

WAR REMINISCENCES.

IN THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY.

How a Christian Southern Woman Saved a Union Soldier's Life.

This is a little story of the war, or perhaps it would be better to call it the story of an incident of the war. It deals with persons who are alive today and in whom ex-Register of the Treasury Lucius E. Chittenden, of this city, takes more than ordinary interest. When the sturdy troops from the Green Mountain state were in the Shenandoah valley in the early days of the great conflict a lieutenant of the name of Bedell was among their number. He was young and brave, and when the time for fighting came went boldly to the front. A shell from the enemy's works tore through his thigh and riddled his hand. They carried him to the rear, and when the night



THE LITTLE BLACK BOY WENT.

had come he was taken to a deserted cabin, where his leg was amputated and his hand dressed. The next morning the order came for the army to fall back. Lieut. Bedell was unconscious and too weak to be moved. The surgeon said he could not live more than twenty-four hours. His comrades left a canteen of water by his side, and joining their regiment marched away.

Some little distance from the cabin lived a young woman, the wife of a confederate soldier named Van Meter. The foragers of the army had taken nearly everything of value about the little farm. Her niece, a child of ten years, and a little black boy were her only companions. When the soldiers had gone the boy went down the country road as far as the cabin. He heard the lieutenant groaning and went in. The canteen was out of his reach and his lips were parched with fever. He could not speak.

The lad ran back to Mrs. Van Meter and told her about the suffering soldier who wore the blue. Her heart was touched and she hastened to the cabin. Fresh water was secured and it revived the lieutenant. Then his limbs were dressed and newly bandaged. Mrs. Van Meter sent the boy for a doctor who lived some miles away. When he arrived he said there was very little hope for the wounded soldier unless he had stimulants and none could be secured. It didn't matter much, anyhow, he said, for he had no interest in a union soldier.

Mrs. Van Meter insisted that it was her duty to save his life if possible, and the next day she harnessed a mule to an old cart and drove to Harper's Ferry to get a supply of whisky and quinine. The commander there heard her story, said it was entirely improbable, but accepted it because of her frankness. She did not hesitate to say she was the wife of a confederate soldier. The stimulant gave Bedell strength, and it was not long before he was able to sit up. His clothing was badly torn and blood-stained, and nothing suitable for him to wear could be found in the neighborhood. His regiment was at Winchester, twelve miles away. Mrs. Van Meter drove there and astonished Lieut. Bedell's comrades by informing them that she was alive and on the road to recovery. She secured his portmanteau and returned.

When Bedell had recovered sufficiently to be about he entered into a contract with a farmer in the neighborhood to secure the return of a team of mules which had been confiscated by his regiment in exchange for aid in reaching the union lines.

Bedell was hidden under a jag of hay, and with Mrs. Van Meter as the driver he reached Harper's Ferry. The commander accepted the terms of Bedell's contract with the farmer and delivered the mules.

Having heard nothing whatever from her husband for several months, and hearing he was either in a hospital or a prisoner, Mrs. Van Meter was at a loss what to do. Lieut. Bedell decided the matter for her by offering to aid in finding her husband. He entered into communication with President Lincoln, telling what Mrs. Van Meter had done for him. The president wrote an order directing the officer in charge of any hospital or prison to deliver to Mrs. Van Meter any man she claimed as her husband. Mrs. Van Meter and her little niece joined Lieut. Bedell in Washington and they started on a tour of the several prisons and hospitals.

They went through the prisons of Ohio, New York and Pennsylvania, and finally found Van Meter in a hospital. He was emaciated and unable to stand. At Lieut. Bedell's expense he was transferred to a private institution, where in a few weeks he recovered sufficiently to warrant his discharge. Lieut. Bedell took Van Meter and his wife and the little niece to his home in Vermont, and they remained his guests for several months. They then returned south and are now living in Berryville, Clark county, Va. Mr. Bedell is hobbling around on a crutch in his home.

Es-Congressman John S. Wise secured Mrs. Van Meter's address for Mr. Chittenden through Marshal McCormack, a prominent citizen of Clark county. "I have written to Mrs. Van Meter," said Mr. Chittenden, "and her letters show her to be a simple Christian woman. She writes that she did for Lieut. Bedell what her conscience suggested was right, and she is happy in the knowledge that she saved his life."—N. Y. Advertiser.

ENFORCING ORDERS.

Mike Was Bound to Have the Countersign.

Stories of the blunders made by green volunteers on guard duty are always in order at the campfires of veterans of the civil war. At such an occasion recently a member of a middle Tennessee regiment, which was commanded by Col. Gillem, told the following story: "For a time we were stationed in the city of Nashville, doing guard duty. There was a raw recruit in our ranks—an Irishman and a very good fellow—whom we all liked. He was bound to be a good soldier, and had the strongest desire to be efficient in all things.

"One day he was put on guard duty on one of the principal streets in the city. He had never been in the same situation, and thought it his duty to challenge everyone who came along, just as he would in camp.

"By and by a well-dressed citizen approached.

"Halt! Who goes there?" says Mike. "A citizen," answered the man.

"Advance, citizen, and give the countersign!"

"But I don't know the countersign," said the citizen; "and if I did, I think it is very strange and unusual that it should be demanded in a public place like this."

"Well, be jabers then," said Mike, "ye don't pass this way till ye've said 'Bonker Hill!'"

"Bunker Hill," said the man, with a grin.

"Right! pass on," said the sentinel at "present," and the citizen went on about his affairs.—Youth's Companion.

MEMORIES OF FORT FISHER.

A Soldier Who Was Buried for Thirty-Six Hours in the Debris of the Fort.

The funeral of Joseph Nelson took place in Oakland recently, and when the coffin was lowered into the grave he was buried for the second time. The first burial was twenty-seven years ago, when he was entombed alive at the explosion of Fort Fisher, where he was buried in the debris for thirty-six hours before he was found, and then he was dug out for dead.

Joseph Nelson was then a lad of twenty-one, a volunteer in Company F of the Sixteenth New York regiment, and attached to Gen. Benjamin F. Butler's division. He was at the storming of Fort Fisher under Gen. Ames, with a fleet under the command of Admiral Terry. Fort Fisher was captured, and when it was evacuated by the confederates the magazine was fired, and when the union forces took possession the fort was blown into the air and the union troops with it. Mr. Nelson was buried many feet under the ruins, and it was thirty-six hours before he was found. He was paralyzed from the burial, and became a sufferer from sciatic rheumatism for his entire life from the effects of the shock and exposure. He never recovered, but was for awhile able to perform the duties of a conductor on a light run on the Southern Pacific railroad.

Mr. Nelson was not always willing to tell of his unusual experience of being buried alive for such a length of time. He was very graphic in his account, however, and this is the way he told it shortly before his death:

"It all seemed like a nightmare, or the things one fancies while in a fever. Fort Fisher seemed to be on top of me, with all the guns pointed at me. I could neither move nor speak. Slowly I began to grow cold, so cold and numb that I began to wonder if I were dead. It began at my feet and crept up through my limbs and up my body until it almost seemed to clutch at my heart. I thought it was death itself, but I could hear noise. It was very human noise, and sounds that told me only too plainly that I was still alive—the cries of the dying and wounded from the battle and the explosion.

"They were over me and around me—cries that made my already chilled body colder. I could hear them everywhere, it seemed to me, the cries of those in greater pain than I, for they were wounded and mangled, while I—I was only cold.

"I was buried up to my shoulders in the heavy sand of the breastworks, but my head was free. Over it some timbers and rocks had become crossed and jammed, and they had formed a roof over my head. This I did not know at the time. I could only feel the terrible cold that benumbed me, for the pressure of the sand around my body drove the mules.

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DUG OUT FOR DEAD.

the blood back to my heart and left me without feeling.

"I could not move; my arms were buried in the sand, and I was absolutely pinioned. I could breathe, and that was all. Then there came a great pain in my head. It seemed as if it would burst, and still I was helpless. I hardly knew whether I was alive or not. I was conscious, for I could hear the cries of the wounded; but that was all I knew, save that I could not move, and that I was cold.

"The fort blew up at seven o'clock in the morning and it was the following day before I was found and dug out, and all that time I was conscious, but helpless."

When Mr. Nelson was found he was taken to the hospital at Wilmington, N. C., but he never fully recovered from the injury to his spine, and during the greater part of his life walked on crutches.—San Francisco Examiner.

FARM AND GARDEN.

FAIR ROAD TAXES.

President Bates Offers Some Sound Arguments on the Subject.

I have observed in various papers complaints by farmers that bicycle men all advocate better roads, but bicycle men propose to make the farmers pay for the roads. Hence some farmers propose to tax bicycles and apply the proceeds to making better roads.

If roads are to be made by taxing those who ride over them no bicycle man will object. But such a tax must necessarily be a special tax, like the toll taken on toll roads. And the only fair tax of that sort is by taking toll, so that the user of the road pays exactly for so much as he uses. It must be a toll tax on all vehicles, and all beasts, and all pedestrians. If one is taxed for using the road, all road users must be taxed alike. Beside, the tax ought to fall heaviest on those who most damage the road by using it. A bicycle does not damage the road at all; a laden wagon does. So does a horse's hoof, or that of any hoofed beast. Further, the law should make a fair distinction in the object and result of road use. The farmer uses the road and damages it to make money for himself. So does every business teamster. They get a benefit in actual money gain from every good road. The cyclist uses the road solely for enjoyment. He makes no gain from it, and it would manifestly be unjust to levy a special tax on him. Now, cyclists do not desire good roads at the expense of the farmer. Bicycle advocates of good roads are generally in favor of the adoption of the county system of road taxation and management. Under the county system the whole county is made one single road district and the entire property of the county is taxed equally for the highway fund. This makes the heaviest cost fall upon cities and villages and not upon the farmer. The justification of such a law is that good roads benefit everybody who owns property, whether they all use the road or not. The merchant of the village, the man who owns a house or lot in the city, equally with the farmer—all have the value of their property and business increased by good roads. In the orange district, where several millions of dollars have been spent in the last ten years making good roads, the official records of the county show that the value of the property of the whole county has more than quadrupled within the last eight years owing to these

road improvements, while the value of the property directly along the lines of the good roads has increased over six times.

The official records always show the same extraordinary increase in the values of property, wherever good roads have been constructed. And this is also noticed: Farmers always resist and complain before the good roads are constructed; but, after the roads are made, they are the strongest supporters of the new system. Nothing could induce them to go back to the old condition; and the complainers and resisters are thereafter confined to city and village hang-backs. In Michigan we have one county that, in spite of resistance by farmers, got the privilege, by special act of the legislature, of spending \$100,000 for stone roads. They spent the money and the supreme court of the state pronounced the act unconstitutional, and then up rose the farmers, having been convinced by once trying the effect of so much good road, and joined in a strong petition to have the state constitution amended so that their county might be permitted to bond itself for more hundred thousand dollar good road expenditures! Meanwhile those farmers who got the benefit of the first hundred thousand dollars' worth of good roads "cut swells" and chuckled: "Don't you wish you could get it?" over the farmers not on those roads.

Well they may, since the official valuations prove that lands along these roads have enhanced in value more than double any other farm lands in the county.—President Bates, in Chicago Bearings.

A Few Hints About Churning.

A girl edge butter-maker says it is not necessary to the good quality of butter that the cream be churned every day. Three times a week in summer and twice in winter will do, provided the following points are observed: Not to let the milk stand longer than twenty-four hours in summer, or thirty-six in winter, without skimming. All the best cream for butter will rise in that time; and keep better removed from milk than in it. Put the cream in a bright tin bucket, kept for the purpose. Tin may be cleaned more perfectly than either wood or earthenware. The cream should be well stirred each time an addition is made to it, and should stand after the last cream is added, at least two hours in summer and four in winter, before churning, to allow uniform ripening and souring to take place.—N. Y. Tribune.

The boys should be taught early how to grow fruit and the girls how to grow flowers.

The total yearly road tax amounts to more than a hundred and twenty million dollars. And these are the roads we get for our money. Scene in the suburbs of Philadelphia in the spring of 1891. Drawn from photograph.

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THE U. S. Government Chemists

Have reported, after an examination of scores of different brands, that the Royal Baking Powder is absolutely pure, of highest leavening capacity, and superior to all others.

BEDROOM FURNISHINGS.

Some of the Popular Styles of Decoration.

For the summer bedroom, papers in old chintz patterns and floral designs, such as are used in cretonnes, are in special demand. It should be mentioned with a protest that there is a demand for striped papers, as a revival of 1830 fashions. These striped effects are also, for some unknown reason, associated with empire styles, and are often used in empire rooms, especially in greens. This color now seems to be the fashionable fad in decoration, and is found in the delicate, tasteful tints of Watteau green, as well as in the dark grass-green brocades, with their set wreaths in gold color, which are used to upholster empire furniture. The flower effects, however, are generally chosen for country bedrooms. Nothing can be daintier than a summer bedroom papered with apple blossom paper in the dainty tints of the flowering leaf of the fruit tree, or in honeysuckle pattern, or an all-over pattern in the conventionalized design of the wild eglantine. Most of these designs may be found in fifty or sixty colorings in slightly varying tints. Cretonnes to match the papers are shown in a variety of tasteful designs. The familiar pine tree pattern of the Japanese decorator is copied in old blues on a pale cream and on silvery grounds for blue rooms. There are primrose papers for yellow rooms, and many papers which harmonize with the fashionable couleur-de-rose hangings so often chosen for my lady's boudoir and bedroom.—Chicago Journal.

Although never down on any list of office-seekers it is by no means unusual for a roof to find itself slated for a good thing.—Buffalo Courier.

Jones—"Brown, did you ever see a sawfish?" Brown—"No; but I once saw a saw fish."

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, June 28	
FLOUR—Good	4 35 @ 4 45
WHEAT—No. 1 Northern	72 1/2 @ 73 1/2
CORN—No. 2	48 1/2 @ 49 1/2
OATS—Mixed Western	35 1/2 @ 36 1/2
RYE—Western	58 @ 59
PORK—Mess.	19 00 @ 20 00
LARD—Prime Western	9 00 @ 9 10
BUTTER—Western	21 1/2 @ 22 1/2
CHEESE—Part skims	1 1/2 @ 1 3/4
EGGS—Western	15 1/2 @ 16
CATTLE—Feeder to best	4 75 @ 5 25
SHEEP	3 00 @ 3 25
HOGS	6 40 @ 7 50

CLEVELAND	
FLOUR—Country XX White	3 50 @ 4 00
Minnesota patents	4 15 @ 4 75
Amber	2 75 @ 3 25
WHEAT—No. 2	65 @ 66
CORN—No. 2	44 @ 47
OATS—No. 2	36 @ 37
BUTTER—Choice fancy	16 @ 22
CHEESE—York State	9 1/2 @ 10
Ohio	6 1/2 @ 9
EGGS—Strictly fresh	15 @ 15 1/2
POTATOES—In bulk, per bush	65 @ 80
SEEDS—Timothy	1 90 @ 2 10
HAY—Clover	7 50 @ 8 75
Hay—Baled	11 00 @ 12 00
Bulk on market	13 00 @ 16 00
CATTLE	3 50 @ 3 25
HOGS	5 25 @ 6 45

CINCINNATI	
FLOUR—Family	2 20 @ 2 40
WHEAT—No. 2	60 @ 61
CORN	40 @ 41 1/2
OATS	32 1/2 @ 32 1/2
RYE—No. 2	54 @ 55
HOGS	5 95 @ 6 15

TOLEDO	
WHEAT—No. 2 Red Winter	65 @ 65 1/2
CORN—No. 2	40 1/2 @ 41
OATS	29 1/2 @ 30

BUFFALO	
BEEVES—Best	5 10 @ 5 50
SHEEP—Best	4 25 @ 4 75
Fair to good	3 85 @ 4 45
HOGS—Heavy grades	6 40 @ 6 45
Lighter and mediums	6 40 @ 6 45

PITTSBURGH	
BEEVES—Best	5 50 @ 5 50
SHEEP—Best	4 45 @ 4 90
Fair to good	3 85 @ 4 30
HOGS—Heavy grades	6 30 @ 6 35
Mediums	6 00 @ 6 50

PHILADELPHIA	
Wool—Western	22 @ 27
Unwashed	20 @ 27

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

VISITOR—"Why, how big you are growing, Tommy! If you don't look out you will be getting taller than your father." Tommy—"Won't that be jolly! Then pap'll have to wear my old trousers cut down for him."—Tid-Bits.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O., Props. of Hall's Catarrh Cure, offer \$100 reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for testimonials, free. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The telephone girl, no matter how charming she may seem to be, is always quite distant in her conversation.—Rochester Democrat.



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My niece, Emeline Hawley, was, taken with spitting blood, and she became very much alarmed, fearing that dreaded disease, Consumption. She tried nearly all kinds of medicine but nothing did her any good. Finally she took German Syrup and she told me it did her more good than anything she ever tried. It stopped the blood, gave her strength and ease, and a good appetite. I had it from her own lips, Mrs. Mary A. Stacey, Trumbull, Conn. Honor to German Syrup.

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named in the hope of confusing you—in the hope that you'll mistake them for Pearline. For most people, that ought to be enough. It ought to convince them that the article so imitated, so copied, so looked-up to, is the one that is the best to use. If your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—send it back—demand Pearline.

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Unlike the Dutch Process No Alkalies or Other Chemicals are used in the preparation of W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa which is absolutely pure and soluble. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASY TO DIGEST.

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A. N. K.—C 1454.

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