THE PLANET

SATURDAY..... NOVEMBER 14, 1903

JUST OUR OWN.

Nay, we cannot take them with us
To our palace in Castile;
Cannot show them half its beauties,
Cannot hope to make them feel
Half the ecstasy it gives us,
Just us two to walk alone,
For the palace is a dream, dear,
And the dream is just our own!

Other ones may have their dreams, dear,
But they're bound at last to wake;
All their dreams will fade and leave them,
All their castles fall and break;
But our dreams will never fade, dear,
Nor our castles ever fade;
They shall always stand for us, dear,
Castles that our dreams have made.

They shall stand for us forever!
Perfumed censers, dear, shall swing,
Swing unseen through all the night-time,
We shall hear strange songsters sing,
And we'll walk soft-shod together,
And our feet shall make no sound,
Through the corridors we know, dear,
Oh, my dearie, glory-crowned!

Walk and talk and know no waking,
Know no parting ways at all!
Always just we two together;
And where day's last beam shall fall,
We shall stand and watch together
Till the night and day have met—
Stand in dying day's last glory
On our castle's parapet.

Other ones may dream their dreams, dear;
Other ones may sup the rue
That shall follow castles shattered,
That may follow dreams come true;
But your life and my life, too, dear,
Shall be spent beside a stream
In a castle of our building,
In an everlasting dream!
—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

WHEN EDWARD WAS GONE A-FISHING

By ADA C. SWEET

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IT WAS on the third day of May that Hannah came to me and told me that she had joined the Domestic Service union, and that under the rules there were certain things required of me before she could consent to remain longer in my employ.

And Edward was away on his annual fishing trip!

At first I was so surprised that I could hardly understand what Hannah said, but she gave me a typewritten paper, a sort of an ultimatum, which set forth the demands of the union, and this I read, behind closed doors, in my own room.

We kept one general servant, Hannah, and hired a laundress who worked two days a week. Hannah was a fair cook, when I looked after her, and I had taught her all she knew of any branch of housework. With my active assistance the home was well kept, and Hannah, at least, was well paid in dollars and cents. My own remuneration

"STOP! STOP!" I CRIED.

lay in seeing my husband and children comfortable and happy.

The rules of the union dazed me a little, and I put the paper in my belt, reserving a more thorough reading for the afternoon. It was my part in the division of labor to dust the drawing-room, library, hall and dining-room, and the bedroom upstairs, setting things in order as I went along.

Upstairs, though it was 11 o'clock when I reached there, the beds were unmade. Bed-making was Hannah's work.

I went down to the kitchen and found Hannah sitting on the back porch talking with a young woman in a black cloth skirt, white shirt waist and large hat trimmed with bird's wings and red ribbons.

"Mrs. Osborne," said Hannah, rising as I came out on the porch, "let me introduce Miss Kennedy."

I nodded to Miss Kennedy, who looked at me with a sort of wide-eyed confidence and curiosity mingled. She continued seated and rocking in Hannah's rocking chair, which had been drawn out on the porch for the visitor.

"Miss Kennedy is the lady who has just organized our union," explained Hannah.

"Then, perhaps, you can explain this," I said, sitting down on the top step and unfolding the "Rules and Regulations Governing Members of Sandy Bay Domestic Union, No. 1."

The stranger looked angry and said hastily to Hannah that she ought not to let anyone outside the union see the paper. Hannah looked confused and a little frightened, then the visiting dignitary reached over and took the thin sheets of typewriting from my unresisting hand.

"If you will tell me why the beds are not made, Hannah, I will go in—I have a little sewing to do," said I.

"Miss Wagonfuher must have a helper," broke in the organizer, in a business-like voice. "Members of the union cannot cook and do all the other housework in addition."

I faltered on the threshold a moment, and then fled.

And Edward was away for two weeks!

Miss Kennedy remained until noon and then Hannah set the table for luncheon. In the meantime I made up the beds and set the bedrooms to rights.

After luncheon I called Hannah and she came to me sullenly.

"I shall have to have a helper," she said, "I am not allowed to build the kitchen fire, or peel the potatoes, or put on the tea-kettle," here she unfolded the rules and regulations. "I must not cook if I do the upstairs work, or do the upstairs work if I cook; there must be a second girl for the general housework, and I must have a helper in the kitchen. I am not allowed to put on or lift off kettles, wash the cooking utensils, clean and fill lamps, carry wood or coal, answer the back door bell—and of course not the front bell. When I scrub the floor the helper must get the hot water ready and bring it to me, with the soap and brush—and I cannot sweep the back steps or porch—"

"Stop! Stop," I cried. "Hannah, where are we to find a helper, and what can I get one for?"

"The helper," read Hannah, from her paper, "must be not under 18 years of age nor over 25. She must be paid $2.60 a week for the first six weeks, and three dollars a week after that, until the Amalgamated Domestic Union of the United States issues other orders. She must be a member of a domestic union in good standing, and she must not work as helper to anyone not a member of the same union, nor in the house of anyone who employs nonmembers of the union in household work."

"But, Hannah," I expostulated, "Do you know of any helpers?"

"No," said Hannah, "we haven't got any in our union yet."

"What is their work to be?" I asked.

"The domestic service helper," answered Hannah, "seems to be something like the helper that comes along with a plumber, you know, and hangs around and goes errands, and so on; I don't know what I shall ever do with one tagging at my heels, but I must have one."

And Edward was away. He left no post office address; said he was to be in the woods the whole time, and there was no way to reach him!

The door bell rang. Hannah started to answer it, then stopped, took her rules and regulations out of her apron pocket—it was baking day—and then she looked at me, a slow red mounting to her cheeks.

I went and opened the front door to the new minister's wife, who was making her first call.

We talked about the weather, the church, the Sunday school, the children, the apple blossoms, the next lecture course—and I thought and thought and thought about the union, Hannah and the mysterious helper.

I have heard, since, that the minister's wife declared her opinion to be that I was "a singular woman." I am not surprised, nor even offended. When she had gone I went on thinking, and when the dinner hour came I was still engaged in that unwonted occupation of a perhaps too quiet and incurious mind.

That evening there was a meeting of the union in Odd Fellow's hall, hired for the occasion. In the morning, descending to breakfast, I found Hannah sitting upon her trunk in the kitchen. The trunk held all Hannah's effects and was strapped and locked, and awaiting the expressman. Hannah had struck. I paid her the week's wages and, after she had gone, I prepared breakfast and ate it with the children.

And Edward was away!

* * *

Two weeks afterwards I was aroused, early in the morning, by a loud thumping and a heavy jar. The sound seemed to come from the back part of the house. I dressed quickly and ran down the back stairs. There, on the porch, sat Hannah, on her trunk. She looked pale and hungry.

I opened the door.

"The union has busted," said Hannah. "Lend me an apron and let me get breakfast."

When the morning's work was over Hannah told me her story.

"We had a good time," said she, "at first. But when our money was gone we got tired. Miss Kennedy has gone to Beech Ridge, a organizing, and we never heard from the general fund for strikers. The boarding-house keepers wouldn't trust us, nor have us around after our money gave out, and I, for one, have no home to go to. Last night we met on the steps of the school house and voted to dissolve."

"And so the Sandy Beach Domestic Service Union, No. 1, is no more?" I said.

"It is as dead as a door nail," said Hannah, cheerfully.

Edward came home that evening, after it was all over, and when I told him what had happened he only laughed.

HORSE TO HAVE MONUMENT.

Indiana Man to Honor Memory of Black Frank, a Famous Trotter of Twenty Years Ago.

A beautiful marble monument, sculptured in New York at great expense, will be erected over the grave of a horse at the home of Capt. C. B. Jackson, of Wayne county, Ind.

More than 20 years ago Black Frank, one of the greatest trotting horses of his time died at the age of 24. Capt. Jackson, his owner, wrapped the dead horse in a large silk flag and buried it in front of his residence on Jackson hill, two miles west of Centerville, on the great national road. He intended at that time to erect a monument over the grave, but the actual consummation of his intention has been deferred until now.

The monument is a statue, life size, of the horse, made after drawings and photographs. A programme has been arranged for the day, and, after speeches by distinguished men and a presentation of Black Frank's record and noble achievements, the monument will be unveiled by Capt. Jackson.

Dickens' Birthplace.

The city of Portsmouh, England, recently bought the birthplace in that city of Charles Dickens, and will probably establish a Dickens museum in the house.

FLY PROVED USEFUL.

Insect Foils Sneak Thief Who Was About to Rob Man in Chicago Hotel Corridor.

Listen to the tale of the heroic fly.

The tale has a moral which it will cost nothing to heed.

The moral is: If you have no money to employ private detectives to protect you from grafters and public detectives, get a fly—a nice, domesticated, well-behaved fly—and carry it about with you.

Nicholas Fenn, of Minneapolis, went to sleep the other afternoon in the corridor of the Grand Pacific hotel, at Chicago. His coat was unbuttoned, and in the pocket of the coat was a wallet containing $648—all the money he had in the world.

His sleep was disturbed by the buzzing of a fly, supposed to be the last fly

"HELP! A THIEF!"

of the season. He reached up several times and made aimless passes at the little pest, but was unable to drive it away. He did not wake up, and the fly kept on buzzing. Fenn's dreams were filled with swarms of winged insects that clouded his sleeping vision, swept to and fro, and threatened ever and again to smother him.

Finally the fly alighted on his nose. It declined to be moved or frightened by the sleeper's slowly moving head.

It stuck. Fenn stirred, and then sat upright.

He made a sharp pass at his tormentor, and his hand encountered something solid. He opened his eyes, and at the same instant closed his fingers. They were encircling the wrist of a man, whose hand was in Fenn's coat pocket.

"Help! A thief!" he shouted.

The fly flew away. The thief jumped up from the chair next to Fenn's, wrenched his wrist loose, and ran down the corridor and out at the door. His intended victim reported his case to the clerk, and told how he happened to be saved. He gave much praise to the timely fly.

Not So Bad.

"The deacon went to a burlesque show."

"Did he say he was shocked?"

"Yes, but he was honest about it."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, he admitted that he rather liked the shock."—Chicago Post.

Les Miserables.

The millionaire is wretched—quite;
Half-starved—and who'll deny it?
The poor man has an appetite,
And cannot satisfy it!
—Atlanta Constitution.

THE FIRST AND THE LAST.

Elsie—You know, Bobby is our first cousin.

Dorothy (on whom Bobby has made an unfavorable impression)—Is he? Well I hope he's our last, that's all.—Punch.

What Happened.

She pressed her ruby lips to his
In one ecstatic kiss;
They seemed at peace with all the world,
Enrapt in holy bliss.
But, with the osculation o'er,
It was not hard to find
That though she took her lips away,
The ruby stayed behind!
—Smart Set.

The First and the Last.

Mr. Misfit (savagely)—Before I married you was there any doddering idiot gone on you?

Mrs. Misfit—There was one.

Mr. Misfit—I wish to goodness you'd married him! !

Mrs. Misfit—I did!—Tit-Bits.

Had a Girl, Though.

Friend—I thought you had a girl.

Mrs. Suburb—I have.

"But you are doing the work."

"Yes. The girl is a consumptive, and was ordered into the country for her health. We couldn't get any other kind to come here."—N. Y. Weekly.

Shrewd.

"Mr. Bliggins seems to be a wonderfully bright young man."

"He is," answered Miss Cayenne; "in a certain way. He is careful to select topics of conversation so abstruse that you have to take everything he says for granted."—Washington Star.

Complimentary.

"Ach, Fritzy, you are tears shedding Der moosic moves you, yes?" asked the boss fiddler.

"I can't help it, Heinie. Your playing reminds me so mooch of dot leetle pig I had ven I vas a poy alretty."—Chicago American.

Proper Ending.

Bacon—Did you read of the accident when the two trains raced to see which would reach the drawbridge first?

Egbert—No, I didn't; how did the race end?

"In a draw."—Yonkers Statesman.

At Chickamauga

Memorable Incidents of One of the Most Sternly Contested Battles of the Civil War.

Forty years ago, September 20, was fought the battle that made the name Chickamauga historic. In the character and number of troops engaged, in the stragetic maneuvers that preceded the battle, and in desperate fighting on the field, Chickamauga was the great battle of the west, and one of the most remarkable conflicts of the civil war, says the Chicago Inter Ocean.

The troops engaged were mostly veterans. The men of the union army had fought under Grant and Buell at Shiloh, under Buell at Perryville, under Rosecrans at Stone river, and were organized in corps and divisions commanded by such officers as Thomas, Crittenden, McCook, Sheridan and Palmer. The soldiers of the several divisions had the confidence that comes with long association in campaigns, and they had also that knowledge of the opposing army that came of meeting it in several battles.

On the confederate side there were not only Bragg's veterans of Perryville and Stone river, but Longstreet's splendid soldiers of Lee's army and many of the veteran regiments from the rebel armies that had been operating in Mississippi and Georgia.

THE BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA SEPT. 20, 1863.

Each army had respect for its antagonist, and an overwhelming desire to win.

On the confederate side this desire to win had been intensified by what had gone before. Bragg had fought at Perryville and run away. He had fought at Stone river and retreated, yielding all of northern Tennessee to the unionists. He had been outmaneuvered at Tullahoma in June and July, 1863, and had yielded all of southern Tennessee without a battle. Two months later Rosecrans had forced the passage of the Tennessee and compelled Bragg's army to retreat from Chattanooga, which had been pronounced impregnable, and which was to the confederate line in the west what Richmond was in the east.

When Bragg had retreated and Rosecrans' elated division had moved on diverging lines in pursuit, the confederate authorities formed a plan to crush the pursuing army. Lee was weakened that Longstreet might be hurried to Bragg. Troops were withdrawn from Sherman's front and sent toward Chattanooga, and on September 15, 1863, the president at Washington and the people throughout the country and Rosecrans at Chattanooga saw that the Army of the Cumberland was threatened with destruction in the hour of its greatest triumph.

Rosecrans, confronted with the problem of holding Chattanooga and saving his army, recalled his divisions to the line of the Chickamauga river, and had them in supporting distance before Bragg was ready to strike. On the night of September 18 he shifted his whole army, anticipating the plan of Bragg to crush his left and drive the union army away from Chattanooga.

So on the morning of September 19, 1863, Bragg, with an effective force of 71,000 men, was ready to attack Rosecrans' army of 56,000 and was confident that he would not only crush the union army but reoccupy Chattanooga that day. Before he could attack, however, Gen. George H. Thomas, in command on Rosecrans' left, which was not where Bragg supposed it to be, took the initiative and made a furious attack on one of Bragg's advance brigades. This movement developed the confederate position and at the same time so disconcerted Bragg that he postponed his general attack.

Rosecrans, with Bragg's plans revealed, made his dispositions accordingly. His men knew they were outnumbered and fought with desperation. On Saturday night, September 19, the men of the Army of the Cumberland felt they had been worsted. In the hard fighting of the day they had lost heavily in men and artillery, but they felt as they went into new positions that Rosecrans was preparing to hold fast.

On the morning of the 20th the sore-hearted soldiers of the depleted union army were hanging like bulldogs to the roads by which Bragg must reach Chattanooga. The very flower of the confederate army of the east and west was against them, but they clung to the roads and gaps between the enemy and Chattanooga.

Divisions were crushed, charging confederates ran over the general headquarters, a line of battle a mile in extent melted away, Gen. Rosecrans himself was swept from the field in a rout of the regiments nearest him, and at a vital point in his line, and yet the bulldog Army of the Cumberland held on to the roads and gaps.

Assailed again and again, the divisions under Thomas on the left and the brigades that had been sent to reenforce him and the regiments, battalions and companies that had drifted to him when their own divisions were broken up, clung to the roads, even after Bragg's men were in their rear.

When night came the Army of the Cumberland retired to the line of Missionary Ridge, but it still held the roads, and it still held Chattanooga. The supreme effort of the confederates in the west had failed of its object. The great battle of the west had been fought for Chattanooga, and after the tremendous struggle Rosecrans held it.

This was the fact that discouraged the confederates and gave new courage to the unionists. It is a fact that is uppermost in the minds of the surviving veterans of Chickamauga today.

There were blunders on that field. There were mistakes of a mystifying character on both sides. But when you ask an old soldier of Chicago who fought under Thomas or Palmer or Turchin at Chickamauga 40 years ago, "Were you whipped?" he answers, "Well—we held on to Chattanooga, you know." And that is the answer of history.

INCIDENTS OF CHICKAMAUGA

Strange Things Witnessed by a Union Soldier in That Sanguinary Battle.

"At the battle of Chickamauga I was a private in the ranks of company G, of the Nineteenth Illinois infantry," said Col. Henry S. Dietrich, now inspector of rifle practice in the national guard of Illinois, in the Chicago Inter Ocean. "I was one of the skirmishers sent out to feel the enemy. At the beginning of the battle we advanced toward a clump of woods to draw the fire of the southerners. We had to cross a field covered with stumps and piles of rails, and a battery was stationed behind us to throw shells into the confederate ranks whenever we should draw their fire.

"We had advanced a considerable distance when the confederates opened on us. We took refuge behind the rails and remained there firing until the recall was sounded. The battery all the while threw shells over us and into the woods.

"When we were going back after the recall, I missed a young soldier named Metcalf. Looking back, I saw him kneeling behind a rail pile. Another soldier and myself, thinking he must be wounded, went back to get him. We found that a short shot from our own artillery had literally blown off the top of his head, but it had not caused him to fall.

"On Saturday night, September 19, I was on outpost duty. When relieved at midnight, I was thoroughly chilled. I went back toward my company, and on the way came upon a soldier lying beneath a blanket. Not having a blanket of my own, I crept under his quietly, to keep from disturbing him. I did not awaken until morning. Then I turned to get a glimpse of my companion. He was a dead cavalryman, and I had slept beside him, thinking he, like myself, was only worn out from the day's duties.

"The next day, on Sunday, I had my experience in terrific fighting. Our regiment that day occupied Snodgrass hill, the key to the situation. There we remained until night. To make our position secure and afford us some protection, we tore down fences and log cabins and built a wall just high enough to hide us when lying down. Immediately back of us were the cannon. Men still back of the cannon loaded our guns and passed them to us, and we reserved our fire for the charges which the southerners repeatedly made. At one time I had five loaded guns beside me. When the enemy would come very close, we would fire these reserve guns as fast as we could pick them up and take aim. The cannon boomed right over us all the time, and deafened several of the soldiers.

It Depends.

"Rain water," said the teacher, "is always soft, is it not?"

"Not always," replied the bright scholar; "sometimes it's soft, but very often it comes down hard."—Philadelphia Press.

When Cooking Sauce.

A too rapid boiling ruins the flavor of any sauce. It must boil up once, but should never do more than simmer afterward.

Affects the Tobacco.

The spicy odor that is noticeable in the cigar box comes from the wood of which it is made. It is not because it is impregnated with the tobacco. On the contrary, the tobacco takes the flavor of the wood. That is the reason why a particular kind of wood is used for the boxes of all the best cigars. It is Spanish cedar, an expensive wood, porous and spicy, and the only kind which has been found to improve the flavor of the cigar.

HE BOUGHT THE DOG.

Canine Was So Smart That Its New Owner Had Him Converted Into Sausages.

The New York Times tells this unique story of a certain office holder who decided to buy a dog. In reply to his "ad." a man called at his office with an intelligent-looking animal, that he immediately took a fancy to, though he deemed it advisable to first inquire into something of its characteristics.

"What can he do?" he asked.

"Oh, sir, he can do anything. If you've lost anything, sir, he'll go directly to the place where you lost it. He'll—"

"HE CAN DO ANYTHING."

"By the way, I just missed my glove. Do you suppose he could find it?"

"Certainly, sir. Just let him sniff at your hand."

The office holder held his hand to the dog's nose, and the animal trotted serenely off. Presently he returned, and with a joyous wagging of the tail deposited his offering at the office holder's feet.

At the same moment the click of the typewriter in the next room ceased. A girlish form appeared in the doorway.

"My sash ribbon," cried a high sweet voice, "my sash ribbon! The dog has my sash ribbon!"

The office holder's face turned a dull red. He cast a furtive glance at the man, dived into his pocket, and hauled out a bill.

"I guess the dog'll do," he said, quietly.

Killed Bear with a Rock.

Thomas McNeill, a cowboy, living near Bluewater, N. M., while in the Zuni mountains accidentally ran into a cinnamon bear. Having no weapon, he tried to lasso him, but the bear brought down his horse by biting a piece out of the horse's flank. McNeill then tackled the bear on foot, using a rock to crush his skull. The animal when dressed weighed 417 pounds, and was sold at Bluewater.

Safety in Sleep.

A medical authority says that in railway collisions nearly all the passengers who are asleep escape to a great extent the bad effect of shaking and concussions, Nature's own anaesthetic preserving them.

American Books in Japan.

Japan has more translations of American books than any other foreign nation. Gidding's "Principles of Sociology," Mayo Smith's "Statistics of Sociology" and "Little Lord Fauntleroy" have had large sales.

A Limited Industry.

Chemists' shops are limited to a certain number in Germany, and new licenses are rarely granted. A business was sold for £9,600 in Danzig recently, including £5,000 for the license.

Germany's Glove Industry.

The glove industry of Germany has, during the last few years, made such strides that the output is now believed to equal that of France. There are 1,100 glove factories in Germany.

Eyesight and Tight Collars.

An authority on the subject declares that many cases of defective eyesight are caused by wearing tight colors, which interfere with the circulation of blood to the head.

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