

STRANGE PENSION CASES.

PATRIOTIC INCIDENTS RELATED BY SEEKERS FOR NATIONAL AID.

A Cavalryman Whose Fate Was Like Knoch Arden's—Soldiers Wrongfully Branded as Deserters.

A Pension Office clerk recently gave to a correspondent of the Milwaukee Sun some incidents out of many which came to his notice in that department. He said:

"A Michigan cavalry man has recently secured a pension after a great deal of trouble. He was reported as having been killed in action, but turned up a few years ago at a reunion of his regiment, like a ghost among his comrades, who had never heard a word about him since the memorable battle when he was shot. He rode in the front ranks during the cavalry charge in the second battle of Bull Run, was shot from his horse at the beginning of the charge, and the whole regiment passed over him. There was no doubt about his death and no surprise that his body was not found after the battle was over, because it was presumed that it could not be identified if found. There was no doubt in the minds of his comrades that he had been trampled to pieces. Well, he turned up among his comrades at the reunion of the regiment, and told the story that he knew nothing of the two or three months after the battle, when he found himself out in Michigan, being cared for by some strangers who had taken him in. He was a complete physical wreck who had been twisted and torn out of all shape, as if he had been blown up by a boiler explosion and patched up afterward. He wandered about for several years, and finally visiting his former home found that his wife, believing him dead, had married again. He didn't trouble her at all, but continued traveling about until he finally gained the friendship of a well-to-do man, and with him he made his home, finally marrying one of his daughters. After his appearance at the reunion of his regiment he brought his case before the department, had his military record corrected, and ultimately secured a pension."

"One of the strangest incidents, however," continued the official, "was the claim of the widow and mother of a colored soldier for a pension. The widow swore that her husband died in Tennessee in 1862 of smallpox, and that his father was not living at the time of his death. The mother claimed that the man died in 1864 of smallpox in Tennessee, and that she had repeatedly seen him between '62 and '64, but that her son had never married. Both of the women were evidently swearing to the truth, so far as they understood it. The military record in the Adjutant-General's office showed that the man in question enlisted in that regiment and company, and died in Tennessee of smallpox in 1861. There was a great deal of strong collateral evidence to show that he had died in 1862 of smallpox. It was finally ascertained that the man died in 1862 as claimed by his widow. In those times vacancies in colored regiments were speedily filled by Sergeants, who experienced little difficulty in filling the ranks with ignorant colored men who would take the name of the deceased, no matter what it was. In this case the soldier who was originally enlisted died in 1862; a new man was put in his place under the same name, and he died of the smallpox two years later. There were really two colored soldiers, one of whom was mustered in and died in 1862, while the other was not mustered in, but served two years and died in 1864. Under the circumstances, of course, the widow of the man who died in 1862 got a pension. The mother of the man who died in 1864 got no pension, because her son was never really mustered into the service."

"There have been thousands of cases where men were not deserters, who never did desert, nor never left the army. Thousands of fellows fell by the roadside, were taken into field hospitals, sent North, recovered, returned to their regiments and served through the remainder of the war, who are reported as deserters. The Sergeant of the company failing to account for a man who straggled from the ranks found it easier to put 'deserted' opposite his name than to look for him. At the end of the month his name would be taken from the rolls, a new Sergeant might be in charge of the company when he returned, and then the mark of desertion would never be corrected until years after the war, when he would apply for a pension and find this record staring him in the face, greatly to his discredit and discomfiture."

"There was a young man in to see me this morning—he is yet comparatively a young man—who was taken sick in front of Vicksburg, in 1863, while on the march from Champion Hills. He was in hospitals for several months and was in a lunatic asylum for over three years. When he recovered his reason the war had closed, and he gave no attention to his military record until a few weeks ago, when he made application for a pension and found himself marked as a deserter. The poor fellow had fallen in line of duty, just as truly and heroically as though he had been in line of battle stricken down with a bullet. He is now engaged in procuring evidence to prove the truth of his story, the result of which will be that his military record will be corrected and he will get the pension which is due him."

Catching Rats With a Pet Snake.
Thomas Oxley, a farmer of Lincoln County, W. Va., who lives near Griffithsville, has a queer pet, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. It is a huge black snake, eight feet six inches long. The snake has been an adjunct of the farm for twelve years and is considered by Mr. Oxley as among his most valuable possessions.

It stays about the barn summer and winter, and is the most indefatigable exterminator of rats, mice and other vermin ever owned by Oxley.

"Jim," as the snake is called, is perfectly tame and docile, and answers to his name as promptly as the family dog or cat. He is fond of being petted by the family and seems to highly appreciate acts of kindness. Jim casts his coat at regular intervals of twelve months and every one of his suits have been kept by Mr. Oxley as curiosities.

The big black fellow never attempts to harm any living thing except the rodents about the farm and then he keeps completely exterminated. Mr. Oxley would not part with him for a large sum of money. This, it is believed, is the only instance where a huge black snake has been domesticated and become useful.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

The Mexicans eat salt with their oranges.

In Turkey, at the present day, the mourning hue is violet.

One of the highest students at Cambridge (England) University is blind.

The music kept up at Irish wakes used to be for the purpose of driving away evil spirits.

Mrs. Maggie Ellis, of Chattanooga, Tenn., has given birth to the smallest child on record. It weighs thirty-one ounces.

Arctic whalebone sold recently in New York at \$5 a pound, the highest price known. The entire available supply is not above 10,500 pounds.

Birch bark book covers are something new. They have a slip on the side in which the name of the book, written on a bit of card, can be inserted.

For the first time in seventeen years the island of St. Helena has a Governor, the British crown having been represented there since 1873 by acting Governors.

The post Browning had a marvelous memory. He could always tell the exact place of any quotation or fragment of quotation referred to him, and was greatly vexed whenever he heard his own lines misquoted.

A rug valued at \$5000 was bought in London lately. It was about thirteen feet square and had about 256 stitches to the inch. The material was wool combed, not cut, from the animal, and worth more than its weight in silk.

When a child dies in Greenland the natives bury a living dog with it—the dog to be used by the child as a guide to the other world. When questioned about their strange custom they say: "A dog can find the way anywhere."

Naval expressions are generally noted for their peculiar aptness and brevity. There is, however, one nautical term which for length almost rivals the longest Greek expression. It is the "starboard-foremast-studding-sail-boom-topping-lift-jigger-fall."

There is a coal mine at St. Andre du Poirier, France, worked with two shafts of a depth of 2952 feet and 3083 feet. The latter is to be increased to 4000 feet. Contrary to theory, little increase of temperature has been met with as the shafts went further into the earth.

George Fairbairn, chief of the Indian police at the Standing Rock (North Dakota) agency, is dead. He was the Daniel Boone of Minnesota, and a man of great influence among the Indians, being himself a quarter breed. He saved the lives of many whites during the Indian troubles.

The body of the Queen of Corea, who died June 4, is still kept in brine, the process of embalming being unknown to the people of that far-off land. The body will be kept four or five months, according to the custom of the country, and then interred with much pomp and ceremony.

In the Middle Ages the cuckoo was thought to be a god who took the form of a bird, and it was sacrilege to kill him. The Romans were less superstitious and more practical. They caught him, killed him, and ate him, and held no bird could be compared with him for sweetness of flesh.

Russian Soldiers in the Country.
One sees less of the military element in provincial Russia than might have been expected. There are camps at every good-sized town—a tented field—for in Russia the army goes into camp all summer. But garrison towns are few and far apart, and it is only by bearing in mind the vast extent of Russian territory that one can come to accept as probable the numerical claims of its army.

It is curious to see soldiers in uniform working in the harvest-fields or mending the roads. The pay of the Russian soldier is only seven kopecks a month—less than Uncle Sam pays his boys in blue per day. As an offset, however, the Russians are permitted to hire out as laborers or artisans—anything they can find to do. In the cities the soldiers of the garrison usually have the preference over others as super in the theatres, and among them are often found amateur actors, singers and musicians of considerable talent. In the provinces they work at harvesting, plowing, ditch-digging or anything the large landed proprietors can find for them to do.

In every village are young men who have returned home from their three years' military duty. The Russian peasant dreads going to the army, but when he returns is immediately proud of his service. He then considers himself far superior to those whom three years before he would have given an ear to change places with in order to remain at home. The secret of exaltation is that while in the barracks he has received a very meagre education and knows a thing or two more than the rustics about him.

The military burden, apart from the expenses of keeping up the army, seems to sit lightly enough on the population. Neither the eldest son nor a son on whom depends the support of his parents is required to serve. The young man who can pass a certain examination is required to serve only one year in the regular army as a volunteer recruit.—New York World.

A Noisy Fish.
At a recent meeting of the Berlin Physiological Society Professor Moebius described a peculiar fish—which he had met with in Mauritius. While on a visit to that island last year he observed a bright, blue-colored fish in the waters of the harbor, which, when caught and held in the hand, emitted from its interior a most striking noise, like that of a drum. A careful examination of the creature failed to reveal any obvious movements, with the exception of one part of the skin lying just beyond the gill-slit, which was in continuous vibration.

The portion of the skin which vibrates stretches from the clavicle to the bronchial arch; it is provided with four large bony plates and lies over the swim bladder, which in this fish, for the most part, projects out of the trunk muscles. Behind the clavicle is a curiously shaped long bone, which is attached to the clavicle at one point in such a way as to form a lever with two arms. The long arm of this lever is imbedded in the ventral trunk muscles, and is capable of easy movement to and fro. The short arm slides during this movement over the rough inner side of the clavicle, and gives rise to a crackling noise. This noise is then intensified by the swim bladder, which lies in close proximity to the short arm of the lever, and acts as a resonator.

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

MOULTING HENS.

Hens should be well fed and have considerable nutriment of the kind needed to make bone during the moulting season. They need this to make new feathers grow out quickly, and also to shorten the moulting period. If poorly fed the hens do not get into full feather before winter, and then will not lay until spring, however abundantly fed. But the hens should be early on, with good feed and warm quarters, before they produce eggs all through the cold season.—Boston Cultivator.

TO RAISE TURNIPS CHEAPLY.

As soon as the wheat is off the plow the land, harrow thoroughly. Sow broadcast one pound of seed to the acre, and go over it with a heavy roller. It is important to sow immediately after harrowing the land, and if the roller is light and cannot be weighted down, go over twice. When the turnips are large enough to hoe take the cultivator, set the shovels one foot apart and go through them; or better set cultivator shovels into a long stick like a corn marker, one foot apart. At the end of eight or ten days go through the turnips again cross-ways and they are as good as hood. It is easy to raise from one hundred to three hundred bushels to the acre if the land is in good order. If not, put ten to fifteen bushels of manure on before harrowing.—American Agriculturist.

LEMP ON THE JAW.

The hard, fast lump on the cow's jaw is due to a disease of the bone known as actino-myositis. It is parasitic, and is caused by a germ which finds lodgment in the jaw through the diseased teeth or gums. The fungus eats away the bone, which becomes cavernous and forms a cellular tumor, from which a very fetid pus peculiar to decaying bone is discharged. There is no doubt of the contagiousness of the disease and of its inheritance from diseased parents. Its rapid spread in the West among the herds on the ranges is a sufficient proof of both of these conclusions, which are admitted by all American veterinary experts, although a German surgeon denies it. It is generally thought to be incurable, but it has been cured by long-continued doses of hypophosphite of soda, one ounce daily given in bran mash, and if care be taken in preventing its spread by breeding diseased animals or animals related to them, it might be eradicated from a herd in time. The use of the meat may be innocuous, but tastes differ in regard to eating meat of animals having contagious diseases.—New York Times.

HONEY VINEGAR.

The proper way to make honey vinegar out of what might easily be wasted in any well-conducted apiary, and even from the poorer grades of honey, which are not usually in demand, may be found from the following paragraphs, which seem to have been written by one who knows. One pound of honey and one gallon of water are the proper proportions to make a good vinegar. That is, twenty-nine pounds of honey will make (water enough being added to fill a regular thirty-two gallon barrel) one barrel of the best vinegar. The vessels used to make it in are commonly wooden, and which are found at drug stores, and one of the barrel-heads, and paint the outside, to prevent the iron-hoops from being destroyed by the vinegar. The barrels and vinegar are kept in the cellar, so covered with burlap as to keep the dust out and let the air in.

One year converts this water and honey into the choicest vinegar. More age will make it sharper, but at one year old it is fine enough for any use. Sweetened water from washing honey drippings is the most common waste of the apiary, and to utilize it is presumed to be desirable matter in connection with honey vinegar. Still, with the low price of honey, bee-keepers may find a reasonable outlet for some of their poor honey, such as is unfit to sell as a luxury for table use.—Farm, Field and Stockman.

REQUIREMENTS FOR HONEY PRODUCTION.

In his address before the Ohio Beekeepers' Convention President Boardman called attention to the universal experience of Ohio apiarists during the past three years, in which the honey yields have steadily decreased. He next proceeded to prove that the decrease is not dependent on the style of hive, the race of bees, thick top bars, honey boards, green enges or the various other fixtures and conveniences introduced. These are all well in their way, but they do not produce honey. Among the notable changes affecting the honey yield Mr. Boardman named the destruction of forest trees incident to the advance of civilization. This destruction is more effective with the loss of the basswood and the tulip tree or whiteflower, both prolific in nectar for the bees. This destruction of the basswood, especially, the beekeepers are thoughtlessly encouraging by the use of supplies made from that timber.

The shortage of the Ohio honey crop was not, however, attributed entirely to the cause mentioned. There are two conditions necessary to successful honey production. These are abundance of honey-producing bloom and favorable weather. The most important of these conditions, the weather, is one over which we have no control. There is in the west, a vast domain where these two favorable conditions nearly always exist during the honey season; where almost perpetual sunshine and unbounded bloom combine to make it a beekeepers' paradise. It is where artificial irrigation is substituted for the natural rainfall and where the alfalfa clover grows in abundance. This domain, Mr. Boardman predicted, will in the no distant future flow with honey; but as all cannot go west to seek this beekeepers' paradise, they were advised as follows: "Turn your attention to improving the flowers and extending bee forage. I would recommend careful and patient experiment with alfalfa clover by beekeepers wherever it will thrive. We have at all events a very near relation of this clover, and equally as good for honey I can ascertain. It grows luxuriantly on all kinds of soil, even on our hardest, poorest clay. It is the much talked of sweet clover. I am deeply interested in this plant and have hopes of seeing farms devoted to its cultivation expressly for its honey, and with patient experience I should expect to see its rich foliage turned into beef and the dairy products."—New York World.

Stanley's Lost Ring.

A curious story has just been made public as to the restoration of the ring which Mr. Stanley lost in Africa. It appears that when the Anglo-American expedition started for Africa Mr. Stanley was presented with a ring, on which were engraved his name, the name of the expedition and the date. This ring he wore while exploring the lakes in Central Africa on his first march across the dark continent, when it was missed, being either stolen or lost. After eight years it came into the possession of a Welsh missionary to the Congo, the Rev. W. Hughes, now President of the Congo Institute at Colwyn Bay, who purchased it from a native and brought it home. On his return the other day the missionary forwarded the ring to Mr. Stanley as a wedding memento. The explorer, in acknowledging its receipt, expressed great surprise and delight that it should have followed him from the darkest regions of Africa.

The business section of New York is growing so fast that the gentry are being crowded out of Fifth avenue.

TEMPERANCE.

JUST TAKE A DROP.

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One drop! If that indeed were all I'd ever wish to drink. Surely wine and beer do not cause My soul in woe to sink.

But here's the trouble: one small drop Quick to another leads; Then to a third, and on and on The appetite each feeds.

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NOT A PROBABILE MATRIEM.

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HOW GOUGH WAS TEMPTED.

Speaking of Gough, Mr. Bosworth said: "He was a great orator and grand noble, but he was not master of himself. I remember one time when a man put some whisky in a glass of soda water he was about to drink. Just the taste was enough to set the appetites within him, and he went on and on protracted agony. Very few people know the fact, but the fact is related in his biography. When he came out of it I never saw a man feel in all my life. He cried like a baby and vowed that he would never speak before an audience again. If I remember rightly, he canceled his engagements for the rest of the year. He has told me many times when passing saloons mounted on a horse he had dug the spurs into the horse's flank and rode for miles at break-neck speed to get out of reach of the temptation."—Cleveland Leader.

BEER DOES NOT QUENCH THIRST.

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TIPPLES TO BE OBTAINED.

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THE BURN OF MILLIONS.
"With the privileges and customs of social life, so marked as a product of the modern spirit, the young man needs double care in resisting the temptations that will certainly test him. If it were not for the social life among them, many a glass would be left untroubled. Here, then, drinking of hard liquor by itself is not what the young men fear, but the social features surrounding the drink habit that makes it fatally charming. How the Satanical spirit shines, to blind the drunkard-drinker to the danger and destruction ahead! Let us take a drink together, which considers treating a manly and generous act. This is an orderly and respectable saloon; it is the last false light which lures the young man to the eye of American youth, and allure the popular heart from its burning determination of prohibiting the infernal traffic. There have been thousands of men who have been ruined who could testify that their ruin began in the social glass. They had no thought of drunkenness. But the fatal charm led them on step by step, until their health, and at last drew them down to a drunkard's grave, and landed their souls in a drunkard's hell!"

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