

"AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE COMMISSION"



THOMAS'S HEADQUARTERS, SNODGRASS'S HOUSE, CHICKAMAUGA.

CHICKAMAUGA PARK.

If there is anything of inspiration in the association of ideas, any added patriotism and courage to be gained by daily life on a field where 14,000 Union soldiers died in the hardest fought, most magnificent and thrilling series of battles in the civil war, the regulars, national guardsmen and volunteers who encamp in the Chickamauga Park should be able to fight like fiends incarnate. Tenting again on the old camp ground, in the midst of one of the most beautiful bits of country which God has given to this fairest of lands, it is hard to believe that war and death were within a few hours' ride by rail.

As, standing on Lookout Mountain, the eye sweeps over the glorious view below, Finch's prophecy rushes to mind—

No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red,
No more, indeed, as to a divided nation, and foreign complications were then unthought of. Where battle lines of 140,000 men surged thirty-five years ago, 50,000 soldiers of the redeemed republic awaited the word which sends them forth to strike the shackles from another race. The heroism of their fathers is an open book to these soldiers of to-day.

DEDICATION SEPT. 19, 1865.
Little more than two short years ago the Park was dedicated with imposing ceremonies, after the nation had spent nearly a million dollars on it, and various States almost half a million more. New York State's share being \$81,000. The Governor of Ohio, now the President of the United States, was there. All thought then that the park evermore was dedicated to peace. Western men, almost entirely, represented the Union in the six battles fought within the park. Ohio has more than fifty monuments on the fields, and Illinois nearly 100. Twenty-nine States had regiments in these battles, and each one of these States either has put up monuments to mark the position of her troops or will erect them soon. The General Government has remembered in similar manner the position of the regular regiments. Eight generals who fell on both sides are commemorated by mounds of shells and solid shot. Where batteries were posted are 300 or 400 mounted cannon, of the pattern used in the war. Half a dozen steel towers seventy feet high rear their slender forms from commanding positions on the fields, and afford to the visitors comprehensive views.

The park boundaries inclose about fifteen square miles, not including the fine roads or approaches. The largest part of the park is the battlefield of Chickamauga, in Georgia, and the next largest part takes in Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge and Orchard Knob, near Chattanooga, in Tennessee. Nearly fifty miles of roads improved by the General Government connect the different sections of the park. These are the same roads which the soldiers of the two armies used to reach the scene of battle. All roads which have been opened since the war have been closed, and those in use then which since had been closed were opened by the park commission. Land which was covered with trees in war days and since had been cleared was planted with saplings. Every effort has been made to put the park in its war time condition.

To thousands of persons who never have been there, including many old soldiers who fought on other fields, the cyclorama of the battles of Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain which has been on exhibition in various cities has given a good idea of the country and the battle scenes.

It was at Chickamauga, where Thomas stood "like a rock" that Garfield distinguished himself. He was chief of staff to Rosecrans, and was sent by that general to warn Thomas that Longstreet, with his 70,000 men, was marching to turn the right flank of Thomas' army. Garfield started off with a captain and two orderlies. They ran into an ambush, the captain was wounded, the two orderlies killed and

Garfield was the only one left to go on with the all-important message. This was the tightest of all tight places that Garfield had ever been in. He jammed his lips together, muttered "Now is your time, be a man, Jim Garfield," and spurred ahead in a zig-zag course across the field to avoid the bullets. His horse, a fine animal, was struck, but it was only a flesh wound, and it was like another dig of the rowels. Garfield reached Col. McCook, got a new horse and made a fresh start over a fire-swept field. This mount, too, was hit, but the young chief of staff remained unhurt. Just as he got by Thomas' side the animal gave one bound and fell dead. Garfield delivered the message and Thomas' army was saved. Eighteen years from that day Garfield, the President, lay dead in the cottage at Elberon. The bullet of an assassin had done what the bullets of the Confederates could not do.

The month before Chickamauga was fought the battle of Wauhatchie, a little to the west of Chattanooga. Gen. Geary, who commanded the division which made this fight, had a son, who, at the age of 17, had enlisted at the beginning of the war, and at this time was a lieutenant of artillery. Just as Geary was about to lead the charge, his boy fell dead before his eyes, hit by a bullet fair in the forehead. The father dismounted, kissed the warm body, hardly still from the agonies of death, then sprang to his horse and led his men to the attack. The whole war does not furnish a parallel to this instance of fortitude.

Among those who fell at Chickamauga was the Union General William H. Lytle. His close friend was Lieutenant Richard Realf, an Englishman of rare poetic powers, who killed himself in California only a few years ago. The two friends often wrote verses together, and then submitted them to each other for criticism. On the night before Chickamauga they were engaged in this manner. Lytle had written part of the poem beginning, "I am dying, Egypt, dying," when Lytle suddenly turned to Realf.

"I shall never live to finish that," he said.

"Nonsense," replied Realf, "you'll live to write volumes of that sort of stuff."

"No," said Lytle, gravely. "As I was talking to you a minute ago I saw the green hills of Ohio as they looked when I stood among them. They began to recede from me in a weird way, and as they disappeared the conviction flashed through me like lightning that I should never see them again."

Realf laughed at him, but after a while became so filled with unnatural fear that he begged him to finish the verses. Before daybreak Lytle woke his friend and read to him the completed poem. Then, without another word, Lytle put it in his breast pocket. At dawn came the call to arms, and the friends separated. When next Realf saw the General, Lytle was among the slain. Remembering what the General had done with the poem, Realf searched the pocket and found it, and sent it to the General's friends.

A merrier incident was the reply Rosecrans returned to a soldier, who expressed before Chickamauga his firm conviction that the army was not well fed, which was the fact. The provision trains were called by the soldiers the "cracker line." One day as Rosecrans was riding through the camps a soldier called out to him with a hearing of all the others:

"More crackers and less review."
"Rosy turned in his saddle."
"A lean dog for a long race," was his quick reply.

In the two months that elapsed from Chickamauga to the battle of Chattanooga occurred the incident which resulted later in giving the badge to one of the army corps, the Fifteenth. Some of the men who had been with Hooker at Chancellorsville and shared in the defeat and retreat were telling of the various corps badges, and asked an Irishman of the Fifteenth corps what his badge was.

"Badge? Phat's that?" asked the Irishman.

"Why some distinguishing mark by which each corps can be told from the rest. For instance, one of the corps at Chancellorsville had the moon, or a crescent. Another had a star, and so on."

"Ah, yes, I see," said the Irishman. "Bogorra, ye needed the moon and the stars to show ye the way across the Rappahannock. Here's our badge," slapping his cartridge box. "Forty rounds."

The reply was so apt that Logan, upon hearing of it, adopted the cartridge box, with the figures 40 on it, as the badge of the Fifteenth Corps.

After the disaster at Chickamauga, Grant came down and took command. In the two months' wait the pickets of the two armies got into quite friendly relations. They exchanged greetings, and sometimes swapped tobacco across the lines. One day Grant rode down to the Union pickets. One of the guard saw him and, according to the military custom, called out:

"Turn out the guard for the commanding general."

"Never mind the guard," returned the general, not caring for any fuss and anxious to spare his men any trouble. Just across the little creek were the pickets of the Johnnies.

"Turn out the guard for the commanding general, Gen. Grant," some Johnny called out. Out came the guard and presented arms. Grant returned the salute as he would one from his own men. Never in the war was this extraordinary scene duplicated.

GLORIOUS VICTORIES.

On Nov. 23 came the battle of Orchard Knob, on the 24th Lookout Mountain and on the next day Missionary Ridge. Every school boy and girl knows about these last two battles. Lookout Mountain is famed in song and story as the Battle Above the Clouds. The part of the Union army which was not included in the assaulting column were on the plains below, cheering as men never cheered before. All the bands in the army were massed down there playing as the attack was made. They say bands never are taken into battle. As a rule this is so, and whenever there is an exception it is a thing to be remembered to the life to come. The next morning, when the peak of Lookout was gained and a squad advanced with the Stars and Stripes, planting the staff on the highest point, the enthusiasm below was unbounded and contributed to the still more thrilling event of that day.

For the storming of Missionary Ridge was not on Grant's program. Grant, watching the battle on Orchard Knob, turned to Thomas, and said, and said, angrily.

dexed in the rogue's gallery, and started for the police court between two officers. It chanced that I was going the same way, and joined company. Besides, I have certain theories concerning toughs which my friend, the sergeant, says are not, and I was not averse to testing them on the kid.

But the kid was a bad subject. He replied to my friendly advances with a muttered curse, or not at all, and upset all my notions in the most reckless way. Conversation had ceased before we were half way across to Broadway. He "wanted no guff," and I left him to his meditations respecting his defenseless state. At Broadway there was a jam of trucks, and we stopped at the corner to wait for an opening.

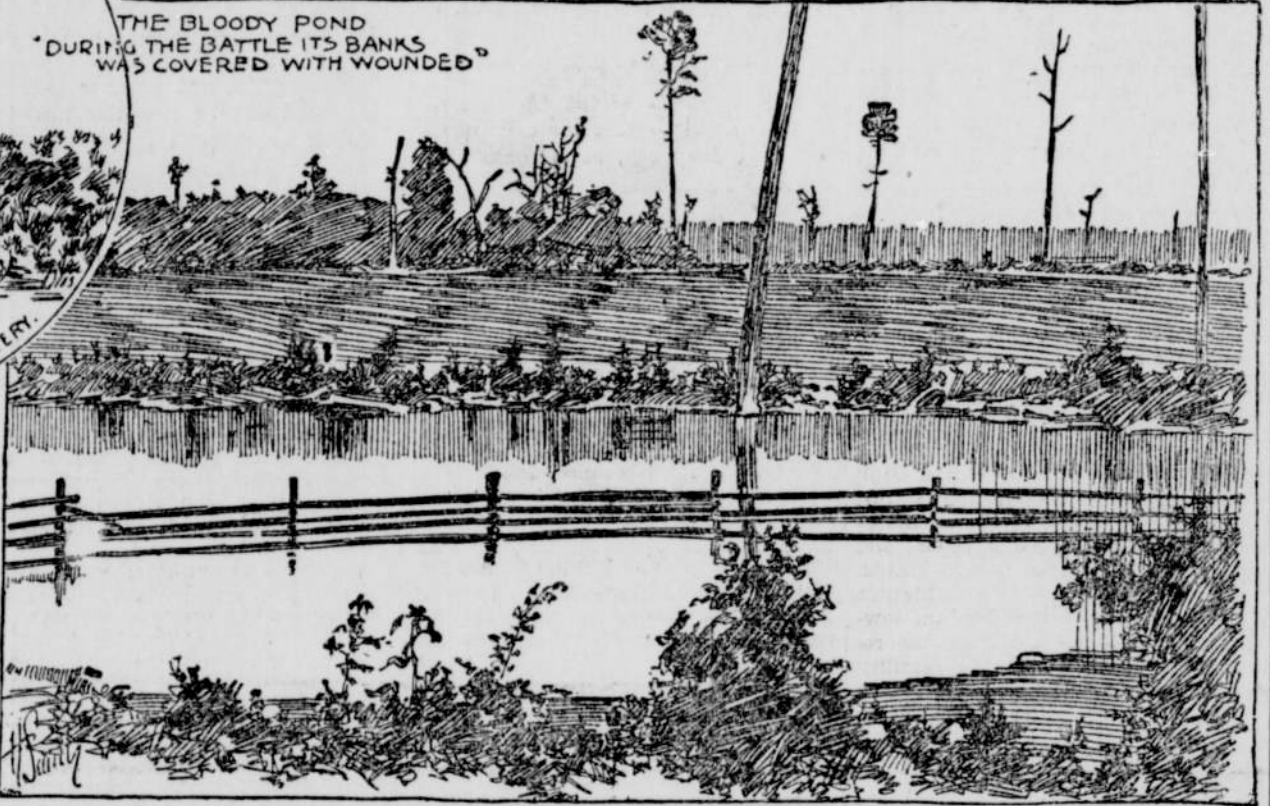
It all happened so quickly that only a confused picture of it is in my mind till this day. A sudden start, a leap, and a warning cry, and the kid had wrenched himself loose. He was free. I was dimly conscious of a rush of blue and brass; and then I saw—the whole street saw—a child, a toddling baby, in the middle of the railroad track right in front of the coming car. It reached out its tiny hand toward the madly clanging bell and crowd. A scream rose wild and piercing above the tumult; men struggled with a frantic woman on the curb, and turned their heads away—

And then there stood the kid, with the child in his arms, unhurt. I see him now, as he set it down gently as any woman, trying, with lingering touch, to unclasp the grip of the baby hand upon his rough finger. I see the hard look coming back into his face as the policeman, red and out of breath, turned the nipper on his wrist, with a half uncertain aside to me: "Them toughs, Sullen, defiant, planning vengeance, I see him led away to jail. Ruffian and thief! The police blotter said so.

Shakespeare Strangled by Electricity
Electricity and spiritualism do not make a good combination. An ingenious attempt to utilize them conjointly nearly gained for its contriver the honor of a coroner's inquest all to himself. A medium who made a specialty



MONUMENTS SEEN THROUGH THE TREES



THE BLOODY POND DURING THE BATTLE ITS BANKS WERE COVERED WITH WOUNDED

of luminous apparitions gave a seance on Monday night at the house of a scientific man, and successfully reproduced from his recess in a darkened room the luminous visions of various deceased personages.

While Shakespeare was on view the awe-stricken audience were surprised to hear a gasping, gurgling noise proceeding from his throat, while the head swayed to and fro as if in pain. A gentleman rushed forward just in time to save the great poet from suffocation by pulling out of his thorax a miniature electric lamp, connected by a slender wire to a small battery underneath his coat. On the principle of the school-boy's salamander trick of illuminating the face by putting a lighted match in the mouth, the medium caused a faint spiritualistic glow, enough to satisfy wonder-seekers, to suffuse his countenance by inserting, before his hands were tied to insure confidence, the tiny electric lamp behind his teeth. Unfortunately in this case the article slipped too far down, and as the medium's bound hands prevented him pulling it up again the unfortunate man might have been choked by an incandescent light.—London Telegraph.

TOUGH, BUT HAS A HEART.

One Touch of Life in the Crowded Streets of a City.

He was an every-day tough, bull-necked, square-jawed, red of face and with his hair cropped short in the fashion that rules at Sing Sing and is admired of Battle Row. Any one could have told it at a glance. The bruised and wrathful face of the policeman who brought him to Mulberry street to be "stood up" before the detectives in the hope that there might be something against him to aggravate the offense of beating an officer with his own club bore witness to it. It told a familiar story. The prisoner's gang had started a fight on the avenue, probably with a scheme of ultimate robbery in view, and the police had come upon it unexpectedly. The rest had got away with an assortment of promiscuous bruises. The "Kid" stood his ground and went down with two "cops" on top of him, after a valiant battle, in which he had performed the feat that entitled him to honorable mention henceforth in the felonious annals of the gang. There was no surrender in his sullen look as he stood before the desk, his hard face disfigured further by a streak of half-dried blood, reminiscent of the night's encounter. The fight had gone against him—that was all right. There was a time for getting square. Till then he was man enough to take his medicine; let them do their worst.

It was there to read, plain as could be. In his set jaws and dogged bearing as he came out, numbered now and in-

cluded in the rogue's gallery, and started for the police court between two officers. It chanced that I was going the same way, and joined company. Besides, I have certain theories concerning toughs which my friend, the sergeant, says are not, and I was not averse to testing them on the kid.

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Language.
If a pioneer goes forth, how is he first?

If a tramp takes a tramp to the woods, are there two of him?

If a man is fast in the meshes of toil, is he leading a fast life?

If 3 and 2 make 5 after dinner, why could they not before?

If a business man is shaky, how is it that it is a firm business?

If a prisoner turns pale, can he be on bail or is the bail on him?

If a capitalist gives assent to a scheme, may he not give a million?

If a sighing lover cannot express himself, why not send himself by mail?—Peck's Sun.

Examination of Horseshoes.
The constitutionality of Colorado's law requiring horseshoers to pass an examination will be tested.

"You have called me a liar," shouted the angry citizen to the offensive citizen, "and you will live to regret that speech, sir." "That jest shows the difference in fellers," remarked Cowboy Bill, who happened to be present, "when a man calls me a liar, he don't live to regret it. No, sir!"—Pick-Me-Up.

Men hate to regret; it is more disagreeable to men than to women.

FALL OF A FOREST MONARCH.

Sawing Down a Giant Pine Tree in the Minnesota Forest.

W. S. Harwood contributes "The Story of a Pine Board" to the St. Nicholas, tracing the wood from the fall of the seed in the forest mold through all the processes of lumbering until it emerges from the mill a finished board. Mr. Harwood says:

I had my eye on a grand old pine standing a little away from any of his fellows, a monarch in the forest. It must have been a hundred and forty feet, perhaps more, from the topmost point in its glossy green coronal down to the dead goldenrod in the snow at its base. It was about three feet in diameter at the ground, so tall, so strong, so straight, a noble tree indeed, in every truth a king of the forest. It was the result of the life which dwelt in the tiny black, winged seed which was lost to view more than a century and a half before.

While I was admiring the splendid proportions of the tree, three men came toward me. One was a bright-eyed fellow, short of stature and swarthy of skin, looking like one of the Chippewa Indians whose home this forest had been nobly, knows how many centuries. He looked the tree over sharply, stepping to this side and to that, eyed it critically from various points of view, and then with a small, sharp ax cut a keen gash in the trunk about a foot above the top of the dead goldenrod in the snow. He was an under-cutter, a man whose business it is to cut into the tree on the side on which it should fall, so that it may not be broken in the fall, or lodge in the crotch of another tree. The cut on the side of the tree is the guide for the sawyers.

The other men, bearing a big saw, began cutting down the pine, sawing steadily and powerfully through the fragrant yellowish-white trunk. Now and then the under-cutter would step up to them to see how they were progressing. When their saw had passed the heart of the pine he placed a small, bright steel wedge in the path of the saw, and drove it in.

"Look out, there, now!" came the call of the under-cutter as he looked in my direction.

I made a quick scramble through the deep snow, nearly tumbling over a hidden log, and grabbing my camera as I went. I had no intention of staying in the immediate vicinity, for I had seen trees like this fall before, and I knew it was a risky thing to stand hard-by. The best-directed tree will sometimes veer a little in its fall, and woe to the one who stands below it. Many an experienced woodsman has been killed in just such a place; many a one has been caught and plumed, perhaps to escape with only broken legs of ribs. In a second moment the noble pine came crashing down through the branches of the other trees, falling upon the frozen earth with a noise which drowned all the other noises of the forest—a roar which echoed and re-echoed through the long, dim aisles of the forest like the booming of some mighty cannonade.

The Boy in the Bundle.

An Iowa boy recently passed through an experience which he will not forget if he lives to be 100 years old. He is only five years old, and one day when his father went to the wheat field to drive the harvester he took him along and perched him on the high seat at his side.

For a time all this was very interesting, but presently the little fellow grew tired and began to squirm and complain. And then, just as his father was leaning over to look more closely at some of the machinery, off tumbled the little fellow to the conveyor. He shrieked just once and his father tried vainly to stop the horses. But before he could even slacken the speed the boy had been driven up through the elevator canvas with half a bundle of wheat, the binding twine had twisted swiftly around his neck and legs and he was rolled out on the wide carrier securely bound in a wheat bundle. He was almost choked and there was a tiny bit of skin torn from his shoulder, but otherwise he was unhurt when his father cut the string and helped him up again. But a worse frightened boy would have been hard to find.—Chicago Record.

Bachelors and Electricity.

Whether, in the long run, electricity has done the solitary bachelor a good turn is a debatable question, but it has certainly eased the burden of his domestic anxieties. While he is dressing he connects his electric coffee pot, and the brewing of his morning beverage proceeds forthwith. Meanwhile his eggs are being cooked in the electric boiler, or a chop is being done to a turn on the electric gridiron, which gives an unmatched flavor to the meat. As he sits down to the table slices of bread are placed in the electric toast rack and are browned before his eyes. If he be an adept of the chafing dish, he can produce the subtlest culinary effects without fear of failure.—Chautauquan.

Where He Agreed with Him.

"Want! What?"

The frate old man almost choked with indignation—

"You want to steal my child from me, to rob me of my daughter? Why, sir!"

His rage got the upper hand of him, and he gasped some more—

"Rascal is no name for you!"

The young man was perfectly calm.

"You bet it isn't," he said slowly; "and if anybody says otherwise there's liable to be trouble."

In the face of such sublime gall what could the old man do?—Puck.

In almost every case of marriage, one of the parties in time looks the rabbit to the other's wolf.

It is impossible to find either comfort or profit in a mistake.