

CLEVER SHOOTING.

RESULT OF TWO SHOTS LEARNED AFTER TWENTY-NINE YEARS.

An incident in the Practice Work of a Southern Field Day—How Colonel Richardson Came to Know That He Had Done Some Damage to His Enemies.

When the Washington artillery was at Morgan City, there were many striking incidents that sprang out of the ceremonies of dedicating Fort Star and of practicing with the solid shot. The whole day of the war and its memories were kept before the people, but it was not a reawakening in which the bloody shirt had any play, but more of a thoughtful retrospection, in which the recalling of battles was not with bitterness, but with an impartial sadness. Among the happenings of the day none was more singular and noteworthy than one which occurred to Colonel Richardson, the commander of the battalion.

It was during the time when the batteries were firing shell at the two targets, which looked like tiny handkerchiefs on the water, they were so far away. A good shot was fired, and the spectators were applauding the excellent marksmanship, and the colonel stepped up to the gun to commend the gunner, when without cause or without knowing why the memory of a similar shot which had been fired 29 years ago almost to the very day flashed into his mind when he had stepped up to a gunner and complimented him in much the same style.

It was when he was at Fort Malone at the siege of Petersburg, which was known as Fort "Damnation," when the shot 29 years before had been fired, and the Fourth of July was almost the anniversary of the very day. Instead of white targets for a mark it had been the tops of two Sibley tents which peeped over the ramparts of Fort "Hell," just opposite Fort "Damnation." They knew that from a deserter who had informed him, also that the officers of the whole command held a daily consultation there, and that he could tell the time from the fact that they hitched their horses around the tents.

Colonel Richardson was then a captain in the Washington artillery, and he conceived the idea of scoring a point on the Federals by firing on the tents just at the time of the daily consultation. He selected the best gunner in his command and told him what he wanted him to do, and that was to load and prepare the guns for a special shot which he was going to direct them to make the ensuing day. The young captain was sure that he had gunners he could depend upon, and to make his triumph complete he asked General Malone to be present when the shots were to be fired.

It was noon the next day when the horses of the Federal officers were seen collected around the two tents. The gunners were told to train their guns upon them and to be certain to make their shots tell. Those two shots were made the center of the interest of those in Fort "Damnation" for that day, for the word was passed around that the destruction of the officers' tents was to be attempted.

After a deal of preliminary arrangements the two shots were fired, and the tops of the two Sibley tents disappeared like cardhouses in a gale of wind. The success of the shots was the signal for cheering on the part of the Confederates. General Malone complimented the accuracy of the artillerymen, and it was then that the captain stepped to the gunner and expressed his approbation in much the same way that he used to the one that had made the good shot at Morgan City. But there had always been a tinge of dissatisfaction about that shot at the Federal tents, and that was that he had never ascertained whether any one had been hurt in the tents, and for the 29 intervening years that one thought had pervaded the whole incident.

With these thoughts in his mind Colonel Richardson turned away from the gunner at Morgan City, and at that moment one of Morgan City's prominent citizens, Mr. Gray, stepped to the colonel's side and said:

"Isn't this Colonel Richardson?"

"Yes."

"Well, I have been wanting to meet you for many years, ever since I heard you had been in Fort 'Damnation' at the same time that I was in Fort 'Hell.'"

"Yes," said the colonel, "and when were you in Fort 'Hell'?"

"In July, 1864. In fact, just 29 years ago today," answered Mr. Gray.

The colonel instantly thought of those two shots and wondered if his curiosity was to be satisfied. "Do you remember a day while you were opposite me in Fort 'Hell' when the tents of the officers were taken down by two shots which were almost simultaneous?"

The stranger did not reply for a full minute. A shadow seemed to fall over him, his eyes grew dark, and he stepped back and surveyed the colonel from head to foot. Then he broke out feelingly: "D—n you! I shall never forget those shots. They swept away the flower of my corps. My first lieutenant was killed, and the leg of my second lieutenant was shot off, and five others were killed. And did you fire that shot?"

The deep feeling of the man was evident, but a moment later he said, "Well, colonel, you are now teaching your young soldiers to serve the flag for which my officers laid down their lives."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Too Far Off.

He had wandered about into dozens of stores hopelessly trying to match a piece of goods for his wife. At last he quit and leaned up against a post with the sample in his hand.

"What's the matter?" asked a passing friend. "Sick?"

"Yes. I guess I'll have to go to heaven," he replied, sticking the sample out aimlessly toward the inquirer.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, they say matches are made in heaven, and I guess they're right. I'll swear they're not made anywhere around here."—Detroit Free Press.

A Terrible Looking Pin.

A well known gentleman of Seattle the other day handed to a reporter a curious looking scarfpin, the head of it being of the size of a small marble, such as is used by boys. In color it was a peculiar reddish amber, and seemed to contain a strange lifelike heart, from which a drop of blood appeared ready to fall.

"A heart of fire bedreamed with haze." "What is it?" asked the reporter.

"It is an eye taken from a mummy," was the reply.

"Where was it taken from?" was asked. "I was at Arica, Peru, in 1882, and took it from a mummy myself," was the reply. "A number of young men and myself one day were out for sport and dug up a dozen mummies for the sake of seeing what they had been buried with. We found money, pieces of pottery, etc., but did not strike a gold mine. Nearly all the better class of mummies seemed to have these eyes in them, and I took this from one of them. I could not learn what it was. Some people in Peru contend that it is the natural eye preserved and hardened in some manner, while others think it a fish's eye. They do not bother their heads much about it down there, however. The fact that these eyes are found in mummies is sufficient for them. I have never heard of any tradition connected with them."

"I took the eye to a jewelry store in San Francisco and tried to get it polished, but could not, although half a dozen men worked on it. The powder arising from it while they were at work would make them deathly sick and also get in their eyes and blind them temporarily. You see that it has scaled off in places. I finally had it set in this pin as you see it."—Seattle Press-Times.

Where the Boston Hotel's Silver Goes.

The fad of collecting spoons for souvenirs has ramifications little dreamed of by those who toy curiously with the quaint little products of the silversmith's art as they sip out of dainty porcelain the fragrant brew from my lady's tea ball.

Harvard boys are faddists as well as their sisters and sweethearts, but they do not seek the uttermost ends of the earth for their treasures. The famous and hospitable hostelry of the neighboring Hub are where they carry on their depredations.

The more thoughtful and honest first make sure that the obliging waiter does not have to replace the missing article, and then they slyly slip a fork or a spoon into a pocket, and no matter what the check may amount to the spoony sophomore is happy, for he has added another to his collection with which to mystify his fair friends.

This accounts for one who at a little spread took tea from an Adams House spoon and salad from a fork bearing the word "Parker's."

If the student has been industrious, every individual of a party uses silver from a different hostelry.—Boston Herald.

Photographing in Colors.

Color photography has attracted much attention during the past year or 18 months, and the experiments in that line have been startlingly successful. Professors Lippmann and Vogel are the pioneers in this branch of the photographic art, and both are enthusiastic over recent results. Lippmann's investigations have proven that on a layer of albumen he could take brilliant photographs of the spectra, nor was it necessary to bring out the colors one at a time by a laborious application of specially prepared chemicals. On the contrary, they all came out at once, even red, and that, too, without the interposition of colored screens. In a letter to a society of photographers Lippmann says: "Announce the most wonderful discovery of the age. I have brought out colors more brilliant than the tints of the rainbow after an exposure of less than 30 seconds. Alas! I grieve to tell you that there are certain colors in the rainbow that I have not succeeded in chaining to my plate."—St. Louis Republic.

The Atlantic Ocean.

The area of the Atlantic is about 30,000,000 square miles, less than half the area of the Pacific and between one-sixth and one-seventh of the total surface area of the world. It would form a circle 4,180 miles in diameter, which is rather more than double the distance from Liverpool to New York.

Its depth is much better known than that of the Pacific and averages more than 2,000 fathoms, probably about 14,000 feet, or about 2½ miles. The height of Mont Blanc is about three miles.

The cubic contents are therefore nearly 80,000,000 cubic miles, so that the Atlantic could be contained bodily in the Pacific nearly three times. The number of cubic feet is 117 followed by 17 ciphers, a number that would be ticked off by our million clocks in 370,000 years. Its weight is 325,000 billion tons, and the number of gallons in it is 73 trillions. A sphere to hold the Atlantic would have to be 538½ miles in diameter.—Longman's Magazine.

Entertaining the Butcher.

Little Mary is the daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman in a pretty village of western New York. One morning a corpulent butcher called at the parsonage with a roast of beef for dinner. Mary answered his knock at the kitchen door and proceeded to entertain him until her mother should arrive. The pastor's wife on her way down stairs overheard this conversation:

"This is a very lovely day, Mr. Meason."

"It is indeed."

"Do you like roast beef?"

"Yes."

"Do you eat it every day?"

"Not every day. Why?"

"Nothing, only your stomach seems to be larger than ours."—New York Times.

Acquiring and Possessing Strength.

In childhood we study mathematics and languages to strengthen our mind. When we get older, our mind is so strong that these things are driven entirely out of it.—Boston Transcript.

Senator Stanford's Illness.

An intimate friend of the Stanford family relates an incident in the senator's life in Washington: A policeman on duty one evening on K street, within a block of the Stanford residence at the national capital, found a man lying unconscious on the sidewalk. He was about to ring in an alarm for the patrol wagon when a gentleman came up and recognized the unconscious man as Senator Stanford. They succeeded in getting the senator into his house without any one else knowing what had happened, and nothing was ever said about it. The first question the senator asked when he regained consciousness was whether the newspapers would know all about it, and he appeared to be greatly relieved when he learned that it had been kept a secret. The gentleman who knew of this incident said that the senator's sudden death was no surprise to him.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Novelty in Trolley Roads.

In an electric road recently constructed in England a radical departure from American methods has been made. A trolley wire is suspended from arms projecting from steel columns. No guy wires are employed, as the steel wires are especially designed to withstand severe strains. At the corners the trolley wire, instead of following a curve of the same radius of the track, as in the American systems, is turned on an angle, the whole system depending on the flexibility of the trolley arm, or side collector, as it is called, which automatically engages the trolley wire in any position from two to twelve feet from the side of the car.

Another change from American practice is the adoption of a pressure of only 350 volts. The cars are only 22 feet long and are equipped with two motors of 15 brake horsepower, running at 400 revolutions.—Philadelphia Press.

Totipotential Sailors.

A large number of the crew of the ill fated Victoria were totipotentials—in fact, a lodge of the Independent Order of Good Templars—the Victoria's Lifeboat Lodge A. D.—had been established on the ship. Not one of the names of the members of the lodge is included among the list of the saved, so that the lodge has no longer an existence. A curious fact is that a whole lodge of the same order was lost in the terrible disaster that overtook the Eurydice in 1878.—London Tit-Bits.

Now, This Is Fishing.

Frank Vinton and others caught a 300 pound sturgeon last week and made the line fast to a young tree standing on shore. Later, when they went to draw the big fish to land, they found it had escaped by pulling the tree up by the roots and taking over 80 feet of small rope along. The fishermen have three other big fish tied up at different places along the stream.—Asotin (Wash.) Sentinel.

The latest fad for the owner of dogs is to make them wear shoes in the house to protect the polished floors. The shoes are made of chamois skin.

A Mr. Veal and Miss Ham were married in England a short time ago. This marriage is meet for rejoicing among newspaper humorists.

Miscellaneous.

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