

# EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

## Fear of the Surgeon's Knife.

THE millionaire who killed himself rather than suffer a surgical operation for appendicitis is a type of many individuals who prefer death to the thought of going under the scalpel. It is by a strange mental process that they come to such a choice. Often, as in this latest case, the pain to be endured is vastly exaggerated by imagination, while "the sense of death is most in apprehension," for the removal of the vermiform appendix, save in cases of acute development, is rarely deadly nowadays.

Perhaps this wretched man had such a case of "nerves" when he was ordered to the surgeon that his system was strung to the snapping point and only needed the suggestion of the knife to induce recourse to the revolver. Again, his may have been somewhat like the experience of the brave and gallant duelist of whom De Maupassant has given us such an intense study—the man of certain marksmanship who pondered all night over the act of killing his man on the morrow until from certainty his mind drifted to doubt, from doubt to fear, from fear to panic and insanity, until the pistol that was to kill his adversary he turned on his own brain.

It was long contemplation of the operation, no doubt, that made death welcome to the man with the appendix. It was Shakespeare's Brutus who truly said, "Cowards die many times before their deaths." This individual was afraid of pain, but of death he was unafraid. It is a curious process of the mind that makes mere physical fear dominate the moral courage it takes to blow out one's brains. It is a part of the dark, impenetrable Mystery of Life.—New York Press.

## Importance of Tibet.

WHILE the proposed expedition into Tibet has appealed to the general imagination chiefly in point of its promise of revealing to general knowledge an unknown land and a hidden city, it has, in fact, great actual importance as England's first effort to check Russian influence in possibly the most vital point which it is to-day essaying to conquer.

Tibet is not in itself a delectable land—but it lies adjacent to India. Lhasa, for all its secret, is known to be comparatively an insignificant town—but it is the seat of the Dalai-Lama, Pope of the Buddhist world, the incarnation of the All-Merciful God for five hundred millions of human beings. These form a large part of the population of India, and they dominate China. It is by virtue of the influence that has gone forth from the sacred hill on which Dalai-Lama dwells that the present Manchu dynasty has been maintained in power in the Middle Kingdom and throughout the vast tributary realm which up to now have constituted the Chinese empire. What the Buddhist pontiff has done for Manchus he can do again for Muscovites. It was from Mukden that the Manchus ruled extended their sway over the kingdoms to the south of Manchuria; Russia is in that ancient capital now, and if

the Russians would wrest it from their predecessors they would find it the greatest possible aid to have a friend in the Grand Lama, before whom Asia bows as Europe never bowed before a Pope of Rome.—Philadelphia Ledger.

## Japan's Industries.

WHEN we take into consideration the fact that a single generation ago trade in any shape or form was regarded by the Japanese as one of the most degrading pursuits, and that all those who followed commercial vocations were classed in the lowest section of the social scale, we cannot fail to appreciate the splendid national qualities which in thirty years have transformed a primitive agricultural country into an industrial nation. The silk trade continues to rank as the leading staple industry, and year after year the area of land planted with mulberry trees increases. In 1902 the value of Japan's exports of raw silk reached almost eight millions sterling. Of late the manufacture of cotton yarns has undergone material expansion, and well-equipped mills have sprung up in various parts of the country. The manufacture of matches is also a thriving industry, and it is worth noting that the Japanese matches find their way as far as British India. Coal and copper mining are as yet not fully developed, but it is the opinion of local British experts that, with better methods of working the mines, the export trade in coal could be brought up to between forty and fifty million tons per annum.—London Graphic.

## Longer Life for Mankind.

MODERN sanitation and the improvement in the practice of medicine are showing notable results in the prevention and cure of diseases and in prolonging human life. The Chicago Health Department, for instance, finds that since 1872 the average length of life has doubled in Chicago. In 1803 the average age at death was 42 per cent greater than in 1882, and the percentage increase in the bulletin, is due to the increase in vitality, sanitation and the antitoxins, the discovery of antiseptics and methods of anaesthesia, and, most important of all, "the recognition of the importance of cleanliness, personal and circumferential."

Statistics recently made public in Massachusetts show that the number of deaths from consumption in that State has been reduced about one-half in a little over ten years. The death rate from this disease has been greatly decreased in New York in the past decade by the use of sanitary methods and the fresh-air cure. The gratifying results from intelligent treatment and the enlightenment of the people regarding the prevention and treatment of tuberculosis lead to the hope that the doctors will in course of time conquer even this great scourge of the human race.—Baltimore Sun.

## CONTENTMENT IS WEALTH.

How little we know by the surface  
What the deep undercurrent may bear;  
There's many a light-hearted pauper  
And many a sad millionaire.

It isn't what shows on the surface  
That counts in the ev'ry-day strife.  
That man is well off who's contented  
With his draw in the lottery of life.

—Four-Track News.

## A VINEYARD VENDETTA

INDIAN summer was on, calm, purple-tinted and radiant with the colors of early autumn. The grounds about Clover Creek Academy lay with the surrounding hills in their lavish display of red and gold, and the long sweep of tree-plumaged ground that sloped off to the stream back of the barracks building seemed to be one mass of scarlet, intermingled with the darker hues of the never-dying spruce.

The cadets had been in harness long enough to know what military restraint was, for already they chafed under the restrictions of semi-official duty and began to look with awe upon the relentless rigor of Major Kendrick, the commandant.

There had been one or two small football games, a series of elaborate dress parades and one expulsion. This summed up the excitement of the early session, and as they pored over their books in the stuffy classrooms nothing seemed more tantalizing than these purple stretches of country on which the most fantastic and fleckle sunshine fell.

"I have an idea, Barry," declared Wallace Wedrell, as the two cadets loitered upon the green after school hours. "It would mean some risk, but there would be all kinds of fun in it. Barry, who, like many of the others, highly respected Wedrell, not alone for his manliness, but for a certain spirit of healthy adventure which dominated his character, wanted to know all about it without further delay.

"I know of a little farm about a mile from here where grapes grow as if they had been taught the business," Wedrell continued. "It isn't a case of theft at all. You see, the farm has been abandoned for several years, and while the vineyard has not been cared for the grapes are as fine as any California product."

"How do you know about it?" inquired Barry curiously.

"I went over there last year at about this time. Was driving to Auburn to meet my father and passed the place. I asked about it yesterday down at Flemming's store, and Flemming said the place is still untenanted."

"Well, out with your scheme."

"I suggest that we use the ropes to-night and go across to the place for a basketful of grapes; it would be a jolly lark and this weather simply gets into my bones; I want to be under that faultless sky for a while."

"Poetical, eh?" warbled Barry; then with a slap on his friend's shoulder, "I'm with you; give me some details."

"You know about all there is to it; we must start from the barracks at 11 or 11.30 and be quiet from the word go; if old Ken learns about the affair it will result disastrously."

"No fireworks," hinted Barry, with a smile.

Indications, however, promised anything but a quiet night, for Wedrell and Barry had scarcely entered the barracks building when a small boy slipped noiselessly down the big tree trunk which the two lads had been using. Few there were who knew that "Noddy" Slope and a peculiar habit of studying high in the branches of this particular oak. It was cool up there amid the branches and "Noddy" never found a disturbing influence.

"Where?" he whistled, closing his Latin book with a pop; "I must tell Fletcher about this; more than two can eat grapes, and Fletch can get even with that Wedrell chap for his particular brand of audacity."

An undercurrent of petty animosity existed between Fletcher and Wedrell, which, if not encouraged by Wallace himself, was nursed into a vivid spark of hatred by Fletcher, with whom no one could get along.

Taps had been sounded a full hour when two dark figures, outlined for a moment against the white walls of the barracks, fell upon the grass beneath a certain third-story window. They shot off down the slope under a maze of somber green trees and almost simultaneously from another barracks window five other figures dropped into the night with equal precaution.

The first two lost no time in clearing the wall that surrounded the academy grounds and headed straight for the undulating stretch of half-open country that lay bathed in the soft moonlight.

"Made it without a tangle," whispered Barry, cocking on one elbow the basket that he carried with jubilant satisfaction; "now for the grapes."

Wedrell sniffed the night air with suppressed content.

"Isn't that breath of the fields enough to pay us for our little venture?" he inquired spiritively. His companion nodded enthusiastic assent.

The walk consisted a scant half-hour; then they came upon a rambling old house, picturesque in its desolation. On every hand were signs of neglect in their branches on the ground, weeds reared green barriers between them, and where once a brick path had led down to the road rank vegetation hid it from view.

Wedrell led the way to the vineyard. There were six long arbors loaded with trailing vines and luscious blue-black grapes. Beneath these arbors, where a wilderness of foliage hemmed them in, it was blacker than the night itself.

Barry was giving vent to his satisfaction with a handful of choice Carbowas when it seemed that the arbors became suddenly alive. No sound, no cry; but figures, lurking farther back in the gloom, now closed in on the two

cadets. A furious struggle followed. Wedrell and Barry struck out left and right in the darkness, but five against two proved irresistible odds.

During that wild scrimmage Wedrell had been trying to figure out the affair; this attack had been so sudden and so unexpected that for the moment he was nonplussed. The methods employed by these assailants were not these generally popular with tramps, and yet Wedrell could think of no one else who might attempt this miserable piece of cowardice.

One thing struck him as particularly suspicious—no word had been spoken, far. The party preserved a perfect silence, even when both he and his companion were led, bound and wriggling, down past the end of the vineyard to the deserted house.

Barry was indulging in a choice selection of epithets and Wedrell could hear him roundly scolding his captors, but an outcry in this spot could not avail to any visible extent.

Evidently the gang had some well-defined object in view, for it headed in the direction of the broken doorway. During all this time Wedrell had attempted to see enough of those about him to distinguish their clothing or features, but the darkness thwarted him. Even when they were led down to the last room—the kitchen—at the back of the old house, and a candle lighted, the captors were clever enough to the heavy cloths over the eyes of the two boys, thus cutting off any loophole of escape or discovery.

Wedrell saw the dull glow of the candle somewhere in the room; he heard shuffling feet within reach of his twitching legs as some one tried maliciously to pinch him.

"Ouch!" bawled an agonized voice.

Wedrell had kicked out with one well-shod foot and caught the sneak squarely in the stomach, doubling him up like a jack-knife. At the same moment Wedrell exerted every whit of strength in his back and shoulders; the poorly tied cords snapped and in another minute he was free, the bandage whipped from his burning eyes.

"Fletcher! Nokes! Dauton! Yloss! Noddy!" he shouted, the last-named, his spectacles a yard up his nose, lay wriggling and moaning on the floor from the kick so lately administered. Barry, still bound and blindfolded, stood against the wall directly opposite.

It did not take Wedrell the flash of an eye to determine his course. While the other boys were smarting under their surprise, Wedrell's knife, sawing upon the cord that held Barry a prisoner, freed him before they recovered.

"Now, then, a little of their own medicine, Barry!" he roared, darting out into the middle of the floor. His sweeping glance of the kitchen took in every detail, the tall dip burning on a window ledge, the one broken chair, the long door that led down to a cellar, wide open at the other end of the apartment.

Barry was not a sleephead; cadets who knew anything about him at all knew that he could throw the hammer except, perhaps, Wedrell himself, and it was no child's play to face those battering-ram arms.

Poor Noddy had not managed to clear the floor; there were four against two.

"Fletcher," muttered Wedrell in that intensely exciting moment before the two clashed; "I'm about to give you a good thrashing if it's in me; I think you deserve it."

That worthy may or may not have deserved it, but the thrashing did come and the big bully went in a heap to the floor, with one bruised eye that would certainly be decorated with black on the following day. Wedrell's first hand blow from the shoulder had caught him in the right place.

Barry, who what Wedrell could have wished attacked one of the other boys, but another came at him pell-mell. In the mad melee, which took all three to the end of the room before they knew it, Barry pushed both forward and downward. His adversaries lost their balance and were tumbled feet first down the open cellar doorway.

"Good!" shouted Wedrell. "Now for this one, Barry!"

During his breathing spell Barry witnessed a laughable sight.

Wedrell's iron hand, gripped in the collar of the sole remaining fighting representative of that midnight vendetta, fairly lifted him from his feet and sent him spinning like a rag doll down after his unfortunate brothers in the cellar. Fletcher had staggered to his feet, but Wedrell made short work of him, and he, too, was most impetuously precipitated down the slippery stairs.

"No time to waste with you, Noddy," the boy chuckled, gasping for breath; "we must get back to the academy to-night!" With that he slid luckless, growling Noddy down with his comrades.

"The door, quick!" he called to Barry.

There was an iron chain and catch upon it and the door was unusually strong, being a portion of the oak floor. Snap! went the catch in its place just as a thunderous pounding of irate fists threatened to push it upward.

"Too late!" called Wedrell. "A pleasant night, fellows: Now, Barry," he went on hurriedly, "we must get back to the barracks as quickly as we can or reveille will catch us out. A narrow escape that; someone must have spied

on us, and Fletcher (the scamp) thought he would do a bright thing; the idea was to lock us in the old house and to leave us there. Old Ken would have raised particular Cain in the morning and Fletcher's joy would have been complete. As it is now, the tables have been turned. I'll leave word with Flemming at the store to have them released some time during the day, and they can't bring us into it without getting themselves still deeper in the mire. Oh, just imagine a night in that lonely cellar!"

"It makes me shiver to think of it," replied Barry, with a grimace.

No protests, no threats, no pleadings would avail; Wedrell solemnly took the candle and, with Barry close at his heels, marched out, to leave the kitchen a blank, black hole at the end of the hall.

It was beginning to redden in the east as they walked through the tall weeds toward the road. Suddenly Barry stopped short.

"Look here, Wedrell," he ejaculated, "we've forgotten one thing!" Wedrell shook his head in perplexity.

"What is it?" he asked.

"The grapes!" was Barry's explosive response. "Wait a minute. I'm going to get a bunch for both of us."—Boston Herald.

## THE HEROINE OF LUCKNOW.

### Death of Lady Inglis, Who Kept a Diary During the Siege.

An interesting figure in English history has passed away in the person of Lady Inglis, who died at her residence, 17 Rectory road, Beckenham, after a short illness.

Lady Julia Selina Inglis was the second daughter of the first Lord Chelmsford and was born in 1833.

She was the widow of the famous defender of the British residency at Lucknow, Sir John Eardley Wilmot Inglis, K. C. B., who died in 1882, and in memory of whose services in the Indian mutiny she had been in receipt of a pension.

Lady Inglis herself went through the siege of Lucknow, and in addition to the terrors of the siege and the subsequent journey to the coast she was shipwrecked on the voyage home to England.

She afterward published the diary she kept during her eventful life in the besieged city, where her husband, then Brigadier Inglis, commanded the garrison throughout the eighty-seven days the place was invested.

She describes the entrance into the residency, on a day when glad shouts rang through the tortured city, of "a short, quiet-looking, gray-haired man, whom I knew at once was General Havelock. He shook hands with me and said he feared that we had suffered a great deal.

"I could hardly answer him. It was a moment of unmixed happiness, but not lasting. I felt how different my lot was to others. . . . I tried to write home, but could not.

"The relieving force had suffered most severely. . . . The wounded had been abandoned. . . . The enemy had looped the houses and shot the poor fellows down by scores as they passed through the narrow streets."

Once while on the dangerous march from Lucknow to the coast the sudden command, "Halt!" hang out into the night.

Lady Inglis had a baby with her at this time, and thus she writes: "Silence was ordered and all lights to be put out. . . . I shall never forget my anxiety lest baby should commence crying again and perhaps betray our whereabouts. Fortunately baby did not cry.

On the way to England her ship was wrecked near the coast of Ceylon, and hope had been almost abandoned when the passengers, who had been drifting about in small boats, were picked up by a native vessel and taken into Trincomalee.—London Express.

## BIG DRUM IN THE ORCHESTRA.

### It Is One of the Most Important Features of Shows.

"Few persons realize it, but the man who beats the big drum in the orchestra is one of the most important members of the musical aggregation," said an attaché of one of the local theaters to a writer in the New Orleans Times-Democrat, "and as a matter of fact we could not get along without him at this day and time. While the drum is one of the most ancient of musical instruments, being positively primitive, it is yet, even in this advanced age, one of the most useful. Men were beating on the tightly stretched hides of wild animals and getting a sort of music out of it long before they had learned how to blow the simpler melodies out of hollow reeds. The drum idea came into existence before men ever dreamed of tooting horns. Thumping on a conch shell, or a skin of some other kind, was the only music of a great many primitive peoples, and even now this kind of music is played while some of the island tribes go through their ceremonial dances.

"But I was thinking of the great use to which the drum is put nowadays in theatricals. We could not get along without it and as a result the drummer is paid a salary next in amount to that of the leader. He is well paid and earns his money. You have no doubt observed that in performances of a certain kind the drummer is very much in evidence. Take the special stunt of the sort we find in vaudeville, conical stage falls, acrobatics, dances, any kind of turn where there is a violent and sudden change, and you will find that the drummer will play an important part. He is the man who marks the time of the change. He always hits the drum at the right time. He is in perfect accord with the performer. It takes a man of some talent to do this. You have no idea the trouble we have in finding men who can do this work as we would have it of educating them. The lame boy, who was 'no good to anyone but her,' she would not part with.

"To avoid burdening others with his support or allowing the poor cripple to feel himself dependent on strangers, she allowed us to provide for the others; yet she did her best to hide from our knowledge the sorrow of parting with them. I call that the purest kind of heroism.

## Cheerful Heroism.

"There are quiet victories and struggles," says Dickens, "great sacrifices of self, and noble acts of heroism done every day in nooks and corners, and in little households, and in men's and women's hearts." The head of a children's home and aid society tells, through the Chicago Tribune, a touching story of simple heroism.

The story deals with the high and unselfish courage of a poor German mother. She came into my office with such an air that if we had not received advance notice concerning her case we must have been seriously misled by her cheerful manner.

"I gif you my children," she informed me, lightly, as one who had few cares and no positive troubles. "I haf six dot I cannot keep, but one I will not gif you. He is sixteen, and crippled. He is no good to anyone but me. Him I keep."

Here is the story back of the light-hearted manner: The woman was left a widow and penniless, with the seven children she loved so dearly. Try as she might, she found herself utterly unable to support them, let alone any thought of educating them. The lame boy, who was "no good to anyone but her," she would not part with.

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## Origin of the Clearing House.

Not all bankers are aware of the manner in which the clearing-house system originated. The messengers of the London banking-houses used to meet at a certain alehouse and there make exchanges of paper. Their employers observed this and held a meeting resulted in the founding of the London clearing-house in 1775.

Either one of two things is necessary to make the guests feel that the pleasure has begun: Refreshments or gossip. Therefore, get out the refreshments early, and head the other off.

Old story going the rounds again: Colored man sawing wood in August. Very hot perspiration pouring off him. He looked up at the sun, and inquired: "What was you last February?"

## OLD FAVORITES

**Paddle Your Own Canoe.**  
Voyager upon life's sea,  
To yourself be true,  
And wh'er your lot may be,  
Paddle your own canoe.  
Never, though the winds may rave,  
Falter nor look back;  
But upon the darkest wave  
Leave a shining track.

Nobly dare the wildest storm.  
Stem the hardest gale,  
Brave of heart and strong of arm,  
You will never fail.  
When the world is cold and dark,  
Keep an aim in view;  
And toward the beacon-mark  
Paddle your own canoe.

Every wave that bears you on  
To the silent shore,  
From the sunny source has gone  
To return no more.  
Then let not an hour's delay  
Cheat you of your due;  
But, while it is called to-day,  
Paddle your own canoe.

If your birth denies you wealth,  
Lofly state and power,  
Honest fame and holy health  
Are a better lotowar.  
But if these will not suffice,  
Golden gain pursue;  
And to gain the glittering prize,  
Paddle your own canoe.

Would you wrest the wreath of fame  
From the hand of fate?  
Would you write a deathless name  
With the good and great?  
Would you bless your fellow-men?  
Heart and soul imbue  
With the holy task, and then  
Paddle your own canoe.

Would you crush the tyrant wrong  
In the world's free fight?  
With a spirit brave and strong  
Battle for the right.  
And to break the chains that bind  
The many to the few—  
To enfranchise slavish mind—  
Paddle your own canoe.

Nothing great is lightly won.  
Nothing won is lost;  
Every good deed, nobly done,  
Will repay the cost.  
Leave to heaven, in humble trust,  
All you will do to;  
But if you succeed, you must  
Paddle your own canoe.  
—Sarah K. Bolton.

**Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind.**  
Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
Thou art not so unkind.  
As man's ingratitude;  
Thy tooth is not so keen,  
Because thou art not seen,  
Although thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
Thou art not so unkind  
As benefits forgot;  
Though thou the waters warp,  
Thy sting is not so sharp  
As friend remember'd not.  
—William Shakespeare.

## TRouble in Texas.

## CROSSING LAKE BAIKAL, ON THE TRANSIBERIAN RAILWAY



The Transiberian railway is not the complete piece of equipment which it is popularly supposed to be. It is not even actually continuous, for at Lake Baikal passengers and goods must be transhipped across the lake. In winter this, of course, has to be done on the ice. The illustration shows two officials being hurried across Lake Baikal on the way to the East. As soon as it became evident that war was inevitable the Russians put an enormous force of men at work laying tracks across the lake. The thousands of men have labored night and day, and it is now officially announced that this link will be ready for service in a very short time. If this should prove to be true, it will greatly facilitate the transportation of men, horses and supplies from Russia to the scene of conflict.

## VERY FEW WOMEN STAMMER.

Why They Are So Seldom Afflicted with This Disease.  
How many women have you ever known who stammered? A few of us,

## THE FOOL AND HIS MONEY.

Towne—Our friend Lenders must be the proverbial fool.  
Browne—Oh, come now; that's rather hard.  
Towne—Well, I heard Boroughs remark that he was a "perfect gentleman."—Philadelphia Press.

## TRouble in Texas.

A "lady postmaster" with a brace of large revolvers has caused consternation in a Texas town, says the New York Sun, by requiring all gentlemen, who call for mail to doff their hats or dodge her bullets. So insistent is she on politeness that the sheriff has felt called upon to protest to the department at Washington.

"This lady postmaster," he wrote, "has found out somehow—we ain't decided how—that the Mayor and me and some other leading citizens was some vexed and annoyed with her, and since then the postoffice ain't done any business to speak of. If it was a man dealing out stamps we wouldn't have to bother you; but we ain't making war on women, even on the one which can handle her armament so casual and flippant.

"This town respectfully protests against the way this lady postmaster is urging her views on politeness; this town respectfully protests that it ain't got time to leave its hat outside the door when getting its mail; this town respectfully protests that its duty elects Mayor is some important in the eyes of the citizens, and there ain't any call for him to get humble when he's getting his mail.

"The Mayor ain't felt right since he skipped out of the postoffice last week some undignified and frisky, owing to the fact that he forgot to take off his hat and bow, and he is going to wear if they ain't something done. We are getting supple and fretful in our tempers, and are liable to do something we might regret. Tell the inspector he had better come to me first. She's heard he's coming, and they ain't no use of his being rash and cavalier."

## TRouble in Texas.

When a woman has children of the crotchety age, she looks like goose grease from November till May.



FIRST TORPEDO BOAT.

James Eastman's yard, and called it the Little David. That was in 1862. When it was finished we saw the big Yankee war vessel Ironsides just outside of Charleston harbor, and sent the Little David after her. The boat was in charge of Mr. Mills, who kept the Mills House, and the crew were Lieutenant Lascelle, Charles Hance, who acted as pilot, and a big Irishman; I forgot his name. The Little David went straight for the Ironsides, the torpedo was lowered and exploded against the hull. The water washed over the Little David, and some of it went down the smokestack and put out the fire. Lascelle and the Irishman jumped overboard, but Hance and Mills managed to get the Little David back into the harbor, and she often did good work after that. The Ironsides did not sink, but was so badly damaged that she had to be towed away by two other vessels.

Mr. Cousins, who was born in Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, has had a long and varied career by sea and by land. After a trip through the Baltic he sailed for many years in the Mediterranean, and in addition to the seaports has visited Jerusalem and other cities of the East, and also Rome. He was unfortunate enough to be shipwrecked five times. He worked in a shipyard at Quebec about fifty years ago, but, becoming tired of the job, traveled through the States and on to Cuba. But yellow fever at Matanzas stopped his journeying for a while. After some years in Europe he came out to Charleston, S. C., at the opening of the war, and joined the Charleston Light Infantry under Captain T. G. Simmons. He spent four months in garrison at Fort Sumter after the surrender of Major Anderson and afterwards took part in fourteen engagements.

## TRouble in Texas.

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