

The Hill We Held for HOOKER

By JOSEPH MILLS HANSON

WE'D formed our guns for action, for they'd started on the right
Where Sykes had bumped on Jackson and their lines
had clinched at sight.

While we waited there for Longstreet, who never missed a fight.
An aid-de-camp in shirt sleeves came lovin' up the hill,
"You hold this line for Hooker!" he yells at Captain Bill,
"And mind you hold it longer than you did at Gaines's Mill!"

Old Captain Bill made answer: "You boys must have your fun,
But we didn't break at Gaines's Mill all you chaps had run,
And we'll hold this hill for Hooker while we've men to work a gun."

Across the field below us ripped out the rebel yell
As Longstreet's line of battle came strakin' up the swell,
And we whipped the limbers closer and opened out with shell.

But shell was meat for Longstreet; he ate it with his bread,
And so we changed the menu to canister instead,
And when that didn't stop 'em we let the shrapnel spread.

We pounded 'em to jelly, but the jelly wouldn't jell—
The powder scorched their faces but they took it like the shell.
And then they reached our muzzles and tumbled through pell-mell.

It seemed we'd best be goin', with bayonets so near,
When through the woods behind us, there rolled a roarin' cheer,
And Captain Bill yelled, "Hold 'em! That's Hooker almost here!"

We fought between the sections just like a game of tag;
A Johnny jumped my field gun and waved a battle flag,
But I lammed him with the gunswab and dropped him like a rag.

They had forced us to the limbers, where the teams were
tangled thick,
And were pivoting our pieces to teach us our own trick,
When Hooker's boys came through us, deploying double-quick.

The Johnnies hung like bulldogs and faced us breast to breast,
But Longstreet's men were winded, while Hooker'd had a rest,
And when the smoke had lifted we Yankees held the crest.

And Hooker stopped to thank us, and then said Captain Bill:
"They thought we couldn't hold 'em, but General, here's your hill—
And I'd like to ask Jim Longstreet if we're quits for Gaines's Mill!"

—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Recall the Days of Sacrifice Fifty Years Ago

MORE than fifty years have passed since the North and South took up arms to begin the war which Secretary Seward had declared could not last ninety days. President Lincoln's first call was for 75,000 volunteers, and Jefferson Davis sent agents abroad to purchase 10,000 stand of arms. In 1861 that was as near as public opinion on both sides came to grasping the magnitude of the coming struggle.

It was little else than an armed mob that went streaming south in the early days of the war; it was little else than an armed mob that met those recruits, and the first battles were little else than heroic scuffles. But presently when the hurrah stage was passed and the sections had settled down to the grim business of war, there emerged from the chaos of camp and drill ground the finest armies that ever shook a continent with their tread.

And out of the first doubtful trials and experiments with political generals, lawyer colonels and adventurer captains, there came the foremost military leaders of the age—Lee, Grant, Jackson, Thomas, Sherman, Sheridan. The raw recruits who had scrambled out of the way of the bounding cannon balls on the field of Bull Run grew into the seasoned veterans who coolly pinned tags bearing their names to their shirts when they went to death against the "Bloody Angle" at Cold Harbor; who stormed the fire-spitting heights at Fredericksburg and took part in the murderous fighting at Gettysburg.

The more than 2,000,000 soldiers called to the tented field half a century ago are but a corporal's guard. Their marching line is thinned to file leaders and color bearers, a specter army of white-haired men that once a year on Memorial Day keeps step to the shrill of the old fife and the tap of the muffled war drums. Today the worn blue line, closed up over the gaps made in it by another year, again is marching to "the bivouac of the dead" to pay tribute to the fallen comrades. And beside it marches the worn line of gray.

These are the reminders to a new generation of that gigantic struggle that was fought out for the sake of ideals; of ideals on either side for which men freely laid down their lives.

"It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain."

John C. Ball, the pioneer shirt manufacturer of Troy, N.Y., is dead at his home at Watervliet at the age of 66 years. Mr. Ball sold the first custom made shirt manufactured in Troy. He was a native of Milton, Vt.

In its successful expedition to the South Pole, the Fram, under Captain Amundsen, was, it is stated, fitted with oil-burning engines, thus displacing the bulky coal fuel and giving much greater radius of action.

Present Generation Also Has Its Duties

MUCH will be written and said of the march to the rhythmic beat of the muffled drum of the decimating phalanx of war veterans in honor of whom, and more especially in honor of those comrades who have passed to eternity, the day has been set aside as a memorial.

All honor to the soldier dead. Sacred is their memory.

Great honor to the veterans who have been spared to us and whose presence should be an inspiration to better citizenship.

Tremendous was the cost of the war in human lives. Awful was the carnage, yet the result was a united nation and a greater nation.

The patriotism which inspired the great outpouring of troops in that wonderful war should be a central idea about which everything should cluster because it burns with patriotism.

It was the most wonderful demonstration of self-sacrifice for a nation's solidarity and honor the world has known.

It was a glorious achievement for principle, and every participant in that magnificent victory deserves more than a floral wreath upon his grave, or, if he be yet with us, more than a laurel wreath upon his brow.

Certainly we do not honor the veterans as we should!

One thing we should do to honor them, among others. We should seek to mold our lives into good citizenship inspired by those very principles for which they fought. Thus may we become the heroes in time of peace that they were in the dark years of war.

Today, as the old bugle blows its solemn and impressive taps over the graves of the soldier dead, let us honor their memory in action by making that inspiring taps a reveille—yes, a call to arms in the war against greed and oppression.

Memorial day!

Citizens, contemplate its true meaning. Honor the soldiers! Pay tribute to the heroes! Bow in honor before them, and be not unmindful of the duty which devolves upon you as one among many to whom those heroes of war have handed down this magnificent commonwealth as a heritage with its great duties and tremendous responsibilities.



Bennington is the first town in that county to start on the state road. As laid out, the road will run absolutely straight 2000 feet with not over a two per cent. grade.

Edward Walker, the nine year old son of Clinton J. Walker, of Brattleboro, was drowned recently in the trout pond in Wheatstone brook, back of Smith & Hunt's factory.

TRIBE IS ISOLATED

India Forbids Entrance of White Men to Abor Country.

Natives Occupy Slopes of Himalayan Range and Have Strange Mode of Living—Villages Are Well Fortified.

London.—The various sects comprising the Abor tribe may be said to occupy the slopes of the Himalayan range in the vicinity of the Dibong and Dihang rivers, tributaries of the great Brahmaputra as it debouches from the watershed which divides our territory in Assam from the regions of Tibet, says the Westminster Gazette.

Although Abors may at times be seen in the basars of Sadiya our advanced frontier post, no white man has as yet penetrated into the Abor country, the policy of the government of India being the rigid exclusion of one and all from this "no man's land" except the lawful owners. There are kindred tribes, viz., the Mishmi Abors to the east and the Daphla Abors to the west, which are more or less of a peaceful character; but the Bor Abors are of a very different nature.

The Daphla Abors are of somewhat small stature, but are very lithe and active, with very symmetrically shaped limbs. They are very scantily clad.

The Abor villages are built entirely of bamboo, and this most useful plant is also brought into use as a means of protection. Pieces of solid (male) bamboo are hardened to almost the density of steel by being placed in hot ashes; they are then sharpened at one end and stuck into the ground at an angle so as to wound the foot of an enemy daring to approach. These are called panjies, and are placed by thousands all round the villages and are generally concealed under leaves. These panjies are so strong and sharp that they will easily penetrate a soft boot or gaiter.

The narrow defiles or gorges leading to the villages are also guarded by huge howlders of stone, which are so placed that they can be dropped on the enemy at any moment as he advances.

The Abors are chiefly armed with bows and poisoned arrows (but nowadays it is said that many even have rifles or guns). Each man is also armed with a dhao, or long sharp knife, and carries on his back a flat basket for provisions.

Owing to the dense nature of the forest the climate is very damp and unhealthy, especially during the rainy season, when the streams and mountain torrents are very swollen and quite impassable. For this reason no expedition could be sent earlier than the cold season to punish the Abors for their cruel and treacherous massacre of Noel Williamson and Dr. Gregerson, with their party of 25 natives, which took place in the summer. A force of some 2,500 men under the command of Major General Bower, commanding the Assam brigade, is, however, to advance into the country about the middle of October, and it is said that the Abors are preparing to make stout resistance and have entered into coalition with the upper hill Abors for this purpose.



An Abor Hut.

It was not possible for Stuart to damage the railroad to any extent or to burn the railroad bridges or the acres of camp wagons that were there.

My command was in advance on that terrible rainy night. I was riding with the lieutenant commanding the platoon which formed the advance guard, when the streams and mountain flashes of lightning, a man run across the road.

Under the influence of the spur my horse in a single bound reached the man, and under the influence of a pistol held to his head he told me that he was a servant of General Pope who was there with his headquarters tents, which, he said, were pitched in a clump of pines close by.

I made him get up in front of one of the troopers and guide a squadron, which was detached from the regular regiment, to the tents in the pines. On reaching the spot I quickly surrounded the federal headquarters, and seeing a light in one of the tents, I dismounted and with one of my men entered it.

It was vacant, but filled with a large number of papers, showing where some one had been recently writing. There were also two glasses of toddy on the table.

A few days thereafter I captured a squadron of the Federal dragoons, under Major Thomas, of the regular army, whom I had formerly known when a cadet at West Point.

The major said that he and Lewis Marshall, the latter being an aide de camp of Pope and a nephew of General Lee, were in one of the tents that night and that he had been working all day over his quartermaster papers, and in view of the fact, as well as the tempestuous character of the night, he proposed to Marshall that they should take a drink.

"The whiskey was brought out," continued the major, "sugar was put in glasses with the proper amount of water, to which a liberal allowance of whiskey was added. I was just pouring the toddy from one glass to the other, thinking how soon the situation would be improved by swallowing it, when I heard the noise of horses' hoofs, and the report of one or two pistol shots. I quickly put the glasses down, saying, 'I believe that is some of that Confederate cavalry.'"

At this point of the narrative the major paused, and after looking around, added, "Gentlemen, if you believe me, I do not know whether I drank that toddy or not. The 'Rabs' were on us so quick that Marshall and I lifted the side of the tent and rolled down into a friendly ravine, and remained there shivering in the drenching rain until they rode off."

It only remains to say that Hite and Marshall did not drink the toddy they mixed, but that they rapidly disappeared down the throats of the two wet Confederates who found them

SAVES GLASS; THIEF FLEES

Long Islander Prefers Unbroken Window Pane to Shot at Night Marauder.

Baldwin, L. I.—Charles Kessel sat at the foot of a flight of stairs in his home here at 3 o'clock in the morning, watching a burglar trying to enter the house and waiting patiently for him to pry open a window, so that he could shoot the intruder with a gun he had brought from his room. But when a slight noise frightened the marauder away Kessel breathed a sigh of relief.

"I'm glad something happened to prevent me from being a murderer," said the latter, "for I would have killed the fellow just as sure as I'm here had he entered the house."

As it was Kessel opened his front door and fired a shot at the thief, which materially accelerated his flight.

Kessel was aroused by his son, who had been awakened by the noise the thief made in boring a hole through a front parlor window to get at the lock. When Kessel went downstairs with a shotgun he could plainly see the man at work outside.

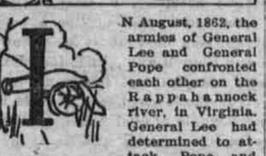
"I could have shot him through the window, but what was the use of wasting a perfectly good pane of glass," said Kessel.

The Rutland Business Men's Protective association expects to entertain 100 automobilists from the Boston Chamber of Commerce June 12.

Franklin county is soon to have another big industry in the paper mill to be erected this summer at Sheldon Springs. The mill is a \$200,000 proposition and will give employment to about 200 men.

Who Drank the Toddy?

By Fitzhugh Lee



IN August, 1862, the armies of General Lee and General Pope confronted each other on the Rappahannock river, in Virginia. General Lee had determined to attack Pope, and Pope, conceiving a plan as brilliant as it was daring. He purposed to leave one-half of his army under Longstreet in front of Pope, and throw the other half, under Jackson, by a circuitous march to a point twenty-one miles exactly between him and Washington.

In pursuance of his plan and to facilitate its execution, a day or two before Jackson started Lee determined to throw his cavalry, under Stuart, twelve miles in Pope's rear, at Cavalry Station, a point on the railroad connecting Pope with his capital.

At that place were encamped the reserve, baggage and ammunition trains of Pope's army. There, too, were his personal effects. Stuart captured a number of officers and men, a large sum of money in a safe in one of the tents and dispatches and other papers, but the rain fell in such torrents and the night was so dark that



"It Was Vacant."

It was not possible for Stuart to damage the railroad to any extent or to burn the railroad bridges or the acres of camp wagons that were there.

My command was in advance on that terrible rainy night. I was riding with the lieutenant commanding the platoon which formed the advance guard, when the streams and mountain flashes of lightning, a man run across the road.

Under the influence of the spur my horse in a single bound reached the man, and under the influence of a pistol held to his head he told me that he was a servant of General Pope who was there with his headquarters tents, which, he said, were pitched in a clump of pines close by.

I made him get up in front of one of the troopers and guide a squadron, which was detached from the regular regiment, to the tents in the pines. On reaching the spot I quickly surrounded the federal headquarters, and seeing a light in one of the tents, I dismounted and with one of my men entered it.

It was vacant, but filled with a large number of papers, showing where some one had been recently writing. There were also two glasses of toddy on the table.

A few days thereafter I captured a squadron of the Federal dragoons, under Major Thomas, of the regular army, whom I had formerly known when a cadet at West Point.

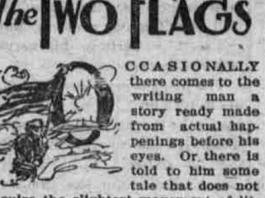
The major said that he and Lewis Marshall, the latter being an aide de camp of Pope and a nephew of General Lee, were in one of the tents that night and that he had been working all day over his quartermaster papers, and in view of the fact, as well as the tempestuous character of the night, he proposed to Marshall that they should take a drink.

"The whiskey was brought out," continued the major, "sugar was put in glasses with the proper amount of water, to which a liberal allowance of whiskey was added. I was just pouring the toddy from one glass to the other, thinking how soon the situation would be improved by swallowing it, when I heard the noise of horses' hoofs, and the report of one or two pistol shots. I quickly put the glasses down, saying, 'I believe that is some of that Confederate cavalry.'"

At this point of the narrative the major paused, and after looking around, added, "Gentlemen, if you believe me, I do not know whether I drank that toddy or not. The 'Rabs' were on us so quick that Marshall and I lifted the side of the tent and rolled down into a friendly ravine, and remained there shivering in the drenching rain until they rode off."

It only remains to say that Hite and Marshall did not drink the toddy they mixed, but that they rapidly disappeared down the throats of the two wet Confederates who found them

The Two Flags



OCASIONALLY there comes to the writing man a story ready made from actual happenings before his eyes. Or there is told to him some tale that does not seem to have been recently placed on the wire. The wool and warp are as straight and true and compact as if it had required hours of concentration to produce the fabric. Actual events follow in such dramatic sequence that almost seems as if art had been brought to bear upon their presentation.

The other day a magazine writer visited the new state house in Boston in order to see the decorations that had been recently placed on the walls. He was standing looking at the picture painted by Mr. Robert Reid, the picture of Otis delivering his fiery speech before the judges, when suddenly a voice spoke at his elbow. Looking round, he saw standing beside him a short, slight man in a blue uniform. It did not take the little bronze button in the lapel of his coat to label him as an old soldier. He was stamped with it from the erect carriage of his head and shoulders to the glances of his keen gray eyes.

"You have been through the building?" he asked suddenly. And upon being told that it was the writer's first visit, he politely offered his services as guide. They were accepted promptly. The little man in blue pointed out the old Heaman drum and sword, the first musket captured from the British, and the one that fired the shot at Lexington. He knew stories of the famous portraits on the walls, and after having examined the old senate and council chamber, he led the visitor down to the great octagon-shaped rotunda, where, behind their plates of glass, artfully grouped and festooned, were the battle flags of the Massachusetts regiments—nothing but the bare flagstaves of some, others more shrouded in bunting hanging in pathetic festoons, only a few with the colors intact, pierced here and there with bullet holes. Stopping before the first corner he began in his low, well-modulated voice to explain about them. There were two shafts, shattered and roughly spliced a few inches below the gilded spear-heads.

"Those two flags," he began, "were given to the regiment by two sisters, who were engaged to be married to two officers; one a captain, the other a lieutenant. As you see, the flags were both hit in almost identically the same spot, and under them both officers were killed." Pointing to another flag he said, "Beneath this flag seven men were killed and four were wounded. It was decorated with a medal of honor." So it went on. There was a story to almost every one of the timeworn relics of the battlefields. At last the guide came to the case in the northwest corner of the hall. Immediately in front was a silken banner across whose faded red and white strips was a big blotch of brown. It needed no second glance to tell what the blotch meant.

"There is a story here," remarked the visitor, and the little man in blue looked at him keenly.

"Yes, sir, there is," he replied.

"Three men were killed carrying that flag at the battle of Appomattox; as one would fall another would snatch it up, and still they carried it forward. As they went on, in the charge, a shell exploded over the head of the last man who had caught it, and a fragment struck him in the arm, between shoulder and elbow, cutting it off as by a surgeon's knife. He clasped the flag to his breast with the bloody stump and staggered on. At last, as he felt himself weakening, he turned about, and seeing near him a man in his company who came from the same town, he cried, 'For God's sake, take it, Frank. I can't carry it any longer.'"

The visitor was breathless. "Well," he said, "and then—"

"There is a strange ending to that," returned the guide. "I was telling this to some visitor only the other day, and had got as far as what I am telling you when a tall man with gray hair, who was standing about where you are now, spoke up. 'Comrade,' he said, 'you're right! I was Frank.'"

A few minutes later, as they went down the corridor, the visitor asked another question.

"And what was the name of the sergeant whose blood we see there?" he asked.

"His name was Plunkett," was the answer. "There he is!"

A soldierly looking man in the blue uniform of a messenger of the senate came walking down the corridor. The magazine writer and his guide turned toward him. Across his breast was pinned an empty sleeve.—J. B. in Harper's Weekly.

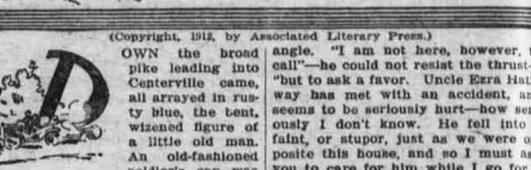
The Vermont Teachers' Retirement fund association received material aid by a lawn party given at the Brattleboro high school. The sum of \$300 was realized.

As a result of active work Barre's board of trade has boosted its membership from 140 to over 400. The campaign lasted less than a day.

Champion Lazy "Kid." Talk about lazy kids, there is one at the Franklin County Children's home, all right. He is a perverse little fellow who will not do anything he can get out of doing. Recently when some sticks of candy were given to the children he had another youngster bite off pieces of his candy and give them to him. When the matron asked him why he had the other child do this, he said he wanted to be saved the bother.—Columbus (O.) Dispatch.

Cupid's Memorial Triumph

By STACY E. BAKER



DOWN the broad pike leading into Centerville came, all arrayed in rusty blue, the tent, wizened figure of a little old man. An old-fashioned soldier's cap was perched jauntily on his head and from beneath this fell a few scattering locks of gray. The aged veteran leaned heavily on his cane. Time had robbed Ezra Hathaway of much of his endurance.

The ears of the old warrior were no longer keen, and he did not hear the honk-honk of a motor behind him. The touring car that swept around the sharp curve thrust him aside so roughly and suddenly that he was thrown unconscious to the ditch at the side of the road.

With barely a perceptible swerve, the great machine kept to its mad way. The knocking down of the gray old soldier was but an irritating incident to the pleasures of a record-breaking ride. The chauffeur was not one to flout the number of his car in the face of a victim.

Fred Corliss, in his wheezy little runabout, came in the wake of the flier to the inert mass of mangled blue by the roadside.

"Why, Uncle Ezra!" he exclaimed, "what's the matter?"

Uncle Ezra Hathaway, as he was familiarly known to all residents of Centerville, was a popular favorite.

"Who'd a thought," came from the recovering octogenarian, testily, "that I'd a lived to come through th' horrors an' evils of war to be downed at last by one of them pesky benzine buggies?"

Young Corliss gave a relieved laugh. With his own handkerchief he carefully stanchd the blood emanating from a slight cut in the old man's forehead and assisted the reluctant veteran toward his own little machine.

"You shouldn't do this," remonstrated Corliss, seating himself beside the old gentleman and starting the machine. "There is no sense in it. You have horses and a buggy, and the walk is too much for you—let alone the liability of accidents. The roads are not what they were ten years ago. These touring cars keep a pedestrian's life in danger, unless his sense of hearing is wonderfully acute."

"Huh," snorted Uncle Ezra. "I see myself riding into town after walkin' it all these years."

In front of the Horton domicile, just skirting the town, Uncle Ezra succumbed to a sudden fainting spell, and crumpled against his companion with closed eyes and pallid countenance.

This was doubly unfortunate.

The Hortons were the last people in the world of whom Corliss cared to ask favors. Since the engagement



Assisted the Reluctant Veteran.

stirring rhythm of drum and fife. The comrades of the old man were gathering to do honor to their hero dead.

On his way to the nearest doctor the brain of Corliss was a mad jumble of riotous thoughts, all thrilly telling the keen sorrow he felt at Uncle Ezra's predicament. It had suddenly come to him—and with startling emphasis—that this duffy, forbearance girl with the gold in her hair was vitally essential to his future happiness. His black eyes took unto themselves a tender light hitherto unaccustomed with thoughts of the maid, but his knowledge of her would not allow him to believe that she would come back to him without a struggle. In fact, he was sure that she did not love him at all. It was she who had suggested that the life-long engagement be broken.

The doctor, a fussy little person with straggly mutton-chop whiskers, steel-bowed glasses and a double chin hurriedly entered the machine and the return trip was made in record time. From behind came onto them the music of muffled drums, and the plaintive minor of the fife. The march to the cemetery had begun.

"He is badly shaken up," diagnosed the little doctor. "He wants rest as quiet, otherwise there is nothing serious the matter with him—no fractures, nor anything in the nature of bruised bones. However, he must be moved for several days."

"An' to think," complained the octogenarian, who had now recovered consciousness, "that, after all the trouble I'm agoin' to miss the doling today for the first time since the war."

"Don't feel bad," soothed Dolly, tender note in her voice, as she placed a good soft little hand on the brow of the old soldier. He was now in bed in the Horton home.

Corliss gazed at the girl wistfully. Every moment it was being brought home to him that he had lost a jewel. "Darn such luck!" grumbled the discontented Uncle Ezra.

The eyes of the repentant lover sped a telegraphic message to the brain of the maid and, responding to this, she turned her head and looked at him—and blushed.

On the broad veranda, as the young man was taking his leave, he suddenly turned to the pretty girl who had accompanied him.

"Must the engagement remain broken?" he asked plaintively.

"Why, I—I thought you wished so," she replied, eyes cast down, "if you don't, why, or—of course—"

To the ears of the jubilant Corliss speeding homeward some moments later, came the stirring notes of "The Girl I Love Best," "The Wrens were coming back.



between vivacious Dolly Horton and Fred had been broken off by mutual consent—an engagement planned in the infancy of the two by their parents—the youth had felt a strange sense of grievance, although, previous to this, he had believed that his future was spiced by this prearranged match.

No one could have cause to complain of a lack of charms in the young woman in question. This was evident as she came tripping to the door in response to Horton's knock.

"You!" she said, and the careless laugh in her voice was softened by the vivid touch of red dotting her cheeks.

"Yes, it is I," he answered shortly, his proud head alert, and his strong jaw thrust out at a more determined

The Tribune Farmer

Is the best Agricultural paper. It comes every week. For \$1.50 we send THE AGE and Tribune Farmer for one year.

THE AGE
WOODSTOCK VERMONT.