

GEN. LEE'S CENTENARY

CELEBRATION OF 100TH BIRTH-DAY HELD AT RICHMOND, VA.

A Wonderful Eulogy of the Dead Confederate General Even From the Lips of a Friend—Short Sketch of the Career of a Leader For the South in the American War of Rebellion.

General Robert E. Lee
Pictured By a Friend.

He was a foe without hate, a friend without treachery, a victor without oppression. He was a Christian without hypocrisy, and a man without guile. He was a Caesar without his ambition, Frederick without his tyranny, Napoleon without his selfishness and Washington without his reward.—Benjamin H. Hill.

On the 19th January, the centenary of the birth of General Robert E. Lee was observed with celebrations in all parts of the Southern States, the chief celebration being at Richmond, Va. After passing through West Point brilliantly, he was attached to the personal staff of Gen. Scott, the veteran commander.

It was in Mexico, however, that Lee won his first supreme distinction as a military engineer and a daring and gallant soldier. General Scott declared on numerous occasions after the close of the war that without the assistance of the resourceful Virginian he could not have made such short work of the Mexican problem. In his official report after Chapultepec General Scott spoke of Lee in terms of the highest appreciation, "an officer," he declared, "as distinguished for felicitous execution as for science and daring." That Lee's talents were recognized keenly by the old warrior is evident from the fact that he seldom sent a dispatch in which his favorite's name was not mentioned. More than that, he more than once asserted publicly that his success in



GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.

Mexico was due largely to the skill, valor and undaunted energy of Robert E. Lee. It is worthy of notice also that General Scott never changed his opinion. Almost at the close of his own phenomenal career he was wont to affirm that Lee was the greatest military genius in America.

Lee came home from Mexico crowned with honors, covered by brevets and recognized by all as one of the country's ablest soldiers. His fame as an engineer had become international. He received several invitations from abroad to enter the service of other governments.

In 1862 Lee, now colonel, was appointed superintendent of the academy at West Point. This was an evidence of appreciation which was especially grateful to the colonel of engineers. It was a tribute to his thoroughness as a soldier and an assurance that his methods had attracted the attention of the war department.

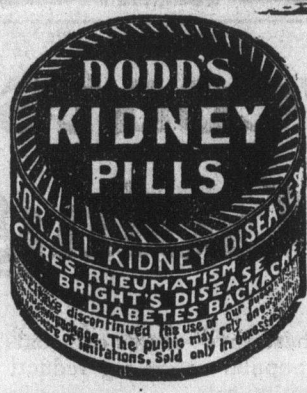
To a man of Lee's scholarly attainments there could have been nothing more congenial than this transfer to West Point. He was ever a student, and the semi-literary atmosphere of the military school was more to his taste than was that of the camp. But fate had decreed that he should serve as an apprenticeship at still another phase of military life. After three years of service at West Point he was put in command of the Second regiment of cavalry and ordered to the Texas frontier, where the Comanches and their allies were exceedingly troublesome.

Here Lee remained, doing splendid service, until the outbreak of the civil war.

In June, 1865, within two months after General Lee bowed to the inevitable at Appomattox, he was called to the presidency of Washington college, at Lexington, in his beloved state. The fortunes of war had robbed him of his means of subsistence, and he must begin again de novo. Those for whom he had sacrificed all were eager to do him honor, and their esteem and affection were about all that he would accept. For he was very proud and true, this Virginian soldier, and he would accept no gift beyond the opportunity to earn his bread.

So they made him president of the old college at Lexington. The almost moribund old seat of learning entered at once on a new and unprecedented era of prosperity. The attendance doubled and trebled. The youth of the regenerated commonwealth flocked in until the capacity of the existing buildings was exhausted. Then the endowment was increased by munificent gifts from all parts of the restored Union and additional accommodations were planned. The soldier president introduced a new elective system of university instruction and instructed many reforms which are now followed by other schools. The prospects of old Washington were indeed rosy.

Then, in 1870, General Lee died, and the college became Washington and Lee university.



Don't Starve Your Bird.

It is a common mistake to think that pets can only be taught when hungry and to commence a bird's training by depriving it of breakfast, dinner or supper is a most unhappy beginning. In reality the feathered folk are just as apt and full of fun after a comfortable meal as before it, and to starve, scold or otherwise ill treat the little creature will usually render it too unhappy to learn quickly if at all. Birds are extremely nervous beings. They love a low, quiet voice and gentle movements—love to be talked to, coaxed and made much of. If the pet is a new one and seems specially excitable or timid, you will have to teach it first of all not to fear you. Any little games he is to learn must be acquired afterward.—Mary Dawson in St. Nicholas.

WHEN CHILDREN ARE SICK

They eat something that disagrees, catch cold, have cramps or colic. If there is pain just apply Nerviline. It's good to rub on, and for the inside it's most comforting. Effective and pleasant, you can't find a household panacea to equal Polson's Nerviline. Used with satisfaction for half a century and in better demand every day because it does stop pain, ease suffering and cure the thousand and one ills that constantly arise in the family. Large bottles at all dealers for 25c.

None Means None.

It is said that the name of Nome was the result of an error made by some Englishman in writing a letter. He evidently intended to write the word "home," but the makers of the maps read it Nome, and thus the name Nome belongs to history and the great district of Alaska. Some authorities claim that the word Nome is a corruption of the Indian phrase or word Knoma, meaning something like "I know it."

Happiness.

If you cannot be happy in one way, be in another, and this facility of disposition wants but little aid from philosophy, for health and good humor are almost the whole affair. Many run about after felicity, like an absent-minded man hunting for his hat while it is in his hand or on his head.

\$100 REWARD \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for each case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

A Singer's Lungs.

The singer at the end of the practice aria panted heavily. "I sang 196 notes that time," he said, "without once taking breath." "Indeed, That must be a record." "No. The record is held by Courtice Pounds. Pounds sang 316 notes without respiration in 1898. The record previous to that was held by Farinelli, with 300 notes. Norman Salmond has sung 287 notes in this way. "It is wonderful what lungs trained singers have. The average man could hardly sing fifty notes without breathing, whereas to the singer 200 would be nothing."

Kidney Cry.—Pain in the back is the cry of the kidneys for help. To neglect the call is to deliver the body over to a disease cruel, ruthless, and finally life destroying. South American Kidney Cure has power akin to miraculous in helping the needy kidneys out of the mire of disease. It relieves in six hours. 32 Sold by W. W. Turner.

Potato Billiard Balls.

Many persons will be surprised to learn that the potato is used in France in the manufacture of imitation meerschaum pipes and "marble" billiard balls. After the potatoes are peeled they are kept for 36 hours in an 8 per cent. solution of sulphuric acid. They are then dried and pressed hard enough for use in making pipes. Under strong pressure they become solid enough to be turned into billiard balls.

You must run a certain amount of risk in order to succeed.

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.

Elya's Chaperon

By Virginia Lella Wentz

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Mrs. James Dix was looking out across the Rue de Rivoli at the morning's brightness of the Tuilleries gardens when the boy in the hotel lift brought her a cablegram.

It was a message from her lord and master in Chicago declaring that her immediate presence was required. At once all the brightness faded out of the Tuilleries, for the frivolous gaiety of Paris had been especially attractive to this portly, easy going, good natured matron of the west.

"But, mother, you'll have to go alone. I'll be a whole month before my singing lessons are finished, you know," broke in Elya, who was having her flaxen hair shampooed by a real Parisian hairdresser.

Mrs. Dix clasped her ring bedecked, pudgy hands. She always clasped her hands when she agreed about anything. "You'll have to have a chaperon, of course, dear," she added. "Now, who can we get on such a little notice?"

There was silence for a moment, while the deft fingers of the hairdresser ran through the flaxen hair with a soothing touch. Then Elya's girlish voice sounded in a delightful treble:

"Oh, mother! I know the very person. She's terribly nice and awfully ladylike" (Elya always emphasized her adverbs and used indiscriminate ones at that), "and she's an American, and that's the best of all—ouch!" In her eagerness she'd turned her head a bit too suddenly, and some soap had got in her sapphire eyes.

"Oh, I know who you mean," helped out Mrs. Dix, while her daughter struggled with the soap. "You mean Miss Clemmens, the governess to that little English boy who died last week? Yes, she's looking for another engagement, that's true. And she certainly is a lady."

So Miss Dorothy Clemmens of New York was engaged to chaperon Elya Dix for a month in Paris and then bring her back to America. To console herself for her mother's departure, Elya had Miss Clemmens secure tickets for that night's opera. She set in a box in her young beauty set off by a \$200 Paquin gown and serenely allowed the audience to stare.

Already she was learning that the mission of the beauty is to support modesties and to be stared at. Behind her, robed in some soft, inexpensive gray stuff, with a narrow white lace collar, sat her chaperon.

The opera was "Siegfried," the scherzo of Wagner's great symphony, as Lavignac has called it. Upon Miss Clemmens' music paroled soul (she'd not heard an opera for over a year) it fell like gracious dew and fetched a sweet refreshment. When the orchestra tells the mood of Siegfried in the second act, feeling the first fret of awakened passion, her eyes shone like stars, her lips parted slightly, and just at that juncture a man in the audience caught her perfect profile as she leaned slightly forward.

That same look, downward and sideways and smiling! That exquisite head in its cloud of wavy dark hair! Paul Demarest brushed away the years that had blurred it all, and then suddenly he remembered. Yes, he remembered. Oh, it was so long ago, so many years ago!

And she was in the same box with that gay little butterfly, that American girl, Elya Dix. Bless Elya Dix! It was the first time he had ever felt grateful to her. He would make his way to her box at the end of the second act.

"Why, Mr. Demarest! I'm awfully glad to see you—I honestly am! Thought you'd forgotten me. And I'm all alone now—mother sailed unexpectedly for home this morning—and I'm all alone now," Elya greeted him in her young untamed effusiveness as he entered the box.

"All alone?" he questioned gravely. "Well, there's Miss Clemmens here, my chaperon. By the way, she's an American too. Miss Clemmens, Mr. Demarest. You've heard mother speak of him, I'm sure. Oh, here come Dickie Marston and Bob Sawyer! How terribly jolly!" Elya reached out her daintily gloved hand to greet two newcomers.

They were of the aggressive type, these two English chaps, and in a few seconds Demarest made his way to Miss Clemmens in the rear.

"Do you know, Miss Clemmens," he began curiously, "the last time I saw you you were your hair in two braids, and I wrote a poem and dedicated it to the curls at the end?"

His voice and mouth were grave, but there was a smiling gleam in his eyes. Miss Clemmens glanced rather blankly from beneath her heavy lashes at this man well under forty.

"I think," she began, with a calm dignity befitting her position—but just then, on the very second word of reproval, a flash of understanding radiated over her tired, lovely face. "You—surely you're not Prince Paul?"

"The very same—princess."

Paul Demarest bowed very low.

"But—why Demarest?" pursued Miss Clemmens, with puzzled uncertainty. "A grand-uncle over here without any closer issue left me his money and estates, providing I'd take his name in the bargain. I took them all." The light railleury in the voice changed to seriousness. "But I'd have known you, princess, if you went by any name under heaven."

"For pity's sake?" dimpled she. Then she added with a wistful dignity: "But

I must have changed a deal since then. That was nearly twelve years ago. Just fancy!"

"I don't see the changes," said he gallantly. "To me you're just the same."

But, oh, how tired she looked—his gay, light hearted little princess! And how he longed to fold her protectively in his arms! The wide divergence in that moment between what this man wished to do and what he did do stands for civilization.

"Do you remember those glorious sails we used to have on Long Island sound?" he asked constrainedly, picking up the fan which she had dropped.

Remember? The Parisian opera house and the hum of chattering voices faded away. In their place came the big, blue sound covered with white sails, and no voice save that of "Prince Paul" teaching her the "Marsellaise" in French. Oh, what a voice he had! And the salt spray was again on her tanned cheek, the wind blowing through her hair—

"Once upon a time," began Paul Demarest, "there was a young chap with a lot of ideals and ambitions and that sort of thing who went to spend a summer in a quiet little place on Long Island. It seemed absurdly, irritatingly quiet to him until he met—a princess. She didn't wear a crown, except her glorious dark hair, whose thick tendrils the wind was always blowing awry, and she wasn't followed about by a court chamberlain, but she had the dearest, most loving father I ever knew. Well, the princess was quite five years younger than the man, but they read together and sang together and sailed together, and when he was suddenly called away to France he purposed coming back one day when he was an independent person and claiming the little princess. He didn't get back as quickly as he had hoped. When he did, he found that she had flown, and he could find no trace of her."

When the low, mesmeric voice had finished, Dorothy Clemmens looked up with startled eyes. The lambent flame in them met an answering flash in his.

"Father died the year I graduated," she said steadily. "We had to give up our old home, and ever since I've been putting what little learning I'd gained to use—teaching the young mind, etc. Incidentally now I'm chaperoning, as you see." She gave a vague, graceful little motion with her slim hand, which included Elya, the two English chaps and part of the stage.

"Back in that little spot on Long Island," went on her companion eagerly, "the sea is just as blue as ever, I'm sure. And the white sails are there, and—don't you think, princess, if we went back we might find fairyland?"

Just here the orchestra took up the superb strophe of "The Decision of Love," and there was the general stir in the house of people getting ready for the third act.

When at the end of the month Elya Dix sailed for America, Miss Dorothy Clemmens sailed with her as Paul Demarest's fiancée.

"But isn't it terribly funny, mother," said Elya as she unpacked her Parisian finery, "to think of my coming back from gay Paris quite unengaged and my chaperon with a prize on her string?"

And Mrs. James Dix clasped her ring bedecked, pudgy hands in acquiescence.

Lincoln's Mental Powers.

Lincoln was always strong with a jury. He knew how to handle men, and he had a direct way of going to the heart of things. He had, moreover, unusual powers of mental discipline. It was after his return from congress, when he had long been acknowledged one of the foremost lawyers of the state, that he made up his mind he lacked the power of close and sustained reasoning and set himself like a schoolboy to study works of logic and mathematics to remedy the defect. At this time he committed to memory six books of the propositions of Euclid, and, as always, he was an eager reader on many subjects, striving in this way to make up for the lack of education he had had when a boy. He was always interested in mechanical principles and their workings and in May, 1840, patented a device for lifting vessels over shoals, which had evidently been dormant in his mind since the days of his early Mississippi river experiences. The little model of a boat, whittled out with his own hand, that he sent to the patent office when he died his application is still shown to visitors, though the invention itself failed to bring about any change in steamboat architecture.—Helen Nicolay in St. Nicholas.

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"I consider MINARD'S LINIMENT the BEST liniment in use. I got my foot badly jammed lately. I bathed it well with MINARD'S LINIMENT and it was as well as ever next day."

Yours very truly,

T. G. McMULLEN.

Don't be cast down by every bit of adverse criticism you hear.

Into each life some sorrow must fall; Wise people don't sit down and bawl; Only fools suicide or take to flight; Smart people take Rocky Mountain Tea at night.

A. I. McCall & Co.

The narrow soul know not the God-like glory of forgiving.

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A man can borrow trouble all his life and find the supply inexhaustible.

Have you indigestion, constipation, headache, backache, kidney trouble? Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will make you well. If it fails, get your money back. That's fair. Tea or Tablets form, 35 cents.

A. I. McCall & Co.

FASHION NOTES.

Artificial Flowers For Corsage—Dark Blue Pumps.

A modish fancy of the moment is the wearing of bunches of artificial flowers on the bodice of any frock that has a long V shaped chemisette. The flowers must be of a small variety and of the very best make. The leaves are not used, but in their place is a tiny spray of maidenhair fern. Several pieces of heliotrope and two fuchsias are a pretty combination.

With winter weather colored shoes are relegated to house wear. Tan and black are the really good ones, yet dark blue morocco leather pumps are worn with dark blue coat suits with good effect.

Smartly designed fur stoles, boas and collarettes are worn with nice distinction.



GREEN COSTUME—5335, 5396.

tion with prim little runabout suits, with which they harmonize as nicely as when worn with the dressier frock.

The glove garter seems to be a useful adjunct to the long glove. Every one knows how the loose wrists of long gloves annoy one by slipping down and showing a bare piece of arm purple with cold. So the plain band of elastic to match would seem to fill a want. Some of them are so elaborate as to be considered more in the light of an ornamentation than as a support to the glove.

Chamois gloves, both in white and in natural color, are quite the things for morning street gowns this winter.

Broadcloth gowns trimmed with velvet are very smart this season, and the one shown in the picture is a pretty example in dark green. The jacket is one of the double breasted Etons that are really warmer than they look and are so fashionable just now.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

SHOE WRINKLES.

Economy to Keep Several Pairs of Shoes in Commission.

Shoes, like gloves, wear longer and better if kept for some time before wearing. A cheap shoe is always an extravagance. It seldom fits, nor is it comfortable or smart.

Brown shoes may be cleaned by rubbing them with milk to which a drop of ammonia has been added. Afterward they should be polished with a dry cloth.

Those who suffer with aching feet should occasionally sponge the insides



BOY'S WINTER COAT—4340.

of their shoes with a moderately strong solution of ammonia. The shoes must be perfectly dry before they are worn.

As each shoe is removed it should be stretched and pulled while still retaining the warmth of the foot. Then put on the foot tree, which will get rid of the half dozen creases which the action of the foot is bound to form on the shoe. If it is wiser to stick to black shoes when one is limited in the number of pairs. One can get along very comfortably with two pairs of shoes—one for street wear, one for dress occasions—if these are supplemented by a pair of low cuts and a pair of slippers.

The boy's coat illustrated is of the Russian style, carried out in dark blue kersey trimmed with black astrakhan cloth. The belt is of patent leather.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

When a woman means yes she doesn't say no so that anybody can hear her.

Waste makes haste when your employer gets after you.

Oh! we made a mistake!



Husbands who do not match the household furniture should be returned to the match factory.

In these modern days a thing of beauty is apt to be a debt owed to the installment house.

A man who is guilty of horseplay might expect that his wife would nag him.

If you would keep in good health don't get sick.

When there is a scolding wife there is apt to be a husband who has it coming to him.

A kindergarten teacher is apt to be a desirable acquaintance for some of our young men.

Some people who start out to emulate great men by learning to smoke never get any farther with their emulation.

When you want to borrow money try a stranger. You are more apt to be successful.

Some people think thoughts, but most turn out near thoughts.

Just Practicing.

Cunning little Mabel, Cute as she can be, Likes to wear her brand new dress And her Sunday hat, I guess, Out where all can see. Not a trait that's pretty, But you must allow To excuse the youngster—Grown folks showed her how.

Not a bit flirtatious Is the little dear, But she would not lose her breath Or be scared almost to death Should a man appear. She would smile serenely And would make a bow. Still, you could not blame her—Grown folks showed her how.

When she's grown up really, In a year or two, Practice she has had with men Will come handy to her then And will see her through. When the men come flocking She will, I expect, Twist them round her dainty thumb, And they won't object.

Her Scream.

"You told me that she sings like a bird, you villain, so I asked her to sing for me." "Well, doesn't she?" "Yes, like a guinea hen."

The Record For Him.

"I can remember names, but not faces," explained the little man who seemed to think that this failing made him a superior person in some way. "I had a friend," said the man who hadn't spoken before, "who was troubled that way. His case was the worst I ever heard of, and in addition he was very absentminded. You don't have to believe it if you don't want to, but this is a fact. One day he was busy shaving himself, and, on looking at his face in the glass, he forgot where he had seen that man before."

"Then the impression struck him that he was a barber, and as he put on the finishing touches he said softly, 'Bay rum, sir?'"

The little man gasped, but he didn't try to come back.

Hard to Find Material.

"I never knew him to do any hard work."

"I have."

"What?"

"Bragging about his family."

Getting Even.

I've a neighbor with a parrot. And I seldom can't beat it. For it doesn't do a thing the livelong day but squawk. So to even up the matter I, as man as any hatter, Mean to get a big machine that's guaranteed to talk.

Then the phonograph and parrot. With each other'll try to square it. And the phonograph will swear to beat the band. Then my bird adoring neighbor Need will find for patient labor To restore again his polly's accented bland.

Mean Insinuation.

"She sings those old ballads beautifully."

"Yes; she learned them when they were all the go."

Obviously.

"Don't smash the furniture just because you are mad."

"Well, aren't we breaking up house-keeping?"