

HOT BLOOD IN CAMP.

ARMY QUARRELS THAT ALMOST ENDED IN TRAGEDIES.

The Story of a Captain Who Had Murder in His Heart—A Flery Lieutenant Colonel Who Wanted to Kill His Superior Officer—A Peace-making Adjutant.

"Tragedies in our own camps, outside of battles, were more common than the public knows," said a distinguished soldier.

"The shooting of Major General Nelson at Louisville by Brigadier General Jeff C. Davis because Nelson in a fit of anger had called Davis a long string of hard names, is one of the few that came to the surface. You wouldn't think it probably, but I myself was once so close to a tragedy that it makes my gray hair rise up as I recall it.

"While a number of officers of the regiment were in the major's tent I said something that a captain took exceptions to, and a war of words followed. When he plumped out, 'You are a liar!' I struck out with my right and set him to bleeding. He came back at me like a tiger cat. We clinched and for three or four minutes had it hot and sharp; then the others separated us. He made all sorts of threats. I was adjutant. He ranked me, and I confess that for a time I did fear he would make me trouble in the way of court martial, but the matter seemed to blow over.

"One full afternoon the captain invited me to take a walk with him. Thinking that our troubles had completely healed, I consented. On the way back to camp we passed through an orchard. I climbed a tree to get some apples. Just as I reached for an apple I saw the captain reach for his revolver and glare at me like a wild fiend. Instantly I loosened my hold and dropped to the ground. Seizing a stake, I took my place by his side and said, 'Now, you cowardly dog, put up that gun or I'll brain you.' This time he was kept on a hot gridiron for a month, though I made no threats and had no thought of reporting his attempt to assassinate me.

"The next night we got into we made up for good and all and remained fast friends until the final round up, when General Joe Johnston had his men throw down their guns and go home to 'make a crox.' It happened in this way: The colonel had given the order to form line of battle. As adjutant it was my duty to see that each captain carried out the order. When I reached the would-be assassin and had performed my duty and started to go away, he called out, 'Adjutant, come back.' When I complied, he took my hand, looked me squarely in the eye and said: 'Lieutenant, can you forgive me for all of my meanness to you? I hope so. I have never had a good hour since that incident in the orchard.'

"With all my heart, captain. No one but you and myself knows anything about that little affair."

"As I said, nothing else came up to separate us while in the army. We never met after being mustered out. He died three years ago. Of course I could have sent him out of the army in disgrace and placed him in the penitentiary after he was out, but I've always been glad I did not. He was a good soldier in battle, as brave as they made them, but a bulldog in camp. He left the army a major. His name? Never mind that. It is a true story. I wish it were not, for I cannot forget that at one time in my life I was in a fair way to be murdered."

"Report to your headquarters under arrest, sir."

The colonel of a western regiment hissed that remark to his lieutenant colonel as he dismissed the parade one evening in December, 1864, a few miles back of Petersburg.

"I refuse to go, d— you," was the reply.

"Adjutant, see that Lieutenant Colonel Blank goes to his quarters at once," said the angry colonel, who was in the right, for the lieutenant colonel, who had been drinking, had disobeyed orders.

The adjutant knew both officers well, and that it would not do for them to come together that night. He had a merry time of it keeping them apart. The lieutenant colonel would jump up and start for the cabin door with a threat to go to the colonel's quarters and cut him down with his sword. He was a powerful man, able to carry out his threat unless the colonel should get the drop. Once the arrested officer got away and was half way to the colonel's cabin, with sword drawn. "Stop, man," said the adjutant. "Would you blot your record of three years by committing murder? Think of that. Think of your wife and children. Come back to your quarters. You shall not go a step farther in that direction until you have killed me."

"I don't want to kill you, but I'm going to kill the colonel."

"All right, kill him, but wait until tomorrow—until it is light. Don't shoot a man in the dark. That is no way for a brave man to do."

He went back to his bunk and slept until morning. When he awoke, he came to me and said:

"How can I get out of this scrape, adjutant?"

"Write the colonel an apology."

He wrote it, and the adjutant took it to the colonel, who read it, laughed and said, "Bring Colonel Blank to my quarters." They met like a pair of brothers, and to this day the adjutant believes that he prevented an army tragedy, and I guess he did.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Safe Guardian.

"Do you like candy, mamma?" asked 4-year-old Bessie.

"No, dear," was the reply. "It always makes me sick."

"I'm awful glad of it," said the little miss. "You're just the woman I want to hold my candy while I dream daily."—Chicago News.

ANIMALS THAT COUNT.

Instances That Prove Their Possession of the Computing Faculty.

Several years ago there lived in Cincinnati a mule which was employed by a street railway company in hauling cars up a steep incline. This animal was hitched in front of the regular team and unhitched as soon as the car arrived at the top of the hill. It made a certain number of trips in the forenoon (I have forgotten the number, but will say 50 for the sake of convenience) and a like number in the afternoon, resting for an hour at noon. As soon as the mule completed its fiftieth trip it marched away to its stable without orders from his driver.

To show that it was not influenced by the sound of the factory whistles and bells the following remarkable action on the part of this animal is vouched for by the superintendent of the line, who gave me these data: On a certain occasion, during a musical festival, this mule was transferred to the stables. It took the combined efforts of several men to make it return to its duty. At night there were no bells or whistles to inform the creature that "quitting time" had come. It had counted the trips, and having finished its full quota of 50 it thought that the time for rest and food had arrived.

Some monkeys give unmistakable evidences of the possession by them of the computing faculty. In 1889 I made the acquaintance of a very intelligent chimpanzee which could count as high as three. That this was not a trick suggested by sensual impulses I had ample opportunity of satisfying myself. The owner of the animal would leave the room, no one being present but myself, and when I would call for two marbles or one marble or three marbles, as the case might be, the monkey would gravely hand over the required number. Roman mentions an ape which could count three, the material used in his experiment being straws from the animal's cage. Wolf, Darwin, Forbes and Hartman also give instances of the computing faculty in apes and monkeys.—James Weir in Lippincott's Magazine.

DEWEY AS A DISCIPLINARIAN.

His Method of Subduing Some Refractory Sailors.

"I was with Commodore Dewey when he was the executive officer of the Colorado," said a financier, "and I remember one incident which shows the manner of man he is. We had a fine crew, some of them as powerful men as I ever saw. Four or five of them went ashore one day and came back fighting drunk. "Three of them were men who would singly have been more than a match in strength for John L. Sullivan. The order was given to put them in irons, and it was found impossible to carry out the order, for the men were dangerous. Dewey was notified of the situation. He was writing a letter in his room at the time.

"He went to the place where these giants were and he told them to come out and submit to the irons. They did not stir. Then Dewey said quietly to an orderly, 'Bring me my revolvers,' and when he had his pistols he again called upon the men to come out, but they did not move. Then he said, 'I am going to count three. If you are not out here with your hands held up on the third count, you won't come out of that place alive.'"

"He counted one, then he cocked the revolvers, and he counted two. We all expected to hear the report, for we knew that Dewey meant what he said. The men knew it too. They stepped out just in time to save their lives and held up their hands, and they had been partially sobered by their fright and the moral effect of Dewey's glance."

"One of them said afterward that when he saw Dewey's eyes he knew that he would either be a dead Jackie in a moment or he would have to yield, and when the irons were put upon him he was as sober as he ever was in his life. Dewey went back to his room and finished the letter he was writing."—Philadelphia Press.

"The Lucky Duffs"

"The Lucky Duffs" is the title of an article in The English Illustrated Magazine in which Mr. J. M. Bullock traces the rise of the Duke of Fife, like a prince in a fairy tale, from a little farmer in the north of Scotland 200 years ago. One good woman of the house used to ride to market with a huge pile of plaiding, which she had spun from her sheep, in the cropper beside her and duly brought back its value in merks. These she hoarded in bags. On one occasion she banked her savings in a leather bag in the ceiling, but the rats got at it, so that the family dined amid a downpour of ducatoons. The family flourished so well that each of her three sons got an estate of his own—Patrick, the youngest, bringing 36 children into the world, while William became the father of the first Earl of Fife.

Queen Wilhelmina.

There is no longer any doubt that Wilhelmina, queen of the Netherlands, is engaged to marry Prince Bernhard of Saxe-Weimar, who is now 20 years of age and the second son of the late hereditary Prince of Weimar. The young queen has lately been in Paris seeing the sights and selecting a trousseau. Her dresses, rides in the Bois and goodness of face and character have been items of interest in the Paris journals. They deem it significant that she shops in Paris instead of Berlin and believe the future queen a valuable person to cultivate.

Thoughtful to the Last.

"Didn't your absconding cashier leave you any message?" "Yes. He left a line in the cash box transferring to me his paid up membership in a Don't Worry club."—Chicago Record.

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HORSE CLIPPING. Have just received a complete set of machine horse clippers of latest style '38 pattern and am prepared to do clipping in the best possible manner at reasonable rates. Jackson St. near Fifth, Reynoldsville, Pa. Subscribe for The Star, If you want the News.

COMMISSIONERS' - SALE OF Seated and Unseated Lands.

In pursuance of an Act of Assembly, the Commissioners will offer for sale, at their office in Brookville, Jefferson county, Pa., on

Thursday, September 15, 1898,

At 10 o'clock A. M. the following tracts of Seated and Unseated Lands, purchased by the County Commissioners at Treasurer's Sale of 1897:

Table with columns: Year, Names of Owners, H. & L. or Acres, Locality, Tax and Costs. Includes sections for SEATED LANDS and UNSEATED LANDS.

Auctioneer—JOHN DAVIS, Clerk. Commissioners' Office, Brookville, Pa., August 1st, 1898.

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CONDENSED TIME TABLE.

Table with columns: READ UP, EXP. Mail, No. 37, No. 21, READ DOWN, EXP. Mail, No. 36, No. 20. Lists stations and times.

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In All-wool Summer Clothing, Scotch Plaids and Check Suits you can save from 10 to 20 per cent. Men's \$5.00 Suits, now \$3.50. Men's All-wool \$7.00 and \$8.00 Suits, now \$5.50. Men's All-wool \$9.00 to 12.00 Suits, \$7.00 to \$9.00. In Youths' Suits you can save the same reduction.

Straw Hats 1/2 Price.

Nice Over Shirts, with white band, 23c. SUMMER DRESS GOODS—Organdy, was 15 to 18c., to-day 10c. " " 10c. " " 6 1/2, 7 1/2c. Challies, " 5c. " " 4c.

Mid-Summer Sale Announcement.

DRY GOODS CLOTHING HATS, CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES

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