

ODDS AND ENDS.

ANOTHER.

Then thousand men obeyed his lightest word. He pressed a button at his desk, and...

VINDICATED.

When M. de Bossue returned to the court in France he was most coldly received. The king refused to see him, and...

Too proud to question strangers and yet sensitive enough to suffer freely under the treatment he had received...

There was a mirror here, and in this he surveyed himself. The hardships of war had deprived him of his good looks...

He left the mirror and sat down dejectedly. "I am grown ugly," he said, "and poor, and therefore they shun me..."

One black thought was succeeded by another, and his gloom and melancholy increased till life seemed but a burden...

At court they said, "M. de Bossue had the fever." Weeks and months passed, and they spoke of him no more...

But there remained to Bossue an old time friend. After serving in Spain for some ten years and growing discontented...

At that moment a bomb came singing through the air, and from the trench calmly, proudly, defiantly...

Just then the place seemed to fill with smoke, while the city beyond trembled as with an earthquake shock...

They followed swiftly after him did not know, but they swore at his bridle, feet pressing his sides...

Coal Used by Romans. It is believed by some historians that coal was used by the Romans on the island before the arrival of Caesar...

One day La Puyssaye received notice that a horse answering to the description given had been found in a field in Artois...

He had it fed, groomed and saddled and set out for Paris at a rather halting gait. Much fatigued, he arrived at length...

The men were away three months. One day La Puyssaye received notice that a horse answering to the description given had been found in a field in Artois...

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being as soon as possible. Taking hardly time for the writing of a letter and the saying of an adieu, he departed for that place, and gratifying his own wish he went there on Bossue's horse.

His new grandfathers grumbled among themselves. "Is it with that plow," they said, "that he means to lead us?"

La Puyssaye's friends looked at the beast critically. An ensign lifted his lip. "No use," said the count; "he's an old horse, and his teeth no longer mark his age."

"Oh, Constantine broke his leg, and—but do not laugh, messieurs—poor and old as is this charger he is good enough for the campaign. I judged that we should be only amusing ourselves here, and I did not wish to honor the enemy by riding too fine a horse."

The officers saluted smilingly, and the colonel, wishing to see the marshal, M. de Coigny, inquired the way to his quarters. Before going thither he left his horse with his orderly, who was going toward the trenches.

"Bring him back to me tonight," said the count, and not more than an hour had passed, and La Puyssaye was just leaving the marshal's quarters, when an attack was ordered on a strong point where 1,800 men had been killed the night before.

The trumpets sounded and the army hastened to respond. All other tasks were abandoned and, with the others, their uniforms in order, their arms in readiness, the grenadiers fell into line.

Being ordered to hold his regiment in reserve, M. de La Puyssaye conducted it behind a certain embankment, then sought to go after his horse. But his friends stopped him. "Not now," they said. "The place is exposed. You would be risking your life needlessly."

La Puyssaye returned to his place and gave vent to his vexation. "Miserable orderly!" he cried. "My horse! See what he has done with my horse!"

"Ciel!" exclaimed a captain in astonishment. "Why are you so concerned about the beast? From whom did you get him?"

La Puyssaye, tired of keeping his secret, revealed it. "From de Bossue. He was, alas, one of my old friends. The news was murmured through the ranks, while the officers marveled audibly.

"What an idea!" they said. "Where is he, that we may observe him again?"

"In that trench over there, which is so exposed. My orderly must have been drunk to leave him in such a place."

"Oh," cried an officer, "I have no fear! Bossue's horse! The horse of a coward! He'll crumple when the bullets fly. You'll find him again safe and sound."

"After all," said the other, "the trench covers him. He's satisfied to stay in it. He won't come out."

At that moment a bomb came singing through the air, and from the trench calmly, proudly, defiantly, a horse emerged. He stood alone in the middle of the field, in a great open place—alone. The saddle was on his back, the bit in his mouth, and though he had lowered his neck in the silence following the first bomb, he seemed waiting only for a signal on his bridle.

"The coward's horse!" thought the army. Just then the place seemed to fill with smoke, while the city beyond trembled as with an earthquake shock...

Three more bombs in the ranks of France, and 15 files were cut down like so much grain.

The trumpets sounded the attack, and at that moment suddenly, magnificently, the last rays of the setting sun clothed the horse in gold. He raised his head, as the brave steed does when the battle is on and the rider encourages him to advance; then boldly, eagerly, joyously, he charged on the city at a gallop.

Deaf to the thunder of the cannon, indifferent to the shot that whistled about him, glad to sniff again the smoke of powder, to feel once more the excitement of the combat, the gallant horse dashed on and on—a sublime spectacle for a whole army of witness.

What moved him to rush on the enemy so manfully, to affront death so grandly? Was it the memory of Bossue's glorious battles? Was it the force of a habit acquired after a score of engagements—the result of a lesson learned on many fields?

HIS JOB SAVED.



Geel! Th' boss says Oi built that chumny all wrong, an' unless Oi tears it down in an hour, which is impossible, Oi'll lose me job.



A scheme, begorry! Oi'll just make a Spanish flag and nail it on the roof.



Crowd of Citizens—What's that? A Spanish flag? We'll make short work of that house. Biff—smash—? ?—!



The Boss (seven minutes later)—Excellent, excellent. Here's an extra dollar to show you that I appreciate swift work.—New York Journal.

Peace Hurts Too. Mamma—Playing Indian is so rough. Why are you crying? Have they been scolding you again?

She Had Not. "Have you been married previously?" asked the licentious clerk.

Not an Offset. "You threw a boot at your wife." "Well, she threw her shoe at me."

War Terms. Mrs. Wallace—Around begging again, are you? "Perry Pattie (saluting)—No, ma'am, feraging.—Cincinnati Requirer.

Extreme Measures. "Dr. Piker must be hard up for surgical practice."

A Smaller Orb. "He says that he suffers from the effects of a sunstroke in India years ago."

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Land Office, at Roseburg, Oregon. March 5, 1900. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim...

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