

CONSOLATION.

Dear heart, between us can be no farewell;
We have so long to live, so much to endure.
What the despair can work on who can tell?
Had we not help in that one trust secure?

Time cannot sever, nor space keep long apart,
Those whom love's sleepless yearning would
draw near.

Fate bends unto the indomitable heart
And firm art will. What room have we for
fear?

PAPA'S JACKET.

"Three fifty-dollar bills, and no way to send them home to Dolly. Oh, if I could only see her just for a moment. And my baby boy Clare. I wonder how they are, and if she is thinking of me," thus mused Bill D., of Co. F, 5th N. Y. (Duryea's Zouaves), the evening preceding the second battle of Bull Run.

"If I am wounded, taken prisoner or killed," and his cheek blanched at the thought, "the \$150 I have got together will go into the hands of others. Let me see; I have it. I will sew it in the lining of my jacket;" and suiting the action to the word, he began ripping open the inside of the garment.

He then wrote upon a scrap of paper the following:

Whoever finds this will receive the blessings of a loving husband and father by delivering it to Mrs. Dolly D.,—St. N. Y.

(Signed) Wm. D.,
Co. F, 5th N. Y. (Duryea's Zouaves).

He then wrapped it around the three 50s, cut off a piece of his leggings, sewed them in it, and then sewed the whole on the inside of the jacket.

"There, he said, when he had finished "if I am spared I know where they are; if I am shot, in time some one may find them—and Dolly may get them, God bless her."

"Hello, Bill! what are you looking so glum about? One would think you had lost your best friend." It was his old friend Jack H.—who spoke.

"To tell the truth, Jack, I have got the blues to-night."

"Oh, don't give way to anything of that kind, Billy."

"I know, Jack, but I can't help it; I have been thinking of Dolly and the baby."

"Well I don't blame you, Bill, for she is worth thinking of. Billy, we both courted Dolly, but you won her, and let me tell you that if anything should happen you, my old friend, Dolly shall not suffer whilst I have a dollar."

"Thank you, my boy. You have lifted a great load from my heart. Jack I have a great favor to ask of you; I know you won't refuse it. We have marched side by side, slept under the same blanket, been together through all the battles of the Peninsula, and I have always found you true blue. We go into action to-morrow. Nothing is more likely than that one of us might fall. If it is my lot I want you to stay by me until the last; but if you have to leave me, promise that you will take my jacket, and when you have an opportunity send or give it to Dolly, and tell her that there is a letter sewed in the lining for her. Now, my old friend and comrade, have you any message that I may fulfill?"

Jack's eyes filled with tears as he answered, "Yes, Billy; write to my old mother in Ohio that I have never forgotten my promise to remember her at night when taps are sounded; also tell your wife in years to come to remember me sometimes when she meets the rest of the boys after peace is declared."

Soon the two comrades wrapped themselves in their blankets and were lost in slumber.

Reveille sounded, and the men were soon in line answering roll-call. Then the line of march was again taken up.

At length we were drawn up in line of battle. Our brigade consisted of the 5th and 10th regiments of Zouaves, attached to Sykes's Division of Regulars. Warren was in command, and as he roared his fiery charger down the line the men seemed to inhale new life. We were deployed as skirmishers.

"Jack," said Bill, "the ball is open; we will keep together as we always have. The skirmishers are being driven in; the shots are coming closer." Zip! Zip!

"Cheer up, Bill; this is no time think of anything but your rifle."

The order was given to fire. Then, as the enemy advanced through the woods, we could see the advantage they had over us. We were on the turnpike, with a clear field behind us.

"Jack, remember my jacket!" cried Bill as he fell forward, with the blood streaming from a bullet-hole in his neck.

It required but a moment to turn Bill over and look in his face. At once his friend perceived that there was no hope. So, with a prayer for his dead comrade on his lips, he quickly drew the jacket from the stiffening body. Bill had answered the long roll for the last time.

Warren's voice was now heard ordering a retreat. It was useless for Jack to wait longer, and with a last fond look at his old comrade, he left him on the field.

While retreating Jack changed his jacket for Bill's, throwing his own away, saying: "This is the best way to keep my word with Bill!"

It is not my purpose to review the

battles the gallant 5th participated in; that is a matter of history, Jack was badly wounded in the engagement and lay in the hospital several months before he was discharged. He sent the jacket to his brother in New York, who, instead of carrying out his instructions, preserved it as a keep sake.

Jack wrote to Dolly while in the hospital, telling the sad news, and also saying that after he had visited his mother he would come to New York and see her. He asked her to call on him for any service that he could grant, as he had promised Bill to see that she wanted for nothing. This letter went astray, and Jack waited in vain for a reply. He thought she had forgotten him or was too proud to ask his assistance.

Six years passed away. An old uncle had died and bequeathed his fortune to Jack and his brother James, who went West to hear the reading of the will. When the brothers met the first question Jack asked was, "Have you ever heard from Bill D.—'s wife?"

"Yes! A month ago she was seen by one of the old 5th, who said she had a hard time supporting herself and child by the needle."

"Say, Jim! What did she say when you gave her Bill's Zouave jacket?"

"Bill's jacket!" he exclaimed. "Why, I have it yet. I remember your instructions, but I thought it would be of no use to her, and as I wished it as a memento, I kept it."

"Jim, you did wrong. As soon as you get back you must give it to her. There is a letter sewed in the lining."

"Why did you not tell me before? I am very sorry, and will be ashamed to meet her; but I will send it to her as soon as I return."

Directly upon his return Jim hunted up Harry Jones, and told him how he had neglected to do his brother's bidding. He asked Harry to let him know how he could repair his fault. Harry promised, and with the jacket on his arm, set out on his errand.

Dolly was sitting by the table, upon which the remnants of a scanty meal remained, with her head resting upon one hand, the other caressing the curly locks of a bright little fellow, seven or eight years of age. He looked up into her care worn face as he said: "Mamma, if you had not been so sick this week you would have made my little jacket for Christmas wouldn't you?"

"Yes, my dear," she replied; "sickness has set me back, but perhaps Santa Claus will remember mamma and Clarie."

"Do you think so? I hope he will. There is a knock on the door."

"Come in!" said Dolly, thinking it was the lady in the next room, who had been very kind to her since she had occupied the two little rooms adjoining.

She started with surprise as she recognized one of her husband's old comrades.

"Why, Harry, I am glad to see you! Sit down. Why, where did you come from, and how are you? I have not seen you for so long. Do you know I have been very sick, and am just recovering?"

Harry was surprised to hear it.

"Yes! I overworked myself, the doctor said. What have you there?" as he laid the bundle on the table.

Harry's eyes moistened as he said, "It's a jacket, I believe, and—and there's a letter in the pocket."

"Oh, it's for me," cried Clare. "Santa Claus sent it, didn't he, Mr. Harry?"

"Yes, dear," and the veteran choked up as he said, "I can't stay, Dolly, but will come in day after to-morrow."

"Oh, thanks; how pleasant that will be, and on Christmas, too! Harry, bring your wife, also;" and added as she looked around the poorly-furnished, but neat apartments, "you must tell her, Harry, that I cannot offer her the hospitality I would like, but she is welcome, as are all friends of my husband."

"Good evening," and Harry went down the rickety stairs with a great lump in his throat. Dolly untied the bundle, as the jacket rolled over to her view, her cheek blushed.

"Great Heavens! A Zouave's jacket whose is it, I wonder?" He said there was a letter in it. She felt there; no letter. "Whose can it be! Oh, I know. Some one of the boys has sent it, thinking I could make it over for Clare; how thoughtful. Well, dear, you shall have a new jacket for Christmas;" and as she examined it she said to herself, "It is not much worn. Here is a hole in the side of it, and the braid is a little faded. Yes, Clare, go to bed and mamma will try and make you a nice little jacket."

After tucking him snugly away, she began her loving task. She first ripped off the bright-red braid; then she took the arms out; then began ripping the lining. She had not gone far when her scissors came in contact with a piece of brown leather. She examined it and found it was sewed to the lining. To rip it loose was the work of a moment. As she held it in her hand she exclaimed, "Why, what can it be?"

When she had opened it, what did her eyes behold? Three \$50 bills and a scrap of paper.

"What does this mean? Does Harry know about it? Let me see what is written."

"What," she exclaimed, "am I dreaming? My husband's signature! Oh! can it be?"

She went to the next room and

called, "Mrs. Jarvis, do come in; I don't know if I am in my right mind or not. Look! I am rich! And this note, read it; I am all of a tremble."

Mrs. Jarvis did as directed, and Bill's letter was read. After the widow had partly subdued her grief, Mrs. Jarvis congratulated her on her good fortune.

Dolly hardly closed her eyes that night, so anxious was she for the morning. She went over in her mind the things which she intended to purchase. She would roll over and kiss Clare in her joy, exclaiming, "\$150! I am rich, and Clare shall have a new jacket for Christmas. And to think, dear Billy's money will buy it."

The next day Dolly, Mrs. Jarvis and Clare might have been seen in a clothing store, selecting a jacket. She bought several things that she needed, and returned home looking very happy. As she clasped her boy in her arms she murmured: "Won't we have a merry Christmas to-morrow, dear? And to think that it all comes from your dear papa. But while we are rejoicing over the birth of the blessed Savior, papa is with him, singing with innumerable multitudes, 'Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will to men.'"

Christmas day Dolly had invited Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis to dine with her; Harry also came, with his wife, and was apprised of the good luck. They had hardly finished when a knock was heard. Dolly answered it.

"Dolly,"

"Good day, sir."

"Dolly, don't you know me?"

"Jack!" exclaimed Dolly.

"Yes, Jack H.— I have come to wish you a merry Christmas; am I welcome?"

"Welcome, you dear, good soul; indeed you are. Harry don't you know Jack H.—, of Co. F?"

"Why, Jack, old boy, how are you, and where have you been?"

After the greetings each one told the story of the past—Jack, of the letter Dolly had not received and Jim's negligence in forwarding the Zouave jacket, and all up to the present. Before Jack left that evening there had been something said, and Dolly seemed very happy. Three months afterward you might have seen a gentleman and a lady and a little curly-headed boy on a train bound West. Do you want to know who they were? Well, they were Jack and his bride Dolly, and little Clare, whose Christmas coat was to have been made out of "Papa's Jacket."

Mark Twain's Native Gallantry.

That was a graceful thing Mark Twain did with regard to his last magazine article, "English as She Is Taught," in the April Century. It seems that a Miss Le Row, a teacher in the Central Grammar School, in Brooklyn, had been collecting the absurdities of the mistakes of pupils in their recitations, answers and compositions. When she had a grand pile she determined to publish them in book form, and she wrote to Twain to know if she might dedicate the work to him. She sent him proof sheets.

He made up a magazine article to help the book along and sent her proofs of that. He also got her to change the title from "Teaching the Young Idea" to "English as She Is Taught." She cut his magazine proofs materially, taking out what she thought reflected unpleasantly on her profession. The article as he wrote it was worth \$250, but she much reduced it, and Mark made a fight for his full price and got it. When the check came he made it over to her and mailed it to her, so that she got the money as well as the tremendous puff. He had never seen her in his life.

The "Pen" Mightier Than the Sword.

John B. Carson, the well-known railroad magnate, was showing an English friend the beauties of St. Louis a little while ago.

"Who lives there?" asked the Englishman, pointing to a magnificent marble palace.

"Mr. Brown, the great pork-packer,"

"And there?" said the Englishman pointing to another magnificent dwelling.

"Mr. Jones, the famous pork-packer."

"And there?" pointing to a neat little frame house.

"Oh, that's General Sherman's house," said Mr. Carson.

"Ah!" remarked the Englishman, "another evidence that the 'pen' is mightier than the sword."

An Intelligent Dog.

Brown is a big St. Bernard dog of Boston famous for his intelligence. It was his habit to go with the nurse when she wheeled the baby out for an airing. There was a high embankment with a steep incline going down at a sharp angle, and on one occasion, the nurse going in to pay a visit to some of her friends, left the carriage with the baby in it perilously near the dangerous spot. Something started the wheels in motion, and the carriage rolled down toward the dangerous edge; in a moment more it must have gone over, when Brown threw himself before the wheels and lay there, holding the carriage back by the weight of his body until the truant maid returned.

War Incident.

Near Hagerstown I had an experience with an old dunkard which gave me a high and lasting respect for the people of that faith, says Gen. E. P. Alexander, writing in the Century of the battle of Gettysburg. My scouts had had a horse transaction with this old gentleman, and he came to see me about it. He made no complaint, but said it was his only horse, and as the scouts had told him we had some hoofsore horses we should have to leave behind, he came to ask if I would trade him one of those for his horse, as without one his crop would be lost.

I recognized the old man at once as a born gentleman in his delicately speaking of the transaction as a trade. So I assented to his taking a foot-sore horse, and offered him besides payment in Confederate money. This he respectfully but firmly declined. Considering how the recent battle had gone I waived argument, but tried another suggestion. I told him that we were in Maryland as the guests of the United States; that after our departure the government would pay all bills that we left behind and that I would give him an order on the United States for the value of his horse, and have it approved by Gen. Longstreet. To my surprise he declined this also. I supposed then that he was simply ignorant of the bonanza in a claim against the government, and I explained that; and, telling him that money was no object to us under the circumstances, I offered to include the value of his whole farm.

He again said he wanted nothing but the foot-sore horse. Still anxious that the war should not grind this poor old fellow in his poverty, I suggested that he take two or three foot-sore horses which we would have to leave anyhow when we marched. Then he said: "Well sir, I am a dunkard, and the rule of our church is an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, and a horse for a horse, and I can't break the rule."

I replied that the Lord, who made all horses, knew that a good horse was worth a dozen old battery scrubs, and after some time prevailed on him to take two by calling one of them a gift. But that night about midnight we were awakened by approaching hoofs, and turned out expecting to receive some order. It was my old dunkard leading one of his foot-sores. "Well, sir," he said, "you made it look all right to me to-day when you were talking; but after I went to bed to-night I got to thinking it all over, and I don't think I can explain it to the church, and I would rather not try." With that he tied the old foot-sore to a fence, and rode off abruptly. Even at this late day, it is a relief to my conscience to tender to his sect this recognition of their integrity and honesty in lieu of the extra horse which I vainly endeavored to throw into the trade.

Judge McCallum Won.

Circuit Judge McCallum's (of Iowa) first cases was before a Justice who was extremely harsh with criminals. The weakness of the old Puritan was his veneration for veterans of the war. The Philadelphia News tells this anecdote of the Judge:

McCallum had fought four years. His client was a thief. "The only thing I can do for you," said McCallum, after having gained the man's confidence, "is to implore the mercy of the Court. When you go on the stand tell the whole truth." The man had stolen a cow, killed it, sold the hide and taken the carcass home to his family, which was really suffering for the necessities of life. "Now, your honor," said McCallum, "the defense has no witnesses. My client is guilty. He has hid nothing from the court." Then, turning to the prisoner as if the fact had nearly escaped him, McCallum said: "By the way, you were a soldier in the late war, were you not?" "Yes, sir. Weren't you at Gettysburg?"

"Yes, sir." "So was I.

And you were in other historic battles, fighting for your country, while your wife and family suffered from want at home?" "Yes, sir." The prosecution at this point saw the way the case was drifting, and attempted to ridicule the "old soldier defence," as the prosecuting attorney named it. The effort on the old Justice was to arouse all his loyalty and indignation. "Enough of this," said he, bringing his hand on the desk in front of him with a thundering thud. "No soldier, no man who has shed his best blood for his country, not even if he be a criminal, can be reviled in my presence. The prisoner is discharged. And, sir, when you are suffering for the necessities of life again, come to me." The joke was to good to keep. McCallum told the Justice one day that the old soldier was an ex-Confederate, but never gained McCallum practice in that court.

Named for their Grandparents.

The attention of parents with children to name is respectfully called to the melancholy paragraph which follows. Mr. J.—, being on one occasion belated in the mountains of Georgia, stopped at a little cabin and asked a night's shelter of the owner, who was sitting at the front door in all

the luxury of shirt sleeves and a rush-bottomed chair tilted well back against the wall. It was hospitably accorded. A supper consisting of bacon and corn-bread was set before him; and the conversation turning upon the fine pasture lands of that section, Mr. J.— modestly insinuated that he would have supposed it possible to keep a cow for the benefit of the two children whom he saw playing about the room.

Evicted Out of the State.

Referring to Congressman Began's bath by which he missed his vote on the tariff bill, Senator Vest said that it was a curious phase of affairs that a ridiculous little thing like this sometimes hits a man harder than a serious affair. "In Missouri one of our young men was literally run out of the state," said he, "by a story that was possibly concocted about him, but nevertheless sounded so plausible that it went the rounds. His name was Russell, and he had been recently elected to the state senate. It was before the railroad system was as complete in Missouri as at present, and he was on his way to Jefferson City on horseback. He was belated till after dark, and as he was passing through a dense forest a hoot-owl cried out: 'Hoo, hoo, hoo.' With great pompous Russell responded: 'I am Col. William Henry Russell, state senator of Missouri, sir.' After the story got out Russell could never begin a speech on any topic that someone did not cry out, 'Hoo, hoo, hoo,' and from across the senate chamber some other member would respond, 'Col. William Henry Russell, state senator of Missouri, sir.' He moved out of the state to escape the constant ridicule to which he was subjected."—New York Tribune.

The Gentleman's Father.

An Irishman was sent by his employer with a message to a merchant in the city. The office of the merchant was duly reached, but he was not in. The only occupant of the room was a monkey, and to him Patrick promptly handed his master's note. The monkey took it, looked it over with extreme care and in a perfectly business-like manner, and finally deliberately tore it into bits. Pat on his return gave an emphatic account of the treatment which the note had received, and the wrathful master set off at once, accompanied by his servant, to inquire into the meaning of it. The merchant was now in his office, and the sender of the message was beginning an earnest expostulation with him, when Patrick interrupted him, and pointing to the Monkey, that still occupied his corner, said, "Oh, sir, it was not this gentleman; it was the ilderly gentleman in the corner—this gentleman's father I deem."—EDITOR'S DRAWER in Harper's Magazine for June.

Where Are You Going?

If you have pain in the back, pale and sallow complexion, bilious or sick headache, eruptions on the skin, coated tongue, sluggish circulation, or a hacking cough, you are going into your grave if you do not take steps to cure yourself. If you are wise you will do this by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," compounded of the most efficacious ingredients known to medical science for giving health and strength to the system through the medium of the liver and the blood.

Romance of a Cow.

A Newtonian was picking apples on Monday when an old cow ran up to him and then away, acting very strangely. Knowing that she was an unusually intelligent cow, he suspected that something must be the matter, and coming down from the tree followed her. She led him to a cow in another part of the orchard that was nearly choked to death with an apple. After he had relieved her the old cow fairly cried with joy and licked the sufferer profusely, and when the latter was driven into the barnyard, where she would be out of danger refused to leave her. Southern Paper.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps is at work on a woman suffrage novel.

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