

ODDS AND ENDS.

THEY NEEDED COONS.

AND ZEB WHITE'S WIFE MADE AN APPEAL TO PROVIDENCE.

She Wanted Twenty Big Fat Coons and Dreamed About Them Nights—The Bolt of Lightning and the Hollow Tree. Some Prayers That Were Not Answered.

"We was mighty poor folks around yere arter the war," said old Zeb White sue evening as we sat by his fireside, "an' for awhile most o' us couldn't find no way to git along. I had cum home feelin' feeble, an' the ole woman had hin livin' on parched co'n an' roots, an' how we was to git a start ag'in I couldn't see. Elnety a feller cum up yere from Nashville an' wants to buy coonskin, an' the price never was so high, but I was that feeble I couldn't do no bustin'. Such as did go out to hunt didn't hev no luck, an' it was finally agreed that the coons had all bin skared out o' the kentry. One day me an' the ole woman was chawin' roots an' talkin' things over when she looks up an' sez:

"Zeb White, Providence is every-where, ain't she?"

"Reckon she is, if the Bible is right." "The Bible don't leave this yere Cumberland mountings out, does it?" "Cain't say it does, but I wouldn't blame her if she did."

"Waal, I reckon Providence must oversee Tennessee with the rest of the kentry, an' these hills are too high to be missed. If she watches over human beings, she also knows about coons, don't she?"

"Stands to reason that she does, but what are yo' gwine to do? Providence ain't gwine to drive coons up to our doob as hev them trap dead at our feet."

"Never yo' mind, Zeb White. Yo' jest set right yere an' smoke, an' I'll take a little walk up the hill by myself."

"I knowed what she went fur," said the old man as he rubbed his hands before the fire. "She believed in prayer the same as I believe in dry powder, an' she was gwine up into the bushes to pray fur coons. Just as she went

MONOTONOUS LIVES.

FOLLOWED BY THOSE WHO TEND THE LIGHTHOUSES.

Qualifications and Remuneration—Regulations Which Must Be Observed to the Letter—Provisions Made For the Comfort of These Useful Servants.

A lighthouse keeper is appointed by the secretary of the treasury on the recommendation of the lighthouse board, and at first receives only an acting appointment. At the end of three months, if he passes an examination by the naval officer who is the inspector of the district, he receives a full appointment; if he does not pass, he is dropped from the service. A keeper must be able to read and write, keep accounts, sail and pull a boat and have necessary mechanical ability to make the necessary minor repairs about the station and keep it in order. There is only one grade of keeper recognized by law, but the custom of the service has divided the keepers into different grades, with different pay and duties and with promotion from one grade to another. A man may be appointed to the service and assigned to a particular station, but he may be moved at any time if promoted or if the interests of the service demand it. At stations requiring but one keeper a retired seafaring man, with a family, is usually selected, and in general men of the seafaring class are most wanted. At stations where there is a fog signal one of the assistants is a man who has an engineer's license and is something of a machinist.

Keepers are paid on an average about \$800 a year, but the individual sums paid vary from \$100 to \$1,000 a year, according to the importance of the station and the amount of service rendered. The principal keeper at Minot's Ledge light, just outside of Boston, receives \$1,000 a year for his services, and this furnishes the only instance where the pay of a keeper is specified by law.

The keepers who live at isolated lighthouses and on the offshore lightships lead a very monotonous life, broken only by the sight of passing vessels and the quarterly visit of the lighthouse supply boat.

These keepers get considerable leave, about two weeks in three months, during which time they visit their families on full pay. A lighthouse on an outlying reef, for instance, is on the same status as a lightship, except that it cannot be blown away and the keepers cannot leave it except when they are relieved, as a storm might come up and prevent their return.

Much is done by the lighthouse board to further the comfort of all its employees, but most is done for those who endure the solitary life at the isolated lights and on the lightships. Libraries are furnished the keepers and their families. Each contains about 40 volumes of works of history, science and poetry, with a fair supply of good novels. This complete library is left at a station for three months, and is then transferred to another station by an inspector on his quarterly visit. There are nearly 1,000 of these libraries in circulation, each in its little portable case, and, by their judicious interchange, the keepers of stations where they are relieved see about 200 volumes a year.

Keepers are forbidden to engage in any business which will prevent their presence at their stations or interfere with the proper performance of their duties. Many have useful and profitable occupations which they carry on at the stations, while some fill pulpits, are justices of the peace or teach school. All keepers are furnished with quarters for themselves and in some cases for their families. In some cases they are furnished with food and rations. Other stations have barns furnished for cattle and horses, and boats are furnished all over the service.

The discipline of the service has been always rigid, as befitting a service where negligence or inefficiency may mean the loss of many lives and much valuable property.

Dismissal instantly follows in two cases—where a keeper is found intoxicated and where he allows his light to go out. Keepers are trained to consider the care of the light and the lighthouse property above any and all personal considerations, and it is rare indeed when they fail to realize this high ideal. There have been a number of instances illustrating the esprit de corps of the service—how the keepers of the Minot's Ledge light first built went down with the light and died at their posts, how one keeper saved his lens and let his family look out for themselves, and instances where they have saved public property and lost their own.

Fortunately the service is not hampered by any question of politics, and this fact, coupled with the excellent discipline maintained, accounts for the class of men now in the service—men who take an honest pride in their work, and whose interest makes the efficiency of the service what it is. It is unfortunate that the navy has no retiring laws for its seamen which would allow men after 20, 25 or 30 years' service, depending on the physical condition of the man, to be retired and placed in the lighthouse service for the rest of their lives. A valuable class of men would thus be added, and the nation would be paying a debt which now goes unpaid.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Warriors and Uniforms.

"Who is that rather plainly dressed man with the iron gray hair sitting in that box?"

"That is Colonel Blank. He is an old campaigner who has won considerable celebrity as an Indian fighter."

"I have heard of him. Who is that fierce looking man in the gorgeous uniform, with epaulets, cocked hat and gold braid?"

"That's Colonel van Cleave."

"Whom has he ever fought?"

"Mosquitoes."—Chicago Tribune.

"When my wife gets a cold, I can cure it in a day."

"What do you give her?"

"Nothing. I simply say that if she is well by night I will take her to the theater."—Chicago Record.

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How Relief Came.

This is the sequel of a terrible calamity which affected many sections of the country some years ago. A host of victims suffered disease and death. The survivors have now a new reason to rejoice.

About seven years ago the La Grippe visited various sections of the country in its deadly might scattering disease and death among its hosts of victims.

Most of those afflicted who escaped death then, have lived on in suffering, broken in health and ambition; for the after-effects of this disease are dangerous.

A large portion of the survivors have a feeling of oppression in the chest.

A little exertion causes a violent action of the heart, described as "palpitation."

There is mental anxiety, depression, blueness of the skin, indicating impaired circulation of the blood.

The sluggishness of its circulation impairs the functions of most of the organs; the stomach and intestines fail to perform their work, while the appetite and digestion become seriously affected.

This complaint has baffled eminent physicians and exhausted the results of pharmacopoeia.

Recently, however, a means for a cure has been obtained.

Among those who have been restored to health by it is Herman H. Eveler, of 311 W. Main Street, Jefferson, Mo., a resident of that city for thirty-eight years, well known as a successful contractor.

He was one of the victims of the "Grippe" seven years ago and has since been troubled with after-effects.

"That he lives to-day," he says, "is due to a remarkable occurrence."

"I was taken with a malady just after the 'Grippe' visited this section and caused so many fatalities about seven years ago."

"I was troubled with shortness of breath, palpitation of the heart and a general debility. My back also pained me severely."

"I sought different doctors and carefully followed their directions, but no benefit was apparent. I used numerous remedies that were highly recommended but no satisfactory results were obtained."

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"To add strength to his story Mr. Eveler made affidavit before Notary Public Adner Postaus and he will gladly answer inquiries to those enclosing stamps for reply."

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STEERING A STEAMSHIP.

"Running the Time and Distance" in Foggy Weather.

Gustav Kobbe has a compass entitled "Steering Without a Compass" in St. Nicholas. Mr. Kobbe says: "The degree of A. B. is not confined to college graduates. Aboard ship it means 'able bodied' seaman."

Biliousness

Is caused by torpid liver, which prevents digestion and permits food to ferment and putrify in the stomach. Then follow dizziness, headache, insomnia, nervousness, and, if not relieved, bilious fever or blood poisoning. Hood's Pills stimulate the stomach, rouse the liver, cure headache, dizziness, constipation, etc. 25 cents. Sold by all druggists. The only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills

PARSONS' TWO FEATS.

A HARD STROKE AND A REMARKABLE RIDE DURING THE CIVIL WAR.

Cut a Man's Head Off With a Saber—Rode Two Hundred Miles in Eighteen Hours. Other Instances of Decapitation in Battle.

It is claimed by authorities on the art of war that the greatest blow of the campaign between Greece and Turkey was struck by Colonel Mahmood Bey, who with one swift stroke of his sword completely severed a Greek officer's head from his body. These same authorities generally admit that this trick may have been quite common in ancient times, when stalwart men swung heavy battleaxes, but they agree that it is practically unknown in modern warfare.

History is silent on the subject. There is not a plethora of literature bearing on its accomplishment. The original of all such stories, of course, "The Adventures of Jack the Giant Killer," which, for obvious reasons, does not help the subject. Scott describes a similar episode in "The Taisman," but the best decapitation story, from an artistic point of view, is found in the memoirs of Captain John Smith. The doughty captain vouches for the veracity of the details, though that is no good reason why we should not use the customary pinch of salt. According to his truthful chronicle, he overcame in tournament the three champions of the Turkish army, decapitating each one with a single blow of his heavy sword.

A writer who is evidently informed on the subject claims that Mahmood Bey could not have accomplished the feat of decapitation with an ordinary saber and asserts that the Turk's yataghan was "loaded" with quicksilver.

The yataghan, he explains, is a short sword, shaped something like a butcher's cleaver, with an apparently hollow tube running along the back from hilt to point. This tube carries a charge of quicksilver. When the sword is laid upright, this quicksilver rests at the hilt.

As a blow is struck the liquid metal is hurled down the grooved channel, lending deadly additional weight to the blow.

The assertion made that this is the sole instance of its kind in the history of 100 years is not borne out by facts. The same feat was performed during the civil war, not with a "loaded" yataghan, but with an ordinary United States army saber. The man who wielded the sword in this episode, Colonel E. Bloss Parsons, died recently in Rochester. Colonel Parsons was one of the wealthiest and best known men in New York state, and though he had never related the story the details were found among his private papers after his death. The incident was illustrated and described in Harper's Weekly at the time.

It was in 1864. Colonel Parsons, who was noted as a horseman, was attached to General Sheridan's staff. While reconnoitering one day with a squad of troopers under General Davis they were surprised by a detachment of Confederate cavalry. A pitched battle ensued, and Parsons, who was in the rear, saw a rebel officer level a revolver at General Davis' head. Jabbing the spurs into his horse, he swung his saber above his head, and dashing by just as the officer fired, he made a terrific full arm sweep. The Confederate's head fell from the shoulders as swiftly as if it had been severed by a guillotine.

The feat is more remarkable when it is considered that Parsons was a slim, beardless fellow of 21. In comparison Mahmood Bey's single slash with his yataghan loses much of its importance.

Colonel Parsons was brevetted general for distinguished services during the war, but characteristic modesty forbade the use of that title when he returned to civilian life. Not only did he perform the only authentic feat of decapitation during the civil war, but he was the hero of a remarkable ride. A few days before the battle of Gettysburg he was fought General Meade had an important message to send to General Harding, 100 miles distant. As the route was through a country swarming with rebels, the message was written on tissue paper, that it might be swallowed in case the carrier was captured.

The commander was in doubt regarding General Davis to headquarters.

"General, who is the hardest rider, the service?" asked Meade.

"Colonel Parsons, sir," was the prompt reply.

"Send him to me at once."

It was 6 o'clock on a Monday night when General Meade gave the young officer his instructions. He was to ride with all haste to General Harding's headquarters and return at once with an answer.

The messenger retired. Two hundred miles were to be covered. The roads were heavy, and they led through the enemy's country.

Exactly at noon on the following day Colonel Parsons entered General Meade's tent. The latter's face grew purple with rage, and he ripped out a string of oaths.

"Is this the way you obey orders?" he thundered. "What are you hanging around camp for? You ought to be with General Harding by this time."

"I have just returned from General Harding, sir."

"Yes, he!" exclaimed the exasperated general.

Parsons' face paled, and he dug the nails in his hands to restrain himself. "General Meade," he said in a voice that ill concealed his anger, "if you would knock me down for that insult, I would not mind it. Without the formality of a salute he turned on his heel and left the tent. Meade afterward made an ample apology.

Colonel Parsons killed two horses and went himself without a particle of food. For 18 hours he was not out of the saddle.

THE APES MUTINIED.

ON A VOYAGE FROM AFRICA THEY CAPTURED THE SHIP.

Drove All the Crew Excepting the Captain into the Niggling—The Ship Was Fatal to Their Plans, if They Had Any—A Useful Bunch of Monkeys.

"I have had some strange experiences," said old Captain Barnum, "but the funniest kind of a ship company that I ever sailed with was one of big African apes, and it happened in this way:

"It was during that period of the lifetime of the great showman P. T. Barnum, when he had his museum on lower Broadway in New York city, that my vessel was chartered by him to go out to Africa and to bring back a cargo of wild animals that he agreed to pay three big and two baby elephants, three big and two baby colobots, one big rhinoceros and a giraffe, while in wooden houses on deck were loaded several zebras, a number of antelope and deer, also ten huge apes as large as men and looking in the face exactly like the cartoons of the humorists. The apes were very intelligent and were capable of being taught many amusing tricks.

"On our voyage home I had occasion a number of times to advise the officers and men against teasing these creatures, telling them that they were known to possess a good memory and were a vengeful and would surely make it a point to get even with their tormentors at the first opportunity, but as the heavy wooden bars divided these from the hairy faces that scowled at their funmaking they felt safe enough to give no heed to my warnings. The mates and sailors took good care, however, to pass at a safe distance from the cage in going about their work, for on two or three occasions the alert creatures thrust forth a long muscular arm and grip the unwary seaman in such a way as to elicit a howl of pain on Jack's part. I could go among them without the slightest fear and several times entered their cage for the purpose of caring for a sickly little baby ape, and for which the ocean voyage subsequently proved too heroic, as it died before we reached New York.

"One morning the crew was all aloft on the yards furling sail, for it was blowing strong, and the ship had been obliged to reduce her spread of canvas. I had taken the wheel, and two mates were going from mast to mast helping the work along by hauling upon the gear as it was required. The apes had been fed a short time before, and it must have been that I had carelessly fastened the lar that secured the cage door, for while I was looking aloft I heard a startled yell from two officers, and the next moment they were climbing up the rigging like monkeys themselves, while the crowd of apes came leaping aft in pursuit of them.

"Then the funniest scene that I ever witnessed was presented. Six of the apes took stations at the foot of the shrouds, so that each mast was guarded on both sides, and the other four mounted the shrouds with all the agility of sailors and sought to reach the men. The apes followed the men as they mounted higher and higher to escape; then, when the latter could climb no farther, they would grasp a stay that led to some place of temporary safety and slide down it, sometimes going from one spar to another in this way. For nearly an hour this impromptu exhibition continued, and during all this time the sentries on deck looked about in excitement, uttering guttural yells which I have no doubt were cries of encouragement and advice to their friends aloft.

"At last the big monkeys gave up the chase and came down on deck, where they joined the others, and all sat on their haunches, gazing up at the crew, occasionally showing their rows of wicked looking teeth, as much as to say: 'All right, my fine fellows. You stay where you are if you know what's good for your health.'

"I had been thinking out a plan to recover possession of my ship, and now put it in execution. Apes are very fond of bananas, and in my room I had a fine bunch that had been green with place on board, but which had ripened perfectly since that time. I gave up something of a heart's pain to part with them, but I considered that if the scheme worked the sacrifice would not be a great one. So I lashed the wheel to keep the ship steady, then brought the fruit from below, carried it forward in full view of the apes and placed it within their cage, standing beside the door and carelessly eating a banana that I had broken from the bunch.

"The apes crowded inside and fell to work on those bananas as though it was an eating match, with a prize for the one that consumed the greatest number in a given time. I slammed the door and fastened it upon my mutineers, and you may be assured that for the remainder of that voyage the security of that gate was carefully looked after."

Harper's Round Table.

A Reflection.

"The deaf and dumb wonder is awfully ill tempered today," twittered the albino, by way of opening the conversation.

"What for?" inquired the dog faced man.

"Some visitor," continued the albino, "wrote on his slate that his photograph was a speaking likeness. Mad! Say!"—New York Post.

By Special Permit.

"Here! What does this mean?" shouted Whooply as he found his young friend riding a broomstick over the top of the piano.

"This is all right. Mamma said if I stay in I could play on the piano."—Detroit Free Press.

An Opinion.

"Is he a scientific fighter?"

"Scientific!" echoed the pugilist contemptuously. "Why, he couldn't parse a single sentence of his challenge!"—Washington Star.



"ALL ALONG THIS YERE MOUNTING FOLKS WAS PRAYIN'."

away along came Hi Thompson, an when I told him what was up he said: "Zeb White, that ain't any question about Providence bein in Tennessee, same as in the rest of the kentry, but she ain't in the coon bizness, an' I'll bet on it. She's got heaps o' bigger things to see to, an' yo' ole woman will only waste her breath."

"It seemed that way to me, too, but when she cum back I didn't say a word to discourage her. She looked happier than when she went away, an' that night she woke up arter we'd bin asleep two hours to ax how much money 20 coonskin would bring in at 90 cents each. I figgered it out fur her, an' she chucked an went to sleep ag'in. Next mornin' I was feelin' a little better, an' she advised me to take my gun an' look fur coons. I went up to the hill an' tramped around fur six hours, but there was no sign of coons. When I got home, she seemed a bit disappointed, but arter a bit she sez:

"'Never mind, Zeb; mebbe Providence was busy an' didn't say a word yesterday, an' I'll go up to the hill an' put a little mo' power in my voice. Could yo' skin 20 coons in a day if yo' had 'em?"

"I'd try powerful hard, but if sum was left over it wouldn't hurt."

"'Want all big coons?"

"'Waal, if Providence is to send 20 coons they might as well all be big ones, as the cost won't be any mo' to her. The small ones kin be saved over to another sezus."

"She went up the hill ag'in," said Zeb, "an' I heard her voice good an' strong this time. I wanted to sorter wink at her, but she seemed so airnest I didn't want to hurt her feelin's. She talked in her sleep that night, an' I heard her figgerin' over an over ag'in how much 20 primo pelts would cum at 90 cents apiece. It was winter, with snow on the ground, but next mornin' the weather was soft, with a look o' rain. I wasn't goin to stir out, but arter awhile the ole woman sez to me:

"'Zeb, I reckon yo' better go, but yo' needsn't take yo' gun along. Jest shoot around an' see if sumthin don't happen hefo' noon."

"'How kin anything happen if I don't hev my gun along?"

"'Dunno, but Providence may bring about what I've bin prayin' for. If I he' yo' hoot, I'll cum along an' jine yo'."

"'Bont an hour arter I left home," said the old man after throwing another stick on the fire. "It begun to rain, an' a pretty soon I was both wet an' mad all through. That wasn't so much as a

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A Royal Rider.

Queen Henriette of Belgium, by birth an Austrian archduchess, continues, in spite of her snow white hair and rank with a grandmother, to occupy her time in the riding school of the royal palace at Brussels, a superb performance, in which she and her daughter Clementine put their horses through all kinds of fancy paces and trick riding with the skill of professionals. They leaped their horses through burning hoops and over flaming hedges