The Silent Army.

Along the Avenue of Fame—builded to honor them—
So pure, ornate, and yet, so simple in its majesty
That, instinctively, one could but feel
For such a setting, rare must the jewel be;
While yet the sun was high o'erhead,
Glinting with its rays the burnished steel;
Erewhile the thousands lined the way
Whose every voice rang out a welcoming,
I saw them pass; a glorious pageantry.

* * * * *

Ghosts? Aye, spectres they;
Some in rags, with tattered flags
Cherished, and followed, in many a fray,
With muffled drum, see how they come!
Armed cap-a-pie, with musket, and sabre,
"Ghosts of the Red-hand from over the border."
Deathless heroes. Do ye seek a name?
Mayhap 'tis scribed on the roll of fame.
Or mayhap, they sleep beneath some stone
Whereon is graved—a holy legend—"Unknown."
Lost in the mass of the war—blasted track,
Some are "The Boys who did not come back."

See! How they go charging;
To the trumpet's shrill sounding,
The deep-mouthed guns pounding,
Up, up; now, away!
Now, shattered and broken, spreading dismay.
Musketry flashing; sabres slashing,
Wielded by loyal hands, hearts ever true;
Hark! Now, the shot and shell;
Wide ope the gates of hell—
The hell of war's passion;
Seething and surging, writhing and turning
Until, at last, the "Old Flag" triumphant;
Forgotten the cost, then, in such glorious victory.

Spectres from Spectreland. Shadowy phantoms
Booted and spurred, and riding apace;
Carbines unslinging, bugle blasts ringing;
Musketeers; cannoneers, give them a place.
The prison pen opens. Thousands on thousands,
Hollow-eyed, famine crased. God! what a sight.
Were they from among us—these tatterdemalions?
Can these be our boys, went forth in their might?
Soldiers? Heroes? These, in rags?
Glorified rags! and hallowed flags.
Spectres from Deadland, ghosts of the redhand,
Ghosts of the redhand from over the border.
Who could not honor them?
Who would not cheer for them?
Who dares now to gibe at them
Passing away in the shades of the night?

—Thomas M. Kenny in Baltimore American.

Not So Many Desertions.

A Washington special to the Indianapolis News says that in one of the bureaus of the War Department may be seen a record of the desertions from the army, carefully prepared, for a great many years. It is made up by months. Perhaps its most astonishing feature is the evidence it affords that in the spring the soldier's fancies turn to thoughts of private life, for in March, April and May desertions are at their height. Very few men desert in November or December, and the summer as a whole is much more favorable to desertions than the winter. Correspondingly, it is always easier to secure enlistments in the autumn months. Of course this is explained by the condition of the labor market, particularly among agricultural laborers who are, after all, the great body of American workingmen. Restraint is much more oppressive in summer than in winter, and the companionship of the post less enticing. "Desertions in the army now are nothing to what they used to be," said a War Department official. "Before the civil war I knew one regiment from which 680 men went out in a single month. That is what you would call going out on strike, instead of desertion, and in those days the punishments were much more severe than now. Every one of those men was liable to have his head shaved and to have fifty lashes on the bare back. Only a small part of those who desert are ever recovered. Escape is comparatively easy. Many repent of their folly and reattach themselves to the service, and so our figures as to 'joined from desertion' are considerably in excess of the figures of those who are captured. Desertions in the Philippines are much fewer than at army posts in this country. The opportunity to get away is less, and the allurements of outside life are perhaps less. Our desertions now amount to not more than from 1 to 2 per cent of the force, while in 1872 it was as high as 20 per cent.

"The penalty now imposed for desertion varies greatly with the circumstances. A man may be sentenced to four or five years in the penitentiary, or simply dishonorably discharged. Sometimes he is restored to his regiment with nothing more than a reprimand, when the circumstances are particularly extenuating."

Rassieur on G. A. R. Work.

Peoria, Ill., was recently filled with delegates and visitors to the thirty-fifth annual encampment of the Illinois Department of the Grand Army of the Republic, and the annual conventions of five kindred organizations. The town veritably belonged to the men who wore the brown button and to their wives and sons and daughters. There were several meetings of a preliminary nature, including a session of the council of administration of the Grand Army, at which Department Commander Longnecker presided. The executive board of the Woman's Relief Corps also met and the Sons of Veterans of Illinois division opened their encampment. Camp Dustin, a little city of tents, was opened at sunrise and at night 100 tents were occupied. The Sons were on dress parade. The council of the ladies of the G. A. R. met at the National Hotel and at Odd Fellows' building, a reception was extended to Commander-in-Chief E. A. Alexander and staff of the Sons of Veterans. One hundred survivors of the 47th regiment of Illinois Volunteer Infantry met in reunion in Glen Oak Park pavilion. There was also a reunion of the 17th Illinois Cavalry. Six thousand people filled the new Coliseum, the occasion being a joint campfire. The scene was one of splendor, and the distinguished visitors were given an ovation as they appeared on the stage. Commander Longnecker presided. Mayor William F. Bryan welcomed the visitors to the city, and Gen. John C. Black responded to the welcome. Short addresses of courtesy were delivered by Mrs. Florence McClelland, department president of the Ladies of the G. A. R.; Colonel William E. Hill, commander of the Illinois division, Sons of Veterans, and representatives of other kindred organizations. Commander-in-chief Rassieur delivered an address, reviewing the work of the Grand Army and picturing the blessings now enjoyed throughout the republic as a result of the civil war. "The civil war has made this country what it is," said Rassieur, "and today the world stands aghast at the prosperity and never-ceasing progress and happiness of this reunited nation, welded by the bonds of love and spirit of freedom."

On the Ticket Line.

A Louisville boy, an officer in the Philippines, tells a story on one of his brother officers which will bear repeating. The officer in question, a captain, stutters badly. He had been on recruiting duty in the states, and while at his work had enlisted for his regiment a man who stuttered as badly as, if not worse, than the captain himself. Some time later he was ordered back to his company, and a few days afterward was on duty as officer of the day. As it happened, the stutterer that he had enlisted was without his knowledge put on guard duty that night. When the captain went around to inspect the guard he came to the new sentry and was challenged. "Huh-huh-h-halt, who-who-who c-c-comes there?" The captain answered: "O-o-o-of-of-f-of-ficer of the did-did-day." Then the sentry said: "A-a-a-advance, of-f-of-of-officer of the d-d-day, to h-hih-hah-be recognized." By this time the captain was mad all over for he thought the man was mocking him. He did not know the recruit, although the recruit knew him. The captain went bouncing up to the sentry and yelled at him: "W-w-wh-wh-what d-d-d-d—n f-fool enlisted y-y-you-you?" and the sentry said: "Y-y-you-you-you did, sir."—Louisville Courier Journal.

Bad Soldiers Fortitude.

Commenting on the recent death at Fort Sheridan of Abraham Haarscher, a soldier in the United States army, one of the commanding officers says he was in a way a remarkable man. Born in Alsace, after the Franco-Prussian war, he came to America and enlisted in the army. One night at a far northwestern garrison he was walking post as a sentinel upon a frail temporary bridge thrown across a stream that was being undermined by a storm. The timbers were creaking under his feet and the water was beginning to creep over the planking, when the officer of the day appeared at the end of the bridge. He saw the sentinel and his peril.

"Come off that bridge, No. 5," he yelled above the storm. Haarscher walked calmly off the bridge and came to an "arms port."

"Haarscher, you d——d fool, didn't you know the bridge was going?" Even as he spoke the frail structure was whirling away.

"That was my post, lieutenant, said Private Haarscher, "and you forget that I am a Frenchman."

Milan will soon have a "Rowton-house," in which 600 persons can get clean beds and well-ventilated rooms for 7 cents a night.

NORSELS OF WIT & HUMOR

A CASE FOR THE DOCTOR.

Little Mildred lives in Kenwood and is in the habit of playing with Ethel, whose father preaches to one of the most fashionable congregations on the South Side. This gentleman has the proud right to attach D. D. to his name, so everybody but his daughter calls him "doctor."

One day last week Mildred ran over to the minister's house, and, finding Ethel, asked if her father was at home.

"Well, I want to see him right away," the little girl said, when she learned that the reverend gentleman was busy.

"What's the trouble?" asked Ethel's mother, who overheard the two children talking.

"I must see the doctor," Mildred said, "and it's a hurry case. Nobody else will do."

After further appeals and additional declarations of the presence of an emergency the child was taken into the minister's study, where, without waiting to be asked for an explanation, she cried:

"Oh, doctor, my kitten's awful sick, and won't you please come right away and do something for it."

"I have frequently been called to administer comfort to dying sinners," the doctor added after telling the story, "but that was the only time anybody ever picked me out to attend to the case of a sick cat."—Chicago Tribune.

MAKE JOKE OF DISCIPLINE.

Among other good stories told by Cyrus Townsend Brady in his "Under Tops'ls and Trents" is this. It is related that a large number of naval cadets were negligent in following the service in the chapel, which was after the ritual of the Episcopal church. An incautious officer in charge on Sunday morning made a little address to the church party on the subject, saying he supposed that some of them erred through ignorance, but if they would observe him carefully and do as he did (in military parlance, follow the motions of the commanding officer) they would not go wrong. Word was passed quietly through the battalion. They marched into the church. The officer in charge took his place in the front pew, settled himself in his seat and calmly blew his nose. Three hundred noses were blown simultaneously with a vehemence that was startling. The officer looked around and blushed violently in great surprise. Three hundred heads "followed the motions of the commanding officer." Six hundred cheeks violently tried to blush—a hard thing for a midshipman to do—and so on through the service. The man could not err without instant imitation. He finally confined himself strictly to the prescribed ritual of the service, looking neither to the right nor to the left, not daring to raise a finger or breathe out of the ordinary course. This enterprise also was a startling success. The cadets received other instructions later in the day from a furious officer who sternly resented their innocent statements that they did not know which was ritual and which was not, and that he had not instructed them that blowing his nose stood on a different plane from saying his prayers. It was a huge joke everywhere.

A BLOW THAT STUNNED.

"Have you ever had a dumb, nameless feeling of some approaching disaster?" she asked.

"Well, no," the celebrated lawyer replied; "the only time I ever had that kind of a feeling was once after the disaster had arrived."

"Oh, dear! What was it that happened to you?"

"Why, you see, a girl that I had been engaged to several years before my marriage came into my office one day to have me give her some advice concerning the disposition of about $360,000 worth of property she had just inherited from an uncle in Australia that she had never told me about."

HIS GROUNDS.

"And on what grounds do you base your application for divorce?" asked the lawyer of his new client.

"Desertion, sah."

"You mean desertion. I suppose. Your wife has left you, doubtless."

"No, sah, she hasn't left me sah."

"Then you can't ask for a divorce on the ground of desertion."

"I said desertion sah. It's de ground perzackly. She done exert herself continually to make me miserable, sah. Put it on de ground oh exertion, sah."—Detroit Free Press.

A DIPLOMAT.

"D'yer want to buy dis dog, Miss?"

"Why, no indeed!"

"Oh, I don't really want to sell him; I just wanted to speak to you."—New York Press.

FRIGHTENED AWAY THE GHOST.

Some years ago, when Bishop Creighton was Bishop of Peterborough, he was the guest, during a confirmation tour in the diocese at an old manor house, and slept one night in a room supposed to be haunted. Next morning at breakfast he was asked whether he had seen the ghost. "Yes," he replied, with great solemnity, "but I have laid the spirit. It will never trouble you again." Being further questioned on the subject, the bishop said: "The ghost instantly vanished when I asked for a subscription toward the restoration of Peterborough Cathedral."

TOO TOOTHSOME.

The Lion: By Heaven! I'd give a thousand cocoanuts to lay my hands on the monkey who asked me to have a nice turtle sandwich.—Metropolitan Magazine.

FLASHES OF WIT.

"This is an imposition. Your sign says 'Shoes Repaired While You Wait,' and here I've been over two hours." "Well, isn't that waiting?"

"I wouldn't fight, my good men," said the peacemaker. "But he called me a thief, sir," exclaimed one of the combatants. "And he called me a lazy loafer," cried the other. "Well," said the peacemaker serenely, "I wouldn't fight over a difference of opinion; you may both be right."

Wife (2 a. m.): "John Henry, you're drunk." John Henry: "N-no (hic), my dear; I'm only (hic)tired. Wez my slippers?" Wife (in disgust): "Over there beside the fireplace, where they have been since 6 o'clock last evening." John Henry (after wandering around for half an hour): "Scuse me (hic), my dear. Wez the fireplace?"

Wireless Telegraphy to Australia.

Attempts are being made by the Marconi Wireless Telephone Company of London to inaugurate a wireless telegraph service to Australia. Although the total distance is considered in excess of that from England to this country, it can be more easily negotiated owing to the facilities offered at various points on route for transmitting messages. Arrangements are being made to erect stations at Prawle Point, the Lizard, Ushant, Cape Finisterre, Gibraltar, Malta, Algiers, Sardinia, Sicily, Cape Malea in Greece, Alexandria, Aden, Socotra, Colombo, Sumatra, the Cocos Islands, Perth, Albany, Adelaide and Melbourne.

LITTLE LAUGHLETS.

Music and Music.

"What do you think of barring out ragtime airs?

"Oh, peanuts have a right to live as well as salted almonds."

The Bad Habit of Hoarding Trash.

In cleaning house from year to year
A woman's ways are wondrous queer;
She wails o'er rubbish; then, alack,
'Tis dusted and put safely back.

A New Monocle.

"What a peculiar monocle that golfer is wearing!"

"Yes, that is the very latest. It is called the hoot-monocle!"—Detroit Journal.

Had Not Changed Her Mind.

"Before she married him, you know, she used to say there wasn't another man like him in the world."

"Yes, but now she says she'd hate to think that there was."—Philadelphia Press.

The Church's Bath.

"My wife didn't stay but a week down at her mother's."

"Homesick?"

"No; but her younger sisters admired our baby so much they nearly washed it to pieces."

A Wall Street Victim.

Mr. Flunk: I sympathize with you, Mr. Plunk.

Mr. Plunk: Yes; that's the worst of it; I don't mind dropping the money so much as I do having fellows who are really tickled about it come and tell me they feel sorry for me.

Cultivate Beauty of Spirit.

Intelligence and common sense in regard to the laws of health will change a comparatively ordinary looking woman into a creature who can claim her own share of good looks. Such a woman will eat only healthy, nutritious food and endeavor to get a good supply of fresh air each day. She will know that a bath taken before retiring each night is essential to preserve her health and beauty. A sponge bath taken in the morning immediately after rising will commence for her one of the duties of the day, says Julia Teresa Butler in the Weekly Bouquet. And she will not forget to cultivate beauty of spirit. No woman can be lovely without a lovely disposition. She may be fair to look upon, but, like a rose without fragrance, she will impart no sweetness.

Passing of Daniel Emmett.

Daniel Emmett, the founder of negro minstrelsy and the composer of the music of "Dixie," is dying of old age at his hermit's home near Mount Vernon, Ohio. Mr. Emmett is 86, and for years has lived in a suburban

DAN EMMETT.

home, avoiding men and their ways and seeking companionship only in the wife of his old age and a few dogs. The circumstances which led to his writing "Dixie" are related by a resident of Mount Vernon. Emmett was playing in New York with the celebrated Bryant Minstrels. Mr. Bryant one day requested him to compose a new "walk round" of a heroic kind. "One," he said, "which the hands will want to play and which the boys will whistle in the streets." The next morning Emmett appeared with the music of "Dixie" as it is now played. There was little enough in the words—mere clatter, really—but the music took at once in the north and was seized by the South for its own when the northern soldiers took it thither early in the war. The original words have long since been changed to suit southern sentiment.

A Venerable Structure.

One of the most interesting institutions in the south is St. Michael's Church, Charleston, S. C., which is claimed to be the oldest Protestant house of worship now in use, with the exception of Burton Parish Church, at Williamsburg, Va. It dates back to 1678. The present structure was opened for divine worship in 1761 and has since passed through many memorable experiences. The walls contain shot fired by the British during the revolutionary war and by the Union army during the civil war; it was seriously

ST MICHAEL'S CHURCH.

injured by a cyclone in 1885, and almost totally destroyed by the earthquake of 1886. But, as the inscription upon a tablet in the vestibule says, "it has been restored by the generosity of American churchmen and friends."

The windows contain some fine glass. The organ is the oldest in America, and was brought from England in 1768. The chimes in the steeple date from 1764 and are eight in number. They have had a remarkable history. In 1782, when the British evacuated the city, the bells were carried away as public property, and being offered for sale in London were purchased by a Charleston merchant named Rybinar and shipped home. In 1838 they were sent to England and recast. In 1862 they were sent to Columbia to keep them out of the hands of the federal soldiers and were burned, but the fragments were gathered together and sent to Mears & Steinbank of London, successors of the original founders, and recast in the same molds. The clock in the steeple dates also from 1764, and is of the same pattern as that of the Royal Exchange in London.

Gen. Delarey, Boer Hero.

General Delarey, the Boer commander who is making another De Wet of himself in the war in South Africa, is probably the most modern and up-to-date of the Afrikander fighters. He is said to be a perfect gentleman in his manners and to be somewhat in advance of his fellow burghers in the matter of dress. He affects none of the negligence of attire so dear to the eye of the real Boers, yet at heart he is as sturdy, as stolid and as pastoral as De Wet or Cronje. Delarey is the officer who engineered the clever capture of the Scots Fusiliers. He is now the main pillar of the Boer army, and unless stopped by a bullet he will probably be the last to leave the field. For eleven years he sat in the volksraad, but he was known as the silent man.

He has his own private griefs as well as public ones. His first born was killed at Modder River. The incident was Romanesque. The son, a boy of 15, was struck by a bullet while at his father's side.

"Are you hit, my boy?" asked the general.

"Yes, father."

They went to the ambulance.

"Does it pain, my boy?"

"Yes, father."

"Are you going to die?"

"Yes, father."

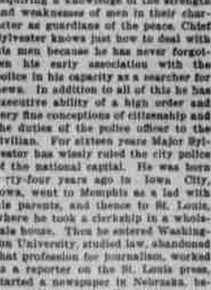
Half an hour later the lad was dead. But Delarey fights on, and at his side is another son, younger but as brave

GEN. DELAREY.

as the first. Delarey is of Irish origin.

President of Police Chiefs.

Major Richard Sylvester, the newly elected president of the National Association of Police Chiefs, has an interesting career with no lack of variety in incident and locality. Long before he became engaged in directing the police force of Washington, D. C., he had had an insight into the life and work of policemen from the viewpoint of a newspaper reporter. No vantage ground outside the force itself is better than that of the reporter for acquiring a knowledge of the strength and weaknesses of men in their character as guardians of the peace. Chief Sylvester knows just how to deal with his men because he has never forgotten his early association with the police in his capacity as a searcher for news. In addition to all of this he has executive ability of a high order and very fine conceptions of citizenship and the duties of the police officer to the civilian. For sixteen years Major Sylvester has wisely ruled the city police of the national capital. He was born forty-four years ago in Iowa City, Iowa, went to Memphis as a lad with his parents, and thence to St. Louis, where he took a clerkship in a wholesale house. Then he entered Washington University, studied law, abandoned that profession for journalism, worked as a reporter on the St. Louis press, started a newspaper in Nebraska, became editor of the Farmington, Mo., Times, and finally drifted to Washington as a correspondent. He was no sooner installed as chief of police than he began to make changes in the service which showed at once that he had struck his line. Under his administration the force has improved vastly and Mr. Sylvester is now one of the most efficient and most popular chiefs in the country.



CHIEF SYLVESTER.