

Private Brittan's Bath

By ARTHUR A. MURDOCK

Bob Brittan, private in the—th Pennsylvania Infantry, was advancing with his regiment over a tobacco field in Virginia in a thin skirmish line when a strong force of Confederates issued from a wood beyond and scattered the Pennsylvanians like chaff. Bob fled with the rest till the noise was some distance behind him, and, fearing to be followed and taken prisoner, he looked about him for a place in which to conceal himself. Under some shade trees he saw a plantation house, and there he went. Hearing sounds that led him to believe the Johnnies were coming and spying a well near the house, he ran for it. The bucket was hung on a hallowed pole. Between a ducking and a term in a southern prison Bob did not hesitate, and catching the bucket, he jumped into the well. He went down in a hurry and when he rose to the surface, realizing that the other end of the balance pole would give him away, let go his hold, emptying the bucket which went up to the well house.

Even in hot summer weather well water affords a pretty cold bath. Bob obtained up out of it and by bracing his feet and lurching with his fingers managed to maintain a position above the surface. There he remained for an hour, when he heard some one above, and the bucket was lowered. When it had been filled and was being raised, he looked up and saw a girl's face bending over the well.

As he had preferred a cold plunge to a Confederate prison, so he now preferred a girl to continued shivering. As the bucket passed him on its way up he caught it and proposed with its assistance to climb up and trust to the muscles of a feminine enemy. With one hand on the bucket and the other clutching the stones, getting his toes in the cracks, he was making the ascent when he heard the girl exclaim: "Lordy! How heavy!"

Nevertheless the young soldier main-tained his hold and slowly mounted to the well house. The girl, seeing that instead of drawing up a bucket of water she had pulled up a man, released her hold, and had not Bob with both hands caught the top stones he would have gone back to where he came from.

Southern girls of that period were used to startling events, and this one recovered herself rapidly. Indeed she caught on to the situation that a man was in danger of falling into a well and, lending a hand, assisted him on to terra firma. Bob stood before her dripping and shivering.

"Well, I declare!" were her first words.

Bob said he was sorry to spoil the water for drinking purposes by making a bathtub of the well, but it was either that or Libby prison, and from what he had heard of Libby it was not a desirable residence.

"Have you heard any soldiers moving about here?" he asked, looking about him fearfully.

"There were some of our boys here looking for Yankess about an hour ago, but they're all gone. Are you a Yankee?"

"Yes. Are you going to give me away?"

"I don't know. I suppose I ought to."

"Don't."

There was no reply to this, but the girl didn't look as if she could turn over the unfortunate youngsters to be harshly dealt with, and Bob, encouraged, asked her if she couldn't find a more comfortable hiding place than a well. She said the chicken house might serve; it was dry and not very clean, but the chickens were all out of it for the time being, and there would be room such as it was. Bob said he would prefer a chicken house to a prison so the girl took him there; then, after she could find something better for him. She said that if the men—her father and brother—knew of his presence on the place they would march him in. Since he had parted with his musket and his pistol had been in the well with him he would be very easily marched.

The chicken house not being cleanly after dark Bob went out and got some sleep under a tree. In the morning the girl brought him something to eat and told him that the Confederates were occupying the region round about. Her father and brother had taken their squadrons and had gone to help drive the Yankess out of Virginia, and he might come to the house if he wanted to. So the men of the place having gone after Yankess, a Yankee domesticated himself in the abode and was made comfortable by the daughter of the family.

About a week after this a young Virginia gentleman, sporting a gold headed cane, walked into the camp of the—th Pennsylvania and was looked at curiously by the boys till one of them exclaimed:

"By gum! It's Bob Brittan!"

Bob gave an account of his adventures and straightway doffed his gentlemanly costume, presented the gold headed cane to the colonel and reappeared in the ordinary blue of a private.

After the war Bob went down to Virginia to visit that well, he told his friends, but they noticed that he brought back a wife. The only circumstance that rendered the married life of Mr. Brittan distasteful was that his wife would always be telling of his appearance when she drew him out of the well, and she always spoiled the story by irreverent jests of great laughter.

Legend of the City of Is.

You might exhaust yourself looking in atlas and gazetteer for the city of Is, because it is purely legendary. Here is a brief statement of the legend: "The magnificent city of Is was situated on the coast of Brittany where now is the bay of Douarnenez. It was built below the level of the sea and surrounded by massive walls. Here in the fifth century was the court of the pious King Gradion and of his wicked daughter, Dahut, who had a pleasant habit of throwing her suitors into a well when their society became tiresome. One of her favorites asked her to obtain for him the silver key which fastened the sluice gates in the city wall. Dahut accordingly stole the key from her father's neck while he slept, the lover unlocked the gates, and the sea rushed in and overwhelmed the city and its inhabitants, including the princess. Only the king escaped. The Breton peasants say that the spirits of the drowned still haunt the spot, and the bells of the submerged city are often heard ringing at low tide."

Met the Emergency.

"The men with the most resourcefulness and the greatest power of initiative come from the smaller towns," declared an Ohio congressman. "Some time ago a printer in my district was promised the job of preparing some school board ballots. The work would give him a profit of about \$50, and he needed the money. He had it all spent even before the time came to print the ballots. Then the board of election sent him word that they wouldn't need the ballots, as there was no contest for the school board.

"You'd give me the job if you gave it to anybody, wouldn't you?" asked the printer.

"Oh, certainly," they told him. So the printer got out a petition and ran for the school board, thus making a contest, and they gave him the job of printing the ballots after all. As soon as they were printed and his bill O. K'd, he withdrew his candidacy."—Philadelphia Ledger

A Clever Cat.

The owner of a clever cat writes to our Dumb Animals that the pet, "a great, fat, lazy, good natured fellow," has a fondness for eggs. Sim Tom was detected in the kitchen recently on a table watching an unopened bag of eggs. "Stepping back noiselessly," writes the owner, "we saw him cautiously tear the bag with his teeth and claws, stopping every little bit to taste. Finally the opening was large enough for him to get out an egg by gentle little pats. He held the egg in his mouth, jumped to the floor, rolled his prize about gently until he got it into position and then bumped it against the table leg until it broke. Then he enjoyed his feast." The writer wonders where Tom got the taste, as he is and "his ancestors for generations back were city bred."

The Stoics.

Mucianus made a great number of remarkable statements to Vespasian (A. D. 71) against the Stoics—as, for instance, that they are full of empty boasting, and if one of them lets his beard grow long, elevates his eyebrows, wears his fustian cap thrown carelessly back and goes barefoot he straightway postulates bravery, right-cousness as his own. He gives himself great airs, though he may not understand (as the proverb says) either letters or swimming. They view every body with contempt and call the man of good family a mollycoddle, the ill born a dwarfed intellect, a handsome person licentious, an ugly person comely, the rich man an apostle of greed and the poor man a servile groveler."—Dio's Roman History

Odd Origin of an Epidemic.

In a house in the English town of Exeter, some years ago, sat two men. One of them informed his companion that the last time he was in the town he suffered from smallpox in that very room. "In that corner," he said, "was a cupboard where the bandages were kept. It is now plastered over, but they are probably still there." And he took a peker, broke down the plaster and found them. From their "find" the two men contracted the disease, and it spread through the town and worked fearful havoc.—London Telegraph.

The Wires Were Crossed.

Hotel Man (who thinks he is calling down his butcher): Say I am shy a heart and a liver, eight ribs and a shoulder. Now I want 'em right away. Railway Office (which has been connected by mistake): Sorry, but the track has been cleared up. San Francisco Post

Her Method.

New Cook: I miss insist on the miscalculating the dinner the first night I arrive. Mistress: Good heavens! Why New Cook: After that anything tastes good to the family. Harper's Bazar

Jealousy.

"I am afraid that Bilgions plays golf on Sunday."

"Maybe," said the contemptuous rival, "but if so it's the only day in the seven on which he does play it."

What He Was.

Bobby—Eppa's the captain of our ship and—umma's the pilot. His Teacher—And what are you? Bobby—I'm the compass, I suppose; they're always boxing me.

Contradictory.

Judge—What is the charge against this prisoner? Policeman—Holding a man up and knocking him down, your honor.—Boston Transcript

Caught In His Own Trap

By BESSIE D. IVESON

Hawkins was strolling through a wood when he came to the rear of a gentleman's country place inclosed by a wall about as high as his chin and stood looking in at an orchard, a flower garden and other nice things that are usually included in a gentleman's country grounds. Edging along where the wall was lower, he found himself opposite the flower garden. Seeing some roses that were very beautiful, he coveted them. He wouldn't steal them, but he thought he had at least the right to sniff their perfume, so he climbed the wall and entered the garden.

There was no one near, and he wandered about, enjoying the beauty and the odor of the flowers, not feeling that he was in any great danger of being caught trespassing. Coming to a conservatory, he entered. The combined warmth and beautiful colors and plant odor were delicious. He walked around one side of an embankment of verdure and was turning when he stood face to face with a girl. She looked very much embarrassed and began to stammer excuses for being there.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but your place—I mean your grounds are so beautiful that I could not resist the temptation to enter. Then, coming to this conservatory—I love conservatories—I just couldn't help coming in here either."

Hawkins, instead of admitting that he was himself a trespasser, said that the girl was quite excusable and was welcome not only to visit the premises, but to as many flowers as she could carry away. He began to pluck the choicest and to lead her down with them.

"These roses," he said, "are my pride. They are a variety I imported from England. But you prefer violets. I presume you will find them very sweet. Let me give you some mignonette."

And so, going from plant to plant, the snip continued to bestow upon her flowers that did not belong to him. Too honest to take them himself, he saw no harm in giving them to another whose conscience was perfectly clear at the transaction. Since she supposed they were the offering of their owner all that was necessary to render the freak successful was to get her out before being discovered.

The door at the entrance opened and closed.

Hawkins looked about him. They were at the farther end of the inclosure, and there was no egress there. The girl saw that something had gone wrong and looked at him, agitated.

"Don't be frightened," he said. "Trust to me and back me up in anything I may say."

"What's the matter?"

"I don't own this greenhouse. I am a trespasser as well as you."

"Heavens!"

"Keep a stiff upper lip. I have been caught in worse traps than this many a time."

The dialogue was brought to an end by approaching footsteps, and a gentleman came to where they were standing. The girl looking very guilty, Hawkins ready for anything.

"Good morning, sir," he said to the gentleman. "You must pardon us, but your beautiful grounds and especially this conservatory have proved too much of a temptation for us, and, being here, the lady was so delighted with your flowers that I had not the heart to see her go away without a few of them."

Now, the real owner took in the situation at once. It happened that he was a bit of a wag himself, and had not the trespassers been rattled they might have seen a twinkle in his eye when he said:

"I assure you I have no objection to a lady and gentleman using any part of my grounds provided they have a right to do so in each other's company. I presume you are married?"

The girl turned pale.

"Certainly," stammered Hawkins. The gentleman looked dubious. "Do you mean, sir, that this lady is your wife?"

"I do."

"And you, madam, is this gentleman your husband?"

The response was a faint but audible "Yes."

"Then, madam, you are quite welcome to the flowers you have, and I beg you to accept more."

With this he began slipping right and left, loading the dowers upon her. Then he lusted on showing the couple his place and after that invited them into his house bringing out a decanter of wine and a bit of old cheese with biscuits. Having got Hawkins' name, he kept calling the girl Mrs. Hawkins, and every time he did so she blushed to the roots of her hair. Finally when they took their departure he said:

"I am always pleased to have others enjoy my place under proper conditions. If I suspect a couple entering the premises of not being married I always marry them. Of course it wasn't mercenary in your case, but when you each acknowledged the other before me to be your legal partner that married you."

When the pair emerged from the grounds the girl asked grimly, "What was that he said about marrying?"

"I'm afraid there's something in it," "I'll make you pay for this."

And she did. She held him to the contract.

Stories of Stevenson.

Robert Louis Stevenson delighted in odd clothes, which made people take him, much to his own joy, for a sort of vagabond. One night, dressed with a special view to quaintness, the novelist wandered through south London trying to come upon a policeman who would arrest him on sight. He came upon various "bobbies," but not one of them would apprehend him, and he was vastly disappointed.

Another time, when in France, officials of a bank on which he had a draft from his father in Edinburgh warned him away, saying that he was an evident fraud and that if he did not go they would send for the police. Stevenson noticed in the bank the pigeonholes which intuition told him contained foreign drafts. He plunged at those pigeonholes and, as luck would have it, pulled out the duplicate of his Scottish draft. Waving it triumphantly, he demanded his money and got it with a whole official of apologies.

The Chinese "Five Kings."

"The Five Kings" is the name of the sacred book in which is incorporated the religion of the Chinese, as well as a great number of other peoples of the orient. The doctrine is a complex system of moral, social, political and religious teaching built up by Confucius on the ancient Chinese traditions, and although its author lived more than five centuries before the birth of Christ, it is still perpetuated as the state religion of the Chinese down to the present day. Confucianism is a religion without positive revelation, with a minimum of dogmatic teaching, whose popular worship is centered in offerings to the dead, in which the notion of duty is extended beyond the sphere of morals proper, so as to embrace almost every detail of daily life. The chief exponent of this remarkable religion was K'ung-tze, or Kung-futze, latinized by the early Jesuit missionaries into "Confucius"—Chicago News.

Curious Land, Curious People.

Near Cape Horn, in the island of Tierra del Fuego, live the most curious people in all South America. It rains men or snows or sleets nearly every day, and yet they look on their country as the finest in the world. They wear of hardly any clothing and seem not to feel cold. Because he saw fires on the shore the explorer Magellan, the first European that rounded the Horn, called the island "the land of fire," which is almost the worst name he could have chosen. Their huts are made of dirt boughs and covered with grass, which they give only the poorest shelter. The old fellow was shrunken like a piece of the teeth of fishes or seals and blunder with the wild gone out of it. Among them some colors have a novel meaning. White is the sign of war as any one could see by the earnestness and red of peace. They are great with mimics and will imitate voice and gesture perfectly.

The Exchequer.

In past times it was the custom for the king's justiciar and his subordi-nates to make up the royal accounts most years, at Easter and Michaelmas, on a table which was the most for me, and there was nothing in the chamber in which they assembled. This table was covered with dark russet cloth divided into squares, like game at a checker-board, and was used for the recording of a sailor's life from me and a lot of the columns and spaces the accounts rendered by the sheriffs and great landowners who attended for that purpose were entered and reckoned up. It was the checkerboard cloth, so conspicuous throughout the proceedings, that gave rise to the name exchequer, just as the stars painted on the ceiling of another historic room originated the name "star chamber."—London Globe.

Having Fun After Death.

A humorist in Japan who jested all his life told his friends when he was dying that his body was not to be washed after death, but was to be taken at once to the family temple to be cremated. When he died his instructions were followed. As soon as it was set on fire the mourners were astonished by several loud explosions. At first they were inclined to take to their heels, but curiosity got the better of fear, and careful inspection showed that the humorist had stoked away a large number of fireworks about his person before his death.

A Phrase Repeated.

"You regard yourself as a servant of the people, of course?"

"No," replied Senator Sangham; "the phrase has been overworked. Too many people are beginning to confuse a servant of the people with a waiter who is always accepting tips."—Washington Star

His Bluff.

Hojack—Why are you consulting the dictionary? I thought you knew how to spell Tomdick I do. I am not looking for information but for corroboration.

A Human Dynamo.

"Your wife must keep out of all excitement."

"Impossible, doctor. She carries it around with her."—Boston Transcript

Appropriate.

"She was dressed so appropriately for a Wall street man's bride."

"What was she dressed in?"

"Lamb's wool."—Baltimore American

As Others See Us.

Bessie—Let's play we're married. Johnny—No, I shan't; you're bigger'n me. And, besides, mamma told me I wasn't to fight.—Exchange.

Nothing can make a man truly great but being truly good.—Henry.

PHONE 271

Maltop

ADOLESCENT

A Sailor's Yarn

By F. A. MITCHEL

"What's that yere sayin'?" spoke up an old salt, taking his pipe out of his mouth. "Ghosts is all folderol? Well, mobby dey is, but ghost ships ain't."

"They were at the Sailors' Snug Harbor, sitting on benches in the sun. Some of the younger ones young fellows of seventy—had libbed modern notions concerning apparitions. The people in all South America. It rains men or snows or sleets nearly every day, and yet they look on their country as the finest in the world. They wear of hardly any clothing and seem not to feel cold. Because he saw fires on the shore the explorer Magellan, the first European that rounded the Horn, called the island "the land of fire," which is almost the worst name he could have chosen. Their huts are made of dirt boughs and covered with grass, which they give only the poorest shelter. The old fellow was shrunken like a piece of the teeth of fishes or seals and blunder with the wild gone out of it. Among them some colors have a novel meaning. White is the sign of war as any one could see by the earnestness and red of peace. They are great with mimics and will imitate voice and gesture perfectly.

"It was this way, mates. I'd left the sea and had gone to live with my darter in a seaport town on the south Atlantic coast. The apple of my eye was my granddarter, Molly Sewell, who had made a great variety of artificial "fossils" and hidden them in a quarry, to which they then enticed twice a year, at Easter and Michaelmas, on a table which was the most for me, and there was nothing in the chamber in which they assembled. This table was covered with dark russet cloth divided into squares, like game at a checker-board, and was used for the recording of a sailor's life from me and a lot of the columns and spaces the accounts rendered by the sheriffs and great landowners who attended for that purpose were entered and reckoned up. It was the checkerboard cloth, so conspicuous throughout the proceedings, that gave rise to the name exchequer, just as the stars painted on the ceiling of another historic room originated the name "star chamber."—London Globe.

"What ship grandp?" she asked, looking at me well enough when I meant to say "the ship I saw skuddin' before the wind on the beach this afternoon."

"She jist dropped her hand down on my shoulder and put her arms around me and didn't say nothin'."

"It didn't make no difference to me her havin' a sweetheart. She was jist as lovin' to me as before. Barston was as fine a young man as ever pulled a rope, and none of us had any objection to him. But he had to save some money to put a gal he'd marry into a cot, and that would take him some time. He made several voyages after he got engaged to Molly, and every time he come back he'd double his pile. At last he said he'd make one more voyage and when he come back from that he'd get married and stay ashore. He'd have enough to build his cot and buy him a good boat for odd jobs by which he could make a livin'."

"After he'd sailed away on this last time and the President Adams Molly came to me for comfort. She alluded to me for that when her boy per went away, because I'd let her talk about him and nothin' else. And she says 'grandp,' says she, 'Somehow I got an idee that Jack ain't never comin' back from this voyage.' I jist tuk her in my arms and tried to smooth er out of her, but I couldn't. 'But grandp,' she went on, he promised me that if he lost his life by bain' wrecked or dyin' of fever or anything, like that he'd send me some token to let me know that he died thinking of me."

"I disremember what year it was, that Jack was due, but it was in the spring. Molly got a letter from him from Singapore figurin' out the date of the ship's reachin' the home port within a week. At the beginnin' o' that week Molly was very nervous. She never acted before about Jack's comin' home as she did this time. She kept sayin' 'Grandp, he won't come. I know he won't come.' The first day of the week Jack allowed the ship would reach port passed, and the second and so on to the sixth, and no ship Adams

"On the morning of the seventh and last day a thick fog was rollin' in from the ocean. Molly and I sat quietly on a dune. I holdin' her hand to keep up her courage, waitin' for the fog to lift and hopin' the Adams would be in the offing. Arter awhile there was a break in the mist, and then, with all her sails filled, came a ship I knew to ont be the Adams. But a chill run over me, for I knowed there wasn't any wind.

"Molly looked and clutched her bosom with her hands.

"Then the fog slowly closed in on the ship, and we couldn't see no more of her. We waited, and I knowed if she was a real ship as soon as the fog cleared away we'd see her ridin' at anchor in the harbor. But when it cleared up she wasn't there.

"Molly and I went home, both knowin' she hadn't been there. Jack Barston had sent his ghost to tell Molly that he was dead and had died thinkin' of her.

"Molly never married. I lived with her till she got to be a to'able old woman, when she died, and then I come here. Its putty nigh sailin' day for me, and I'm only waitin' for the wind to take me to the everlastin' port where she and her Jack are lookin' down on this here world of ours."

Hoaxed the Naturalist.

One of the most remarkable books ever published is the "Lithographia Wirreurgensis," written by a Wurzburg naturalist named Behringer in 1720. Probably very few copies are in existence, as the author destroyed all that he could get possession of soon after the book appeared. He had been victimized by some practical jokers, who had made a great variety of artificial "fossils" and hidden them in a quarry, to which they then enticed twice a year, at Easter and Michaelmas, on a table which was the most for me, and there was nothing in the chamber in which they assembled. This table was covered with dark russet cloth divided into squares, like game at a checker-board, and was used for the recording of a sailor's life from me and a lot of the columns and spaces the accounts rendered by the sheriffs and great landowners who attended for that purpose were entered and reckoned up. It was the checkerboard cloth, so conspicuous throughout the proceedings, that gave rise to the name exchequer, just as the stars painted on the ceiling of another historic room originated the name "star chamber."—London Globe.

Suggested an About Cata.

In the Mezzogiorno it is believed that all the cats of the island about upon the roofs of the month of February are really witches whom it is lawful and even necessary to shoot. An old German emigration has it that if a black cat sits upon the bed of a sick man it is a presage of his death while if after his decease it is seen upon his grave it is such a cause of doubts as to the reality of his burial that the soul has departed in Hungary it is thought that cats generally become witches between the ages of seven and twelve years. A French belief concerning the cat is that if the animal be carried in a cart and the wind blow from it to the horses they immediately fall tired. If any part of the horse man's clothing be made of cat's skin the horse will feel as though it carried a double burden.

Restored Courage.

The southern lover was impetuous, says the author of a book of reminiscences of eastern Virginia entitled "Memory Days," and the maiden was "remembered" and amused to passionate proportions.

"Oh, don't!" she interrupted in a whisp. "You frighten me dreadfully!"

Overcome by contrition, the young man humbly apologized for his fervor, and a painful silence ensued. The girl broke it at last.

"Robert," she began with a hopeful smile, "I don't think I shall—be so frightened this time."

Sick Herrings.

"Why," said a youngster to his elder brother, "do herrings have so many more illnesses than other fish?"

"Who says they do?" asked the youth who was addressed.

"Why, this book says that thousands upon thousands of them are cured every year."

Society as the Doctor Saw It.

When the doctor was asked what he thought of the reception he had attended the previous evening he said:

"It was a burlesque."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why, it was a great gathering and a swell affair."—New York Times.