MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

LONG BOW STORIES.

Legends of the Famous Archers of the Remote Past.

Many "long bow" stories may be cited in the literature of the world, and by far the greater part of them had their origin in the remote past.

Vergil, in the "Æneid," tells of four archers who were shooting for a prize, the mark being a pigeon tied by a cord to the mast of a ship. The first man hit the mast, the second cut the cord, and the third shot the pigeon as it flew away. The fourth archer, having nothing left at which to shoot, drew his bow and sent his arrow flying toward the sky with such speed that the friction of the air set the feathers on fire, and it swept on like a meteor to disappear in the clouds.

That is a bow and arrow story that tests the strongest powers of credulity.

The stories of Robin Hood's archery, illustrated by his wonderful performance in Locksley in Scott's "Ivanhoe," are also a decided strain on one's power of belief.

The famous legend of William Tell is believed by some to have a foundation in fact. There was a Dane named Foke of whom the same story was told, and William of Cloudesley, an Englishman, is said to have shot an apple from his son's head merely to show his skill.

The majority of bow and arrow stories relate to the accurate aim of the archers, but a Frenchman, Blaise de Vigenere, tells one in which the main point is the tremendous force with which an arrow may be propelled if the bow is strong and long enough. According to his own account of the matter, he saw Barbarossa, a Turk, admiral of a ship called the Grand Solyman, send an arrow from his bow clean through a cannon ball. Whether the cannon ball had a hole in it or not he neglects to inform us.

Perhaps the most astounding of all stories about arrow shooting is that of the Indians who used to inhabit Florida. It is said that a group of them would form a circle; one would throw an ear of corn into the air; the rest would shoot at it and shell it of every grain before it fell to the ground. Sometimes the arrows would strike the ear of corn so hard and fast that it would remain suspended in the air several minutes, and the cob never fell until the last grain had been shot away.

HINDOO PROVERBS.

Happiness consists in the absence of anxiety.

Truth, contentment, patience and mercy belong to great minds.

Little things should not be despised. Many straws united will bind an elephant.

It can never be safe to unite with an enemy. Water, though heated, will soon extinguish fire.

He who removes another from danger and he who removes terror from the mind are the greatest of friends.

Courage is tried in war, integrity in the payment of debt and interest, the faithfulness of a wife in poverty and friendship in distress.

Every one looking downward becomes impressed with the idea of his own greatness, but looking upward feels his own littleness.

He who in your presence speaks kindly, but in your absence seeks to injure, must be rejected like a bowl of poison covered with milk.

Obedience of Orders.

A naval commander in the reign of Queen Anne was ordered to cruise with a squadron within certain limits on the coast of Spain. Having received information that a Spanish fleet was in Vigo, beyond his limits, he resolved to risk his personal responsibility for the good of his country. He accordingly attacked and defeated the Spanish fleet with uncommon gallantry. When he joined the admiral under whom he served, he was ordered under arrest and was asked if he did not know that by the articles of war he was liable to be shot for disobedience of orders.

He replied with great composure that he was very sensible that he was, but added, "The man who is afraid to risk his life in any way when the good of his country requires it is unworthy of a command in her majesty's service."

Coughing In Lieu of Oratory.

A singular fashion which prevailed among the preachers of Cromwell's time was that of coughing or hemming in the middle of a sentence in order to attract the attention of the congregation. The necessity of continually attracting the attention of the listeners could not have argued well for the brilliance of the sermons. Some authorities say that the preachers coughed merely as an ornament to speech. At any rate, when the sermons were printed, as many of them were, the coughs and hems were always indicated on the margin of the page.

Interested In Antiques.

Professor McGoozle (suddenly checking himself)—Pardon me, Miss Genevieve, for talking so long. When I get started on my hobby I never know when to stop. I ought not to have assumed, anyhow, that you are interested in antiques. Miss de Muir—Indeed I am, professor. I could listen to you for hours.

He Promised.

"I can't spare the money very well, but I'll gladly loan it to you if you promise not to keep it too long."

"I solemnly swear that I'll spend every penny of it before tomorrow morning!"

Rock temples at Ipsampool, on the Nile, are believed to be the world's oldest architectural ruins.

A MEMORY OF THE WAR

An Old Soldier's Story of the Battle of Yellow Tavern.

JEB STUART'S LAST FIGHT.

The Wounded General's Heroic Bravery in the Face of Death—Custer's Brilliant Charge as Seen by a Confederate Cavalryman.

"The most brilliant charge I ever witnessed was made by Custer at the battle of Yellow Tavern," said an old Confederate cavalryman. "It was near the beginning of what historians now call the Wilderness campaign.

"I was with Jeb Stuart, General Fitz Lee's division. Wickham's brigade and Phil Sheridan's troops were hanging on us like a pack of hungry wolves, nipping us at every turn.

"We left Hanover Junction about 1 o'clock one night and reached Yellow Tavern before 10 o'clock the next morning. We hadn't more than halted at the Tavern when up comes Sheridan and tries to drive us out. It was a pretty tough struggle, a hand to hand fight, and we fell back from the Tavern, but held our position on the telegraph road leading to Richmond. I was with the battery on the extreme left wing, and it was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon when orders came for the whole division, except the First ginians, to dismount.

"It did seem good, I can tell you, after so many hours in the saddle, to stretch out on the ground and take a smoke—that is, all who had anything to smoke. There was just one pipeful among that whole battery, and the boy who owned it passed it down the line, and each man took his turn puffing at it. When it was gone we all began to speculate on what devilitry Sheridan would be up to next and how Jeb Stuart would head him off. It wasn't long before some fellow wished for a drink of water.

"You know how it is. When one man wishes for water the whole company begins to swear they are dying of thirst. Jack Saunders and I took a bunch of canteens and started over the hill to a spring that he had seen that morning. I was on my hands and knees over the spring when I heard Saunders' grunt of surprise.

"There, only a few hundred yards away, was a considerable body of cavalry. Sure that it was our right wing, I wondered to see them mounted and in ranks. Just then the voice of an officer rang out:

"'Cavalry! Attention! Draw saber!'

"The entire line moved forward at a quick walk, and as the officer wheeled his horse I saw his face. My God, it was Custer! The situation came to Saunders and me like a flash. We threw down the canteens and started back to the battery on a dead run.

"'Trot!' Custer's voice rang out again. Then he shouted, 'Charge!'

"With wild cheers, his cavalry dashed forward in a sweeping gallop, attacking our entire left wing at the same time. We saw our battery taken, our line broken and our men running like sheep. Saunders and I had but one thought—to join our fleeing company. As we reached the telegraph road above the din of the battle I heard Jeb Stuart's voice. There he was, making a stand with a handful of men around him.

"It seemed but a moment before Custer's troops were coming back as fast as they had gone forward. They had met the First Virginians. We greeted them with the rebel yell and the last charge in our weapons. Jeb Stuart cheered us on—ah, how he cheered us! I gave them my last shot and was following with my weapon clubbed when I saw a man who had been dismounted and was running out turn as he passed our rally and fire his pistol.

"Jeb Stuart swayed in his saddle. It was only for a moment; then his voice rang out, cheering his struggling troops. The enemy rallied just across the road and fired a volley into the little band gathered around Jeb Stuart. His horse sprang forward, with a scream of agony, and sank down on its knees. As we lifted the general off the young officer who was helping me exclaimed:

"'My God, general, you are wounded! Your clothes are soaked with blood! You must leave the field, sir!'

"'No,' General Stuart answered; 'I will not leave until victory is assured. Get me another horse.'

"When I returned with the horse he was seated with his back against a tree, and when he tried to get up, weakened by loss of blood, he sank back again.

"'Go!' he commanded us. 'I am done for. Fitz Lee needs every man. I order you to go.'

"'We cannot obey that order, general,' the young officer told him, and I'll never forget the look that came over his face when he faced the general. 'We must carry you to a place of safety, however the battle goes.'

"'It must not go against us,' Stuart replied, and the thought seemed to put fresh vigor in his body. 'You must put me on my horse and keep me there. My men must not know that I am wounded.'

"We lifted him on his horse, and, mounting our own, we held him in his saddle. When the tide of the battle turned, supported between us, he made a last effort to rally his fleeing troops.

"'Go back, men!' he cried. 'Go back, men! Go back and do your duty!'

"We felt him sway in his saddle. The young officer turned our horses' heads to the rear, and we carried our fainting general from the field, still holding him upright in the saddle. That was Jeb Stuart's last battle and Custer's most brilliant charge."

THE TREE DOCTOR.

His Method of Treating a Trunk That Is Decaying.

When a tree doctor treats a decayed tree he begins by cutting an aperture in the tree large enough to allow him to get at the inside and remove all the decayed wood. This is essential to the success of the operation. When this work has been done the cavity is ready to be filled. The composition used in case of large fillings contains five parts of sand to one part of portland cement, except for the outer part, where these ingredients are used half and half, this outer coating being several inches thick. To hold the cement in place while it is hardening a stout tin or zinc is employed, this being secured to the trunk of limb in a way to preserve the natural shape. The tin is put on in strips, being fastened with round steel nails having a broad head and a small shank. The strips are wide enough to lap over upon the sound wood, and the nails are placed from half an inch to an inch apart, acording to the strain imposed.

The first strip of tin is put on at the lower part of the aperture and the cement put in until it reaches nearly to the top of the tin. Then a second strip is put on, lapping over the other two or three inches, and the two nailed together. Then more cement is used, and so on until the cavity is filled, the last strip of tin being bent down while the final application of cement is being puddled into place and the cavity entirely filled, and then it is straightened up and nailed in place. In case of extra large cavities large sheets of tin or sheet iron are nailed on the outside to prevent the tin from bulging out until the cement has hardened, when they can be removed. The smaller the cavity the larger are the strips of tin employed, as the strain is proportionately less. In twenty-four hours' time the cement will have hardened completely, and the tin may all be removed.

This remedy is applied successfully to fruit trees as well as shade trees.

A LESSON IN NERVE.

The Laundry Didn't Charge For the Ruined Shirt.

"When I came to open my bundle of stuff sent home from the laundry this morning," said the bachelor man, "I found in it, sent back washed, but not ironed, one shirt that had pinned to it a ticket reading like this:

"'We are returning this shirt on account of it not being in a condition to withstand ironing.'

"This was a new one to me, but when I came to open up the shirt and looked it over I didn't wonder that they hadn't tried to iron it; one arm was all but torn from its socket, and there was a hole punched through one cuff, with a tear extending from this hole for an inch or two up the sleeve. The shirt was sure not in condition for ironing, but how did it get so?

"I certainly never sent it to the laundry in that shape. I'd have had hard work tearing the sleeve out of the shoulder the way this one was torn, and I couldn't have made that hole in the cuff without some sort of a sharp and big punch. Clearly the shirt had been torn and mangled in that manner by being caught in the laundry machinery, and so I wrapped it up in a neat little bundle and took it over to the laundry office, intending to make a claim for the value of it. I spread the shirt out on the counter and called the clerk's attention to it and told him that I couldn't have torn the shirt in that manner; it must have been done in the laundry, and how about it?

"'Well,' said the clerk, 'we made no charge for it.'

"As the full significance of this came upon me—they had torn my shirt all to pieces, but they didn't make any charge for it!—I staggered back, and I kept on staggering that way until I had got out of the door.

"I shall never make any further claim for the shirt. I got back far more than its value in that lesson in clear, cold nerve."

An Old Song.

From the hieroglyphics on an Egyptian tomb comes the following song, almost identical with one sung by the Egyptian peasants considerably over 3,000 years later than this was written:

Tread ye out for yourselves,
Tread ye out for yourselves,
O oxen!
Tread ye out for yourselves,
Tread ye out for yourselves,
The straw!
For men who are your masters,
The grain!

—London Chronicle.

Downtrodden Husbands.

The middle class woman in England now generally affects to be superior to the social position she occupies; she endeavors to dress, live and act up to the highest standard she has adopted as her own. This attitude and its attendant circumstances eventually induce the ordinary middle class husband to regard her as socially superior to himself. In time, from this cause, he becomes little better than a footman to his own wife.

Forgot Himself.

Her Husband (during the spat)—Don't you think for a minute that you can impose on me. There are no fools in our family. His Wife—Why, John, you forget yourself!

Romance of Failure.

Failure is nearly always more romantic than success. As a rule, when once a man is comfortably successful he ceases to be interesting.—London Reader.

We are best of all led to men's principles by what they do.—Butler.

CUPID'S COURT.

An Adverse Decision, an Appeal and an Oral Argument.

The judge's daughter was perturbed.

"Papa," she said, knitting her pretty brow, "I am in doubt as to whether I have kept to the proper form of procedure. In law one can err in so many little technicalities that I am ever fearful. Now, last evening George"—

The judge looked at her so sharply over his glasses that she involuntarily paused.

"I thought you had sent him about his business," he said.

"I did hand down an adverse decision," she answered, "and he declared that he would appeal. However, I convinced him that I was the court of last resort in a case like that and that no appeal would lie from my decision."

"Possibly the court was assuming a little more power than rightfully belongs to it," said the judge thoughtfully, "but let that pass. What did he do then?"

"He filed a petition for a rehearing."

"The usual course," said the judge, "but it is usually nothing but a mere formality."

"So I thought," returned the girl, "and I was prepared to deny it without argument, but the facts set forth in his petition were sufficient to make me hesitate and wonder whether his case had really been properly presented at the first trial."

"Upon what grounds did he make the application?" asked the judge, scowling.

"Well," she replied, blushing a little, "you see, he proposed by letter, and his contention was that the case was of that peculiar character that cannot be properly presented by briefs, but demands oral arguments. The fact that the latter had been omitted, he held, should be held an error, and the point was such a novel one that I consented to let him argue it. Then his argument was so forceful that I granted his petition and consented to hear the whole case again. Do you think"—

"I think," said the judge, "that the court favors the plaintiff."

MONEY SYSTEMS.

The World's Coinage Muddle and the Range of Units of Value.

Twenty-six different monetary units are used by the forty-eight principal countries of the world. Thus Great Britain uses the sovereign or pound sterling, France and six other countries of Europe use a unit equal to the franc, and Canada and the United States use the dollar.

In value these different units range from 4.4 to 494.33 cents of money of the United States. They are represented in their turn by coins the values of which are either multiples or fractional parts of the value of their own chief units, and there are no doubt at least 200 such sufficient coins not one of which seems to have a value equal to that of any commonly known unit of weight, as the gram, for example, or the ounce of gold, although forty-three of those forty-eight countries have accepted gold as their standard measure of values.

This lack of logical relation of coins to any widely used unit of weight of the precious metals may be due to the fact that money systems seem to have grown up haphazard, under diverse conditions of life, in different parts of the world.

Such diversity in moneys may have been of little moment when millions of people spent their lives knowing nothing of the existence of other millions and there was little traffic. But these differences in monetary units are of importance now that international commerce includes millions of tons of products of the toil of all lands and billions of dollars each year to settle its bills, for such differences put upon trade a wholly unnecessary tax. No account is made here of the burden laid on domestic trade by like variation in the value of such units at home, as of the tael of China, which has sixteen different values within that empire.

"Old Hundred" Scores Birds.

It is a strange but well authenticated fact that the wild creatures of the woods dislike the sound of that solemn hymn "Old Hundred." Muir, the naturalist, proved the truth of this by singing it in the woods of the Sierras to the birds and squirrels, which were very tame from never having been frightened by the report of a gun or other alarming sound. They would come and sit near him upon the branches of trees and listen to any lively tune he might sing, blinking their bright eyes as though they liked it, but at the first sound of "Old Hundred" they would beat a quick retreat to their holes or nests and never appear again until he changed the tune. This experiment was made in different places on various occasions with exactly the same result.

When It Rains In India.

While Jupiter Pluvius reigns in India nothing can be done out of doors. The rain at times is simply a white liquid sheet dropping straight down from the heavens, so that no very great stretch of imagination is required to convince one that a deluge is not an impossible event.—Wide World Magazine.

In Prospect.

"Have you lived here all your life, friend?"

"Not yit, but ef I don't git money enough to move I reckon I'll have to!"

It is not reasonings that are wanted now, for there are books stuffed full of stoical reasonings.—Epictetus.

MARK TWAIN AS A BOWLER.

Bewildering Results He Achieved In His First Game.

More than forty years ago in San Francisco the office staff adjourned upon conclusion of its work at 2 o'clock in the morning to a great bowling establishment where there were twelve alleys. I was invited, rather perfunctorily and as a matter of etiquette—by which I mean that I was invited politely, but not urgently. But when I diffidently declined with thanks and explained that I knew nothing about the game those lively young fellows became at once eager and anxious and urgent to have my society. This flattered me, for I perceived no trap, and I innocently and gratefully accepted their invitation. I was given an alley all to myself. The boys explained the game to me, and they also explained to me that there would be an hour's play and that the player who scored the fewest ten strikes in the hour would have to pay for oysters and beer for the company. This disturbed me very seriously, since it promised me bankruptcy, and I was sorry that this detail had been overlooked in the beginning. But my pride would not allow me to back out now, so I stayed in and did what I could to look satisfied and glad I had come. It is not likely that I looked as contented as I wanted to, but the others looked glad enough to make up for it, for they were quite unable to hide their evil joy. They showed me how to stand and how to stoop and how to aim the ball and how to let fly, and then the game began.

The results were astonishing. In my ignorance I delivered the balls in apparently every way except the right one, but no matter—during half an hour I never started a ball down the alley that didn't score a ten strike every time at the other end. The others lost their grip early and their joy along with it. Now and then one of them got a ten strike, but the occurrence was so rare that it made no show alongside of my giant score. The boys surrendered at the end of the half hour and put on their coats and gathered around me and in courteous, but sufficiently definite language expressed their opinion of an experience worn and seasoned expert who would stoop to lying and deception in order to rob kind and well meaning friends who had put their trust in him under the delusion that he was honest and honorable. I was not able to convince them that I had not lied, for now my character was gone, and they refused to attach any value to anything I said.

The proprietor of the place stood by for awhile saying nothing; then he came to my defense. He said: "It looks like a mystery, gentlemen, but it isn't a mystery after it's explained. That is a grooved alley; you've only to start a ball down it any way you please and the groove will do the rest; it will slam the ball against the northeast curve of the head pin every time, and nothing can save the ten from going down."

It was true. The boys made the experiment, and they found that there was no art that could send a ball down that alley and fail to score a ten strike with it. When I had told those boys that I knew nothing about that game I was speaking only the truth. But it was ever thus all through my life—whenever I have diverged from custom and principle and uttered a truth the rule has been that the hearer hadn't strength of mind enough to believe it.—From Mark Twain's Autobiography in North American Review.

The Conductor Courteous.

St. John's, N. F.—some of the natives call it "Senjens"—is far more picturesque than beautiful. But its quaintness redeems it from stupidity, and, wander where you will, you meet with that courtesy and kindness that are the graces of people who live unhurried lives in remote places where strangers are a welcome break to their monotony. When you say to some casual benefactor that you are "much obliged" for some courteous direction, he will touch his hat and say, "Thank you," as if you had conferred the favor upon him. The street car conductor (they even have a trolley line, though how it can be run in winter is a mystery) will see that you are set down where you should leave the car and, if you are uncertain of your way, will get off his car and point your destination out, holding his other passengers until he is sure you understand.—Travel Magazine.

Didn't Get It Just Right.

The subject of profanity was being discussed the other evening at a dinner party in Harlem. When one of the guests facetiously hinted that his host could tear it off a little when no women were present the hostess became indignant. "I would have you understand," she said, with crushing dignity, "that my husband never says anything before ladies that he wouldn't say anywhere." She is still wondering why it was that everybody laughed.—New York Tribune.

Yet It Was Realistic.

Miss Yern—Of course you've read that new love story of his. Crabbe (book reviewer)—Yes, I had to. Very realistic, wasn't it? Miss Yern—Nonsense! The dialogue between the lovers was positively silly. Crabbe—Well?

The Lack.

Knicker—There are plenty of books telling how to save life while waiting for the doctor. Bocker—Yes. What we need is one telling the young doctor how to save life while waiting for the patient.

A life in continual need is half death.—German Proverb.

SLEEP AND DEATH.

Neither Pain Nor Consciousness at the Instant of Either.

The phenomenon called sleep may be summed up in the following propositions, says a writer in the Cosmopolitan:

First—Sleep is temporary death of the functions of the sensitive system, due to exhaustion by fatigue.

Secondly—This death is temporary because the vital system continues to perform its functions during sleep and restores the sensitive organs to their normal condition.

For our purpose death may be considered under the three heads—natural death, sudden death and death from disease. Natural death is death from old age. It differs from natural sleep only in degree.

The gradual loss of sensibility by the sensitive organs which precedes sleep now takes place in the vital system, and all the organs pass into permanent sleep together. There can be no pain preceding or at the moment of such a death, any more than there is pain preceding or at the moment of passing into temporary sleep.

Sudden death may be defined as death due to a sudden injury from without or within the body sufficient to destroy at once all irritability of both the sensitive and vital systems. It requires no argument to prove that a person who is suddenly stricken dead can suffer no pain. The element of time must be present in order to suffer physical pain, and in the sudden death of a person the element of time is absent.

We come now to consider the third and by far the most frequent form of death—namely, death from disease.

As soon as disease is established dying begins, which is but a more rapid than natural ceasing of all sensibilities, accompanied with more or less suffering, according to the cause which produces it. This dying and suffering, called disease, must terminate either in so called death, which is insensibility to it, or in recovery, which is removal of the cause of it. But in any event the suffering has been endured, no matter whether the final termination is death or recovery.

No one is conscious of or can recall the moment he passes from waking into natural or temporary sleep. Nor shall we, by a "supreme agony" or in any other way, be conscious of passing into permanent sleep.

Being born and dying are the two most important physiological events in the life history of our bodies, and we shall know no more about the latter event at the time it occurs than we did about the former.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Few men have courage enough to be timid and admit it.

You can't correct a mistake by telling how hard you tried.

Opportunity rarely comes to the man who spends all his time waiting for it.

Nearly every one imagines he is getting more than his share of hard knocks.

Content is like your eyes, nose or any other feature—to have it you must be born with it.

Until they come most any man will tell you how he would get the upper hand of burglars.

After a woman succeeds in getting her husband afraid of her she never can hope to get him in love with her.

A man may think he knows more than a doctor, but he is apt to listen when a lawyer tells him he needs a change of climate.

Most Prized Austrian Decoration.

The most prized decoration in Austria corresponds to the British Victoria cross, and its value arises from the rigorous conditions for obtaining it and the fidelity with which they have been observed. It is known as the Maria Theresa cross. "It shall be an inviolable rule," says the foundation statute, "that no person, whoever he may be, shall be admitted to the order for any other consideration than long service or wounds received before the enemy and not for any reasons of birth, favor or influence." "We ourselves join hands on this subject," adds the empress founder. The recipients of the cross are ennobled ipso facto.

No Sentiment.

Edith's Papa—And so you love my daughter? Edith's Admirer—I do indeed, sir. I cannot tell you how much I love her. Do you know what it is to see a single face everywhere, to hear a single voice ever sounding in your ears, to be possessed by the one idea, to feel all the time that the one presence is before you— Edith's Papa—No, young man, I have never had any of those feelings since I signed the pledge.

Prepared.

"Johnny, where have you been? Your hair is suspiciously wet. School was out two hours ago."

"I fell in the creek."

"But your clothes are not wet."

"Well, you see, mamma, while I was standin' on the bridge I thought maybe I'd fall in, so I took off my clothes, an' I did."—Life.

Buying Everything.

"Wealth won't buy everything," said the philosopher.

"That's what I tell mother and the girls," answered Mr. Cumrox, "but it looks as if they were going to keep on trying as long as the checkbook holds out."

Still Green.

Teddy brought a green caterpillar in from the garden one day, and, showing it to his mother, he exclaimed, "I've got a big worm, mamma, but he ain't ripe yet."—St. Louis Republic.