

fresh air and sunlight are too valuable to be overlooked. There are thousands of pores in an inch of skin, and they must be fed. People who live in foul atmospheres are never bright-looking. It is an art to put on a pretty complexion—it is a science to cultivate the article.

A new remedy for calming an excited brain, and one which has at least the merit of being cheap and harmless, is to seek a quiet room and lay down, place the palm of the right hand on the forehead, and the palm of the left hand over the back of the neck. The eyes should be fixed upon some object and kept there; the breathings, slow and easy, should be counted up to forty-nine, the patient listening intently, as if expecting to hear good news. When the forty-nine inspirations have been counted the right hand must be placed on the pit of the stomach, the left on the opposite part of the back, and the forty-nine inspirations counted again; then the left hand is placed on the small of the back and the right hand is moved to a point directly opposite. It is claimed that the patient will be happily sleeping or happy awake before the final series is concluded.

#### WAR-TIME WOE AND FUN.

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For years past—ever since the close of the late civil war, in fact,—I have asked every great general of both the northern and southern armies whom I have met, to jot down for me in his own words what he considered the funniest and also the saddest incident that had come under his observation arising from our great conflict. This request was kindly complied with, and it was thus that the appended symposium was obtained, the last of the contributions comprising it having been received from the late Gen. Sherman only a few months before his death. Doubtless some of these anecdotes may have been related by their present narrators to other correspondents prior to their publication here, and thus may have been previously published, but so far as I know this is their first appearance in print, as it most certainly is in their present attractive form over the signatures of the distinguished gentlemen now telling them.

GOFFREY WILLISTON CHRISTINE.

##### Gen. Grant's Saddest.

It was in a field hospital within whose canvas walls many of our brave boys lay wounded and dying. Among them were two comrades who were more like Damon and Pythias than any other two men I ever knew in real life. They had been born and bred in the same town, had enlisted at the same time, and had never been separated for a moment since they first donned Uncle Sam's blue uniform. I am sure that either would gladly have laid down his life for the other. They had both been slightly wounded before, the one having received a bayonet thrust in the left arm, and the other having had the index and middle fingers of his right hand shot away.

Now, as they lay side by side, their injuries are of a much more serious character. The surgeon looked grave as he turned from one to the other, and the gravity of his expression deepened as he concluded his second examination. Then, as was his custom—for he held it

a physician's duty to inform a patient of the true state of his case—he told them plainly, but not without feeling, that they both had but a few minutes to live. "All right," said one faintly, but firmly, "we will die together, as I always hoped we would."

"I want to go if Tom goes," murmured the other. "Give me your hand, dear old boy," said Tom, and his companion reached out his left hand.

The dying man grasped the extended hand, but finding it whole and unmaimed he cast it from him saying, "No, no! Not that hand! I want the one partly shot away on the battlefield."

His comrade extended his wounded hand, and Tom, his eyes fast glazing in death, clasped it and felt for the stumps of the missing fingers.

"This is the hand I want," he exclaimed, and, raising it to his lips, his spirit passed without a struggle. His friend, by a great effort, raised his head and looked at his dead comrade. Seeing that he was no more, he uttered a loud cry, and the two friends were reunited in death.

##### Old Jack Duddin.

There was no better, more loyal or more fearless soldier than old Jack Duddin, but he had one fault and that was an over-weening fondness for the whisky bottle, or rather for its contents. He had a boon companion whose real name I never knew, but every one called him Uncle Si. While in camp old Jack was taken ill of a fever, and, despite the unremitting attention of Uncle Si, died. The corpse developed an unusual rigidity after death and a strange tendency to fly up into a sitting posture. Accordingly on the night before its burial it was stretched out at full length upon a board resting upon two wooden trestles with its head and feet tied down by ropes.

Old Uncle Si insisted upon watching the remains of his dead friend. Shortly after midnight he became very thirsty and stepped out to a neighboring sutler's to procure a drink. During his somewhat protracted absence two large cats found their way into the tent containing the remains of poor old Jack, and when Uncle Si returned he was naturally indignant at seeing these felines sitting on the corpse—one at the head, the other at the feet.

Seizing a billet of wood from the ground, he aimed a powerful blow with it at the pussy sitting at the head. It missed its mark and struck and severed the rope holding down the head of the corpse, which immediately flew up into a sitting posture. Seizing the dead man by the shoulders and forcing him back into a recumbent position, Uncle Si exclaimed in an aggrieved tone, "Damn ye, old man, lie down and keep quiet. I'll attend to the cats."

U. S. GRANT.

##### Gen. Lee's Pathetic.

Many of the most beautiful and pathetic incidents of the war occurred after it was all over. At a hotel in Washington in 1868, a gentleman whose face I could not remember exactly, though it seemed strangely familiar, introduced himself and asked permission to present me to his mother, a singularly beautiful old lady of queenly and dignified bearing, to whom he said: "Mother, let me present to you Gen. R. E. Lee, of the late confederate army, whose sober thrust gave me this scar on my right

cheek and who bears the mark of a wound I gave him." The beautiful old lady threw her arms around my neck and wept on my shoulder. In that tender embrace and in the fervent clasp of that federal officer's hand and mine, we buried the animosities of the war forever.

##### His Most Humorous.

One of the most devoted adherents the southern cause ever had was Col. M. No matter how thick and black disaster lowered upon our arms the colonel never saw anything but brightest hope and absolute surety of success in the near future. In fact, he might not inappropriately have been styled the Caleb Balderstone of the confederate army, for just as the original Caleb was always representing his master as being in the most affluent and prosperous circumstances and inventing the most ingenious lies to make it appear so, the colonel constantly represented the resources of the southern people to be limitless in the same clever fashion.

At length when defeat stared us plainly in the face and my surrender to Gen. Grant was inevitable, a young officer deliberately hinted to the colonel that perhaps his confidence in the ultimate success of our arms, which was till as boastful as ever, might be just a trifle overweening. The colonel looked at him for a moment with an expression in which contempt, anger, horror and amusement struggled for the mastery. Then, with hands uplifted, hair standing on ends, and eyes flashing fire, he roared out at the discomfited lieutenant in the voice of a stentor, "Dam up Niagara Falls with tissue paper; bottle up the Atlantic ocean in a whiskey flask; paste 'to let' on the sun and moon; catch a flash of lightning between your thumb and finger; build a worm fence around a winter supply of summer weather; harness a thunderbolt to a sulky; waft all the clouds out of the sky with a lady's fan; saddle and ride a hurricane; fasten a dishcloth to the tail of a comet; pack up all the stars in a beer keg; knock a tornado out of time with your fist; put hades to cool in a spring house; put the sky in your pocket; unbuckle the belly-band of eternity; but never, never allow yourself to fancy, that the poor, little, insignificant north can ever whip the great southern confederacy."

R. E. LEE.

##### What Gen. Sherman Saw.

One of the most magnificent specimens of manhood I ever saw was a soldier who was constantly laughing at the poor fellows who became fatigued after long marches, or who sank under seemingly trifling wounds. His courage, health and strength seemed invincible.

One day a heavy projectile from the enemy's cannon—what we call a spent ball—came rolling along. The temptation to put out one's foot and stop such a ball was almost irresistible. The soldier I have mentioned yielded to it. With a merry smile he put out his foot and in an instant that member was cut off and he sank to the ground a maimed, shattered cripple for life, weeping like a child at his awful misfortune.

##### Old Trump's Funniest.

I think the funniest incident I observed during the civil war were some of those that occurred among the colored people during my march from Atlanta to the