

CAT-TAILS.

Clear, dark, and cool a shallow pool
Lies underneath the summer sky,
Low rippling in the sedgy grass
As wayward winds go tripping by,
While bladed flags bend low to greet
The blue-netted lillies resting there,
And high above their drooping heads
The Cat-tails drink the summer air.

Across the pool, with slimy wings,
The "devil's darned needles" fly;
And deep among the shady flags
The croak of frogs securely lie;
A red-winged blackbird's liquid notes
Sound clear and sweet, "co-chee! co-chee!"
And in the breeze' cradling arms
The Cat-tails rock in airy glee.

CHATTANOOGA.

The great battle of Chickamauga was fought on Saturday and Sunday, the 19th and 20th of September, 1863. During the night of the 20th the Army of the Cumberland, under the command of General George H. Thomas, withdrew from the battle-field to the new position in front of Rossville. All day long on the 21st the two armies remained in line of battle. The Union army were here united, presenting a bold and defiant front. The army of General Bragg, although greatly outnumbering the troops of General Thomas, had been badly crippled and so repeatedly repulsed in their charges on the 20th instant that on this day they made no aggressive movement. The main object of the campaign had been accomplished—the forcing of Bragg's army to relinquish the strongholds of Tullahoma and Chattanooga. The flank movement made by General Rosecrans with the Army of the Cumberland forcing Bragg's retreat from Chattanooga, was one of the finest strategic movements made during the entire civil war. It so alarmed the Confederate Government that all its energies were at once directed to the overthrow and annihilation of Rosecrans and his army. To effect that purpose General Longstreet, Lee's ablest general, with three veteran divisions from the army of Northern Virginia, General Buckner's Corps from East Tennessee, with troops from Charleston and Mobile, were sent to Bragg, swelling the rebel roll to a hundred thousand seasoned veteran soldiers. This grand army of rebel gray in the valley of the Chickamauga for two consecutive days were hurled in desperate charges against the lines of Union blue and were invariably repulsed with such terrible slaughter that on this 21st day of September the two armies remained inactive, glaring at each other like two gladiators of old. Having now secured the concentration of his troops and the safety of his trains General Rosecrans decided to withdraw his army to Chattanooga. To accomplish that object the division of General John M. Brannan, was designated as the rear guard.

Under cover of the darkness of night the withdrawal of the Army of the Cumberland was effected. The morning light of the 22d disclosed to the Confederate leaders the fact that only the rear guard of the Army of the Cumberland was on the front. Strong reconnoitering parties sent out confirmed that fact. Near noon the Confederate advance commenced, the division of General Brannan slowly retreating, warmly contesting the ground as they retreated, delaying the advance as much as possible to give General Rosecrans time to complete his defensive lines around Chattanooga. The Union lines were in form of a crescent commencing on the left at the river, above Chattanooga, and extending around the town to the mouth of Chattanooga creek below. Bragg's main army took possession on the crest of Missionary Ridge, with an advance line at the foot of the ridge, his pickets advanced some half mile in the valley beyond. The Union troops were soon after withdrawn from the heights of Lookout Mountain, which was quickly occupied by the troops of General Longstreet, his batteries commanding the river and road running from Chattanooga to Bridgeport. The only road now remaining open for the furnishing of supplies to General Rosecrans' army was the mountain road to the rear across Walling's Ridge to the Sequatche Valley and thence to Bridgeport. With the abandonment of Lookout Mountain the siege of Chattanooga practically began. The supplying of the Army of the Cumberland over this mountainous road was a difficult as well as laborious undertaking, and to add still more to the difficulties to be encountered, the Confederate General Wheeler, with a division of cavalry, early in October crossed the Tennessee river above Bridgeport, and, rapidly moving up the Sequatche Valley to Anderson's cross roads, made a successful attack on the supply trains, destroying and burning some four hundred wagons loaded with rations and forage and capturing and killing a large number of the horses and mules. The loss of the wagons and the mules was a severe blow to the army at Chattanooga, and from this time forward the amount of supplies arriving at Chattanooga gradually diminished until the Army of the Cumberland was in dan-

ger of starvation. These facts were well known to General Bragg, and for these events he was quietly waiting. Bragg was well acquainted with the topography of the country and knew all the roads that could be utilized in the forwarding of supplies to Chattanooga. With Lookout Mountain in his possession, and controlling the river road to Bridgeport, he knew very well that for General Rosecrans to supply an army of thirty-five thousand men with rations and the requisite number of animals with grain and forage, over a rough and mountainous road, a distance of sixty miles, was an impossibility, and unless the army at Chattanooga, received reinforcements the capitulation of the Army of the Cumberland or the evacuation of Chattanooga was only a question of time, for which he could afford to wait. It is not very easy for those living in plenty to realize the horror and the sufferings that an army in a state of siege are called on to endure. As the time passed, the means of transportation of supplies became more limited, the quantity of rations so small that at different times during the siege the writer has witnessed men of other commands, as well as those of his own, eat at one meal the rations drawn to last them four days' time. Such are facts, and it was trying indeed to see men who had willingly performed every duty assigned to them—men who had breast the iron laden hail of many a hard fought battle—literally starving. It is at such times as those, as well as on the battle-field, that soldiers realize the stern realities of war. But through all the siege, with a vigilant and crafty foe on their front, amid the hundreds of starving and dying artillery horses, suffering from insufficient clothing, while enduring the pangs of hunger, not a murmur was heard. Officers and soldiers alike were determined to Chattanooga until they starved or reinforcements arrived.

The reinforcements that were needed and should have been forwarded to General Rosecrans before the battle of Chickamauga were now being sent forward. General Hooker, with the Eleventh and Twelfth Army Corps, commanded by Howard and Slocum, arrived at Nashville, Tenn., early in October, taking position along the Nashville, and Chattanooga Railroad, securing it from the raids of the rebel cavalry, while large quantities of supplies were being accumulated at Stevenson and Bridgeport ready to be forwarded to the beleaguered army at Chattanooga as soon as communication could be opened. General Rosecrans had found it impossible to supply his army by wagon train over the mountains, and had wisely concluded to utilize the river as far as possible. The railroad from Bridgeport to Chattanooga could not be used until Bragg's force was driven from Lookout Valley and mountain. The Tennessee river could be used as far as Kelly's Ferry, then by wagon some six or eight miles to Brown's Ferry across Moccasin Point, again crossing the river at Chattanooga, making the entire distance for supplies to be hauled by wagons ten or twelve miles. General Rosecrans, with his chief engineer, was busily engaged on the plans of this work, when the order came relieving him from the command of the Army and Department of the Cumberland. At the same time was received the order creating the "Military Division of the Mississippi," under General Grant, and assigning General George H. Thomas as the successor of General Rosecrans. In complying with this order General Rosecrans severed his connection with the Army of the Cumberland. And in bidding him farewell I can truthfully state that the love and confidence of the Army of the Cumberland went with him. What McClellan was to the Army of the Potomac Rosecrans was to the Army of the Cumberland. The new commander, General Thomas, came not like his predecessor, a stranger; he had been identified with the Army of the Cumberland from its organization, forming its first division at Camp Dick Robinson, Kentucky, in September, 1861, and with which he gained his first victory, defeating General Zollicoffer on the 19th of January, 1862, at Mill Springs, Kentucky. After the army was divided into corps he commanded the Fourteenth, the center of the army, and upon his skill and judgement every commander of that army relied, while every soldier of that army knew that in "Pap Thomas," as he was familiarly called, he had a friend.

General Grant, upon assuming command of the military division of the Mississippi, telegraphed General Thomas to hold Chattanooga at all hazards. His reply was characteristic of the man: "We will hold the town till we starve." General Grant soon after arrived in Chattanooga, and with General's Thomas and Smith, the chief engineer of the army, examined and approved the plan of General Rosecrans for supplying the army via Brown's and Kelly's ferries. General Thomas received instructions to execute the plan agreed upon. General Hooker, with the Eleventh Corps and one division of the Twelfth, Geary's, had already been ordered to Bridgeport, where they were joined by a division of the Fourth Corps, commanded by Gen. John M. Palmer. On the 26th day of Oct. General Hooker's force crossed the river at Bridgeport and commenced their eastward march. To co-operate with Hooker's move-

ment the two brigades of Generals Hazen and Turchin were detailed and placed under the command of General W. F. Smith, the chief engineer of the army, for the capture of Brown's Ferry. Early on the evening of the 26th of Oct. Turchin's brigade, with a battery of artillery, crossed the river at Chattanooga and halted under cover of the woods beyond until midnight, when they marched across Moccasin Point to the vicinity of Brown's Ferry. At midnight the troops of General Hazen embarked on pontoon boats and silently floated down the river, keeping close to the right or northern shore, passing the rebel pickets they arrived at the ferry about 4 o'clock on the morning of the 27th. As they headed their boats for the southern shore they were greeted with a volley from the rebel pickets at that station. Making the landing they quickly disembarked and drove the rebels from the crest of the hill on the left of the ferry road and commenced the work of trenching their position, while the boats were brought across to the northern shore for Turchin's troops. The rebels were reinforced and made an attack on Hazen's position, but were gallantly repulsed. The boats were quickly filled and started for the southern side. As they neared the shore they were met by volleys of musketry from the rebels on the right of the gorge. Quickly landing they charged the hill and drove the rebels to the valley beyond, and the work of trenching the position commenced.

As soon as the last of Turchin's troops were brought over laying of the pontoon bridge commenced, and by noon of the 27th the work was completed and the artillery brought over and placed in position. On the evening of the 27th Hooker's command arrived at the head of the valley, going into camp about two miles from the ferry, with the exception of General Geary's division, who encamped near Wauhatchie, some two or three miles from Howard's Eleventh Corps, guarding the road to Kelly's Ferry. Longstreet, in command of the forces on Lookout Mountain and in the valley beyond Lookout creek, could from his elevated position see all the movements made by the troops in the valleys below and the position of Howard's and Geary's troops. Designing and planning a night attack upon the two forces, he proceeded to get his force across Lookout creek and between the two Union camps. Near midnight a furious attack was made on Geary's troops. General Hooker, hearing the sound of the guns, as the attack was made started a division to Geary's assistance. Proceeding but a short distance they encountered another detachment of Longstreet's command and the second battle commenced. Rapidly pushing the rebels back, Hooker was enabled to reinforce Geary and for nearly two hours the battle in the darkness continued. One of Hooker's brigades made a gallant charge, capturing a hill that was almost inaccessible by daylight. The force sent against Howard was intended to hold him in check and prevent reinforcements being sent to Geary until he could be driven back or captured, and then the combined forces of Longstreet could be turned against Howard. The gallant behavior of Geary's troops and the repulse of the attack made against Howard decided the battle in favor of the Union forces. Longstreet then withdrew his force across Lookout creek, leaving over four hundred of his dead and wounded on the field of battle. The work on the roads between Brown's and Kelly's ferries was rapidly pushed forward, and by the 1st of November the new route was completed and well guarded from attack, so that wagon trains could safely pass, thus practically ending the siege of Chattanooga.

Too Near the Day of Judgment.

In Mr. Lecky's new volume of the "History of England," he criticises Mr. Gladstone's election promises in 1874. Mr. Gladstone's comment in the Nineteenth Century is: "In a much easier task, that of a mere comparison between opinions held by former and modern parties, Lord Stanhope, one of the most candid and careful among writers, propounded a series of fallacies. I do not remember any historian who has attempted the more ambitious task of comparing elements essentially moral, which is fearlessly undertaken by Mr. Lecky. It seems a little too near the business of the day of judgment. And, if the passage I have quoted be a fair specimen of his qualifications, I frankly deny his competency to pronounce a judgment."

Saw His Face at the Window.

Here is an item for the lovers of the marvelous: "A young woman not long ago was married to a soldier stationed at Fort Union, New Mexico. After the marriage he returned to his post and she resumed her duties as a domestic in a Denver family. A few nights ago, while sitting in the kitchen, she heard several distinct raps upon the window. Looking up she saw the face of her husband. She ran to the door, opened it, and, calling, found no one on the outside. Then she fainted. Soon after she received a telegram saying that her husband had died at Union just about the hour when she saw his face at the window."

Taste in Whiskey.

"When you hear people talk about this whiskey or that being good," said an agent of a wholesale liquor house to a Chicago Herald reporter, "you can say to yourself that the man who drinks and smacks his lips knows nothing at all about it. Telling good whiskey from bad is an art which few people acquire. I buy thousands of barrels of whiskey every year, and, as I buy on my own judgment, it is not conceded in me to say that I know something about the business. In the first place, no man can be a judge of whiskey who drinks it. For two years I have tasted whiskey dozens of times a day, but in all that time I have not drunk as much as a gill. A glass of whiskey a day would destroy my usefulness. Drinking the liquor blunts the fine sense of taste a whiskey expert must possess, and absolute temperance is the first essential. More than that, a man must have a fine natural taste to begin with, and must be careful what he eats or drinks. I can't eat onion, or cheese, or drink beer or even soda-water, or any highly-spiced food, and retain that keen taste on which I'd be willing to base an order for 50 or 100 barrels of whiskey."

When I started in this business I spent three months educating my taste, going to the cellar three times daily and smelling of 150 casks whiskey of different brands. At the end of that period I was taken blindfolded into that cellar, and, as they rolled the barrels up to me, I told them every brand simply through my olfactory. Reputation is everything in the whiskey business. There are in the trade about 1000 brands, with about 40 brands in the lead as the generally popular goods. I can tell every one of these by taste or smell, just as surely as if I were reading the brands on the end of the casks. The professional whiskey taster always dilutes the liquor with water, and sometimes he heats the water and whiskey together after mixing. His taste is so fine as to be almost infallible, and it is next to impossible to fool him. The men who guzzle liquor may be able to tell high-proof goods from that which is rank and raw, but that is about all they can do. Whiskey reputations are made or marred by the professional tasters, and it is on their judgment and dictum that the trade is carried on. As you may imagine, a man with a good mouth for whiskey is likely to find his taste a source of satisfactory profit to himself.

Equal to the Emergency.

Two mothers sat opposite each other in a car on a Michigan Central going

to Toledo the other day. Each had a baby about a year old, and each baby came in for a share of the admiration of the passengers. This seemed to make the mothers jealous, and after thinking the matter over for a while one of them leaned across the aisle and said: "I feel it my duty to tell you to go into the car ahead with your child, as mine has the whooping-cough." "O! has it? Thanks for your kindness, but mine is all over the whooping-cough, and is now coming down with the measles. Perhaps you had better go into the car behind!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Trouble in London.

Complaint is made of the industrial invasion of London. Of 4,000 master bakers in that great city, about 2,000 are Germans, and they employ, as a rule, men of their own nationality. Of the 22,000 cabinet makers, 4,000 are foreigners, chiefly Germans, and these, too, favor their own countrymen. Such occupations as cigarmaking, tailoring, boot and shoe making, and gilding especially attract foreign workmen. Nearly the whole of the cheap clothing trade of East London is in the hands of foreign Jews.

Gen'l G. C. Kniffon, War Dept. Washington, D. C., after two years, says: "My wife has not had an attack for two years. I trust St. Jacobs Oil will reach the uttermost parts of the earth, and do as much good in every house as it has in mine."

Fighting Crickets.

"We have cricket fighting with little black bugs," said a Chinaman to a Cincinnati Enquirer reporter. "It's rare sport. The bugs are caught in hills by pouring water into their holes or putting a fruit called dragon's eye in front of the hole. The best fighters are those that chirp the loudest. They keep them in earthen pots with a little water and some mold, and feed them on two kinds of fish, man-yu and kut-yu. They are fed on honey to give them strength, and for two hours a female is put in with the male."

"How do you fight them?"
"In a pit or tub called lip, and they are matched according to size and color. They bet very heavy on them sometimes, and when a cricket has won many victories he is called Shon-lip, and if it dies they put it in a small silver coffin and bury it. Its owner thinks this brings good luck, and that good fighting crickets will be found in the neighborhood where the cricket is buried."

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