

STONEWALL JACKSON

Stories of the Intrepid Confederate Commander.

WHEN HE BLUSHED AND FLED

His Retreat in Dismay From an Army of Admiring Women—The Only Man Who Could Put the General to Sleep. His Heroic Reply to Lee.

Among many other incidents in the career of General Stonewall Jackson, a writer in the Sunday Magazine tells of an occasion when the intrepid commander was entirely routed by the enemy—an army of admiring women who clamored about him to secure buttons from his coat, locks of hair or other souvenirs. As he backed, blushing, away he declared, "Really, ladies, this is the first time I was ever surrounded by the enemy!" And in confusion and dismay he made good his retreat. Of the other stories told of the general we quote a few:

He was never an ornamental soldier, being roughly clad and so plain as to be frequently taken for far less than he was. He and his staff were once compelled to ride through a field of uncut oats. The owner rushed out in great indignation, demanding the name of the leader that he might report him. "My name is Jackson," replied the general.

"What Jackson?" asked the irate farmer.

"General Jackson."

"You don't mean to tell me that you are the famous Stonewall Jackson?" the farmer stammered.

"That's what they call me."

The farmer took off his hat with great reverence and said: "General Jackson, ride over my whole field. Do what you like with it, sir."

He was a man of unusual religious devotion, but would always go to sleep in church. Perhaps it was because the church service was the only thing he could depend upon to go right along if he did not keep awake to watch it. His friends said that it was because of weakness resulting from his exertions in the Mexican war. When he was teaching at the institute he was ill, and all efforts failed to secure for him a night's rest. One of his friends in attendance suggested that the Rev. Dr. White be called in, as he was the only one who was ever able to put Jackson to sleep. In spite of this defection, however, Dr. White and his famous parishioner were fast friends to the end.

His men said of him that he always marched at daybreak, except when he started the night before. The celerity of his movements gave his division the name of "Jackson's foot cavalry." One of his men said:

"Moses took forty years to get the Israelites through the wilderness, with manna furnished all the way, but Old Jack would have double quickened it through on half rations in three days at the most."

Military leaders have usually approved the policy of subsisting on the enemy's country, but it was left for Stonewall Jackson to make the enemy himself the purveyor of supplies. The federal General Banks became known as Jackson's commissary general, and when his column was sent to turn off into the valley the report would go out, "Lee is out of rations again and has sent Jackson to call on his commissary general."

Jackson was like flint—cold, impassive, still, in time of peace. But at the sharp, swift stroke of military necessity the spark of his genius flew out and burst into flame that swept away all obstacles. When General Ewell was asked what he thought of Jackson's generalship in the valley campaign he replied:

"When he began it I thought him crazy. Before he got through I thought him inspired."

Before the end of the campaign Jackson had his men brought into a spirit like his own. The division reached a deep stream where the bridge had been burned. He sent for an engineer corps and also for some carpenters among his own soldiers. The engineers at once set to work to prepare plans, but two hours later the head carpenter appeared and reported, "The bridge is finished, general, and we can go on, but them air pictur's ain't come yet."

The soldier may need religion as much as or more than any one else, but as a rule, the tabernacles of the Lord are not spread on the tented field of the warrior. Stonewall Jackson, however, was an exception. He never failed to invoke the Prince of Peace to preside over his battle. Old Jim, his faithful servant, said:

"De gen'ral is de groates' man fo' prayin' night an' mornin' an' all times. But when I sees him git up sev'ral times in de night besides an' start in prayin' I knows dar's gwine ter be semp'n up, an' I go straight an' pack his havensack, 'ca'se I know he'll be callin' fer it fo' daylight."

It was fitting that he who found his life on the battlefield should find there the entrance into immortal life, but in the agony of loss Lee exclaimed, "Any victory would be dear at such a price!"

To his wounded general he wrote, "Could I have ordered events I would have chosen for the good of the country to have been disabled in your stead."

Jackson replied to the leader, who he had declared was the only man whom he would follow blindfold, "Better that ten Jacksons should fall than one Lee."

Some one has said that the Lord in his providence intended that the Confederacy should not win, and to prevent it he had to remove Jackson.

EARLY ARITHMETICS.

Struggles of the Pilgrim Children With One of the "R's."

Next to penmanship the colonial school and schoolmaster took firm stand on "ciphering." "The Bible and figgers is what I want my boys to know," said the old farmer. I have examined with care a Wingate's Arithmetic which was used for over a century in the Winslow family in Massachusetts. The first edition was printed in 1620. It is certainly bewildering to a modern reader. "Pythagoras—His Table" is of course our multiplication table. Then come "The Rule of Three," "The Double Golden Rule," "The Rule of Fellowship," "The Rule of False," etc., ending with "a collection of pleasant and polite questions to exercise all the parts of vulgar arithmetic."

Wingate's Arithmetic and Hodder's Arithmetic were succeeded by Pike's Arithmetic. This had 363 rules to be committed to memory, and not an explanation was given of one of them. It is the most barren schoolbook I have ever read. These printed arithmetics were not in common use. Nearly all teachers had manuscript "sum books," from which the scholars copied page after page of "sums," too often without any explanation of the process, though there were also many and long rules, which helped the penmanship if they did not the mathematics. —Exchange.

BARBED WIRE.

A Lucky Device That Brought Millions to Its Inventor.

"The luckiest invention in history," said a patent official, "was that of barbed wire. It came about by accident."

Isaac L. Ellwood was the inventor of barbed wire. In his youth he lived in De Kalb, Ill., and, having a neighbor whose pigs trespassed on his garden, he put up one day a wire fence of his own make. This fence had barbs and points on it. It was queer and ugly, but it kept out the pigs.

"It was a real barbed wire fence, the first in the world, and there were millions of money in it, but young Ellwood and his friends laughed at its freak appearance."

"One day two strangers saw this fence, perceived how well it kept out the pigs, realized how cheap it was—realized, in a word, its value—and ordered several tons of it from Ellwood. Furthermore, they contracted to sell for a term of years all the barbed wire he could produce."

"Ellwood borrowed \$1,000 and set up a little factory. A few years later on he had paid back that loan and was worth a small matter of \$15,000,000 besides."—New York Press.

The Water Lily.

Almost everybody has observed the strange characteristic of the water lily bud opening its petals at sunrise and closing them again at sunset. It was for this reason mainly that the ancients held the water lily sacred to the sun. Pliny says: "It is reported that in the Euphrates the flower of the lotus plunges into the water at night, remaining there till midnight and to such a depth that it cannot be reached with the hand. After midnight it begins gradually to rise, and as the sun rises above the horizon the flower also rises above the water, expands and raises itself some distance above the element in which it grows." It was also through this peculiarity that Hancarville proved that the Egyptians considered the lily an emblem of the world as it rose from the waters of the deep.

Scot Free.

The expression "scot free," which is in use every day, harks back to the times of Scottish romance and tragedy so luminously described by Sir Walter Scott in "The Antiquary" and "Rob Roy." In these stirring tales we are told of one form of Scottish trials given certain offenders of justice. He who had broken the law was divested of all of his clothing and placed at a certain distance from archers who had bows and arrows ready, waiting the command, "Fire!" When the command was given, the man under indictment would begin running and the archers firing, and if in running this gantlet none of the arrows hit him he was allowed to go scot free.—Exchange.

A Real Genius.

From the composers of all time Beethoven stands out by himself like some gigantic tree towering up above the rest of the forest. He was the greatest genius of all, not for any one thing that he did, but because he was equally great in every style of music that he essayed. The first test of real genius is the ability to excel in all directions, and for this reason I have always looked upon Beethoven, Shakespeare and Turner as the three greatest geniuses who have ever existed.—Emil Sauer in Strand Magazine.

Just His Luck.

"Hello," said Borem, "I just thought I'd drop in on you today to"—
"I thought you would, too," interrupted Merchant.
"You did? Now, that's strange, because"—
"Not at all. This is the busiest day I've had for two weeks."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Tit For Tat.

Husband—I wish I had some of those good, old fashioned biscuits like mother used to make for me. Wife—And I wish I had some of those nice new fashioned clothes like father used to buy for me.—Chicago News.

Tell, feel, think, hope; you will be sure to dream enough before you die without arranging for it.—J. Sterling.

THE BAY HORSE.

An Old Arab Legend That Tells of His Unmatched Speed.

The bay colored horse is said to be the swiftest of all the horses. A story to illustrate this is told of a certain Arab sheik who, having been engaged in a fight with another tribe, was taking his flight with his little son.

They were both mounted on a magnificent white mare which belonged to the sheik and which had always been highly valued on account of the great speed at which it could go. After having ridden some little distance the sheik asked his son to look around and see if they were being followed. The boy replied that there was some one riding after them on a black horse. The sheik seemed satisfied on hearing this report, but presently repeated his question. The boy answered that they were still being pursued, but that this time the horse was white. "Never mind," said the father; "mine is faster."

In a few minutes he asked for a further report, and the reply was the same, with the difference that the horse was a chestnut. The sheik, however, put his question a fourth time, but upon being told by his son that the pursuer was mounted on a bay he cried out, "Then we are lost, for there is no horse which it cannot overtake." His words proved to be true, for in a short time they were caught up with and captured.

LEATHER BOUND BOOKS.

A Little Vaseline Improves and Preserves the Binding.

An official of the Congressional Library was talking with a friend who recently had purchased a handsome set of leather bound volumes and said:

"You had better examine those volumes carefully to see if the leather needs feeding. If it is new stock they will be all right left alone for several years, but if they have been on the shelves for some time the leather will have lost most of its natural oil and become brittle. This applies especially to books kept in private houses, which are as a rule much hotter than the book stacks of a large library. There is nothing more attractive than a fresh, well preserved leather binding on a volume and scarcely anything less so than a dilapidated, cracked one."

"You can add years to the life of a leather binding and a hundred per cent to its appearance by rubbing in a little vaseline with a piece of raw cotton—not too much, just as much as the leather will thoroughly absorb. Where the binding bends is where it is most likely to crack. The leather will not be greasy, as the vaseline will be absorbed. One treatment every year or two is sufficient unless the books are unduly exposed to heat."—Washington Star.

Within Her Rights.

A very black woman in a silver gray automobile coat was seen a few mornings ago hauling an unwilling and disreputable looking yellow dog by a leather thong.

A friendly disposed policeman asked casually: "Why don't you turn the dog loose? He don't look able to run off, and nobody'll want to steal him?"

"Ain't I a 'oman?' was the tart query.

There was no disputing the fact.

"Ain't dis heah a dog?"

"Patent fact."

"Ain't dis heah New York?"

Obviously true.

"Well, ain't I got a good right to walk on dese heah streets and put on all the style I choose?"

No disputing a self evident proposition.—New York Times.

Impartial.

An English clergyman, recently settled in a small town in Perthshire, met a farmer's boy while visiting the members of his congregation. In the course of conversation the boy said his parents had an aunt staying with them. The parson, not having much acquaintance with the Scottish language and not quite comprehending what the boy said, asked:

"Then, do I understand that your aunt is on your father's side or on your mother's?"

To which the young agriculturist replied:

"Weel, whiles the aue an whiles the ther, excep' when feyther leathers them bath."—Dundee Advertiser.

Man's Precious Rib.

A young lady having asked a surgeon why woman was made from the rib of man in preference to another bone, he gave her the following gallant answer: "It was not taken from the head lest she should rule over him, nor from his feet lest he should trample upon her; but she was taken from his side, that she might be his equal; from under his arm, that he might protect her; from near his heart, that he might cherish and love her."—Houston Chronicle.

Poor Colors.

"I can't understand Mabel."
"Why not?"
"She's always trying to get things to match her complexion."
"What of it?"
"Haven't you ever noticed her complexion?"—Milwaukee Sentinel.

What Changed His Mind.

"I had supposed until yesterday, doctor, that the days of the bleeding of patients were past."
"And so they are. But what changed your mind?"
"The bill you sent me."

Hustle While You Wait.

While waiting for your prayer to be answered try to get what you want yourself.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

CURIOUS DECEPTIONS.

The Way Our Senses Are Liable to Play Us False.

Our senses deceive us curiously at times. A flash of lightning lights up the ground for only one-millionth of a second, yet it seems to us to last ever so much longer. What happens is that the impression remains in the eye or the retina for about one-eighth of a second, or 124,000 times as long as the flash lasts. If on a dark night a train speeding along at sixty miles an hour is lit up by a lightning flash it appears stationary, yet in the eighth of a second during which we seem to see it the train travels eleven feet. But we really only see it during one-millionth of a second, and in that time it travels only one-hundredth of an inch.

When a man's leg is cut off, if the stump be irritated he feels the pain in his toes. This curious deception is the same as any one can practice on himself by striking his elbow on the table, when he feels the pain in his fingers. Of course in both cases the pain is felt in the brain.

We do not actually perceive different distances with the eye, but judge them from various indications. When our judgment is at fault we are deceived. If you see a person in a fog, for instance, he seems to be much bigger than usual. The same thing happens when you see men or cattle on the top of a hill against the horizon in twilight. In both cases you judge them to be farther away than they really are, and consequently they appear uncommonly large.

A STUBBORN LOVER.

He Lay Firm and Conquered the Bride's Close Fisted Father.

I remember, says a writer on Irish Life, the marriage of the daughter of a well to do shopkeeper in the town of Galway. The father of the bride was considered to be decidedly close fisted. The bridegroom, as well as I remember, was of a station somewhat superior to that of the family he proposed to ally himself with. The wedding day came, but when the bridal party assembled at the chapel the bridegroom failed to appear. After waiting long and vainly for the laggard the emissaries were dispatched to his abode to hasten his coming. They found him snugly ensconced in bed.

"Sorra foot do I stir out of this," said the prospective benedict, "unless the fortune's doubled."

For an hour and more intermediaries ran backward and forward between the chapel and the bridegroom's dwelling, striving to make terms, while the bride waited at the altar with such patience as she could muster. The bridegroom, however, stood, or rather lay, firm, and at last the father, unwilling that his daughter should be put to shame in the sight of all Galway by returning to her father's house unwed, gave way and promised to double the fortune as demanded, whereupon the bridegroom got up, dressed himself and went to church to be married.

Largest Crater on the Earth.

The volcano Aso-san, in southern Japan, on the island of Kjusiu, possesses the largest crater known on the earth. It is about fourteen miles across in one direction, by ten or eleven in the other, and is surrounded by walls of an average height of 200 feet. Although the volcano is still active, its eruptions consist only of ashes and dust. Indeed, a range of volcanic mountains, evidently of subsequent formation, extends directly across the old crater. In these particulars Aso-san resembles some of the craters of the moon, where a long history of successive and gradually enfeebled outbreaks of volcanic force is graphically represented.

All He Could Think Of.

While driving along a country road a man saw the roof of a farmer's house ablaze. He gesticulated and called to the farmer's wife, who was calmly standing in the doorway:

"Hey, your house is afire!"

"What?" she bawled out.

"I say, your house is afire!"

"What did y' say? I'm a little deaf?"

"Your house is afire!" again yelled the man at the top of his lungs.

"Oh, is that all?" calmly replied the woman.

"It's all I can think of just now," responded the man in a rather weak voice as he drove on.—Exchange.

Toad as Assistant Gardener.

By actual inspection of a big, fat toad's stomach it was found to contain not less than fifty large grapevine worms, fifty-five potato bugs, sixty sowbugs, forty angleworms and thirty cabbage worms, with, by way of seasoning, numerous flies and mosquitoes. Now multiply this, and I think you will appreciate the value of an army of toads on your premises, or any number required, according to the services that may reasonably be expected from one toad.—Suburban Life.

The Woman in Business.

She handed in a check payable to Susan H. Smith. The cashier, who was a German, noticed that she had indorsed it Susan Smith and gave it back with a polite "You haf forgotten the 'H.'" Overcome with confusion, she murmured, "Excuse me," and wrote below the indorsement, "Age twenty-three."—Lippincott's.

Knowledge Demonstrated.

"Would you like to attend a lecture on the fine arts?"
"No," answered Mr. Cumrox. "Mother and the girls can make me feel my ignorance sufficiently at home free of charge."—Washington Star.

KLAMATH COUNTY BANK

KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON

ALEX MARTIN, President
ALEX MARLIN, Jr., Cashier
E. R. REAMES, Vice-President
LESLIE ROGERS, Asst. Cashier

The Pioneer Bank of Klamath County

STATEMENT OF CONDITION AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS
JUNE 29, 1907.

RESOURCES	
Loans and Discounts.....	\$ 314,962.76
Bonds and Securities.....	60,584.86
Real Estate, Buildings and Fixtures.....	20,160.58
Cash and Sight Exchange.....	248,091.93
	\$643,800.13
LIABILITIES	
Capital Stock, fully paid.....	\$ 100,000.00
Surplus and Profits.....	12,988.64
Due other Banks.....	40,061.98
DEPOSITS.....	491,649.51
	\$643,800.13

I, Alex Martin, Jr., Cashier of the above named Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
ALEX MARTIN, Jr., Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 8th day of July, 1907.
[SEAL]
A. M. WOODRUM,
Notary Public for Oregon.

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