

# ODDS AND ENDS.

## HE DISOBEYED ORDERS.

A brilliant French officer's first achievement on the field of battle.

Lejeune, the brilliant aid-de-camp of the Marshal Berryer, Davout and Oudinot, gives a very interesting account of his first achievement on the field of battle. The French army was crossing the Alps and found itself compelled to attack at a great disadvantage a town which the Austrians were defending.

Young Lejeune, who was anxious to participate in the engagement, was greatly disappointed when he was ordered to remain at his post in the rear. When the firing began, his heart beat furiously, and as the attack progressed he felt that he could not remain passive while his fellow soldiers were performing deeds of valor.

Believing himself unnoticed, he hurried forward, forgetting that the soldier's first duty is obedience, and just where the fray seemed to be thickest he found himself face to face with his commanding officer. The general looked at the rash young soldier coldly.

"Since you have quitted your post," he said, "you may take this order and recall that company that has gone into a bad position."

Lejeune heard the order with a strange sensation, for this was an error from which he was not likely to return alive. There was no escape, however, and touching his cap he started on his perilous mission with a quaking heart.

For some distance he crept along behind a pile of rocks that protected him from the fire of the enemy, but at last this shelter came to an end. Before him there remained 100 steps to be taken under the fire of 300 guns pointed straight at him.

To go forward was, he believed, certain death. To go back would be eternal disgrace. The whole army seemed like an amphitheater around him. Should he prove himself a coward or a hero?

"If I die," thought he, "it will be only the just penalty of my disobedience; if I accomplish my mission, I shall have proved that I am worthy yet to fight in the emperor's army."

So thinking, he rushed across the open space amid a storm of cannon balls and musket shot. Not one of the messengers of death touched him, and as if by a miracle he arrived safe and sound in the French lines. The delivery of that order saved the battalion and decided the destiny of the young officer.

## Significance of the Nose.

The nose, the form of which regulates the beauty of the other features, is by no means inaccessible to higher culture, for we have in the authority of a German physician that it is beyond dispute during half of an individual human life the nose is capable of resolving a more noble form. The training of the individual, the culture of his intellect and character, has a very considerable influence not only on the expression of the face in general, but also on the bodily nature of the nose. The characteristics of the various shapes of nose, according to physiognomy, are as follows: The small, flat nose found among women and called the *soubrette nose*, when occurring with an otherwise agreeable and fortunate build of features, indicates a certain gracious and cheerful character. Such a nose seldom is possessed by men, and when it is it denotes an individual characterized by weakness and deficient capacity. A nose thick and flat is an unfavorable feature with men as well as with women, usually signifying that the character is predominated by material and sensual instincts, while a turned-up nose, with wide nostrils, bespeaks a vain, puffed-up disposition. Especially wide nostrils are signs of strength, courage and pride; small nostrils, of weakness and timidity. Noises large in every respect are found mostly among men and are masculine attributes.—New York Ledger.

## Cork Legs Were Scarce.

One day in 1880 Senator Hampton was going on his crutches from the senate chamber to the house of representatives. In the middle of the big rotunda he met a very large man, also on crutches. He was a member of congress from Illinois, a Republican, whose name I cannot now recall. Hampton stopped him and kindly asked his name and how he had received his injury. After giving his name the congressman said that he had received his injury by reason of a shot he had received in a fight with Hampton's cavalry. He did not dream he was talking to Wade Hampton himself. "I am Wade Hampton," said the senator. "If you have the leisure, please sit down and let us talk." Hampton lost his leg after the war, when thrown from a mule while deer hunting. The amputation was identical with that of the congressman, and they fell talking up so that time neither had a cork leg he could wear, and they discussed cork legs for a great while. They parted, after mutual professions of esteem. The next morning I heard the congressman tell the story in the committee room, and there never was a man who had a higher regard for Wade Hampton than he had. I believe Hampton later found a leg he could wear.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## Heat Him Down.

Two Irishmen were cleaning a window in a tall building. To facilitate their work they had stuck a board out of the window, and Pat stood on the end of it which was outside and Mike on the end inside to balance. Suddenly Pat shouted:

"Mike, I've dropped me sponge."

"That's all right. I'll go down and get it."

When he got to the street, he found Pat in a heap on the sidewalk and exclaimed:

"Well, well, how did you get down here so quick, Pat? I run all the way down, but I had my own reason for it."

## THE SMILE OF A CHILD.

The smile of a child to a weary heart,  
Lifts down on the thirsty earth,  
Is a springing well whence terrors start  
In flow of joy from living worth.

The smile of a child is a gift from heaven,  
Brightening the way of toil;  
Like golden clouds floating at even,  
Bathing with beauty God's flower-gemmed soil;

Like incense in its fragrance waves  
And floats on the air the while  
'Till richly scented architraves  
Or thickly peopled aisle.

Give me knowledge, give me health,  
But in grief and sorrow wild  
Give me the wealthiest known of wealth—  
The artless smile of a child.

—Clark W. Bryan in Good Housekeeping.

## BLOWN OUT TO SEA.

### Helpless Birds That Are Driven to Death by Fierce Gales.

Birds driven before the wind are tossed about restlessly, and they rarely recover their balance after once being caught by the gale. Shore birds are either dashed upon the waves and made to swim for their lives or they are hurled violently against trees or other objects and killed. Shore birds, when facing a gale, will take every advantage of trees, houses and hills as defenses against the wind. They will close their wings and sink so close to the ground as to get the protecting shelter of a hedge fence, and then swoop up again with renewed headway. They frequently advance before the gale by a series of side evolutions, flying at right angles to the wind until they have attained considerable velocity, and then wheeling about straight against the wind and making some headway before it overtakes them. This operation is repeated continually until the desired place is reached.

During our fall and early winter gales partridges and quail are quite frequently blown out to sea by a strong hurricane, where some of them have been picked up by fishermen. In nearly all such instances they are caught by the gale when high in the air, and before they can recover themselves they are hurled out beyond the shore and dropped into the water. With their plumage soaked with the spray they instantly become helpless and cannot reach the shore in the face of the wind. On our inland lakes and rivers this is a more common sight than along the ocean shore.

When once blown out to sea, the shore birds have little chance of escape. Unable to battle against the heavy wind, they yield themselves to their fate and drift about until the storm subsides. By that time they are likely to be so far from shore that they cannot reach it again, and they either fly or swim until they starve to death or die of exhaustion. Their dead bodies, along with those of the hapless terns and herons, are finally drifted upon some shore, where the waves leave them high and dry. After a very heavy storm hundreds of such luckless victims can be found on the benches of our Atlantic coast.—Our Animal Friends.

### Machinery and Modern Farming.

The smallest implement upon a big wheat farm is a plow. And from the plow to the elevator—from the first operation in wheat farming to the last one is forced to realize how the spirit of the age has made itself felt here and has reduced the amount of human labor to the minimum. The man who plows uses his muscle only incidentally in guiding the machine. The man who operates the harrow has half a dozen levers to lighten his labor. The "sower" who goes forth to sow, walks leisurely behind a drill and works brakes. The reaper needs a quick brain and a quick hand, but not necessarily a strong arm or a powerful back. He works sitting down.

The thrashers are merely assistants to a machine, and the men who heave the wheat into the bins only press buttons. The most desirable farmhand is not the fellow who can pound the "mauling machine" most lustily at the county fair. He is the man with the cunning brain who can get the most work out of a machine without breaking it. The farm laborer in the west today, where machinery is employed, finds himself advanced to the ranks of skilled labor and enjoys a position not widely different from that of the millhand in the east. Each is a tender of a machine.—William Allen White in Scribner's.

### Smoking Statistics.

Holland holds the first place in the world as a nation of smokers. Every Dutchman consumes on an average 100 ounces a year. The Belgian consumes a good second with an annual consumption of 80 ounces, followed closely by Turkey with 70 ounces and the United States with 60 ounces. Germany, France, Spain and Italy tread closely on their heels, while the United Kingdom comes comparatively low on the list with 38 ounces.—London Tit-Bits.

### How to Toughen Paper.

A plan for rendering paper as tough as wood or leather, it is said, has been recently introduced on the continent. It consists in mixing chloride of zinc with the pulp in the course of manufacture. It has been found that the greater the degree of concentration of the zinc solution the greater will be the toughness of the paper.

### A Great Play.

"I can't afford," said the man of moderate means, "to go to many places of amusement, but I am admitted free to the play with the longest run on record. 'The Struggle of Life.'"—New York Sun.

### About the Year A. C. 220 edible serpents were sold at a penny each in the Egyptian markets. They were shipped to Rome. Italian vipers were cheaper, costing about a half penny each.

### In Asia the average number of inhabitants per square mile is 48; in Africa, 15; in America, 8; in Australia, 1.

## SKETCHES BY M. QUAD

### Mr. Skinner's Relatives.

On a highway leading across the Orjanass tetterns I found a native sitting on a log with a shotgun across his knees, and after we had passed the time of day I asked him if there was much game in the swamps.

"No game right around yere," he replied.

"You are not shooting snakes?"

"No, sah. I don't waste powder on snakes."

"Just out looking around, eh?" I continued as I presented him with a new clay pipe and a paper of tobacco.

"Stranger," he replied as he thaved out a little, "I'm waitin' right yere for Abe Skinner to cum along, and when he shows up somebody's goin' to get popped."

"So you've had trouble with Mr. Skinner?"

"But there's the law to get even with him. Why don't you bring him to trial?"

"Waal, sah, when I found that he'd shot that hawk, I went to the only constable around yere to see what I could do about it. That constable was a relation of his, and he said I must let Abe Skinner do Abe'den't shoot me as well."

"But you should have gone to a justice of the peace for a warrant."

"That's what I did, sah. That justice he was a relation of Abe's, and he said dum that hawk and me too."

"And you didn't see a lawyer?"

"I did, sah. Yes, sah, I went to Lawyer Chad and to Lawyer Peters and to Lawyer Davis, and every last one of 'em panned me on the tavel and dratted my hide becase they was related to Abe Skinner. If I should git that case into court, the judge would be ag'in me, the lawyer would be ag'in me, and the jury would all be related to Abe and bring in a verdict of not guilty and put the costs on to me."

"But haven't you sent word to Mr. Skinner that he must settle the damages?" I asked.

"Can't be did, sah. I've bin to three or four men, but they was all related to him, and said he orter shot my hull drove of hawks."

"And so you are obliged to pop at him to get even?"

"Got to do it, sah. But I reckon it won't cum to doin any real shootin'. Abe, he'll cum along yere on his own new, and I'll jump out on him with a yell, and as soon as he gets over his skeler he'll want to settle the case."

"That will be the best way."

"Yes, I reckon. I'll want five dollars for that hawk, but bein as Abe is related to me he'll dun want to git off for two, and arter awhile I'll take it."

"Mr. Skinner must have lots of relatives around here. I said as I moved on."

"Heaps of 'em, stranger—heaps. Yes, sah, that's the trouble, sah, and if you happen to be a cousin of his just let him know that his brother-in-law is waitin' right yere with a gun and must hev pay for that hawk or he'll shoot!"

### Bill Was at Home.

It was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon that the sheriff of Bucks county rode up to Bill Hooper's cabin at the foot of the mountain to arrest the man on a warrant charging him with stealing corn. Bill's wife sat in the open door with a pipe in her mouth, and the officer came along up the man I wanted to see. I've heard you talk a heap about the Bible, and I want to say if you really believe that story about Jener and the whale."

"Of course I do," was the reply—"of course. Is Bill around home today?"

"How big a man was Jener?" persisted the woman.

"Bout as big as I am, I reckon. Did you say Bill was out huntin'?"

"And did the whale swallow him head first or feet first?" continued the woman, as she crowded some fresh tobacco into her pipe.

"Head first, I reckon, though I ain't disputin' 'bout it and raisin a row. Eld. Dickman says it was feet first, but he wasn't there no more'n me. If Bill is around home, I'd like to see him a minute."

"But how did Jener live down thar in that whale till he was cut out?"

"Dunno, but he went right on livin. I can't say why the airth goes round, but I know that she do. Mebbe Bill is in bed and asleep, Mrs. Hooper?"

"What was his name, continued the woman, calmly ignoring all questions about her husband, "is why that whale didn't hang on to Jener when he had him. What did he cast him up fur?"

"Can't say," replied the sheriff, "but I reckon the Lord wanted things the way they did, and so they turned out as they did. I was speakin to you about Bill—whar is he?"

"Bill? Oh, Bill is at home today."

"Kin I see him?"

"For snah. When you rid up, he was clean in his gun out back of the house, but I reckon he's ready for you by this time. Just step around the corner."

The sheriff stepped and ran against the muzzle of a shotgun held in Bill's hands. As he recoiled a step or two Bill asked:

"Was you lookin fur me, Sam?"

"I was," replied the officer. "Yes, I just stepped a minute to say howdy and to remark that your ole woman ain't no fule, and bevin said it I'll be goin back to town. Nice day, Bill! Good evenin to you, Mrs. Hooper!" M. QUAD.

### A Fool Tip.

An Englishman was once persuaded to see a game of baseball, and during the play, when he happened to look away for a moment, a foul tip caught him on the ear and knocked him senseless. On coming to himself he asked faintly, "What was it?"

"A foul—only a foul."

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "I thought it was a mule."—Argonaut.

# A Pill for the Ill.

"They'll do you good," a physician said in giving some pills to his patient, a woman who had suffered for months from diseases which baffled skillful treatment. His words proved true. The woman rejoices.

The hurry and bustle of the housewife is extremely wearing upon the delicate organism of womanhood.

Her intense earnestness in whatever she undertakes, tempts her constantly to go beyond her strength.

Mrs. L. E. Browning, of Pueblo, Colo., was one who did this.

"Eight years ago," said she, "my husband died and I was left with three children to care for and educate.

"The burdens of life fell heavily upon me, but I determined to make the best of it. I succeeded in my undertakings for a livelihood, but in doing so overtaxed myself, and undermined my health.

"I was very ill about two years ago with blood poisoning, caused by an abscess that had not received proper treatment.

"The disease settled in my throat for a time, causing intense agony.

"Then inflammatory rheumatism set in. For four months and a half I was a prisoner in my room, most of the time confined to my bed.

"My hands were swollen so that I could not feed myself and was getting on my feet and ankles would have made walking impossible if I had been stronger enough.

"One day, after considerable treatment, my physician brought me a box of pills.

"You need a tonic," he said, "and something that will act at once with the best medicine for that purpose."

"Pills!" I exclaimed in surprise as he opened the box and showed them.

"Yes," he replied, "these are Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, but you need not be alarmed, they are not physic, and my word for it they'll do you good."

"Before I had been taking them a week I noticed a great improvement in my condition. Soon my rheumatism was gone.

"I grew stronger each day and now am in the best of health.

"I consider Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, the best tonic.

"A friend not long ago was telling me of her mother who is at a critical period in her life.

"She was subject to terrible fainting spells, and the entire family would weep over her.

"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have not only stopped the fainting spells, but taken her so much strength that she is able to take up her life's duties again."

"To more highly endorse her words, Mrs. Browning made affidavit before George W. Gill, Notary Public.

All diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood, and most all come from that, are cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

They act directly upon the blood. Building it up with lacking constituents it becomes rich and red, the various organs are nourished and stimulated to activity in performing their functions, and thus disease is eliminated from the system.

These pills are sold everywhere, the sale being enormous.

### Some Lawyers Stories.

"The most thrilling incident I ever saw in a courtroom," remarked a western attorney the other day, "was in the county bar was a distinguished looking and courteous gentleman of the old school, who had little patience with the joking always going on during court recess. He was exceedingly near-sighted, but had a habit of laying his glasses on the table during his speeches to the jury. One day, as his back was turned toward the other lawyers, one of them picked up the glasses, and with a bit of maulage fastened to the lenses pieces of tissue paper which exactly covered the glass—not particularly noticeable, but at the same time preventing vision through them. Such the owner examined some papers for reference in his address. He put on the glasses, looked at the paper, adjusted them again—and then a pallor overspread his face that was pitiful to see. He staggered to a chair.

"My God, gentlemen, I am blind! I have feared it for years," he exclaimed, and dropped his head on his hands.

"For an instant the courtroom was hushed. Even the practical joker must have felt remorse at the evident suffering of his victim. Before any one could speak or the sheriff rap for order the attorney lifted his head, took off the glasses and had his sight again. His face flushed as he rubbed the tissue paper from the lenses, and he stood up, an angry and excited man.

"If I knew who did that dastardly trick, if I knew who had brought that minute of grief to me," he broke out, "I swear I would kill him." He left the courtroom, and the judge adjourned the session for the day. I never want any more practical joking."—Detroit Free Press.

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### New Use For a Pooodle.

A southern woman says that she never sees a white pooodle dressed up with ribbons and bells and waddling along in apathetic content without being instantly reminded of a former pet of her own.

This dog mysteriously disappeared, and although large rewards were offered for his return nothing was heard from him.

At last one day a servant of the house brought him in to his discouraged owner in an indescribably dirty and abject condition.

"Where in the world did you find him?" she asked with a mixture of delight and disgust as the dog looked up at her with malicious, twinkling eyes from under a soiled drab fringe of hair.

"Oh," replied the man, doing his best to repress a chuckle, "I done found dat Mopsy 'bout a mile from yar, missus! You see, dere was a trifling nigrah, he'd got Mopsy tied on to de end ob a pole, and he was projecting to swab all his windows wid dat dog, but I reckon he didn't get no sebun or sicut dome, missus."—Youth's Companion.

### Her Gentle Hint.

"You may not like me, Jack," said she, while dimples dotted sweetly.

"You may not like me, Jack, until—"

"I felt my heart with rapture thrill—"

"It grows quite dark," she said.

But there—confound my lack!—on high The sun amid the azure sky Poured forth its golden light. Would, fading, put an end to day And hasten on the night.

From yonder west, where ocean rolls Her foaming waves on sandy shoals, A dark'ning storm cloud blew. While blacker grew the autumn day, Still there I sat with Sue.

Alas, I knew the storm fall well Would drive us from the cozy dell. But Sue, she sighed and bent her head; Then, looking up, "Why, Jack," she said, "How dark it grows!" and smiled.

—Tale Record.

# Much in Little Hood's Pills

Especially true of Hood's Pills, for no medicine ever contained so great curative power in so small space. They are a whole medicine.

Mrs. Rorer tells how Hood's Pills cured her of a chronic ailment. She writes: "I had been suffering for years with a chronic ailment, and had tried every medicine I could get, but nothing did me any good. I was so weak and nervous that I could not do any work. One day I saw an advertisement for Hood's Pills, and I bought a box. I took them as directed, and in a few days I began to feel better. In a week I was able to do my work, and in a month I was perfectly cured. I can never thank Hood's Pills enough for what they have done for me."

Have everything in readiness before commencing. If the sugar grains, use it sparingly. It cannot be used for food. Use only the best granulated sugar for boiling and the material for XXX for kneading. If your fondant grains without apparent cause, you may have added a little too long. A few drops of lemon juice or a little cream of tartar will prevent this. Fondant is the inside of the French candies and the material in which they are dipped, and it is to obtain this that the sugar is boiled.

"After the sugar has reached the 'soft ball,' a semihard condition, it must be poured carefully into a large metal plate or on a marble slab. Do not scrape the saucapan or you will granulate the sirup. Make your fondant on a day and make it up into candy the next. Never melt fondant by placing the saucapan immediately on the stove. Prevent the danger of scorching by standing the pan containing it in a basin of water. If the melted fondant is too thick, add water most cautiously, a drop at a time. A half teaspoonful more than is necessary will ruin the whole. To cool candy place it in a cool, dry place. To keep candy in tin boxes, if the day is bright and clear, the sugar loses its stickiness quickly; therefore select a fine day for your candy making."

# RULES FOR CANDY MAKING

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## NAMES WE MISSED.

Some of the Titles Intended For Our Geographical Divisions.

It was intended that Maryland should be called Cresentia, but Charles I changed it to Terra Maria, in honor of his wife, and we made it Maryland, hence Maryland (home pronunciation, Merryland). William Penn wanted to call his state New Wales, but afterward decided upon Sylvania, to which the king prefixed the word Penn. In 1781 an ordinance was drawn up as follows: "The territory northward of the forty-fifth degree—that is to say, of the completion of the forty-fifth degree from the equator and extending to the Lake of the Woods—shall be called Sylvania." See what we missed! The territory under the forty-fifth and forty-fourth degrees which lies westward of Lake Michigan, while that to the eastward, within the peninsula formed by the lakes and waters of Michigan, Huron, St. Clair and Erie, was to be called Chersonesus Heaven-ward.

Of the territory lying under the forty-third and forty-second degrees, that to the westward, called Assensipia; that to the eastward, in which are the sources of the Muskingum, the two Miamis of the Ohio, the Wabash, the Illinois, the Miami of the lake, and the Sandusky rivers, was to be called Metropontania. The country through which the Illinois river runs was to be called Illinois; the next joining to the eastward, Saratoga, and that between the last and Pennsylvania, extending from the Ohio to Lake Erie, Washington. All that region adjacent to which are the confluences of the Wabash, Shawnee, Tennessee, Ohio, Illinois, Mississippi and Missouri rivers, was to be called Polyamia, and that further up the Ohio, Pelisipia. Verily, a guarded Providence seems to have watched us from these afflictions.—New York Press.

### Ho Knew.

"Before permitting you to pass to the front," said the officer in charge of the telegraph to the war correspondent, "I desire to know whether you are qualified to report our actions in the field."

The war correspondent bowed and awaited the pleasure of the great man. "In the first place," continued the officer, "I should like a definition of the phrase, 'I should like to report.'"

The correspondent smiled as if he considered the question altogether too easy.

"Fiendish atrocities," he said, "are murders committed by the other side."

"Correct," returned the officer.

"Now, what is 'just vengeance?'"

"Just vengeance," answered the correspondent, "is the term used to designate murders committed by our side."

"Correct again," returned the officer. "I will give you an order that will stand you through all the lines."—Strand Magazine.

### Animal Worship.

Swine were adored in Crete, wassels at Thebes, rats and mice in Trous, porcupines in Persia, the lapwing in New Mexico, bulls in Benares, serpents in Greece and many of the African countries. The Hindus never molest snakes. They call them fathers, brothers, friends and other endearing names. On the coast of Guinea a hog happening to kill a snake, the king gave orders that all the swine should be destroyed.

### An Easy Test.

Timmins—I have never been able to make up my mind whether I am a genius or not.

Simmons—It is easily tested. Just ask like a hog when you are in society, and if you are a genius people will admire you for it.—Indianapolis Journal.

### The Bishop and the Artist.

A pompous bishop was having his portrait painted, and after sitting for an hour in silence he thought he would break the monotony. "How are you getting along?" he inquired.

To his astonishment the artist, absorbed in his work, replied, "More your head a little to the right and shut your mouth."

Not being accustomed to such a form of address, his lordship asked, "May I ask why you address me in that manner?"

The Artist (still absorbed in his work)—I want to take off a little of your cheek.—London Tit-Bits.