WHEN MEN ARE HIT IN BATTLE.

It was strange and queer to watch the demeanor of men wounded in battle. You might have stood beside hundreds who were struck down, and yet you would not have found two whose actions were exactly alike. When hit while standing inactive most men threw up their hands and cried out and staggered about before falling. If hit while the regiment was advancing they fell with curses on their lips, and sometimes rose up again and limped painfully after their comrades. If reached by a bullet while the command was being driven or retreating or changing its position, then men wailed out like children—not so much over the hurt as because they realized that they were to be left on the field to suffer and would be helpless to protect themselves.

When a regiment was in line, waiting to move to the right or the left or be advanced, the thud of a bullet as it struck a man could be heard by the men on his right and left. If struck on the chest or shoulder or head he fell out of the ranks, threw up his hands with a shout, and then fell like a log. If struck below the breast he nearly always lurched forward and placed his hands on the wound and sunk down with a groan. The demeanor of no two wounded men were alike in minor particulars, but strangely alike in the first movements. A soldier shot through the head or heart—shot dead in his tracks, as you might term it—was not instantly killed. There was no such thing as instant death unless struck with a solid shot or blown to pieces by an exploding shell. No matter whether the bullet pierced heart or brain, the victim lived on for a few seconds—long enough to throw up his hands and call out and clutch at the comrades beside him for support.

Few men preserved silence after being hard hit. After the first exclamation they cursed or wept, and were not conscious of what they did. Each felt that he had been grievously wronged by being shot down. Sometimes they cursed first and wept afterward—sometimes wept and sobbed like children from the first moment of feeling pain. The cursing and the weeping were the direct result of the nervous system being keyed too high by the excitement of the battle. If a wounded man was carried to the rear he soon got the better of his hysterics, and it was the same if left to himself for three or four hours on the field, providing the fighting had ceased in his vicinity. It was the wounded who lay on a field where the fighting continued who were the most to be pitied. They feared to be wounded again or killed outright, and their shouts and screams could be heard whenever the roar of battle died away a little. Their fears were by no means groundless. Bullet and ball and shell and grapeshot were continually falling among them, and during the war thousands of soldiers were killed lying wounded between the lines. The burial parties used to find bodies which had been hit from three to ten times, and after Grant's first battle in the Wilderness we found a confederate with twenty-three bullet wounds in his dead body.

And there was more than the fear of missiles before the eyes of the wounded men. If infantry charged over them they might not suffer, but if a battery changed position or there was a charge of cavalry they might be ground into the earth. When in his normal condition a cavalry horse will not step on the body of a man lying in his path, but when excited to madness by the roar of battle the steeds of war will trample down anything. The wounded men lying about must take their chances when the bugles blew a charge. Some would escape the iron-shod hoofs—others would be almost beaten into the earth. It was the same way if a battery was retired or advanced. The change of position was made with horses on the dead run, and their riders could take no thought of the dead and wounded lying in the way. The fate of a brigade or division, or even a wing of the army, might be at stake, and the sacrifice of a score of men already wounded did not count. When the guns were advanced at Chancellorsville to check Jackson's twilight attack the earth was fairly cumbered with the dead and wounded. On the few acres of cleared ground over which the guns had to advance were camp fires, knapsacks, haversacks, stacked muskets and several hundred men who had fallen under the volleys poured in from the edge of the forest. The guns dashed right into and over this jumble, and above the roar of musketry from the oncoming confederates we caught the screams and shrieks of our wounded men as they realized that death was to come under the heavy wheels.

The burial parties were always pushed for time, and yet there was time to look into the faces and observe the attitudes of the dead and notice that death seldom came to two alike. Some suffered agonies from their wounds, others died as peacefully as if no twinge of pain had been felt. Some had their lips parted as if praying to God or uttering farewells to loved ones at home—others had lips compressed and their faces showed grim determination or anger. Sometimes a wounded man had crawled away into the bushes or behind a stump or log to die. On his bronzed cheeks, partly bleached by the touch of death, we would find traces of tears, and the hard lines would be softened even by the time struck down or they moved and dying within a few minutes they carried fierce, stern faces and clenched hands, and nearly always their eyes were wide open and their lips parted to show their teeth. If the musket had not fallen from their hands under the shock of the missile it was clenched so tightly that their stiffened fingers had to be opened one by one.

There was no pity for the wounded while the fight was on. Now and then it was possible to alleviate thirst, or in case of an officer to carry him to the rear, but the unwounded had little thought of the fallen. It was only when night came down and the roar of battle had died out to a growling and sputtering here and there that a new sound rose on the evening air to pale the faces of the veterans lying about with open haversacks. It was a sound heard only on a battle-field, after a battle. It was a sound which began like the far-off murmur of a mighty crowd—which came nearer and nearer—which swelled in volume till it drowned all other sounds—which separated itself from the shouts of men, neighing of horses, peals of bugles and rattle of drums—one great overpowering wail from the thousands of wounded men which went right to the heart and caused every man to lift his head and whisper: "Poor fellows—God pity them!"—Detroit Free Press.

FOOLISH VIRGINS.

They ordered their luncheon, and then the younger woman remarked acidly: "I tell you that I repented that marriage bitterly. Think of John, with his big brain, choosing that girl for a wife!"

"Is she pretty?" inquired the matron, smiling slyly.

"Pretty? Oh, yes, pretty enough, I suppose. But she never could get through college, and even now doesn't know the difference between suffrage or syllogism."

"Of course, John is unhappy?" observed the friend.

"No, he isn't. And that's just the hard part of it. He was often restless, and low-spirited, no matter what I did to entertain him; but now he seems as happy as possible. He never refers to his profession at home. He never talks about literature, or philosophy with Cora. The intellectual side of his nature seems to be entirely put aside the moment he enters the house. He hardly says a word. Cora does all the talking. She just chatters, and he sits there and smiles and lets himself be coddled and made a baby of. He looks like a big, amiable dog watching a kitten. And the odd thing is, he doesn't seem to feel the real emptiness of his home life at all. He starts down town in the morning looking as if he were going to conquer the world."

The matron laughed again. "No, Cora certainly isn't silly. I should say she is very wise. When you love a man, you want to make him happy, don't you? And you say he is happy. Well, then, Cora proves her wisdom by that very fact."

"Oh, but think of his higher nature!"

"Higher nature! Pshaw! Has your brother been less successful as a lawyer since he married?"

"No—"

"Then don't trouble about his higher nature. It's all right. He's putting it into his work, just as he should, instead of wasting it on philosophical discussions at home. Let me tell you, my dear; Cora is the superior woman, and you are the silly one."

"Silly! What do you mean?"

"I mean just that. Cora doesn't talk philosophy, but she's married. She will have children—sons who will grow up to adore her just as John does; daughters who will be adored in their turn, as she has been. You are not married. There is not one man in the world whom you influence. Even your brother, as you admit, is more influenced by this woman you call silly. What are you doing in the world? You are very superior and very learned—but what are you doing? Is the world going forward any faster because of you? You think yourself Cora's superior, but the same amount of energy that you are putting into barren study she is developing to keeping her finger-nails polished and wearing pretty clothes, and giving charming dinners, and bringing up children, and—influencing men. Your brother starts out every morning to conquer the world because he has been petted and coddled at home. You think it shameful for Cora to sleep on his shoulder, but she is sensible enough to know that that little, tired, confiding head inspires him to more manliness and endeavor than all the philosophy in the world."

"Oh, but don't you think it ignoble to let one's self be only an 'inspiration' because of one's helplessness?"

"Fiddle-de-dee! We'll be having a revolution among the babies some of these days, and then how silly our own arguments will sound! Here they'll say to their mothers: 'All this protecting tenderness degrades us. We insist upon being your equals.' It's all very well for you to tell us that our clinging, innocent feebleness brings out your highest virtues—inspires you to unselfishness and tenderness and efforts for our happiness; but all that sort of thing only enfeebles us. We'd rather bring out your virtues by reading papers to you on the Infinite and on the 'Equality of Babies.'"

The younger woman laughed this time and grew rather red.

"And besides," went on the other, "Cora isn't helpless. You admit she does her share of the work. She makes John's home beautiful and happy. She inspires him to give out the best there is in him, in his efforts to surround her with beauty and luxury. If the truth were known, I suspect there are half a dozen young men who adore her, too—in a perfectly repectful way; think she's the very ideal of what a woman should be, and let her influence them very strongly in the direction of all that is good and high-minded."

"Yes," said the sister, a little reluctantly, "all of John's men friends are very fond of Cora."

"Of course they are. My dear, it is women like Cora who rule the world, and always have and always will rule it, because they are the women who rule the men. It makes me laugh when I see how seriously the superiorly masculine-minded woman takes herself. What is she? A sort of hybrid. She is a failure as a woman, and can never hope for any real success as a man. The very best she can do will fall below the level of Shakespeare or Washington, or any of the really great men, while the feminine woman has something that, in its way, is just as powerful as the brains of the biggest man—and that's her femininity. And she has the sense to use her gift. You studied philosophy to try and inspire your brother. But he could get that from other men. What he wanted was something men couldn't give him—femininity."

"Oh," said the younger woman, "I never thought of it in that way."

"No. And lots of clever women don't; more's the pity. Just you go to an afternoon tea with me this afternoon, and I'll point out to you the women who are married to the best and most successful men of my acquaintance, and just you notice what they are—slim-figured, bright-eyed, graceful creatures, whose movements are soft and supple, whose clothes are perfectly chosen and exquisitely worn. They are not, as a rule, women with much learning, though many of them are talented, but they are full of rich life and high spirits; they are cheerful, warm-hearted and full of sympathy. Above all, they are utterly feminine. Those are the women men marry—the women who really count in the world; the women who are mothers and make the character of the new generation. They are the women who form and control society, and for whose benefit men conquer the world."

"How did you know it?" asked the younger woman, mildly.

"Because I've worked myself. Worked hard and faced the world, just like a man. I know how a man feels, because I've felt that way myself. When I used to come home dead beat, the one thing I wanted was just cheerful nonsense and petting and physical comfort. I wanted something quite different from what I'd had all day. In those days I hated the very sound of a superior woman's voice, and if any one just mentioned philosophy to me I threw my bonnet at her head."

And then they tipped the waiter one solitary little nickel, and the young woman went away looking a little like the foolish virgin.—Elizabeth Bisland.

"Give me a liver regulator and I can regulate the world," said a genius. The druggist handed him a bottle of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills. W. E. Brock.

HIS OPINION OF CONGRESS.

A Kentucky detective, Capt. Geo. Drake, the other day told this story of his experiences: "In Letcher county there is a stretch of country about fifteen miles square where the ignorance of the natives is astounding. In the winter of 1894 I had occasion to travel through this country, being on the lookout for moonshiners. Riding along one afternoon, I chanced to stop in a blacksmith's shop—the only one for miles around—to have a thrown shoe replaced. The blacksmith who fitted the shoe, I learned later, was the intellectual giant of that section. His fame among his fellows was due to the fact that he could read, and took a weekly newspaper. As he hammered away at the horseshoe, a lanky specimen of the mountain rode up, and, after greeting us with 'Evenin',' secured his horse and took a seat upon a broken plowshare in the shop. After sitting in silence for some minutes, chewing a ponderous quid of tobacco, spitting at intervals and eyeing me in the meantime, he offered this question: 'Sam, have yer paper cum yet?' 'Come yesterday,' replied Sam. 'Is them fellers er still up ter congress?' 'Yes.' 'What have they done this trip, Sam?' After a few moments' hesitation and then a wink over his shoulder at me, Sam responded: 'Why, Iry, they durn fools hes made tew more months ter ther year, and them, tew, is winter months.' 'By durn,' ejaculated Iry, 'en me en Hirum is a both short er fodder, tew.'—From the Lexington (Ky.) Herald.

Don't invite disappointment by experimenting. Depend upon One Minute Cough Cure and you have immediate relief. It cures croup. The only harmless remedy that produces immediate results. W. E. Brock.

Another Electric Locomotive.

The second electric locomotive of the Belt line tunnel at Baltimore has been put in service, and hauled a train of twenty-eight loaded freight cars, two steam locomotives, not working, and a caboose at a speed of twenty to twenty-three miles per hour. The train load was about 1,400 tons.

DERRINGERS IN A HOLD-OUT.

"It's a great thing, presence of mind, and I always regret that somehow I don't think of the right thing until the wrong time."

The speaker was a man whose mustache and hair showed the winter of life was near. His eye was piercing, not shifty, and his clothing and adornments betokened comfortable circumstances.

Stories of early days in mountains and mines were being told, and one who was a reformed freighter had related his wonderful escape from pursuing robbers by sending his dozen mules flying down a mountain trail. The tip was out that there was a band ready to descend on the treasure wagons, and he was given the bullion. Everything went well until from the top of the mountain he saw in pursuit half a dozen men on horseback. It took a second to decide, and he started his team in a gallop down the grade, trusting to good fortune, and it did not fail him, for he dashed into the camp on the other side a short neck ahead of his pursuers, who had a hustling drive to escape a scratch posse which immediately started in pursuit.

My friend, whose chair was tipped back against the post of the porch, his eyes fixed on the stars shining dimly in the moonlight, continuing, said:

"Like all men who lived in California in the early days, I have had some tight fits." He moved a little as if to ease his right shoulder, and I remembered that he had used his arm with a little difficulty while at dinner. "I didn't think it was ever my privilege again to hold as good a hand as I did one night on an overland train in Nevada. The Pullman car was an old-timer, and had just stepped in to wash my hands when the opening to the toilet room was closed by the throwing back of the car door. I saw the conductor with his hands up, step past me, and right behind him was a masked robber with a gun poked against the small of the ticket taker's back. I had dropped to the game and disappeared behind the curtain until the bandit had passed, when I also fell into step behind him, with my gun at his ear. He handed his gun to the conductor very obediently, and, after we tied him, he made an excellent shield for me when I pushed him out on the platform and drove off his pals.

"But one time I showed I was not up to a close pinch. I have regretted it ever since, too, for I have a bullet in this shoulder (and he eased his position as if from force of habit.) I was guard on the Big Bend stage. I had been a gambler for twenty years. I knew all the tricks, and had played every game in all sorts of ways and with every kind of device. But I jumped it one day, turned down the box and swore I'd never touch a card again. Yes, there's few of us turns that trick, but I had a lesson. You see, I was dealing in Deep Gulch, when an old man who had big interests in the mines comes up from the bay with his boy, a likely lad of 17 or 18, who couldn't stand the temptations of the place, and when his father was out in the mountains that youngster was either around the dance hall or the Bank saloon. One of the girls got stuck on his face, and he spent lots of money on her, which didn't please an ugly-tempered outlaw who hung around camp, and it was only by my being on the lookout that I winged Big Sam and saved the lad one night.

"I was so touched by the old man's gratitude that I concluded a mining camp gambling saloon wasn't a good place to die in, either, as the old party said, and I quit it. He got me the place as guard on the stage. I wanted it and refused to go to the bay. It was a lonely ride out at best, and one day we broke down on the road and were delayed so we had to make the last twenty miles after night.

"It was such a night as this, the very gentlest of breezes, the moon so bright one could read by it, and the road through the woods was as a white ribbon. We were bowling along quietly enough up a grade, when at a little turn we met two horsemen coming at a slashing gallop. They threw their horses back on their haunches and we were held up.

"Passengers, driver, and all were stood up in a row, and one of the bandits guarded us while his partner, Pete, he called him, was soon at work on the box. I suspected the driver of connivance, for when we heard the horses he said it was a courier coming; he knew of the trip, and so threw me off my guard. I was put in a line alongside the treasure-man, and while I had both eyes on the guard and his partner, not a move of that rascally driver escaped me.

"Of course we all had our hands in the air, and right here let me explain a little point. Did you ever see a poker hold out. It's an ingenious contrivance which fits beneath your clothing with an arm extending down the sleeve of your coat on the inside, so regulated that by a pressure of the elbow the clip at the end is at the wrist to grip a card or out of sight up in the arms. It is a handy affair not to be caught with, too, for it is prima facie evidence, and hanging's too little for a man who's known to be ready to play with the contrivance about him. When I quit the game I had a set of 'em. I took 'em from a fellow from the bay who came up to earn an honest dollar. I wouldn't sell 'em or give 'em away; some one might think I used such things myself. So I just quietly worked a patent. I got a pair of single-shot derringers, which would lie in the crook of my arm, and not rest hard, and I fastened 'em to either clip of them holdouts. Of course, when my hands were up, the derringers lay snug against my forearms. I had practiced with 'em lots, and knew just how to cramp my elbows, drop my arms a little, and have the little barkers in my hands.

"I was gradually letting my hands down once—that is, I was testing the thing, when the guard called me up sharp, fearing something, and made me move a mite away from the line, where he could watch me particularly and keep the passengers covered as well. He ordered everybody to keep still, too, for there was a little bit of sobbing by a woman in the party, and a sniveling drummer was bemoaning his fate. Pete was not doing good business with the box, though, for he was clubbing away with a hammer, but not making any headway at opening the little safe.

"Suddenly the opening came. The guard was getting impatient, and cursing Pete, when with a smash the hinges broke. Pete gave an exclamation, and the guard turned his head, only for a second, though, but that was enough, for I had been watching him, and it was no great thing to take advantage of the chance.

"Like a flash my arms dropped, and those little 38-caliber pops were in my hands. With my right I dropped the guard, the bullet going through his head. I shot the fellow at the box with my left hand. I never was a good a shot with my left as with my right, and, in addition, he was three times as far away. So, instead of hitting him in the head, as I tried, I only got him in the body. As he turned and drew his gun I cried to the people to drop, for I knew there would be some lively shooting. I didn't take time to reach for my own gun, but threw myself on the dead robber, catching this bullet as I went down.

"I had the gun of the dead one up in a moment, and was able to kill Pete before any of the passengers were hit. I have kicked myself a hundred times when I remember my absolute lack of self-possession. It would have been just as easy for a man with presence of mind to have turned the trick with two shots, using the left on the close party, and saved the wound, but I couldn't think fast enough."—San Francisco Examiner.

Thousands of cases of consumption, asthma, coughs, colds and croup are cured every day by Shiloh's Cure For sale by the Delta Drug Store.

Quick in effect, heals and leaves no scar. Burning, scaly skin eruptions quickly cured by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Applied to burns, scalds, old sores, it is magical in effect. Always cures piles. W. E Brock.

Only three countries in the world build ships amounting to over 40,000 tons a year, and the United States is one of the number. In 1895 the United States turned out a tonnage of 84,877, or about the same as that of Germany. The British yards floated 950,967 tons, which is equivalent to saying that England in this line is first and the rest nowhere.

Consumption can be cured by the use of Shiloh's Cure. This great Cough Cure is the only known remedy for that terrible disease. For sale by the Delta Drug Store.

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It is claimed by a Brooklyn experimenter that shadow pictures can be taken by sunlight without the use of Crookes tubes. He has secured an image of a key after wrapping the plate in black paper, excluding all visible light, and covering it with a pine board half an inch in thickness. This is held to indicate a form of energy in the sun's rays of which photographers have no knowledge.

Ask your physician, your druggist and your friends about Shiloh's Cure for Consumption. They will recommend it. For sale by the Delta Drug Store.

An Oklahoma pioneer coming East has painted these sentences upon his prairie schooner: "Oklahoma for starvation, Kansas for desolation, Texas for devastation, Nebraska for damnation. Going to Ohio to sponge on wife's relation. To h— with democratic administration." Some might suppose that the administration is not responsible for the ills of nature, but if the administration was all right that disgusted individual would be well able to bear the burdens nature lays on his shoulders.

For dyspepsia and liver complaint you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure. For sale by the Delta Drug Store.

Nature's Hydraulic Mining.

An odd incident occurred a few days ago in San Andreas, Cal. There was a cloud-burst in the immediate neighborhood of the town, followed by a tremendous downpour of rain, an inch of water falling in twenty minutes. The streets were torn up by the storm. After the storm was over many small specimens of gold were picked up in the streets, one nugget being worth $6.85.

Mrs. L. R. Patton, Rockford, Ill., writes: "From personal experience, I can recommend DeWitt's Sarsaparilla, a cure for impure blood and general debility." W. E. Brock.

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Karl's Clover Root Tea is a sure cure for headache and nervous diseases. Nothing relieves so quickly. For sale by the Delta Drug store.

A Boy's Appearance.

Ruth Ashmore, addressing herself to "That Boy of Mine," in March Ladies' Home Journal, writes that his personal appearance "should be good. You owe that to yourself. And whether it is at the office or when you are out visiting you should be a clean, wholesome-looking young man. Cleanliness does much toward godliness, and a clean body aids a clean soul. It may not be in your power to possess a dress suit, but if you should not, don't borrow one and don't hire one. Brush up the best clothes you have, make them immaculate, and then enjoy yourself and forget your clothes. Your linen can always be fresh and clean, and your tie can be in good style and properly knotted. Never wear imitation jewelry. Gentlemen select plain gold buttons, and simple gold links, and scarfpins of the most modest pattern. If you can afford dress clothes, remember never to appear in them until after dark. You may wear, as you like best, either a lawn tie or a black satin one, but the stiff little bow should be looped by yourself and not bought ready made."

Diseased blood, constipation, and kidney, liver and bowel troubles are cured by Karl's Clover Root Tea. For sale by the Delta Drug Store.

J. W. Pierce, Republic, Ia., says: "I have used One Minute Cough Cure in my family and for myself, with results so entirely satisfactory that I can hardly find words to express myself as to its merit. I will never fail to recommend it to others, on every occasion that presents itself." W. E. Brock.

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ROSEBURG MAIL DAILY:

8:30 A M	Lv	Portland	Ar	4:40 P M
6:25 P M	Ar	Roseburg	Lv	8:00 A M

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4:00 P M	Lv	Portland	Ar	10:15 A M
6:15 P M	Ar	Salem	Lv	8:00 A M

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8:50 A M	Lv	Hillsboro	Lv	5:03 P M
12:15 P M	Ar	Corvallis	Lv	1:35 P M

At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of the Oregon Central & Eastern Ry.

Express Train Daily, (Except Sunday).

4:45 P M	Lv	Portland	Ar	8:25 A M
6:05 P M	Lv	Hillsboro	Lv	7:13 A M
7:25 P M	Ar	McMinnville	Lv	5:50 A M

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