

IN CAMP AT PEESKILL.

An Incident of Military Life Among New York's Citizen Soldiers.

Jordan Rogers, from Peekskill, N. Y., was at the Great Northern recently.

"The departure," he said, "of some of your militia for the state encampment reminds me of a little incident that occurred a night or two before I left Peekskill, where the New York boys were encamping.

"On this night the countersign was 'Gettysburg,' and some of the battery boys, who were stationed out on the edge of the bluff, 'caught on.' Several of them had some fun with the guard after taps, and one incident in this connection has an especially humorous side to it. It seems that no enlisted man is entitled to the countersign. If it is absolutely necessary for one to enter or leave camp after taps he can go past the guards only by means of a pass which has been approved at headquarters.

In the battery detail from Brooklyn is a private who knows how to make the most of a good thing.

"He is a large, well built man, with a voice to match his size. He was one of several who got hold of 'Gettysburg' on the night referred to. He has a coat with a cape fashioned much like the regular officer's cape. Shortly after taps he put on his big cape coat, buttoned it closely around his throat, gave his private's cap the crush in the back which the officer's cap after dark, assumed a majestic stride and started for a walk around the camp grounds. He was soon challenged by a sentry.

"The conversation which ensued was something like this: 'Halt! who goes there?'

"A friend."

"Advance, friend, and give the countersign."

"The battery private walked slowly forward and said 'Gettysburg' in his deepest bass.

"The sentry began to say 'The countersign is correct; advance, friend,' when the big private, assuming an authoritative pose, said sharply:

"Don't you know how to hold your piece when you are talking to an army officer?"

"The sentry was in the correct position, and began to stammer that he thought he was holding it properly.

"Don't let me see any more of this carelessness," said the private more sternly than before.

"Point your bayonet down when a regular army officer approaches. Hold the piece in your left hand and salute at the same time with your right. Don't you know the new regulations regarding the salute to regular army officers?"

"The rattled sentry admitted that that part of his education had been neglected, but added that he would profit by the advice given him. The big private left him standing there with his bayonet pointed toward the ground and his right hand in the air.

"After instructing a couple more sentries in a brand new system of guard duties the private went to his tent and laughed himself asleep."

Chicago Inter Ocean.

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HAD TO GIVE IT AWAY.

Harry Found the Experience Too Delightful to Keep to Himself.

An old east Boston bachelor lives with his housekeeper in a pretty little house with an L on Maverick street.

One day during a hot spell he had company, consisting of his married sister and her two sons, who came to spend the day.

They remained and spent the night. Harry, the elder of the two boys, was assigned to sleep with his uncle, and Joe was to sleep with his mother in the spare bed—that is, if sleep were a possible thing.

All retired about half past 10 o'clock, and after tucking and floundering around in his bed for an hour or two, the old man, not being used to a bed-fellow, turned to his nephew and said:

"Harry, I can't stand this any longer; let us slip out on the roof of the L; it will be so nice and cool out there."

Suiting the action to his words, the old gentleman got up, and slipping on a pair of slippers stepped through the open window to the roof, his nephew following suit.

When slightly cooled off Harry began to look around and, as on espied a long wooden beam running from the end of the roof to the end of the house.

"I'm going to set up there on that beam, uncle," he cried.

When he had reached the desired position he said to his uncle:

"You're missing it, uncle; the wind comes over the roof of the house in a fine breeze, and you can't feel the least bit of it down there."

The idea of a cool breeze was too much for the old man, and with great difficulty, owing to his flowing nightdress, he managed to get astride of the beam.

The wind did feel good, and the old bachelor felt fully repaid for the trouble of climbing up.

Presently the sound of some one whispering was heard by the two on the beam, and they strained their ears.

"Oh, uncle, it is some women over in that window," whispered Harry, pointing to a window in the back of the house next to the L.

The old man looked and great beads of perspiration stood out on his body as he saw dimly outlined in the black of the window no less than three unmistakably feminine faces.

What could he do? There they stood, wildly gesticulating to each other and evidently, from their actions, taking himself and Harry for ghosts.

With a hurried caution to his nephew to be motionless the old gentleman tightened his hold on the beam and remained rigid, hoping that something might induce the watchers to leave the window. For fully twenty minutes he remained thus, and then one of the faces disappeared and in a few seconds returned re-enforced by several others.

At the sight of the additional faces the old gentleman's fear overcame his well formed plan of sitting out the patience of the women, and with "I can't stand this any longer" he flopped off the beam to the roof and then into the open window, followed more nimbly by Harry.

He was almost ashamed to appear on the street next day, and innumerable were the cautions Harry received not to give the joke away, but in "a moment of forgetfulness" Harry told.—Boston Herald.

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Alexander's Death Mask.

When Hamlet said that Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returned to dust, he overlooked the fact that Alexander's dust, instead of being converted into loam to stop a beer barrel, was preserved from corruption by the process of embalming and from external injury by being cased in the most precious of metals. Potigrew, in his "History of Egyptian Mummies," says of the death mask of Alexander that "it was a sort of chise work, and of such a nature that it could be applied so closely to the skin as to preserve not only the form of the body, but also to give the expression of the features to the countenance."

He does not quote his authority for this statement, but it is unquestionably derived from the account of the death and burial of Alexander written by Diodorus Siculus, who said: "And first a coffin of beaten gold was prepared, so wrought by the hammer as to answer to the proportions of the body. It was half filled with aromatic spices, which served as well to delight the sense as to prevent the body from putrefaction." Then follows a description of the funeral chariot, and of the long line of march from Babylon to Alexandria, where Augustus Caesar saw the tomb 300 years later, but there is no reference to a mask of Alexander's face in gold.—Laurence Hutton in Harper's.

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HARPER'S AFTER MANY YEARS.

Single Reuben's Will Came in Light as Last.

"Mother, why don't you dispose of that horrid old lounge?" asked the eldest daughter.

"It has been in the family for eighteen years, Cynthia," replied the mother, a beamed, careworn woman grown prominently old, "and was your Uncle Reuben's favorite resting place. Often and often, when he came in from his day's work at the office, he would throw himself down on that lounge."

"What thanks do we owe Uncle Reuben, I'd like to know! What did he ever do for us? Didn't he leave all his property to Uncle Fletcher, who didn't need it and hadn't a thousandth part as much claim on him as we had?"

"Your Uncle Fletcher, child, was his full brother and I was only his adopted sister. The law gave the property to him, as I have told you before. I think he always intended to make a will in our favor, but—"

"But he never did! Well, I haven't any tears to shed for him nor any sentiment to waste on that old lounge either. I wish you'd sell it to some dealer in second-hand goods or give it away to some family that's poorer than ours—if you can find any."

"I shall do nothing of the kind, Cynthia, but if it is such an eyesore in the sitting room you may have a new cover put on it. Or you may take it up stairs to your own room."

An idea struck Miss Cynthia.

"Will you give it to me if I'll adopt it?" she asked.

"Yes," said her mother, "you can have it."

Late that night there was a smothered sound of hammering in Miss Cynthia's room. She was taking the old lounge apart preparatory to interring its remains decently in the attic.

As the back fell off a collection of things that had worked their way down behind the cushion in the eighteen years of that lounge's history tumbled out.

Miss Cynthia gathered them up and catalogued them as follows:

Seventy-eight hairpins, 29 rusty needles, 8 pocket knives, 4 buttons (all sizes), 15 paper rings, 1 pair tweezers, 8 thimbles, 17 pins, 1 pocket comb, 13 peppermint lozenges (much disfigured), 11 lemon drops, 6 buckles, 9 buttons, 1 silver half dollar, 1 nickel five cent piece, 10 one cent pieces, 17 beer tickets, 8 visiting cards, 6 lead pencils, 17 cuff buttons, 1 liver pill, 1 wrinkled, flattened, discolored sheet of paper that, when opened out—

"Mother! Mother! Father! George! Sarah! All of you! Come up here, quick! I've found it!"

You have guessed correctly. It was Uncle Reuben's will.

And in the back parlor of the fine new house built with Uncle Reuben's money the old lounge, resplendent in a coat of bright varnish and a new cover, is gradually accumulating another store of treasures for some future historian.—Chicago Tribune.

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What Architects Are For.

"Look here," exclaimed Brown, entering the office of his architect, "you have made a nice mess of my house, haven't you?"

"Why, what's the matter?" replied the architect.

"Master!" returned Brown; "why, the staircase is so crooked, that I can't get my furniture up stairs, and there isn't a window in the dining room that you can look out of without using a stepladder."

"Well, what of that? Doesn't your house look well from the road?"

"It looks well enough, but, confound it, what does that amount to?"

"Everything, my dear sir—everything. I understand my business, I believe; I am an architect. If you wanted a house that was only comfortable and convenient why on earth didn't you get a carpenter to draw the plans. Brown, I'm afraid you don't appreciate high art."

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Saved by the Big Dog.

As little Cal Stephens, of Ossawatimie, Kan., was playing around a well that worked with two buckets, a rope and a pulley, he fell in, carrying the top bucket down with him. His screams attracted the attention of Bob Layson's big St. Bernard dog, Hadley, who, without a moment's hesitation, sprang in the well and either by accident or intention carried the other bucket down with him, overbalancing and bringing the other bucket with little Cal clinging to it to the top.

Aunt Biddy McGeoghegan was there and rescued little Cal. A ladder was soon procured and Hadley was brought out. As Aunt Biddy McGeoghegan with her arms around the wet child and the dog was gently crying, the people who had gathered went down in their pockets to get a medal for Hadley.—Chicago News-Record.

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