

# THE BRAVEST ARE THE TENDEREST.

Footsore and travel-worn and faint,  
The veteran ranks, in faded blue,  
Turned from the highway's blistering track  
Across a meadow bright with dew.

The feet that pressed that yielding turf  
Had charged the rampart's slippery verge—  
Browed brows, the morning sunlight  
Had faced the battle's storm and surge.

And the old banner fluttering free,  
To greet the welcoming breeze' faint,  
Was stained through all its field of stars,  
And rent by showers of fiery rain.

"Halt!" Swift and sharp along the line  
They heard the ringing order pass—  
"A lark's nest!" Lo! the mother bird  
Rose startled from the trembling grass!

"March!" Moved as by a single will,  
The column parts. Untouched between  
The young larks in their downy bed  
Nestle amid the clustering green.

A fearless thrill of half-fledged wings!  
A scarlet flash of opening beak!  
And eyes that looked undimmed on death,  
Rain sudden drops down furrowed cheeks!

Ah! true the poet's lips that sang,  
The bravest hearts are tenderest!  
And safe the land whose heroes spare  
To trample e'en a wild bird's nest!  
—Youth's Companion.

## A Difference in Usage.

BY WARDON ALLAN CURTIS.

(Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)  
The Rev. Philetus Carson of the diocese of New York had at last secured a parish whose income made him feel warranted in asking some one to share his lot. It had been a long time coming, this parish with a comfortable salary, twenty-two years, and Carson was now forty-four. There was no time to be lost. "In fact," said Carson to his friend, the prebendary, "I already feel the habits of a bachelor growing on me and fear that if I do not marry soon they will so far have fastened themselves on me as not to be shaken off."

"Yes, I think they will begin to grow on you quite soon, now," said the prebendary, who had been married twenty years.

Almost coincidentally with Carson's investiture in his new parish, came a diocesan convention at Saratoga, which in those ante-bellum days was the summer social capital of the country, and the unnumbered rivals that have arisen since were unknown. Carson came to this scene of gaiety with his heart fluttering like a girl's, dreaming of meeting his fate there among the throngs of women from all over the land. It was on the second day that he met Miss Miriam Manigault of South Carolina, who attended all the sessions of the convention, a devout churchwoman, whom the bishop, apparently divining the matrimonial aspirations of his now eligible subordinate and resolved to further them, had taken particular pains to introduce to Carson.

Carson fell in love at once. Not quite at once, but after not over five minutes debating with himself whether a native of anti-slavery Vermont ought to marry a South Carolinian and thereby lend countenance to the continuance of black bondage. Why did it devolve upon him, one person, to endeavor to put down the peculiar institution? Answer, Miss Manigault was perfectly charming. Was the North right, or the South? Answer, Miss Manigault was a lady to her finger tips. Might not all the trouble be due to Northern ignorance of Southern conditions? Answer, Miss Manigault dressed with a daintiness that was exquisite. Furthermore, Bishop Hopkins of his own Vermont had but lately published a book proving that the institution of slavery possessed Divine sanction, and to complete the chain of argument, Miss Manigault was apparently thirty-six or seven, just suited to him in age. By the time the minute hand had moved



"I reckon I'll be going soon," five spaces after the bishop had uttered the words of introduction the Rev. Philetus Carson was in love with Miss Miriam Manigault.

The convention was over, and still Carson lingered and sat on the broad piazzas with Miss Manigault and talked day after day. There came the afternoon of the last day of his stay. It was now or never, if he was to learn the state of Miss Manigault's affections. He talked of his approaching departure and studied her bending over her sewing, to observe the effect of his words.

"I reckon I'll be going soon, too," said Miss Manigault. "My people will want to see me again. My boy Ike will be awful anxious to see me."

Carson almost fell from his chair. More to cover his confusion, his agitation, than anything else, he blurted out, "You have a boy Ike?" and he heard himself add, "Mrs. Manigault?"

Was she wife or widow? The bishop had surely not said "Mrs."

"Miss Manigault, if you please, I have always been Miss Manigault. Yes, I have five boys. There's Ike, and Jim, and Joe, and Ed down there



"What, marry a nigger!"

on my place, and I have another of my boys with Cousin George for awhile. But that is all right, for he's George's boy."

If the fact that Miss Manigault might be or might have been married had struck a cold chill to Carson's heart, what was his horror to hear her confess herself the mother of five boys and cut off all palliating speculations by saying she had always been Miss Manigault. Why, it was monstrous, this terrible, this awful, horrible thing. She, so dainty, so sweet, still a girl, despite her years, a soft pink still in her cheeks, her fine skin marked by a few gracious wrinkles, the record of smiles and sweet sympathy, none of her virgin slenderness gone over into matronly plumpness, none of it passed into old maid slimmness. To see this woman, lovely embodiment of delicate purity in her outward seeming, and then to hear brazen declaration of shame! Tears gathered in Carson's eyes and only by a supreme effort did he keep them from bursting forth in a flood. He had never loved before, he had never allowed himself to love before. He knew he should never love again, but drag out the rest of a barren existence, with his dreams tenanted by the ideal being which he had once imagined Miss Manigault to be. He would have fled at once, but though his connection with Miss Manigault as a man was over, there remained his duty as a clergyman and he rallied to it. In his capacity as a spiritual pastor and master he addressed her. In a voice whose hardness astonished him, he said:

"Did your Cousin George ever ask you to marry him?"

"Why how frank you Northern people are. No. He's twenty years older than I am."

"Did the father of Ike ever ask you to marry him?"

"Ike!" cried Miss Manigault, springing to her feet. "Do you think I would marry a nigger, degrade myself—Oh, how could you!"

"Far better, madame," said Carson, rising to his feet, "to have married this negro and in honorable wedlock borne him your son Ike than to have brought Ike and the other four into the world as you did."

Miss Manigault shrieked, but it was as much a shriek of laughter as of rage or injury. There were tears, but they, too, might have been tears of laughter. The man before her was suffering as she had never seen a man suffer before, and it was for love of her. Whatever she might have said or done in anger, whatever she might have said and done in perversity, though plainly perceiving his mistake

and his sincerity, was profoundly modified by this.

"Sir, Ike and the rest are my negro slaves, mine all except the one at Cousin George's, whom I haven't completely paid for yet. Boys, we call them, and I see you have never heard them called so. What have you to say in regard to the terrible insult you have offered me as a man, to the reproach you were starting out to give me as a clergyman?" and again there was a ring of merriment mixed with the anger in her voice and the eyes she tried to make stern twinkled.

"I have offered you most grievous insult and I cannot think of proper amends. I have heard it said that to offer love is the greatest honor a man can do a woman. To atone for my outrageous offense, may I in deepest humility offer you my hand in marriage? But what right have I to call that an atonement, to ask the unspeakable happiness of union with you and call it balm for my affront? Oh, such is the agony of my self-reproach that I could throw myself under the feet of yonder approaching horses if it would be an atonement."

"Would you do it?" asked Miss Manigault, clasping her hands.

"Yes, gladly—except for the fact that such an act by one of my cloth might create a scandal and be used by the enemies of sound religion. Oh, I could throw myself down from the roof of the hotel to atone—if my cloth only permitted."

"But, tell me, how could you believe it of me?"

"Because you yourself said it. All this time I have so builded love and admiration and trust in you that even when I thought I heard you declaring yourself utterly abandoned, I believed you. Had anyone else, my dearest friend, my brother, whispered aught against you, I would not have believed."

"You would have fought him, you would have called him out?"

"I would gladly have fought him, leaving the arbitrament to whatever deadly weapons he might choose, however unskilled I might be in their use—if my cloth had only permitted."

"You are a true South Carolinian, if you are a Vermont," after the utterance of which paradox Miss Manigault let Carson take her hand, hiding this junction from the eyes of possible curious passers-by under a newspaper spread out over their two laps.

### Politicians' Barracks.

"Politicians' Barracks," is the name which Senator Hanna laughingly conferred upon the new dormitory at Kenyon college at Gambier, Ohio, of which the cornerstone will be laid on June 25," said Mr. Jacob Ehrhardt of Cincinnati at the Arlington the other night. "It will stand a monument to his spontaneous generosity, which was demonstrated to be of a quality possessed by few men. The dormitory will be built with a check for \$60,000 given by Senator Hanna, who attended an alumni luncheon at the college in 1901. He made a little speech which followed that of a man who had pointed out the great need for a dormitory.

"Without any preliminary intimation of his intention, Senator Hanna quietly remarked that he would be glad to write a check for \$60,000 for a new dormitory to be called 'Politicians' Barracks.' His offer dumfounded the alumni present for a moment, and then they burst into applause.

"The hall will be called Hanna hall, in honor of its donor, who, however, in his modesty, would prefer that it be known by the title he jocosely conferred upon it."—Washington Times.

### Printed 39 Miles Away.

The most destructive fire in the history of Saratoga, N. Y., broke out last Monday in the Arcade Building, the principal business structure in the town, and in a short time \$300,000 worth of property was burned up, says the Editor and Publisher. Five persons were burned to death and several badly injured. The office and printery of the Evening Saratogian were destroyed. As soon as it was seen that the newspaper plant was destroyed, the manager wired the management of the Albany, N. Y., Argus, and received from the Albany company a tender of its plant for the evening edition of the Saratogian. The staff of the Saratogian paper quickly covered the fire and gathered up other news and advertising copy to fill the paper, boarded a train for Albany, which lies thirty-nine miles away, and the stuff was written and set up in the office of the Argus. A big edition of the Saratogian was run off on the Argus presses, put upon a train for Saratoga and distributed in the latter city on time. At last accounts the Saratogian was still getting out on time with the aid of the Albany plant.

### Maggie's Apology.

William Pruette, the singer, was one of a group of married men who were discussing housekeeping and servants the other evening in a Philadelphia hotel corridor. He told of a girl who served him and Mrs. Pruette well enough while they were living in a New York flat several years ago, and who one day went to Mrs. Pruette in tears and asked permission to go home for a few days—she had a telegram telling that her mother was ill.

"Of course, go," said Mrs. Pruette—"only, Maggie, do not stay longer than is necessary. We need you."

Maggie promised to return as soon as possible, and hurried away. A week passed without a word from her, then came a note by mail, reading: "Dear Miss Pruette I will be back next week a piece keep my place for me. Mother is dying as fast as she can. To oblige, Maggie."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Persons, Places and Things

### PROMOTION FOR GEN. YOUNG.

Belief at Washington That He Will Be Head of the Army.  
Major General S. M. B. Young, now president of the War College board, will probably succeed Gen. Miles as the lieutenant general of the army.



Gen. Miles will reach the age of retirement in August, 1903, and the president's plan is believed to be to name Gen. Young as his successor.

Gen. Young has been one of the distinguished fighters of the army, and the president desires to give him this promotion before he retires, which will be in 1904.

### GIRL WHISTLES CHURCH MUSIC.

New York Innovation That Has Met With Decided Approval.

"Whistling in church? Why not? If God gave me the gift to emulate the birds, why should I not use it to his glory?"

These were the questions propounded by Miss Louise Truax, a charming girl of 19 years, who took the congregation by storm in the Lexington Avenue Baptist church at New York. Miss Truax spoke of her hopes and ambitions.

"Yes," she said seriously, "I intend to make whistling the aim of my life. I have studied method under the best of teachers, have received encouragement from Mme. Schumann-Heink, Miss Thursby and other artists of that class, and have refused an offer of \$5,000 a year to whistle with an opera company. I do not wish to go on the professional stage, but I would like to whistle in churches. The day will come when whistling in church will be no great novelty."

In the Lexington Avenue church from pastor down the enthusiasm over the notes from Miss Truax's lips was great. Accompanied by the softest notes of the organ, the young woman whistled Schumann's "Traumerel" during the offertory. After the sermon the congregation flocked



around her and begged her to whistle another selection. She gave them the "Mocking Bird," and in the evening whistled "The Flower Song," by Mendelssohn. Miss Truax hails from Detroit.

### Generosity of Tammany Man.

John J. Scannell, former fire commissioner of New York, has made glad the heart of an old friend, Gen. DuBois Brinkerhoff of Fishkill Landing, N. Y., by buying at auction the general's farm, which was sold to satisfy a mortgage. After his purchase Scannell said to the previous owner: "Mr. Brinkerhoff, that farm is yours to stay on as long as you live. Order what you want to improve it and send the bills to me."

### Bob Flush Lost \$2,500.

In a game some years ago in Lexington, Ky., Henry C. White and ex-Congressman W. C. Owens, now practicing law in Louisville, were the players. After the draw, White taking two cards and Owens one, the former bet the latter \$500. Owens raised White \$1,800—and White called the big bet with three duces. The ex-congressman only had a bottle and White of course raked in the money.

### New Army Paymaster General.

The next paymaster general of the navy will be John Ninger Speel of Minnesota, at present fleet paymaster of the European station on the flagship Illinois. Speel is 49 years old, a nephew of Alexander Ramsey of Minnesota, formerly secretary of war, and has an excellent record in the service, which he entered in 1875.

## Home and Fashions

### A Stunning Hat.

A hat recently from Paris is of poppy-red chiffon made into close succession of half-inch wide tucks. It is Coquelin in shape, with a big flat buffed crown and two wide flat underpuffs for a brim. Between these flat brim puffs is a soft fold of pale gray chiffon. Attached far back on the left side with a gold buckle is a huge pale gray ostrich feather that sweeps round the hat toward the front, finishing a little on the right side. To the left side, back of the feather, is attached a fall of fine black Chantilly lace that droops over the back hair and upon the shoulders. In the center of the back is a double bow of black velvet ribbon, satin faced, an inch wide. This bow is tied tightly in the center and from it depend two streamers of the velvet a good deal below the waist line.

This hat is truly picturesque and is worn with a sumptuous carriage costume made of two shades of gray crepe de chine, with finishings of poppy red chiffon and black lace.

Pongee jackets are quite new and are especially attractive. An example in the natural hue is embroidered in black silk floss. It is made with a yoke incrustated with black lace medallions and a box-plaited body. The sleeves are flowing and are finished at the border with lace medallions. The jaunty, narrow, turndown collar has the lace medallions and at the finish, at the front, are long streamers of black velvet ribbon, satin-faced an inch and a half wide.

Box-plaited jackets recently from Paris are shown in black crepe de chine, pale yellow Louise silk and taffeta—all these colors showing embroidery in black silk, with exception of the black crepe de chine, which is embellished in white silk floss.

### A Dainty Theater Bodice.

With the signs of approaching warm weather our heavy and much trimmed satin and peau de soie

ished this makes a very attractive waist.

Charming Afternoon Toilette.  
A charming afternoon toilette is fashioned of cream voile of the softest quality and the preference for tucks is clearly evidenced. The waist has a deep yoke effect of horizontal tucks alternating with inset bands of black lace and below this the lace and tucks run lengthwise. A soft rosette of liberty satin ribbon is placed at the left side. The elbow sleeves are trimmed with ruffles. The same idea is followed in the skirt which falls in very graceful and ar-



### Popularity of Tucks.

zonal tucks alternating with inset bands of black lace and below this the lace and tucks run lengthwise. A soft rosette of liberty satin ribbon is placed at the left side. The elbow sleeves are trimmed with ruffles. The same idea is followed in the skirt which falls in very graceful and ar-

### CREAM BATISTE.



With embroidered white and blue batiste. Black satin belt.

waists are found too uncomfortable and we long for lighter garments to wear to the theater. A very dainty waist is of pale blue liberty silk over taffeta of the same shade and is trimmed with ribbon-run beading. It has something of a bolero effect, as the

tistic lines. Corticelli silk is used in the making of this costume.

For earlier spring voile and silk and wool material are very much liked, embroidered, uni, spotted faintly or striped, in short in every form and shape and color these delicate fabrics still hold their own, the favorite color being a delicate yellowish-buff tint shading to cream. Gray is always welcomed by the sartorial powers, just now a faint shade of dove color predominating. There is another color in vogue in Paris at present which may also take here among certain esprits in coming modes. It is a very undecided shade of brown almost running to purple, a trifle heavy perhaps for wear in summer, but certainly acceptable for the variable "samples" of weather we may yet be treated to.

### Timely Fashion Hints.

And how they do eat up material! Etamine tailors astonishingly well. Magpie combinations are in high favor. Some dress hats show lace insets in the brim. Veils show either velvet or embroidered dots. There's a piquancy about the tricorn chapeau. Nineteen-karat, Alexandrite is priced at \$1,900. Moire, satin taffeta and Louise ribbons trim hats. Cloth bands are effective on lace dresses for day wear. Broad-plaited bands are strapped onto some tailor rigs.



### Liberty Silk Over Taffeta.

lower part consists of plaited chiffon which blouses slightly over the belt. An attractive chiffon jabot completes the garniture. The stitching is all done with Corticelli silk. When finished