

CHAMPION HILL. Two Soldiers Who Wanted to see Fair Play.

It was in the midst of one of the hottest fights of the civil war—Champion Hill. We were in the thickest of the fight and had suffered dreadfully under the fire of the enemy, when suddenly there came a momentary lull at our immediate point in the line. We had fallen back a few steps under the partial shelter of a little rise in the ground, but were even then only a few yards removed from the enemy, so close, in fact, that but for the noise of the battle we might have been able to converse with them in an ordinary tone of voice.

There still remain vestiges which recall the trial and punishment of the murderer. First the tower of Le Bouffay, a construction dating from the tenth century, in which the dramatic scenes of the famous trial were unfolded; and next a small ruin of a peculiar kind. There is to be seen at this day at the entrance of one of the bridges at Nantes the remains of an expiatory monument, erected on the spot where Gilles de Retz was executed. It is a niche in which there was a statue of the virgin commonly known as the Virgin of Cree-laui, a name originating from the popular superstition which attributed to the Madonna the power of giving milk to nurses.

When you get out of college, young man, get clear out. You can get back half a day or so at any time—at a boat race, a football match, at commencement—whenever there is a reasonable excuse; but in your daily walk and conversation be something more than a college man—be a citizen. Be even an alderman, if you can. Take the world to be yours, as Bacon took all learning to be his, and don't forever limit your view of it by what was once visible from some point in New Haven or in Cambridge. Go and be a man somewhere. Don't be satisfied to be a mere "graduate" for all time.

When she offers to share it with you, but don't be too persistently anxious to strut in her plumes to the disparagement, it may be, of worthy men who have no claim to any similar privilege. —Scribner.

A lawyer awoke at midnight to find a robber standing beside his bed and already in possession of his jewelry and money. "Why, man!" cried the lawyer, after a closer look, "you are not the robber whose case I pleaded in court only two or three days ago?"

"The same," replied the robber. "And my plea was so successful that the jury acquitted you?" "Yes." "And, alas! you now come to rob me, your benefactor?" "Business is business," replied the robber. "I hired you, with cold cash to plead my case. I must now rob you to get back what I paid you."

Female Curiosity. Wife—"I think I shall advertise for my missing purse." Husband—"As it was probably stolen, you will not get it back unless you say that no questions will be asked." Wife—"What! Not ask any questions? What do you take me for? Do you think I'm a dummy?"

BLUEBEARD'S EXECUTION. Children Will be Glad to Know That he Met His Deserts.

Gilles de Retz was condemned on the 25th of October, 1440, to be strangled and afterward burnt, writes Louis Frechette in the Arena. Now the whole population of the town of Nantes fasted for three days to obtain the remission of his sins, and the children were whipped that they might never forget the memorable event.

The strangled body was thrown on a woodpile, but not allowed to be burnt. By permission of the duke of Brittany noble dames—no less—carried it away, swathed it in burying clothes with their own hands—and it not a touching spectacle?—and had it removed to the Carmelite monastery, where it was interred in great pomp.

It would be hard to say. The historical facts are the crimes and execution of Gilles de Retz. MRS. REED'S LONGEVITY. A Story of a Man's Inhumanity to a Woman.

Man's inhumanity to man is nothing compared to his inhumanity to woman, says the Chicago Herald. The woes of an Iowa widow are proof of this. Mrs. Margaret Graham was a young and fair widow when she received an offer of marriage from a wealthy man whom she was disposed to wed. But she was prudent and she had money, so she consulted her friend neighbor, J. B. Reed, in whom she had abiding faith. Reed was married. He told the widow that he did not want her to marry the rich man. Why because he wanted her himself. His wife was ill. She would not live long. Could the widow wait? She could and did. One year rolled itself up into a bundle and took its place on the shelf of the dusty past.

She—I confess, William, that your proposal gives me much pleasure. I would be foolish to pretend that it does not, yet— He—Yet what? What possible objection can you have to becoming my wife? You know that I love you, and am able to provide for you— She—Yes, but I fear that I would be but a sorry house-keeper. He—Why so? She (weeping bitterly)—Because I have never been to a cooking school. He—All the better, dearest; all the better. She—All the better? He—Yes. You will stay at home and attend to the cooking instead of wanting to go out and lecture on the culinary art. You are just the kind of a wife I want.—Boston Courier.

Coroner—"When did you see Editor Hull last?" Witness—"Yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock." "Did he have any great amount of money with him that you know about?" "Yes, sir." (Sensation.) "Then you think that his death may have been caused by foul play?" "Yes, it may have been." "Now, will you please tell the jury what amount of money Editor Hull had when you saw him?" "Three dollars."

The Result of Recklessness. A Chicago man took a Turkish bath on Tuesday and his funeral took place on Wednesday. This will be a warning to the Chicago people who are inclined to take up with the new fads too suddenly. They should work up to the Turkish bath gradually, beginning with an application of tepid soapsuds to the neck.

Both Would Know Better. Visitor—Say, Jack, what makes this snice pie smell so funny? Boarder—Hush! Don't let Mrs. Hashley hear you. She puts them in camphor in summer to keep the moths off.—Lowell Mail.

WOES OF THE DENTIST. In a Confiding Moment He Tells Some Secrets of His Office.

"A man might as well be a hangman as a dentist, as far as expecting any gratitude for his services," remarked an aggrieved member of that unappreciated profession to a Boston Globe reporter. "I have worked for hours over a back filling in a woman's mouth, where I had to nearly dislocate my neck and tie my backbone into a bow-knot, and at the end, if I ventured to straighten up with a single relief, I have been rewarded with a stony glare of indignant condemnation."

"I had rather a funny experience the other day with an old darkey who wanted a tooth pulled. His face was elaborately tied up in red flannel and his expression was the embodiment of woe. The tooth was a hard one to handle, and just as I gave it the final yank he gave a prolonged howl and fairly shot himself through the open window out onto the shed roof beneath. He rolled over this roof still howling, and finally dropped from it to the ground all doubled up like a black rubber ball. All this, instead of hurting him, served to help his case, for he picked himself up and walked off apparently sound in mind and limb and quite regardless of the fact that he had not paid me."

Exercise for Chest Development. Exercises of strength lead rapidly to an increase in the size of the thorax. It is the same with the exercise of speed when they need very energetic movements. No exercise develops the chest as rapidly as does running, unless it is wrestling. Mountaineers all have large chests and the Indians who live on the high plateaus of the Cordillera in the Andes have been noted for the extraordinary size of their chests. This great development in mountaineers is due to two causes which act in the same direction—frequent ascent of steep inclines and constant residence at great heights at which the air is rarified. The climbing of these slopes needs a great quantity of work, which causes increase of the respiratory need; respiration in a rarified atmosphere obliges a man to take deeper breaths in order to supplement the quantity of air breathed, the insufficiency of its vivifying properties.

New Jersey's Problem. New Jersey has a school fund of \$4,000,000 and doesn't know what to do with it. It can't be used for anything but the public schools, and not very much of it is allowed to go there, only a part of the annual income being available, so jealousy has the stifle constitution guarded its sacredness. Meantime it is piling up every year, and the commissioners are at their wits' end to find an investment for it. The original idea was to have a fund large enough to entirely support the public schools throughout the state, but that, it is said, would take \$70,000,000; and, besides, it is generally believed that it is better for the school system to have the local schools directly provided for by local taxes. People take more interest in something they have to pay for.

The Politician. I pray that in one year more I may find some way of escaping from this unblest custom house, for it is a very grievous thralldom. I do detest all offices—all, at least, that are held on a political tenure, and I want nothing to do with politicians. Their hearts wither away and die out of their bodies. Their consciences are turned to India rubber, or to some substance as black as that, and which will stretch as much. One thing, if no more, I have gained by my custom-house experience—to know a politician. It is a knowledge which no previous thought or power of sympathy could have taught me; because the animal, or the machine, rather, is not in nature.—Hawthorne.

We Know the Correct Thing. In the senate restaurant: "Excuse me, but as an old friend, I want to remind you that it isn't considered real first-class etiquette to eat pie with your knife." "I know it just as well as you do, and I never do it when I'm in society; but when I'm eating by myself it's different: I never could get any satisfaction shoveling the stuff into my mouth with a spoon."

Walking Tryin'. Softleigh (working in the Boston public garden)—Look at that sign, "No Dogs Allowed in this Garden?" Friend—Well, what of it? Softleigh—I'm going to have one of those on my place next year. The dogs have scratched up everything we have planted this season; and how nice everything looks here!

Garbage of the Mississippi. According to Dr. S. S. Kilvington, the Mississippi received during the past year 152,675 tons of garbage and offal, 108,550 tons of night soil and 3765 dead animals from only eight cities; the Ohio, 46,700 tons of garbage, 21,157 tons of night soil and 5100 dead animals from five cities; and the Missouri, 36,000 tons of garbage, 22,400 tons of night soil and 31,600 dead animals from four cities. Dr. Kilvington urges the cremation of most of the refuse, and twenty-three out of thirty-five health officials consulted by him favored the plan.

No Confusing Environment. Miss Edith (to evening caller)—"When I write I have to be entirely alone and have everything quiet, so there will be nothing to disturb my thoughts. I don't see how any one can dictate to an amanuensis." Mr. Goddellow—"It's very easy. I dictate all my business letters." "You do? And don't your thoughts often wander from the subject until you find yourself unable to proceed?" "Oh, no. My typewriter is a man." New York Weekly.

Reformer (to convict)—My dear friend, why did you break into that bank? Convict—"Cause there was money in it." He Had Time. Husband (during a quarrel)—We shall never meet in heaven. Wife—Oh, yes, we may. There is plenty of time for you to reform yet!

SCRAP BOOK GEMS. Of Not Much Importance, But Worth Saving for Reference.

There are 2,750 languages. Boston Common dates back to 1634. The Mormons founded Nauvoo, Ill., in 1840, and left there in 1848. Until 1776 cotton spinning was performed by the hand spinning wheel. At Granson, near Neuchâtel, Switzerland, Charles, the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, was defeated by the Swiss, March 3, 1476. On a raft in the River Nieman the Emperor Napoleon and Alexander I. met June 22, 1807, and made peace between France and Russia.

The bottles mentioned in the Bible were made of the skins of animals, and such vessels are still used for carrying water in Asia and Africa. Nitric acid, a compound of nitrogen and oxygen, formerly called aquafortis, was first obtained in a separate state by Raymond Sully, an alchemist, about 1287. The ancient Greek and Roman combs were made of box-wood, but later, ivory combs came into use among the Romans, as they had long before among the Egyptians.

The earliest translation from the Sanscrit, the "Sutra," of forty-two sections, was made A. D. 67, and for several centuries there was constant activity in this work. This catalogue of Chi Shing, published in 730, gives a list of 2278 separate works which had been translated up to that time. The "Bonnet Piece" was a gold coin of James V. of Scotland, so called because the king's head is decorated with a bonnet instead of a crown. It weighed seventy-two grains, and was struck in 1539. "In beauty and elegance of workmanship," says Dr. Cardonell, "it approaches the nearest to the Roman coins, and very much surpasses all the coinage at that period or ever since."

AN EMBARRASSED CAPTAIN. His Orator on Recovering a Flag for His Company. In a Maine village during the summer of 1863, says the Lewiston Journal, a company of volunteers being about to depart for the state capital, were drawn up on the green to receive a flag that had been made by the patriotic members of the local sewing circle. The village pastor made a sensible presentation speech, and the banner was received by the captain of the company, who handed it to the color-bearer, a witty Irishman. Then facing the worthy pastor and his fair flock, the embarrassed captain proceeded to acknowledge the gift as follows: "Reverend sir and ladies—This beautiful flag which I see before me—"

"It's behind yez, captain," interrupted the color-bearer. "Which I see behind me," amended the blushing officer, "stands for something more than the emblem of a powerful nation. It is beauty's tribute to valor, and as such it is doubly dear to the hearts around me. In thanking you for your gift, ladies, we pledge ourselves faithfully to defend it. At the close of the campaign those of us who are spared will bring this flag back to you unless it is blown to atoms by shot from the enemy, in which event we'll—we'll—"

"We'll bring thim back the pole!" shouted the enthusiastic Irishman, to the delight of the crowd and the relief of the superior officer. A Story of Senator Sawyer. When Hon. Philetus Sawyer of Wisconsin began to hew out his literary fortune in the pine woods of the great lake region, says the Washington Post, he went to Boston to buy some pine land put up at auction. Eastern capitalists were rival bidders. They knew that Sawyer had been over the ground and had accurate notions of what was valuable and what not. Accordingly, whenever he bid they outbid him. He got nothing but bid for and returned with apparently blasted hopes. The successful bidders later visited their purchases, and were dined by Mr. Sawyer. He did not even then mention that he bid on nothing that was good, but had employed a man on the other side of the Boston auction room to do his bidding for him. They learned, however, how badly they had been left when they reached the woods.

Necessity of Sleep for Brain Workers. Some people require more sleep than others. The more nervous the temperament the more sleep is required. Sleep is better than any stimulant. If all those who work mentally would take time in the middle of the day say for half an hour and would accustom themselves to go to sleep, they would find that they would wear better, last longer and do their work much better. Sleep is a remedial agent. Brain workers require more sleep than physical workers.

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THE WAY OF THE WORLD. He Neglected to Produce Even the Twenty Dollars From the Wad.

"Well! Well!" he exclaimed, as he halted while crossing Union square the other morning and shook hands with a man sitting on the bench, "but I was thinking of you this very second." "Yes?" "It is just such a morning as this, ye-rs ago, when we sat on this very same bench. Do you remember it?" "I do." "I was dead broke, discouraged, and wondering if I hadn't better commit suicide. You spoke to me in a kindly way, and we began to talk. Do you remember?" "Oh, yes." "I told you I was a struggling young actor, and that circumstances had downed me. I was penniless and without hope. You reached over and took my hand. Remember?" "Oh, yes." "And you spoke kind words. You bade me call up my courage and resolution. You predicted that I would yet climb to the top of the ladder. Remember?" "Yes." "And you did not stop there. You put your hand into your purse, handed a \$20 bill, and told me I could have it until able to repay the loan. Am I correct?" "You are."

"That noble action of yours encouraged me. I went away and made a last effort, and it was a success. Three years ago I sat here a beggar. To-day I am worth \$20,000 and all these diamonds. I owe it all to you. But for you I should now be moldering in a suicide's grave. Yes, I am worth \$20,000, and have got a wad of \$500 right here in my pocket. Think of the change in my situation. This is our first meeting since that memorable day, although I have thought of you daily. Put it there, old man!" "Yes." "Haven't forgotten you." "No?" "And I never shall. God bless you! Good morning. Got an engagement at 11." He passed on, and the other sat some minutes in deep thought. All of a sudden he rose up and looked after the vanished man and exclaimed: "Yes, but he didn't even offer to return me \$20, without interest."—New York Sun.

A BOORER BORED. A Violin-Maker Fastened to the Floor with a Centerbit. One of the most extraordinary cases on record has just come before the police court of the Seine, says Gallgan's Messenger. In July last a man named Dubois took a room in the Rue Traversiere, and one of his first acts was to put up a swinging lamp. In order to fix it he began boring a hole in the ceiling with a centerbit, and was hard at work when the concierge and some of the tenants rushed into the room and called upon him to stop, asserting that he had pierced the ceiling and impaled the tenant who occupied the room above. He went upstairs with them, and found the tenant in question, a violin-maker, sitting fixed to the floor, and writhing in agony.

The instrument was cautiously withdrawn from his flesh, but the injury inflicted was so serious that he was confined to his bed for three months. The case caused a great deal of amusement in court to everyone but the violin-maker, who was only awarded 250 francs compensation for three months' loss of work, while Dubois was fined 16 francs for negligence. That a man should have been sitting on the floor exactly above the spot where the hole was being bored is extraordinary. But that his cries should not have been heard by his tormentor is still more remarkable.

A High Jumper. G. W. Roden, the present English amateur champion at high jumping, recently gave an exhibition of his abilities in the jumping line at Cuddehe, when the following feats were performed by him, says the New York Clipper: Jumping through a hoop eighteen inches in diameter held six feet from the ground; jumping on to a man's shoulders, and from thence over a bar raised nine feet from the ground; jumping in and out of barrels; jumping on the handle of a sword, the point being placed on a man's breast and forehead; jumping over a man's head and in the act removing an apple from the head with the spike of his shoe; jumping over eight chairs, two at a time, sideways and forward, each spring and pitch being from a brick, jumping over five men seated in chairs in one rising jump; jumping on and off jars and handles of flat-irons; jumping on to the backs of two chairs and there remaining, and also on to the shoulders of a man; jumping on and from a man's face without injuring him; clearing ten chairs at one spring.

Ropes Made of Women's Hair. Speaking before a meeting of Methodist ministers, Bishop Fowler told of a new heathen temple in the northern part of Japan. It is of enormous size, and the timbers were hauled to and placed in their present position by ropes made from the hair of the women of the province. An edict went forth calling for the long hair of the women, and enough was obtained to make two monster ropes—one 17 inches in circumference and 1,400 feet long, and the other 10 to 11 inches around and 3,000 feet long.

Sad Memories. "Ah," said the gray-eyed wayfarer at the railroad lunch counter, "this is the old place. I recognize yonder landmark at once." "What landmark?" asked the cashier considerably. "Forty years ago when I was traveling over this road," continued the stranger in a choking voice, "I carried my initials and the date on yonder piece of apple pie. I see you have it still. Excuse an old man's tears."

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LOOKING AHEAD. The Ocean Steamship as it May Be in the Future.

She will be over a quarter of a mile in length, says Once a Week, and will do the passage from Sandy Hook to Liverpool in thirty-six hours, being one night out. She will be driven by electricity, and in such a fashion as to keep railway time, despite of storm or fog. Passages can be secured by flash photo, Edison's patent, and the ticket will include an opera stall, or a concert ticket, or a seat in a church pew—the opera-house, concert hall, and church being all on board. A covered ring for horse exercise will also be provided, and a racing track for fast trotters. A baseball ground and tennis courts will also form a portion of the attractions. For business men a stock exchange will be operated, the quotations being posted from the tickers every two minutes on the vibration system. The leading papers of all countries will be reprinted each morning by the electric reflection system. A spacious conservatory, containing the choicest flowers of all climates, will afford an agreeable lounging place and bouquets will be provided gratis. As at Monaco and Monte Carlo, a suite of apartments will be laid out for play, to be kept open all night, a sumptuous supper, with costliest wines, free. English tailors and shoemakers will be in attendance and clothes will be made and finished during the passage. The military department will contain the French fashions of the previous day and costumes will be concocted while the ship is en route and delivered complete on arrival at dock. Accommodations will be furnished for 10,000 passengers.

SIXTY-TWO YEARS IN BED. Remarkable Life of a Connecticut Woman Whose Death Occurred Recently.

Miss Chloe Lankton died in New Hartford Jan. 17, in her 77th year. She was born in 1812. At the age of 16 she was attacked by a malady which had kept her in bed ever since. She lived sixty-two years in bed. The sick-room was cozily arranged, so she could help herself to many things. About thirty years ago the story of her life was written and published in the Sunday-School Union. When her parents died she was cared for by friends. She never complained, and was ever cheerful and patient. One of her great troubles was the difficulty of having her bed made. The late John C. Smith of New Haven invented a little derrick. The patient would have a strong canvas placed beneath her, which was attached by a simple tackle to the derrick, and she could be swung off from the bed as if in a hammock. Mr. Smith also built for her an ingenious cupboard, which was a great comfort to her, as she made it hold nearly everything she wanted. About a year ago an attack of erysipelas destroyed the sight of one eye, and added greatly to her infirmities, but did not affect her sunny disposition. Opium in one form or another has been her chief medicine.

Sobriety of Conductors. Railroad conductors dissipate very little nowadays. The man who drinks even when off duty is not the proper party to intrust with the lives of a great number of people. It is a rare thing to see one of them in a bar room, says the Richmond Ind. Palladium, and if seen there he does not tarry long. "A man will often hesitate before doing a wrong which will send him to the penitentiary when he has a wife and children at home to look after and care for," remarked a railroad superintendent recently. This led him to say that the fatigues of a long run made the conductors anxious for the peace and quiet of home, and when they have on they can nearly always be found at it.

Misused Fishes. Prof. Molibus has proved, as lately stated to the Berlin Physiological society, that the anatomical arrangements of the flying fish's fins and muscles make flight impossible. The fish simply shoots up out of the water when frightened, and is carried along by the wind. The buzzing of the fins, which has been urged as proof of real flight, is produced when a strong current of air strikes the fins of even a dead fish, and the rising over the crest of a wave or the bulwarks of a ship is explained by the ascending currents of air produced whenever a strong horizontal wind strikes an elevated object like the wave or ship.

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