ESCAPING THE SNARES

"Wall, good-bye, Hanner. You bet the city folks won't play any gum games on me!"

"Fur the land's sake, Hiram! But what's happened? Did you git gum-gamed down that?"

"Nope; of course not. I jest changed a hundred dollar bill fur a feller and had to walk hum."

The Whiskey Was Not Spoiled.

(New Orleans Times-Democrat.)

"That reminds me of a very singular incident," said a New Orleans clubman, who had listened to a story. "It illustrates how little reliance is to be placed in connoisseurship in matters touching the palate.

"About a dozen years ago a very green looking mountaineer from the Manchester region turned up one day in Louisville with a brand of whisky. The barrel was home-made, bound with hoops evidently hammered out in a farm forge, and the date, '1861,' was scrawled on the top with a hot poker. According to the mountaineer he had found it under the floor of a cabin once occupied by his uncle, who was a noted moonshiner. Before the chap had been in town an hour news of the discovery flew around and he was beseiged by would-be purchasers. His apparent stupidity, the artless fashion in which he told his tale and the unquestionable antiquity of the barrel itself all disarmed suspicion, and there was so much eagerness to acquire the prize that nobody thought of investigating. The only doubt expressed was as to the condition of the liquor, a good many holding that it must have 'gone back' and spoiled in such a lapse of time. That was settled in the storeroom of a certain fashionable club, where the bung was removed with reverent care and a little of the precious fluid was taken out in a siphon. It was pronounced superb by all the experts present and the mountaineer was given $400 for the barrel, which was about $16 a gallon and considered a great bargain.

"For a year or so that '61 whiskey was a star attraction at the club; then an envious rival made a quiet investigation and unearthed a funny story. As it turned out, the only thing genuine in the affair was the barrel, which the guileless mountaineer had really discovered under a floor, in the manner he described. It was entirely empty when found, and he proceeded to fill it up with some mellow four or five year-old stuff which he secured in the neighborhood. The whiskey was really good for the kind, but it is amazing that it could have masqueraded as an ante-bellum plant and fooled some of the best judges in the country. The club people were bitterly mortified over the episode."

Woke up 60,000 Soldiers.

"There never was any question as to the Major's bravery," said the colonel at a dinner of veterans last week, "but he never got above the rank of major because he was overzealous. Too much zeal is quite as objectionable as too little and particularly in a volunteer regiment such as ours was. The major had been advanced to his major's commission from the ranks with speed and he really felt that he could give Grant good advice on how the campaign should be directed. He was a military enthusiast and no detail was too small for his attention. He stayed awake nights to plan campaigns. During the fall of '63 our regiment was brigaded with the regulars and our army lines extended some four miles. We had been pushing forward and it was known that the Confederates were in force before us and that a big engagement was near. The troops had been hard pressed and on the night when the major distinguished himself the army, execept the pickets, was sleeping the sleep of the tired.

"Our pickets had been re-enforced and thrown far out in front to avoid a surprise. Our regiment was on the advanced line. The major had just received his commission and as he awoke about 1 o'clock in the morning to think about it he wondered how he might show that he was worthy of his trust. Why not test his regiment by a false alarm? The more the major thought of this the better it appeared and at 2 o'clock in the morning he tried it. He fired several shots from his revolver, started a cry to arms, and then with his watch in his hand timed the sleepy men as they turned out, half dressed, and fell in by companies. The uproar was great and it became greater. Drums rattled on either side of our regiment and far away in the distance. Regiment after regiment was formed and orderlies began to dash up and down the lines looking for information for headquarters. The major had not noticed the tumult around him. He was too busy timing his regiment and complimenting the companies which turned out promptly. I had been aroused from a sound sleep when an orderly came to my tent for information.

"'This looks like an attack in force, Colonel,' he said.

"I rushed out to find half of the regiment formed and the major in full uniform beaming on the men.

"'What is the alarm, Major?' I asked.

"'I was just testing the men, Colonel.'

"'Is there no attack?'

"'No, just a false alarm which I got up for practice,' said the Major.

"The Major swore that he would prefer charges against me for the language which I used, but he never did. Message after message came to me from headquarters three miles away asking where the enemy was attacking and in what form. I got tired explaining that my major had been merely testing my men with a false alarm. From headquarters down to the smallest drummer every man in that army cursed the Major. Nearly 60,000 tired men had been awakened in the middle of the night by his alarm. His name became known all over the lines the next day. The Major made no charge against me and fortunately for him he got off with a severe calling down from headquarters. He fought bravely to the end of the war, but his chance for promotion had been lost by his zeal, which was great.

DEPARTED WINTER LEAVES ITS SOUVENIRS.

A CHANGE OF BASE

Sonny—"How much is dat walnit candy a pound, mister?"
Mister—"Forty cents."
Sonny—"Good heavens! Give us a cent's worth of peanuts."

"Mamma sent me to get to hairbrush."

"What sort of a hairbrush do you want?"

"I want one with a soft back."

Not to Be Outdone

(Glasgow Evening Times.)

James Russell Lowell was a great student of dialect. One day while in England he entered a South Shields restaurant, and sat down opposite a barefooted Shields yokel, who had been walking, and whose feet were tired.

"Waiter," he said, "bring me a steak and fried potatoes."

The yokel leaned his elbows upon the table. "Bring me yan, tee," he said.

"Bring me a cup of coffee and rolss," continued Lowell.

"Bring me yan, tee," said the yokel.

"And, John, you may bring me a bootjack."

"Bring me a cup of coffee and rolls,"

"Why, what on earth can you want with a bootjack?" asked Lowell, surprised into asking the question. The retort nearly took away his breath. "Gan away, ye fule," said the yokel; "d'ye think I canna eat a bootjack as well as ye?"

Jim-Jams—"Oh, dear! Why didn't I remember where I lived before I got this skate!"

Brave Fight of Sick Soldiers

Edward F. Sexton, a member of the Hospital Corps attached to General Schwan's brigade in Luzon, sends the folowing account of an attack made by Filipino insurgents on an ambulance train and of the warm reception they got. The letter is dated Santa Cruz, Laguna Province, Luzon, February 7. It says:

"Two ambulances traveling on the military road from Majaijai to this place with twenty-one sick and a few wounded suddenly ran into an ambush about two miles out of the above town and four miles from Santa Cruz. Without any warning from both sides of the road there issued the cracking roar of a Mauser volley and the shouts and yells of the wretches who make war on the sick and wounded and who hoped by attacking ambulance trains to have an easy victory. But on this occasion they were sadly mistaken, for the sick and wounded angered into momentary forgetfulness of their condition, tumbled headlong out of the wagons and ramming the chambers and magazines of their rifles full of cartridges proceeded to punish the insurrectos with such a will and vim that the rebels, retreating before the fierce fire of the twenty-one wounded, the two Hospital Corps men and the two drivers of he ambulances, left ten dead and wounded on the field. Our casualties were two wounded, one of them in the left hand, the other in the left shoulder.

"A pathetic incident of the fight was the death of one of the ambulance mules, a pet of all the drivers, and a handsome animal. He was shot squarely in the breast by a sharpshooter in a tree, who aimed for the driver but aimed too low and hit the mule. The bullet made a clean round hole in the animal's breast. On being hit the poor beast turned his head and looked at the driver in a most pitiful manner, as if asking, 'Why is this?' In a few minutes he fell down on his knees in a pool of his own blood, and nibbling at a tuft of grass gave a sort of low moan and with a last puzzled glance at his master expired.

"Having substituted a cavalry horse for the fallen animal the ambulances made the best of their way into Santa Cruz, where the sick and wounded were cared for at the field hospital of Schwan's brigade. This incident emphasizes the fact that these robber bands do not respect the Red Cross nor the men of the Hospital Corps who, in addition to their pouches, litters, etc., are compelled to carry carbines or pistols of large caliber as well as ammunition, thus adding to the already multifarious duties of this hard-worked and little known branch of the service."

HYMN TO THE SEASONS

When Spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil;
When Summer's balmy showers refresh the mower's toil;
When Winter binds in frosty chains the fallow and the flood;
In God the earth rejoiceth still, and owns his maker good.

The birds that wake the morning, and those that love the shade;
The winds that sweep the mountain, or lull the drowsy glade;
The sun that from his amber bower rejoiceth on his way,
The moon and stars, their master's name in silent pomp display.

Shall man, the lord of Nature, expectant of the sky,
Shall man, alone unthankful, his little praise deny?
No; let the year forsake his course, the seasons cease to be,
Thee, master, must we always love, and, Savior, honor thee.

The flowers of Spring may wither, the hope of Summer fade,
And Autumn droop in Winter, the birds forsake the shade;
The winds be lulled, the sun and moon forget their old decree,
But we, in Nature's latest hour, O Lord! will cling to thee.

—Bishop Heber.

Husbands Should Make the Fires

(St. Louis Republic.)

William Douglass, who lives with his wife at 1503 Pine street, has queer ideas of matrimonial obligations, which caused him to appear in the role of defendant in the First district police court yesterday morning.

Mrs. Douglass said she awakened her husband about 6 o'clock yesterday morning and told him to get up to kindle a fire in the kitchen, so that she could prepare breakfast. Instead, she said he told her to make the fire for herself, and that was what he had married her for. According to her story she got up and made the fire while he slept. When she saw that he was sleeping, she went to the bed and pulled all the bedclothes off, so that he was obliged to arise. At that, she said, he slapped her in the face, and held his hand over her mouth to prevent her from crying out. She managed to escape from him and notified Policemen Ryan and O'Keefe, who placed both under arrest, on cross charges of disturbing the peace.

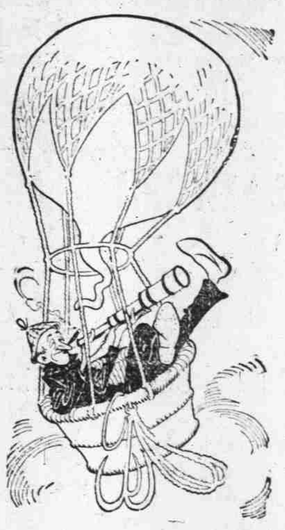
Douglass declared he did not strike his wife hard enough to injure her, and gave as an excuse that she had annoyed him. Judge Sidener explained to him that it was the husband's duty to make the fire, and imposed a fine of $10 on Douglass, discharging his wife.

Kentucky's Strong Black Man

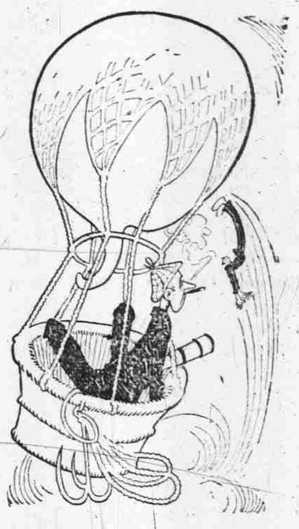
John Henry, a big black negro, who lives at Tallega, Lee county, is the Goliath of this section of the State.

As an occupation he follows loading railroad ties at different stations along the line of the Lexington and Eastern Railroad, often loading as many as 400 in a day. He carries the ties on his shoulder, and frequently as many as three at a time. It seems to be no trouble for him to sing and dance, "cut the double shuffle," as he calls it, with a load on his back which would crush an ordinary man to the earth. It is no uncommon thing for him to shoulder such articles as barrels of coal oil and boxes of meat at railroad stations and carry them to the stores nearby. Henry says he believes he can shoulder 1,000 pounds, although he has never tried more than 800. The dusky giant is 36 years old, and weighs something over 200 pounds. He is jolly in disposition, and has the respect of the better class of people.

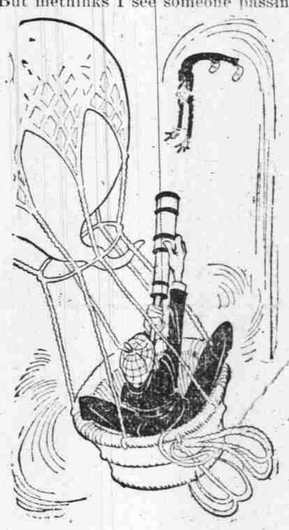
NEWS FROM TERRA FIRMA



Ballonist—"Well, this is what you can call solitude. I've seen nothing but clouds for two hours."



"But methinks I see someone passing."



"And methinks he has turned and is headed in this direction. He starts—he moves—

"He lands!"

Balloonist—"I declare, my friend, this is a pleasant surprise. What's the news down your way?"

Stranger—"Well, there was a dynamite explosion just before I came away, but I didn't stop to learn all the particulars."