



### Love Story of the War.

She was a bit haughty to me on that particular day, but I didn't care, for I was desperately in love with another girl.

The "she" of whom I am writing is my wife, and as my pencil traces the paper, she sits by my side, smiling and cooing softly to our youngest grandchild, a lovely baby boy.

I can't recall the day that I have not known my wife. We were children together in our lovely home in the Blue Hills. By some freakish relationship, for which one of our ancestors was responsible, Jane Merriam was nominally my aunt, though several years my junior. Her father and mother died before she was 12, and from that day on she made her home with our family, with whom she was connected by distant blood ties. I was away at school at the time of her bereavement and upon returning for vacation found her at the old Marcelline homestead. "Aunt Jane," the younger children called her, and I soon fell into their way, although she was Jennie to me, and we were playmates.

"Aunt Jane" was a beautiful child, with dark hair and rich gray eyes, and she had grown into a handsome girl, when at the expiration of my college term at Richmond I returned to my home in the Blue Hills to hang up my shingle as a lawyer. It was just a year before the breaking out of the war. I was getting along famously, when all my calculations were upset, and I enlisted in a company of volunteers from our little place to help Lee defeat the enemy.

It was on the day of my departure that Jane Merriam gave me that haughty answer, with which my story begins.

"Aunt Jane," I had said, when I told her I was going away that night, "I'll be back in less than six months. By that time we'll have driven the Yankees across our lines, and I'll celebrate the victory by marrying the girl I love!"

"You don't know what you are saying," answered Aunt Jane, with a haughty stare. "I fear the Yankees will do us all great harm!" Tossing her beautiful head that I might not see her furiously blushing face, she ran into the house.

There was Yankee blood in Aunt Jane, although of a distant strain. Her great grandmother had come from England to marry Jane's handsome ancestor, from whom she inherited her dark beauty. "Aha!" I whistled softly to myself, "Aunt Jane's sympathies are a trifle divided!" I said nothing to the family about my discovery, but hurried away to take leave of Cousin Lucy Gordon. I had been in love with Lucy before I went away to college, and I fancied myself more desperately smitten than ever now that I was to bid her farewell. We were distantly related, Lucy and I, and she was of the same age as Aunt Jane, barely 21. Two women were never more strangely contrasted. Lucy was a tatterly, a doll with golden curls, eyes like the summer sky, lips like cherries



and kittenish ways. She shed bitter tears and kissed her farewell. Without much coaxing on my part she promised that she would wait for me till the end of doom to become my wife. So I went away happy after all, for sweet Lucy's promise was the talisman that strengthened me and bade me hope in the terrible days that followed.

Several gushing, girlish letters came from her in answer to my passionate avowals of undying love and fealty. How they sweetened the hardships and dull, aching moments of those interminable days and nights!

I had been in several battles and a number of the boys from our place were either killed or maimed. Charlie Ferguson, my collegemate and the son of the district attorney of Marcelline, with whom I had been reading law, escaped without a scratch. Our good luck made us vow to stick together through it all, or see each other's bod-

ies home, should fate deal more unkindly with us than it had.

Months passed without a word from home. Then a letter came from Lucy, postmarked New York. It bore the marks of having been opened, censored and resealed, to prevent contraband information, before it was sent to its destination—Lee's camp.

Lucy had been sent to New York by her parents to some of Aunt Jane's relations to escape the dreariness of the war at home. Aunt Jane was asked to join her, but she chose to remain with my father and mother and the smaller children in the dear old, desolate Marcelline home. The little sweetheart's letter was as gushing as ever. It was filled with endearing terms, and recounted enthusiastically how delightfully she was being entertained by a



REVERENTLY I OPENED IT.

select circle of New York friends. Somehow, the ingenious ring in the butterfly nature was lacking, that dictated that first letter from her new home, and my heart ached for it.

We were nearing the days of Gettysburg, and needed all the encouragement that should be given to men who realize that they are fighting for a lost cause. Our army had been victorious at Chancellorsville, and from all over the South came the clamor for Lee's army to invade the Northern States. Early in June our forces were centered at Culpeper, and Charlie and I were two of 100,000 men ready to sacrifice our life's blood for Lee and our country. In the waning days of June my friend received a letter from home. I caught him reading it in a corner of our tent by the light of his pipe, for the sun was just going down behind Culp's Hill.

"From home?" I asked anxiously.

"Yes, from Aunt Jane. She sends her love to you and bids you not to grow discouraged."

"Any word from Lucy?"

"None."

I had never known Charlie to be so reticent about his letters, which he usually handed me for perusal. But this I saw him put away in his breast pocket.

In the days that followed I had little time to wonder what had made my mate so downhearted and gloomy. Then came that memorable day in July, which none can forget who lived to tell its tale of horror. Charlie was shot by my side on Seminary Ridge. I saw at a glance that he was badly wounded and picked him up in my arms to carry him back to the lines.

There I laid him down, putting him in the care of one of our boys, whose arm was shattered by a bullet.

"Stay with him," I begged, "until I return, and if he should be dead, do not let his body be buried. I promised to return it to his poor old mother." Toward night, when the battle ceased, I hastened back to my friend Charlie. He had died while I was gone, and his body lay in a long trench with hundreds of others ready to be covered with earth as soon as the men who had dug this wholesale grave could catch their breath and complete their terrible work. The guard I had put over him stood by the side of the ditch where he lay.

"Lieutenant," said he, "Mr. Ferguson requested me to tell you that the letter in his breast pocket should not be taken out by any one but you. He also bade me tell you to read it."

Gently I lifted the body in my arms and from his pocket extracted the document he had left me. I thought it perhaps a memorandum of his last wishes, which he wanted me to carry out. The receptacle over his heart carried nothing but a letter. It was from Aunt Jane.

Reverently I opened it. I knew that Charlie was fond of her, but I never dreamed that he loved her and had asked her to be his wife.

Tenderly but firmly she refused him. "I love another," she wrote. "You may guess it is my old playfellow, Ben Suttill, but he will never know. He is madly in love with Lucy—she has forgotten him. Yesterday we received the announcement of her marriage with a wealthy Boston merchant. Do not tell Ben this! He needs all his courage. It

would be cruel to blast his hopes in these hard, trying times."

My eyes filled with tears as I read Aunt Jane's letter. A sigh for Lucy, yes, fickle Lucy, wrung itself from my heart; but the pain her faithfulness gave me was wiped out by Aunt Jane's divine love.

I placed the letter in the pocket over my heart. There it lay until I returned to Marcelline at the close of the war. Aunt Jane stood by the gate to welcome me. My father had died, but my mother was still there to greet me.

That night under the trees of the old homestead, with no other face but the moon for a witness, I told Aunt Jane of my find.

She turned scarlet and then deadly pale, but before she had time to fly from me I caught her in my arms and exacted the promise that made her my wife.—Utica Globe.

### RECENT INVENTIONS.

Washboards can be securely fastened to tubs by a new attachment consisting of a rod held on the board by brackets at either end, two clamps being placed on a rod with thumb screws to grip the edge of the tub.

A newly designed bicycle frame is in the shape of a circle, with the head and running gear clamped on with screw clamps, making it easy to adjust the height of frame and handle bars for any rider.

A German woman has designed a music holder for violins which is formed of a wire frame fitted with clamps to attach it to the violin head, the sheet of music being interlaced between a number of cross wires to hold it in place.

Railroad cars can be quickly unloaded by a new machine which is provided with a section of tubing large enough to receive the car, which runs in on two rails, after which the tube is lifted and rolled upward at an angle until the top of a chute is reached, an opening in the tube permitting the load to fall into the chute.

A New Zealand inventor has a bicycle which is fitted with a row of small pumps around the rim of each wheel, the pistons running on the ground to compress air which is designed to be stored in the frame and used to propel the wheels.

A Virginian has designed a torpedo-carrying balloon which has the explosive suspended by a number of cords, with a guide rope to assist in holding it until it reaches the right current of air to carry it toward the enemy, when a second cord is pulled, which ignites a slow fuse to drop the torpedo at the proper place.

A handy store device is a take-up attachment for twine holders which pulls the end of the string up in the air after it is broken off. The cord passes over two pulleys at the top of a frame, with a weighted pulley hung between them which rises as the string is pulled and falls as it is released, taking up the end of the string.

### Needed His Right Hand.

"I have heard and read many pathetic stories," said Senator Hoar, recently, "but none of them ever awoke so much sad sympathy as one which Professor Gallaudet related. The professor has a favorite pupil—a little deaf-mute boy, exceptionally bright. Mr. Gallaudet asked him if he knew the story of George Washington and the cherry tree. With his nimble fingers the little one said he did, and then he proceeded to repeat it. The noiseless gesticulations continued until the boy had informed the professor of the elder Washington's discovery of the mutilated tree and of his quest for the mutilator. 'When George's father asked him who hacked his favorite cherry tree,' signaled the voiceless child, 'George put his hatchet in his left hand—'

"Stop!" interrupted the professor. "Where do you get your authority for saying he took the hatchet in his left hand?"

"Why," responded the boy, "he needed his right hand to tell his father that he cut the tree."

### A Queenly Milkmaid.

The Queen of the Belgians and Princess Clementine, while driving in a pony-cart one day last summer, had a charming rural adventure, which the London Post describes:

They stopped at a farmhouse to buy a glass of milk. Nobody but an old, paralyzed woman was in the house, and she replied that no milk was left in the jugs, and that she was unable to go to milk a cow.

"Never mind," said the queen; "if you will allow me, I will go to the pasture. Just tell me where the jugs are."

"But, my dear lady, you are from the town, and you will never be able to milk a cow," objected the old woman.

She was mistaken, however, for a little later her majesty returned with a half-filled jug. Meantime, Princess Clementine had laid on the table three bowls, a loaf and the needful knives and plates. The old farmer's wife was served by the princess, who, it appears, greatly enjoyed the adventure.

### Miles of Bookshelves.

The new Congressional library has forty-four miles of shelves.

Rob with a velvet hand, instead of a pistol, if you want to get away with it.

### THE SPANISH ARMADA IN 1588.

It Was Composed of Craft of All Kinds, Numbering 130.

The total number of craft of all kinds composing the Armada was, probably, 130. At least sixty were galleons of huge size and strength, ranging from 700 up to 1,250 tons burden. They were not, however, primarily built for war purposes, and the proportion of guns they carried was, as compared with their size, not large. But, being intended for long voyages, their upper works were high out of water and their main timbers three or four feet thick. One hundred years before the Portuguese galleons, under Diaz, had doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and, with the conquest of Portugal, some of the finest ships in the world passed into the Spanish king's hands.

It was the Portuguese galleons that formed the van squadron of the Armada, the largest of them mounting, perhaps, fifty guns, and many of these of small caliber. In the case of the hired ships, except the heaviest Levantine galleons, the proportion of guns to tonnage was still smaller. Usually sailing in still water, they did not carry numerous crews, but now they were crammed with soldiers to an inconvenient degree.

Of the second class of ships, called galleasses, there were four in the fleet. These were proper war ships, and certainly did their share of the fighting. Like the galleons, they were three-masted vessels, but were also propelled by oars, to pull which they carried a large number of galley slaves. Their prows and sterns were furnished with heavy cannon in high castles, and they carried smaller cannon on the broadsides, in ports between the rowers. The two larger each carried nearly 300 soldiers and over 100 sailors, with 350 slaves to row. There were also galleys with one or more tiers of oars a side, many merchant and store ships, caravels and urens.

The personnel of the flotilla consisted of over 30,000 persons, including 18,000 soldiers, 800 sailors, 2,000 galley slaves and a numerous hospital staff, assisted by 150 priests of various orders. The armament was of 2,000 guns; a few may have been 64 or 32-pounders (cannon or demi-cannon), but by far the greater number were 10, 6 or 4-pounders (demi-culverins, sakers and minions). The whole force was victualled for six months, a large sum of money was taken in the fleet, and the orders for preserving discipline were unusually strict. In the vicinity of Newport and Dunkirk, Farnese, the Prince of Parma had assembled an army of 30,000 foot and 4,000-horse, picked troops, ready to be embarked in scores of flat-bottomed boats and transports, and conveyed across to Margate and Deal so soon as the English and Dutch ships should have been swept from the narrow seas before the imposing array of the "Invincible" armada.—Cassier's Magazine.

### Asparagus Growing.

The Missouri experiment station has been experimenting for the past two years with asparagus growing, and has successfully grown asparagus in the open field in mid-winter by running steam into shallow tunnels between the asparagus rows. The asparagus field was first covered with six or seven inches of heating horse manure, and the steam forced into the soil from the greenhouse boiler. By this means a large yield of fine asparagus was obtained throughout the months of December, January and February; the finest quality being gotten in the middle of January, when the weather was coldest. Many of the sprouts were twelve or fourteen inches long and an inch in diameter, bleached perfectly and very tender and delicious. The amount of steam required was very small, and for persons located near a good market the winter growing of asparagus would prove profitable.

### Lord Mayor's Regalia.

The most interesting features in connection with the inauguration of the lord mayor of London are the objects of plate and jewelry connected therewith. The scepter, pearl sword and city purse are carried before the lord mayor at this inauguration. The stem of the scepter is the oldest piece of jewelry extant in England. It is cut crystal and was fashioned in the days of Edward the Confessor. The pearl sword dates from the time of Elizabeth and the ponderous city mace from George II.

### Couldn't Spit in Church.

A bishop of a church conference in Georgia told those delegates who used tobacco not to expectorate on the floor or on the handsome new carpet, which had recently been put down. He told them that if they must chew tobacco to go outside and they would find a nice new curbstone and plenty of fresh sand to expectorate upon, or they could bring their cuspidores, and in case of an emergency they could use their hats.

### Detective System in Paris.

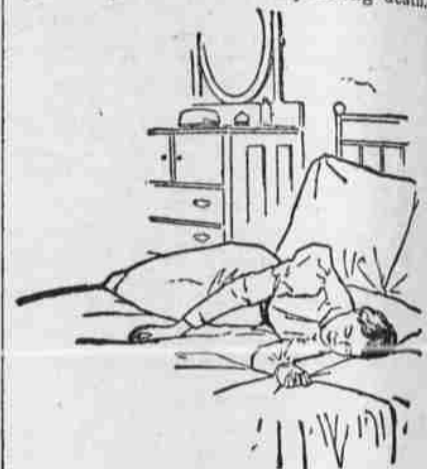
The secret police force of Paris are distinct from the regular force. The members, as a rule, are unknown to each other, and often a second detective is sent to watch the first employed upon an important case.

It's a curious anomaly of war that both contending parties are always in the right.

### Bad Digestion, Bad Heart.

Poor digestion often causes irregularity of the heart's action. This irregularity may be mistaken for real, organic heart disease. The symptoms are much the same. There is however a vast difference between the two: organic heart disease is often incurable; apparent heart disease is curable if good digestion be restored.

A case in point is quoted from the New Era, of Greensburg, Ind. Mrs. Ellen Colson, Newport, Ind., a woman 43 years old, had suffered for four years with distressing stomach trouble. The gases generated by the indigestion pressed on the heart, and caused an irregularity of its action. She had much pain in her stomach and heart, and was subject to frequent and severe choking spells which were most severe at night. Doctors were tried in vain; the patient became worse, despondent, and feared impending death.



A Case of Heart Failure.

She was much frightened, but noticed that in intervals in which her stomach did not annoy her, her heart's action became normal. Reasoning correctly that her digestion was alone at fault she procured the proper medicine to treat that trouble and with immediate good results. Her appetite came back, the choking spells became less frequent and finally ceased. Her weight, which had been greatly reduced was restored and she now weighs more than for years. Her blood soon became pure and her cheeks rosy.

The case is of general interest because the disease is a very common one. That others may know the means of cure we give the name of the medicine used—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. These pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves.

The tomb of Mohammed is covered with diamonds, sapphires and rubies, valued at \$12,500,000.

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