

LEE AND McCLELLAN.

An Incident of the First Meeting of the Two Soldiers.

The first meeting between General George B. McClellan and General Robert E. Lee happened in Mexico during the war with that country. McClellan was a lieutenant of engineers, and Lee was a major on the staff of General Winfield Scott.

One day McClellan was walking across a field when he saw General Scott and his staff approaching on horseback. As they drew near Major Lee reined up his horse and asked the lieutenant if he did not know that he was disobeying orders. His tone was sharp and angry. McClellan answered that he was not aware of any disobedience and asked for an explanation. Lee replied that all officers had been told to remain in their quarters, awaiting orders, and asked for the lieutenant's name.

McClellan gave his name and said that no order of that kind had reached him. But Lee in a peremptory tone ordered him to go to his quarters and remain there. Then he rode off and rejoined General Scott and the staff, who had not stopped. McClellan went to his quarters, as he had been directed to do, but was quite indignant at the way in which Lee had treated him, for he had not knowingly committed a breach of discipline.

He had just finished telling his brother officers the incident when he was informed that an officer was outside the tent asking for him. On going out he was much surprised to see Major Lee, who saluted him with respect.

"Lieutenant McClellan," the major said, "I am afraid that I was not courteous in my manner to you a little while ago, and I have called to apologize."

"I assured him that it was all right," said General McClellan in telling the story, "and he rode off after making a low bow, leaving me in admiration of a superior officer who so promptly and generously repaired an error."—Chicago News.

AN AERIAL HORROR.

The Very Dreadful Thing That Stroh-schneider Did.

A group of aeronauts were talking aeronautics.

"Did you ever hear of Stroh-schneider?" said a German. "He did a dreadful thing once. I'll tell you about it."

"Stroh-schneider appeared in a certain village and advertised that he would take the landlord of the village inn up with him on a trapeze hanging from the car of his balloon."

"Though the landlord's wife made a kick and the authorities, upholding her, forbade the man to accompany Stroh-schneider, the landlord sat in state on the trapeze beside the famous aeronaut when the ascension began."

"But those nearest to him noticed that he was paler than a ghost and that his arm was thrown around Stroh-schneider's neck as if in terror. And, noting these things, the people nodded ominously to one another."

"Up and up went the balloon, and now a murmur of horror arose among the multitude. The aeronaut and the landlord were quarreling; they were fighting. High up there in the clouds, perched on the swaying trapeze, they struggled, thumped, kicked."

"Suddenly the aeronaut, in a mad burst of rage, seized the landlord by the throat, thrust him backward and flung him into space. Down the poor fellow dropped like a stone, turning over and over. He alighted on his head."

"The people, mad with horror and rage, rushed to the spot. And there, to their amazement, stood the landlord, laughing heartily. The figure that had fallen was a manikin dressed up in his clothes."

"And this," the speaker concluded, "is the only practical joke that has ever been played from a balloon."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Perils of Crinoline.

The dangers of the historic crinoline are illustrated by a story told by Lady Dorothy Nevill in her "Reminiscences." Going too near the fireplace, her voluminous skirt caught fire, and in an instant she was in a blaze. There were no men present, and the women could not help her, because if they had gone near enough to be of use their own skirts would have been ignited. Fortunately Lady Dorothy had sufficient presence of mind to roll herself in the hearth rug and thus subdue the flames.

A Judge of Land.

Proud Father—Welcome back to the old farm, my boy. So you got through college all right? Farmer's Son—Yes, father. Proud Father—Ye know, I told ye to study up chemistry and things, so you'd know best what to do with different kinds of land. What do you think of that flat meadow there, for instance? Farmer's Son—Cracky, what a place for a ball game!—Kansas City Independent.

Pity the Poor Wolf.

"Why is it," asked the fox, "that you always look so grumpy?"

"Oh," replied the wolf, "it's all due to the business I'm in. I always have to keep away from the door until there's nothing left in the house to eat."—Catholic Standard and Times.

The New Yorker.

"You New Yorkers don't seem to know anything about the rest of the country," said the visitor.

"The rest of the country?" echoed the New Yorker. "What's that?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Equality may be all right, but no human power can convert it into a fact.—Balzac.

A FEAT IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Daring Descent to Get a View of an Osprey's Nest.

Now commenced my work, and I descended on my rope to terrace after terrace, forcing my way through thick rows of prickly pear, a most painful operation. And now we found that there was nobody below to signal us where the nest lay. The inevitable result was that after descending more than 100 feet I had to signal to be hauled up again, always through the prickly pear. Again did I descend, and again did I fall to find the nest. On the third occasion I reached a recess in the great cliff, whence, after unbending my rope and securing it to a bush for obvious reasons, I made a cast along a ledge to the south and reached a point which I identified as being not far from the nest as seen from below. So I retraced my steps and, regaining my rope, was hauled up for a third time. During this operation I passed a ledge where a peregrine falcon was nesting. The old female swept close around with shrill cries and eventually alighted on the sandy shelf of rock within a few feet of me and, with outspread wings and every feather standing on end, lowered her head and screamed furiously. I have no doubt I was close to her young, but I had more serious work in hand, and so I left her alone.

I now made my fourth and last descent and found myself immediately over the nest, but before I could go down to it the party handling the rope had to work their way down toward me, since the rope was too short. Finally I reached the nest, an enormous mass of big sticks measuring more than five feet across and doubtless the result of many years' work. It was two eggs much incubated. By standing on a ledge close to the nest and pressing the camera between my body and the face of the cliff I was able to take some long time exposures with fairly good results. It was near sunset, and the cliff was in deep shadow, which did not facilitate my task. Between the shaly nature of the cliff, the slippery terraces covered with loose soil and stones and the detestable prickly pears I never had a more unpleasant or arduous task on a cliff before. But I have lived to endure worse experiences, although not so painfully protracted as these were.

My very curt entry in my diary summarizes the whole job thus: "Bad shale cliffs, vertical and dangerous. Height over sea, 100 feet. Top of cliff, 310 feet. The worst bit of rope work I ever did."

With regard to the prickly pears, it was many months before the last of the poisonous spines I had collected in various parts of my body consented to come out, and then only after first festering.—London Saturday Review.

Disinterested Professional Advice.

"Bring me that beefsteak potpie!"

"Yassah," said the dining car waiter, listening near by.

"And bring me some of those French peas!"

"Yassah; but boss, maybe you all don't know dey's French peas in dat pie."

"No, I didn't. Thanks, George. And—ah—and—ah, then bring me some potatoes."

"Yassah, boss; but maybe you all didn't know dey's tatehs, too, in dat pie."

"No, I didn't. Thanks again, George. It's mighty nice of you to keep me from buying a lot of stuff I wouldn't want."

"Yassah, Ah reckon it's mighty nice of me 't do dat, boss. Ah's seen so many, n-a-n-y people—nice gentlemen, lak you all—waste money fo' vegetables dat might jus' as well 'a' been handed over to th' watch. Yassah, Ah sho' has."—Judge.

Bacteria in Butter.

"Bacteriologists have shown us that ordinary butter is swarming with germs," declares Good Health. "A single teaspoonful of milk generally contains from 2,000,000 to 10,000,000 germs. The number may even be much larger than this. In the removal of cream from the milk the germs are taken with it, and in the process of churning the germs are collected with the fat, so in the butter we have the concentration of a large part of the germs contained in the milk from which the butter was derived. So in a pound of butter derived from twenty pints of milk the number of bacteria must be almost beyond estimate. A brief computation will show that the number of bacteria contained in a pound of butter might easily reach the enormous sum of five to ten billions."

A Touch of Vanity.

On Nov. 25—St. Catherine's day—French girls who have passed their twenty-fifth birthday and are unmarried wear a little cap made of fine muslin, the symbol of maidenhood. As the day approaches the millinery shops show these caps in great quantities, and their manufacture by young girls is always accompanied by jokes at the expense of old maids; but, strange to relate, these caps, because they are becoming to all, are worn on St. Catherine's day by young girls as well as by old maids.

Where It Doesn't Apply.

"Slow and sure," remarked the man with the quotation habit, "is a good motto."

"But," protested the thoughtful thinker, "there is one thing that can never be slow and sure."

"What's that?" queried the quotation dispenser.

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A woman's love is a paradox. You can't keep it unless you return it.—Philadelphia Record.

SHE TOOK HIS SPEECH.

Then the Bright Girl Got Work as His Stenographer.

She was riding into the city on the morning train in search of a position as a stenographer. Having seen the large, florid man in the seat in front of her cut an advertisement from his newspaper and put it away in his pocketbook, she was just curious enough to look up the corresponding place in her own paper. Finding there an advertisement for a stenographer, she noted down the address and thanked her feminine curiosity.

She then turned back to her pencil and notebook. It seemed as if, practice as she might, she never could keep her speed up to 100 words a minute. She tried copying from the newspaper, but the motion of the car made the words dance before her eyes until they hurt her. She tried making up sentences as she went along and failed. Finally she resorted to taking down the incessant chatter of two women behind her, but their talk was often drowned in the disturbances of a number of young people still farther back, who were riotously noisy.

The young lady struggled with a tirade on the servant girl problem, timing herself by the distance between stations—two minutes from Sherwood to Sherwood Corners. Could she do 200 words? As her hand dashed madly over the page a large wad of newspaper flew past her and struck the florid man in the neck. The laughter behind subsided into dismayed giggles.

Slowly the large man turned his injured neck. He was redder than ever as he started to speak. The words fell from his lips, hot but distinct, swiftly but smoothly. He was telling the boisterous young people seven seats back just what he thought of them.

The young woman with the pencil saw her chance and took it. Here was glorious dictation. Her pencil flew. The speech lasted a minute and a half and was cut short then only by the arrival of the train at the terminal. The stenographer slapped her book shut with a comfortable feeling of having done even better than a hundred words per minute and set off in search of her position.

When she arrived at the address she had noted down, she was ushered into a private office, where sat the man of the speech. She stammered a little until she saw that he did not recognize her. His mind had been full of bigger things. Then she smilingly told him her errand.

"Do you think you can take my dictation?" he said, frowning.

"Yes, sir."

"What makes you think so? I talk very fast."

"But very distinctly, sir." She produced her notebook and laid it open before him. "Here's a sample."

She began to read her notes.

His jaw dropped. There was his masterpiece of the train, complete and unbridled. It really sounded very well, so full of fire.

When she finished, he looked at her sharply. His face was very red, but his eye twinkled.

"The job's yours," he said in a subdued voice.—Youth's Companion.

Not Much Progress.

Such an exchange of courtesy as was chronicled in a German paper not long ago would hardly suit the taste of brisk Americans. The exchange was in the form of two advertisements.

"The gentleman who found a purse with money in the Blumenstrasse is requested to forward it to the address of the loser, as he is recognized."

A day or two later appeared the response, which, although so courteous, had an elusive air, to say the least:

"The recognized gentleman who picked up a purse in the Blumenstrasse requests the loser to call at his house at a convenient day."

Only Hearsay.

Magistrate—How old are you, madam?

Witness—According to your own ruling, I don't know.

Magistrate—Why, how is that?

Witness—You stated that hearsay was not conclusive evidence, did you not?

Magistrate—Yes, but—

Witness (interrupting)—Well, I am told that I am so many years old; but, as you know, it is only hearsay.—Chicago News.

Justifiable.

The cat had eaten the canary.

"I haven't any compunctions about it, either," she said, picking her teeth with her claws. "I couldn't eat the pianola on the first floor or the graphophone on the third, but I could make a meal of the musician on the second floor, and I've done it."

With a satisfied grin on her face she curled up on the floor behind the gas range and went to sleep.—Chicago Tribune.

THE MONEY QUESTION.

An Inquisitive Youngster and an Ingenious Father.

"Papa," began Gunston Junior, "when the government of the United States began to coin gold and silver money it was necessary to buy the gold and silver, wasn't it?"

"Yes, my son," replied Gunston senior rather cautiously.

"Of course, papa," resumed the youngster, "you'll be able to tell me where the government got the money to buy the gold and silver?"

"Why—er—of course," stammered Gunston senior as he put down the paper and gazed thoughtfully at the boy. "Now, let me understand you. The government wanted to coin money, and in order to do so it was necessary to purchase gold and silver. You want to know where the government got the money to buy the gold and silver?"

"That's right," chuckled Gunston Junior gleefully, and a great joy filled his being as he thought of his all important struggle with the simple question.

"Why, sonny, the government simply issued dollar bills and bought gold and silver with them. Anything else?"

"Yes," said Gunston Junior. "Where did the government get money to buy paper for the dollar bills?"—Harper's Weekly.

THE HORSE WON.

Beat the First Locomotive on the B. and O. Road.

The first locomotive on the Baltimore and Ohio had sails attached. So did the cars. These sails were hoisted when the wind was in the right direction so as to help the locomotive.

The rivalry between the railroads using locomotives and those using horses was very bitter. In August, 1830, an actual trial of speed was held between a horse and one of the pioneer locomotives, which did not result in favor of the locomotive. The race was on the Baltimore and Ohio, the locomotive being one built by Peter Cooper, who also acted as engineer.

The horse, a gallant gray, was in the habit of pulling a car on a track parallel to that used by the locomotive. At first the gray had the better of the race, but when he was a quarter of a mile ahead Mr. Cooper succeeded in getting up enough steam to pass the horse amid terrific applause.

At that moment a band slipped from a pulley, and, though Mr. Cooper lacerated his hands trying to replace it, the engine stopped and the horse passed it and came in the winner.—Van Norden Magazine.

They Don't Like Funerals.

"If you want to know just how sensitive some Washington folks are, listen to the reasons some of our tenants give for cancelling their leases," said a renting agent. "Here are the complaints from five families who want to move because they live on 'funeral streets.' A lot of people, it seems, are sensitive about that. There are certain streets in town—those near churches where many funerals are held and those leading to the various cemeteries—which are usually traveled by funeral parties. Houses in those streets are becoming a poor investment. There is more moving from those houses than from any others we have anything to do with, and generally the movers give as the reason for their dissatisfaction the fact that the sight of so many hearsees gets on their nerves."—Washington Star.

The Saragossans.

It is said that the queer, composite race of people that dwell upon the waterlogged hulks of the Saragossa sea, in the mid-Atlantic, have a pretty theory about death. They believe that those to whom the messenger comes when the sun is shining brightly are transported straight away to a heaven of warm fresh water only four feet in depth. In which they may wade and disport themselves to all eternity. On the other hand, those who receive the call of death in hours of darkness must needs endure a probationary period before they can enter into the future life. The Saragossans are in addition firm believers in premonitions, omens and foreordinations.

Instincts of a Woman.

A little girl who had for some time wanted a dog was taken very ill. One day when much better she told her mother of her desire and begged her to ask her grandpa to buy her one. The mother answered that grandpa did not like dogs and probably would not be willing to buy one. Then, seeing the little invalid look sadly disappointed, she said, "Well, wait till you get well, my dear, then we will see."

"Oh, no," answered the child, whose few years had taught her some wisdom. "The more sick I am the more likely he will be to buy it for me."—Exchange.

Hoarding.

Hoarding is not only an economic mistake, but an economic crime as well. It is, in fact, a survival of the evil days of maldistribution. It comes down to us from the time when nearly all governments were conquerors which considered themselves entitled to plunder their subjects. Thus hoarding is founded upon distrust of the government.—Statesman, Calcutta.

Reverse Action.

The Elder Matron—You shouldn't mind the baby crying a little. It strengthens his lungs. The Younger Matron—Oh, no doubt, but it weakens his father's religion so!—Indianapolis Journal.

If you would not have affliction visit you twice, listen at once to what it teaches.—Rogers.

THE MULE IN THE JUG.

An Arab Proverb and the Legend That Gave It Birth.

Who can affirm that the mule entered the jug?

This proverb is frequently quoted to show that, though one may conscientiously believe in a thing which may seem extravagant in itself, it is better not to repeat it from fear of being disbelieved. It arises from the following Arabic legend: An Arab who denied the existence of gentils once bought a mule and took it home. When performing his evening ablutions, he saw the mule enter a jug, and this so scared him that he ran shouting to the neighbors and told them what he had seen. They, thinking him mad, endeavored to appease him, but all in vain. He vociferated more and more, so that the authorities sent him to the madhouse. When the doctor came to see him, he repeated the account of what he had seen, whereupon the doctor ordered him to be detained. He continued upon each visit of the doctor to repeat his statement until his friends succeeded in persuading him that if he wished to regain his freedom he must recant. This he did, and the doctor set him at liberty, to the great joy of his family and friends. On making his ablutions as before he again saw the mule, this time peeping out of the jug, but on this occasion he contented himself with remarking to the mule: "Oh, yes, I see you well enough, but who would believe me? And I have had enough of the madhouse." Needless to say that the gentils to avenge themselves for his disbelief in them had transformed one of themselves into a mule and as such entered the jug.—Cairo (Egypt) Sphinx.

A ROCKING STONE.

New York's Souvenir of the Remote Glacial Period.

Though tens of thousands of persons yearly see the great rocking stone of Bronx park in New York city, few realize that it is the city's most conspicuous souvenir of the glacial period, when all of this section was covered with an ocean of ice some 1,500 feet thick that was moving slowly toward the south.

That plinkish bit of granite, weighing thirty tons, standing seven and one-half feet above its rocky base, being ten feet broad and eight feet thick, came from the far north, carried in the resistless icy arms of the glacier that swept over the continent down to this latitude, marking its path by depositing great boulders as it moved and leaving scratches on the firm rocks beneath, from the sliding, grinding bits and masses of granite that settled to its base and were pushed along as it moved.

This same boulder left its mark on the bare face of the rocky hill to the north of it, in which lies the crocodile pool. There the scratches are visible today, pointing to where the boulder stands and telling the story of part of its travels.

When the melting ice departed from the great block of granite, it left it standing through the ages a rocking stone so delicately poised that a pressure of fifty pounds exerted on its most northern angle causes its apex to sway north and south about two inches.—New York Herald.

A Considerate Reporter.

When the Maine was blown up the wife of Lieutenant Commander Wainwright was at her home in Washington. She had heard nothing of the news when she was awakened about 4 o'clock in the morning by a violent knocking at the door of her house. Finally Mrs. Wainwright rose and looked out of the window, asking what was the matter. A voice called out, "Are you the wife of Lieutenant Commander Wainwright?" "Yes. What do you want?" "The Maine has been totally destroyed. We are reporters and wish for some information about Mr. Wainwright." Only this and nothing more. The shock caused the poor lady to fall in a dead faint, from which she did not rally for several hours, and, fortunately for her, it was then known her husband was not among the lost.

Hippophagy.

Hippophagy being in low water in these later days, somebody has set himself to show what an exceedingly respectable history attaches to the practice. Among the ancients, especially in China, eating horseflesh was general, and it was only killed in Europe by a papal decree of Gregory III, though why horseflesh should have been interdicted does not appear. It was only the famine caused by Napoleon's invasion that revived the practice in Germany, where it has survived ever since.—London Globe.

Not Broadened.

"They say that travel broadens a man," said the dark woman.

"Well, I don't know about that," replied the light woman. "My husband has been a conductor on a trolley car for seven years and see how thin he is!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Economy.

Small Gilbert—Papa, didn't I hear you tell mamma we would have to economize? Papa—Yes, my son. Small Gilbert—Well, you might begin by getting me a pony; then I shouldn't wear out so many shoes.—Chicago News.

Law of Progress.

The law of progress is the law of sacrifice—no sacrifice, no progress. The secret of sacrifice is love. Without the self sacrificing love of the mother life itself would disappear from the earth.—Review of Reviews.

Quite Popular.

Mrs. A.—And your neighbor fond of you? Mrs. B.—Very. Just think, when I told them we wanted to move, but couldn't afford to, they offered to pay all our moving expenses.—London Scraps.

BRILLIANT BAIT.

Gaudy Lures by Which Salmon and Trout Are Fooled.

No one except a fisherman or a fly dresser has the faintest conception of the enormous variety of materials used in the manufacture of flies, especially salmon flies.

Trout flies are made to resemble various real insects, but salmon flies have no likeness to anything that inhabits earth, air or water, and to this day no one knows why the king of fish is fool enough to snatch at the gaudy lures which are cast across the pools above his head.

Take such a well known salmon fly as the "silver doctor." The feathers of five different birds are used to build it—namely, those of the Indian crow, the blue jay, the pheasant, the turkey and the pintail duck. Silver wire, yellow floss silk, sky blue hackle and scarlet wool are also necessary for the tying of this fly.

There is hardly any brilliantly plumaged bird known whose feathers are not in demand for fly tying. Jungle fowl, blue chattering, scarlet ibis, bunting, swan, macaw, peacock, mallard, Indian roller, teal, wood duck, grouse, eagle and florican are only a few of those whose feathers are stowed away in the drawers of any fishing tackle manufacturer.

You will also find gold and silver wire, gold and silver tinsel, silk of every color under the sun, chenille of many different hues, worsted, mohair and fur of a number of different animals.

There is an artificial gray guat used for trout fishing which is made partly of mouse whiskers and is in consequence one of the most expensive trout flies which you can purchase.

Gaudy flies for salmon fishing are no new invention. Writing two and a half centuries ago, Richard Franck says:

"Remember always to carry your dubbing bag about with you, wherein ought to be silk of all sorts, thread, thrums, moccado ends and curls of all sizes and varieties of color, diversified and stained wool, with dogs' and bears' hair, besides twisted fine threads of gold and silver, with feathers from"—And he goes on with a long list of birds of brilliant plumage.

But even for the noble salmon there are many other baits used besides the fly. The most deadly is without doubt salmon roe, the use of which is prohibited in almost every part of the civilized world. The "gardener's fancy"—in other words, the common loachworm—is a first class salmon bait, and so is drawn boiled to a delicate pink hue. On most good rivers these baits are of course illegal.

Some believe in anointing their baits with various strong smelling oils or unguents. The above mentioned Richard Franck did so. He advocates putting the worms into a lignum vitae ball which has first been anointed with "the chymical oil of bays, sulphur, Barbados tar, ivy or cornu cervi." Poor worms! One wonders how long they survived in such a horrible mixture.

Trout will take a very wide variety of bait. A grasshopper is most killing, and so is a blue bottle set on a small hook and used with a blow line.

The roach fisher knows the virtue of boiled wheat. The softened grains are taken with eagerness by these fish, while perch will go vigorously for a clump of flour and water dough. A perch has been taken by an angler who had run short of bait with the eye of a previous capture stuck upon the point of a hook.

Thames fishermen will tell you the virtues of cheese paste as a bait for chub, and these rather shy fish can also be taken with a very ripe cherry in which a hook is artfully concealed.

Almost all fish have cannibal propensities, so that the young of their own species prove an irresistible bait for the older and larger members. This is especially true of trout, and many an angler has known of cases where a small fish hooked has been seized before it could be brought to land by a larger one of the same variety.—Fly.

Deaf Elephants.

Solitary elephants, not necessarily "rogues," may be met with in all jungle country frequented by elephants, declares Harry Storey, the author of "Hunting and Shooting in Ceylon." A "solitary," he says, is rather fond of taking up its residence in the neighborhood of a village and helping itself contentedly to the villagers' produce.

Elephants in Ceylon have in general acquired a contempt for the presence of the ordinary villager and will walk through a fence as soon as look at it and help themselves to growing crops in spite of the watchers' presence, shouts or even firing of guns. A good deal of this indifference is due to the fact that there are many deaf elephants to be found all over the country, more than people imagine, and such animals are quite indifferent to any amount of noise. Let an elephant, however, once become aware that he is being hunted, and he becomes as wary and alert as possible.

I once heard of an elephant that was making havoc among the cattlemen and had been "proclaimed" for destruction. I made a forced march by night in faint moonlight, in course of which I walked slip into an elephant in a dark swampy hollow, and I don't know which of us was the more started, I or the elephant. Anyhow he made record time for the jungle, and I sat down to let my nerves recover a bit. Undoubtedly that was a deaf elephant.

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