

HUMOR IN BATTLE.

A Laugh That Snapped the Tension and Saved the Day.

Many a time has that sense of humor which is the heritage of the sons of Uncle Sam been as a sheet anchor to them. Danger deadly enough to make the bravest pause has lost its terror when touched by this saving grace.

"I remember well how a timely little pleasantry in a moment of deadly peril turned utter defeat into victory for us at Port Republic, considered by Stonewall Jackson the most desperate of all his desperate battles," said an old veteran of the "Stonewall" brigade of the Confederate army.

"General Shields' line of battle, composed of the flower of the Union troops then in the Shenandoah valley, stood with its right flank resting on the Shenandoah river and its left clutching firmly to the steep shoulder of the Blue Ridge mountains; stood there like the mountain ridge itself, not to be moved, not to be flanked. High on the slope above and in front of the left wing a well posted battery of eight powerful field guns poured destruction into the Confederate lines.

"Stonewall Jackson must have those guns. Not only was this necessary to victory, but also to save himself from complete defeat, for to attempt to withdraw his men in the face of that deadly shell fire meant ruin. Already two Georgia regiments had buried themselves against the battery and then reeled, crushed, to the rear. General Taylor's Texans, veterans of San Jacinto in the Mexican war, had twice stormed up the steep slope to the muzzles of the guns, only to stagger back, leaving half of their officers on the field.

"To us, lying in reserve, in full view of that bloody mountain side, there galloped up an aid from General Jackson.

"Charge that battery and take it!" he shouted to our commanding officers, pointing to the bristling guns. "General Jackson says he must have those guns—he must have them!"

"A murmur ran down our line. None, neither friend nor foe, ever accused the Stonewall brigade of being afraid. But when we looked up at those grisly guns, yawning, black mouthed, beneath their smoke canopy; when our eyes swept up that fatal slope, now gray with southern dead, we came about as near knowing fear as ever a soldier wishes.

"And just then there came from a bank and ragged private in the front ranks the drawing words:

"Say, boys, let's we-all-I chip in an' buy them air guns for Ole Jack!"

"A roar of laughter rolled rioting down the line, snapping the tension. The commanding officers, seizing the opportune instant, started the charge. The gray lines, close on their heels, swept up the slope, laughing, shouting, falling, yelling, dying—to victory!

"A little timely humor had saved the day for the Confederate army!"—New York Times.

Asparagus Analyzed.

Asparagus belongs to the family of plants—lillaceae—that includes onions, leeks and garlic. Each of those vegetables contains a small quantity of sulphur in the form of an oil. The presence of the sulphur is more noticeable in onions than in asparagus, but if shoots of asparagus are left in water for a few days the odor of onion develops and becomes quite strong. The food value of asparagus is slight, and much of it is lost in the process of boiling. The London Lancet declares that after boiling for twenty minutes asparagus has virtually no food value.

Perpetual Motion.

Perpetual motion is a very old dream. For this purpose machines have been constructed from time immemorial, but nothing has every come of it. Men have gone mad on the subject, but without any practical results. It was demonstrated long ago by Sir Isaac Newton and De la Hire that perpetual motion is impossible of attainment. Even the solar system, the most wonderful machine of which we have any knowledge, will run down in the course of time, some say in about 11,000,000 years from now.—New York American.

Spell This.

Some of you who think you are well up in spelling just try to spell the words in this little sentence:

"It is agreeable to witness the unparalleled ecstasy of two harassed peddlers endeavoring to gauge the symmetry of two peeled pears."

Read it over to your friends and see how many of them can spell every word correctly. The sentence contains some of the real puzzlers of the spelling book.

Another Face Allures Him.

"I hope you watch your teacher, Johnnie, and remember what she shows you."

"Naw, I don't."

"What do you do?"

"I watch the clock."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Credit is Due.

A mad believes he is a hero if he amuses a baby for three minutes. But he never gives a mother credit for amusing it twenty-four hours a day.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Turned Down.

Kloesman—Sorry to refuse you, old man, but my money likes company. Borrows—What do you mean? Kloesman—It can't bear to be a loan.—Boston Transcript.

If you want to be missed by your friends be useful.—Robert B. Lee.

TOMB OF JONAH.

Moslems Look Upon It as Sacred and Guard It From Intrusion.

The site of Nineveh is almost perfectly level, but adjoining the western wall are two huge mounds that conceal the palaces of the greatest kings of Nineveh. On the lower or southern mound stand a mosque and a village of considerable size, says a correspondent of the Christian Herald.

The village is named Nebi Yunus, or the Prophet Jonah, for the mosque contains the tomb in which Jonah is said to have been buried. The age of the tomb is uncertain, but it was probably built long after the Hebrew prophet's time. However, the place is now sacred, so sacred that pilgrims from afar visit it.

"I rode up the steep, narrow streets of the village to the mosque," writes the Herald's correspondent, "dismounted and entered the yard. A crowd of excited Arabs quickly surrounded me. I explained to a priest that I had come to see the grave of Jonah, and with a motion of the hand I made him understand that I should reward him. Removing my shoes, I followed the priest through a dark passageway.

"Then he pointed to a wall and said the tomb was just beyond. I wished to enter the prayer room, from which the tomb itself might be seen, but the place was considered far too sacred for my profane feet. The few Christians who have been permitted to see the tomb may only look through a small window into a dark chamber, in which a cloth covered mound is barely discernible. It is said that no Moslem will enter the inner shrine."

DRINKING IN EUROPE.

Munich Heads the List in the Quantity of Beer Consumed.

Norwegians are one of the most temperate of northern nations, consuming but 40½ pints of beer and 4½ of brandy per head of population yearly.

The Dane drinks on the average 150 pints of beer, but little wine, and only 36 pints of brandy each year. The Swede manages to consume 84 pints of beer and 13 of spirits. The Russian drinks 7½ pints of vodka and the same amount of beer. The Frenchman, however, takes 100 pints of wine, 15 of beer, 48 of brandy. The Britisher soothes himself with 9 pints of whisky or gin, 3 of claret and 228 of beer.

The Dutchman will drink 54 pints of beer and 12 of brandy. Taking every German province to obtain an average, it is found that the German consumes 187½ pints of beer, 10½ of wine and 9½ of spirits. In Munich, however, the average amount per head rises to 850½ pints, being the highest of any province, while the lowest average obtains in the northern province of Alsatia. Here the inhabitants are satisfied with only 144 pints of beer per head.

The Italian is the least of all addicted to alcoholic beverages, taking only 3 pints of beer, 1½ of alcoholic beverages and 144 of wine per head.—Pearson's Weekly.

Star Colors.

Professor Edward C. Pickering of Harvard has been able to show that Ptolemy had an excellent eye for color values; that William Herschel had a strong sense of red, but was a little weak on the blues; that the noted astronomer Snell, of the tenth century, was another who had a good color vision; that of various other ancient astronomers some were weak on the reds and some on the blues. His assertions are based on the practical certainty that the color of the stars has not changed in these centuries. Most of the old astronomers have left records of the colors of the various stars, and these values he applied to standards established by taking the average color value of certain stars given by a number of Harvard observers.—Saturday Evening Post.

Able Assistant.

The small son of a clergyman who was noted for his tiresome sermons overheard two friends of his father saying how dry they were and how hard it was to keep awake during them. The following Sunday while the minister was preaching he was astounded to see his son throwing pebbles at the congregation from the gallery. The clergyman frowned angrily at him, when the boy piped out in a clear treble voice:

"It's all right, pop. You go on preaching. I'm keeping them awake."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Neglected Negative.

"A young man," said the ready made philosopher, "should learn to say 'no.'"

"Yes," replied Farmer Cornstossel. "I feel that my boy Josh ought to take at least that much trouble. When I ask him to help around the place he simply gives me a haughty stare."—Washington Star.

Accommodating.

"John, if I should die I want you to promise me you wouldn't marry again within a year at least."

"All right. Go ahead. I'll promise anything."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Our Language.

"So when you broke the news to her she went all to pieces?"

"Yes, but it didn't take her long to collect herself."—Boston Transcript.

Undesirable.

"Are they desirable tenants?"

"Dear me, no. They're nice people, but they've got four children."—Detroit Free Press.

The path of duty is the way of safety and the road to honor.

Origin of the Dead Letter Office.

"What was the reason for our office getting its name of the dead letter office, as it is often called?" said an official in the returned letter office. "Well, it was originally started in order to return to the senders all letters, etc., addressed to people who turned out to be dead. The need for such an arrangement became evident from the number of valuable inclosures contained in such missives, and that the old tradition still lingers in the department is evident from the fact that the bags containing returned letters are black in color.

"Yes, there are people who imagine us to be mysteriously connected with death itself, and some time back we received a peculiar letter from one of them. Within a week of having a letter returned to her a certain person living in the same house had died, and consequently the writer, evidently associating her friend's death directly with us, begged us in future never to send back letters again, but to burn them instead."—London Answers.

The Bridal Veil.

The bridal veil is evidently of eastern origin, being a relic of the bridal canopy held over the heads of the bride and bridegroom. Among the Anglo-Saxons a similar custom existed, but if the bride was a widow it was dispensed with. According to Sarum usage, a fine linen cloth was laid upon the heads of the bride and bridegroom and was not removed until the benediction had been said. The old British custom was to use nature's veil unadorned—that is, the long hair of the bride, which was so worn by all brides, royal, noble and simple. Only then did every one behold the tresses of maidenhood in their entirety and for the last time, as after marriage they were neatly dressed on the head. Among some the tresses were cut and carefully stowed away on a woman becoming a wife. It was customary in Russia for village brides to shear their locks on returning from church.—Family Doctor.

Trees and the Soil.

The soil is a resource of priceless value. Its formation on rocks is exceedingly slow. According to Professor J. Bowman, many glacial scratches that were made on rock during the last glacial period, between 60,000 and 75,000 years ago, are still as fresh as if they had been made only yesterday. Yet since the glaciers thus recorded themselves man has come up from the cave and the stone hammer. Seventy thousand years is a very short time for the development of a soil cover. For man it means a period so great that the mind can hardly grasp it. The cutting off of the trees exposes the soil so that the rain beats upon it, and since it has lost the protection that the roots and the litter on the ground afforded the soil is soon washed away. In fifty years a single lumber merchant can deprive the race of soil that required 10,000 years to form.—Youth's Companion.

Premiums Upon Babies.

Augustus, emperor of Rome, made babies a passport to office. By the Lex Papia Poppaea, passed in A. D. 9, definite preference as regards office was given to the fathers of satisfactorily large families. Such fathers were eligible for office before twenty-five. They took precedence of colleagues with no children or fewer than three and were preferred all round. The privilege was called the "jus trium liberorum" (three children privilege), but the qualifying number, three in Rome, was four in Italy, five in the provinces. The system, however, never worked well.

A Snow Hurricane.

The buran, or snow hurricane of the Pamirs, is a meteorological phenomenon of great interest. Even in mid-summer the temperature during a snow buran frequently falls to 14 degrees F., while in one winter it dropped to 45 degrees below zero at the end of January. The buran comes with startling suddenness, the atmosphere growing dark with whirling snowflakes where scarcely a minute before the sky was perfectly clear.

Very Sad.

First Salesman—A woman was arrested downstairs this morning. Second Salesman—What for? First Salesman—She was caught in the act of concealing a hand mirror. Second Salesman—Poor woman! That's what comes of taking a glass too much.—Chicago News.

The Indicting Instinct.

"Do you think women ought to hold public office?"

"Well, in some cases. But, judging from the way they talked about everybody in the community, I'd hate to have those who met at my house yesterday on a grand jury."—Washington Star.

Phenomenal.

"Papa," asked Willie, "what is phenomenal?"

"It is phenomenal, my son," explained Mr. Wiseapat. "When a lawyer is content with a nominal fee."—Truth.

Ribbons.

The original spelling of ribbon was "ribband," for it was a band that went around the waist, inclosing or binding the ribs. The hair ribbon is thus a very odd verbal paradox.

Size of Queensland.

To give some idea of the size of Australia, Queensland alone is half as big again as Germany, Austria and Hungary put together. Its area is 608,497 square miles.

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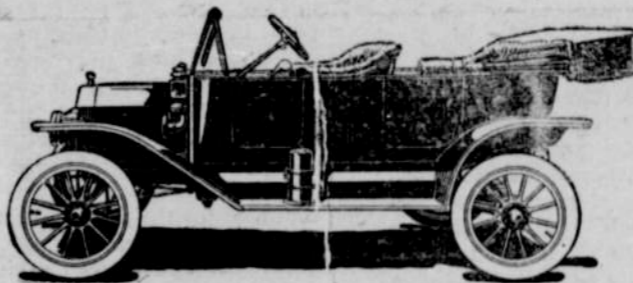
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Your old range or stove was put together with putty and stove bolts and probably you can stick a pen-knife in the seams and joints anywhere on it where the stove putty has crumbled away. When a range gets in that condition it takes fuel enough to warm all outdoors in order to get you an oven hot enough for baking—and then you run the risk of burning whatever is in the oven. You can soon burn up the price of the best range ever made in a useless waste of fuel in an old, worn-out stove or range—and that's neither practical economy nor good management.

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they have cured me and made my life worth living"



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