



A TINY CHILD SOLDIER.

One of the Forgotten Episodes of the Late War.

Summer of 1864! But, though the skies were blue and cloudless and the earth radiant in her robe of green, with flowers beautiful and fragrant on her bosom, the hearts of men and women were heavy and sorrowful, for the rolling smoke of cannon hid the very heavens and stains redder than the field-poppies dyed the grass, while the rattle of musketry and the tread of marching men drowned the songs of the birds and the sound of weeping startled them into silence. The fair hills of Virginia looked down on carnage and sights too pitiful to name, and her rivers ran red with the blood of many a gallant soldier for whom a gray-haired mother or a tender wife and little children wept in their far Northern home or mourned beneath the sunny skies of Dixie.

But nestling close to the rugged side of the mountain, like a sparrow's nest under the grim buttresses of some old castle, the little village of Cloverside heard only from afar those dreadful sounds that told of death and sorrow. Sometimes a newly-raised regiment, marching down to join the forces at Richmond, would go by in uniform and fluttering flags—alas, alas! how soon to have their bravery torn by shot and dimmed with bloody dew.

These splendid cavalcades went by watched with frantic envy by two big eyes like twin wood violets from the window of a pretty white house that stood half way up the mountain, and was the home of one fair, gentle lady to whom Manassas had meant widowhood. These pretty, wistful eyes were the baby's, whose heart swelled at martial music until it grew too much for a four-year-old to stand, and so he declared his fixed and desperate resolution to become "a soldier too." Mamma caught the tiny form with the eager face to her breast, thinking of other mothers whose sons had once been innocent little children, too, and who now, perhaps, lay on some battlefield with their faces turned upward to the sky, and a bullet in the quiet hearts. And her own eyes were dim for a soldier who marched away one bright spring day to return no more to that loving household on the mountain.

But the baby was firm, so mamma fashioned a uniform for her warrior, with glittering buttons and a colonel's star and grandama, on condition that it be not removed from the scabbard lent a "really" sword, which had been to Mexico with grandpa when he went long ago with General Taylor. A drum of Aunt Dicey's own loving manufacture, and presented with her black face gleaming with satisfaction, and a big hat contributed by Sister Lizzie, who cheerfully turned her own and only Gainsborough, which, with its curling feather, had been the pride of her heart, into a cavalryman's dashing chapeau, completed the equipment of the bold soldier.

He was not a very terrifying object though for his eyes were blue and innocent and his hair fell curling in long bright strands from under his big hat, while his mouth was like a rosebud trying to frown fiercely, and his chubby hands were only just able to drag the heavy sword in a very un military fashion after him. So all the long, bright summer the baby played at war and drilled the maple trees on the lawn with great severity and diligence until if they were not ready to march away and strike a blow for their country it was not the fault of their gallant little commander. He patrolled the premises like a faithful sentinel and gave his admiring women folks his frequent and solemn promise to stand by and protect them should occasion arise.

And sure enough, dark and gloomy on the page of the future was written the coming of an hour when Cloverside was to be the scene of the meeting of two hostile forces. Not very large ones, to be sure, only two skirmishing parties, but led by desperate men and composed of others sworn to vengeance for personal wrongs suffered at foemen's hands. This hour came just as the summer

lay a dying, beautiful beyond telling even in her decay, for nature crowned the passing season's brow with her choicest glories to hide, as it were, its fading.

The baby's maple squad had put off its dress of rifleman's green and stood bright and ruddy in artillery scarlet, while banners of many-hued leaves and vines swung lightly from the mountain side. Close to the pretty singing brook that wound its silver ribbon about the foot of the grim old mountain were planted one day dreadful, wide-mouthed cannon—with a horrid threat in each dark throat—blots in the peaceful scene, and a hundred or more of stern-voiced gloomy-eyed men stood behind them waiting for the foe, who was coming presently down the road. The sun rose higher and higher, veiling his face from what was to come in a purple haze, when tramp, tramp came the advancing enemy, marching down to what each man knew would in all probability be a battle unto death, for in order to pass, it was necessary to take the battery that held the narrow road.

Each party reserved its fire by order, and only the tread of feet, the gleam of fixed bayonets and a low growling of commands from an officer here and there betrayed the errand of these invaders. Of that quiet spot. But as the two lines of set, defiant faces glared into each other, something happened. Out from the sunnch bushes on the side of the road marched a tiny figure, bravely dragging after it through the dust a sword. The big hat with its flaunting feather had fallen over one blue eye, but the other glanced joyously from one body of soldiers to the other. He marched with great dignity down between the two lines and paused about to speak, when forward ran every man from both sides and closed upon him.

But oh! no harm was meant, for the baby form and little face had awakened tender memories of such another at home, as of one's own happy childhood, in every breast, and with a common impulse to snatch him from his perilous place, each bounded forward, forward, fearful lest the other side open fire and a shot pierce that tiny soldier's uniform. But the crowd of mingled blue and gray clad men gave back quickly, when a flying figure, with gay turban all awry and checked dress, sailing in its self created breeze, dashed in its midst.

"Gimme that child here," cried Aunt Dicey hysterically. "Ta'n round here, my angel pettiksins, an' let yo' mammy see if dese here scamps done hu't my sugar lump."

She examined the child carefully and then, holding him while that valiant warrior wept loudly and bitterly, harangued the soldiers.

"You's a pretty lot, aint, yer now? Comin' here gitting up a fuss right 'fo' 'spectable people, till I declar dis yer baby had ter come to shame you. It's low borned, dat's w'at 'tis, an' it's me, Aunt Dicey, w'at tells you so, right in yo' impident faces. Cl'ar out of here now, an' jus' take dis f'um me—ef you'd a hurt a hair of dis here baby's head, 't wouldn't a been his fight no mo'. You'd a had me to settle with, an' I tells yer, men, I'd a tore de las' one of yer farly in two and dat's de tree wif de bark on it. Now I'm gwine take dis chile home to his ma, an' you jus' better pick up your weppins and, go 'long an' tend to yo' business. Gimme dat sword here!" And off went the heroic old woman with her struggling, shrieking charge followed by shouts of ungovernable laughter, which, however, won no notice from the disdainful Aunt Dicey.

The soldiers then stood looking wistfully at each other, and glancing with eyes filled with dew that took nothing from their manhood at the big hat which had fallen off and been forgotten during the owner's late unfair contest with his dusky conqueror and now lay in the dust. Very reverently a soldier in gray raised it up and held it, while another in blue stuck the loosened feather back in place. The two bands then formed in silence, and with no longer any desire for battle marched away in opposite directions, but ere the orders to move were given a white-haired colonel

stepped forward and raised his shabby cap. He only said, with one hand pointing to heaven, while the others listened with drooped heads: "Boys, something comes back to me to-day that I heard long years ago at my own good mother's knee, something that ends with 'And a little child shall lead them.'—*Willie Lloyd Jackson, in Philadelphia Times.*

A BOOK TRUST.

No More Cheap Publications for the General Reader.

Sunday Budget.
"What is the price of this?" asked a Budget reporter of Mr. W. E. Barrigan in Perry's yesterday.
"Thirty cents," replied that gentleman.
"Books must be getting scarce; you sold the same last winter for 16 cents. How is that?"
"Oh, that was before the 'book trust' was formed."
"The 'book trust' what is that?"
"You did not know that a book trust had been formed? I'll tell you about it then. Mr. John W. Lovell, a publisher of cheap books, has bought out all the cheap libraries, and raised the price. He said, and very truly, that it was getting so that there was no money in cheap books for anybody, and he has cornered the market and raised the price, and we'll get no more cheap books. The extravagant rumors that have been published from time to time in the daily press of the country, to the effect that a general syndicate would purchase all the books in the country, has frequently been ridiculed by the publishers, but Mr. Lovell has taken a long step in that direction. Happily it stops within legitimate bounds, and while checking illegitimate, will not prevent legitimate competition. It is undoubtedly true that the 'cut-throat' competition in 'cheap 12 mos' and 'poets' has resulted in deteriorating quality as well as in breaking prices, while the book-seller has been confused and loaded down with an infinite multiplicity of rival editions. Some end had to come to this; whether this combination is the right end will be determined by Mr. Lovell's management of the great establishment he will now control."
"Mr. Lovell, at the expense of so many millions as would make your head swim to tell you of, has bought out, lock, stock and barrel, the plates, manuscripts, stock of books, and everything else of Hurst & Co., the Worthington company, W. L. Allison, The Alden Book Co., Pollard & Moss, Frank F. Lovell and G. W. Dillingham, of New York; the Alden Book Co., Ester & Lauriat and DeWolfe, Fisk & Co., of Boston; Donahue, Henneburg & Co., and Belford Clarke & Co., of Chicago, and J. B. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia, and the plates and stocks of the paper-covered series of George Munro, Norman L. Munro, and the National Publishing Co., of New York. These, if you will look over them carefully, you will see are nearly all of the cheap publishing houses in the country."
"See that stack of books? They were all bought from John W. Lovell under the new arrangement, and they cost nearly twice as much. He has on hand millions of books which were formerly sold at 15 and 20 cents and is keeping his prices stiff at an advanced figure. He must be backed up by some very wealthy men or he could never maintain his stiff upper lip."
"There are still publishers who are outside of this arrangement, and they will furnish a check on Mr. Lovell should he advance his prices too far. It is very highly probable that the price of these books will be advanced to 50 cents."

Big Influence of a Dog.

WASHINGTON, April 21.—General Merritt was informed by the War Department to-day that he might commence the transfer of the headquarters of the Department of Missouri from Fort Leavenworth to St. Louis on May 1st instead of June 1st, the date originally set. This change of date is made ostensibly for the purpose of escaping the hot weather, but to those familiar with the way things are going at Fort Leavenworth the desire for an earlier transfer is thought to be due to the increasing friction between General Merritt, the department commander, and Colonel McCook, the post commander.
It is not generally known outside of official circles that a small member of the canine family is the direct cause of the removal of these headquarters from one city to another, although it was stated at the time the change was decided upon that the strained relations between

the officers named made such a course necessary. The original trouble was brought about in this way: When Lieutenant A. M. Fuller, Second cavalry, went on duty at Fort Leavenworth last winter he took with him a valuable dog, which was the pride of his master and a great pet with the family. He was not familiar with the regulation at the post prohibiting unmuzzled dogs from running at large upon the reservation, but was very soon forcibly reminded of it by the report of a gun and a most painful yelp from his pet. A sergeant at the post, who did know the regulations, was responsible for the "removal," and Lieutenant Fuller, finding it out, wanted to give that sergeant a dose of the same medicine.

The sergeant reported to the post commander that his life had been threatened, and here commenced the official correspondence, resulting finally in the removal of the department headquarters. Charges were preferred against Lieutenant Fuller for disobeying the post regulations and for threatening the sergeant. Colonel McCook forwarded them to the department commander, with the recommendation that a court be ordered. General Merritt returned the papers, declining to grant the request on the ground that the action of the sergeant in killing the dog was unjustified because the object of the order was well understood to be for the purpose of preventing the promiscuous running around of unmuzzled dogs during the heated period when there is liability of danger from hydrophobia.

Colonel McCook made an appeal from this decision, and the papers passed into the hands of the division commander, General Crook, who, knowing that matters were not running smoothly between General Merritt and Colonel McCook, and desiring to secure that peace essential to the proper administration of military affairs, forwarded the correspondence to Washington, with the recommendation that General Merritt's headquarters be changed, which was finally agreed upon.

Fifty Thousand Dollars.

Cotton Plant.
The Farmers' Alliance Exchange of South Carolina has been in operation two months and a half, and has done a business in that time aggregating fifty thousand dollars. This is a moderately good beginning when all the obstacles and drawbacks and hindrances with which the enterprise has had to contend are taken into consideration, but it is but a tithe of what it should have been had all the counties used the Exchange as liberally as a few have done, notably Greenville and Pickens. The agents in these two counties have been especially diligent, and as a consequence their orders have been more frequent and larger than from any others, and, of course, the benefits accruing to those whom they serve have been correspondingly larger. The brethren in all the counties should patronize the Exchange whenever practicable. It will save them many dollars, directly and indirectly.

The articles ordered through the Exchange embrace a great variety—flour, coffee, sugar, molasses, bacon, grits, lard, carriages, buggies, carts, wagons, hoes, plows, sewing machines, stoves, and many other things of like character and prices are now being sought for agricultural machinery of a heavy character, such as threshers, gins, engines, &c., on which large discounts are usually allowed wholesale dealers. When it is remembered that the business of the Exchange is conducted on the no profit system, it will be readily seen that large savings can be effected by buying all kinds of farm supplies and machinery through this channel. The commissions charged are barely sufficient to cover the current expenses of the office, and preclude the possibility of the accumulation of profits for the benefit of any person or persons. The farmers of the State have never had such an opportunity of securing goods at wholesale prices as is offered by the Exchange, and we are persuaded that as soon as they fully realize this fact they will make better use of the institution.

All the Manager asks is that the brethren will stand by him in his efforts to make the institution a success. It belongs to the order and he is but the servant of the brethren. He is giving his whole time to the work and labors day and night. He is meeting with opposition from one side and another, and all kinds of methods are resorted to bring both the Exchange and himself into disrepute with the members of the Alliance. But this was expected in the

beginning and causes no surprise. Only let the brethren investigate every insinuation or rumor or charge made against the officers of the Exchange with a view of injuring them before they are believed, and there will be no reason for questioning their fidelity. The business of the Exchange is too closely scrutinized and its funds too closely guarded to admit of any crookedness whatever. The institution is now passing through an experience which those of other States have had, and all that is needed to ensure a triumph as complete and grand as that enjoyed by the Exchange in Tennessee, Georgia, North Carolina and the other States is confidence and patronage. These the enemies of the Alliance and its methods are seeking to destroy, and it rests with the brotherhood to determine with what success.

The effect of the Exchange in bringing prices of all farm supplies down to legitimate figures in those sections where active agents have been employed has been marked and salutary, and in this way the indirect benefits of the institution have been quite as great if not really much greater than the direct benefits. Where the price list of the Exchange, which is corrected weekly, has been distributed, it has had the effect of reducing the prices of such goods as are quoted in it to the minimum. It has given the members of the order information which they have hitherto been unable to secure and in proportion as they have become informed as to the wholesale cost of goods they use they have been enabled to overcome extortionate prices. It is a mighty lever in the hands of the farmer, and by it he is leveling and regulating things which heretofore he has not been able to touch at all.

Let the brethren rally to the support of their Exchange. It is a necessity of the times.

When Girls are Engaged.

You have a little band around the third finger of your left hand in which is set a turquoise, and when it was put there you remember that the Hindu said: "He who hath a turquoise hath a friend." Now, that's what you have in the man you love best, and whose wife you are going to become—a friend. He is your sweetheart, your lover it is true, but because to you his heart seems best worth having, his love, the richest gift you can possess, you will not vulgarize, as many girls do, the tie that binds you. It is true you go with alone to hear some wonderful music, or look at some fine pictures, but I hope it is not true that when you are at a party, or in your own home, you two pair off and make yourselves the objects for silly chatter and idiotic jesting.

He can love you with his whole heart, but he must not make you an object of ridicule. He can think you the most unselfish girl in the world, but he must not show his own selfishness by expecting you to devote your evenings exclusively to him, ignoring those who are at home. Let him come in and be one of them. There's a dear five minutes when he can kiss you on the lips that he knows are only the gates to sweet, pure speech, and when he can whisper the lovely nothings that mean so much to you both. Then, too, don't let him feel that he must give up all his friends for you; don't accept valuable presents from him, and don't assume an air of proprietorship with him. Tell him nothing about your family affairs, for the secrets of the household do not even belong to the men you are going to marry. Guard yourself in word and in deed; hold his love in the best way possible; tie it firmly to you with the blue ribbon of hope, and never let it be eaten away by that little fox who destroys so many loving ties and who is called familiarity.—*Ladies Home Journal.*

Reading the Scriptures.

We do not believe that enough prominence is given to the reading of the Bible in public worship. Indeed many good people regard that portion of the service which is devoted to the Bible as a sort of necessary evil. It is wonderful to see how large a portion of the average congregation pays no attention while the word of God is being read to them. A brother was at one time reading the Bible in the church and found that the people were very inattentive. He stopped and said, "My friends, when I preach, you can listen to me or not, as you choose, and according

to my own estimate of the performance. I would not blame you if you refused to hear me; but at this time I am reading God's Word. It comes from Him direct and it is your duty to hear and heed." We have sometimes thought however, that the indifference to the reading of the Scriptures in the average congregation was due largely to the preacher, who fails to make the reading interesting. You cannot blame the people if you mumble your words; if you travel over pages with a race horse speed; if you read in a mere perfunctory manner; if the Word does not enter your own heart and express itself through your lips. Every preacher ought to read and pray over the portion of Scripture which he proposes to read in public before the people. The occasional interjection of remarks pertinent and instructive will help the matter. Spurgeon is especially fond of and gifted in doing this. It has been suggested that we have a reading of the Scriptures before and after the sermon. We do not know how this would work, but there are some good things to be said in favor of it. But whatever may be the plan adopted, elevate God's Word in the heart and minds of the people. Do not let them get an idea that the sermon is the great thing in the service and that everything else is subordinate.—*Central Baptist.*

A Novel Advertisement.

The following story, which has never before appeared in print, is told about the editor of one of Maine's most prominent dailies:

When a small boy, his father, boy one of the most prominent men in the State, was then running a printing office and publishing a weekly paper in one of the largest towns in Kennebec County. One day the advance agent of a show came along and ordered some posters printed upon cotton cloth. His order was filled, but for some reason he neglected to call for them, and they were thus left on the printer's hands. The printer's wife ran across them, and as cloth was then high, she took the cloth home and used it to line a pair of pants she was then making for the editor above mentioned, and then a boy about ten years of age.

As the months rolled by the pantaloons grew threadbare, and at school one day he accidentally tore the seat out, leaving about one foot of lining exposed to view. This in itself, would have made the boys smile, but they laughed till the tears came when they observed the following words stand out boldly upon the lining in large type: "Doors open at 7:30. Performance begins at 8."

It is needless to state the boy was sent home to his mother in tears.—*Globe.*

Felon Worship.

The charm which the horrible seems to possess for some women is hard to understand, for it is indeed a mystery to all; but the grim and grotesque are said to have a fascination for certain minds, that are irresistibly attracted by it. Thus we see lovely women, in whose pure minds no evil thoughts have place, clamoring for entrance at the doors of crowded court rooms, and pelting red-handed murderers with roses; or stealing like pale ghosts to their guarded cells and blowing kisses to them through the bars!

But that is as nothing to the lengths some women go in this insane felon worship. Yesterday a dispatch from Vermont told us of a woman who went to the penitentiary and married the murderer of her husband. The iron bars divided them, but the ceremony was performed and the woman went on her way rejoicing. The man is a prisoner for life, and she will only be allowed to see him twice a year.

Before her marriage to the man he murdered, she had refused his suit and set him adrift. But he slays her husband and captures her heart!

It is a queer world, and some of the women contribute a liberal share of queerness towards making it so.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

As you learn, teach; as you get, give; as you receive, distribute.—*Spurgeon.*

NEW YORK LETTER.

(Regular Correspondence.)
April 21, 1890.

The Stewart mansion on 5th Avenue and 34th street will be ready for occupancy by the Manhattan Club early in May. The house has been thoroughly cleaned and will undoubtedly present a fresh and attractive appearance when the doors are finally thrown open for the members of this swell club, who will then have the finest club house in the country, if not in the world. In fact, it is nearer like a palace than anything else, and all its furnishings and appointments are in keeping with that idea. For the present the art gallery will be used as a dining-room. The club's kitchen will be downstairs as previously, but it will be much larger than before, and may finally be removed to the roof. It is worthy of note that when the club takes possession next month, there will be left but one building in this city bearing the name of Stewart—the old down town building at the corner of Chambers street. The irony of fate could not be better illustrated than in this case of the merchant prince Stewart. His great business house is divided into numerous firms of different names, his magnificent women's hotel has long since lost its original character and name, his mansion is now a club-house, and his estate has passed to one who was neither a namesake nor even a relative. Who will regret that in all this there is no encouraging ray for one whose ambition is to amass a fortune of untold millions?

INCREASING STAGE FACILITIES.

The Fifth Avenue Stage Company has been granted permission to extend its line to Desbrosses street ferry, so that passengers can hereafter ride directly from the Pennsylvania landing to nearly all the big hotels in the city. This will be a great convenience to travelers, as there will be no changing of cars for uptown and no double fare, as at present. Of course the stages do not ride over the rough pavements as smoothly as the cars run, but they are not at all unpleasant, after one is used to them. The fact that they are mostly patronized by the wealthy shows that old time methods are not to be despised even in these days of steam and electricity. When the horse cars were put on Broadway it was thought we had seen the last of the stages. But it was not so. Their absence was short, and in spite of the cars, they were welcomed back again, running for a good distance over their old route. The company has just asked for the privilege to increase the fare to ten cents but has been refused.

A WORKING GIRLS' CONVENTION.

A convention composed of delegates from a large number of working girls' associations throughout the country was in session last week at the Metropolitan Opera House. Many papers of an important nature and of special interest to the girls were read, and there is no doubt that the convention will be productive of much good to the thousands of women who have to toil for a living and whose numbers are growing every day. No class of people is deserving of more active assistance than the working girls whose remuneration and opportunities for employment and advancement are always far below those of the other sex. It is gratifying to see them taking such an important step towards their own condition. This was the first convention of the kind ever held, and it was decided to form a national organization.

Many people habitually endure a feeling of lassitude, because they think they have to. If they would take Dr. J. H. McLean's Sarsaparilla this feeling of weariness would give place to vigor and vitality. For sale by Dr. E. Norton.

God gives men wisdom as he gives them gold. His treasure house is not the mint but the mine.

No liniment is in better repute or more widely known than Dr. J. H. McLean's Volcanic Oil Liniment. It is a wonderful remedy. For sale by Dr. E. Norton.

The most popular liniment, is the old reliable, Dr. J. H. McLean's Volcanic Oil Liniment. For sale by Dr. E. Norton.