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The Women Tell Their Ages.

There is one country at least where women do not hesitate to tell their age. Next to the babies, the old women have the greatest number of privileges in Japan. There is a saying, "The grandmothers rule the empire." Age is greatly revered. The first remark made after an introduction is "And what might be your honorable age?" And you may be sure that if the answerer be a Japanese she will give her full age and even be tempted to add a year or two. When women go to buy a dress in Japan, they tell the shopkeeper their age and if they are married or not, because there are special designs for the single and double relations of life as well as for the ages.

Coast Mail.

MARSHFIELD, OREGON

AFTER THE BATTLE.

A VETERAN'S STORY OF A TASSELED TURKISH FEZ.

The Growsome Incident in Which He Participated at the Second Battle of Manassas—A Brave Boy and His Dying Request.

"Whenever I see a tasseled Turkish fez," said a Confederate veteran whose attention had been attracted by a smoking cap of that pattern in a Canal street window, "I am reminded of a curious and rather growsome incident of my campaigning days. It was on the morning after the second battle of Manassas," he continued in response to a request for the story, "and several of us from my company had gone over to the field in the hope of picking up a few things that we badly needed and for which the dead had no further use—waterproofs, for instance, and sound canteens.

"During the previous day's engagement you may remember that a regiment of freshly recruited New York zouaves held the crest of a hill and were charged and almost annihilated by Hood's brigade. They were mowed down like ripened grain and fell so thickly that their corpses literally carpeted the earth. I dare say it was as awful a slaughter, considering the number engaged, as occurred anywhere in the course of the war.

"Well, we hadn't gone very far when we came to this hill and began to get among the dead men. The poor fellows had been mustered into service less than a week before, and they were said to be the most gorgeously uniformed military troop ever organized. They wore scarlet Turkish trousers, blue jackets embroidered with gold bullion braid and purple fezes with long pendant tassels.

"Being just from the outfitters, all this fine regalia was perfectly fresh and new, and somehow or other it added to the ghastliness of the spectacle on the hillside. The corpses were in all sorts of strange postures, and their fantastic costumes gave them an air of horrible grotesqueness that I couldn't begin to describe in words.

"However, to come to my point, I had picked up a fez to carry away as a relic and was about to leave the spot when I happened to notice a much handsomer specimen on the head of a little zouave stretched out, stiff and stark, a few yards away, with a handkerchief over his face. I stepped up to make a 'swap,' but had barely touched the tassel when a low, sweet toned voice under the handkerchief said, 'Please don't!'

"For a moment," continued the veteran, "that unpleasant protest, coming from what I had supposed to be a corpse, made my hair bristle on my head. Then I lifted the handkerchief and was shocked to see the delicate, refined features of a boy not over 15. He was pale as death and evidently desperately wounded, but he looked at me calmly. 'My God,' I exclaimed, 'what a lad you are to be here?' 'I'm afraid I'm dying unless I have help,' he replied. 'Do you think the surgeons will be around pretty soon?' 'The Lord knows!' I groaned, for the boy's courage touched me to the heart. 'Your surgeons have all run away, and we only have a few, with more wounded than they can attend to.' 'Then I guess all I can do is to lie here quietly and die,' he said in the same gentle voice. 'Can you get me a little water before you go?'

"I took his canteen and hurried down to a branch at the foot of the hill, where the first thing I saw, by the way, was the corpse of a zouave floating in a pool. I went up the stream far enough to get out of the horrible death zone, filled the canteen with pure water and was soon back at the boy's side. I gave him a drink, and he thanked me. 'Is there nothing else I can do?' I asked awkwardly, because I knew our company was under early marching orders that morning and that it would be impossible for me to linger much longer. 'Nothing at all, thank you,' he replied. 'No message to anybody?' 'No; nothing, thanks.'

"I turned away most reluctantly and

had gone only a few yards when I heard his thin voice calling me back. 'Excuse me,' he said, 'but I want you to accept this as a present,' and he handed me his fine purple fez. 'No, no,' I exclaimed, greatly embarrassed; 'I couldn't think of taking it. When I started to a little while ago, I thought you—you'—'Thought I was dead, of course,' he interrupted. 'Well, I soon will be, and that other fez will do me just as well. Please put it on my head and take mine.' I saw that he would be hurt unless I did as he desired, so I took the fez and went away.

"In less than half an hour our company was on the march, and, needless to say, I never heard anything more of the little child zouave. He was badly wounded and undoubtedly died where I left him. I kept the fez a long time," added the veteran, "but it was finally lost, with other odds and ends, in the general confusion following the war. I'd give some money for it today."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Female Bird Rules.

Among several species of the birds of prey a deference for the female sex is shown which is not met with in the great majority of the feathered kind, declares an ardent student of the ways of birds and beasts. He says:

"Several years ago it was my fortune to capture two young eagles of the baldhead species. When meat was thrown into the room where they were confined, the male showed plainly how great was his desire to pounce upon it, but a glance from his sister was sufficient to keep him rooted to the perch until she had finished. When beef and other similar meals were given them, this easy victory for the fair sex was the rule, but when a fish was introduced it was only after a fierce fight that the female succeeded in reminding her brother of the respect due her.

"A pair of young great horned owls which I at one time owned had also displayed this female domination. I fed them principally on live rats, and when they were turned loose in the room the male retained a stolid and indifferent pose upon his perch until the female had satisfied her hunger, after which he would dispatch what was left. Many other are the instances among the eagles, hawks and owls in which the female bird is the master of the situation."—Baltimore Sun.

There Was No Duel.

Once, when the late Dr. Tanner had asked in the house whether it was true that the Duke of Cambridge had resigned his position as commander in chief, a Major Jones of Penzance was so outraged that he challenged Dr. Tanner to a duel, and the following telegraphic correspondence took place:

"In reply to your despicable question about the Duke of Cambridge, I designate you a coward. Delighted to give you satisfaction across the water. Pistols."

To which Dr. Tanner at once replied: "Wire received. Will meet you tomorrow in Constantinople, under the tower of Galata, midnight. Being challenged, prefer torpedoes. Bring another ass.—Tanner."

Immortality Is Certain.

One thing is certain—that death changes nothing except location and standpoint. Personality remains untouched. The grave covers no faculty of the soul. I myself will never go into the tomb. Before my body is taken there I shall leave it, and it will go alone, its duty done, its mission ended. I love my body, and my parting will not be without a certain kind of sorrow, just as tender associations move me to tears when I move out of an old house in which I have lived for years. But I have joy also, for I leave a worn-out home for a new and better one.—Rev. George H. Hepworth, Congregationalist, New York.

Trust, reliance, dependence, are things to be exercised by the creature, not by the creator. There's no trouble with God; it's all with us. If we will trust, he will bestow; if we will lean, he will support; if we will hope, he will fulfill; if we will have faith, he will bring it to pass.—Rev. C. J. Wright, Chaplain United States Navy.

Has Religion Lost Its Hold?

Religion has lost its hold upon the people, and the reason is that it has not been made the warp and woof of early instruction. We have allowed Christ to be deposed from his place as a teacher of youth.—Right Rev. Mgr. Thomas J. Conaty, Catholic, Washington.

H. Sengstacken.

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