

FLANKING "LITTLE PHIL."

THE MAN WHO CAME NEAR SPOILING SHERIDAN'S RIDE

Tells the Confederate Side of the Famous Double Battle of Cedar Creek—Gen. John B. Gordon Throws New Light on the Subject.

From the following statement it appears that had the battle been carried on according to Gen. Gordon's plan, even Sheridan himself could not have saved the day, though "he rode from Winchester, twenty miles away." Gen. Gordon has still the look of a warrior who could prove an ugly enemy on the battlefield, though this chat with him in the Gettysburg hotel demonstrated his affability and winning qualities when recounting to a former foe the strange chain of events that wonderful day on the sinuous banks of Cedar Creek. The old rebel leader was seated at table between Gen. Daniel E. Sickles and Gen. Hunt, the well known chief of artillery of the Army of the Potomac. Responding to the salutation of The Herald representative, Gen. Gordon opened the way at once for conversation.

"General, I am told that the splendid bit of strategy by which we were surprised on the morning of the 19th of October is to be wholly credited to you?"

"Yes, the plan was mine wholly, and so was the conduct of the fight up to a certain point."

"For the time being we were one of the great victories of the war. Every detail of the movement was carefully planned, and for twelve hours it was supremely successful. I had gone the day before, Oct. 18, to the top of what is called Massanutten mountain, where we had a signal corps stationed, and had taken observations through the field glasses. There was a magnificent bird's eye view. The Shenandoah was the silver bar between us. On the opposite side of the river I could distinctly see the red cuffs of the artillerymen. Why, I had so good a view that I could see the sore spots on the horses' backs in your camp. In front of the Belle Grove mansion I could see members of Sheridan's staff coming and going. I could not imagine a better opportunity for making out an enemy's position and strength. I could even count the men who were there. The camp was splendidly exposed to me. I marked the position of the guns and the pickets walking to and fro, and observed where the cavalry was placed."

"I flashed upon me instantly that the expectation of Gen. Sheridan was that we would attack him on his right, which was the only place supposed possible for the advance of any army. His left was protected by the Shenandoah; at this point the mountain was very precipitous, and the river ran around it. There was no road at all, and the point was guarded only by a mere cavalry picket. I saw my opportunity in an instant, and I told the officers present that if Gen. Early would permit me to move my corps I was then commanding Ewell's corps down to this point I could get around the mountain. Both sides believed this was impossible, but I felt sure that it could be done. My plan was to dismount our cavalry, attack Sheridan's cavalry when dismounted, and keep them running. I knew that if we could do this we would gain a great victory."

GEN. GORDON'S PLAN.

"What were the details of your plan?"

"There was a back road running from our position on Fisher's hill to the Federal right, where the cavalry was posted. I expected to receive the Federals by Lomax's attack. It would be dark still, and they could not dismount our dismounted cavalry from infantry, and would believe that our main attack was there on their right. This would leave us free to operate around their left."

"How did Gen. Early receive your proposal?"

"The plan was submitted, talked over, and finally substantially agreed upon. I took my command, having ordered them to leave their caissons, and everything that could make a noise behind. I knew that our only dependence was in absolute secrecy and in a complete surprise. After inspecting things with my staff I found I could get my men around the mountain by putting them in a single file. I discovered still another place where the horses could be led, although the venture would be exceedingly dangerous. Still, the expedition was essentially one of great peril, and more or less danger was of little consequence."

"How is it that the Union scouts had never discovered this possibility of turning the left at Cedar Creek?"

"Well, sharp men often leave a loophole in war, and besides, Sheridan did not depend on shutting up this possible path, I suppose," replied Gen. Gordon.

"You must remember, general, that Sheridan had issued orders which had been obeyed by the officer commanding in his absence. Would he have rendered your surprise impossible?"

"But talking things as they were, the surprise was not only possible but actual, and we did what none of your people for a moment dreamed of as possible. Early in the night I began to move my men around the mountain. My object was to have them all ready for an attack before daylight in the morning. The movement took all night. All through the hours of darkness the silent figures moved to their position near the sleeping enemy. An entire brigade of cavalry was moved in this way, and reached the point in about one and a half hours in advance of the main force. I instructed the cavalry in advance as soon as I got ready to move they were to proceed in my front, rush across the river, open on the cavalry pickets, and capture them, if possible. If they could not do this, they were to put their horses to full speed, ride right through the federal camp, firing their pistols to the right and to the left as they passed through, and make directly for Sheridan's headquarters and capture him. At that time I did not know that Sheridan was absent and Wright in command. I had selected his house from the flags which floated from it, and the couriers who were constantly going in and out."

THROUGH THE FEDERAL CAMP.

"Your orders were: 'Go right through the Federal camp with your command before daylight and right to Gen. Sheridan's headquarters. Capture him!' I told them nothing but the capture of the man, not to mind any other orders. I discovered still another place where the horses could be led, although the venture would be exceedingly dangerous. Still, the expedition was essentially one of great peril, and more or less danger was of little consequence."

"Did you ever hook a bluefish? Well, it's about the same thing as getting hold of the biggest kind of a pickerel in fresh water. You go out in a sailboat, you understand, and you want a pair of heavy gloves on. The trolling line goes whizzing out to a distance of fifty or seventy-five feet, and the boat backs up and forth while you troll. You can't mistake the bite of a bluefish for a whale. He bites harder than a whale. He doesn't wait to wonder and meditate and figure up on probable profit or loss, but he grabs bait and hook like a fish determined to carry the boat off and turn its crew over to the sharks."

There is an unwritten law which prevents any one from extending help. You must fish or cut bait, pull him in or lose him. When the first bluefish struck my hook I screamed. When he pulled ten feet of line through my fingers I yelled. When he seemed determined to pull me overboard I shrieked like a woman facing a partner. And all the help and consolation I got was:

"Just hear the schoolmarm take out. Some of you hold the camphor to her nose!"

I was twenty minutes getting that fellow in, but he weighed nine pounds and had all the game of a young shark.—Atlantic City Cor. Detroit Free Press.

Pet dogs in Paris are now clad in mantles with pockets for holding lumps of sugar, biscuits or their paws and a string of little silver bells around the neck.

OLD TIME TRAININGS.

BILL ARP'S DESCRIPTION OF AN OLD FASHIONED "MUSTER."

The Colonel with His Cockade Hat and Dazzling Epaulets—Reviewing the Militia—Kettle Drum and Squeaky Fife. A Fist and Skull Fight.

Bill Arp thus discusses old times in Georgia and the old fashioned training day scenes. An old fashioned muster was equal to a modern "March Glee." The governor was the commander-in-chief, but as he could not be personally present the militia were reviewed by proxy. Every county had an aide-de-camp with the rank of colonel. He held his rank and title as long as the governor held his office, and he was expected to holler for him and talk for him and boom him, and, if necessary, he must fight for him on a suitable occasion. If the governor failed of reelection, these colonels had to retire too, and a new set were appointed, but the old set never lost their title, and so the state in course of time got pretty full of colonels. On muster day the colonel wore a cockade hat and a red plume and epaulets and a long lance and big brass spurs, and he and his personal staff rode up and down the lines reviewing the militia, who were drawn up in a double crooked straight line in a great field that was full of gullies and broom grass. Some wore coats and some didn't; some wore shoes and some didn't; but none wore beads, for in those days none wore beads but gamblers. Some were armed with shotguns and some with rifles or muskets, but most of them carried sticks and cornstalks and umbrellas, and they stood up or squatted down at pleasure, and about half the time were hollering for water.

THE SINGING CORPS, AND ITS BRASS.

The colonel and his staff rode up and down the lines of the horses that danced and pranced like there were ticks under the saddles. The roll of each company was called and every man answered to his name whether he was there or not. Then the colonel took a central position and faced the long audience and waved his glittering sword and exclaimed: "Attention, battalion! Shoulder arms, right face, march!" Then the kettle drum rattled and the fife squeaked and some guns went off half cocked, and the militia gave three cheers for the colonel and were disbanded until the next muster. Old man Brooks was the chief musician in my day, and would not have exchanged his office with the king of England. He always played "Brooks' March" for the militia to locomote by. They never marched or kept step by the music, but they got along somehow by walking and trotting and pacing and fox trotting by turns.

Old father Brooks played his part well in the drama or farce, or whatever it was. He magnified his office. He loved music. He said his life was his life and his fiddle was his fiddle. On his last bed he sent for my father to come and see him. Old and wrinkled and cadaverous, he motioned to be propped up in his bed, and then, with an inverted chair behind his pillow, he pointed to his fiddle that lay upon the shelf near by, and it was handed to him. Hugging it to his old bosom he smiled amid his tears and whispered: "I wish that I could play you one more tune." That night the old man died, with his left hand closed hard and rigid around the neck of his violin.

After the muster was over then came the horse racing on quarter nags and horse swapping, and of course some pugilistic exercises in front of the groceries.

FISTS, SKULLS AND FINGERS.

Jim Bowles was the center of a crowd from his beat, and stripped to the waist he pranced around and popped his fist in the palm of his hand, and jumped up and crooked his heels together three times before they struck the ground, and gave a wild Jim-whoop and exclaimed: "I'm the best man in Ben Smith's district." About that time big Jim Robinson jumped up in the center of another crowd and yelled: "I'm the best man in Ben Smith's district," and Nick Rawlins screamed like a panther from another crowd, and grunted his teeth and shook his hair and yelled: "Gentlemen, my Betsy Jane says I'm the best man in Rockbridge district, and I reckon she ought for to know."

It was just like gamecocks crowing in the barnyard, and like the cocks two of them soon got together and went to fighting, and every body stood around and shouted, "Hands off, gentlemen; stand back, gentlemen. Hands off; let 'em fight fair and square." And they fought hard and fought long, and when one of them got to be the bottom dog in the fight and hollered "enough," the show was over, unless the victor dared to crow again, and had to tackle another rooster. I have known Nick Rawlins to whip three big men in one evening, and Nick was no bad man either. Every body liked Nick. He had fit and foot and fought until he had lost a finger and a nip out of his nose and a piece of his left ear, but he was never mad. Nick told me not long ago that he never did love to fight, but when he courted Betsy Jane she told him that when she married a man he had to be a man all over, inside and out, and so he got to fighting on her account.

But these old times are gone—gone never to return. Even the preachers who used to take off their coats in the pulpit have conformed to more polite customs. Their sing-song sermons are heard no more—nor the nasal attachments that were something between a shuffle and a snort. Old Father Dannelly and his wooden leg are dead and so is old Barny Pace, who said to the Rome girl who went out to hear him just for the fun of the thing: "You offend Jones with the green bonnet on her head, and the devil's martingales around her neck and his stirrups in her ears, don't quit her giggling." I will print her out to the congregation. We have more manners now, though our morals may be at a discount.—Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution.

Don't Learn to Carve.

Never learn to carve, young man. There is no fun in it. A knowledge of the art saddles you with a responsibility which, while it may procure you invitations to dinner, sits heavily on the soul and brings wrinkles on the forehead. If you do not perform the work artistically you are criticised. If a tough fowl gets away from you and takes refuge in a lady's lap you are laughed at and made an enemy of the fair one whose dress you soil or spoil. You offend Jones and you send the choicest out to Smith, and vice versa. You must send the best away and reserve only the least to be desired for yourself.

The waiter makes you the subject of their remarks, and by putting their hands together and jerking their thumbs over their shoulder in your direction embarrass you dreadfully; you know by the fishish leer on their faces that they have set you down as a blacksmith.

If the room is warm you are thrown into a violent perspiration; your collar wets, necktie gets away, your appetite leaves you, and when your labors are finished you begin your dinner with the air of one who has been in a pugilistic mill and come out second best. Don't learn to carve.—Nebraska State Journal.

A SUMMER HOTEL.

A Man Who Proposes to Keep a Quiet House—His Plans.

"I'm setting out to keep a summer hotel for decent people, not for bores, and I contend there are enough decent people in need of just such a house as I intend to keep to support me in my enterprise. I am not building my house for the sort of people who set out in July for six or eight weeks' search after what they call a good time (i. e., unlimited noise and racket from drums and midnight). I'm getting it ready for just the opposite class—see?"

"I see, and I believe you're about on the right track."

"I reckon I am. Now, I'm going to run over a few of the things that I'm not going to have. I'm not going to have a single transom in my house!"

"What! no ventilation?"

"Bah! ventilation! What thoughtful, cleanly person wants the ventilation from a hotel corridor, with forty other people's breaths all running in and out of his room on the heavy air? No, sir; open the windows—no transoms, and no doors that will open or shut unless the knobs are turned. In my house you can't slam a door if you want to, and no waxed floors, halls, corridors and staircases all thickly carpeted and padded: no windows that stick and no bureau drawers that won't open; and no soap left ringing after the last occupant of a room; and no beds that creak; and no office bells ringing and jangling all night and all day; and no guests awakened at dawn because some one next door wants to be called. I've invented an electric call apparatus from the office that'll waken to waken the dead—but not the wrong man or the neighbor. And no stars and moons and tags hanging on the door keys for people to jangle and jangle when they come up to bed at midnight, and no all night electric lawn lights to shine in your eyes and keep you awake until morning; and no croquet or tennis grounds near the house to disturb people who are nervous with afternoon games; and no toothpicks on the tables or in the office or anywhere."

"Why, I thought they were a national institution."

"I don't blame you. Well, if they are I'll denationalize them, that's all. And no dark wall papers—no wall papers at all; clean, fresh painted, light colored walls; and no waxes on the floors and carpets with fringes and fringe—they've got to have smooth, parted hair and neat caps and aprons, always. No hammocks on the piazzas to squeak and creak; they'll be swung at a distance. No baby carriages wheeled up and down on the verandas, either, no matter how rainy the day. No lawn mowers to begin operations just at nap time. And if any young men or boys come to the house who require to be taught not to whistle in the corridors, I'll engage to instruct them—good! Some parents appear to think a summer hotel is a sort of western prairie that they have turned their offspring loose in. And no dancing hall in the evenings, early or late."—Miss Marigold in Pittsburg Bulletin.

How a Cabman Was Fooled.

The life of a hackman is not always a bed of roses, although he does ride around all day while others have to walk. A few nights ago a veteran "cabby" related this sad story of man's duplicity. He was hailed by a well-dressed gentleman, who inquired his price by the hour, and as the amount was satisfactory the "fare" jumped into the carriage and was driven to one of the up town theatres, enjoining the driver to wait until his return. At the expiration of the performance the young man appeared, accompanied by a friend, and together they were driven to a restaurant, where they took supper. The supper consumed probably an hour, and then the faithful driver was told to take the pair to the residence of one of them, where the guest alighted, and, slapping the door with a bang, told the driver to go to a certain address and take the other man home. He did so, driving as slowly as possible, and finally arrived before the house designated.

As it was late and the night was fair, the cabman, being more or less of a philosopher, thought-as he was engaged by the hour—he would not awaken the gentleman inside, who appeared to have gone to sleep, but would light his pipe and smoke for half an hour or so, with the consciousness that he was making money all the time and not disturbing the numbers of his tired friend. Half an hour passed and still no movement was felt by the driver on the box. Finally he began to be a little anxious, and opening the carriage found to his dismay that it was empty. The pretended sleeper had quietly slipped away while the mind of the driver was fixed on other subjects. He never sleeps now, and is keeping a sharp lookout for that man—Philadelphia Times.

Contagion Among Ship Passengers.

"Suppose, doctor, we take the case of a steamer carrying from 1,000 to 1,500 steerage passengers; could disease break out among them and remain undiagnosed until the ship reached quarantine?"

"Certainly, and that is where the danger comes in. It is a well known fact that passengers who become affected with a suspicious disease will take every means to keep the knowledge of it from the officers. This is done through fear of being sent to the hospital on arrival, and the majority of contagious diseases on board ship are only discovered when the passengers come before the boarding officer. And here, too, they will pass unless the evidence of the disease is so marked as to call attention to them, for if but one minute's examination were given to each individual it would take just twenty-five hours to pass 1,500, and hundreds of times ship receive free pratique after only a couple of hours' delay. This is easy to see how mild cases of varioloid are liable to slip by quarantine; but what is infinitely worse, the whole 1,500 who have been within the area of infection scatter throughout the land, every one of them a possible source of infection of the disease."—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Couple of Dog Stories.

Talking of dogs, I should tell you that London is celebrated for curious dogs. Here are a couple of stories I can vouch for. In St. Martin's lane there sits every day an old blind man who leads nets. Between his feet sits a bright little Scotch terrier. If you toss him a penny he catches it deftly in his mouth and puts his nose in his owner's hand. The blind man utters his thanks and drops the money in a bag he wears around his neck. In the evening the dog leads his master home, and through some of the most crowded thoroughfares, too.

Nelson is the celebrated dog of Seven Dials. He is always pointed out to visitors. He got his name from having lost a foot at some disturbance at Trafalgar square. He always buys his own food. When any one gives Nelson a penny and he is hungry he goes to a butcher's or a baker's shop, as his appetite dictates, and placing the coin on the counter receives a piece of meat or a roll. If he has received more pennies than he needs for the day he buries the surplus and sits on his treasure all night. I know you would laugh at that, for I did so until I saw him do it.—Marshall P. Wilder in New York Herald.

MUST BE IDENTIFIED.

HOW STRANGERS ARE ANNOYED WHEN TRYING TO CASH A DRAFT.

A Man May Have Millions in His Pocket and Yet Be Unable to Buy a Meal. How Checks Are Made Payable in England.

A rich man compelled to pawn his watch for a square meal and a night's lodging. "That was the strange situation in which a young Englishman who had just landed in New York found himself the other day. He had arrived from the West Indies, where he invested nearly all the money on his person in a draft for £300 on a New York bank. Anxious to get a train for St. Louis the same day he hurried to the bank for his money. The teller refused to pay the draft until he was identified.

And the young man was an absolute stranger in New York!

"You people in the West Indies took my good money for that draft and I want it back again. Am I to infer that this is a bankrupt institution?"

He got no satisfaction, lost his train and had to pawn his watch for a meal and a bed. A fellow passenger identified him the next day. I was discussing the matter the other day with a very liberal American who has had much banking and mercantile experience here and abroad. "Americans," said he, "are the worst bankers in the world. They don't know the first thing about banking. Even to the smallest details foreigners can give us points. The methods pursued in the more paying and receiving of money in New York suggests the idea that every man who enters a bank is a possible thief. This," he continued, "judging by the numerous defalcations, might apply to the officers of the bank, but it is most unjust to the public. A person who goes into a store where he is surrounded on all sides by valuable goods is not supposed to be there for purposes of robbery—and why should it be different in a bank? Indeed, New York in this respect never seems to have gotten beyond its village days. Nothing looks more ridiculous to a London mercantile man than to see a long string of persons with books in their hands waiting to make a bank receiving teller—and it is the same with the payment of money. A bank with a large business ought to have half a dozen receiving and as many paying tellers at large, wide, open counters. Why all these cages and railings and bars and peep holes through which you are occasionally permitted to catch a glimpse of the teller's nose who suddenly and unwillingly hands you your money? They don't have these things in England, and robberies in banks there are rare. Here, despite all these precautions, they are frequent, and a large proportion are committed by those inside of the railing and not outside of it."

NOT A PLEASANT MATTER.

"I don't like to be looked upon when I enter a New York bank as a stranger as if I had a natural predilection for perjury and forgery, for the teller is not satisfied if you tell him your right name and even sign it—you must be identified. In England checks are usually made payable to bearer. 'Shall I cross it?' asks the drawer, which means that by drawing two lines across the check and inserting the words 'Bank and Co.' between the lines the money can only be collected through a bank or banking firm. Otherwise any 'bearer' can get the cash at the bank without any questions being asked except, 'How will you have it?' I may send anybody with a check payable to bearer for \$5,000 to a bank and he will get the money without any trouble. In a New York bank such an amount would create the utmost consternation. All the detectives in New York would be immediately rung up to aid the officers of the bank from president down to janitor in watching the rash intruder. Here a check or draft is usually made payable to order, but a stranger may endorse it in the presence of the teller and he'll never get the money without identification, no matter what ordinary proof in the way of letters or cards the holder of the check may have about his person. Of course, if a paying teller has good reason to suppose that a check or draft has been stolen or forged he would be justified in refusing payment and holding the party who presented it; but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred there are no grounds for suspicion. Foreigners are always grumbling at our stupid rules, and if it were once known abroad that there was a banking house in New York that would pay drafts to people without identification, such a concern would soon have the cream of the 'traveler's draft business.'"

Who Will Buy a Castle?

Who wants to buy a fine old English castle, dating from Henry II? Such a highly romantic property is now in the market, and will be sold at auction on the 21st of this month in London. Its name is Devizes castle, and it is situated in Wiltshire. As long ago as 1149 it passed into the possession of the crown, was given as dower to the wives of various kings, and thus became entitled to the immunities of a royal castle. Portions of the original structure still remain. The approach to the castle is through a battlemented gateway. It is protected by an ancient moat. It can boast of a secret chamber in its ivy tower, of dungeons, of bear gardens, of Norman gateways, of rampart walls, of bastions. The auctioneer's beautifully illustrated pamphlet, from which these facts are gleaned, makes no mention of a first class ghost, who can be depended upon to show himself at regular intervals. However, it is only fair to assume that such a ghost goes with such an estate.—New York Tribune.

A Field Selected.

"Yes, father," he said to old Mr. Hayseed, "I've graduated, and my education is complete. I suppose I know about everything. Now I must choose a field where my abilities can be used to the best advantage. I want a large field where I will have plenty of room."

"Son," replied the old man, "there is the ten acre corn field, and you kin have it all yourself."—Harper's Bazar.

THE OLD LIFEBOAT.

With its work of mercy done! Left to crumble away on the shore.

Of the waves that roll on the glassy floor; Left to rot in the summer sun; To blacken and rot, for its course is run The old lifeboat.

That used to float Over the silver waves remote. The old lifeboat! How it stood in service days! And in white with a star on its prow (But the star has set on its old side now; And the coils of rope at the shroups are dry; Surely ours that were stoutly in place, At cry of alarm ever ready to raise, The old lifeboat. We oft would note Far on the sea like a sunny mete.

The old lifeboat! By the lightning shadow long, Self-winds whispering now through its cracks Murmur o'er and o'er remembered facts Of the purple calm and the tempest rags, Of the sun and the booming strong, The summon to save, and the anxious throng Round the old lifeboat. Padded with soft summer suns, Over the lashing waves remote.

The old lifeboat! By the show and the tide! There the dreamer will often stray, And the lovers lean at the close of day, And the seamen pause, and the children play, Is it for naught that it should abide? What matter if then though it be denied. The old lifeboat. Again to float Over the silver waves remote! —Edward Abram Valentine.

Might Talk Too Much.

Manager William H. Eckert said he did not expect to see any radical change in the form of the telephone, save perhaps a contrivance to hold the receiver to the ear and leave the listener both hands free. He laughed when asked as to the practical use of a telephone audible to a person sitting several feet away from the instrument. "That has been perfected," he said, "but nobody cares for it. We were all amused and delighted with the invention when it was first shown, but after awhile it was agreed by experts that the thing was not likely to be of practical value. No one cares to have a thing in his office that will talk right out at the most inopportune moment. There are none in use, as far as I know."—New York Press.

Two Marriages in France.

There are always two marriages in France before the groom can claim his bride—first the marriage at the mayor's office, or civil marriage, and then the church marriage. Two, and sometimes three, days pass between the two ceremonies, during which time the announcement of the civil marriage is posted up on the court house door, and the young couple are not allowed to see each other. The civil marriage is a quiet affair, the bride wearing street costume, and the members of her own and her husband's families being the only persons present. The second ceremony is in accordance with the wealth of the groom and the position he holds in society.—The Argonaut.

Thought He Was Lucky.

He was a belated citizen going home. As he turned into High street from Beaubien a pedestrian suddenly confronted him and said: "Mister, if you would please be so kind as to tell me what time it is, I'd be—"

"Just striking one!" was the reply, as the belated stout man with his right and knocked the fellow into the gutter.

The victim crawled out after a period of inactivity, gathered up a big ball of snow for his nose to bleed on, and muttered to himself: "Wasn't I in luck that it wasn't just striking 'leven or twelve!"—Detroit Free Press.

Only Wanted Enough.

Not long since a buxom, newly arrived daughter of Erin found herself the only passenger on a steamboat whose dock adjoins a slip from which rowboats are hired. Just as the lines were about to be cast off she approached the mate of the steamboat, and with artless politeness, exclaimed: "Ah, sir, ye needn't take me in this big boat. Wan av thin small wans will do."

The official was so surprised at this thoughtfulness that his eyes got as big as saucers, and he walked away to the galley, not daring to give expression to the words his tongue would utter.—New York Evening Sun.

A Sad State of Affairs.

Old Mrs. Bentley—Have you heard anything about Mrs. Brown lately, Obadiah?

Old Mr. Bentley—She died several days ago. I thought you knew that?

Old Mrs. Bentley—I never heard of it. Poor soul! An' so she's dead?

Old Mr. Bentley—Yes, dead an' buried.

Old Mrs. B.—An' buried, too? Oh, my! Wuss an' wuss!—New York Sun.

The First Salutation.

The first kiss between the spinster patroness of a matrimonial bureau and the man introduced to her by the marriage broker as her "future husband," is described by hangars on as being amusing to all concerned. They seem afraid of each other, until finally the woman rushes at him, and he seems glad it's over.—New York Graphic.

Something About Parasites.

"Pa, here's a piece in the paper about parasites. What is parasites, pa?"

"Parasites, my boy? Why, parasites are the people who live in Paris. Think you ought to know that, and you in the Third Reader."—Woman's Magazine.

Some Consolation.

Visitor—Don't you miss your little nephew very much, Freddie?

Freddie (whose nephew died the week before)—Yes, I miss him very much, but I like to be the uncle of an angel.—Life.

Naturally Indignant.

After church: Spogs—Was it not disgraceful, the way in which Sinigas snored in church today!

Stiggs—I should think it was. Why, he woke us all up.—The Review.

Dreadfully Afraid.

The wages of sin is death, and if you will notice it, there are a great many persons in this world who seem to be dreadfully afraid that they won't earn their wages.—Boston Transcript.

Fearfully Big Feet.

It was an Irish lady who once amused her auditors greatly by remarking in a ruffal tone, in the course of a conversation on the size of feet: "My feet are fearfully big—regular cubic feet."

Talking Down the Tube.

Patron—Give me a piece of pie and a glass of milk.

Waiter (vehemently)—One clock weight and a chain quarry.—Nebraska State Journal.

A Man Discovers when he isn't wanted by a fairly process of reason.

The woman discovers it instinctively.