THE FIRST NEGRO REGIMENT.

IT WAS RAISED IN NEW ORLEANS FOR THE CONFEDERACY.

Free Men of Color Ready in 1861 to Fight for the South—Story Recalled by a Recent Discovery— Never in Active Service—Why It Was Mustered Out.

NEW ORLEANS, May 9.—Some War Department officials were considerably surprised a few days ago, while compiling the list of soldiers who served during the civil war, to discover that a regiment of negroes had been mustered into the Confederate service from New Orleans.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Nor did the colored men who took part in the organization of the negro regiment for the Confederate service have any share in the organization of the Republican party in Louisiana and in the period of Reconstruction—and it is unfortunate for the negroes that they did not. They were men of property, many of them of education, and they might have led their people in a much better course than the negro gamblers, bootblacks, barbers and stable boys who joined the carpetbaggers to install the horror known as Reconstruction.

The free men of color would never have permitted the excesses which followed, for they were generally friendly to the whites. Only one of the organizers and officers of the Confederate Native Guards, Arnold Bertonneau, took part in post-bellum politics. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1868, which gave Louisiana its first Reconstruction Constitution.

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

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

TIPPLING IN NEW ORLEANS.

Lots of Sweetness and Originality in the Creole Town's Mixtures.

From the Chicago Post.

Once upon a time there was a gentle, sad-eyed stranger who started out to do New Orleans bibulously. This beginning has the suggestion of one of Mr. Ade's illustrative fables, but it is an o'er true tale. The gentle stranger had begun the day with two cups of a native beverage known as dripped coffee, and he felt the need of a counter irritant; so he stepped blithely in and took unto and into himself a sazerac cocktail. Then he took another, and lo, he was organized. The sazerac cocktail bears the same relation to other cocktails which the lion sustains to the sportive and innocent lamb. Its ingredients are a mystery, but there is no uncertainty as to its results, and it is warranted to produce a carnival which renders lustreless the pyrotechnical display of Shrove Tuedsay.

Having reduced himself to a condition bordering on utter irresponsibility through the fierce reckiessness aforesaid, the stranger rested for a few minutes and then applied himself to a gin fizz. The New Orleans gin fizz is a sirenlike composition and is commonly designated in the feminine gender. Relatively it is harmless, and it is the drink which is sought after by ladies from the North whose distinguishing emblem is not a white ribbon. I do not know how many would constitute a safe sufficiency, but their delicacy and fearlessness would suggest the experience of the German fellow citizen who admitted that he drank sixty or seventy glasses of beer a day without injury, but could not tell how it would be "if a man should make a hog of himself."

Confining himself to the indigenous products, the stranger next applied his energies to a mint julep. Now, like the gin fizz, the New Orleans julep is immeasurably superior to its Northern sister. As time is never very pressing in this agreeable locality, the courteous bartender devotes five or ten minutes to the proper preparation of this soothing mixture, and when he has finished he presents to the enraptured gaze something which strongly suggests in its general make-up one of Mme. What's-Her-Name's very best Easter confections. It seems, indeed, a pity to destroy the symmetry and grace of this noble structure, but this is the stranger's busy day, and it is he not investigating the resources and peculiar charms of the sunny South? The julep joins its fellows.

In the regular order of business it is now time for the absinthe frappé, and again the stranger is called on to marvel at the possibilities of human skill and patience. In the North a person takes absinthe very much as a child takes paregoric; for the grown-up child paregoric is preferable, though the taste is similar. But in New Orleans one begins to understand how the absinthe habit is easily acquired, and how the devil, who can take many pleasing shapes, puts himself into the pale green liquid which brings an ecstatic shutting of the eyes and a blissful moistening of the throat. Hence I was not surprised when I asked an old inhabitant the precise absinthe hour to have him reply: "Any old hour."

The native will tell you that the day's experiments are not complete without a roufignac, and by this time you are ready for any reasonable suggestion in the way of acquired knowledge. But the roufignac is the first and only distinct disappointment. It seems to be merely an old-fashioned whiskey toddy, with about 40 per cent. of a sickening syrup. They tell me that some years ago New Orleans was graced by the presence of a gentleman of the name of Roufignac. I don't recall who he was or what he did, but it appears that when he died he bequeathed to his country the beverage which bears his name, and departed full of glory and veneration. Personally, I cannot see that he is entitled to anything save execration, but possibly I am prejudiced.

After taking a roufignac, in addition to other troubles, it might be well to consult a reputable physician, but if you will listen to the advice of a fine old Southern gentleman to whom I once put the inquiry as to his opinion of the virtues of straight whiskey, you will save a doctor's fee. "When you have taken a little mo' on bo'd than the law allows, you will find straight whiskey an excellent thing to sober up on." So here you have it—an expert opinion from an artist, practically established by years of experience. Now do you feel after you have done New Orleans from the point of view of what the society editors call "a well-known club man?" Well, the experimenting stranger will tell you that you will feel as if you had swallowed three pounds of chocolate creams. The principal ingredient of New Orleans drinks is sugar, which, perhaps, is not surprising considering the proximity of the sugar coast.

THE NEWEST RUSSIAN SAINT

ALL THE EMPIRE ACCLAIMS THE HOLINESS SSERAFIM.

A Simple Hermit and Counsellor of the People Who Died, Seventy Years Ago —Czar Joined in the Demand for His Canonization Soon to Take Place.

The small Russian stores in this city, of which there are about a dozen on the lower East Side and up in Harlem, are doing a rushing business in gaudily colored images of the new saint whose canonization has been decreed by the Holy Russian Synod and approved by the Czar.

The canonization will take place at the Ssarowskaja Monastery in the province of Tambow, where the remains of the holy man selected for this rare honor are buried. It will be an affair of national proportions, attended by the Sovereign in person and drawing pilgrims from every nook and corner of the vast empire. A week will not suffice to complete the ceremonies proper, and the pilgrimage of worshippers will continue for months and months, until hundreds of thousands have acquired merit by kissing the grave of the saint.

Among those present at the canonization will probably be Bishop Tychon of Alaska, the head of the Russian Church in North America, who is now in this city attending the national convention of the Greek Orthodox Mutual Benefit Society of the United States. He will sail for Russia on May 28 and expects to stay in his native country long enough to take part in the great event at Tambow.

The Russian Church is chary of the high posthumous honors it is in its power to bestow. During the last century only three new names were added to the list of Holy Miracle Workers, as the saints are called. One canonization toook place in 1821, the next in 1866 and the last one in 1897. In each of these cases the honored member of the church had been dead for centuries. The present case is an exceptional one, as the man to be declared a saint died only seventy years ago. He was in his lifetime known only as Brother Sserafim, a simple hermit living near the Ssarowskaja Monastery.

Brother Sserafim had in his day an influence and a reputation with the Russian people equalling, although not surpassing, that now enjoyed by the famous Father John of Cronstadt. But while Father John is a man of action, a soul-stirring preacher who converts the crowds by thousands and sways them by his voice as if they were ears of grain bending to the wind, Brother Sserafim was a mystic and an ascetic. He gained fame at first through his holy life only. As his fame spread and pilgrims began to appear, he earned a new reputation as adviser in worldly matters as well as in things spiritual; as helper and as counsellor.

When Father John confesses, thousands kneel side by side before him. Moved almost to hysterics by his appeals, they shout their crimes and vices, and the volume of sound is so mighty that nobody is able to hear what his nearest neighbor says. Brother Sserafim received one at a time those who came to see him. He took full confession from each who cared to give it, listened patiently to all the complaints, and finally gave his view as to what should be done. It is recorded, even by sceptics, that the advice given by Brother Sserafim was to the point as a rule and was attended by success if followed.

They explain his success in various ways. His power over all who came in contact with him was the result of a rarely magnetic nature and received further strengthening from the man's intense sincerity of purpose. Beyond this, they say that the constant opportunity given to him of looking into the most secret nooks of the human heart gradually developed in him a power of reading human nature that bordered on the miraculous. To-day, if his achievements had been made public, Brother Sserafim would have been declared the greatest spiritualist that ever lived. To the simple-minded Russian peasants he was a saint, and when he died they wandered to his grave as they had formerly wandered to his cell when he was alive.

As the years passed without any abatement in the freshness of his memory in the minds of the peasants, rumors grew that miracles had been performed at his grave. The rumors became so strong at last and the reverence shown by the people to the memory of the holy man continued to grow at such a rate that the Holy Synod found it wise to take cognizance of the matter.

The preliminaries leading up to the beatification and canonization of a new saint are pretty much the same in the Greek Catholic Church as in the Roman Catholic Church. The principle difference seems to be that the Russian Church pays more attention to evidence furnished by the laity. The Holy Synod appointed a special commission in 1894 for the purpose of investigating the claims of Brother Sserafim to a place among the saints. The commission went to Ssarovsk and spent two years gathering evidence.

It reported then that ninety-four authentic cases of miracles performed at the grave of the holy man had been put on record. Yet the canonization did not follow and it might not have come for years had not the Czar given heed to the wishes of the people and interested himself in the matter. When the birthday of Brother Sserafim was celebrated all over Russia in 1902, the day having practically the character of a national holiday, the Czar received representatives of the higher clergy in audience and expressed to them a strong wish that the saintly character of the Ssarowskaja hermit be recognized as soon as possible.

The Czar is the head of the Russian Church. The hint he dropped did not fail to have the desired result. The official press organ of the synod made haste to publish the news that the Czar shared the belief of his people in the holiness of Sserafim. Early this year the synod submitted a report to the effect that the remains must be regarded as holy relics and he himself counted one of the blessed, as it had been proved to the satisfaction of the synod that miracles were constantly being performed at his grave. The Czar added his approval in these words:

"Read with feelings of sincere joy and deep emotion."

The message was published broadcast and repeated in every peasant hut in Russia, where already the portrait of the new saint had occupied a place of honor among the images of the Holy Virgin, the Czar and Father John of Cronstadt. The Czarina gave out of her private funds the means needed to provide a magnificent sarcophagus of enamelled gold and silver, which is to be placed in the Ssarowskaja Monastery and which for the future will hold the remains of the saint.

The Metropolitan of Moscow will probably officiate at the canonization. A dozen Bishops and a small army of clergyman of lower degree are to assist him. The services will continue night and day for weeks. It is expected that the pilgrims coming from all parts of the country to attend them will number hundreds of thousands.

Nobody who has not been in Russia can understand the interest aroused by an event of this kind. Peasants will sell out all they have and move with their entire families to the spot where the holy event is to occur. Everybody is swept along by a storm of religious enthusiasm, and worldly considerations are forgotten to an extent that would be impossible in an Occidental country.

One of the first services to be held, and one of the most solemn on the programme, will be a day-long requiem mass for the repose of the soul of Sserafim, the mere man. As such he has still been living until that day. His canonization marks a second death, which leaves nothing of the mortal and infirm behind. The remains of the saint are then taken out of their present humble grave, where they have been perfectly preserved. The bishops wash and anoint the body and put it into the coffin which is to hold it hereafter.

The services around the grave then continue, with singing and burning of incense and praying, until the moment comes for the canonizaton. The coffin, or rather the relic case containing the remains, is then carried in solemn procession from the old grave to the place chosen for the sarcophagus. Both spots are probably within the monastery, but the way of the procession is a long one. Every church in the city has to be visited. In each of them the relic is set down for a short while, and services are held in its honor. Thus the final resting place is reached.

The clergy head the procession and surround the relic. After them follow the Czar and the Czarina, the members of the royal family, the high Government officials and the nobility. Then come the people, in bare feet, with lighted candles in their hands; thousands upon thousands of men and women all the time are muttering fervent prayers to the holy Sserafim that he may intercede for them at the throne of the Lord.

The services close with a Te Deum in honor of the new saint, marking, so to speak, his second birth as one of the host of holy Miracle Workers. As the pilgrims who are happy enough to be present at the canonization leave the city others arrive, and for months after the great event the place will be crowded with visitors.

MAY BE MADE A BISHOP.

Chaplain Fitz Gerald May Get a Philippine Appointment.

A letter from Manila announces that at the recent meeting of the native clergy held in Manila the Rev. Father Edward H. Fitz Gerald, D. D., Chaplain in the United States Army, was chosen for Bishop of the see of Jaro or Vigan, and the qreseut for his appointment forwarded to the Vatican.

Father Fitz Gerald distinguished himself at the battle of San Juan Hill, when for thirty hours he labored, in the capacity of a priest, on the firing line. With his hands raised in the act of giving absolution to a dying soldier, he received a shot in one of his palms, but he proceeded to the end of the ceremony without faltering.

Later he was ordered to the Philippine Islands, where he became the Chaplain of the Twenty-second United States Infantry.

BRAYED IN FRONT OF SCHOOL.

Effort to Change the Route of Aunt Nancy and Her Donkey.

Principal Hoyt of Public School 8 in Franklin street, Jersey City, has asked the police to request Mrs. Nancy Watkins, a 300-pound negress, who drives a donkey for a merchant, not to drive past the school building while the classes are in session. The donkey brayed in front of the school Friday afternoon and the boys and girls giggled.

They were reproved by their teachers, but imediately afterward Aunt Nancy's donkey brayed again, and the pupils laughed uproariously.

Several youngsters were kept in after school for trying to imitate the animal.

INDIANS IN DIVORCE COURT.

The South Dakota Red Men Think It's a Great Institution.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Forbidden by the Indian Bureau to use red paint or to wear gaudy blankets, the Indians of South Dakota have accepted one of the tenets of civilization with much joy. They divorce. They believe now this is the only good law the white man ever made, and so heartily are they entering into the spirit of obtaining divorces that if the present increase continues more divorces will be granted to Indians than to whites.

Without respect for any of the orders of the Indian agent or the laws of the United States, the Indian has become convinced that the divorce court was inaugurated in order that he might have as many wives as he wishes. Oacoma is the divorce paradise for the Indians. In the last year more than sixteen applications have been filed, while a year ago an Indian divorce was unheard of.

Wearing a huge sombrero, greasy and dirty, with a pair of overalls flapping about his ankles, and a blue-checked cotton jumper, soiled from weeks of wear, a strapping Sioux buck walked into a lawyer's office and demanded a divorce.

"Eagle Boy here," said "Frenchy," the interpreter, indicating the Indian, "wants divorce from Pipe Eagle Boy."

"Ugh!" grunted the Sioux in approval.

"He say Pipe Eagle Boy a wildcat, scratch and bite," continued the interpreter in English. "He say he go to his wigwam and find no Pipe Eagle Boy. The moon sets and the sun rises, but Pipe Eagle Boy no come home."

Stepping forward excitedly, the Sioux held up one hand and, turning down one finger at a time until he had indicated six, grunted a guttural monosyllable to his interpreter.

"Eagle Boy say Pipe Eagle Boy have six husbands before she marry him," said the interpreter.

The lawyer then filed an application for divorce for Eagle Boy, alleging that Pipe Eagle Boy had too many husbands when she married Eagle Boy.

Burnt Prairie, a "cheap much" warrior of the Cheyennes, testified proudly in court recently that he had thirty-six wives and wanted to divorce the thirty-sixth because she was lazy and did not provide a suitable quantity of food for him. He secured the divorce on the ground of "cruelty and neglect, and incompatibility of temper."

The Government officials and missionaries have demanded that the Indians marry according to the laws of the State. The Indians protested that tribal marriages were all right, but the Government insisted and the Indians learned the divorce attachment to South Dakota laws. Now they will be married in no other way. It is the proud boast of every Indian that he was married by a "minister," as every civil official authorized to perform marriages is called by them.

The Indians point with pride to other bucks who have had four or five wives and been freed from them by law. Formerly, when an Indian tired of a squaw he sold her to some other Indian for a pony, a blanket, or a bag of flour. Now he divorces her.

KENTUCKY JUSTICE.

How a Murder Case Jury Evened Up With a Chicken Thief.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

Former Governor W. O. Bradley says that one never knows what a jury will do. "Juries are just as uncertain as kicking mules," he declared. "A lawyer never knows what may influence a juror's mind, and too frequently matters other than the law and the facts in a case determine verdicts."

The former Governor was entertaining a group of friends in the lobby of one of the hotels in Louisville. Warming up to his subject he continued with great emphasis. Said he:

"Down in my county years ago a fellow was accused of manslaughter, and he came to me and employed me to defend him. At first it looked like the poor devil had a bad case, but after I had heard his story I became convinced that he would have no difficulty in proving that he shot in self-defence. I went into the trial with a determination to get him off. I felt that he was being grossly mistreated and unjustly accused, and I had the evidence on which I based my opinion. I will venture to say there was not a man, woman or child who heard the testimony who believed that my client was guilty, and from a study of the jurors' faces I had brought myself to believe that they were just as strongly convinced that he was innocent.

"I made my argument, and I don't believe I ever spoke with more earnestness and more feeling. The Court ordered the jury to retire and make a verdict, and I sat in my seat, believing it wouldn't take them long to agree. I turned to my client and said: 'They will be back here in fifteen minutes, and you will be acquitted.'

"There was a rap on the door of the jury room and the jurors filed into the court room. The foreman handed the verdict to the clerk, who read: 'We, the jury, find this defendant guilty and fix his punishment at ten years at hard labor in the State penitentiary.'

"I was simply shocked. I walked out of the court house and the first man I met was the foreman of the jury. 'Tom,' said I, 'what in thunder did you mean by making such a verdict as that? Don't you know that the law and the evidence did not warrant any such verdict?'

"He called me to one side and said: 'Bill, I'll tell you about that feller. He's been stealin' mules and chickens in my neighborhood for ten years. We've known all the time that he was guilty, but he was so slick we couldn't get the proof on him. I told them fellers on the jury about him and we all just agreed that we would soak it to him while we had a good chance. So we just give him ten years.'

FURNISHING IN THE COUNTRY.

THE HOME CAN BE MADE ARTISTIC AT SLIGHT COST.

Denim as a Decorative Material—Utility Boxes and How They Can Be Made Ornamental as Well as Useful—Shelves, Wall Decorations and Draperies.

Few women really understand the value of denim, a material which costs only from 12 to 15 cents a yard, of utilizing which there are any number of pretty ways. For country houses nothing is more decorative. With taste it can be made a furnishing for a whole room—in the dressing of walls, as a border for a rug, in upholstery for windows and doors and a covering for tables, couches and pillows.

For a blue room this texture fills an ample need. In decorating draperies or hanging, each one may have a side border of some conventionalized flower, as a lily or dogwood blossom, laid in with a Chinese white water color, with spindle leaves of the same white shade. When the painting is perfectly dry, it should be outlined with a heavy white silk or a white linen thread. The centre of the blossom should be copied after the natural flower, making, when finished, a dainty scheme for any room.

This same design can be carried out as a border for a couch or a pattern for the centre of the pillows. The denim chosen should be a rich shade of medium blue of a fine quality and edged with a thick heavy cream lace four or five inches wide, or a white fringe, knotted or plain.

Utility boxes are now considered indispensable for every room. Among fashionable schemes they are constructed so as to make a window seat running along the line of the wall underneath the sills. The top is heavily padded, the whole covered with a corduroy in blue and green, or a cretonne of flowery pattern, or, if preferred, an ooze leather of some well selected shade. A substantial affair is made of oozo, in a rich tan color, the lower part finished with gilt nails, while the cover is fire-etched in some design to match the prevailing scheme.

The inside of the bag is lined with a good cretonne divided into sections. If utilized for a dining room it is a stowaway place for table cloths, napkins or decorative linen, as the case may be. As an extra bed or lounging place it can be fitted up with pillows in all the different shades of brown and tan, making an artistic place as well as a useful need for town or country homes.

Time was when a closet was an unsightly object in a room. Now it forms one of its best ornamentations. In some of the new houses the closet doors are made on the old Colonial plan. The knobs are of clear white glass, cut in diamond shape, fitted into a close nickel plated setting. At the top of this framework is a motto, suitable for the room, carved in wood. For a dining room, "Let good digestion wait on appetite." In a bedroom we find, "East or West, home is best."

For those not so fortunate in up-to-date closet doors, the door itself is taken off and in its place is hung a curtain on a medium-sized pole of ash, gilt or cherry. In selecting draperies for this purpose cretonne in some subdued tint is best, because it is easily renovated when soiled. For a dining room where china and glass find a place, the drapery should be hung from the second shelf instead of the first, leaving the upper one as a decorative focus for china in any of the tones of color preferred.

Sewing rooms are always a feature in a country home. As a general thing they are on the third floor. A woman wishing to make it a restful tone dressed here in a light blue, believing that tint alone acted as a tonic to the nerves, for the walls there was a cartridge paper of medium blue, the ceiling a moiré effect of delicate cream. The floor covering was an art square of an all-over tint of conventional blue. As a border the plain denim did excellent duty for the scheme. For the keeping of articles to be made, as summer work, there were three generous size, white boxes covered in a blue and white cretonne finished with gilt nails and brass handles.

Near a window stood a machine, nearby a cutting board, and here and there hooks for small bags which held cottons and buttons, tapes and other sewing materials. And behind a door was a big denim receptacle for scraps and pieces. The windows had sash curtains of swiss, with deep frills of the same, tied back with blue ribbons. In the outside window sill was a box of flowering plants, and tiny green ferns, making a garniture effect for the whole.

As a furniture upholstery the tapestry design still holds its own. The popular colors are the autumn tints, combined with spring greens. To accompany these appointments, the floor cushion is to the front again. These long pillows are heavily padded and the entire length of the sofa or divan and are often finished with a fringe of the same complementary colors. These tapestries are of various patterns; in one we find a medley of autumn hues, in another a Watteau effect of some garden scheme cleverly portrayed. These fabrics are peculiarly suitable for a library where the wall paper has a showing of the same individual design.

A decorative focus for a dining room is when a number of shelves ornament the mantel. They are made of white wood and closed in at each end, and are ebonized or painted in tones of hunter's green deep and broad running the entire length of the fireplace. As a special treatment the mantel is covered with a fail-over of oriental textures or a satin brocade, as preferred. From the top shelf is hung a silken curtain which falls in gathered folds at each side.

These shelves are adorned with china of various makes. The top is made effective by teapots of different wares, the second shelf with tête-à-tête sets, while the third looks exceedingly well when furnished with cups and saucers held in place by wire stands suitable for the purpose. Care should be taken that the colors do not clash and that the shelves should not be overcrowded. If desired, narrower shelves can be added, decorated on either side by a pretty water color artistically fram d.

In a bathroom where space is limited and where for toilet purposes is no running water, a pretty washstand can be improvised to suit all purposes. Two shelves of good pine can be fastened to the wall by iron brackets and large enough to hold all the articles necessary in making a toilet. The upper one has an opening for the pitcher and basin. The other shelf is a convenience for medicine and other bottles necessary to be at hand when needed. From the first shelf is hung a curtain of Swiss or scrim on a slender gilt rod which hides the contents of the lower shelf, making at the same time a dainty treatment for the whole. Above this stand are a number of heavy gilt rods, which set out from the wall and are useful for the holding of a bath mat and towels, wash cloths, &c. These pine boards may be painted in any bright color preferred, either in a cream white, a French grey, or a delicate tone of sage. The Swiss hanging may run around all three sides or only in the front as the case may be.

The perfect kitchen is one seldom found and for the small one many hints can be given. If small and if it has only one window this should be painted in a very bright tone, if large and airy the woodwork and walls may be a little darker. The floor should be painted in some two or perhaps three coats and then allowed to harden. After a month has passed it can be wiped up weekly with a cloth dipped lightly in kerosene.

If possible have a corner closet somewhere. It can be built by a carpenter and painted by some member of the family. Its drawers are for the holding of towels, ironing sheets, work aprons, &c., while the shelves supply a place for dainties stored up for winter use.

If space is limited a very cosey china closet can be made by placing some three or four good pine shelves of narrow width against a closet door. These shelves fit tightly the frame work, and are covered with an oilcloth, pinked on the edge, in either white, brown or blue.

Along each shelf there can be a brown wooden picture rail fastened securely with big tacks. This holds the kitchen china the tints which the pottery gives acting as a bit of color for this everyday working room. Among useful contrivances is a large and roomy ironing board which, when not in use, forms a seat. Generally it is equipped with one large drawer for the keeping of holders, wax, &c.

In kitchen comforts above the stationary washtubs may be placed two wooden shelves, painted the same color as the wall, and dressed with a white shelf paper or a figured oilcloth in any of the well-known tints. The upper shelf may have a muslin curtain hung on rings to a narrow wooden rod. These shelves are for the holding of large platters, salad bowls, tureens for soup and sauce.

To give a pretty effect to a room where a low ceiling exists, over each door can be a narrow shelf on which a number of dainty objects are placed. If a window admits of this treatment this shelf can be carried around the room just on a line of the picture rail. If a room is furnished in yellow the decorative features should be of the same color. If red, the same scheme should be employed.

In all furnishings care should be taken that a harmony should be preserved. Green is now considered best for a study or library because of its restfulness to the eyes. For bedrooms pink and yellow are much in vogue. For the drawing room white and gilt are much in fashion, also the pastel shades in brown, mauve and French gray.

For the dining room red is the tint greatly in fashion. But where the room is a southern exposure cool effects of green are decidedly the best. Blue is charming, if the tone is wisely chosen, in cheap as well as rich materials.

GREEN WHISKERS? SURE.

Keswick, Cal., Is Full of 'Em, and Their Owners Won't Shave.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

Keswick, Shasta county, has gained fame and notoriety in more ways than one. In the first place, its great smelter has given California high rank among the copper-producing States of the nation. Above the great hive where 1,500 men work in shifts through every hour of the twenty-four there hangs always a pall of black smoke which can be seen for many miles. With the glow of the furnaces and roasters reflected upon it, this pillar of cloud by day becomes a pillar of fire by night, and the sight has few equals. Then Keswick is Leafless Town, for the sulphur fumes have licked up every blade of grass and every hardy weed and caused the trees within a radius of nearly a mile to shrivel, die and quickly rot away.

Black whiskers, red whiskers, white whiskers, pink whiskers—all the endless shades from umber to maroon—are common enough. But green whiskers will startle you at a glance, that is if you go to Keswick, for so far as is known you might go about everywhere else in the world and run no danger of being startled in this most remarkable way. Keswick hardly appreciates its distinction: Keswick is so used to green whiskers. And it is not as if some human oddity had come, like a purple cow into the herd, to Keswick, but there are scores of men there whose hirsute appendage is absolutely and unmistakably green.

You will meet an elderly man in overalls and jumper coming down to the smelter gate with his lunch pail in his hand about time for the whistle to blow for change of shift. He is an intelligent, evenly balanced workingman, anything but a freak, and yet his flowing beard is about as green as sage green is a play. If you bow he will lift his hat to you and you will further observe that the fringe of thin locks about his bald spot is almost the same emerald as his beard. Here comes a husky fellow with red cheeks. Under his pudgy nose there flares a fine mustache, and it is so green that it makes a striking contrast with his cardinal jowls. He is the last man in the world whom you would expect to find in the dye-room of the hairdresser's. These two green-whiskered workers are but the advance guard of a small army who begins to arrive presently.

The fact that all the green-whiskered and green-haired citizens of Keswick file in at the same gate gives a key to the mystery. It is what happens after they pass in through the gate before they emerge again eight hours later, which makes them green. Many members of that little army are "roaster stiffs," and all work about the open-air ore roasters, and in places where the heavy calcine smoke is continually streaming over them.

The calcine acts upon every hair that it touches and after a time the worker finds that his whiskers and his hair are changing their colors. Of course the dye shows quickest on whiskers, because they are more exposed than the hair under the worker's hat, and gray or white whiskers naturally show the emerald tint quickest of all. The Irishman's auburn whiskers offer resistance for a time. Then a full red beard will have faint traces of various tints of the rainbow. At length the green claims its own.

Oddly enough it is the workmen whose work keeps them where their whiskers will change color who seem fondest of wearing beards. The calcine worker, as a rule, has whiskers. No other department of the smelter has—or had before the strike—so great a percentage of whiskered men in it. And there is reason for this. The "roaster stiff" will tell you that it is a good deal better to grow whiskers and give them over to the calcine than it is to shave clean and at length come to have a complexion of a decidedly greenish tint. Many of the men are content to wear a Santa Claus mask of green in order to save their skins.

The green is a good deal less than a scar, because it is permanent only while the owner of the whiskers is working in the fumes. Let him keep away from the calcine for a month or so and sunshine and simple treatment will bring back the hue that nature meant. Or he can shave the green crop and bring out a fresh lot of another color.

CABINET MEETINGS INFORMAL.

Many a Good Story Told Around the Council Board.

From the Chicago Inter Ocean.

There has been a good deal of fiction about the Cabinet meetings for many years. There seems to be a very general impression abroad that the Cabinet meetings are like the sessions of Congress or those of the Supreme Court; that the President calls the meetings to order and presides during the deliberations, acting as a moderator, while the Secretaries bring forward the business of their various departments, consider it, and then vote as to what shall be done. Nothing could be farther from the truth than this.

Salmon P. Chase, after serving four years in President Lincoln's Cabinet as Secretary of the Treasury, said in one of his letters to a friend that he had never attended what might be called a business meeting of the Cabinet. They met twice a week then, as now, and talked sometimes about the war and sometimes about matters that had no relation to official business. Sometimes the President would open the meeting with a story, and the members of the Cabinet would also tell stories. That is the situation today.

President McKinley was prompt about the hour of the Cabinet meeting, and always entered the Cabinet room at 11 o'clock, but he did not always begin by bringing up business matters. There were often a few minutes of social chat, and perhaps a story, and then he would ask if any member had any question he wished to bring up for general consideration. There were some prolonged and tedious Cabinet meetings then, for there were members who loved to talk and thought that their talk influenced the Administration, but it did not. Important questions were decided in private conferences between the President and Secretary whose department had charge of that question.

Only once during the McKinley administration was a question put to vote in the Cabinet. That was on the Cuban message to Congress. The President had prepared a peace message, but the temper of Congress was for war. The message was read to the Cabinet and each member was invited to express his views. They did so and they were evenly divided. But the President had decided to change his message and voted with the war party. He wrote a new message which went to Congress and satisfied the country and ended the Cuban question by driving Spain out of the island.

President Roosevelt does not always enter the Cabinet room on time. He is so energetic and surrounded by so many callers from Congress that he often forgets that his Cabinet is waiting for him. He enters the room and asks about the business of the various departments as a matter of form, gives his views briefly and lets the Secretary settle it or come to him for more extensive conference at some other time. There are no long-winded debates with every member expressing his views and questions the President or his own work and on which his opinion is of no particular value. The Cabinet meetings are more often social gatherings than business meetings.

*SCHWARTZ IN A HURRY TO QUIT