The Scrap Book

Reveille at Five.

Corporal Abe Tyler, crawling out of his warm nest to answer roll call on a blizzard morning in January, 1864, in east Tennessee, remarked:

"When I get through with this war—after I finish it up all right—I'm going to hire that bugler to come and blow reveille for me at my house every morning at 5 o'clock."

"Wherefore wouldst have your serenade at such an unseemly hour, kind sir?" said Tom Grogan, his bunk mate.

"So that I can stick my head out of the winder and tell that bugler to go to hell."

A REQUIEM.

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.
—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Close Quarters.

Two Irishmen were starting west in a sleeping car. Terry had never been in one before, so his friend Dennis generously gave him the lower berth, while he himself climbed into the upper. After awhile Dennis, thinking it might be well to see whether his friend was all right, leaned over and asked, "And how are ye gettin' on down there, Terry?"

"Sure, Dinnis, I'm havin' the divil of a time gettin' in me little hammock."—Lippincott's.

Carlyle on Will.

A man without a purpose is no man. The weakest living creature, by concentrating his powers on a single object, can accomplish something. Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness.

Get Their Eyes Open.

A Democratic mass meeting in the campaign of 1904 was attended by a small boy, who had four young puppies for sale. A man, approaching the boy, asked, "Are these Parker pups, my son?" "Yes, sir." "Well, then," said he, "I'll take these two."

About a week afterward the Republicans held a meeting at the same place, and among the crowd was the boy and his two remaining pups. He was approached by a Republican and asked, "What kind of pups are these you have?" "They're Roosevelt pups, sir."

The Democrat who had purchased the first two happened to be in hearing, and broke out at the boy, "See here, you rascal, didn't you tell me last week that these were Parker pups?" "They were Parker pups last week," said the boy, "but now they've got their eyes open."

Sir Walter Scott's Last Effort.

At an advanced period of life Sir Walter Scott, struck with misfortune, entered into an engagement to liquidate by his literary exertions a debt of £128,000. Scott staked his character and reputation upon the fulfillment of his last engagement. He entered with characteristic ardor upon his task, and, amid the pressure of increasing age and infirmity, never lost sight of his anticipated reward.

In seven years Scott had paid all but one-sixth of his enormous load of debt. The prize was within view. Independence seemed almost in his grasp, but he had overtasked his strength, and disease, soon to be followed by death, came, like an armed man, and closed the superhuman struggle.

He Was Downstairs.

At a recent dinner in London the conversation turned to the subject of lynching in the United States. It was the general opinion that a large percentage of Americans met death at the end of a rope. Finally the hostess turned to an American who had taken no part in the conversation and said:

"You, sir, must have often seen these affairs."

"Yes," he replied; "we take a kind of municipal pride in seeing which city can show the greatest number of lynchings yearly."

"Oh, do tell us about a lynching you have seen yourself," broke in half a dozen voices at once.

"The night before I sailed for England," said the American, "I was giving a dinner at a hotel to a party of intimate friends when a colored waiter spilled a plate of soup over the gown of a lady at an adjoining table. The gown was utterly ruined, and the gentlemen of her party at once seized the waiter, tied a rope around his neck and at a signal from the injured lady swung him into the air."

"Horrible!" said the hostess, with a shudder. "And did you actually see this yourself?"

"Well, no," admitted the American apologetically. "Just at that moment I happened to be downstairs killing the chef for putting mustard in the blancmange."—Everybody's.

Potter's Good Angel.

John Potter was a plain, hardworking carpenter who, just before his enlistment in a regiment which was afterward assigned to Stonewall Jackson's command, had married a pretty young girl of Staunton, Va. Jackson's men never had much play or rest, and when the first battle came they were in it, and so on to Appomattox. John Potter was not one of those rare heroes who "didn't know what fear was." He knew very well, but always met it face to face. He said he was always "scared to death" in battle, but he had a curious way of showing it. When the battle was joined and blood and ruin were everywhere, then, wherever the front rank of danger and fighting was in his regiment, there was John Potter, with shaking legs, pale face and tears running down his cheeks, ready to advance with the first and staying with the last that retreated. Then and there, without shout or boast, firing steadily, he did his duty until the last shot had been fired. When picket duty demanded special reliability, he was sent. He might have moaned inwardly, but he never tried to escape. Once (I was a captain then), when he was complaining of his own cowardice, I said to him: "If you are half as afraid in battle as you say you are, how can you keep from running away? I couldn't."

"Why, captain," he replied, "do you think I'd disgrace that little wife I left at home for half a dozen such 'or'nary' lives as mine?"—H. K. D.

From Elba to Paris.

In 1815 the newspapers announced the departure of Bonaparte from Elba, his progress through France and entry into Paris in the following manner:

March 10. The Corsican Ogre has landed at Cape Juan.—March 11. The Tiger has arrived at Gap.—March 12. The Monster slept at Grenoble.—March 13. The Tyrant has passed through Lyons.—March 14. The Usurper is directing his steps toward Dijon, but the brave and loyal Burgundians have risen en masse and surrounded him on all sides.—March 18. Bonaparte is only sixty leagues from the capital; he has been fortunate enough to escape the hands of his pursuers.—March 19. Bonaparte is advancing with rapid steps, but he will never enter Paris.—March 20. Napoleon will tomorrow be under our ramparts.—March 21. The emperor is at Fontainebleau.—March 22. His imperial and royal majesty yesterday evening arrived at the Tuileries amid the joyful acclamations of his devoted and faithful subjects.

Would You Live Forever?

Frederick the Great had a philosophic indifference to death—in others. In one of his battles a battalion of veterans having taken to their heels, he galloped after them, bawling: "What do you mean, you cowardly whelps? What do you mean? Do you want to live forever?"

Almost Persuaded.

Joseph H. Choate at one time engaged Lauterbach, who is of Hebrew blood, to assist in the defense of a very wealthy corporation. After the business had been concluded successfully Choate asked Lauterbach what he thought he ought to have for his services.

"I didn't work so very hard," said Lauterbach, "but I suppose I ought to get $1,200 or $1,500."

"Now, Lauterbach," said Choate, "would you mind just leaving this matter to me?"

"Of course," said Lauterbach. "What you do will be all right."

Later Choate handed to Lauterbach a check for $10,000 in settlement. Lauterbach read the check and then put on his glasses and read it again, and turned an admiring glance upon Choate, who was smiling benevolently. "Almost," said Lauterbach, "thou persuadest me to be a Christian!"

Luther's Rule.

It was a matter of astonishment to Europe that Luther, amid all his travels and active labors, could present so very perfect a translation of the whole Bible. He had a rigid system of doing something every day. Said he in answer to the question how he did it, "Nulla dies sine versu." (Not a day without a verse.) And this soon brought him to the close of his Bible.

The Blue and the Gray.

A sorely damaged veteran sat on the steps of the capitol at Washington, with a tin plate beside him, suggesting contributions. Both legs and one arm were gone, and there was a broad scar across one cheek. A tall, grave, elderly man approached, halted, looked down upon the veteran for two or three minutes with interest, then drew a dollar bill from his wallet, laid it upon the plate and passed on. The next morning the same man approached in the same manner, made the same survey of the veteran, laid down a dollar bill and went his way. The third morning he had made the same halt and inspection and laid down another dollar, when the veteran spoke:

"You've been very kind to me, sir, and I'm much obleeged. You must have been a soldier yourself."

"Not kind at all, suh; not kind. Yes, I saw some service."

"What regiment did you serve in, sir?"

"Fo'teenth Virginia, suh; General Stonewall Jackson's command."

"A Confederate soldier! Well, now, that's real generous in a southern soldier to help a Union cripple."

"Not generous at all, suh. The fact is, suh, that you're the fust damned Yankee I've seen—the very fust, suh—that's been cyarved up just to suit me exactly, and I'm willin' to pay liberally fob the show!"

In the Days of Witchcraft.

Of the sufferings of those who were condemned for witchcraft—800 being sentenced to death by one judge, Remy, of Nancy; 400 perishing at a single execution at Danzig and 7,000 being burned at Treves—Lecky says: "Not for them the wild fanaticism that nerves the arm against danger and steels the body against torments; not for them the assurance of a glorious eternity that has made the martyr look with exultation on the rising flames; not for them the solace of lamenting friends or the consciousness that their memories would be cherished and honored by posterity. They died alone, hated and hopeless. They were deemed by all mankind the worst of criminals. Their very kinsmen shrank from them as tainted and accursed."

King of Beverages.

What to Eat.

What is the king of beverages; it is the beverage to which all turn when they would cure themselves of the injurious habit of consuming other beverages. But water that is not pure may be more harmful than the most harmful of other drinks.

Water is the basis of all other beverages. All beverages of man's manufacture are water that has been adulterated by admixtures and chemical treatment.

Pure water is the one beverage which has stood the test of science, and come down to us unscathed through continuous use for countless ages. It is nature's chiefest blessing to man. Other beverages undergo many changes with time. Each age brings them forth in new styles, new methods of manufacture, new process of chemical treatment, aging and keeping. Foods change with each successive generation. We eat different kinds of foods from time to time, each generation prepares them differently; there are different methods of compounding them, different methods of cooking them. Pure water is the same yesterday, today, and forever.

What Did It Mean?

Patient—Doctor, do you think I will have to be operated on?

Doctor—Well, I hope for the best.
—Judy Lippincott's.

The Industrial News is right about one thing. It says the committee could have selected any one else as easily as it selected Mr. H. G. Chatham. That's so, and by that declaration the News absolutely destroys its own argument.—Newbern Sun.