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The Making of a Soldier.

"YES, Mary," said the old farmer, as he climbed into the wagon beside his wife to drive homeward, "I've got a letter, and it's from William. You take the lines and I'll read it."

As they drove out of the village and over the bridge and up the long hill the husband and father slowly read aloud the words written by the soldier son—now at the front. It was a gloomy letter. It told of hardships and sufferings and privations, and not one brave word was to be found from beginning to end.

"Poor boy!" sighed the mother, as the reading was finished and she relinquished the lines.

"Wall, I don't like it!" replied the father. "He was bound to go in spite of everything, and now he ought to put up with things and not be a baby. Them Spicer boys don't send home no such letters as this."

"I—I wish he hadn't gone!"

"But he did go, and now he's got to grin and bear it, same as the rest. Don't you let on to nobody that he's homesick and ready to cry. If the nayburs got hold of it they'd poke all manner of fun at him and be sneering at us."

"But we can sympathize with him," said the wife.

"A little, mebbe, but we ain't goin' to say very much. I'm going to write him that he wants to take things as they come and be a man. There's them Spicer boys and Tom Johnson and Henry Doolittle and Ben Smith, and nobody ever hears a whine from them."

"It's 'cause William is homesick to see us."

"Wall, he must get over it then. I didn't want him to go, but bein' he's down there he mustn't play baby and make us ashamed. I'd feel like hangin' myself if our William flunked out of a fight or deserted his colors. You've bin doin' the writin', and I guess you've writ too softly."

Down on the Rapidan, in the old Sixteenth, Private William Hopkins wasn't making a good record for himself. For the first four weeks of army life he was cheerful and enthusiastic, but after that a change had come. Homesickness is worse than a fever or a wound for a soldier. Every man with a home had had a touch of it, but most of them had thrown it off. Perhaps he tried to, but if so he didn't succeed. The boys got onto him, and though they felt to pity him, they did not spare him their gibes and taunts. He was the booby of Company G, and even his tent-mate had a feeling of contempt for him. One day the orderly sergeant dropped in on him to say:

"Look here, Bill Hopkins, this thing has gone far enough! You are making a first-class fool of yourself, and if you don't brace up the boys will give you away at home. Get out and chase yourself and fling this homesickness off. A boy 10 years old would be ashamed to mope around as you do!"

Private Hopkins was hurt by these remarks, instead of being braced up, and turning his face away from the sergeant he then and there resolved on a desperate deed. He would desert at the first opportunity. He wouldn't admit that homesickness had anything to do with it. He had been ill-used.

They had given him extra guard duty—extra work around camp—had bullied and jeered him in place of giving him a fair show. He could figure out that the captain and both lieutenants were down on him, and of the ninety men of the company he was the martyr. He had given no cause for this, and he wouldn't submit to such indignities. He was certain of sympathy from father and mother, and once more back at home he would stay there, even if he had to hide in the garret. Every soldier who lets the feeling of somesickness get the better of him follows the same train of thought and arrives at the same conclusions.

An opportunity to carry out his plan came to Private Hopkins much sooner than he had hoped for. Company G was ordered out on a night reconnoissance and, pale-faced and weak-kneed, the homesick boy took his place in the lines. No one expected any fighting, but it so happened that a small force of the enemy was in the neighborhood and there was a skirmish and the company was driven back. At roll call it was found that five men were missing. Two of those had been left dead in the road and two others were believed to have been wounded and crawled into the bushes. The fifth man was Private Hopkins, and it was altogether likely that he had been taken prisoner. At any rate, he was thus recorded on the company roll until something more could be learned.

As a matter of fact, the homesick boy had a narrow escape from capture, but the danger had no sooner passed than he found his opportunity to desert. Throwing away his gun and accouterments, he headed for the Federal lines, and, having reached them, he set to work to dodge pickets and sentries. When morning came he was clear of those who would have halted him. With three months' pay in his pocket he stood a good chance, and two weeks later, dressed as a citizen, and after a dozen close shaves, he found himself within a mile of home. Up to that moment, when a turn of the highway gave him a view of the old homestead, he had been consumed with impatience to reach the farmhouse. Of a sudden he felt dissatisfied and began to wonder and reflect. He had departed amid the waving of flags and the cheers of hundreds. He was sneaking home as a deserter, almost dodging the cows and sheep in the fields. A loss of self-respect came to him and he heartily wished himself back at the front. He would go on, though.

He was penniless and way-worn and he wanted sympathy. Perhaps, after a stay of a week he would go back to the army. When he told father and mother how he had been abused they would not blame him—would not call it a case of desertion. It was sundown when the boy approached the barn across the fields. He caught sight of his mother at the kitchen door and he heard the father in the barn. From the hour he deserted up to this he had pictured to himself how he would rush into the house and take the old folks by surprise, but now he changed the program. He went skulking along the fence until he reached the barn, and there was shame in his face as he entered and stood before his father.

When the old man heard a step he looked up and stood leaning on the pitchfork in his hands. He saw his son William before him. The boy had been heard of last at the front. He was here and in citizens' attire, and he had no shout of greeting. If it had been a case of furlough he would have been in uniform, and some news would have come in advance. Ideas passed through Farmer Hopkins' brain like flashes of lightning, and after a long minute his face grew stern, his eyes had a cold look in them, and the watching son realized that the truth was known.

"Well?" hoarsely queried the father, with stern-set face.

"They—they didn't use me right down there!" almost wailed the boy in reply.

"And so ye ran away?"

"Yes. It wasn't exactly deserting, but——"

"But ye sneaked off like a cur, never mindin' the disgrace sure to foller!"

For half a minute they looked into each other's eyes. The boy's knees grew weak and his face went white, and the face in front of him was so hard and cold that he wondered if he had ever seen it before. By and by the father sternly said:

"Stranger, I take it from yer bein' here that ye'd like supper and lodgin's, but I must tell ye that we can't accommodate!"

The boy felt a chill pass over him.

"That is," continued the father, "onless ye was goin' right back to the army to do yer duty as a soldier, and to stay until honorably discharged. I wouldn't let a deserter share the pen with my hogs! Better come a leetle further into the barn while we talk and if yer moth—I mean if my old woman comes out ye kin get into the oat bin!"

The deserter instinctively moved forward a few feet, and as he did so he heard his mother's voice singing a hymn.

"I've got a son down at the front," said the farmer in a voice which trembled a little. "His name's William Hopkins, and he's in company G of the Sixteenth. If ye was goin' down I'd send word to him. I'd send word that he was expected to be a man among men, and to come home with a record as good as the rest. I'd hev ye also say to him that if he deserted his colors he'd never call this place home agin. Did ye say ye was goin' right back to the front?"

The son nodded his head.

"And to stay there till the end of the war?"

Another nod.

"Wall, then, I shall hev to do sunthin' fur ye. I'll go into the house and git ye a bite to eat, and when it comes dark ye kin take the hoss there and ride over to Strongsville. From there ye kin take the kars, ye know, and I'll pick up the hoss next day. I've jest paid the taxes, and I'm short o' money, but I'll bring ye out $20. I guess that will git ye through. If ye don't git through, ye—ye——"

"I shall get through," whispered the deserter.

"If ye was a son o' mine, I'd expect ye to or die trying! Jest wait here 'till I git the things fur ye."

Ten minutes later the farmer was back in the barn, having a bite to eat in one hand and a $20 greenback in the other.

"You are purty sure to see William?" he queried as he handed over the articles.

"Yes."

"Wall, tell him jest what I said, and tell him his mother won't know nuthin' about it. Ye—ye didn't meet anybody what knowed ye as ye came along?"

The deserter blushed and shook his head.

"And ye won't meet anybody goin' over to Strongsville? In about ten days I shall be lookin' fur a letter from William at the front, and he'll tell me if he's seen ye yit. There's the hoss and saddle, and as soon as it's dark ye'd better be goin'. Good-by to ye, stranger."

"Good-by."

One day as Company G had just finished drill the missing private, William Hopkins, walked into camp in charge of the provost guard. He had on a portion of a Federal uniform, and he had approached the pickets from the direction of the enemy.

"And so you were taken prisoner and escaped!" exclaimed the captain.

"Yes. I got away."

"Well, I'm glad to see you back. I feared you had been wounded and crawled away to die. Better write a letter home this afternoon, as the old folks will be worrying about you. You seem to have had a rough time of it, but you'll soon pick up."

The prodigal soldier had finished a page of his letter when the orderly sergeant stuck his head into the tent to say:

"Say, I'm mighty glad it happened. Those rebs have knocked some sand into you somehow. You don't look like the same man. How's the homesick business?"

"All gone."

"Good! All it wanted was a sort of shock to drive it away, and you got one. If you hadn't gone out with us that night you'd have kept on brooding over things until you'd played the fool and deserted. All right—all right, you'll make a soldier yet."

And two months later Farmer Hopkins returned from town one day with a letter in his hand, and as he tossed it to his wife he said:

"Wall, Mary, our William is gittin' there."

"What do you mean, Joel?"

"Why, he fit so well in the last big battle that they've went and made him corporal, and he says he's purty sure to git up three or four pegs higher afore the war is over."

"You don't say? Wall, I allus told ye he'd do sunthin' to make us feel proud o' him, and now ye see I was right."

"Y-e-s," replied the farmer as he led the horse into the barnyard to be unhitched.

"But ain't ye tickled about it?"

"Sartinly I am, but I was thinkin'—thinkin'—whoa, there, but can't ye stand still a minit till I git this tug unlooked?"—Chicago Times-Herald.

When a woman begins to admire a man, she begins to persecute him.

NEW DEWEY STORY.

The Famous Admiral Nearly Started Another War with Mexico.

"In May, 1875, Admiral Dewey was commander of the old Narragansett," said Lieutenant Winslow, "and he was detailed to surveying the Gulf of California and the shores of the coast of the peninsula. It was not long after the Virginius affair at Santiago, and the feeling toward the Mexicans and Cubans was none too cordial. The Narragansett reached La Paz, near the southern end of the peninsula, and we no sooner got ashore than we heard that an American mining engineer and some Englishmen who owned the mine were prisoners in their mining shanties, forty miles back of La Paz, in the mountains. The American had resented an insult, a quarrel followed, and the American killed two Mexicans. The friends of the latter swore they'd kill the Yankee and the Englishmen, too, and the latter were soon obliged to barricade themselves. This siege had been on for several days when we dropped anchor.

"As soon as Commander Dewey heard of it he was very much interested. The next day he sent a messenger to the Mexican colonel in La Paz, who had a garrison of 600 soldiers there, asking him what he was going to do to give the American a trial before he was shot.

"'Oh, he got into the trouble—let him get out,' said the Mexican.

"Commander Dewey didn't like this reply, and the more he thought about it the angrier he got. The next forenoon he sent a note to the Mexican colonel telling him that an American citizen's life was in danger, and that the man was entitled to a fair trial. He told the colonel that he would allow him just twenty-four hours to rescue the American and protect the Englishmen. If at the end of that time relief was not on its way to the little mining party he would bombard La Paz and burn it.

"When we heard what Dewey had done we were all frightened.

"'Does he mean it?' we asked one another.

"As for myself, I was soon satisfied that he meant every word of it. I was in command of the guns. We had only two old howitzers on the Narragansett, the larger guns having been left temporarily at the Mare Island navy yard.

"'Get those howitzers ready for tomorrow morning and inspect all the small arms and ammunition,' said Dewey to me. Then he called the men to quarters and estimated that of the crew of about 120 we could land ninety able, armed men as a storming force. We drilled the men all that afternoon and far into the night. That night, on Commander Dewey's order, we steamed to a point commanding the principal streets of La Paz and trained the howitzers on the town. By next morning we were all ready to begin a second war against Mexico.

"At daybreak a Mexican corporal came on board with a message from his colonel saying that the Narragansett commander's request would be complied with. Early that morning we watched 300 armed Mexican soldiers start for the mining camp, and we kept the old howitzers trained on La Paz till the soldiers returned with the American engineer. When Dewey reported to Washington on the matter he minimized the importance of it, and it was passed over as a mere incident. Lieutenants Harris and Wright were on the Narragansett then, and Harris, at least, was with the fleet at Manila. It is somewhat singular that at that time, when we were expecting a declaration of war against Spain on account of the Virginius affair, Commander Dewey had his plans all made to sail the Narragansett to Manila."—New York Tribune.

Calve as a Gardener.

Mlle. Emma Calve is probably the only great prima donna who combines farming with her brilliant operatic achievements. She has a large farm at Cevennes, and rusticates there each summer.

Last summer the famous singer went into her kitchen garden and cared for her own vegetables. No one was allowed to touch them, and the results were far better than when her gardener cared for the things. Mlle. Calve wore a short skirt of the blue jeans, sabots and a linen shirt waist. She spaded and hoed and watered her vegetables day after day, and proudly sent gifts of the finest fruits of her labors to friends in Paris.

The prima donna was very ill and nervous when she went to Cevennes, but this free, open-air life and the vigorous exercise soon restored her to the most robust health, and when friends ask her the secret of her cure she answers: "Spades and potatoes."

Mlle. Calve's chickens also come in for some of her attention, but the garden is her chief delight.—Philadelphia Post.

Thrashing a King.

During the Ashanti campaign there was a grotesque exhibition of a native policeman's indifference to the "divinity" that "doth hedge a king." General Colley, then the major commanding the transport column, writing to his sister, describes how one monarch had his foolishness driven out of him by "the rod of correction." He says:

I am afraid one's idea of the majesty "that doth enshroud a king" is not exalted in this country. At one station on my way down I heard a row in camp during the night, and the next morning sent to inquire what it was. A native police corporal of mine, a first-rate fellow, came up and saluted.

"Heard row in Mankassin camp last night, sir. Found king making great noise, gambling with his subjects. Very bad form, sir. Gave king great thrashing, sir."

Americanizing Poto Rico.

Reports from Porto Rico show that the inhabitants are anxious to adopt the customs and dress of the Americans. A lady who has just returned from Porto Rico, in talking about her impressions there, said that one thing she noticed was that the young women of the islands were rapidly discarding the Spanish mantillas, and are now wearing straw hats. An enterprising Porto Rico woman who had visited the United States before the war has created quite a sensation in San Juan by opening a millinery shop. Already it is a great success. The Porto Rico girls are especially fond of the large straw hats with plenty of trimming, and, while they have not yet attempted the bonnets of the European fashion, the picture hat, as well as the sailor straw, are reigning favorites.—New York Home Journal.

Smoking and Influenza.

Tobacco smokers have been more exempt from influenza during the recent epidemics than those persons who do not smoke.

People who have no sense of humor act very funny at times.

PARTIAL TO PEANUTS

AMERICANS HAVE A WEAKNESS FOR THEM.

Their Popularity Became General After the Civil War—Largely Increased Average Grown of Late Years—Norfolk Is the Peanut Center.

"The American people are evidently very partial to peanuts," remarked a large peanut planter in Virginia to the writer recently, "for there are nearly 4,000,000 bushels of them consumed in the United States annually. Before the civil war the peanut was only a holiday luxury to the majority of the people living in the North, the day when the circus was in town, during the country fair and the great and glorious Fourth of July being the principal occasions that the popular yearning for the nut was in any measure satisfied. The product then amounted to barely 500,000 bushels a year.

"At the close of the war when the soldiers returned north thousands of them had cultivated such a liking for the nut, which they had often pulled from the ground and roasted at their campfires while in Virginia, Tennessee and North Carolina, that the crop then raised in these States didn't begin to supply the demand. Wideawake farmers saw the point, and small garden patches where peanuts had been grown for generations were soon abandoned for broad fields, and to-day Virginia and North Carolina are growing 4,000,000 bushels of peanuts a year—a result due almost entirely to the civil war and the habit the Federal troops contracted of eating large quantities of the nuts. Naturally, the returned soldiers' demand for peanuts placed them within reach of the rural population in the North, and the nut soon ceased to be a holiday luxury.

"When the war broke out most of the peanuts consumed in this country were raised in North Carolina. A great many were also imported from Africa. They were of inferior quality. In fact, the best antebellum peanuts were poor compared with the nuts grown to-day. But the demand for the nuts in recent years has not had the effect of improving the North Carolina product or increasing its yield to any great extent. Virginia and Tennessee, however, woke right up under the increased demand, and improved cultivation has produced a nut, especially in Virginia, that is as near perfect as it can be.

"I don't suppose there are many people who know that the peanut came to this country with the first cargo of slaves that were landed on our shores. It is a native of Africa, and in its original state as full of grease almost as a bit of pork. Cultivation and change of soil have greatly reduced the oleaginous quality of the nut, although the North Carolina variety has enough grease yet to find a ready sale in France, where it joins its African ancestor and cottonseed in supplying not a little of the olive oil we find in the restaurants and family groceries. Norfolk, Va., is the greatest peanut center in the world, and handles annually 200,000 bags, or 8,000,000 bushels.

"It is a pretty sight to see a peanut plantation when the vines are in blossom. The blossoms are a bright yellow and the vines are a vivid green. As soon as the blossom appears a fine branch forms on the vine and shoots down into the ground. The peas, as the nuts are called on the plantation, form on the shoot beneath the ground, like potatoes. When the crop is gathered in October the vine is ploughed up, and the nuts hang to the roots. Vines and all are piled in cocks in the field, and in twenty days the nuts are ready to be pulled off, placed in bags and taken to the factories. There they are cleansed of dirt, assorted, polished in revolving cylinders and put into bags ready for the market."

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

The latest estimate of the quantity of warm water flowing northward through the Atlantic in the form of the Gulf Stream makes it many times as great as all the water discharged into the oceans by all the streams and rivers of the earth.

Several varieties of bacteria have been discovered in freshly fallen hailstones. Two of them appear to be new, according to their discoverer, Mr. F. C. Harrison, of Guelph, Ontario, while others are manifestly of terrestrial origin, and must have been carried up into the clouds by winds or ascending air-currents.

Phrenologists say that the higher intellectual processes are performed in the front part of the brain, but recent studies have led some physiologists to conclude that the posterior lobes of the cerebrum are the real seat of mental power. These lobes are more developed in man than in other animals, and are most conspicuous in the highest races of men.

In German varnish factories an easy way to extinguish a burning pan of oil has been found in the use of a fine-meshed wire net. As soon as this covers the burning surface the iron wires conduct off the heat so rapidly that the gases can no longer flame. It is the principle of the Davy safety lamp, and might be employed in various ways to extinguish burning gases.

In Philadelphia an experiment was recently made to determine the waste of water in the city. A test was made on the houses in two streets, which included nearly 600 inhabitants. It was found that 179 gallons of water per inhabitant was expended—it cannot be said used. This is about four barrels for each person—manifestly a great waste. Of the 179 gallons only twenty-four gallons was utilized.

The astronomical journals call attention to the fact that 1898 was a "record year" for comets. Ten of those strange wanderers in space were detected during the year, seven new ones and three which had been seen before, Encke's, Winnecke's and Wolf's. It is probable that the seven strangers are also subjects of the sun, whose occasional visits to the center of his empire had not previously been noted.

One of the divisions of the United States Fish Commission has investigated a number of problems connected with oysters and their culture, and has reported on the origin of the color of green oysters. This variety is due to vegetable matter used by the oysters for food, and in no way injures the edible qualities of the bivalve. Red oysters have been occasionally noted, but there has been as yet no opportunity for their examination.

The application of electrically transmitted power to ore-crushing mills, situated at the mines, is regarded as working almost a revolution in some mining operations. At the Sheba gold mines in Africa water-power is transmitted by wire for a distance of five miles, and an enormous saving in the cost of milling the ore has thus been effected. In a mountainous country no other means of conveying power is comparable with a flexible copper wire, which crosses hills and valleys, and winds one way or another with equal ease.

SCANDALOUS MUTILATION.

Showing How the Compositor Gets in His Deadly Work.

When a Western editor was sitting in his office one day, a man whose brow was clothed with thunder entered. Fiercely seizing a chair, he slammed his hat on the table, hurled his umbrella on the floor, and sat down.

"Are you the editor?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Can you read writing?"

"Of course."

"Read that, then," he said, thrusting at the colonel an envelope, with an inscription upon it.

"B——," said the colonel, trying to spell it.

"That's not a B. It's an S," said the man.

"S; oh, yes, I see! Well, it looks like 'Salt for dinner,' or 'Souls of sinners,'" said the colonel.

"No, sir," replied the man; "nothing of the kind! That's my name—Samuel H. Brunner. I knew you couldn't read. I called to see you about that poem of mine you printed the other day, on the 'Surcease of Sorrow.'"

"I don't remember it," said the colonel.

"Of course you don't, because it went into the paper under the infamous title of 'Smearcase To-morrow.'"

"A blunder of the compositor's, I suppose."

"Yes, sir, and that's what I want to see you about. The way in which that poem was mutilated was simply scandalous. I haven't slept a night since. It exposed me to derision. People think that I am an ass. Let me show you. The first line, when I wrote it, read in this way:

Lying by a weeping willow, underneath a gentle slope.

That is beautiful, poetic, affecting. Now, how did your vile sheet present it to the public?

Lying to a weeping widow to induce her to elope.

Weeping widow, mind you! A widow! Oh, thunder and lightning! This is too much!

"But look a-here at the fourth verse. That's worse yet:

Cast thy pearls before the swine, and lose them in the dirt.

He sets it up in this fashion:

Cart thy pills before the sunrise, and love them if they hurt.

Now, isn't that a cold-blooded outrage on a man's feelings? I'll leave it to you if it isn't."

"It's hard, that's a fact," said the colonel.

"And then take the fifth verse. In the original manuscript it said, plain as daylight:

Take away the jingling money; it is only glittering dross!

In its printed form you made me say:

Take away the tingling honey; put some flies in for the boss.

By George, I felt like braining you with a fire-shovel! I was never so cut up in my life. There, for instance, was the sixth verse. I wrote:

I am weary of the tossing of the ocean as it heaves!

It is a lovely line, too. But imagine my horror and the anguish of my family when I opened your paper and saw the line transformed into:

I am wearing out my trousers till they're open at the knees!

That is a little too much? That seems to me like carrying the thing an inch or two too far. I think I have a constitutional right to murder that compositor; don't you?"

"I think you have."

"Let me read you one more verse. I wrote:

I swell the flying echoes as they roam among the hills,
And I feel my soul awakening to the ecstasy that thrills.

Now, what do you s'pose your miserable outcast turned that into? Why, into this:

I smell the frying shoes as they coast along the bulls,
And I peel my sole mistaken in the ecstacy that whirls.

I must slay that man. Where is he?"

"He is out just now," said the colonel. "Come in to-morrow."

"I will," said the poet; "and I will come armed."

A Mother's Memoranda.

There was once a mother who was keen to do her whole religious, civil and domestic duty, but she was a busy woman, and unless she made a note of each duty as soon as it entered her mind, she performed it tardily, and sometimes neglected to perform it at all. It was her custom, therefore, to keep a tiny paper pad and a pencil in handy places to jog her memory. Some notes picked up at random in her own room, in the living-room and in the kitchen were considered amusing by her husband:

Sell John's ulster (it was spring-time).

Moths. Camphor. See cedar chest. Air Aunt B.'s fitch muff.

Buy beans—flageolet—Luigi Capriccio's. 2 cts. the pound cheaper than at Blank & Co.'s.

Braid Alice's skirt.

Dish-towels for Bridget. Leak in refrigerator. Paint for back stoop. See if hyacinths are up. Pay milk-bill. Renaissance Club paper due Wed.

Spank Jack—must be broken of it now.

Books for Sunshine Club. Sewing Class. Calico. Millet's water-colors. Bridget. Mend Jack's trousers. Speak to marketman—chicks, spinach, poor. My silk waist.

Read and pray. Baking-dishes—not more than .15. Clothes-line. Shoes for Jack. Price Buddha & Japanese jar.

Look up great-great-grandmother's oldest son's wife's name (family). Small saucepan. Vote for Mrs. Jones. Jack must not lie. Castor oil. Hairpins. Blueing. Omar Khay. Wash windows. Owe Mrs. Callahan .75. Wednesday, day for my club p. Tell John that Michael certainly drinks. Dry-cleanse lace. Meal.

Brickmaking in Russia.

In August last the foundations were laid near Lysva, Russia, of the first firebrick works erected in the Ural. Ten kilns have been built, with a capacity of 3,000,000 bricks annually. Hitherto all the firebricks used in the Ural have been obtained from England.

We would like to meet an advance agent for a show who is not an old newspaper man.

HE STOLE A CORPSE.

And That Is Why the Joke Was on the Thief.

"There are people in this town who will steal anything," said a thin man with a string tie as he rolled a fresh cigarette and asked his friend for a light. "Yes, sir, they will take the buttons off your coat if you don't watch 'em. I was 'touched' twice during the peace jubilee, and last winter some one copped out my overcoat at a restaurant while I was getting lunch.

"But it's all right. I got even the other day in a small way, and I've been laughing ever since. We had an old cat over in our flat which had been a pet of my wife's ever since we were married. Elvira, that's the cat's name, not my wife's, was so old she had lost nearly all her teeth and we had to feed her on milk and soft stuff. This got tiresome, because I had to do the feeding, and I decided that Elvira was about due to die.

"One night I sneaked home a bottle of chloroform, and after my wife went out to one of the clubs or something she belongs to I wet a sponge with the chloroform and went out in the kitchen looking for Elvira. There she was, curled up on a chair, and before she knew what was going on I had her fixed. Didn't hurt her, you know, and she really was a burden to herself.

"When my wife came home I looked solemn and told her Elvira was dead—went off in a fit. There were tears, of course, and the remains had to be viewed. My wife insisted that Elvira should have a decent burial and would not listen to my suggestion that the body be disposed of in the usual way. Finally I consented to take Elvira out in the country the next day and bury her myself, and was called a 'dear old boy.'

"Early next morning, after a lot of tears from my wife, I started on with Elvira neatly done up in a couple of sheets of wrapping paper. I took a car which connects with a suburban line and deposited my bundle on the rear platform next to the gate while I went inside to read the paper. I was deep in the sporting page when the transfer station was reached, and the conductor had to offer me a transfer twice. I went out on the platform and, bless your soul, if Elvira hadn't disappeared. Some guy thought the package contained my morning marketing and had swiped it.

"I was a bit put out at first, but when I realized that for once I had the laugh on the thief I felt good. Laugh? Well, I should say yes. People on the street must have thought I had a giggling jag on. I did not advertise for the return of Elvira and no questions asked for several reasons, but I'd give $5 to know what that fellow said when he opened the package."—Washington Star.

An Atlantic Steamship's Larder.

One tidy little refrigerator about six feet wide and twice that depth is the butterman's stall in this market under the sea. Little tubs of butter are arranged on shelves to the amount of 5,000 pounds, and in company with these are 20,000 eggs. Twenty-five hundred quarts of milk and cream are stored in a separate room, all having been sterilized. This market has a room especially for salt meats, and here are hams, bacon and tongues to the amount of 4,000 pounds. There are some articles of food without which the epicure would be unhappy, and which must be alive when cooked. Chief among these are oysters, of which 16,000 are carried to meet the wants of the passengers. Clams are only provided to the number of 1,500. Lobsters are not abundantly supplied; 700 pounds is all the store-room shelters.

This market in the bottom of the ship contains, besides the things mentioned, fruit, green vegetables and an enormous stock of groceries. The latter is only limited by space, for groceries are not perishable goods and will keep from one voyage to another until used. Tea and coffee are used in large amounts—about thirty-three pounds of tea a day and fifty pounds of coffee. Perishable supplies are taken on board in proportion to the number of passengers booked, and anything of this kind which is left over when the ship reaches port is eaten by the crew.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Curious Christian Names.

I remember hearing the following story from the late Canon Bardsley, author of "English Names and Surnames." There was once a woman—"a little 'cracky,' I think," said the canon, by way of parenthesis—who had a son whom she had christened "What." Her idea seems to have been that when in after days he was asked his name, and kept saying "What," amusing scenes would follow, which was likely enough, especially if the boy was careful to pronounce the aspirate. Such a scene did, I believe, occur once when he went to school, and was told, as a newcomer, to stand up and furnish certain particulars. "What is your name?" asked the teacher. "What," hurted out the boy, amid the laughter of the class. "What is your name?" asked the master again, with more emphasis. "What," replied the boy. "Your name, sir!" roared out the infuriated pedagogue. "What, What!" roared back the terrified urchin. The sequel I forget, but I believe it was one of those cases in which the follies of the parents are visited on the children of the first generation.—Notes and Queries.

An Amusing Experience.

To secure a picture of your voice, it is only necessary to tie a sheet of thin, strong paper over the flaring end of an old tin horn. Hold the horn with the sheet of paper upward. Take a little pinch of fine sand and place it in the center of the paper. Then hold the horn vertically above your face and sing a note into the lower end of the instrument. Now lower the horn carefully and look at the sand. You will find that the vibrations of your voice have scattered the pinch of sand into a beautiful sound picture. Every note in the musical scale will produce a great variety of them. Some of these pictures look like pansies, roses and other flowers; some like snakes, and others like flying birds; in fact, there is no limit to the variation. The pictures of the notes of musical instruments are made by holding the horn as near as possible to them.

Pure Water and Death Rate.

In Vienna the typhoid rate of 12.5 deaths per 10,000 inhabitants fell to 1.1 after a pure water supply was obtained. In Danzig the mortality fell from 10 per 10,000 to 1.5. In Munich, after the introduction of a good water supply and proper sewerage, the rate fell from 21 per 10,000 to 6.3, and in Boston from 17.4 to 5.6.

People too good to express a dislike for certain persons give their feelings away by referring to them as "he" or "she."

REGISTER OF TREASURY.

Hon. Judson W. Lyons, Register of the United States Treasury, in a letter from Washington, D. C., says:

Hon. Judson W. Lyons, Register of the Treasury.

April 23d, 1899.

Pe-ru-na Drug M'f'g Co., Columbus, O.:

Gentlemen—I find Pe-ru-na to be an excellent remedy for the catarrhal affections of spring and summer, and those who suffer from depression from the heat of the summer will find no remedy the equal of Pe-ru-na.

Judson W. Lyons.

No man is bettter known in the financial world than Judson W. Lyons.

His name on every piece of money of recent date, makes his signature one of the most familiar ones in the United States. Hon. Lyons address is Augusta, Ga. He is a member of the National Republican Committee, and is a prominent and influential politician. He is a particular friend of President McKinley.

Remember that cholera morbus, cholera infantum, summer complaint, bilious colic, diarrhoea and dysentery are each and all catarrh of the bowels. Catarrh is the only correct name for these affections. Pe-ru-na is an absolute specific for these ailments, which are so common in summer. Dr. Hartman, in a practice of over forty years, never lost a single case of cholera infantum, dysentary, diarrhoea, or cholera morbus, and his only remedy was Pe-ru-na. Those desiring further particulars should send for a free copy of "Summer Catarrh." Address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, O.

Keeping a Close Watch.

Tom—Edna and May appear to be inseparable.

Carrie—Yes; each is afraid to trust the other out of her sight.—Town Topics.

Mrs. Eliza Lynds, of Peacham, Vt., has a cake of maple sugar that was made in 1834. The sugar is well preserved yet.

There can be no doubt that the most obliging postmaster in the state of Missouri lives at Bethel. He recently put a telephone in his office and announced that for the benefit of those out-of-town patrons who are connected by wire and who may desire it he will open their letters and will read them over the 'phone.

HEAD ACHE

"Both my wife and myself have been using CASCARETS and they are the best medicine we have ever had in the house. Last week my wife was frantic with headache for two days, she tried some of your CASCARETS, and they relieved the pain in her head almost immediately. We both recommend Cascarets."
CHAS. STEDFORD.
Pittsburg Safe & Deposit Co., Pittsburg, Pa.

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Cascarets
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c, 25c, 50c.
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