

WAR REMINISCENCES.

RAPID RIDING.

Comrade Jones Relates a Startling Experience at Gettysburg.

"You seem to have been very fond of fast traveling all your life," encouragingly remarked Robinson, as Jones finished a somewhat stiff narrative of having had his coat tails caught on the rear platform of the Chicago limited as it passed through Dunkirk, and of flying behind from there to Toledo.

"Of what other rapid traveling did I ever tell?" inquired Jones.

"Well, there was the time you rode your hen-farm down Pike's peak, the turn you took on the Montana jaguar, and the trip you enjoyed in your cyclone cottage, not to mention the time you stopped the balloon by taking hold of the drag rope, and went across the country, putting down one foot here and the other from a quarter to a half mile further on."

Jones smiled complacently, and flicked the ashes off his cigar. The rehearsal of his enormities appeared rather to please him than otherwise. Then his eye fell on Jackson Peters who seemed to be meditating treasonable sarcasm. He arched his eyebrows and said to him:

"Still, I dare say that on none of those occasions did I go so fast as did my young friend Jackson on that night when he ran twenty blocks while returning from a late club dinner, having mistaken a fire-fly for the headlight of a locomotive which had jumped the track and was chasing him with murder in its iron heart."

Peters smiled wearily, but made no reply, though it was the first he had ever heard of the incident. But after a moment he said: "I was just reading of a young man who recently got married and bought five dollars' worth of merry-go-round tickets and rode them out with his bride for a wedding tour."

"Not a bad idea," observed Jones. "He didn't have the humiliating experience of attempting to deceive a hotel clerk by trying to register 'and wife' for the first time like a man who had been married ten years, and having the eagle-eyed fellow call a boy and direct him in a distinct voice to 'brush the rice off the gentleman's hat brim and show him up to the bridal chamber.'"

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"Why do you never use your title?" inquired Smith.

"For the first few years after I came out of the army I was always called 'Captain.' I was living in Illinois at that time. I moved to Iowa, and the people there called me 'Major.' I then went on to Nebraska, and they called me 'Colonel.' I made another move, to Colorado, and found myself referred to as 'General.' I saw that promotion depended simply on moving west, and decided that it was beneath a man of parts, and have always since asked my friends to refrain from calling me by anything but my name. As I started to say, it was at the battle of Gettysburg. The Tenth Minnesota played an important part. We were exposed to a severe fire, and after several hot charges I found that every officer above me had been killed. I instantly put myself at the head of the troop, and determined to break the enemy's center, two miles away across the valley. We were in front of a battery of heavy New York artillery, which was stationed on a ridge above us and was firing over our heads. Calling my men about me, I told them that I proposed to smash the enemy's center or die in the attempt. They were wild to have

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scoutly. Suddenly I noticed a lighted fuse projecting from near the front end of the shell. I dared not let go with either hand, but I was not ready to become a nebulous bit of star dust. There was but one thing to do. I leaned over, pulled out the fuse with my teeth, and began smoking it like a cigarette. A dozen yards before the shell struck the ground I dismounted. It tore on through the ranks of the enemy, and I shouted, ran forward, and began laying about with my sword. I held my own for five minutes, when my men came up, and we cut the line to pieces and won the battle."

Robinson seemed to be the only hearer left with the power of speech. "You must have been highly commended for your action," he said.

"The newspapers spoke favorably of it, yes; but I came near getting court-martialed for pulling the fuse out of the shell, thus impairing its efficiency. It was expensive to me financially, too, as I acquired the habit of smoking fuses in place of cigars, and it cost me ten dollars a week for the stuff till I was mustered out."—Harper's Weekly.

A QUEER MILITARY ORDER.

The Boys Turned Out in "Candress" for Battle.

The chaplain of the Forty-ninth Tennessee regiment, Rev. J. H. McNeilly, remembers the first battle order that he ever heard. And well he may, it was so peculiar. It was in the fall of 1861 at Fort Donelson, where there were only some half a dozen companies fortifying and drilling. The new chaplain was messing with the senior captain. In those days, he says, the men had not yet given up all home habits.

"Still, I dare say that on none of those occasions did I go so fast as did my young friend Jackson on that night when he ran twenty blocks while returning from a late club dinner, having mistaken a fire-fly for the headlight of a locomotive which had jumped the track and was chasing him with murder in its iron heart."

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AN OHIO MIRACLE.

The Remarkable Story of an Old Lady Who Has Been Afflicted with Paralysis for Many Years.

Completely Helpless—Beyond the Hope of Medical Aid—Relieved at Last in a Marvelous Manner.

[From the Toledo Blade.] In a neat little home in Farmer, Ohio, live the Rev. Elias S. Hyde and his wife. The two are now close to the seventy-seventh mile stone and have been married fifty-two years.

For over twenty-five years Mrs. Hyde has been practically a home-tied invalid. During the earlier years of her illness a succession of fevers and other ailments, peculiar to women, kept up to a stroke of paralysis which occurred about ten years ago. At this time the dread disease laid hold of her left side and what is called wasting or creeping paralysis. The seven years which followed its first appearance were marked by a steady aggregation of the powers of the disease and were full of misery. Three years ago it culminated in attacking her right side in the same way, and there was little hope at the time of her surviving the second shock. Different physicians were employed but were unable to alleviate her sufferings. In addition to her former sickness paralysis is inherited—both her mother and her grandmother having been carried away by it.

Rev. Mr. Hyde, in response to the inquiry of a reporter, said: "It is ten years since Mrs. Hyde was first attacked with paralysis, and about three years ago she had a second shock. From that time on, for two years, she was practically helpless. The disease left her in such a condition that it was necessary to exclude the visits of our neighbors. The least excitement was too great for her. Physicians whom we consulted gave no hope, and medicine which we used appeared to do no good. About one year ago, in a paper of one of our cities, I noticed an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and sent for some of them. Two or three weeks after she first began taking the pills I noticed a decided improvement. From being absolutely helpless she gained sufficient strength to get up and about the house, and to perform some of the lighter duties of the household. Steadily she has gained a little in strength. She is now able to see her friends and neighbors as of old, and, on pleasant days, able to be out. At the time Mrs. Hyde commenced taking the medicine, her mind was failing, but the pills have checked that tendency and her mind now appears as bright and active as it ever was."

"The wasting process in paralysis is accompanied by most severe pains and cramps which occur at intervals and cause terrible suffering. Since Mrs. Hyde began taking Dr. Williams' medicine, about one year ago, these symptoms, with their moments of excruciating pain, have disappeared. Mrs. Hyde's left side was paralyzed first, but she is now able to walk about, and use her left arm more than her right."

At this point in the conversation Mrs. Hyde entered the room. In spite of her years of illness she is a very fine looking, bright old lady. "Yes," she said, "I want to corroborate what my husband has said in relation to my cure, and to say further, that before taking the medicine I was quite deaf but am able now to hear much better. It has also strengthened my eyesight; has restored my appetite which I had almost entirely lost; and has not least, but not least, which I could not do before taking these pills. I am surprised that anything could accomplish so much."

"Yes," said her companion, "that's it. If the few years that remain to her or to us can be made reasonably free from pain, and she permitted to retain her mind, it is a great deal. While I should not like to be quite so old as she is, I would like to be as well as she is. Dr. Williams' medicine the credit due; and what we have said seems to me quite a sufficient recommendation for others and we do our duty only in saying this."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of a grippé, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female, and all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50—they are never sold in bulk or by the 100; by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., or Brockville, Ontario.

WHERE BRIDES PERCH IN TREES. Mongols Who Make the Groom Overcome Obstacles to Matrimony.

Among the Lolos of western China it is customary for the bride on the wedding morning to perch herself on the highest branch of a large tree, while the elder female members of her family cluster on the lower limbs, armed with sticks. When all are duly stationed the bridegroom clambers up the tree, assailed on all sides by blows, pushes and pinches from the dowagers, and it is not until he has broken through their fence and captured the bride that he is allowed to carry her off.

Similar difficulties assail the bridegroom among the Mongolian Koraks, who are in the habit of celebrating their marriage in large tents, divided into numerous separate but communicating compartments.

At a given signal, as soon as the guests are assembled, the bride starts off through the compartments, followed by her wooer, while the women of the encampment throw every possible impediment in his way, tripping up his unwary feet, holding down the curtains to prevent his passage, and applying the willow and the alder switches unmercifully as he stoops to raise them.

As with the maiden on the horse and the virgin on the tree-top, the Korak bride is invariably captured, however much the possibilities of escape may be in her favor.—N. Y. Journal.

Her Brother Had Told Her. He—Most people take me for a very serious person, Miss Mallyprop. Now I presume you would never guess that I am full of humorous conceits.

Miss Mallyprop—I would not, myself; but my brother has told me how very conceited you are.—Judge.

Grain Exports From the Argentine. No less than nine hundred and nineteen thousand tons of cereals were exported from the Argentine Republic during the first nine months of 1893. This is nearly double the exports in the year before and it is expected that there will be another increase during this year in the exportation of Argentine wheat, since the crop looked very promising—notably in the provinces of Santa Fe, Cordova and Entre Rios. It is to be noticed that an unusually large number of agricultural machines has been purchased in many parts of the republic. The single colony of Marcos Suarez, province of Cordova, bought seventy when threatening machines during the last year.—N. Y. Tribune.

THE SECRETARY BIRD.

A Genuine Fencing Match Between a Fowl and a Snake.

It is not always sufficient for the hunter to find game and to reach it. If the game is of large size it may be able to hold its own, and the pursuit may end in a violent struggle, in which both skill and cunning are necessary to obtain conquest.

The bird which displays the most remarkable qualities in this struggle which terminates the chase, exhibiting indeed a real fencing match, is the secretary bird. He is the more interested in striking without being himself struck, since the fangs with which his prey, the snake, is generally armed, might at the first blow give him a mortal wound. In South Africa he pursues every snake, even the most venomous. Warned by instinct of his terrible enemy he has met, the reptile at first seeks safety in flight; the secretary follows him on foot, and the ardor of the chase does not prevent him from being constantly on guard.

This is because the snake, fining himself nearly overtaken, suddenly turns round, ready to use his defensive weapons. The bird stops, and turns in one of his wings to protect the lower parts of his body. A real duel then begins. The snake throws himself on his enemy, who at each stroke parries with the end of his wing; the fangs are buried in the great feathers which terminate it, and there leave their poison without producing any effect. All this time with the other wing the secretary repeatedly strikes the reptile, who is at last stunned and rolls over on the earth. The conqueror raptly thrusts his beak into his skull, throws his victim into the air, and swallows him.—Frederic Houssay, in Popular Science Monthly.

IA Chicago Idea. Miss Bacon—Did you enjoy yourself at the dance last night? Miss Beacoon—Indeed, I did! Miss Bacon—How many times did you go in to supper?—Pack.

EARLY IRON-MAKING. Genesis of the Industry in the American Colonies.

The first record of iron-making in the colonies carries us back to the attempt made by the Virginia company to establish iron works on Falling creek, in Virginia. This was about 1620. The Indians put an end to the enterprise by scalping the manager, John Berkeley, and all his workmen; and the glory of setting up a successful iron-making plant was transferred to the New England colonies, where in 1645 the blast furnace built by John Winthrop, jr., had "some tons of sowe iron cast in readiness for ye forge."

The manufacture of steel was first attempted by two men named Higley and Devney, who in 1723 received a patent from the general court of Connecticut to make steel for a period of ten years. Like many other pioneers, they found that the concession yielded no fruit. The field was not abandoned, for many more successful attempts followed in Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia. All the steel made at that period was produced in a hearth similar to a bloomery, or else by cementation. It was therefore no more than "puddled steel," or "shear steel."

The process of making the more perfect cast metal, or crucible steel, seems not to have been successfully practiced till 1831, when it was established at Cincinnati by Garrard Brothers.

The census of 1810 gives the total production of pig at 53,408 tons. In 1820 it had reached to 20,000 tons. The total quantity of steel made in 1810 appears to have been 917 tons, of which Pennsylvania produced about one-half.—Harper's Magazine.

The Only Drawback. "My wife is one of the most sensible women I know. She didn't like to have me out so much nights, so she had me get up little poker parties and invite my friends."

"That's fine. I wish my wife were as liberal as yours is."

"Yes; but there's one drawback."

"What's that?"

"She wins all our money."—Brooklyn Life.

Candy Is Filling. Dentist—Well, what do you want your teeth filled with? Freddie—O, I guess peanut butter would be as good as anything.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A MAN does not necessarily take high ground when he uses a little bluff.—Lowell Courier.

The world is full of people who would prefer candlelight to sunlight if they had to pay for it.—Ram's Horn.

THE MARKETS. NEW YORK, March 23.

FLOUR—New York, March 23. WHEAT—No. 2 Red Winter... 61 1/2 @ 62 1/4. CORN—No. 1 Northern... 48 @ 49 1/2. OATS—Mixed Western... 31 1/2 @ 32 1/4. RYE—Western... 10 @ 11. HOGS—New mess... 12 1/2 @ 13 1/4. BUTTER—Western... 11 1/2 @ 12. CHEESE—State... 9 @ 10. EGGS—Strictly fresh... 11 @ 12. POTATOES—Clover... 4 @ 5. SEEDS—Timothy... 2 1/2 @ 3. HAY—Baled... 9 1/2 @ 10. CATTLE—Common to choice... 3 1/2 @ 4. HOGS—CINCINNATI... 4 @ 5.

FLOUR—Family... 5 @ 5 1/2. WHEAT—No. 2... 58 @ 59 1/4. CORN—No. 2... 34 @ 35 1/4. OATS—No. 2... 16 @ 17 1/4. RYE—No. 2... 10 @ 11 1/4. HOGS—TOLEDO... 4 @ 5.

WHEAT—No. 2 Red Winter... 56 1/2 @ 57 1/4. CORN—No. 2... 33 1/2 @ 34 1/4. OATS—No. 2... 15 1/2 @ 16 1/4. BEEVES—Best... 4 1/2 @ 4 3/4. SHEEP—Best... 4 1/2 @ 4 3/4. HOGS—Yorkers... 4 1/2 @ 4 3/4.

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Queer Custom in a Boston Church.

In accordance with a custom in England that the king's cabinet must retire from office when the sovereign himself either abdicates or dies, so that the new sovereign may not be hampered in any way by advisers who might be adverse to his policy, and which has been adopted by the Central Congregational society in election of deacons, took place last evening, owing to a change of pastor. The old board was re-elected. The deacons are J. A. Benson, T. H. Russell and J. A. Bennett. The board will probably be increased to six members in the coming fall. The custom is believed to be unique in the church government of Congregational churches, and was brought about by a church quarrel back in the '50s, when two or three deacons belonged to a minority which wanted to be rid of the pastor. In order to prevent future disturbance of this nature on account of combative deacons, it was agreed that all the deacons should annually vacate with a change of pastors.—Boston Transcript.

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THE MARKETS. NEW YORK, March 23.

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FLOUR—Family... 5 @ 5 1/2. WHEAT—No. 2... 58 @ 59 1/4. CORN—No. 2... 34 @ 35 1/4. OATS—No. 2... 16 @ 17 1/4. RYE—No. 2... 10 @ 11 1/4. HOGS—TOLEDO... 4 @ 5.

WHEAT—No. 2 Red Winter... 56 1/2 @ 57 1/4. CORN—No. 2... 33 1/2 @ 34 1/4. OATS—No. 2... 15 1/2 @ 16 1/4. BEEVES—Best... 4 1/2 @ 4 3/4. SHEEP—Best... 4 1/2 @ 4 3/4. HOGS—Yorkers... 4 1/2 @ 4 3/4.

BEEVES—Best... 4 1/2 @ 4 3/4. SHEEP—Best... 4 1/2 @ 4 3/4. HOGS—Yorkers... 4 1/2 @ 4 3/4. WOOL—Western... 10 @ 11. Unwashed... 14 @ 15.

A SCHOOL OF GALLETARY.—"How polite and attentive Mobleson is to his wife!"

"Yes, he uses her to practice upon. That's what makes his gallantry so perfect when he is with other ladies."—Boston Transcript.

Frightful Phantoms. Haunt the dreams of the sufferer from indigestion. What should the nightmare-ridden dyspeptic do when waking with a start, the sweat oozing from the pores, sleep for the remainder of the night seems unattainable? Swallow a wineglassful of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which, if taken before going to bed, would have insured repose. Use the Bitters for nervousness, dyspepsia, rheumatism, malaria.

"I beg your pardon, sir—" "What is it?" "