

## SOLDIERS IN BATTLE

How Men Feel and Act With Death All About Them.

### THE STORY OF A PRIVATE.

With the Beginning of the Fight Comes Fear, but That Soon Passes Away in the Eagerness For Killing. Varying Effects of Wounds.

A narrative of the battle of Solferino as told by a veteran survivor to Robert Shackleton appears in Harper's. It is, word for word, a chapter of history as seen by a man in the ranks. Incidents which impressed him are curious:

"We halted, and a Tyrolean lying on the ground cried out: 'I am dying. Give me to drink.' Whereat my companion stooped to offer him a flask, and as he stooped the Tyrolean struck savagely at him with his bayonet, but my companion jumped back, and it missed him, and he said, 'You Tyrolean, you said you wanted a drink before you died, and now you shall die without the drink.' And he stuck his bayonet through him as a boy would stick a pin through a fly.

"The fighting soon began again, and it was very fierce. It was soon that we came to know that we were to capture a little village and the hills about the village. The village was named San Martino, and there were walled barns and gardens, and the Austrians were very strong there.

"The bursting of the shells was very bad. Sometimes all of us close by would be thrown down and be covered with mud and earth, but most of us would jump up again, not wounded, but always there were some who would not jump up again, because they were wounded or dead.

"At the beginning of a battle a soldier feels afraid. At the beginning of this battle I felt afraid, and I know that other men felt afraid, though it was not our first battle, and we knew what it was to be under fire.

"So it was that at the beginning we commended ourselves; we felt like death, but soon that passed away, and we thought no more of death, but only of the killing of the Austrians.

"All around me men were killed. There were heads and arms blown off, and men flew into pieces like the smashing of a jug. But we did not care. We thought nothing of it. I do not know that we even knew we saw such things, but some of them come to me as I sit with you and talk of that long day. We did not notice, and we did not think that at any moment we too might have our heads blown off or be smashed into little pieces like the breaking of a jug.

"Once, when we rushed over the big guns and killed the men who still fought with us, we turned the guns to fire on the Austrians as they flew away, but they had driven bits of steel into the touchholes, and so we could not fire them. They were of a courage, those Austrians.

"Only once in all that battle did I think much of what I saw or heard, and that was when there was the terrible screaming of a captain who had his foot shot off. He twisted and turned as he cried out, and it was a very bad sound. But it is just as it chances. I saw many men who were hurt worse than that captain and many who were blown into little bits, but I did not trouble about them. It is just if it chances so.

"It is very often that a man does not know that he is hurt. I remember that once there was a man near me with a great hole in his forehead, but he ran right on with us with his bayonet, and I thought, 'He will fall dead.' But after that I saw him no more, for there was always the fighting.

"The storm and the blackness, they made of us a great mixing. Yes; it was a very great tangling, for all lines were lost, and I know that sometimes Austrians struck at Austrians and sometimes Italians struck at Italians, for we were in a very great mixing and very fierce in the blackness of that storm.

"We were told to lie down and sleep. So we lay down where we were, among the dead and the wounded, among the Italians and the Austrians.

"And we slept. Yes; we were tired, for we had fought hard for all that long, long day, and on that hill that at last we had gained we slept, and we gave no heed to the dead men or the wounded.

"The wounded they made very great cries, and there were men sent to go among them with lights. Some were surgeons, and some were men to carry them to the field hospitals. But the most of us we lay there and slept, and we were very tired, and we knew that with the morning there might be another fight."

#### The Hungry Author.

The following is an extract from the notebook of an author:

"Rose at 5 and had a sonnet and a glass of cold water for breakfast.

"Retired early in the evening, without supper, as I feared the neighbors would be annoyed by the rattling of the knives and forks."—St. Louis Republic.

#### Failed to See.

"Poor man!" said the kind lady. "How did you go blind?"

"Well, mum," answered Tired Treadwell, "de foist time dat I noticed it was when I was out lookin' fer work."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Put a little more in than you take out, and your purse will soon fill.

## SHOOTING THE SUN.

Simplest Way of Locating a Ship's Position at Sea.

The average transatlantic traveler displays very little interest in the navigation of the vessel beyond watching the ship's officers, sextant in hand, making observations, says a writer in Travel Magazine. Very few have any idea of the process by means of which the modern navigator is enabled to accurately place the ship's position at a stated time on the chart. Out of sight of land a ship's geographical position is determined either by keeping a careful record of the course steered and the distance run, known as dead reckoning, or by the combined use of chronometer and sextant—that is, by observation of the heavenly bodies. The operation of finding the latitude and longitude of observation can be performed in a number of ways, of which the simplest and most convenient is by measuring the altitude of the sun above the horizon at noon, as is indicated on the vernier of the sextant and spoken of at sea as "shooting the sun." An arithmetical computation by the aid of logarithms is thus quickly made which shows exactly how far the ship is north or south of the equator, or, in other words, the latitude.

Finding the longitude, however, is a somewhat longer process. An observation is made either in the forenoon or afternoon, the chronometer time of the horizon contact of the sun's image being noted. A calculation is then made which gives the exact time at the spot where the ship happens to be, and, as the chronometer carried aboard shows the exact time at Greenwich, the prime meridian of longitude, the difference between the two expresses in hours and minutes (easily convertible into degrees and miles) the distance east or west of Greenwich.

Having thus, roughly speaking, found the latitude and longitude, a dot placed on the chart at the exact point where the lines of latitude and longitude cross denotes the ship's position.

## A MAN'S HAT.

Why Is It Always Regarded as a Fit Subject For Jokes?

"I wonder why it is," says a young gentleman who spends most of his leisure time studying human nature at a populous street corner, "that a man's hat is always regarded as a fit subject for jokes? Anything that happens to his shoes is a serious matter, and, although his vest, especially if it is out of the usual in design or color, is sometimes made the subject of pointed remarks, disaster to any other garment is regarded as a matter of sympathy.

"But if he goes to church and puts down his hat at the end of his pew, where somebody kicks a dent in it and knocks it five feet down the aisle, or if he places it carefully beside him in a lecture room or theater and a preoccupied young woman comes in and sits down on it people laugh without seeming to feel the slightest sympathy for him or his sky piece.

"A man chasing his hat through the street on a windy day will always attract a grinning, unsympathetic crowd ready to lay bets on the distance the hat will travel before he catches up or on the amount of damage it will sustain before it is finally recovered, and so irritated does the owner become when he finds his vicious dabs and grabs at it greeted with ironical applause that he generally forgets to thank the man who stops it by stamping on it and hands it back. I believe Joe Miller perpetrated jokes about chasing the hat, but the heavy felts and cocked hats of Miller's time did not lend themselves readily to joking purposes, for when those old fashioned headpieces were blown off they dropped to the ground and stayed there. A Panama, a stovepipe or even a derby may run and fly by turns from Broadway to the postoffice and attract as much attention as a runaway team."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## Soldiers In Battle.

Those who have taken part in a battle have confessed that were it not for the shouting and the noise they would lose their nerves and run away. There is always an interval of cowardice in the soldier, but it is quickly overcome, and he fights grimly, unmindful of impending death. Bands were, of course, invented to raise the spirits of soldiers. Martial music, whether from the drum or the bugle, has done a great deal in saving campaigns. Nobody can fight in a cold blooded manner, and in the excitement of a general engagement the most nervous of fighters recover wonderfully.

## Smoothing It Over.

Irate Individual—I'm going to square matters with you right now! You've been telling it around that I lie!

The Other Man—Nothing of the sort. All I have said about you is that you are habitually unvarnished.

Irate Individual (calming down)—Oh, I don't mind that, if that's all. I acknowledge I do get that way once in a while. But how can a fellow help it when everybody insists on treating him?—Chicago Tribune.

## A Scrap of History.

"General Washington, the soldiers of the Continental army are men of iron," exclaimed the Marquis de Lafayette in admiration.

"And as a consequence," remarked the great commander with a sly twinkle, "they are hard at work pressing the redcoats."—Woman's Home Companion.

## At the Barn Party.

"These country dances are enjoyable, after all, aren't they?"

"I tell you, the old fashioned dances are the reel thing."—Baltimore American.

## ELIJAH AND THE RAVENS.

A Story Which Did Not Fit This Particular Minister's Case.

North Carolina probably never produced an abler preacher than Dr. Francis L. Hawkes, who once was pastor of Grace Episcopal church, New York. Short, thick set, swarthy, black eyed and black haired, he was a striking personage. He was not only a great pulpit orator, but considered the best reader in the New York episcopacy. His rather luxurious family deterred him from accepting a bishopric, which would have otherwise been tendered. One day a delegation from a Buffalo church waited upon him and invited him to accept a pastorate in that city.

"Well, gentlemen, other things being satisfactory, the question of acceptance narrows down to a business matter," said Dr. Hawkes. "What salary do you offer?"

"Dr. Hawkes," said the spokesman, "we recognize that you have a high reputation and are willing to be liberal. Our recent pastor received \$2,500, but on account of your standing we have decided to offer you \$3,500."

"My good man," cried the doctor, "do you know what salary I am receiving here?"

"No, sir."

"I get \$15,000 and this parsonage, and, as I have an expensive family, I do not see my way clear to accept your offer."

The spokesman looked rather sheepish, but made another essay.

"If we had known that, sir, we would undoubtedly have looked elsewhere, but you should remember that the work of the Lord must be done, and, as for providing for your family, you know the story of Elijah and the ravens."

"Now, my friends," responded the clergyman quizzically, "I have made the Bible my study ever since I was twenty-eight. I have read it through carefully and prayerfully over 100 times. I remember the raven incident perfectly, but nowhere can I find any reference to the Lord's providing for young Hawkes."

## THE CHARTER OAK.

Bells Told and Funeral Dirges Played When It Fell.

The charter oak of Hartford was a white oak. The story goes that when James, duke of York, ascended the throne of England and sent Andros to take away all colonial charters Connecticut alone refused to surrender hers. Andros was furious over this defiance, and Oct. 31, 1687, he returned to the assembly hall of Hartford with a body of soldiers and demanded instant surrender of the charter, which lay in a box on the table. A hot discussion followed. Finally Andros stretched out his hand to seize the disputed paper. Then the candles were suddenly extinguished, and the people who had gathered on the street outside rushed in a disorderly crowd into the hall. There was a period of wild confusion in the dark, and when the candles were finally relighted no charter was to be found. It had been removed by Captain Wadsworth and concealed in the oak, which ever afterward bore its name.

The oak was even then old. "When the first settlers were clearing their land the Indians begged that it might be spared. 'It has been the guide of our ancestors for centuries,' they said, 'as to the time of planting our corn. When the leaves are the size of a mouse's ears, then is the time to put seed into the ground.' The Indians' request was granted, and the tree, afterward becoming the custodian of the lost charter, became famous for all time. It fell in a windstorm Aug. 21, 1856, and so deeply was it venerated that at sunset on the day of its fall the bells of the city were tolled and a band of music played funeral dirges over its ruins.

At the time of its fall its circumference one foot from the ground was twenty-five feet, and it was estimated to be over 600 years old.—Kansas City Star.

## Both Guilty.

The man who prided himself on his keen perceptions watched the witness on the stand with intensity and nodded his head vigorously at the closing words of the bewildered witness.

"That man's concerned in it," said the keen observer to his friend. "Didn't you notice how his eyes shifted around?"

"How about this next one?" Inquired the friend.

"He's guilty of something," asserted the keen observer. "No man stares at people in that bold, defiant way if he has a clear conscience."—Youth's Companion.

## A Model Servant.

Master—Here—er—has my whatser-name come?

Man—Yessir.

Master—Yes—well, then, hop over to th—er—that club with the silly name and tell Mr.—er—Thingummy I shan't be able to fix up that—er—um—d'you see? And then get hold of that book—er—with the yellow cover and look out a train to—er—to—er—oh you know!

Man—Yessir.—Punch.

## Two Wise Ones.

The young man carefully removed the cigars from his vest pocket and placed them on the piano. Then he opened his arms. But the young girl did not flutter to them. "You," she said coldly, "have loved before."—Chicago Record-Herald.

## He Evidently Had One.

"What is a pessimist, pa?" "A man who has a note to meet."—New York Press.

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