A VETERAN'S STORY

THE ABSOLUTETY TRUE TALE OF HOW THE SERGEANT SENT THE NEWS.

Went as a Spy Into the Enemy's Lines and Sent the Despatch Home Inside a Shell Which He Fired From the Enemy's Cannon at His Own Command.

The veteran, in the dingy uniform that might have been gray or blue, was perhaps a shade indefinite as to where he had experienced the stories he was telling, but he was an interesting old fellow, and his listeners had been reading too many war tales sent by special messengers to newspapers to worry about the details so long as the results were good. So they filled up the narrator's beer mug and set him going again.

"One of the oddest things," he said, with the calm confidence of truth, "that I can remember, happened to my brother and me, both of us being members of a battery. On one occasion we had been watching the enemy for a week, trying to keep him from crossing a river until our reinforcements had got up, but the rains had set in and men couldn't move, and we were pretty sure that the enemy was up to some dodge or other that was going to wipe us off the face of the earth, for he had ten times as many men and guns as we had to meet him with. Of course, that made the commanding officer dead blue, and they offered all sorts of inducements for some of our fellows to go over and find out what was up. I suppose a dozen or more went, to ten times that many who volunteered to go, but none came back, and we wasn't any better off than we were before.

"One morning I told the General that my brother and me had a scheme to get the information he wanted, and if he would agree to promote us both if we got it, we'd try for it. He mighty near agreed to make Brigadiers of us, but we compromised on sergeants, and my brother left for the other side, after telling me good-by. For two days we did not hear from him, and on the third the enemy got a 12-pound gun into a position the battery I was with had been fighting him away from for a week, and I got a blast from the major, but I never said a word. Neither did the General, and my poor brother—nobody knew where he was.

"Strange to say, our battery didn't open up on the enemy, either, in his new position, and the officers began to look worried, waiting to hear from the general in command. About 10 o'clock in the morning the enemy's gun let loose with a roar that tore the ground up, and a shell that looked to me to be as big as a barrel came flying across the river and hit in a sand pile in the rear of our battery. In a minute I had broke for that sand pile and was scratching like a dog at a rabbit hole, and pretty soon I come out with the shell in my arms and was cutting across lots for the General's tent.

"I never stopped to ask any questions of the folks at our battery, but got to the General as soon as I could, and, rushing right into his tent, I dropped that hot shell into a bucket of water and out again, and let into the vent of it with a hatchet. Well, to make a long story short, on the inside of the shell where the blow-up stuff usually is was a communication from my brother signed Sergeant John Smith, giving the General the very kind of information he was crazy to git hold of, and it fixed him so that he knocked the enemy galley west in no time. My brother had got into it easy enough, for it wasn't such a great secret over there what they was going to do. The only trouble was we hadn't been able to git back with it when our men went over after it. My brother got onto a plan, though, by loading it into the shell and firing it from the gun in the position he had got for it, when the enemy couldn't have done it in a month. That was the scheme we worked, and my brother, being a fine gunner, had no trouble getting in with the artillery company, especially when he went to the officers with a story about how he could get the gun in the position that they had been trying so long to get and couldn't, owing to our battery on the other bank of the river. He was a great strategist, was my brother, and ought to have directed things in this war.

"No," sighed the veteran, "he never got his promotion, though I did mine, as the General said I should. My brother was killed at the battery he fired the shell from, and by the guns of his own friends. Just as like as not I done it myself, but that is war."

Lost Dog Insurance.

A new kind of insurance is that of lost, strayed, stolen or impounded dogs. The dog insurance company registers the dog to be insured, with its full description, and provides a tag of the insurance company bearing the number by which it is registered, which tag must be constantly worn, together with its city license tag.

The insurance company keeps a man at each pound to release any dog bearing a tag of the company and return it to its owner. This is a great convenience to the owners of valuable pets, and saves the dogs from contracting the diseases which are so numerous and contagious in such a place. It also saves both dog and owner much misery and anxiety, to say nothing of the expense and tiresome red tape which are necessary to release a dog from the pound.

Detectives are regularly employed by the company to trace any dog the moment it is reported missing.

Every person pledges himself to report to the association any dog which he finds wandering about apparently lost and bearing a tag of the company.

MARY'S LAMB.

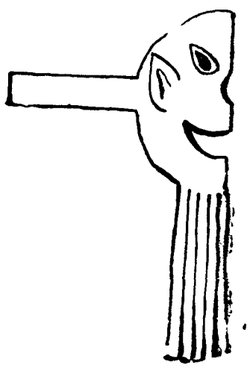
Mary had a little lamb,
It grew, and grew, and grew;
She sold it when 'twas eight years old,
To a butcher man she knew.

The butcher got his cleaver out,
And slaughtered it one day,
And folks who came to buy spring lamb
Took Mary's pet away.

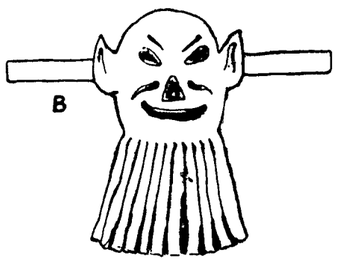
TO MAKE A MASK.

Any Little Boy Can Make Them Out of Newspaper.

Here is something that the little boys can make, either with a newspaper, folded double, or white paper. If the latter, the mask can be colored, which of course, makes it look more cheerful; and a complexion spotted with every color contained in the paint-box will greatly add to the bogey's beauty. Whatever kind of paper is used it must be double. The line marked A in figure 1 shows where the fold of the paper comes. After the beard is cut in strips, it can be curled with a paper-knife, in the same way that feathers are done. The strips marked B can be pinned together at the back of the head.



THE MASK FOLDED.



THE MASK.

Is This Bat Blind?

The wise one was explaining to the other that the bat cannot see in the daytime. It was in the basement of a butter, eggs and chicken place in Chicago.

"You see," he said, as he stuck his finger close to the wide-open eyes of the bat, "he can't see a thing. Now watch."

He jabbed his finger into the eyeball of the unsuspecting little victim, which at once threw up its wings and hopped to the further end of the perch.

But the wise man was not satisfied. He wanted to demonstrate his knowledge still further.

"No, he can't see a bit," he said, jabbing his finger the second time into the staring eye.

"See," he said, as he repeated his demonstration.

The bat in the meantime was flapping its wings excitedly and trying to grope its way to safety.

"That's a peculiar thing about owls and bats," the wise one went on, "that they can see only in the night time. Now, you just watch for yourself." Again he tortured the frightened night bird.

By this time the worm turned. The bat fought back, and by a quick movement caught the torturing finger in its beak. The wise man jerked his hand away, and with a loud "Ouch!" put the digit into his own mouth to suck the blood.

"Yes, I see," said his friend.

Gluttonous Butterflies.

One by one the beautiful fancies and illusions of youth are destroyed by the ruthless hand of the scientific investigator. When any moral instructor in the past desired to enforce the lesson of purity and innocence he invariably selected as an illustration the appearance and habits of the butterfly. No longer will this hypocritical insect serve for such a purpose, for he is now discovered to be a glutton and an immoderate drinker.

J. W. Tutt has had his eye on them, and his opinion has been imparted to the London Entomological and Natural History society. He says that they drink infinitely more than is required for proper purposes. Several were watched sitting for more than an hour motionless, except for the slight movements of sucking up and discharging the moisture almost continuously. These "thirsty souls" are almost entirely males. Why is this drinking habit confined to one sex, and why is it indulged in whilst the females are away working?

Does their extra activity give them a greater need in this direction, and has a habit which was at first (and still is in a measure) a necessity become so pleasurable that excessive drinking has literally become a vice among male butterflies? This is an important question which Mr. Tutt does not attempt to answer; but it would appear that the observant eyes of these insects have led them to imitate the habits of too many of the male specimens of the human species who loaf about while their wives work.

MRS. INJUN'S ICE CREAM.

How She Attended Geneva's Party, Carrying Her Papoose.

It happened at Geneva. Newton's birthday party, and even to-day the little folks laugh over the memory of their happy time, says the Ladies' Home Journal.

Geneva was six years old that day, and had a party, or picnic rather, in the park near her home. It was in July, when the sky was as blue as Geneva's eyes, and there were plenty of roses and singing birds. There were hammocks and swings, and long velvety grass under the shade trees, where six little tables covered with snowy linen and decorated with green leaves were set with pretty dishes and many good things. Each little guest brought a birthday gift for Geneva, but above all the pretty presents she valued most a lovely doll sent by her uncle.

The children were having a fine time playing hide and seek among the trees, when little Tommy Garnett, who was swinging in a hammock, suddenly rolled out and bumped his nose so that it bled, at which he set up a terrific howl, bringing the little ones to him from all directions. Mamma Newton appeared on the scene quickly, drying Tommy's tears by announcing supper.

There happened to be an Indian encampment near by, and while the children were eating, a squaw, passing by, walked right into the grounds with her papoose strapped on her back, and leading a little Indian girl about Geneva's age by the hand.

Some of the children, who had never seen an Indian, were frightened, others laughed, but Geneva said politely:

"Did you come to my party, Mrs. Injun? I'se glad to see you, sit right down here," pointing to a shady bit of grass under a tree.

The squaw sat down with a grunt. Many of the children left their seats and gathered around to catch a glimpse of the cunning papooses with their bright black eyes.

"Mercy on us, who is this?" cried Mamma Newton, as she appeared with a tray filled with dishes of ice cream.

"Mamma, this is Mrs. Injun, and she's brought her little chilluns to my party, so we must give her some ice cream"—and before mamma could speak, Geneva had two dishes of ice cream, and was thrusting them into the hands of "Mrs. Injun" and her oldest papoose. The squaw looked at it solemnly and took a generous mouthful.

"Ugh, ugh! Heap cold!" and "Mrs. Injun" got up quickly, handing the dish back to Geneva, placing her hands over her stomach and rolling up her eyes.

The cunning little papoose had tilted her dish up to her mouth, filling it and her throat full of the frozen dainty, which so surprised her that she jumped to her feet, dropping dish and all, and gave an impromptu war dance then and there.

The children shrieked with laughter at the surprise and consternation of the Indian mother and her child.

"Mrs. Injun" wrapped her blanket about her, took her papooses and would have stalked away greatly offended had not kind-hearted Geneva run after her with cold chicken, rolls and cake.

After more play the party came to an end; but even Tommy Garnett declared it had been the "beatest one he ever saw," all on account of the little papooses, and "Mrs. Injun's" first attempt at eating ice cream.

How Monkeys Are Caught.

In capturing monkeys, it is said that their curiosity is the thing that makes them an easy prey. Nearly all of the monkeys that we see in this country come from Gornona, a little village situated a short distance from the Panama railroad.

The inhabitants of this district are mostly native negroes, for few white men could bear the climate. The whole region is marshy and covered with tropical vegetation. At night there arises a thick vapor laden with fever, which hangs over the woods like a cloud.

This region of woods is the paradise of the monkeys. They travel in troops, led by an older monkey. When the people receive information that the "traveling monkey troops" are near the village they go to the woods in crowds to chase them.

Their plan is very simple. They cut a hole in a cocoanut large enough for a monkey's paw to enter. The nut is then hollowed out, and a piece of sugar is placed in it. A piece of string is then fastened to it, and it is placed in the road of the approaching monkeys.

It is well known that the monkeys are very inquisitive. When they see the cocoanut in the grass they hurry to examine it. It does not take them long to find out that the inner part contains a piece of sugar. One of the boldest and greediest sticks a paw into the nut to get the sugar, and grasps it as firmly as he can. But his fist is so large that he can not draw it out of the hole again, with the sugar, to which he holds fast, cost what it may.

The natives now pull the string until nut and monkeys arrive in the vicinity of their ambuscade. In the meantime, the other monkeys wonder what is the matter with their comrade. They hurry to see where he is being pulled to, with his paw in the cocoanut. They crowd around him chattering and gesticulating, and the natives, who have a large net ready, cast it over them, and before they know it all are prisoners. They are sold to the employes of the Panama railroad, and reach the North American markets through commercial dealers.

Some people are disagreeable because they can't attract attention any other way.

DIOCESAN NEWS.

What Our Friends in the Surrounding Parishes are Doing.

From Our Special Correspondents.

Geneva.

Tuesday afternoon was held the funeral of Ray P. Spingler, corporal of Company B, Third New York Volunteers, formerly the Thirty-fourth Separate company of Geneva. He was a victim of camp fever contracted at Camp Alger, and his was the first death in the company. His home was in Weedsport, where his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Spingler live, but he had lived in Geneva for nearly four years, when, prior to the war, he had been in the employ of the American Express company. Mr. Spingler was 22 years of age. He enlisted in the Thirty-fourth Separate company after its rolls were closed, about one week before its departure for Camp Black. Late in July he was appointed corporal. The disease which caused his death attacked him early in the present month, and on the 10th inst. he returned to his home in Weedsport, where he died Saturday afternoon. He passed through Geneva, where he was greeted by many friends. He did not then seem to be seriously ill, but within half an hour after his arrival in Weedsport he collapsed and became delirious, in which he remained until death.

His funeral was with military honors. The 234th of Geneva attended in a body, as did also Hydrant Hose company of Geneva, of which the deceased was a member.

Miss Rose O'Dea left on Monday for New York, where she will spend her vacation.

The funeral of Mrs. Dwyer, whose death occurred in Rochester on Friday last, was held from St. Francis de Sales church on Monday morning last at 9.45, and was very largely attended. Buried in St Patrick's cemetery.

Mrs. Patrick Hanlon of Willard, who has been visiting at the home of her parents in this city for over a week, has returned to her home.

The Geneva Preserving works are running night and day now during the busy season.

Timothy Mulcahy and two children, accompanied by his wife's mother of New York city, are guests at the home of Mr. Mulcahy's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Mulcahy of Jackson street.

Miss Minnie Dinneen, who has been spending her vacation in Seneca Castle, the guest of her aunt, has returned to her home in Geneva.

Mrs. T. Bradley and Mrs. John McGain and family have gone to Clifton Springs for a few weeks' outing.

Miss Josephine O'Neil has returned from her vacation spent in Auburn, Sennett and Skaneateles Falls, the guest of relatives.

Miss Catherine Bradley is spending the summer at Waterloo and Seneca Falls, the guest of relatives.

East Bloomfield.

Miss Mary O'Leary of Canandaigua was in town last week visiting friends.

P. J. Gleason of Syracuse is the guest of his aunt, Mrs. T. Murray.

Mis Lucy O'Neil of Honeoye was in town last week, calling on friends.

The lawn party which was held Aug. 15 was a success in every particular, the amount taken in on the grounds being $675.05. The prize winners in the contests were Miss Mary Meagher, bicycle; Miss Jennie Purcell, doll.

A number of young people of this town attended the lawn party in Victor last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Gleason of Lima spent Sunday in town.

Penn Yan.

Miss Minnie Reardon of Rochester has been spending the past two weeks here as the guest of Mrs. M. Guider.

Miss Abbie Middleton has returned home after a very pleasant visit with her sister, Mrs. Robert Cramer, in Buffalo.

Misses Nell and Lizzie O'Neil of Elmira are visiting friends here.

Miss Kathrya Guider of this place spent the fore part of last week visiting friends in Hammondsport.

Miss Mary Craugh is very ill. We all hope for her speedy recovery.

Quite a few persons from this city attended the picnic at Stanley on Wednesday, August 17th.

Miss Mary Meehan is visiting friends in Elmira and Atlantic City.

Miss Lizzie Carroll, who has been visiting relatives here has returned to her home in Geneva.

John Guider has been visiting friends in Geneva for the past few days.

T. D. Rogers of Geneva visited friends here one day last week.

The trolley party given last Monday evening by the Ladies' Auxiliary of this place was enjoyed by all who attended it.

Savannah.

Miss Nellie O'Brien of Clyde, called on friends in town.

Mr. and Mrs. William West of Munson street, celebrated their golden wedding Aug. 16. A large number of friends were present, many of whom remember when this thriving little town was only a wilderness. Many valuable presents were received.

Miss Rose Conroy of Lyons, spent Sunday with her parents.

Miss Mary Noon of Clyde, called on friends in town Tuesday.

Mrs. Carney of Illion, is visiting her son, John Carney of this place.

Mr. Wm. Kinsella of Auburn, visited at John Barry's over Sunday.

While jumping from a fast freight, Sunday night George Helmer fell and lay unconscious from about 11.30 p. m. until 1 o'clock, when he was found by the night operator. He was dreadfully cut and bruised and at present is in a semi-unconscious state and all efforts to arouse him are unavailable. The physicians have no hope of his recovery.

Mark A. Gregg has accepted a position as teacher on Long Island and will leave Sept. 1st for his new duties.

Mrs. Geo. Blaisdell and daughter of Lyons, spent Sunday in town the guest of Mrs. John Spellman.

R. W. Smith, formerly with Smith & Reed, has severed his connections with the above firm, and will enter upon a four year course of study at Fairfield Military Academy.

Miss Mamie O'Herron has been spending a week at Mrs. O'Hern's.

[Continued on 5th page.]