

JUST LIKE MOTHER.

An Early Morning Letter With an Important Announcement.

That domestic ambulance corps of which mother or wife or sister has charge, being accustomed to all the accidents that befall heedless men folk, can sometimes deal with them at long range. Thus the New York Mail and Express tells how, at 6 o'clock in the morning of the wedding day, a post-office messenger rang the bell at the home of the bride to be and handed out a special delivery letter.

It was addressed to the best man, who had come forty miles to second his best friend in the ceremony, and was, with several others, the guest of the bride's parents. The best man was still sound asleep, but he was promptly awakened on the supposition that the letter must contain something of importance.

It did, indeed. Rubbing his eyes in an effort to understand, he tore open the envelope and was astonished to find a sheet of letter paper, with a large needle of the sort men always choose when emergency compels them to sew thrust through it and a foot of black thread doubled and trailing in a loose tangle down the page.

The best man thought it was a joke, but he could not see it, and he was about to become resentful when, upon turning the sheet, he found this hastily written note:

Dear Brother—Mother says there is a button on your dress coat. It is in your waistcoat, right hand pocket. Sew it on.

Crawling out of bed, the best man examined his coat and laughed to see that the situation had been accurately described in the letter. "Just like mother," he said. "She has probably lost a whole night's sleep thinking about that button."

Later in the day four bridesmaids gleefully assisted in making the repairs, and this telegram went to mother:

Button sewed on. Don't worry.

KEEPING A LOGBOOK.

The System of Abbreviations Used on Merchant Vessels.

How many landmen know how a logbook is written up? It seems just as complicated as double entry bookkeeping when one does not know, but after a little careful attention and study it's as easy to keep a logbook as to eat hot gingerbread. There is a list of letters arranged, and they look like so much Greek to the uneducated.

The letter b, for instance, stands for blue sky, whether there be clear or hazy atmosphere. C means cloudy or detached, opening clouds; d denotes drizzling rain; a small j, fog; capital F, thick fog; g, gloomy, dark weather; h, hail; l, lightning, and m, misty or hazy so as to interfere with the view.

The letter o represents overcast or when the whole sky is covered with one impenetrable cloud. Passing showers are noted by the letter p, and q indicates the weather to be squally. Continuous rain is indicated by an r, snow by an s and thunder by a t. Any ugly, threatening appearance in the weather calls for the letter u, and visibility of distant objects, whether the sky be cloudy or not, is represented by the letter v. A small w is wet dew. A full point or dot under any letter denotes an extraordinary degree. As an example of how the letters are used take q p d l t. This reads very hard squalls and showers of drizzle, accompanied by lightning, with very heavy thunder. Numerals denote the force of the wind. A cipher indicates calm, 1 light air, 2 light breeze, 3 gentle breeze, 4 moderate breeze, 5 fresh breeze, 6 strong breeze, 7 moderate gale, 8 fresh gale, 9 strong gale, 10 whole gale, 11 storm, 12 hurricane. This system of abbreviation is generally adhered to on all merchant vessels.

QUICKSANDS.

Quicksands have a horrible fascination for writers and readers of fiction, and the reality is every bit as bad as fancy paints it. One of the most remarkable quicksand accidents occurred years ago in New Zealand. Two prospectors were wading across the mouth of a small stream running into the sea in the north island of New Zealand. Both stepped into a quicksand. One who merely touched the edge of it got loose. The other sank rapidly and, in spite of his companion's efforts, was sucked under. When an attempt was made to recover the body, it was found that the sand was enormously rich in gold. From a single ton of it \$300 worth of gold was washed.—Pearson's.

HIS AUDIENCE.

First Pianist—Did you have much of an audience at your recital yesterday afternoon?

Second Pianist—Splendid! There were two men, three women and a boy. The boy, I afterward learned, was employed about the place, and the two men came in for shelter, as it was raining at the time, but the three women were all right. They came to hear me, I know, for I gave them the passes myself.—Boston Transcript.

HE TOOK THE WATCH.

It is told of the late Dr. Parker that when a very, very, very good young man came to him asking whether he should accept for certain special service a gold watch from an agnostic employer he replied: "Take it, my lad; take it. If he had been a Christian, perhaps he would not have offered it to you."

GREAT LABOR SAVER.

Customer—The metal in that knife you sold me is as soft as putty. It got dull the first time I used it.

Dealer—Y-e-s, but think how easy it will be to sharpen.—New York Weekly.

MEN WHO MIND THEIR OWN BUSINESS.

Men who mind their own business are usually successful because they have very little competition.—Chicago News.

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OVERPETTED PETS.

Dogs and Cats Spoiled by Appetite For Unnatural Tidbits.

Possibly the dog world might afford a better specimen of a living skeleton than one in the kennel next to the door of a boarding place for animals, but it would take a day's journey to find him.

"What's makes him so thin?" was asked of the attendant.

"He won't eat," was the reply—"that is, he won't eat hospital food. He's been spoiled. Lots of dogs and cats that are brought here have been spoiled. Their owners think it is a sign of high breeding to cultivate an appetite for a peculiar and unnatural diet. They train animals to eat all kinds of food that they would never touch of their own volition. This emaciated fellow has been taught to like fruit. He is particularly fond of pears; but, in case he can't get them, peaches, apples and bananas are a fairly satisfactory substitute. Unfortunately, his present ailment makes a fruit diet extremely dangerous, and since he is deprived of his favorite food he is literally starving himself to death."

The attendant passed on to a neighboring cage and poked his finger spitefully into the side of a large gray cat that "meowed" plaintively in response to his cheery "Hello, there, Caesar!" The cat had such a healthy, wholesome appearance that the visitor inquired what meat he was fed upon.

"Humph!" said the attendant. "You've missed it there. He doesn't feed upon meat. He's a vegetarian. He likes onions better than anything else, unless it's melons. A good many cats like melons, and most of them are also partial to raw asparagus. The fact is you might run through a list of all the dishes that find a place on any up to date menu and you will find that some of our patients have acquired a taste for them. This epicurean appetite may denote aristocratic tendencies on the part of my boarders, but I don't approve of it. Most of these acquired tastes are a perversion of the natural animal appetite, and it is likely to prove harmful in the end. The trick is pretty expensive for us fellows that run cat and dog boarding houses, and I'd like to put a stop to it."—New York Times.

APHORISMS.

Liberalism consists rather in giving seasonably than much.—Cicero.

Labor is the divine law of our existence; repose is desertion and suicide.—Mazzini.

Unbecoming forwardness oftener proceeds from ignorance than impudence.—Guville.

Kindness is a language the dumb can speak and the deaf can hear and understand.—Bovee.

Every one complains of the badness of his memory, but nobody of his judgment.—Rochefoucauld.

He who has no inclination to learn more will be very apt to think that he knows enough.—Powell.

It is not what he has or even what he does which expresses the worth of a man, but what he is.—Amiel.

Most people would succeed in small things if they were not troubled with great ambitions.—Longfellow.

Justice is the insurance we have on our lives and property, and obedience is the premium we pay for it.—Penn.

CATS OF ANCIENT EGYPT.

By some persons the popularity of the cat in Egypt has been attributed to the fact that the animal was valuable in ridding the palaces of rats and mice and also in hunting fowls. There are several paintings in the British museum, executed by ancient Egyptian artists, representing Egyptian sportsmen in boats on the river Nile, accompanied by large cats, sitting on their haunches in the stern. Other pictures show the cats swimming with birds in their mouths after the manner of retriever dogs. These pictures have greatly perplexed modern naturalists because the cat of today has a strong aversion to water, and it is difficult to reconcile such different traits even after the lapse of thousands of years.

FOOD WE OUGHT TO EAT.

It has been said that a man should be in very good health if he takes no more than three different kinds of food at any one meal. It should be served as nearly as possible in its simple state. More food is required on a damp, raw, cold day than on a cheerful, dry one.

As a rule, it is safe to assume that what we crave for is best for us, though in cases of illness this point should not be strictly adhered to.

Men require a good deal more food than women; those who work hard more than those who lead a sedentary life; those who are growing more than those who have reached maturity.

TRUE COURAGE.

Spartacus—What is the greatest act of bravery that ever occurred within your specific knowledge?

Smartacus—A man with only half a dollar in his pocket went into a swell cafe and ordered 40 cents' worth of food right out loud, so that people at the next table heard him distinctly.—Baltimore American.

KIDNAPED.

"So Daisy Dashabout's diamonds were stolen, were they?" inquired the patient newspaper man, suppressing a yawn.

"No," corrected the enterprising press agent; "they were kidnaped. She had them set in her teeth, and they had to take her too."—Cincinnati Commercial.

ALL IN THE DRAW.

Wigg—Many a woman discovers that she has married the wrong man.

Wagg—Well, I've heard that marriage sometimes makes another man of a fellow.—Philadelphia Record.

THE COURT OF CUPID

SOME DEFINITIONS OF LOVE, POETIC AND OTHERWISE.

Differing Tones That Blend into a Harmonious Matrimonial Chord. Diverse Views as to What Constitutes "The Ideal Woman."

Tennyson says in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. With the young men and women of Vigo county consideration of this interesting theme is not confined to one season. It has the right of way at all times and seasons.

Definitions of love were being discussed when a refined woman said the most comprehensive and beautiful definition she had ever seen was written by Amanda Douglas. Here it is:

"Love comes with truth in her heart and constancy in every pulse to sit down an everlasting guest in the hearts of those who truly welcome her. If there are sorrows and storms, she spreads her wings for an ark of shelter; if toll and care, she lightens them with her blessed smile. No room for regrets or jealousies, for both are true in deed and thought; no coldness, for she stands between them and the frosts of time. Year by year they grow into perfect accord, bringing heaven nearer with every dawn."

"Can such love ever fail?"

A jolly girl present said, "Love is a tickling sensation round the heart that cannot be scratched."

A modest, blushing young lady remarked, "It is something indescribable, must be spontaneous, cannot be bought or coaxed into being and when it grows cold cannot be warmed." Still we hear people constantly saying, "I learned to love him."

There is no subject upon which a man or woman, young or middle aged, provided they are not married, will become so animated as "my ideal woman" and "my ideal man."

Usually the tall men and women admire those of medium or diminutive stature; the fat, the lean; the blond, the brunette; the jolly, the sedate. The union of two people with different characteristics, provided they agree on the fundamentals, makes a harmonious whole, the one furnishing the needed complement of the other.

The lawyer prefers the woman averse to arguing. He gets his sufficiency of close reasoning in the courtroom. The garrulous man seeks a good listener. The conceited one admires the modest woman who enjoys burning incense before his altar. The man of few words picks out the woman of bright conversational powers.

It is difficult to surmise from a man's general attributes what is his ideal woman.

I asked a Terre Haute gentleman who has been much in public life and has been thrown with many brilliant women what was his ideal woman. I was surprised to hear him say emphatically not a convention woman or one who goes about delivering speeches and lectures upon a public rostrum. "My ideal woman is one who can hold her own in conversation with other women and men of brains in the parlor, who is self-reliant, yet looks to a man and depends upon him; not too good to drink a glass of wine, to tell a good story if the occasion warrants it, yet she must not be carried off her feet. She must be able to work both physically and mentally and be ashamed to follow in the wake of idle women."

A society young man not given to explicit statements has confessed this much about his ideal woman. She must be good looking. Perish the thought of sitting opposite an ugly woman at the table one thousand and ninety-five times in a year. His ideal woman must not be bold, still not afraid of athletic sports; must be a good golfer and tennis player, ride a horse with confidence, fire a gun, row with a steady stroke. "A superb looking, well proportioned woman in the saddle is a sight for the gods." Any thing but a namby pamby woman, one afraid of her shadow, for this young fellow.

There is a proverb that runs thus: "Whistling girls and crowing hens always come to some bad end." At least one Terre Haute gentleman thinks this is an absurd statement. In fact, the ability to whistle well he regards as an essential in his ideal woman. And she must have rich, glossy hair, luminous dark eyes, shapely hands and finger nails, dainty feet, be jolly and companionable, a person to cheer a fellow up when worried and worn out with business. No bookworm or woman's suffrage advocate can be classed as his ideal. A lover of music, not the ultra classic, is an essential for this gentleman's ideal woman.

A bold, dashing youth holds as his ideal a womanly woman, even to timidity, but morally brave, one who will regard him as her oak and clasp her soft tendrils about him for support. This dependence, he avers, will keep him at his best and his ideal refined, sweet, noble, human.—Susan W. Ball in Terre Haute Gazette.

HIS APOLOGY.

"You mustn't eat with your knife," said the city relative reprovingly.

"Excuse me," answered Farmer Cornstossel penitently. "I thought they was regular knives. I didn't know they was only imitation, same as the pillow-shams."—Washington Star.

HE DID.

Returned Traveler—I have often thought of that young Mr. Tease and how he used to torment Miss Auburn about her hair. Did she ever get even with him?

Old Friend—Long ago. She married him.—Illustrated Bits.

NOTHING CAN BE TRULY GREAT WHICH IS NOT RIGHT.—JOHNSON.

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How To Find Out.

Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; if it stains your linen it is evidence of kidney trouble; too frequent desire to pass it or pain in the back also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

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Continued from first page.

views, preparatory to Spring campaigning. But it snowed on the 6th and 7th and gave us four inches of snow; on the 8th heavy rain took the snow away, while on the 10th quite a deep snow fell in the forenoon, heavy rain in the afternoon took it out. On the 13th (March) quite a snow fell and on the 16th four inches more was added, then a few very cold days and on the 20th another snow; on the 21st it rained and snowed alternately all day. For several days rain and milder weather changed the snow to mud and on March 31st four inches of snow fell, on April 4th and 5th another snow of the same depth. This was the last snow and though there were many heavy rains the weather conditions were much improved and the health of the army vastly better. During the three months of this awful weather, the feet of the men were almost constantly wet and the clothing much of the time. The duties were heavy and the weather continuously bad. We served on three picket stations; one up the Rappahannock, three miles above Falmouth and four miles from camp by our route of going; the centre, in front of Fredericksburg, two miles away, while our station on the left was five miles from camp. These marches of two, three and five miles, through snows from four to twelve inches deep, or mud of equal depth, pelted with rain, hail, sleet and snow till we reached the post of duty, where we did picket service all winter without fire, no matter how cold or wet. There was no fire allowed on any part of the line; the rebs on the south side of the narrow river and quite near us, often asked, "Yank, why don't you build a fire?" We are not allowed to do it. Then come over and get warm. They always had bright, cheerful fires burning at every post all along the line.

To prohibit fires in this terrible weather, was a foolish freak of both Burnside and Hooker. It seemed as if they invited the elements to help kill what soldiers had the good fortune to escape their slaughter pen battles. One night while on the centre of our picket division, exactly opposite Fredericksburg, and the temperature below zero, we were nearly frozen, our "post" of three men built a flaming fire of dry cedar stumps; how wonderfully we enjoyed the cheer of that fire and the odor of burning cedar for an hour, when at midnight one of those all important officers, aping the air of an emperor, came riding along the line; he dismounted in great haste, cursing and swearing, he rushed at our little life sustaining fire and kicked it down the steep bank into the river and threatened us with arrest and court martial; then rode back to the big, cheerful fire of the reserve, while with us it was dance, run or freeze till ten o'clock next day when we were relieved, and started for camp.

This narrative would not be complete were we to omit St. Patrick's Day, as we saw it in camp of the Army of the Potomac.

The Irish Brigade, under Gen. Meagher, encamped near us, jollified greatly on this day. Whiskey was abundant and horse-racing was the great feature of the day. A large open common just below our camp, used for drill and review purposes, hundreds of acres in extent, was also used as a race-course. Here about ten a. m. about three hundred men on horseback had assembled, most of them drunk; but horses were entered, races called and told to "go!" Away they went, thrashing their nags, whooping and yelling, with more than a hundred hosenmen in hot pursuit, howling like demons, while half a hundred boozey "rough riders" were coming down the track at a high speed "ferriah" the right direction. Some seeing what must come turned their horses and dashed into the crowd of soldiers standing along the track to see the races. Horses and men went down together in heaps, while those on the course met in grand collision, resulting altogether in the serious injury of many men and horses.

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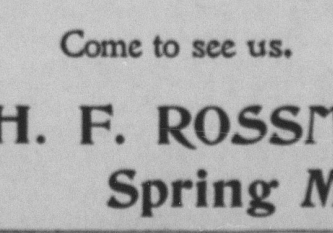
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