

Brave Deeds

OF THE WAR

The armies of Generals Grant and Lee had been furiously fighting in the jungle of the Wilderness, in Spottsylvania County, Va., on the 6th and 6th of May, 1864. The loud rattle played through the tangled undergrowth, and out of its depths came the "rattle and crackle of musketry like the noisy boiling of some hell caldron that told the story of the opposing lines, and "assaults had to be made by the companies.

Grant could not deploy his battalions had but one or two alternatives, viz.: retreat or flank Lee's position. He decided upon the latter, and determined by a rapid flank movement to seize the important position of Spottsylvania Court-house, fifteen miles southeast of the battlefield and that much nearer to Richmond, the objective point of his campaign. His intention was quickly divined by his opponent, Longstreet's corps, under General R. H. Anderson—Longstreet having been wounded the day before—was ordered to move rapidly to the same point. The Federal and Confederate columns were racing on parallel roads, and in order to increase the chances of the Southerners reaching the coveted position first I was ordered to throw my cavalry in front of the columns of Grant, harass at every step their advance and retard in every possible way their march. In and around Todd's Tavern, and from that point to the courthouse the fighting was incessant, first between the cavalry of the two armies and afterward between my mounted and dismounted cavalry against the van of Warren's corps.

Anderson won the race by perhaps half an hour. After a prolonged obstinate resistance at one of the points of the route by my dismounted cavalry against Warren's infantry my troops were instructed to fall back and occupy another position a mile to their rear.

Major James B. Bledsoe, commanding my horse artillery, remained behind and by my order, placed a single gun in position on a little knoll. We knew the enemy's infantry were marching in column through a piece of woods, and the object was to fire upon the head of the column, as it debouched, to give the leaders further advance would again be contested and to compel them to develop a line of battle with skirmishers thrown out, etc. The delay which it was hoped to occasion

When the surgeon had uttered these words he jumped up and rushed to pursue his assassin. Disabled as he was the fleeing man could not escape him.

General Forrest caught him and killed him with a penknife, the only weapon in his possession, although the man had several barrels of his revolver still loaded.

Another instance of bravery that I noticed on many occasions during the bombardment of Fort Sumter was the replacing of the flag. The heroes in this case were not men whose family traditions might act as an incentive to gallantry. They were recruited from the poorer classes of Richmond, Baltimore and other cities much on the plan of the enlistment.

TOLD BY DR. JOHN T. NAGEL.

The bravest deed within my recollections of the war was performed by a member of the dismounted cavalry, whose name I do not remember. He did it in a spirit of self-sacrifice and cool heroism such as rarely can be found in connection with a desire for notoriety or praise, and that explains why he is anonymous. The deed was one which was carried out under peculiarly trying conditions. It has not been mentioned in my knowledge before, and I hope that it may fall to the lot of this unknown hero to see this acknowledgment of his act of bravery.

I was at the time surgeon-in-chief of the dismounted cavalry under Colonel Young (now of the Fourth United States Cavalry), who fell seriously wounded at the battle of Kinston, a few days after the event to which my story relates.

The exact date of the incident was July 18, 1864. Our regiment formed part of the advance thrown out by General Wright from his corps, which numbered 12,000 men. The advance was composed of a brigade under General Thoburn.

The enemy, under General Rhodes, consisting of an entire division, proved too

charge, my brave boy," said my father; and Warwick with drawn sword leaped upon the top of one of the sawlogs surrounding the mill. With the wheels half way out of his mouth and sword in air, he was struck in the center of the forehead. He sank gently as a child going to sleep to a sitting position, his head leaning backward on the log and sword still in hand, and there he lay when our troops fell back a few moments later.

Lieutenant Warwick had a devoted servant who had followed him from his home in Richmond, through the entire campaign, and was cook for the brigade staff. This man was holding the staff horses on the road in rear of the position. Our men fell back. My father and his surviving staff returned to the horses and Warwick's man, alarmed and distressed, asked my father anxiously for news of his master.

General Wise told him in brief words what had happened. "He is lying in there," he added, pointing in the direction of the mill. Instead of making his retreat toward the rear of the position, the black boy left his horse and threw himself into a ditch near by. The Union troops passed over him in pursuit of our forces, either not noticing him or not caring for him if they saw him.

When it became safe to do so the servant quietly made his way to the mills and found his master's body. He took away the watch, trinkets and valuables and then hid his master's body in the grave as best he could. He made his way back to Richmond and delivered the valuables to poor Warwick's mother.

I met this same man not long ago in the Pennsylvania Railroad depot, Jersey City. He was employed as a porter in the Pullman service.

We leaned up against a baggage van and talked about the war times; and I wonder if the passer-by, passing that we were two old rebs. I was mighty glad to see Jim Christian and I believe it was reciprocated.

Many a man with a white skin is not a thousandth part the devoted friend that proved himself to be. JOHN S. WISE.

THE ACTOR.

Inscribed by Charles Warren Stoddard in Eben Frey's album and read by Mr. Frey at the Henry Irving dinner, Lotus Club, New York, January, 1894. Published for the first time in the Morning Call.

A statue, like a frozen sigh,
The triumph of a sculptor's art,
Yet hides no light within its eye,
No fire within its pulseless heart.

A picture, like a rose in bloom,
Where passions blush and are betrayed,
Is hollow as an empty tomb,
With changeless colors overlaid.

A song that is the soul of pain,
The subtle singer may prefer,
It is a spirit, that in vain
Is seeking its interpreter.

But when the actor from the throng
By genius is exalted, he
To statue, picture and a song
Gives life and animation.

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

STONE WITH HEART OF FIRE.

The Opal, Its Attributes, and Modern Superstitions About It.

Now that opals have been restored to favor, and it is understood that, instead of being omens of ill fortune they are really lucky stones, it is easy to understand why superstitious agencies have been ascribed to the fascinating gem, and it may be of interest to many, particularly those who preserve its brilliancy and beauty. There is probably no other stone so susceptible to outside influences as an opal. The stone is a soft stone, compared with other gems, and the flashing of its colors is due to the refraction of light on the tiny scales and almost invisible fissures within the stone, which acts like a prism, dividing the light and throwing out all the varying hues of the rainbow.

The play of color is constantly changing. Dullness and brilliancy succeed each other with the regularity of atmospheric variations, moderate warmth having a distinct luminous effect, while much heat is capable of robbing the stone of its beauty by drying the moisture contained in the minute cells. It is a curious fact, too, that there are vapors emitted from the human body in certain diseased conditions that are capable of rendering the stone dull and opaque. And the fading of life and fortune and the opal may be simultaneous, but the stone is the innocent victim of the condition of the wearer, not the cause of disaster. Sir Walter Scott, in his "Anne of Geierstein," distorts the properties of the opal to heighten the uncanny element in his story, and to carry out his plot, based on the supernatural. To this story may be traced the "uncomfortable feeling" about an opal which people not at all superstitious in other matters cannot seem to shake off. If a man or a woman attempts to wear one, friends and acquaintances continually bring up the old superstition until the uncanny stone sometimes ceases to delight. But it is time this old superstition be sent flying into the air, and the opal be recognized for what it is, a gem of great beauty and value, and one which is highly prized as an omen of good fortune.

Most of the finest opals come from Hungary, but the principal vein has been exhausted, and the gem in its present variety is exceedingly rare. The clear, bright opals with the luminous fire come from Mexico. Any opal, and particularly the Mexican stone, will become dull by washing the hands with the rings on, and they lose their brilliant play of color. The stones are not durable like diamonds, nor will they stand the same wear.

Do Birds Talk?

Belmont (Me.) Republican Journal.
One day last week an elderly lady of charitable disposition observed a blue jay sitting in the snow near her door. Being fond of the bird, she tried to coax it, but the bird proceeded to furnish her food for her new-found friend. Fastening an ear of corn to a stick, she went out quietly and placed the stick in the snow where the jay could easily see it. Very soon after her return to the house the bird flew to the stick and began eating the corn. Presently another bird of the same kind flew to the stick, but was repeatedly driven away by bird No. 1, who seemed to claim possession by right of priority. After eating his fill he flew to a small cedar swamp about forty rods distance, and in less than five minutes returned, followed by seven others. Upon arriving at the corn bird No. 2 was rudely driven away when the family of eight eagerly devoured the corn, though not without something of contention. The birds were evidently very hungry, and have frequently been fed by the friendly hand, but how did the seven that followed bird No. 1 from the swamp know there was food awaiting them?

An Old View of the Star System.

Boston Journal.
When Alfred Bunn was in this country and wondered at the game supper at Tall's Hotel, West Roxbury—it was forty years ago—he wrote thus of the condition of the stars in the "Star" system, necessarily kept up here through a long series of years, has been fatal to the encouragement of home talent; novelty is the prevailing pursuit of the American, and the mere desire of getting on, and the mere student of his country's drama, whom his countrymen can see at all times, is generally passed by, and the new-comer welcomed in his stead." Now, are these words true to-day?

Four State prisons, those of Connecticut, Michigan, Montana and Washington, use deprivation of privileges as a punishment

ONLY ONE HERE.

A Japanese Artist Who Works in Lacquer.

HOW HE PRODUCES EFFECTS

Interesting Processes and Appliances That Are New to Western Civilization in Decorative Art.

The fickle dame Fortune has brought from the Orient a little Japanese artist and craftsman, and with his coming one more tradition of Japan is stripped of whatever mystery it may have possessed. This Japanese is a most interesting man in his way. His father and his father's father, and so on through an untold line of ancestors, plied the same trade, following out a custom characteristic of the land of lotus blossoms and chrysanthemums. It took him ten years to attain proficiency in

ance. Around him were little moldings in Japanese designs, frames, tiny bits of boards, thin laths, funny looking pedestals and what not. One would believe that Takaki was building a doll's house. Though he was not. Every bit of wood has its place in the intricate order of Japanese work. When joined together they form decorative work that will be seen at the exposition.

The scene of Takaki's interesting operations was a cheap deal table littered with Japanese lacquer and lacquer paints in porcelain vessels, a slate palette and the queerest brushes that ever were seen in this city. He could talk in his own tongue glibly enough, but conversation was not allowed to interfere with his endless task of polishing, painting, rubbing and polishing again. Okada, who assists him in the work, acted as interpreter.

"He began to learn lacquering and drawing when 12 years of age, that is ten years ago," said he. "In Japan they begin at 12 to 10 years of age. The father teaches it, and it is like going to school for his children. You know it remains in families one generation to another. Before Mr. Takaki came here there was no Japanese lacquer artist in America. They would not leave home, but he was in business large in Japan, and now no more business; he painted and lacquered, and try America. But San Francisco no good; it is too small, so we will go to New York after the fair. But you want to know about Japanese lacquer."

He opened a drawer that was filled with

pieces of thick straw, about two inches long each, and another that had charcoal sticks, powdered deer's horns, and what appeared to be wooden sorbets, but were in reality brushes, with which the finest surfaces in the world are produced. Another drawer had boxes of paint, that were held together with bands of cane and made airtight with Japanese preparations. Under all was a box of designs and drawings which people are used to see on Japanese screens and pictures. Some very richly lacquered ornaments of "quadriflor" size were upon a few shelves. Takaki kept on smiling as he noticed the display made of his tools and stock in trade. His brush would fly from one place to another, and bits of half-finished lacquer passed through his hands in quick succession.

"That is lacquer," said Okada, holding up a wooden pot the size of a small tea

cup. "It costs \$5 in Japan. You know this lacquer is very scarce. It comes from only one place in the mountains—Yekizu—and the market place is Kito. "At a certain season of the year people go to the urushi tree and slash the bark with knives. Then lacquer comes out, one drop at a time, like milk, and it is caught in bowls. When a bowl is full the lacquer is put into a big pan and stirred in the sun till it zests thick and becomes dark brown, when it is put into pots like this. For black lacquer the drop put into the pan and it gets black.

"These straws and charcoal and horn powder are used like sand paper. But after the lacquer is polished with the fingers to make it shine. "All lacquer brushes come from Japan. They are mostly made of human hair.

World is still strange to him, though for that matter all the world beyond his human-hair brushes and queer pictures in lacquer was a closed book. The very nature of his handicraft indicates useless application. Like time and tide, lacquer will wait for no man; it must be watched night and morning, or else the labor of days, perhaps months, is lost. He was busy as ever the other day when a visitor called at the basement on Post street, where he draws and lacquers. The only notice taken of the corner was a furtive glance, after which he continued as if his life depended on promptitude.

"Mr. M. Takaki," said Okada, introducing him. "Mr. Takaki is the only Japanese lacquer artist in America."

Okada laughed and spoke to him in Japanese, saying the stranger had come

to see him working and to learn something about lacquer, which is classed as a fine art in the Orient. Takaki's bright eyes opened wide in astonishment and a smile half incredulous half amused was the only answer. He continued painting and smiling.

"Busy now for Midwinter Fair," Okada added sentimentally, "after that we go to New York." Takaki, the lacquerer, was indeed busy. He is an even-featured and pleasant young man and an ordinary Japanese in appear-

straight edge that is cut at an angle of about 45 degrees to the handle, so when using them the lacquerer can see the surface without inconvenience. A speck that an unpracticed eye would never see is quickly caught and rubbed away. The brushes are still more of a novelty. When new they are about eight inches long and from half an inch to 2 inches in width, and look like a monster deformed lead pencil with a lead a quarter of an inch thick and extending the full width across. As the hair wears out the wood is cut off at one end and the hair sharpened to a fine point, very much as a lead pencil is treated. By this arrangement a brush will last for years. Sandpaper is too coarse for the

delicate surfaces that Japanese create with lacquer. So, instead, nature to her simplest forms has been taken. Tough straw with a ribbed exterior, cross sections of charcoal sticks or powdered horn, may be strikingly primitive articles, but they serve the purpose better than anything Western civilization with all its boasted achievements can offer. With these simple tools Takaki, like his forefathers, can produce a surface that will reflect images, and has all the beauty of a softened metal luster.

"How does he do it?" said Okada, repeating the question that was uppermost in the visitor's mind. "I show you here." Okada took a little frame in his hands and began a long explanation, pointing from one piece to another in different stages of progress toward a finish.

"First, the wood is made very smooth, hard wood smooth as glass may be, we rub with stone from a mountain in Japan.

Then for very fine lacquer the wood is coated with silk. The silk is colored black, or whatever color is wanted, and after that lacquer is put on every day, for five, ten, may be twenty days, until a perfectly smooth surface is made. First, it is rubbed every day with charcoal, next is powdered horn, then with the straw, and at last, when it is spread with a stick, with the fingers. One drop can be spread at last over a very big surface.

"If we want to make raised pictures or flowers or birds we put on red paint from Japan very thick every day and it raises above the lacquer. Every coat of lacquer is rubbed down to the red, leaving the water clear. At the end of the day silver is worked into the design and then dry lacquer is again spread over it all. For fancy speckled work we get sawdust and shake it over the wet lacquer. Around it is put gold and silver powder, and then more lacquer, and when all is dry the sawdust is picked out. Then there are hollows in designs no man could draw or make with a knife. The same way we make raised lacquer, only perfecting it month, every day taking them out of the drying-box, putting on lacquer and putting them again in the box. I show you pictures made by Mrs. Takachiro. This is a water scene. See the waves dashing and the birds flying above them. Here is a storm; see the reeds blowing down in the wind and big birds flying over the water against the storm.

Takaki's other designs represented birds of various kinds and sprays of native Japanese trees. They are typical, of course, though in outline, which is necessary on account of the stiff processes of reproduction in twenty coats of this mysterious lacquer. Still Takaki makes them artistic to look upon and smiles as he assures you he can do much better if life were not so short. He has a perfect command of the art, and he is rich with decorations introducing an endless variety of treatment, while the flat work is variously colored, speckled and ornamented with gilt patterns. The reeds are elaborately drawn, showing perfect manipulative skill as well as a highly developed sense of the artistic. Takaki is proud of his best work, but then Japanese lacquer work of high quality is found among the rarest and most highly prized treasures of decorative art.

Woman's Right to Her Own Lips.

Boston Globe.
The Dutch Court of Appeals has given an important decision. A young woman of Utrecht, having a kiss stone on the street, appealed to the Burgomaster, who awarded her forty-eight cents damages. The young man appealed to a higher court. The decision has just been rendered by the Dutch Court. Appeals that a man not actionable to kiss a maid on the street is not strange, a kiss being of the nature of a warm risk of sympathy. A woman's proprietary right to her own lips is thus upheld in an elaborate and perfect manner. The Dutch Court gives legal sanction to the old paradox: Stealing no theft. The stolen kiss has been frequently celebrated in song and story, but never until now has it had such legal status.

Cold Comfort.

Taunton Times.
Jones—It will be all the same a hundred years from now.
Smith—Why? I don't find much consolation in that. It is just a hundred years since Louis XVI was guillotined. What good does that do him now?
The Socialist League of Canada has been organized as a substitute to the disbanded Nationalist Association of Toronto.

WHERE DOGS REST

A Tiny Graveyard Filled With Faithful Pets.

CLOSE TO A ROUNDHOUSE.

It Is Like an Oasis in the Desert, so Carefully Is It Kept and Cared For.

All about the roundhouse of the Park and Ocean Railroad the ground is covered with cinders, and, except in one spot, entirely devoid of vegetation. It is not a cheerful place to look at. Back from the building the sandhills, almost bare of anything green, rise in brown ridges, and looking in either direction in front the railroad track extends its two stiff lines as far as the eye can see. When the sun shines the spot, if anything, becomes more cheerless, and the white glare reminds one of the desert, and brings up thoughts of suffering and thirst. But by looking around carefully an oasis can be discovered. It is on the north side of the building, close up against the hard wooden sides, and flowers bloom there all the year round.

This little spot is very dear to all men who ever worked for the Haight-street car line of the Park and Ocean Railroad. Every man that has occasion to pass that way always stops to see that the flowers are blooming and that weeds do not take possession of the small inclosure. At first glance the place looks like a small cemetery, and such it really is, but only a careful examination of the headstones will tell the story of those sleeping beneath. The stones are small and look as if they might be over babies' graves, but they are not. Instead, they mark the resting-places of all the dogs that ever endeared themselves to the hearts of the Park and Ocean and Haight-street Railroad men.

Few graves of human beings are more carefully cared for than those within the little inclosure in the barren cinder-covered yard about the roundhouse. The oldest grave in the little plot is that of Nick, who passed from this life ten years ago. That is time enough for almost any human being to be forgotten, and yet Nick's grave is as green and fresh to-day as it was a decade ago. His memory is also fresh in the minds of all who know him, and whenever his grave is seen by some of his old engineer friends they feel his absence from the footboard as keenly as if he died only yesterday.

THE DOGS' GRAVEYARD.

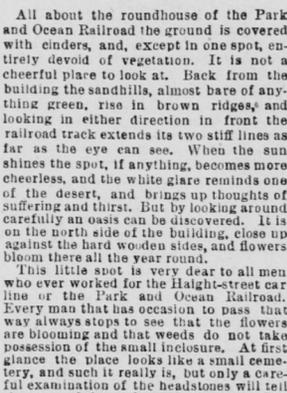
There are eight dogs buried in the plot, and every one of these lingers in the memory of the railroad men. Most of them have headstones, but a few have not been placed on their resting-places. "Old Jack" also died several years ago, but he is still missed, because his death was such a sad one. For a long time he used to ride on the engines and live around the engine house, where he was a faithful guard and a true friend to all who cared for him. Several times he saved the engines from being tampered with by tramps, and on one occasion put a gang of thieves to flight.

Just how he met his death it is hard to say. He jumped off one of the engines and in some unknown manner slipped under the wheels, receiving fatal injuries. While he lived everything possible was done for him, but at last he had to take his place in the little graveyard. He had a large funeral and many tears were seen to flow down the bronzed cheeks as the clouds fell on his coffin.

As years went on the graveyard grew larger, and at last a small covering was placed around it and a few flowers and shrubs planted. Every time a dog is buried there and had a nice headstone, but one night it disappeared in some mysterious manner. Tom's memory will not disappear, though, as long as a man survives who knew him. He was good and faithful and did many deeds of kindness worthy of emulation by human beings. He also met his death by accident, but fortunately was killed instantly, so that his last hours were not filled with suffering.

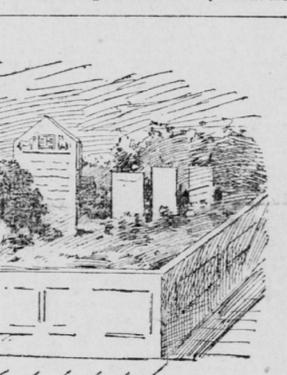
One large granite stone marks the resting place of the three dogs, Rover, Jack and Ned, who were poisoned by burglars about two years ago. They men wanted to rob the carhouse, but owing to the watchfulness of the dogs were unable to do so. The robbers then procured some strychnine and meat and left it where the faithful animals were. The dogs ate the meat, and the three dogs were found dead the next morning, and the small amount of money that was left in the office drawer had disappeared as well as several articles. Every time on the road I feel a throb of sorrow when he heard of the cruel deed, and a large reward was offered for the burglars, who would not have fared well at the hands of the carmen if they had been caught.

It was many days after the dogs' death before the men became reconciled to not seeing them around the carhouse. For a long time it seemed as if something had passed out of their lives when they were not welcomed by the good-tempered animals.



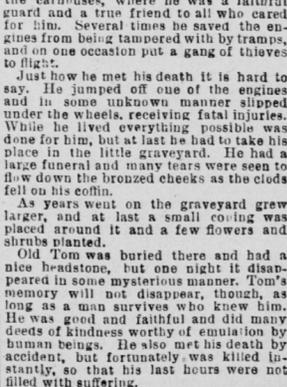
A Parrot in the Pines.

pieces of thick straw, about two inches long each, and another that had charcoal sticks, powdered deer's horns, and what appeared to be wooden sorbets, but were in reality brushes, with which the finest surfaces in the world are produced. Another drawer had boxes of paint, that were held together with bands of cane and made airtight with Japanese preparations. Under all was a box of designs and drawings which people are used to see on Japanese screens and pictures. Some very richly lacquered ornaments of "quadriflor" size were upon a few shelves. Takaki kept on smiling as he noticed the display made of his tools and stock in trade. His brush would fly from one place to another, and bits of half-finished lacquer passed through his hands in quick succession.



REEDS SHAKEN BY THE WIND.

World is still strange to him, though for that matter all the world beyond his human-hair brushes and queer pictures in lacquer was a closed book. The very nature of his handicraft indicates useless application. Like time and tide, lacquer will wait for no man; it must be watched night and morning, or else the labor of days, perhaps months, is lost. He was busy as ever the other day when a visitor called at the basement on Post street, where he draws and lacquers. The only notice taken of the corner was a furtive glance, after which he continued as if his life depended on promptitude.



THE ANGRY WAVES.

Some are all hairs from a horse's mane, but more have only a strip of horse hair along the middle with man's hair on each side. When fine work is to be done, or when it is just finished, brushes can be used. The stick brushes only are able to spread lacquer out thin enough. A good lacquerer can spread it with a stick thinner than water could be spread on glass with a stick.