

LEW WILMOT TELLS OF POOR SIGHTS ON RIFLES

OLD INDIAN SCOUT RELATES WHY WHITES' LOSSES WERE SO GREAT

CONTRAST WITH GUNS NOW

Declares Sight's Should be Adequate for Straight Shooting—Describes Battles With Reds

One of the most interesting pioneers of the state is Lew Wilmot of Opportunity, says the Boise Statesman. He is the man who carried the message, during the Nez Perce war, from the volunteers back to Howard at Mount Idaho, when Colonel McConville and Major Fenn had the Indians surrounded at Kamiah. He was a scout who enlisted with Randall's company at Mount Idaho, and he participated in the fight on Cottonwood when Randall was killed.

Mr. Wilmot is exceedingly interested in the kind of rifles with which the army are outfitted in the present war, more than a year ago, when the subject was being agitated, he wrote Adjutant General Moody of his experiences with some of those in use by the U. S. army.

According to Mr. Wilmot, the great losses in a group of Nez Perce Indian battles were due to the poor sights on army rifles. Mr. Wilmot participated personally in these battles and aims to know of what he speaks.

Soldiers Need Good Rifles.

"If the government is going to accept the services of the young men who are enlisting in this great war," writes, "it should first put into their hands rifles with which they can defend not only themselves, but their comrades. The sights on the Krag and Springfield army rifles are worthless. It is impossible for an old soldier, a recruit, or the best rifleman in our country, to shoot with one with a degree of accuracy, except in the light and at stationary objects. "The front sight is so coarse that at 60 yards it covers eighteen inches, at 800 yards it covers six feet. A hole in the peep is so small, and is so far from the eye, that the stave of the head will throw the shot off from his target. Take it off of an evening or early in the morning, or when dust is blowing, it is impossible to see through the peep. The battle sights are so coarse it is impossible to do accurate shooting."

Relates Own Experiences.

Mr. Wilmot goes to tell of the effect of poor sights in his own experiences, which include one of the exciting of the Indian battles. He says: "The evil effects of poor sights on good rifles were brought out in the Nez Perce Indian war. In the battle of Whitebird, Colonel Perry, of two companies of cavalry, twenty-two strong, attacked Joseph's band, about 225 men. The soldiers defeated and lost 34 men. The soldiers did not lose a man; twenty-two soldiers threw away their rifles during their retreat. The Indians were armed with Winchester, old model, soldiers had Springfields, 45-70, which, when properly sighted, are excellent for game or defense. The next fight Lieutenant Raines, ten soldiers and one scout, were attacked by the hostiles, and all were killed. The Indians lost one man. These soldiers were armed with rifles properly sighted they should have fought off more Indians.

Fight Indians at Cottonwood.

The next fight was at Cottonwood, where Captain Randall with sixteen men was cut off by the whole hostiles as he was on his way to relieve Colonel Whipple, who was guarding army supplies. Colonel Whipple was surrounded by the hostiles and he sent Dan Crooks to Mount Cottonwood asking Captain Randall to come to his assistance, which he did, with fifteen all told. When the volunteers got within one and three-eighths of Cottonwood they found all the soldiers drawn up in battle line. There were probably 200 warriors. They had been reinforced with fifty-two Springfield army rifles captured. Captain Randall's men were reduced to within a few minutes, one of them did not fire a shot, although he had his rifle to use until he was killed. The volunteers held the ground until 10 a. m. until 4 p. m. W. B. Johnson had a Ballard with peep sights, which had a Springfield 45-70, which the sights had been fixed;

C. M. Day had a 50-70 in which the sights had been changed. Charley Case had a 50-70 on which the sights had been changed. I had a Remington target 45-60, with target sights, 32-inch barrel.

Captain Randall Is Killed

"I do not know whether there was an Indian killed. We lost Captain Randall, Ben Evans and I. H. Houser. We were badly handicapped. We had to shoot from 600 to 1000 yards, and all we could see would be a dark object through the grass. We hit so close to them they were afraid to show themselves. "Had we all been armed with government rifles, with such sights as the soldiers are compelled to use, we would in all probability have lasted ten minutes. "The next fight was at Clearwater, where General Howard was attacked by the whole band of hostiles, where Howard fought for one and three-quarters days and lost fourteen men, with twenty-eight wounded, and had it not been for the timely arrival of Colonel Miller, General Howard's command would have been wiped out as clean as Custer's. One Indian was killed, his head being blown off with a howitzer shell."

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Lewiston, Idaho, November 9, 1918.

Notice is hereby given that James McSpadden, of Whitebird, Idaho, who, on October 14, 1914, made Homestead Entry, No. 05786, for NE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 10; and NW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 11, Township 26 North, Range 1 East, Boise Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before J. Loyal Addison, U. S. Commissioner, at Whitebird, Idaho, on the 17th day of December, 1918.

Claimant names as witnesses: Charles Baker, Lucile, Idaho; Shennan Cain, Clark H. Gill, Leroy Cully, of Whitebird, Idaho. 26-5 Henry Heitfeld, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Lewiston, Idaho, October 22, 1918.

Notice is hereby given that William G. Neill for the heirs of Robert Neill, deceased of Riggins, Idaho, who on March 4, 1915, made Homestead Entry, List 1-2753, No. 05957, for W $\frac{1}{2}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$, NW $\frac{1}{4}$, W $\frac{1}{2}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$, SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 29; and NE $\frac{1}{4}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$, SE $\frac{1}{4}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$, S $\frac{1}{2}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$, NE $\frac{1}{4}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$, S $\frac{1}{2}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$, E $\frac{1}{2}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 30, S $\frac{1}{2}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$, NE $\frac{1}{4}$, and S $\frac{1}{2}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$, Township 25 North, Range 1 East, Boise Meridian has filed notice of intention to make three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before J. Loyal Addison, U. S. Commissioner at White Bird, Idaho, on the 9th day of December, 1918.

Claimant names as witnesses: Kestner F. Plunell, Riggins, Idaho; James Murray, Francis Badger, Joseph Aubin, of Pollock, Idaho. 24-5 Henry Heitfeld, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Lewiston, Idaho, October 10, 1918.

Notice is hereby given that John T. Kelley, of Grangeville, Idaho, who, on October 30, 1915, made Homestead Entry (Part of List No. 1711, amended), No. 06352, for NE $\frac{1}{4}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 30, Township 30 North, Range 4 East, Boise Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three year proof to establish claim to the land above described, before Hampton Taylor, U. S. Commissioner, at Grangeville, Idaho, on the 22nd day of November, 1918.

Claimant names as witnesses: Joseph G. Earr, James Bishop, Peter Solem, Patrick H. Leach, all of Grangeville, Idaho. 22-5 Henry Heitfeld, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Lewiston, Idaho, November 4, 1918.

Notice is hereby give that Herbert M. King, of Lucile, Idaho, who, on March 5, 1915, made Homestead Entry, No. 05977, for Lot 2, N $\frac{1}{2}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$, SE $\frac{1}{4}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$, and S $\frac{1}{2}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 2, Township 25 North, Range 1 East, Boise Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before J. Loyal Addison, U. S. Commissioner at Whitebird, Idaho, on the 16th day of December, 1918.

Claimant names as witnesses: Henry Eflirt, Joseph Klever, Bailey Rice, of Lucile, Idaho; Clarence White, White Bird, Idaho. 26-5 Henry Heitfeld, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Lewiston, Idaho, November 4, 1918.

Notice is hereby given that William Covert of Harpster, Idaho, who, on July 15, 1914, made homestead entry, List 1-2332, No. 05426, for Lot 3, Section 2, Township 29 N. and N $\frac{1}{2}$ S. W $\frac{1}{4}$, E $\frac{1}{2}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$, and SE $\frac{1}{4}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 35, Township 30N., Range 4 East, Boise Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Hampton Taylor, U. S. Commissioner, at Grangeville, Idaho, on the 18th day of December, 1918.

Claimant names as witnesses, Frank L. Hecker, Jr., James L. Bishop, E. Clifford Spedden, John Callard, all of Grangeville, Idaho. 25-5 Henry Heitfeld, Register.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—220 acres of land; 120 under cultivation; 75 more can be cultivated; plenty of water. 500,000 feet good saw timber on land. Apply W. H. Vincent, Harpster, Ids. 19-1f

Want to buy land. Geo. M. Reed. 1-1f

LITTLE CAST ASIDE

How Military Stores on Mexican Border Are Salvaged.

Nothing That It Is Possible to Repair, or in Any Way Make Useful, is Ever Thrown Away as Worthless.

The most extensive dealer in junk on the Mexican border wears an olive drab uniform, two bars on his shoulders and a serious look, for business is always rushing with Capt. Fred Felix, Uncle Sam's junk man in the cavalry division here, writes the Fort Bliss (Tex.) correspondent of the New York Sun.

As head of the salvage and reclamation department of the general quartermaster depot here, Captain Felix and his force of enlisted men are repairing and salvaging supplies which have been discarded by the United States army in the border district. Three warehouses, a part of the fort machine shops, and the yard down town, are used for this work.

Tents which have been torn by the winds are repaired by men who have been sailors or who have experience in repairing canvas. Canvas cot covers which have been torn are cut up into small pieces and made into clothing bags. These cot covers were formerly discarded. A tailor shop has been established where worn and torn uniforms are repaired, buttons sewn on, the uniforms steam cleaned and pressed and returned to the owners.

Army shoes which have been worn by many marches over the desert sands near the fort are half-soled by machinery, ripped places stitched, new laces inserted and the shoes sent back for further wear. Not a scrap of leather is permitted to be wasted by the reclamation and salvage department. Shoes too badly worn to be repaired, and cavalry boots, are ripped to pieces and the leather used for repairing other boots and shoes. The scraps are then sent to market for use in the manufacture of composition belting.

Recently 15 meat grinders for preparing meat for cooking were condemned and sent to the reclamation department to be sold for junk. Instead, the parts were separated, reassembled and five good grinders obtained, while the remaining parts were stored for repairing other grinders. Broken parts were sold for junk.

Wagons, automobiles, tank wagons, soup kitchens and every other kind of field equipment is received by this department. Wagonmakers replace worn parts of transport and ammunition wagons with new ones. All automobile parts are classified and a crew of garage men repair the cars as they come to the shops. Even trucks for caterpillar trucks are kept for repairing those big trucks which haul supplies over the desert.

Broken spurs, ragged guidons and flags, eyelets from wornout puttees, harness, saddles, the ropes and even "bull whips" used by the army mule drivers are salvaged in Uncle Sam's big junk shop here, and the government is saved thousands of dollars by repairing army property which otherwise would have to be replaced with new.

Potash From Cement Dust.

Extraction of potash from dust is claimed as a possibility. James D. Rhodes, a Pittsburgh manufacturer, claims to have made the discovery, and at his own expense has arranged to erect a large experimental plant adjoining the plant of a cement company at Castalia, O., for the purpose of experimenting for 120 days.

The Castalia plant is in the hands of a receiver and it was necessary to get permission of the United States district court before Mr. Rhodes could enter into any agreement with the receiver. This was granted.

Mr. Rhodes said he could extract large quantities of potash for fertilizer from the dust and waste of cement mills that will be of great benefit to the country in increasing the supply. It is understood that the United States government is watching the experiment with interest.

Dogs on the Battlefield.

Experiments made in the training of dogs as messengers with the armies in the field have, it is stated, given satisfactory results. The dogs which have proved most receptive under instruction are chiefly half-bred collies and retrievers. A rather poor breed of bob-tailed sheep dogs has also done well. All have been trained to perform their errands during heavy firing, both rifles and guns. They can be fired over as easily as the ordinary sporting dog, and, what is quite another thing, they will face fire at close range. Many have shown amazing skill in getting over, under and through all sorts of obstacles, including wire.

Destination—Berlin.

H. T. Bennett, a Seymour traveling man, was standing on a depot platform in a Kentucky town while a group of colored men were waiting to be taken, and overheard the following conversation between one of the conscripts and a colored girl who was bidding him goodby:

"Well, Sam, are you goin' with this bunch? I suppose you are goin' to France right soon, ain't you?" the girl asked.

"Not exactly," replied the soldier candidly. "I suppose I'll go through France, but you see, I'm on my way to Berlin."—Indianapolis News.

RAPID STRIDES IN SURGERY

War Has Brought Discoveries That Alleviate Pain and Heal the Most Dangerous Wounds.

"Bipp" is one of the new words that will be added to the dictionary as the direct outcome of the war. "Bipp" is a combination of bismuth, iodoform and paraffin paste, and is the name given to one of the most important surgical discoveries of Dr. Rutherford Morrison, a famous operative surgeon of London. It exercises a strange charm upon the treatment of dangerous wounds.

In the early days of the war doctors employed the older forms of curative surgery, which entailed long periods of suffering to the wounded soldier. By the new process the destroyed tissues and infected areas are excised, the parts thoroughly drenched with pure spirit, and after the application of a thin layer of "bipp" the wound can in many cases be sewn up immediately with every prospect of primary union and no further distress to the patient. Even wounds associated with bone injuries or damaged joints, have been successfully treated by this method, and compound fractures have lost much of their seriousness.

One of the most marvelous cases is recorded at a London military hospital. A piece of shell penetrated a soldier's chest and diaphragm, passing into the abdominal cavity. These terrible injuries healed without subsequent ill consequences, the track of the missile being excised and the wound sutured after a thorough application of "bipp." Similar success has been attained in cases of gas gangrene, which is deprived of its chief terror since the germs of this infection can no longer thrive.

JOINED RANKS OF PROFITEERS

Indian Had the Stereotyped Reason for Increasing His Price for Basket of Berries.

An Indian in one of the western reservations was in the habit of bringing to Mrs. Gray each spring several baskets of wild berries for which, from time immemorial, he had always charged 50 cents a basket. A few days ago he paid his annual visit to Mrs. Gray's back door. The maid took the berries and tendered the usual payment. The Indian shook his head. "One dollar a basket now," he said. The maid called her mistress and explained the difficulty. Much surprised, Mrs. Gray again offered the money to the Indian, who once more refused to accept it. "Why is this?" asked Mrs. Gray. "The baskets are the same size as usual, are they not?"

"Yes." "And the berries are not scarce this year, I know, because I have seen bushes loaded down with them on my rides about the country here."

"Yes." "Well, then, why isn't fifty cents a basket enough?" The Indian shifted from one foot to another quite calmly. "Hell big dam war somewhere," he announced. "Berries one dollar a basket now."

Met Sir Walter Scott.

The Rev. John Douglas, said to have been the only living person in America who had seen Sir Walter Scott alive, died recently. He was ninety-four years old and had been a resident of Minneapolis for 50 years, says Minneapolis Tribune.

On his ninety-third birthday, Sept. 11, 1916, Mr. Douglas described in detail his seeing the author of the Waverley novels in 1831. With his father, the Minneapolis man was driving in an old-fashioned, high-seated rickety gig along a road near Abbotsford, Scotland, when "a funny-looking little man with a queer Scotch bonnet on his head and gnarled stick in his hand," hailed them.

Mr. Douglas's father checked his horse and chatted with the man for 15 minutes. Afterward the youngster told that the little man was none other than the noted author. During the last 20 years persons who could boast of having seen Scott alive have become fewer. Two years ago it was practically conceded that Mr. Douglas had sole claim to the distinction.

Their Epitaph.

"There was the gun, still in position, and beside it two dead gunners. In front of one lay two dead Huns; in front of the other there were three. Our fellows had sold out dear, and held out long, as the heaps of cartridge shells around the gun showed plainly."

They sold out dear, they held out long. You might write a biography of those two Yankees, fill it with citations of their sterling conduct, recount the whole story of the short, sharp, bitter encounter northwest of Toul in which they died, and in the end all your fine words, all your fair-phrased tributes, could express nothing finer than those two simple statements of fact. They sold out dear, they held out long.

Their epitaph? It was there beside the two bodies, written in those heaps of cartridge shells that had brought five Huns to their doom right at the gun nozzle, and who shall say how many more beyond?

More Dangerous Than War.

It is not always the greatest danger which is accompanied by the most serious results. A young man from Indiana who had gone through twoscore battles as an ambulance driver working close up behind the lines received never so much as a scratch. Later he took a walk in the streets of Padua, Italy, was hit by an automobile and seriously injured and put out of commission.

SAVED BY MIRAGE

How British Army Escaped Defeat in Mesopotamia.

Turkish Commander Saw What He Believed Were Re-enforcements Coming to Aid Enemy and Ordered Retreat.

We went on toward nowhere, intending to make a wide detour and come into old Basra city by the Zobeir gate in the south wall, Eleanor F. Egan writes in the Saturday Evening Post. There was no dust out there; only hard-packed sand, out of which the fierce hammering sun struck a myriad glittering, eye-searing sparks. But it was beautiful beyond words to describe. We spun along at fifty miles an hour with a cool, clean breeze in our faces. Then just over a slight rise in the sparkling plain I saw my first mirage. It was impossible to believe it was a mirage and not really the beautiful lake that it seemed—a lake fringed with wooded islands and dotted in places with deep green forests.

I have seen mirages in other deserts in other lands, but I have never seen anything like the Mesopotamian mirage. We drove straight on and it came so close that I was sure I could see a ripple on its surface. Then suddenly it went away off, and where it had been our skidproof tires were humming on the hard-packed sand and I saw that the wooded islands had been created out of nothing but patches of camel thorn and that the trees of the forests were tufts of dry grass not more than six inches high.

Off on the far horizon a camel caravan was swinging slowly along and the camels looked like some mammoth prehistoric beasts, while in another direction what we took to be camels turned out to be a string of diminutive donkeys under pack saddles laden with bales of the desert grass roots that the Arabs use for fuel.

The mirage has played an interesting part in the Mesopotamian campaigns. In some places it is practically continuous the year round, and it adds greatly to the difficulties of an army in action. It is seldom mistaken for anything but what it is, of course, but it does curious things to distance and to objects both animate and inanimate. Incidentally it renders the accurate adjustment of gun ranges almost altogether impossible.

One of the most curious incidents of the whole war happened in connection with a mirage and on the very spot over which I drove that first day out in the desert.

The battle of Shaiba was one of the hardest-fought battles in the whole Mesopotamian campaign and victory for a while was anybody's. It was going very badly for the British, their losses being heavier than they could stand for long. And though the Turks were in overwhelmingly superior numbers it was going very badly for them as well. This the British officer commanding did not realize and he was just on the point of giving an order for retirement—which would have been fatal to the British in Mesopotamia—when to his astonishment he discovered that the Turks were in full retreat! What a moment!

The desert was full of mirage and the Turkish commander—who really ought to have been more familiar with local phenomena—saw approaching from the southeast what looked to him like heavy re-enforcements. It was nothing but a supply and ambulance train magnified and multiplied by the deceptive desert atmosphere! When he ordered an immediate retreat his already unwarmed troops stampeded and his demoralized rear guard was hounded and harassed by great bands of nomad Arabs all the way to Khamsisheh, nearly ninety miles away. He learned the truth a few days later and committed suicide!

Oliver Goldsmith Memorial.

At Auburn, County Athlone, Ireland, the poet's birthplace, a memorial is being erected to Oliver Goldsmith. It will be the form of the restoration of the church where the poet's father ministered so many years. Oliver Goldsmith was born in 1728 at Ballymahon, County Longford, and two years later his father, Charles Goldsmith, became rector of Kilkenny West and settled in Lissoy, which is now known as Auburn. It is a village on the road between Athlone and Ballymahon. Auburn of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" in some degrees resembles Lissoy, and the story of an old eviction by General Napier was probably in Goldsmith's mind when he wrote the poem, although it is intended to apply to England.

Died at Post of Duty.

During the storms the early part of the year, which marines say were the severest known on the coast, the United States navy suffered the loss of the big ocean-going tug Cherokee. This vessel was manned entirely by members of the naval reserve. Caught in a terrific sea the tug foundered and was lost. It was at this time on an important duty for the Washington navy yard to get guns to an Atlantic fort. Among the men who met a heroic death at this time was a lieutenant (junior grade), E. D. Newell, U. S. N. R. F., commanding officer.

Brave Rescue of Comrade.

Hearing a cry for help, James Robertson McGregor, fireman, third class, attached to the training station at Newport, R. I., jumped into the bay without waiting to remove his clothing and, notwithstanding darkness had set in, succeeded in rescuing an apprentice seaman who was in the water in an unconscious condition. McGregor has been in the service since last May, when he enlisted at Albany, N. Y.

Freddy's "Polish."

Freddy lived next door to some newly landed Poles who had a boy his age. One day Freddy's mother heard him nattering some unintelligible stuff to the foreign boy and said, "What on earth are you talking like that to that boy?" "Cause," said Freddy, "he can't talk English, so I have to talk Polish to him."

Grand Army of Ministers.

Over 60,000 ministers of the Gospel of various denominations are with the allies in France. About 20,000 are with the Red Cross; the rest are in the ranks.—People's Home Journal.

ALWAYS NEED OF MOTHERS

How Woman With Childless Home May Make Herself Blessed and Find Happiness.

The proper care of a child is for the common good. It is a woman's task to rear the child. However good and well meaning, no man can bring that home sense to a child that its little heart stricken child is a blot upon humanity. If the child comes into the world in an environment where squalor prevails it should be, that a young life exists there to improve the condition of the child.

The mother has need of mothers, of mother-hearted women, women who never rise to more glorious heights than those of motherhood. Modesta Hannis Jordan writes in Humanitarian. In the wider sphere opening for woman in the most important, the most consequential of all tasks that she may "turn her hand to," are the tasks that will bring about better housing, feeding, education and what influences may be brought to bear upon his young mind; how he grows to good citizenship, how he comes to recognize his duties and responsibilities to his fellow men. And if there is a childless home the woman cannot bring a greater blessing or a greater happiness to herself than by opening its doors—and at the same time her heart—to some child without a mother.

PERKINS AT IMPORTANT POST

Sergeant Major's Remark Must Have Made Him Realize Just What It Might Mean to Him.

Major Jackson tells of the visit of one of the generals to the trenches on the end of the British line. The general, who was a great stickler for discipline, said to the last man on the left:

"Do you know, sir, that you're the most important soldier in the army!" Private Perkins murmured some modest rejoinder, but, as in duty bound, kept his eye glued to the periscope with his vista of No Man's Land.

"Yes," resumed the general, "you're the last man in the last squad, of the last platoon of the last company of the last battalion of the last regiment of the last brigade."

After this impressive announcement the general turned on his heel and departed. Then the sergeant major, last Private Perkins should be puffed up by the suddenly conferred importance, added:

"Yes, and if the army gets the command to form on the left you'll mark time for the rest of your bloody natural life!" Any military man realizes what it would mean to be pivot man for a line 125 miles long!—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Sunday Battles in History.

Some of the fiercest engagements of the present war have been fought on Sunday, the so-called day of rest, for the German seems to like that day for a bombing raid on some defenseless town, as well as for much bigger operations at the front, possibly on account of the old adage about the better the day the better the deed.

The fiercest of the battles in the Wars of the Roses was actually fought on Palm Sunday, observes London Answers. This was the Battle of Tewkesbury in 1471, and ten years later the Battle of Barnet was fought on Easter Sunday. Barnillies was fought on Whit Sunday, 1706.

Both Bull's Run and Shiloh, in the American Civil war, were fought on Sunday. It was on Sunday that Wellington issued that famous order, "Ciudad Rodrigo must be carried by assault this evening."

A glad Sunday for the British empire was that "loud Sabbath" when Wellington defeated Napoleon at Waterloo in the last attempt on the part of one man to dominate the world.

Only Partial Repentance.

Bobby accompanied his mother to the grocery and, unobserved, helped himself to a banana and was calmly eating it when discovered. His mother, greatly horrified, reprimanded him severely, and on the way home, meeting a policeman whom she knew, told him of Bobby's misdeed and asked what he usually did with boys that took bananas.

"If they are big boys I lock them up in jail, but if they are little I just take them home with me. But you won't take any more bananas, will you, Bobby?" Bobby, thoroughly frightened, retreated, clinging to his mother's skirt, but managed to say: "No; me no take banana; me take an apple next time."

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