KEEP THOSE BANNERS.

Keep those banners, gashed and gory— Keep them there to tell the story Of our deeds on fields of glory— Of our deeds on helds or giory—
Keep them, keep them, let them rest!
Tokens of a valor splendid,
Glorious mem'ries with them blended!
Keep them, for the strife is ended,
Keep them, keep them, it is best.

Keep them, we would not unfold them:
Keep them—ye who took them—hold them
For the cause that first unrolled them
To the battles breeze is dead.
Keep them, they would only sadden
If, indeed, they would not madden
Southern hearts, while yours they gladden,
For to win them thousands bled.

While hall that generons feeling
Which would close the wounds now healing,
Yet this fact is worth revealing—
Southrons do not want their Flags!
Not but that we still approve them,
Not but that we still do love them,
But we would not have you move them—
Keep the dear old shot pierced rags. While hail that generons feeling

Ecep them, yes, we would not have them, Though we fought and bled to save them, There are none who now would wave them—To disturb our Nation's peace.
You, to whom they were surrendered, Burying all that strife engendered, In return your hearts have tendered, The term they are in their place.

Keep them—they are in their place.
—Thomas O. Summers in Jacksonville (Fla.)

News-Herald. [The News-Herald says of the writer of the above: "Dr. Summers was a gallant Confederate-one who can fully enter into and sympathize with the brave men on the other side in their protest against the useless blunder which smacks more of Burchard than of President Cleveland. When but 14 years of age the horse he rode the first day at Shiloh, while bearing a written note from Gen. Cheatham to one of the Tennessee batteries. was struck by a shell which sent horse and rider whirling through the air. 'Tom' lit is his feet, however, and conveyed the message on foot to the Captain of artillery for whom it was intended. We commend the poem to those who wore the blue as expressing, so far as we have been able to gather it, the sentiments and sympathies of the people and soldiers of the South." from Gen. Cheatham to one of the Tennessee bat

CAPTURE OF WAR FLAGS.

"I am not surprised," said Gen. Theodore F. Rodenbough to me today, "that, in spite of the interest taken in the matter of the proposed return of the confederate flags, so little should have been said about the men who captured the flags and how these were captured. For I know from personal experience that it is exceedingly difficult to collect the material unless one has been over I found it to be a medal of honor." the ground before."

Gen. Rodenbough is an authority on the subject, for he only recently collected the material for his work on "Uncle Sam's Medal of Honor." This medal of honor was instituted by Congress during the late war for deeds of personal bravery, and naturally many captors of confederate flags were decorated with it. Messrs. E. P. Putnam & Sons have courteously placed the results of Gen. Rodenbough's labors at my disposal.

The medal of honor was established by a law approved July 12, 1862.

It is described as a five-pointed star, containing a crown of laurel and oak in the middle, within a circle of 34 stars. America, personified as Minerva. stands with her left hand resting on the fasces, while, with her right, in which she holds a shield emblazoned with the American arms, she repulses discord, represented by two snakes in each hand, the whole suspended by a trophy of two crossed cannons, balls, and a swor l, surmounted by the American eagle, which is united by a rib'on of 13 stripes, palewise, gules and argent and a chief azure, to a clasp corposed of two cornucopias and the American

indeed, probably the first, to capture a confederate flag was Sergt. John G. Merritt, 1st Minnesota Infantry. It was

AT THE FIRST BATTLE OF BULL RUN. He describes the capture as follows: "I applied to Lieut. Holtzborn of my company for the privilege of selecting four men for the purpose of capturing the first confederate flag we could get. The lieutenant told me it was a hazardous undertaking, but said, after consultation with Capt. Lester, I had permission. * * The man who carried the colors was about 5 feet 10 or 11 inches, dark complexioned, with black hair, slight moustache and black eyes, he, with others about him, wore gray clothes and black slouch hats: some one was trying to form them. The color bearer had his coat unbuttoned, with his hat on the back of his head. As I got within a couple of feet of him I commanded him in a peremptory manner to surrender, and at the same time Dudley, Durfee and myself cocked our guns. I grabbed the colors out of his hand; he and one or two more said: Don't shoot! don't shoot!'

"The flag was a red one with a white stripe running through the middle of it, with blue in one corner and some stars on it. As soon as I grabbed the colors out of the Johnny's hand I told him to follow me quick, and at the same time told my men to get back to the regiment as soon as possible. Dudley, Grim and myself were laughing at the easy thing we had, and all of us running for the regiment as fast as we could go, when-bang! bang! bang! came a volley after us, killing Grim and the comrade, whose name I have for-

Corp. Weeks of the 152d New York

saw the enemy," he says, "give way at thing I would show him somethis time on the right wing, and amongst thing. He agreed, and then I pulled the rest was

A STAND OF COLORS AND COLOR GUARD. These men fired their muskets in a volley and broke for the rear. They had to pass down out front to get out of the angle, and would have succeeded, but I made up my mind as soon as I saw them start that I must have those colors. I had also fired my gun, but had no time to reload. I ran up to the sergeant and snatched his colors from him, threw them on the ground and put my foot on them, cocked my empty gun and told them the first one of them that moved out of his tracks I would shoot him down, and ordered them to throw down their guns and surrender. The sergeant said to them, 'Boys, they've got the colors and, we go with them.' When I got back to our line with the colors and my prisoners, Col. Curtiss told me to take them away, for we might get driven back any moment.

"I recrossed the works and started out for our rear, when I met Gen. Hancock and staff going to the front. As he passed I saluted him. He returned the salute and said, 'What have you got there?' I told him a stand of colors I had captured in the front. He then asked me if those were my prisoners. I told him they were. He looked at some of his staff and smiled (I thought at the time a little incredulously), for there were five or six lusty rebels, and I was at that time 18 years old. Then he said: 'You deliver your prisoners to the provost marshal, and write your name company and regiment, with the date of the occasion, on a slip of paper and pin it on your colors and turn them in to the adjutant of your regiment, which I did. I did not hear anything more about it till in the following winter, when in Campbell Hospital, suffering from a wound received at the battle of Boynton plank road, on the left of Petersburg, I received a package. Upon opening it.

Serg. Fassnacht of the 99th Pennsylvania volunteers also captured a flag at defiantly from the confederate works, right in the face of the assaulting column.

"From the time that I first saw that rebel flag waving so defiantly in our faces." he says, "my sole object was to get it, and to that end all my energies were brought in play. So after I was ments. inside of the works, I took in the situation in a moment. Knowing the direction of our line of battle toward the left, and the open gap on our right, I concluded that the rebel color bearer would try to escape by running up toward the right and cutting through the woods. I started on the run, diagonally through the woods, intending to head off the color bearer. The distance I had to go would be shorter than his, and, as one could see but a very short distance through smoke, fog and woods, I lost I had run probably 150 yards over all kinds of obstructions, when my calculations proved correct; for suddenly right in front of me, through a clump of trees came this same color bearer,

CARRYING ALOFT HIS FLAG.

And behind him were five or six soldiers, his color guard. I brought my One of the first of the Union soldiers, trigger, and, as he did not see me as soon as I saw him, he ran up almost again: my bayonet before he stopped. True, my musket was empty at this time, but the muzzle of an empty gun at such close quarters looks almost as dangerous as a loaded one, and he did not know but that it was loaded. The men behind him might have shot me down, but for some reason did not.

"So, when we met, at that instant I demanded his surrender and the flag; he asked me not to shoot, and reached the flag toward me. I did not lower my musket, but let the flag fall at my feet, and told him to go to my rear, which he did with his companions, who dropped their arms. It was the flag of the 2d Louisiana Tigers."

Lieut. Elliott M. Norton, 6th Michigan volunteer cavalry, took a flag at Sailor's Creek almost in the last gasp of the War.

"I was riding," he says, "at the head of the regiment with the colonel, when, seeing a squad of the enemy, about 20 in number, I went for them in order to capture their flag. When I was within six or eight rods of the party they fired together at me, leaving their carbines empty and me unharmed. With drawn sabre I rushed upon them and ordered them to throw down their arms, which they did. They did not so quickly give up the flag. But I suppose they saw

I WAS BOUND TO HAVE IT,

And as some of our troops were now ahead of these confederates, they sullenly resigned the flag to my care. Tearing it from the staff and thrusting it inside my coat, I told my prisoners to fall into line, and started for the rear.

"It was after 7 o'clock that evening volunteers captured a flag and its guard | when I overtook the command, then | doubt congratulated each other in bird | in the fight for the salient—the famous | going into camp. I kept my secret un- | lingo.—Chico (Cal.) Enterprise.

bloody angle-at Spottsylvania. He til evening, when as we (the colonel tells an interesting story of the capture and I occupied the same tent, were and of his subsequent meeting with about turning in, I told Colonel Vinton Gen. Hancock on the battlefield. "I that if he would promise not to say anyout my trophy. The old war dog fair-ly danced with delight. My flag be-

longed to the 44th Tennessee regiment. At this battle of Sailor's Creek captures of flags were many. A participant in the battle says:

Colors were captured all along the line. It's easy enough. All one has to do is to be there go in with the crowd, and be careful not to let too many get ahead of him, else the first choice of flags is lost. There are some risks, however. If the fellow who carries the flag is obstinate and don't want to give it up, you can hand him your card, or use any other inducment which may occur to you at the time." GUSTAVE KOBBE.

Great Engineering Feat.

Two thousand people saw a wonderful achievement of engineering skill at Holmesburg Junction on the New York Division of the Pennsylvania Railway. Thirty-two men moved a distance of fifty feet the iron bridge, weighing 1,600 tons, that spans the Pennypack, and they accomplished the great task in the remarkable time of eleven and one-half minutes. The engineers of the road have been long making preparations for the work of today. Some time ago the company decided to build a four-arched stone bridge in the place of the iron structure over the big creek. The iron bridge had to be moved west fifty feet that it might be used until the stone bridge is built and ready for service.

Six weeks ago the men began the big undertaking with the building of trestle approaches to both sides of the creek at the point where the iron bridge was ty find a new bed. The trestling had an average hight of twenty-four feet, and is on a line with the grade of the old railroad, The timber of the western approach covered about 276 feet, while the eastern approach is 300 feet long. Spottsylvania. This flag had been waved | Piles were driven in the middle of the stream, on which was reared a strong trestle-work fifty feet long and on a level with and continguous to the stone pier under the bridge. Trestles of the same length and hight were then built on both banks of the creek and in a continuous line from the stone abut-

Every man was at his post, and the great throng of people was watching with eagar interest when the whizz of the fast line was heard, and the train thundered over the bridge seven minutes late. And as it dashed away superintendent Ford gave the word to his army of laborers, and it was a scene of transitory animation as they tore up rails and cut away the fastenings of the bridge. The bridge had no seoner been released than Mr. Mershon gave the signal, and the thirtytwo men began to wind the "crabs." sight of the flag for a few minutes. But As the bridge began to slowly move more men went on it pouring oil on the tallow greased rails. Superintendent Crawford and the other officers held watches in their hands as the big iron structure moved calmly toward the end of the trestling. At one time the eastern end began to lag, but it was only for a few moments, and soon the bridge slid over the rails musket to my shoulder, with hand on to its resting-place without a mishap and in a brief period of eleven and a half minutes, while a mighty cheer went up from the people. With light-ning-like rapidity the gangs on both sides of the creek tore up and laid down frogs, switches, sleepers, and moved the rails to the new bed. They soon had the rails connected with the two tracks on the bridge. A half-hour after the bridge had been cut loose a heavy construction-train was run over the structure, and at 12:19 the Philadelphia express dashed across.

Quail and Cat Fight.

In the yard of A. A. Bruner some quail from the Rancho Chico have taken up their abode and built their nest. A few days ago there was a pretty little brood hatched out, and the mother quail was proud of her progeny and took pleasure in caring for them. Mr. Bruner encouraged her in providing for the wants of the young family by putting within reach soft feed suitable for the baby quails. Last Sunday a Maltese cat belonging to Harry Fuller made its appearance in the yard, on a foraging expeditition, and watching the opportunity made a dash at the female quail, caught it. and was taking it prisoner to his own domain, there to devour his prey at leisure. The ery and noise made by the struggle of the bird was soon noticed by the male, who came to the rescue, and a regular battle ensued. The male bird made a vicious attack upon the cat, pecking with the beak and striking with the wings until he forced the cat to surrender, and release the female. The two birds got upon the fence and watched the retreating form of the cat with evident signs of pleasure and satisfaction, and no Value of Irish Land.

The other day a London auctioneer offered for sale what he described as the magnificent residental and freehold demesne of Rostellan Castle, on the shores of the cove of Cork, and about five miles from the port of Queenstown. The property. which was represented as being delightfully situated near the finest yatching station in the United Kingdom, comprised an aggregate acreage of 1103 the village of Fairsid, in addition to which there were valuable seams of hematite ore and silex pottery clay on the estate. The modern part of the castle was rebuilt in the 17th century on the ruins of an older feudal structure. which was captured in 1645 by Murrough, lord president of Munster, and shortly afterward recaptured and burnt by the royal troops under the Earl of Castlehaven. The auctioneer admitted that just now there was a feeling of diffidence as to the investing of British capital in Irish property or industrial enterprise of any kind, but said that he believed they were fast approaching the end of their difficulties in Ireland, the immediate future of which, he hoped, would be one of peace and prosperity. In reply to a question, he said Griffith's valuation of the property was £1395 17s. The bidding started with an offer of £10,000 and reached £20,-000, beyond which figure intending purchasers did not seem disposed to advance, and the property, on behalf of the owner, Mr. Wise, was withdrawn, the auctioneer remarking that on the admittedly reduced estimate of Sir Richard Griffith's valuation the estate was worth £25,000.

The Minister's Patience Worn Out.

A very well known and popular clergyman in this city recently purchased a tall Dutch clock. It was a handsome clock and an expensive clock, but it hadn't the slighest regard for truth. The reverend owner struggled long and patiently to convince it that a minister's clock should always speak the truth, but his missionary work was all in vain, for the timepice continued to prevaricate without a blush on its face. The clock showed the days of the week and month, the time of sunrise and sunset and a number of interesting occurrences-or it was supposed to show them-and yet when the minister would come down stairs Sunday morning he would sometimes find that the clock positively declared that it was Wednesday evening, and would furthermore assert that it was the middle of the month, even though it were only in the units actually. This unpardonable and unscrupulous disregard of its position in a religious family at last roused the owner's ire. and in explaining its vagaries to ... parishioner, the parson said: "I have struggled with that clock; I have praved with that clock, but I cannot do anything with it." Then roused to excitement he exclaimed: "D-that clock; I say it religiously-d--New York Graphic.

Thoughtful Puss.

Every dog is said to have his day, and why should the cat be less favored? Here is a cat story which certainly is not outdone in the evidence of intelligence which it affords by any log story that has been told of late, and can be vouched for. Mistress Puss, who is the heroine of this story, lives in the family as its best beloved pet, and has much careful attention. Each year when the family goes into the country of course Mistress Puss goes too, and thus she has become used to travelling and its accompanying discomforts. She has become used also to the various signs of approaching migration and knows what it means when the carpets come up and trunks are packed. This particular season Mistress Puss, being the happy mother of a very promising kitten, was very anxious and nervous as the time for flitting drew near, and at last became

That Tired Feeling

The warm weather has a debilitating effect specially upon those who are within doors mo especially upon those who are within doors moss
of the time. The peculiar, yet common, complaint known as "that tired feeling," is the
result. This feeling can be entirely overcome by
taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives new life
and strength to all the functions of the body.

"I could not sleep; had no appetite. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and soon began to sleep soundly; could get up without that tired and languid feeling; and my appetite improved." E. A. SARFORD, Kent, Ohlo.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar

so troubled that she attracted the attention of the family by her peculiar behavior. On following her they found the cause. She had packed her little one into a partially-filled trunk lest it should be overlooked in the moving. Boston Post

Emin Pacha, "

In one of his latest letters, Emin Pacha wrote as follows: "Do not think that I plead so anxiously only for the safety of my people and myself. I acres, producing an estimated rental of have held my own these three years £1676 15s., and included the whole of without any one's assistance, and I am without any one's assistance, and I am quite able to hold out yet for an indefinite time if I have to do it. But it pains me to find that England, out of fear to spend a few pounds, should break her word twice. I am distressed to see that the most philanthropic power in the world retrogrades before the task of annihilating the slave trade at its source." Of these noble sentiments The Paul Mall Gazette sneeringly remarks that they "leave an unpleasant taste in the mouth."

> Mr. J. W. Mevis, 28 Rock Street, Lowell, Mass., writes: "I was taken with a crick in neck and suffered agony. St. Jacobs Oil·cured me." For Sale by Druggists and Dealers.

New Treatment.

Ice water injections are said to be used with success in the Birmingham General Hospital in cases of collapse often seen during diarrhœa in young children. It is claimed that one injection, two or three ounces, is very soon followed by sleep, and that, by the astringent effect on the congested vessels of the intestines, the diarrhœa is diminished. It is further said that no depression or . other bad effects have resulted.

A strong solution of soda if applied to-steel knives or kitchen utensils will prevent-their rusting.

INVALUABLE FOR DURNS, SUNBURNS, DIABRHEA, CHAPINGS, STINGS OF INSECTS, PILES, SORE EYES, SORE FEET. THE WONDER OF HEALING!

For Piles, (Use with Pond's Extract Cintment,) it is the greatest known remedy. For Burns, Scalds, Wounds, Bruises and Sprains, it is unequaled—stopping pain and healing in a marvelous manner.

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