

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## Advising Gen. Crant.

As may reasonably be supposed, in all armies and in all countries, private soldiers have their own private opinions, even about the behavior of their commanding officers, and now and then they cannot help expressing them. The historian of the Ninety-sixth Ohio regiment cites an instance, at the siege of Vicksburg. At 9 o'clock every morning, in full view of the three forts, and always over the same course, Gen. A. J. Smith could be seen riding the same black pacer at lightning speed.

At that hour, therefore, the Confederate artillerists stood to their pieces, knowing they should have a chance to shoot at the "old white hat" which the General always wore. As a consequence the boys came to expect a daily battle shower at precisely 9 o'clock.

Gen. Grant, too, made his daily investigations, at first riding about with his staff, apparently paying no attention to consequences, individual or collective. At last he seemed to discover that his appearing with so many attendants caused an unnecessary exposure of his men, and next day he came alone. This did not lessen the enemy's attentions, and on the following morning he appeared without insignia of rank and mounted on a mule.

He halted in the rear of the Ninety-sixth Ohio, surveyed the position in open view of the enemy, and, intent on knowledge, coolly drew his field glass, took a steady survey, apparently not being aware of the well aimed shot and shell that whizzed past or exploded above and around him.

This play of fireworks over to the soldiers in the trenches was a little trying to their nerves, and one of the men became thoroughly indignant.

"See here, you old fool," he shouted to the distinguished observer, who was only a few rods distant, "if you don't get off that mule you'll get shot!"

Some one informed the man who it was to whom he was administering such peremptory advice.

"Well, I don't care!" he retorted, "What's he fooling around here for, any way? We're shot at enough, without takin' any chances with him."—*Youth's Companion*.

## Buttermilk as a Medicine.

With the rapid growth of reconstructive medicine comes opportunely the re-introduction of old and well-known domestic remedies, among which buttermilk demands a respectable place. A young lady patient of the writer's was suffering from a severe consumptive cough. None of the usual anti-spasmodics, expectorants, etc., seemed to do any good, simply because her stomach was too weak to bear enough medicine to effect the purpose. Finally I suggested to her mother the use of hot buttermilk. It was adopted at once. Her first night's experience was one of comparative freedom

from cough and pain, and a pleasant slumber for several hours. It was continued for a long time, with an unvarying relief of all her previous distressing symptoms and almost perfect freedom from cough for several hours after each draught of the hot buttermilk. Lingered at one time for weeks from an attack of congestive fever, dosed with calomel and quinine almost beyond endurance, the writer began to desire buttermilk to drink. The physician "didn't believe in humoring the whims of patients," as he expressed it; besides, he contended that a single drink of the obnoxious fluid might produce death, as acids and calomel were incompatible dwellers in the same stomach. But I was a good persuader, and my mother was a susceptible subject. The buttermilk "fresh from the churn" was procured and drank. No evil resulted; instead came a perspiration and speedy recovery.—*Dr. S. F. Landrey in Chicago Times*.

## Women on the Battlefield.

Truth is stranger than fiction, and when next you hear or read an impossible story, instead of exclaiming, like a well-known authoress to the narrator at a London dinner party, "Go it, Ananias," you had better quietly observe, "I suppose it's true." Anyhow, we are apt to scout the stories of women who have concealed their sex the better to perform doughty deeds of valor, and lo! here are French statistics with their dry facts, coming to prove that what novelists and poets have written has not been evolved from their inner consciousness, but from the romance of history. Thirty-four French women have been decorated with the Legion of Honor since the Order was instituted, and of these seven distinguished themselves on the battlefield. Two women soldiers were decorated under the First Empire, one having dressed as a man to replace her delicate brother, her sex only being discovered when she was wounded, after attaining the rank of sergeant. The second heroine took to fighting because she liked it, and distinguished herself at Yemmaper, Austerlitz and Jena. Save for one brave vivandiere, there was a blank from 1815 to 1851, and then came more military women, whose exploits would read like an after dinner story. Whether those women were or were not thus unsexed by abandoning their proper sphere is not the point at all; the fact remains that women have military qualities capable of efficient training should need arise; and in a country where the perils of war, the lack of an army, and the volunteer question are being debated, it is just as well to recognize the fact that if national questions are at stake it becomes perfectly possible to double the volunteers or the army by including both sexes.—*Sydney Times*.

## The Hittites.

For 2500 years the Hittites have been lost to history. This mysterious nation was known as Jerusa-

lem, Thebes and Nineveh during a period of 1000 years. The first treaty of peace on record was between the Hittites and the Egyptians. In the Assyrian inscriptions which have been exhumed in Nineveh are found many references to these people. The Pharaohs left records of their victories over the Hittites. The Bible, in several places, speaks of them. But information of this long lost nation has until recently been confined to these references of other nations who knew them. The Hittites, it has long been supposed, were wiped out and left no relics, no historical assets, nothing but a reminiscence.

Consul Bossinger, at Beirut, sends the State Department some intelligence he has received about the discoveries of Hittite remains in Marash and vicinity, in Central Turkey. From this it appears that the world is to learn more than it has known for twenty centuries about this lost nation.

It is well known that the plains of Central Turkey are scattered over with mysterious mounds of earth. They are of different sizes, but generally covering from two to four acres, and are from 50 to 75 feet in height, with a level acre on the summit. They are seen only on the plains, in all cases several miles from each other, and in nearly every instance close by a fountain of water. Some suppose they were watch towers, others that they supplied the place of a fort, the people gathering on the summit to defend themselves from the attacks of horsemen who could not ascend the steep sides; still others hold that they are monuments over the tombs of buried kings, while there are not wanting those who think that they are merely natural formations; but the fragments of pottery and the alluvial soil that compose them prove their human origin.

In modern times a rude Turkish village often appears at the base and part of the way up the mound; in other cases the whole mound is covered with a vineyard or a wheat field, or its steep sides are perforated with the dens of foxes and jackals.

No light is to be found concerning them in written history except in the Assyrian department of the British museum, where, upon an immense block of stone, the representation of a multitude of men actually engaged in building such a mound may be seen. Some of these mounds, which are very regular, may have been built for a special purpose now uncertain, but others, irregular in form and larger in area, must have been formed by the debris of mud walls and roofs.

One of the latter class of mounds on the plain near the eastern base of the Amanus Mountains, about fifty miles south of Marash, has attracted the attention of the American missionaries for many years, and at their suggestion several travelers have visited it. The little Turkish village of Tenjirli is built on the side of the mound.

The special interest connected with it was a dozen slabs of black basalt four feet high and two feet square, at the ends form-