

POSEY'S PLUCKY PARSON.

He Started Grant and Garfield on the Road to Military Fame.

One of the unique and heroic figures of the West is Rev. J. F. Jaquess, of Posey County, Indiana. He was one of the fighting parsons of the war period and has the undisputed distinction of having set Grant and Garfield on the road to military fame.

The career of this man of the gospel and gun is interesting. He was born in the wilds of Indiana early in the century, when pioneers were few. As he grew up his educational facilities were poor, but he finally succeeded in working his way through Asbury College and then began preaching in southern Illinois. Those were rough and ready days, but Jaquess was equal to every emergency, and, if needed, could use his fists as well as any man in the county. The way he could swing and ax and handle a horse, together with his brilliant mental qualities, made him an idol among the pioneers. A decade before the civil war began he founded the Woman's College at Jacksonville, Ill. When the war broke out Gov. Yates, of Illinois, sent for Mr. Jaquess to come to Springfield. The preacher obeyed the call and became the companion and adviser of the Governor.

He was in the office one day when a calm, blunt man came in and declared that he thought he could be of use to the Governor in getting troops. The Governor looked over the rough man, but did not see that there was anything that could be assigned to him just then. Mr. Jaquess was sitting near the desk, and he whispered to the Governor to ask the man to call again to-morrow. After he had gone out Jaquess turned to the Governor and said:

"Yates, there's something in that man, I believe, and I think you'd better keep track of him."

"I don't see what I've got for him," was the reply.

"Well, keep him anyhow, for I feel there's something in him, and I think I am something of a judge of human nature."

"What can I give him to do?"

"Put him at that desk in the corner and let him write letters until you have something else to give him."

"If you are so certain about his merits I'll do it, by George."

This is the worst swearing the worthy divine ever heard from the war Governor. About two weeks later they met again.

"Jaquess, I thought you were something of a judge of human nature," said the Governor.

"I think I am; what's the matter now?"

"Why, that man Grant, who you thought was the one I should keep available, has been at that desk two weeks and hasn't yet written a letter I'd sent out."

"I didn't suppose he would be very valuable as a clerk; I considered him better as a military drill master. Commission him as colonel and set him to work with the soldiers. Now, there's the Twenty-first on the borders of military. Put him in charge of them and see what's in him."

"By George, I'll do it."

Gov. Yates took the advice and the world knows the rest. This was the beginning of Grant. It made an impression on Rev. Mr. Jaquess and he concluded to take the field also. He went to the front with the Sixth Cavalry, but he came back at the request of the Governor to work as a recruiting officer. His eloquence was magical. He talked over the State, and in a short time had 3,000 men at Camp Butler. There was enlistment after enlistment made on the promise from the parson that he would command the regiment and go into the fight with it. This led to the formation of the Seventy-third



REV. J. F. JAQUESS, M. D.

Illinois, he being at its head. He started his men on the march almost before his commission was dry. Col. Jaquess and his men were in many battles, including Chickamauga. They stood in the slaughter pen, ordered there by Gen. McCook. Once his horse fell, he leaped to another. This one was shot under him. The ball would have taken off both his hands, but at this particular moment his hands were not in their accustomed places. His body seemed under some strange charm. He took his regiment to Missionary Ridge. The regiment was in the lead at the onslaught. The intrepid colonel was in front encouraging the men. The first position of the enemy was taken, and on they pushed with the rest of the army, while Grant was asking who had ordered the charge and declaring his army was lost. They were met by a shower of balls. They charged with their bayonets, and so impetuous was the onslaught that nothing could stop them. The first line of fortifications fell, and then the second, and the guns on top of the ridge. The Seventy-third wanted their colors on the spot, and on

the way they captured almost as many men as they were themselves in the regiment.

President Lincoln wanted to promote the fighting parson. The parson said it would not be fair for him to leave the men who had entered with him. He knew a man who would make a good major general, and he wrote to President Lincoln to that effect. This man was James A. Garfield. The President made him a general, largely upon the recommendation of the preacher from Posey County, Indiana. The Colonel went back to Camp Butler, but he returned with only 200 of the able men who went with him, and 200 disabled for the rest of their lives.

The Colonel took up his Bible where he had left it and went after men—not shooting at their heads or hearts, as he had told his men to do literally during the war, but figuratively. He has kept it up ever since.

SNAKES DRIVE OFF ROBBERS.

Queer Pets Save Ernest Barbour, a Downer's Hill, Pa., Hermit.

The geese saved Rome once upon a time, but probably the only case on record where a rattlesnake proved a benefactor to its owner occurred when Ernest Barbour, the hermit of Downer's Hill, was attacked by burglars in his hovel and the robbers were driven away by a rattlesnake. Downer's Hill is in Susquehanna County, Pa., not far from the line separating New York and Pennsylvania. Barbour has lived in a hut there for many years and has secreted about \$50,000 in securities. He also has considerable money about the little hovel at times. There he lives with two large dogs and a number of rattlesnakes which he has charmed or tamed so that he can freely handle them. The neighbors usually avoid the place on account of the snakes and the fierce dogs and Barbour is left quite alone. But last week a number of robbers planned an attack on the hut, attempting to get the money and securities in the place.

They made the dogs insensible with drugged meat and were about to seize Barbour when the faithful rattlesnakes intervened. One of them bit a robber in the leg, whereupon the marauders



HERMIT BARBOUR.

fled in terror. Two days later a man died from rattlesnake bite in a farmer's house six miles from Hallstead.

Although Barbour is a recluse, he came out of his hovel when he heard footsteps. When asked about his rattlesnakes he pulled two of them out of his pockets and said they were as tame as cats. Barbour became a hermit because of disappointment in love.

Fishermen of St. Pierre and Miquelon

Near the west coast of Newfoundland are the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon. They are the last relics of the once great possessions of France in North America. They have a French governor and a uniformed French police. Many French fishermen make their headquarters on these islands. These Frenchmen "sail their trawls." Their fishing vessels are much larger than ours, and include even barkers. Instead of dories they carry sail boats. The vessel comes to anchor, and near her each boat drops its first trawl-keg overboard. Then one boat will set a zigzag trawl by tacking against the wind, another will run a straight-away course, so that the trawls, while all converging toward the vessel, do not interfere with one another. Then, too, the fishermen can in foggy weather get back to the vessel by simply underrunning their trawls. Our fishermen set theirs where they think they will hook the most fish, and the vessel, instead of coming to anchor, cruises about where she put the dories over.—St. Nicholas.

Ant Pie.

Savages, we know, indulge in such luxuries as grubs and locusts, but for a civilized white man to finish up his dinner with a dish of raw ants seems too nasty to be credible. Yet in Mexico it is the custom—and a custom adopted by plenty of colonists and visitors.

The ant eaten is called the honey ant, and is perhaps as curious an insect as lives. With a tiny head and legs, it has a huge body as big as a large pea, and this is yellow and swollen with excellent honey.

In each nest there are 300 or 400 of these honey ants, which are attended by thousands of others. The honey ants hang on to the roof of the cells in the nest while the others feed them. They are, in fact, living storehouses of winter food. An observer says that if one of the honey ants falls from his perch a worker will go and pick him up and replace him. This is as if a man were to walk up the face of a cliff carrying a large buffalo or cart horse on his back.

Value and Price.

"I suppose, of course, that's a \$100 wheel."

"That's what it is."

"How much did you pay for it?"—Chicago Post.

A DOG THAT GOES TO FIRES.

He Broke Through a Baker's Window to Run After His Engine.

St. Nicholas has been publishing a series of articles about the Fire Department of New York, written by Charles T. Hill, the artist. Mr. Hill tells about "Peter Spots"—Fireman, a dog that belongs to one of the engine companies. The dog once fell into disgrace by playfully snapping at the heads of the horses when they were running to a fire and causing them to balk. So he was given to a baker who lived far from the engine-house. Mr. Hill gives the following account, in the language of one of the firemen, of the manner in which "Peter Spots" came back to the company:

"We had almost forgotten about Peter, and got used to not having him around, when one day a 'third alarm' came in that took us out; and in getting to the station I had to drive through the street the baker's place was on. I never thought of it myself, but, on my word, Peter hadn't forgotten us; and when we made our appearance he showed up pretty quick. The baker told me all about it afterward, and this was the way it happened: Peter was lying asleep beside the stove in the center of the bake-shop, when all of a sudden he pricked up one ear, and then jumped on his feet and gave a bark. The baker was making out some bills behind the counter, and thought nothing of it until the next moment Peter gave one jump, and was in the show-window among the pies and cakes and such like. The baker hollered to him to him to get out; but Peter began to claw at the window, and bark and howl. You see he could hear our whistle and bell and had recognized us. Then the baker made up his mind that the dog had gone mad, and got frightened and got up on a chair, and began to holler himself; and what with the baker and Peter, there was a high old time in that bake-shop for a while. Every time Peter gave a kick he knocked a pie or a plate full of cakes out of the window until he had it clear of everything. Then we hove in sight; and through the side of the show-window he saw us and recognized me in the seat, and that settled it—no bake-shop would hold him then. He jumped back in the store, braced himself plumb in front of the pane of glass in the door, and when we were just about opposite he gave one last howl, and crash! out he came through glass and all.

"I heard the racket, and turned my head just in time to see him come flying out. I understood it all in a moment, and expected to see him roll over dead in the gutter; but not much! He came through so quick he scarcely got a scratch; and away he went, down the street ahead of us, barking at every one, and clearing the way just as he used to, and running around in a circle and jumping high in the air and cutting up gymnastics and all that sort of thing. I just guess he was happy! Even the Captain heard him in all the racket behind the engine, and let up on the whistle long enough to holler ahead to me to look out and not run over him; but there was small fear of that, for he beat us by half a block all the way to the fire.

"When we got there we 'stretched in and stood fast,' as we call it, which means we stretched in the hose, and got ready to go to work when so ordered; but they didn't need us, for the fire was pretty well out then, and the third alarm had only been sent out as a sort of precaution; so in a few moments the Chief ordered us back to quarters.

"When we were 'picking up' or putting the hose back in the wagon, Peter was around among us like old times, and every one of the 'gang' had a kind word for him. He was cut a bit about the back with glass, so the Captain says: 'Throw him in the wagon, boys, and we'll take him back to the house, and mend him up. I'll put him on probation; and if he acts right he can stay with us as long as he wants.' And then he adds: 'Put you fellows will have to chip in and pay for that pane of glass.' And we all laughed; for we were willing to pay for a whole show-window to get Peter back again.

The Ladies Must Pay.

The generosity, as entertainers, with which Americans treat women is in strong contrast with the custom of Germans. In their own country they have no hesitation in intimating to their female companions that they are expected to pay their share. In Germany, if a man's feminine partner at a public ball desires a portion of ice cream, he will bring it, but with the demand of "Forty pfennings, if you please." An instance is found in the experience of some English women at a Prussian military ball given by the officers of a certain garrison. The price of the supper was printed upon the invitation. The English women expected that the officers who accompanied them would pay for the refreshments. They were quickly undeceived, for, after supping, the money was demanded, and they were compelled to liquidate the debt.

Women Writers in France.

There are said to be in France 2,150 women authors and journalists and about 700 women artists. The provinces contribute most of the writers—about two-thirds—while Paris is represented in the same proportions among the artists. Among the writers 1,000 are novelists, 200 are poets, 150 educational writers and the rest writers of various kinds. The artists comprise 107 sculptors and the others are painters, ranging over all branches of the pictorial art.

She Milked Other People's Cows. A 60-year-old widow of Tidenham, in Gloucestershire, England, has been sent to jail for two months for milking other people's cows on the town common.

POSTMASTER GENERAL GARY FAVORS POSTAL SAVINGS BANKS.

Postmaster General Gary is in favor of postal savings banks and proposes to recommend to Congress at the next session the establishment of such banks in this country. "It is very likely," he said in discussing the subject a few days ago, "that some sort of legislation will be enacted at the approaching session, and that we will make a practical test of postal savings banks within a year." At this time I have no definite plans in view, but propose to thoroughly investigate the subject, so that I will be prepared to make an intelligent recommendation to Congress. I have sent for the blank forms and other matters used in this service in Canada and other countries, and am collecting all the information it is possible to find. As a general proposition," Gen.



Gary continued, "I am very much in favor of postal savings banks, but as to how they should be managed, what rate of interest the Government should pay on deposits and other important details I am not ready to speak. I believe postal savings banks would encourage thrift among our people and promote patriotism. If a man has his money in the Government's keeping he is naturally going to do all that he can to protect the Government. Ten years ago the Government might have had some opposition from the savings banks had it proposed to keep the savings of the people itself, but to-day I believe the banks would be glad to see it take the money. I myself have been for more than twenty years a director in one of the largest savings banks in Baltimore, and



SAVINGS BANK OF THE FUTURE.

I feel sure that every man financially interested in that institution would be glad to see the Government establish postal savings banks.

"The value of Government banks for the small savings of the people can scarcely be realized. It can well be illustrated by the building and loan associations. These, I believe, originated in Philadelphia, and there are more of them in Pennsylvania and Maryland than any other States. In my own city, Baltimore, they are very numerous and have been for years extremely popular with the small wage-earners. The result is that the working people of Baltimore are probably more thrifty and industrious than those of any other city in this part of the country. Nearly every man in Baltimore owns his home, and it has been possible for him to do that by the encouragement to save his little earnings that has been offered by the building and loan associations. When every man owns his home he is interested in its preservation, and he is going to think twice before he commits an act that may injure his property. Years ago Baltimore used to be called 'the city of riots,' but in recent times riots have been almost unknown. A Baltimore man thinks of his home and family before he joins a mob.

"I say this to illustrate one of the advantages of postal savings banks. If 3,000,000, or 5,000,000, or 10,000,000 of the people of these United States give their savings to the Government for safe keeping, those people are going to do all they can to preserve the Government. They are not going to join mobs to burn and destroy property. They are not going to turn socialists and attack the institutions of the Government; they will not attempt to injure the Government's credit and financial standing; they will all be interested in preserving and upbuilding the Government. The habit of saving would be encouraged by postal savings banks, and you would find in a few years boys and girls growing up to manhood and womanhood with little savings that might be the foundation of a fortune."

FOUND A BRIDE IN GREECE.

Soldier of Fortune Met His Fate in the Athens Hospital.

A pretty Greek maiden, who served as a nurse in the hospitals during the recent war between Greece and Turkey, has just arrived in this country in company with the husband she recently won, Captain George Nelken. She appears happy and is proud of her husband, who has had a remarkable career as a soldier. He was born in Argentina, but was exiled in 1897 for too active participation in a revolt of the radicals. He speaks eight languages. In 1891 he fought under Admiral Montt in Chili; in 1892 he took part in the Brazilian revolution, serving under Admiral De Mello, and later engaged in an uprising in Argentina under Dr. Alene. Since then he has traveled in many lands, and, becoming interested in Red Cross work in Spain, was sent from that country as a delegate to the international congress of the order.

At the time of the breaking out of the Greco-Turkish war Nelken was in this city. The Greek cause appealed to him, and he started for the front, with



CAPTAIN NELKEN AND HIS BRIDE.

a shipload of patriots who were going to fight for their fatherland. As soon as lines were cast off Nelken donned his Argentine uniform, pinned his Red Cross badge to his breast and was elected captain by the votes of admiring Greeks. On the trip across he drilled the Greeks in the manual of arms. Before starting for the front he was inspecting the hospitals, and there met the Princess Marie. Through her he was accorded a special audience with King George. Nelken says he told the king he had traveled from America to aid the Greek, and was assigned by the king to Prince Constantine's staff, with headquarters at Imerbeg.

At Athens Captain Nelken was married to Marianthi Mourabas, a young

Greek maiden, who was in the city as a nurse.

He met her on the steamer Crete. Her father, her brothers and her cousins were all in the army, and the girl, who is only 17 years old, had volunteered as a nurse in the army hospitals at Athens. His Red Cross badge admitted him to the hospital at any time, and he saw the young woman frequently. When armistice had been declared and seeing no chance of annihilating the Turk, he laid siege to the Greek maiden's heart and came off victorious. Mrs. Nelken is petite and pretty. She speaks only half a dozen words of English, but talks French fluently, and says she likes America.

Heat in the Body.

An important source of heat in the body is due to the friction of the blood as it circulates in its vessels. All of this resistance, which is overcome by the heart, is transformed directly into heat. We may calculate the amount approximately. If we suppose that 180 cc. of blood are expelled from the left ventricle at each stroke, under a pressure of one third of an atmosphere, this would correspond to .6192 kilogramme-metres at each stroke, and at 72 strokes a minute, this would give 44.3124 kilogramme-metres per minute. If we suppose that the right heart does one-quarter the work of the left, or about 10 kilogramme-metres per minute, we have for the total work per minute 54.312 kilogramme-metres, which corresponds to 128 calories per minute.

This is perhaps a rather high estimate for ordinary conditions, but where the heart is forced to pump a much larger quantity of blood in order to maintain the normal temperature, this estimate is probably much exceeded at times. Since this friction takes place largely in the most constricted portions of the circulation, it would be natural to expect that the blood which had been driven through the capillary system of a gland would issue much warmer than it entered, and such we find to be the case. Thus the blood of the hepatic vein has been observed to be 40.73, while that in the right heart was 37.7. In the muscles no contraction can take place without an increased flow of blood through them with a simultaneous constriction of the capillaries, which would naturally give rise to a considerable production of heat—a fact constantly observed.—Sanitarian.

Getting Down to Business.

"Have you made any new discoveries to-day with reference to that case we're working on?" inquired one detective.

"Not yet," replied the other. I haven't had time to read the newspapers."—Washington Star.

Some people who have been East within three months say it is no longer proper to use napkins at the table.

BACK FROM THE KLONDYKE.

Four Fortunate Bonanza Kings Come Back Laden with Gold.

Four of the most fortunate bonanza kings from the Klondyke spent a week in celebrating their return to civilization at San Francisco recently. The picture printed herewith gives a correct idea of how they looked at the conclusion of forty-eight hours busily spent in putting Bonanza Creek gold in circulation. The picture is a copy of a photograph now in the possession of A. D. Gray of Grand Rapids, Wis., the youngest man of the quartet. The hats worn by the men are not as old as they look, having been purchased but a few hours before their owners faced the camera.

The four men were "dead broke" a year ago, and now they are reputed to be worth at least \$1,000,000. Mr. Gray says he brought with him from Alaska



1. H. C. Anderson. 2. A. D. Gray. 3. "Jake" Hiltnerman. 4. William Hawley.

only \$10,000, which he figured would last him until spring, when he intends to return to Dawson City for another year. He has spent more than \$5,000 in thirty days, and his companions are not less free with their nungas.

The Liquor Problem. "I wouldn't of swiped the ham," said the contrite prisoner, "but I was half drunk."

"Ah!" said the city missionary. "That's what done it. If I had of been paralyzed, as I ought of been at that time o' night, I wouldn't of got into trouble."—Indianapolis Journal.

Something of a Geologist.

"Winkle says he knows what a glacial period is now."

"How's that?"

"He has just been refused by a Boston girl."—Detroit Free Press.

A girl is getting old as soon as she puts her hair up in a knot.