the box of our kind chaperone a few questions brought a flood of news.

"I always told you that you have the gift of bringing confidences down on yourself. Well, yes, I am half engaged to that—to that—"

"Leader of cotillions" I said gravely.

She laughed. "He is more than that; but I am not in so much danger as you may think. It is a tribute to my vanity to know that he is devoted to me. He is very intimate with girls who make me feel that I do not belong to them and theirs; that I am not rich; that I do not dress, live, and talk like them. They invite me to their big balls, but not to their special dances—don't you know? And they ask him how his swimming-match girl is, because I was the best swimmer last year at Narragansett. But" (and here she heaved a sigh) "there is another."

"Great Heavens! a third?"

She eyed me with her candid orbs and forced a faint, faint smile.

"Come! You know I never reckoned you among my conquests. You are beyond—above me. I cannot imagine you among them, and somehow should be sorry to class you with them. You are apart; you are my father confessor."

"Go on, then, small penitent; perhaps after all I have heard of him too."

She gave me a wistful look out of large brown eyes, as much as to say, "Don't believe anything wrong of me that gossips may have reported," waited a little, with her lovely head on one side, and then said:

"Harry does lead the cotillion well, and he dances perfectly. Then at Narragansett he had his horses, and made me use one, though I told mamma it was not the right thing and would cause gossip. He monopolized every moment, and Jack—that's the other one—had to fight for half an hour's talk. But Harry doesn't care for swimming, and I do. So Jack and I saw each other a good deal on the beach. And even after we quarreled he would always swim out when I got into deep water, so as to be near in case I needed him. But of course I never took the slightest notice of him then."

"So, so! You quarreled! About the horses?"

"Well, yes. He was jealous—and said things—and wanted to know if I was engaged—and made himself disagreeable generally. It isn't pleasant to keep two men apart who hate each other mortally—and somehow—to like one better than the other, and yet neither altogether."

"Very hard, I doubt not," said I, and while saying it I was surprised to detect a bitterness in my tone.

"I understand what you mean," she said quickly, "but you don't know everything, and me least of all."

"I withdraw the least suspicion of irony you may have thought to detect in what I said."

"That is right; now you are my good old dear, to whom I can say anything I choose. Know, then, Haroun al Raschid," (I started at the playful name she used the winter before, when for about three weeks I lived a series of foolish Arabian Nights—until she cured me suddenly,) "know then, Haroun al Raschid, that I am sure I do love Jack after all, and would rather see his sulky face ten minutes than Harry all day long."

"Which can be taken two ways," quoth I to myself.

"I am ill and dispirited. Harry is deep in his cotillions; he leads to-night. By the way, you must go too; I will not hear no. And I believe he is questioning whether he is not throwing himself away on me. I sent a ticket to Jack, but I feel he won't come; he detests dancing and thinks Delmonico balls low—just imagine! There is no pride like a pauper's, is there?—but then I've been far from well for the last two weeks. Of course it cannot be love; nobody gets ill from love, you know; but all I can tell you is that I have been in a wretched frame of mind ever since I saw you last, and that your ugly old face was as welcome—as welcome—as a steamer chair to a drowning person—there!"

I bent formally enough over the little fragment of a hand stiff in its glove, and repressed a sigh. Ugly! I confessed I queer! And once, too, dreamed dreams which this marvel of youth and beauty never so much as suspected.

"I will go—and with your party—and you must give me one dance in the hall," I cried with all reasonable gayety. And go I did.

It was like other balls of the kind. There were the young women whom their own families "boom" as beauties, and those whom society at large has a convention to call beauties. There were those whom the reporters for some occult reason always push forward in the newspaper reports, and the belles from Boston and New Orleans who are not recognized as such in New York. There were the English people whom all other English say are considered quite second-rate in London. There was the big black crowd of men, the dlase and the timid, blocking stupidly the doorways, and there was that quick-eyed, quick-heeled, quick-motioned, but, alas, not quick-witted army of youths and men the size of youths, the reason for whose existence is a mystery.

Happy gnomes! who would begrudge you your unblushing assurance, your blithe frivolity?

Well, I would for one, whenever you sail off in the dance with a woman who looks as if she were made for great times, but whose mouth, full of pearls, never by any chance lets drop a pearl of speech, a woman who looks built to do good to others, but whose education by foolish parents, or whose ingrained nature, never leaves her room to think with pure unselfishness of any one but her lovely self! But hush, that is treason and heresy!

Talking staidly to dowagers on the dais and watching the atmosphere thicken with dust and perfumes and the fine emanations from whirling robes, I soon placed Jack, and recognized in him a stalwart young fellow who was too poor to belong to the giddy rout, but too proud not to be a gentleman.

I saw the whole tragedy: how he would steal a Saturday and Sunday from the sweltering town only to find Marion's time "taken" by the comparatively rich Harry during all his stay; how he became madly in love and madly jealous; how he fumed to Marion and threatened to beat Harry as soundly as the carpet of which he was knight; how Marion had to resent his foolish talk; how they quarreled, made it up, and buarreled to make it up heartily no more.

He followed her with his eyes, devouring the figure of one he considered lost, yet purposely stood so that she could not see him. To do her justice, she was on the lookout for him, and more than once stood irresolute, a beautiful statue of hesitation, mustering the black coats with the hope that he might shoulder his big way through the starvelings at the door. He saw it, too, confound him! and it gave him, I really believe, a mean sort of pleasure. Once or twice she waved a favor in my direction, but I bowed a negative and an apology. Then I saw Jack edge round to the head of the cotillion, and knew he meant to surprise her with a favor. He was not in the dance, but he had the right by courtesy to an extra turn, which any leader of the cotillion who is a gentleman at heart is glad to recognize in men who have no partners. He was about to take a favor from the rack, now almost denuded of its brilliant burden, when Harry came up. Harry had no partner, since the weight of cares on the shoulders of a leader is too great to make it possible for him to do his work thoroughly and attend to a companion.

Harry arrested his arm, and I saw Jack turn away with a black look that ought to have set Harry thinking. Jack strode over to Marion. I saw her rise, a little frightened, a little bewildered, and off they went entirely alone, just as Harry was about to start a new figure with other couples. He ran up to them to ask them to be seated, but Jack would not hear. Though his partner tried to stop, he carried her on. I could see the veins on his temples swell, and he danced so as to make Harry skip suddenly to one side in order to avoid a collision. Marion was so deadly pale that I sprang up and came to the edge of the dancing area in alarm. The train of her dress slipped from her hand and before Jack knew it the two were bound together by its folds in such a way that none but the most expert dancer could have saved them. Alas, Jack, if no novice, was more than out of practice; half a turn more, and both fell, luckily near the seated couples, but so that Marion struck heavily on the floor and chair. Jack was still more helpless, for his head came thud against another chair and he lay still.

I looked to see Harry rush forward to pick Marion up, but he seemed readier to run away. He was furious at this blemish on his cotillion. I expected to hear Marion call his name or that of Jack, for, in moments of fright and danger, is it not natural that affection should reveal itself? Instead of that, it was my name Marion called, and, obedient to the summons, she was in my arms and hurried into the ladies' dressing-room before half the room knew that anybody had been hurt. In the bustle incident on bringing Jack to his senses the fall of Marion was almost unnoticed.

I went the other day to Marion's wedding, rather giddy in mind, but I hope always as a philosopher. After all, what difference does it make whether the woman for whom you secretly cherished dreams as baseless as the clouds, marries Jack or marries Harry? If it is Jack, she gets a big, good-looking, manly, bull-dog sort of fellow, who will never give her luxury, but will be faithful and steadily loving. If she marries Harry, she will have a good share, and perhaps a large share, of luxury, few children, and a certain recognition as a minor light in the fashionable world. I could not help smiling underneath my face to remember Harry's look a few days after that ball, when he came into "Del's," as the gnomes of society call the restaurant of the swell mob. I regret to say that Jack had got in some pretty work on the faultless face, in vulgar truth had mauled poor Harry in a most brutal fashion with his fists, and Harry thought nobody could perceive the traces of that Homeric encounter.

Turning at the altar I see both of them behind me, reconciled, and turning back again, I listen in a dazed way to the clergyman, and awake to find myself in some inexplicable way, and by paths of which to this moment I can give no lucid explanation—Marion's husband.

Explained His Position.

[Arkansas Traveler.]

In the Arkansas Legislature. Member from Sawbuck County. "Mr. Speaker, you see while I was sorter dozin'—fur I hadn't slept none the night afore—I heard you fellers talkin' er about er hygene bill. I ain't ez well posted ez I mought be, and I kain't, like some uv the fellers, read ther constitution with one eye shet, but when it comes down ter known' what folks need, w'y I'm allus thar when the roll is called. I know the condition of uv my people ez well ez any man in the country, an' I know what they need an' what they don't need. I know that they need more sheep an' that they could make use uv er few more hogs; that they want a breed uv chickens an' some 'coon traps, but I'll be dinged—an' I say dinged advisedly, Mr. Speaker—if they need any uv yore hygene. They have lived all this time without it an' some uv them have grow'd putty fat, too, an' it ain't with while now to introduce fool tricks that they don't nothin' erbout.

Some time ergo thar come into our community a young lady from St. Louis an' she had on a high hat full uv feathers. At fust all our women folks laughed at her an' my daughter Nan and my wife Sue was 'specially tickled. 'Never mind,' says I, 'never mind, fur you'll be smilin' on that fool rig 'fore long.' Mr. Speaker, not more than a week went by until the women folks built their Sunday hats a few stories higher an' begun to stick feathers in them, an' one day when I come from mill I never heard sich er squallin' in my life. I drapped a bag uv meal an' rushed into the smoke-house, an' I wish I may die dead ef thar wan't my daughter Fan an' my wife Sue er snatchin' the feathers outen my dominicker rooster's tail. 'My gracious, mur,' says I, grabin' her by the caliker, 'what in the name uv common sense air yer doin'?'

"'Git outen my way,' she howled an' made a dive at the rooster that got loose frum her.

"'Mur, mur,' I cried, agi'n grabin' her by the caliker, 'wait er minit till the situation sorter cools off.'

"Then my daughter Nan grabbed the rooster an' ez he was squallin' fur musey that never come ter him, she robbed him uv his last tail feather. 'Nan,' says I, with a strong solution uv sadness in my tone, 'that chicken cost me er half er dozen uv' seed peas an' er setin uv guinea algs, an' now you've dun stripped him uv his manly beauty. What made you do it, Nan?'

"Then my wife Sue fluttered me. 'Do you think,' says she, 'that we air goin' ter live like heathens with little old low hats without no feathers on 'em? Wall, I'll give you to understand, sir, that we ain't goin' ter do no sich ur thing,' an' with that she made a furious dive at er old hen that had come up ter see what was the matter an' cotched her, an' snatched out her tail feathers. Mr. Speaker, I wush you could er seed my daughter Nan an' my wife Sue when they went ter church the next Sunday. They had on feathered headgear as tall as a churn, an' I'll be blamed—I say blamed advisedly, Mr. Speaker—if my bay mare didn't git skeered at 'em, run away with the carryall, and smash it all to pieces. This, sir, explains why I am opposed to anything new. Mr. Secretary, when the time comes jest put me down ag'n that hy-hy-hygine bill."

Her Hospitality.

[Detroit Free Press.]

"These mountaineers are the most hospitable people on earth. It is a rude but genuine hospitality. They would share their last loaf with a stranger within their gates. The latch-string hangs out for all."

We were riding down a steep Rocky Mountain trail, my friend Clate and I, when Clate made the remark quoted. He was enthusiastic over the noble traits of the honest miner and mountaineer. Certain experiences of my own had made me skeptical on the subject.

At the base of the mountain stood a little log cabin.

"Now," said Clate, "I'll prove my theory. It's past dinner time and we're both hungry as wolves. I'll wager anything you like that we'll get a good square meal at that cabin free of charge."

Five minutes later we stood before the closed door of the cabin.

"Hello!" roared Clate.

There was no reply.

"Hello, I say!"

This time Clate rapped loudly on the door. There being no response he lifted the latch, and then the door swung open, showing the one within, although the cabin was evidently being occupied.

"All right!" cried Clate, cheerily. "Come on in, Ned, we'll forage 'round and see what we can find in the commissary. The folks won't care. They've left the door open on purpose for wayfarers like us to step in and help them selves. It's just like them. It's your Westerner who knows what true hospitality is."

Clate "foraged around" for some time, but all he could find was a piece of dry salt pork and a few potatoes.

"We'll help ourselves to what there is," said Clate cheerily. "You build a fire, Ned. We're welcome to what we've found, I'll bet on that, for—"

He stopped. A tall, lank, grim-visaged woman, with a leathern-looking face, suddenly appeared at a back door. She saw Clate, and yelled out:

"Drop them taters!"

"Why, madam, I—I—"

"You drop them taters!"

"We are strangers, you see, madam, and—"

"Drop 'em!"

A shotgun hung on the wall. She snatched it down, brought it to her shoulder with a jerk, and said:

"Drop them taters too quick."

Clate dropped them.

"Drop that pork."

Clate dropped it.

"Now you fellers git."

I had already got, but Clate, abashed and rebuked though he was, lingered until the shotgun was again pointed toward him and the woman said:

"Clear yourself! I'll learn you how to walk into a body's house and help yourself to one's vittles. That bacon and them taters ain't to be bought for love nor money, let alone et up by you uns fer nothin'. Now you light out!"

We "lit out," hungry and crestfallen, and Clate has been dumb ever since on the subject of Western hospitality.

MANUFACTURERS OF
Pearl Hominy & Hominy Grits

MILLERS OF NEW PROCESS MEAL
AND DEALERS IN
FLOUR, FEED & GRAIN.
4½ Street and Virginia Ave.

SOLE AGENT FOR PILLSBURY'S BEST.

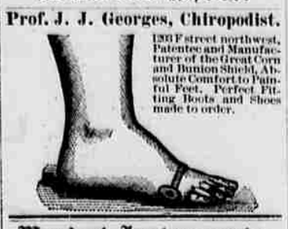
CEREAL, ROYAL GERM, OUR SUPERLATIVE, OUR NEW WEST.

MUSCATINE OAT MEAL AND ROLLED OATS.

CORRESPONDENCE AND PRICES FROM COUNTRY SHIPPERS SOLICITED.

Boots and Shoes.

Prof. J. J. Georges, Chiropodist.



1303 F street northwest, Patentee and Manufacturer of the Great Corn and Bunion Shield, Absolute Comfort to Painful Feet. Perfect Fitting Boots and Shoes made to order.

Musical Instruments.

EMERSON PIANO,
THE BEST MEDIUM-PRICED PIANO MADE. OVER 42,000 NOW IN USE.

Call and Compare with Other Makes of Pianos Before Purchasing.

Steck & Co.,
THE MOST PERFECT PIANO MADE.

Baus & Co.,
SUPERIOR ORCHESTRAL GRAND UPRIGHT PIANOS.

The Wilcox and White Organs
Are the Finest now in the Market, possessing Great Sweetness and Power, and Unequaled in Quality of Tone.

Catalogues to be had on application.

Pianos and Organs exchanged, repaired, tuned, boxed, stored, and for rent by the day, week, month, or year. Rent applies if purchased. Five cent Music. The only complete stock in the city.

HENRY EBERBACH,
de19-tf 915 F STREET, NEAR NINTH.

Insurance.

THE
Washington Beneficial Endowment Association
OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA,
HOME OFFICE,
No. 419 Tenth Street N. W.

Insurance by Assessment,
AND SOLD AS CHEAP AS IS CONSISTENT WITH SAFETY.

Amount of insurance carried Jan. 1, 1887, over $5,000,000
Number of Policies in force Jan. 1, 1887, 3,419
Number of deaths since organization, 1877 241
Amount of insurance paid to the widow or orphans $457,000

Ten Years of Success.

NOBLE D. LARNER, President.
ROBERT BALL, Vice President.
W. C. STEPHENSON, Treasurer.
ISAAC L. JOHNSON, Attorney.
R. B. DONALDSON,
WILLIAM H. GOODS,
THOMAS J. LUTTRELL,
THOMAS SOMERVILLE,
C. C. DUNCANSON.

Lawrence Gardner, Secretary.
F. S. PARKS, Assistant Secretary.
fe20-4t5

Sports.

MAHONY & CO.,
Marble Saloon,
HAS REOPENED FOR THE SEASON OF
1887.
BOOKS ON
New Orleans, Passaic, and Guttenburg Races.
Books Now Open on Suburban Handicap.
fe27-1mo8

THE
Washington Turf Exchange
HARRIS HOUSE,
ADJOINING NATIONAL THEATRE.
BOOKS ON ALL THE RACES,
New Orleans, Guttenburg, etc.,
And Are Prepared to Make Same on the
SUBURBAN HANDICAP
fe27-1mo8

Medical.

PENNYROYAL PILLS
'CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH."
The Original and Only Genuine. Safe and always Reliable. Beware of worthless imitations. Indispensable to LADIES. Ask your Druggist for "Chichester's