

FAIR SPIES.

AN INTERESTING CHAPTER OF WAR HISTORY.

Women Who Aided the Cause of the Confederacy—Dangerous Role Played by a Girl in the Signal Corps.

ALTOGETHER the strangest feature of our great Civil War of 1861-5 was the prime part played by the gentle maidens of the South in the spy system of the Confederacy. During the war it was hard to find a woman south of Mason and Dixon's line, no matter how fair her face and refined her character, who was really a non-combatant.

For the first two years of the war all aid and comfort for the Confederacy north of the Potomac were mainly derived from the ladies of the ancient regime at Washington. These ripe and languid beauties who had formed the court and assisted in the ceremonies of successive administrations learned with speed and certainty many of the most important secrets of Lincoln's administration and imparted them to their friends in the South. As long as this continued Lee's spy system was perfect. He knew the Union army organization, its numbers and its position, while the Federal generals were absolutely in the dark in respect to his.

In the third year of hostilities this position of affairs became intolerable and the Federal Government organized a bureau of military information, which had command over all the spies, the ball room and the signal corps. As a natural consequence the Government soon ascertained the numbers and commanders of every brigade and regiment in the Confederate army and could tell at any time, within a few thousand, Lee's entire numerical force.

One of the means of communication these intriguants had was by signaling across the Potomac to their agents on the Virginia side of the river. The chief among the spies was Miss Mary Watson, the daughter of Major Rodrick G. Watson, who resided upon a bluff at least 100 feet above the Potomac River, at Pope's Creek, near Port Tobacco, Charles County, Maryland. Miss Watson was a remarkably pretty girl, twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, with a mop of black hair, dark eyes shaded by long lashes and heavy black brows. Her carriage was erect and figure slender, which made her appear a little above the average height. She loved the Confederacy with an ardor so intense that it is believed she would have made any sacrifice for its cause. She was the chief female Confederate mail-carrier with Thomas A. Jones, north of the Potomac from about March, 1862, to the close of the war. She and Mr. Jones successfully managed to transmit South all the Confederate mail entrusted to their care by the Confederate agents north of the Potomac, and received the mail from the South which was to be distributed at the North or to be transmitted to the Confederate agents in Canada and Europe. It was owing to her vigilance and untiring zeal that not one of the Confederate mails was captured during the war, notwithstanding the neighborhood of her home was infested with Federal detectives, spies and soldiers. She also kept up during the entire four years a signal station in one of her father's high garret windows by means of a black shawl. The house of Thomas A. Jones, with whom she operated, was the headquarters of the Confederate spies.

The character of the prisoners confined in the Old Capitol was a matter of wide variation, differing in this particular from any other place of confinement. It held prisoners of State particularly, such as parties charged with active disloyalty at the North, bounty frauds, counterfeiters of United States notes and other contractors who had swindled the Government, and Confederate spies.

Of the secret agents or spies in the service of the Confederate Government, there were some who achieved notoriety at least, and they were well represented at the Old Capitol, among the latter being the famous Belle Boyd, who did the Confederacy some service by her alertness and enterprise as a spy. On a particularly daring expedition she was arrested and imprisoned as a spy. After remaining a prisoner in the Old Capitol about seven months she was exchanged for Colonel Michael Corcoran of Meagher's New York Irish Brigade.

Miss D., at the outbreak of the war, was a lovely, fragile-looking girl of nineteen, remarkable for the sweetness of her temper and the gentleness of her disposition. A few days before the battle of Bull Run a country market cart stopped in the Confederate lines at the door of General Benham's tent. A peasant girl alighted from the cart and begged for an immediate interview with the General. It was granted. "General Benham, I believe," said the young lady, in tones which betrayed her superiority to the disguise she had assumed. Then, pulling down her long, black hair, she took from its folds a note, small, damp and crumpled. But it was by acting upon this informal dispatch that General Beauregard won the victory of Bull Run.

One of the most interesting characters in the Old Capitol prison was Mrs. Rose O. H. Greenhow, an alleged Southern spy, who was arrested on the 11th of August, and confined until May 31, 1861, when she was sent to Old Point to be delivered into the Confederate lines. Mrs. Greenhow was a dashing widow, rather tall, of small facial outlines and graceful in movement. Her husband had been employed in the State Department as

translator. She was a woman of letters and was born in the South, although brought up in Washington. She was confined with her own daughter, Miss Rose Greenhow; after she was sent within the Confederate lines, she went to Paris, where she left her daughter in a convent school, and then attempted to return to the South, but lost her life by drowning near Wilmington, N. C., in October, 1864, while attempting to run the blockade. Her body was recovered and she was buried there with imposing military honors. While Mrs. Greenhow was incarcerated in the Old Capitol several other interesting Southern ladies received the hospitality of Colonel Wood. Among these may be mentioned Mrs. Mary E. Gwin, the wife of Senator Gwin, of California; Mrs. Philip Phillips, wife of an ex-member of Congress from Alabama, and the sister of Mrs. Greenhow, and the Misses Fannie and Lena Phillips, her daughters; Mrs. Levy, a widow, whose husband was formerly in the United States army; Mrs. Betty A. Hopley, a lady of fine education and fascinating manners, who was born and reared in Washington, but whose husband was a Southern man, and Miss Bessie Perine.—Chicago Record.

How Lobengula Died.

A correspondent writing to a South African contemporary supplies what he states is the true story of the death of the great Matabele Chief, Lobengula. It is a pathetic story. The correspondent relates: "Lobengula, suffering from smallpox, worn out by his long flight, disappointed in his hopes of peace and altogether broken down by the loss of his country, his power and possessions, came to halt at last among the mountains north of the Shangani River.

"Here he begged his witch doctor to give him poison with which to end his life, but the man refused. The despairing chief went up the hill to the foot of the crag which tops it, and, sitting there, he gazed for a long time at the sun as it slowly sank toward the west. Then, descending, he again demanded poison of his doctor, and insisted till finally it was given to him. Once more ascending the slope, he seated himself against the krantz, took the poison and gazed at the setting sun, stolidly awaiting the death which presently put an end to his sufferings and his blood-stained life.

"There is something pathetic and grand in the picture. It is the last scene of the great epic, the conquest of Matabeleland. His followers found him seated there in death, and, piling stones and rocks around him, they left him. Whether he was placed in his royal chair, flanked by guns and covered over with his blankets and other possessions as described in the South African Review, I know not. All this may be true, and also that a strong palisade of tree trunks was planted around this spot, but I give the story as I heard it, and believe that, as it emanates from Mr. Dawson, it is the correct one."—Westminster Budget.

Dickens's Dummy Books.

"Gad's Hill" was a merry horse," writes Stephen Fiske in fondly recalling incidents of his visits to Charles Dickens, in an article telling of the personal side of the novelist in the Ladies' Home Journal. "Dickens was a wellspring of mirth, and his humor infected the whole party. Often, when I came down from London, he would walk out and lean against the doorpost, while I was at the gate, and we would shout with laughter over the fun that we had had and were going to have. When everything else failed the library was an unending amusement. The room was lined with books from floor to ceiling, even the backs of the doors being bookcases; but the books on the doors and along the floor were bogus. Dummy backs had been lettered with titles and pasted on the glass, and the titles had been selected by such wits as Dickens, Yut-s, the Collins brothers, Albert Smith and Mark Lemon, of 'Punch.' We used to sit on the floor to study this mock library and roll over with delight at some clever satire. I remember 'The Virtues of Our Ancestors,' a volume so thin that the title had to be printed lengthwise; 'Five Minutes in India, by a British Tourist,' in two volumes as large as an unabridged dictionary; 'Lives of the Poets,' a mere pamphlet; 'Eggs on Bacon,' to match 'Coke on Littleton'; 'Statues Erected to the Duke of Wellington,' fifteen portly volumes, and there were dozens of other quips and cranks. A catalogue of these bogus books should have been preserved, but nobody thought of writing it out, nobody realized that Dickens would ever die."

An Oily Fish.

The oily character of the menhaden is familiar; it is caught for its oil, which is tried out in factories. Menhaden fishermen use purse nets, which are tarred to preserve them. To keep their hands from sticking to the tarred nets they rub them on a freshly caught menhaden, handling it something as they would a cake of soap. So oily is the menhaden that the simple pressure thus applied is sufficient to bring through the scales oil sufficient for the purpose.

Trades on His Face.

There is a man in Ohio named Jenkins, whose resemblance to Abraham Lincoln is said to be wonderful. He is said to have received in his time enough jail sentences to round out an ordinary life, and been in enough brawls and accidents to kill a dozen ordinary men. Yet, on account of his likeness to Lincoln, it is asserted he gets all the free passes on the railroads that he wants and almost any favor he asks for.—New Orleans Picayune.

GIANT FOSSILS.

PREHISTORIC ANIMALS FROM THE ROCKIES.

Bones of Monsters That Existed Countless Ages Ago Recovered After Long and Tireless Search—An Exciting Quest.

PROFESSOR H. FAIRCHILD Osborn, Curator of Vertebrate Paleontology in the American Museum of Natural History, contributes a paper on "Prehistoric Quadrupeds of the Rockies" to the Country. The article is illustrated by drawings by Charles Knight, giving careful reconstruction of these strange beasts. Professor Osborn says: Before describing the animals themselves, we may stop to note what our present knowledge of them has cost in human skill and endurance. Every one of these pictures is drawn from a complete skeleton hewn out of the solid rock, and each of these skeletons represents years and years of arduous exploration in which Worthman, Hatcher, Petersen, and others sent out by the American Museum, by Princeton, or by Yale, have become famous. Our party found the Titanotherium in a broiling alkali canon of South Dakota. Its head was protruding from a hard sandstone cliff, and the chest, limbs, and trunk were chiseled out by the men under a sun's shelter which lowered the noon temperature to 106 degrees. They were encouraged to think that the whole beast had been mired in a standing position. This was probably the case originally, but suddenly they came across a fault; it appeared that the hind limbs had been swept away; and it required two years more searching before bones of an animal of a corresponding size were secured. Every other skeleton has its own story of determination, disappointment and surprise.

The old lake basins, once on sea level, and enriched by the moist, balmy winds of the Pacific, are now elevated from four to five thousand feet. The only redeeming feature of their present aspect of absolute barrenness is that the absence of vegetation leaves the old graves and burying grounds bare. Fossil bones and skeletons are not plentiful—far from it; but a trained eye sees a great distance along the bare gullies, cliffs and canons, and your daily scramble of fifteen to twenty miles enables you to prospect over a vast stretch. You are off in morning, stiffened by a frosty night. You know by sad experience that the ice in the basins does not promise a cool day. Your backbone is still freezing while the sun begins to broil and blister your skin, and you are the living embodiment of the famous desert served by the Japanese—a hot crust without, and ice within. Your trail begins on the upland, which may be the actual level of the old lake bottom; and as if walking through a graveyard, you never look for bones until the land breaks away by erosion.

When you reach the edge of this upland, you look off into a sea of rock, sometimes wild beyond description, and you plunge down the slope to a certain level. Then you follow this level round and round and in and out. Here you are on a seam which bears fossils. Above and below it are other similar fossiliferous seams, and between them are barren seams where you will not find a bone if you search till doomsday. This level, perhaps, represents the delta of a great mountain river which swept the animals out with coarse sand, pebbles and debris. Sometimes you walk miles and miles, up and down, day after day, and see nothing but common turtle bones, which are so deceptive and tempting at a distance that the fossil hunter profanely kicks them aside. Turtles are found everywhere because they swam out, basked in the sunshine in the midlakes, and occasionally sank to the bottom, while the carcasses of land animals were buried in the deltas or nearer shore.

In such a fossil-barren land the heat seems twice as torrid, on the buttes your muscles and back ache doubly, your tongue lies parched from the best gulp of alkali water, your soul absorbs a fossil, and longs for the green shade of the East, and the watermelon, when all of a sudden, a little projecting bone strikes your wearied eye. You fall on your knees, and breathe gently on the loose sand; a little scraping, and you see the signs of a skull—perhaps of some missing link. "The thrill of discovery spreads like an elixir through your frame, and two or three hours later, after carefully cutting out the prize, you walk vigorously back to camp every inch a victor.

Thus fossil-hunting is a life of vicissitudes and emotions. The fossil-hunter is predestined to his work, like the sportsman. He returns East in the autumn, rowing he will never go back to the Bad Lands; but as the favorable months of spring come round he becomes more and more restless until he is off. The country that is as hot as Hades, watered by stagnant alkali pools, is almost invariably the richest in fossils. Here, in fact, as you find the greatest variety and number of bones, you enjoy the most delightful fights of the scientific imagination; when parched and burned, you conjure before you the glories of these ancient lakes.

Few Die of Old Age.

Only 906 persons in 1,000,000, according to medical authority, die from old age, while 1200 succumb to gout, 18,400 to measles, 2700 to apoplexy, 7000 to erysipelas, 7500 to consumption, 48,000 to scarlet fever, 25,000 to whooping cough, 30,000 to typhoid and typhus, and 7000 to rheumatism. The averages vary according to locality, but these are considered pretty accurate as regards the population of the globe as a whole.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Selfishness is a hard snake to kill.

It never hurls truth any to be lied about.

Every land flowing with milk and honey has giants in it.

A good prayer meeting always begins before the bell rings.

Everything we do will be great when it is what God wants done.

Fortune cannot change us. It can only bring out what is in us.

Angels are disappointed when the preacher stops working for souls and goes to working for dollars.

Scandals and crimes in the newspapers are helping the devil about as much as the hypocrites in church.

The man who sits down to wait for a golden opportunity to knock at his door, will need a thick cushion on his chair.

Many boys are saved when their fathers are wrong, but the child stands a poor chance when his mother is wrong.

It is better to have only a little honest meal in the barrel, than to sit down to smoked meat that should be returned to somebody's smoke house.—Ram's Horn.

Water Costs Three Dollars a Quart.

The Papaz Indians inhabit a country of broad plains, with mountain ranges between. The mountains are remarkably rugged, and rise sharply from the lowlands. All over the plains live the Indians. The country is one of the most arid regions on the face of the globe, a whole year passing sometimes without a drop of rain. The streams rise in the mountains, but never reach the sea, and the debris carried by the rivers, instead of finding its way to the ocean, is spread upon the plains, the rivers drying up before they reach the sea.

Semland, in the State of Sonora, Mexico, was never seen by a white man until about two years ago, when the Bureau of Ethnology sent an expedition to explore that region. The natives are constantly vigilant every moment, from day to day, from week to week, month to month, year to year, expecting and dreading the approach of an enemy. They are always prepared for any emergency.

The dearth of water was the greatest obstacle to the exploration. Every drop we used was carried from twelve to fifteen miles by men under heavy guard. Water there is more valuable than gold, and often we measured it in spoonfuls. In counting the dangers and labors of securing water we estimated its worth at from \$3 to \$1 a quart.—Baltimore American.

Shoes of Various Nations.

National peculiarities are often illustrated in the style of shoes that are worn. "The Portuguese shoe," says a contemporary, "has a wooden sole and heel, with a vamp made of patent leather fancifully showing the flesh side of the skin. The Persian footgear is a raised shoe, and is often a foot high. It is made of light wood, richly inlaid, with a strap extending over the instep. The Muscovite shoe is handwoven, on a wooden frame, but little attention is paid to the shape of the foot. Leather is sometimes used, but the sandal is generally made of silk corriage and woolen cloth. The Siamese shoe has the form of an ancient canoe, with a gondola bow and an open toe. The sole is made of wood and the upper of inlaid wood and cloth, and the exterior is elaborately ornamented in colors with gold and silver. The sandal worn by the Egyptians is composed of a sole made by sticking together three thickness of leather. This is held to the foot by passing a band across the instep. The sandal is beautifully stitched with thread of different colors.

Lapis Lazuli.

Lapis lazuli, a peculiar stone, varying in shades from sky blue to dark blue, comes from various parts of Asia, and has usually specks of yellow or white iron pyrites, which some believe to be gold or silver. The fine blue color for painting called ultramarine is made from lapis lazuli by grinding it into powder and purifying it from pyrites and other substances which are mixed with it in its natural state. As painters know well, this color is now difficult to obtain genuine since a mode of making it artificially has been discovered by chemists. The difference in price is great, the artificial ultramarine being sold for eight or ten shillings a cwt., whereas a pound weight of fine real ultramarine would cost from eighty to one hundred pounds sterling and upwards. The artificial cannot be distinguished from the real by even the most careful chemical tests, the only means of detecting the former being by the microscope, which shows the absence of the sparkling particles of the broken stone from which the real ultramarine is never free.

Remarkable Honesty.

A box containing fifty dollars worth of coppers fell off a dray in Northumberland avenue in London the other day when the street was crowded, scattering the coins in every direction. There was a rush made for the coins, but when a policeman asked for the money to be delivered up there was a general compliance, and, on counting it, the whole fifty dollars was found without a copper missing.—New York Sun.

Chinese and Colors.

The percentage of red and green color blindness among Chinese is found to be about three, or not very different from that among Europeans. Fully half of those tested by Dr. Fields, of Swatow, in recent experiments, however, mixed up blue and green, causing him to perceive that many Chinamen are quite blind to the violet colors.—New York Journal.



WOMAN'S WORLD.

BUNNETTES AND BERTIE JEWELRY. Some women, said a leading jeweler the other day, simply go into wild ecstasy over any design with snakes a prominent feature. They are usually black-eyed women, for few blondes care for reptile jewels. A jeweler learns to know his customers, and the peculiar drift of their characteristics in their chatter about his store. I seldom fail, after a few moments of conversation, in selecting something to their fancy at once.—Philadelphia Enquirer.

PRETTY FOR A RAINY DAY.

What is described as "some really pretty rain-proof clothing" has been discovered by a correspondent of Vogue at a resort in the mountains of Bohemia. A young princess, who is staying at the same hotel there, has provided herself with several suits made of shot rain-proof material in delicate pearly hues, and very charming she looks in them. "The Princess Sonia," writes the correspondent, "looks like a tiny fairy when, armed with a stout violet-woodstick, she sallies forth in spite of the pouring rain, clad in her admirably fitting suits of water-proof silks, with a small hood drawn over her golden curls, for long walks in the drenched but fragrant woods about her." One of these costumes is made of changeable pink and almond-green taffetas impermeable, the skirt clearing the ankle well and being finished off with ten rows of stitching. This is worn over a pair of knickerbockers, made of silk and tacked into a pair of smart-looking taffetas gaiters buttoned with silver. The waist is jacket-shaped, provided with a hood and fastened over a waistcoat of dark-green material, which is also water-proof. The adoption of such costumes in this country would work a vast improvement in the appearance of women who venture out on rainy days.

DANISH GIRLS.

From what one hears of the Danish girl, she has all the privileges open to one of ourselves. If she wishes to study at the University, she finds herself free to take up any branch she may choose, and medical, mathematical and scientific honors fall to her share quite as frequently as to her brothers. As among us, too, teaching seems to be the most universal employment for women who wish to earn their own living. Yet there are so many teachers and so many daughters of rich families who teach simply as a pastime, with no remuneration, that the pay is very small and not at all in proportion to the services they give. They are well up in the English literature of the day, distinguish themselves as artists, authors and musicians, found schools and asylums for various charities, and manage them as successfully as the women in other countries. Designing and painting pottery, wood-carving and burnt woodwork are among other accomplishments, and many women have taken up photography and started out as professionals. But, in spite of all their professional work, Danish women do not degenerate in the art of housekeeping and good cooking.

Within the past few years they have become interested in the outdoor games so popular in England, and tennis, golf, cricket and football are fast gaining ground. The craze for bicycling seized them some time ago, and they are already expert riders, for the level country favors this sport. Some of the Danish girls are accomplished horsewomen, and they are never quite so pretty and graceful as when they are skating, which is a general amusement for fully three months in the year. Unfortunately for the picturesque of the National Danish costume, English fashion has invaded nearly all classes of society, and the high-pointed cap, bright colored skirt, embroidered apron and corselet are very seldom seen now. In the arrangement of their hair, however, they remain constant to their old custom of brushing it smoothly back and then twisting it into a tight knot at the back of the head. A Danish girl in good society makes her debut at sixteen, when she is confirmed. If she is not married at twenty-two she is left out of all parties and amusements, thus showing that the old-fashioned prejudice against old maids still obtains among these otherwise enlightened people.—New York Ledger.

WOMEN AND THE SUFFRAGE.

The countries of the world where women already have some suffrage have an area of over 18,000,000 square miles, and their population is over 350,000,000. In Great Britain women vote for all elective officers except Members of Parliament. In France the women teachers elect women members on all boards of education. In Sweden women vote for all elective officers except representatives. Also, indirectly, for Members of the House of Lords. In Norway they have school suffrage. In Ireland the women vote for the harbor boards, poor law guardians, and in Belfast for municipal officers. In Russia women householders vote

for all elective officers and matters. In Finland they vote for all elective officers.

In Austria-Hungary they vote proxy, for all elective officers. In Croatia and Dalmatia the privilege of doing so in elections in person.

In Italy widows vote for Parliament.

In the Madris presidency Bombay presidency (Hindus) women exercise the right of in all municipalities.

In all countries of Russia can do so wherever a Russian settles. The Russians are the whole of their vast possessions, and carrying with them where the "mir," or village, wherein women vote of households are permitted.

Women have municipal Cape Colony, which rules square miles.

Municipal woman suffrage New Zealand and at present elections.

Iceland, in the North Atlantic, Isle of Man, between Great Britain and Pitcairn Islands South Pacific, have full suffrage.

In the Dominion of Canada have municipal suffrage in all provinces and also in the territories. In Ontario they elect elective officers except in the members of the Legislative Parliament.

In the United States States and Territories women some form of suffrage. School suffrage in various is granted to women in Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Indiana, Kansas, Kentucky, sets, Michigan, Minnesota, New Hampshire, New York, North Dakota, Oregon, Dakota, Texas, Vermont and sin.

In Arkansas and Missouri, vote, by petition, on liquor many cases.

In Delaware suffrage is granted women in several municipalities.

In Kansas they have equal with men in all municipalities. About 50,000 women voted in Montana they vote a taxation.

In New York they can vote at school elections. The constitutionality of this is undecided. They vote at places in this State on local matters, such as gas and electric lighting, paving, sewerage and other municipal bonds.

In Utah women voted advised by the Edmunds law they promptly organized by its repeal.

In Pennsylvania a law was 1889 under which women improvements by signing of to sign petitions therefore.

In Wyoming women have the same terms with men. The convention in 1889 to the Constitution unanimously provision securing them. This Constitution was ratified voters at a special election three-fourths majority. One refused to require the disfranchisement of women, and a limited 10, 1890.

And let it not be forgotten the Senate of the United States February 7, 1889, a select committee reported in favor of a conditional Constitution so as to be made sex a cause of disqualification. Congress adjourned March 4 following, without the subject.—Omaha Bee.

FASHION NOTES.

Long fashes bordered with be seen on dressy chairs. The sleeve that is tight and puffed above that is the shape.

The very swell woman of means has her gowns decorated with pearls.

A ganze parasol is the beauty, but as a sun deflector success.

Bunches of quills and figure conspicuously on the millinery.

Sometimes the woman that her get-up is especially like a fright.

Many of the gray-floored are wonderfully toned down built over black linings.

Nainsook shirt waists that to order look very charming little black reef jackets.

Yachting gowns trimmed with this adornment in serve as walking costumes.

Use up your ribbons and of silk in making corsets they are as yet but novelties.

Dull green satin covered applique of lace makes a vest and basque frames for a gown, and one very stunning combination in green is a cloth dress piped with a pink and a full vest of green stamped with an Oriental rose and gold color.