

OUT OF THE ORDINARY

The Eternal Masculine.

At seventeen we meet some girl
We worship fond and deep,
And beg from her a tiny curl
We e'er any aye may keep.
"Tis thin-spun gold," we ardent swear,
A mesh of filigree,
And fondly kiss and hide it where
No prying eye may see.

At twenty-seven less enthused
With auburn-tinted curls,
We, finding it, grow much confused
To recollect which girl's
Fair head it lent a halo to—
May, Kate, or Prue, the dears—
"Well, pshaw! the thing that's best to do
Is keep it ten more years!"

At thirty-seven, then, one day
While rummaging, we stare
In absent way at it and say:
"The devil! Whose red hair
Is this? It ne'er belonged to me—
The bricky stuff!" Ah, Fate!
We toss it forth, and smile to see
It crinkle in the grate.
—Brooklyn Life.

The Anvil Bird of Brazil.

At dusk, in the wilds of the gloomy
Brazilian forests, it is strange to hear
the clink of a hammer on an anvil.
You might imagine that you were ap-
proaching some settlement, and the
picture of the ruddy glow of the forge
might come up before your eyes.

But if your guide were a native he
would tell you that the sound was
made by a campanero, as it is called,
although to foreigners it is known as
the anvil bird.

This bird is a little larger than a
thrush. The plumage is perfectly
white; the eyes are of a pale grey
color, and the naked throat and skin
round the eyes are of a fine bright
green.

It is generally in the early part of
the day that the campanero sends
forth the wonderful note, which will
often travel quite three miles.

Marvelous, indeed, must be the
mechanism of the vocal organs of so
small a bird to produce such a far-
reaching note; but there is no doubt
of the fact, for many travelers have
been able to testify to the immense
distances over which the anvil note
can be heard.

Oddities of Zoology.

"Zoology has its oddities," said
John Lover, the Zoo keeper, "and
that is why I study it at night, after
my regular work is done.

"There are certain animals whose
circulation reverses its direction at
short intervals. The blood flows one
way in them for a while, then it turns
and flows the other way.

"There are insects that have their
ears on their legs. Others have their
ears on their tails. As for the eyes,
well, they may be found on the back,
on the shell, on the limbs, practically
everywhere.

"There are animals that lay two
and three different kind of eggs, and
there are eggs that each produce
from two to eight young.

"There are Siamese twin animals,
with two bodies perfectly united.
There are males that live in the gul-
lets of females. There are animals
that commit suicide rather than be
slain.

"Altogether zoology is odd and in-
teresting. I would rather study it at
night than go to the play."—Philadel-
phia Ledger.

Brutes in Company.

Down in Mazatlan the other day, on
the western coast of the dreamy land
of Manana, a bear broke loose from
an itinerant circus and sought lair in
a native saloon. There his bearship
met a crowd of thirsty peon loafers,
who with unknown celerity forsook
their aguardiente and fled. All but
one. He was too drunk.

"Pr'tty—hie!—doggy," crooned the
paralyzed one and made as to stroke
the wild beast's fur. "Grr-r—" said
bruin, and in the midst of the inti-
mate festivities that followed a good-
ly jug of Mexican whisky was dis-
lodged and largely uncorked.

When circus folk came upon the
scene with ropes in search of what
was theirs they found a drunken bear
and a drunken peon rubbing noses or
the floor in a perfectly friendly test
as to which could lap up the most be-
fore the fluid brimstone should soal
away.—Los Angeles Times.

Mexico's Plague of Ants.

From the State of Campeche, Mex-
ico, comes the news that a great arm-
y of black ants is marching over the
Champton district of that State, and
that the inhabitants are fleeing before
them. The insects are of the specie
known as "pirinolas," and their poison
is extremely painful. They are de-
stroying growing crops, and a num-
ber of human beings and scores of
animals are reported to have fallen
victims to their bites. Portions of
the Champoton district, which lie
along the Gulf of Campeche, have
been entirely deserted, and work of
all kinds throughout the entire distric
has been suspended. It is said that
the ants appear every ten years
where they come from and where
they go when they disappear are un-
solved problems.

Railroad Through the Sea.

One of the greatest pieces of rail-
way building ever contemplated is
planned by Henry M. Flagler. He pur-
poses to extend his road from its
southern terminal, Miami, Fla., 13
miles to Key West.

For at least one-fifth of the way it
will be practically a roadbed through
the ocean. Key Largo and Long Is-
land will permit a long stretch of
dry track, but an enormous amount of
bridge and trestle work will be re-
quired. It is estimated that the work
will require several years and will
rank among the most expensive
pieces of railroad engineering in the
world.

From the terminal at Key West it
is proposed to operate a line of hug-
gery ferries to Havana, eighty-five
miles further south. Freight trans will
be carried across the sea there in the
same manner that they are transport-
ed from New York to Jersey City.

Lassoed a Deer.

William Worthing, a former cow-
boy, now working a farm near Pine
Grove, Pa., is an unerring caster of
the lasso. The other day he went for
hunting. The dog went up a ravine
and Worthing coiled his lasso and
awaited events. Soon the dog began
to bark, and instead of the expected
fox came a deer on the dead run, with
the dog at his heels.

Worthing urged his horse forward,
twirled and threw the lasso, and its
loop encircled the neck and horns of
the big buck. The buck tried at first
to break away and then to gore the
horse, and Worthing had a busy time
as he had dropped his gun in the
scrimmage. The dog also lent a hand,
but it was not until after half an
hour's struggle that the buck sur-
rendered and was dispatched.

Strange Case of Lost Memory.

The Italian novelist Salvatore Fari-
na recently delivered an address be-
fore the Society for Psychic Research
at Milan, in which he minutely de-
scribed the case of an author who six
years ago completely lost his memory
for language and names, while other-
wise his mind was more active and
wide awake than ever before. At the
expiration of a short period the mem-
ory returned. In concluding his lec-
ture the speaker confessed that he
was the author in question.

Irreverent Joker.

In an old Virginia cemetery there is
a weather-beaten tombstone bearing
this inscription: "I await my hus-
band, May 26, 1840." "Here I am,
Dec. 14, 1861." Some joker has read
the inscription and added with a pen-
cil, "Late, as usual."

Not in Enumeration.

Peter Johnson, a Chicago police-
man, has eight sons whose names are
as follows: Bardell, Alvin, Iro, Quin-
tus, Euseduf, Guizot, Nebo and Milo

TOLD of the VETERANS

Will Adams.

[On April 12, 1600, a Dutch ship piloted
by one William Adams, an Englishman,
reached Japan. As the price of permis-
sion to build a factory at Firando they
were compelled to hand over Adams to
the Tycoon, for whom he built the first
Japanese fleet. He was treated with all
honor, but never allowed to return to
England. He was the founder of Japa-
nese shipbuilding, and after his death
made a god of them. He is buried on the
hillside of Hemimura, above the naval ar-
senal of Yokosuka.]

On the hill of Hemimura, looking out
across the sea
O'er the docks of Yokosuka and the war-
ships sailing free
Midst the Shinto pennons streaming,
Lies Will Adams, still a-dreaming
Of the busy port of London and the Ken-
tish wood and lea.

He forgets the fleet he builded and the
decks that once he trod,
That his grave's afar from England and
his pall is alien sod,
That the incense-sticks are burning
And the praying-wheels a-turning
To the name of William Adams, Kentish
sailorman and god.

So he drowns till the screaming of the
sirens once again
Calls him back to where beneath him,
like mailed barons of the main,
Ride the warships; while the rattle
Of Dai Nippon's seaward battle
Rings and mingles through his dreaming
like a distant song's refrain.

For when as the great gray battleships
roll down upon the foe,
Or when Togo's lean torpedo boats charge
shoreward through the snow,
When the giant shells are crashing
And the league-long searchlights flash-
ing,
Then Will Adams sees the triumph of his
toil of long ago.
—J. H. Knight-Adkin, in Spectator.

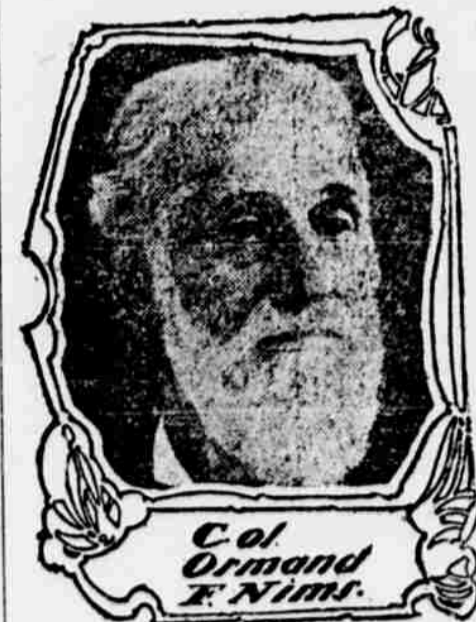
Veterans in Glad Reunion.

Two veterans of the civil war, who
rendered most distinguished service
at the battle of Port Hudson back in
the 60s, met for the first time since
that fight in Boston, recently, when
Col. Ormand F. Nims of Boston and
Capt. Newton H. Chittenden of Santa
Barbara, Cal., exchanged greetings.

Both belonged to that famous bri-
gade composed of the Fourth Wiscon-
sin, Sixth Michigan, Twenty-first Indi-
ana, Eighth New Hampshire and
Nims' battery of the Second Massa-
chusetts, and were brought into close
touch for the first time at Warren-
ton, Miss., where Chittenden, then
captain of a Wisconsin company, was
saved from capture by the timely and
well-directed firing of Nims' battery.

Capt. Chittenden with only nine
men was fighting more than 100 Con-
federates. He received a severe wound
in the side, and both he and his men
would have been taken had not the
battery turned loose on the enemy
when it did.

About a month later, when Breck-



Col. Ormand F. Nims.

enridge made his desperate attack on
Baton Rouge, La., Chittenden, who
was in the hospital, left his cot, secur-
ed a horse and went into the field
with his wound unhealed. He charged
into the thickest of the mauling,
where Nims and his men were engag-
ed. The fight was a most desperate
one, and for the gallantry displayed
by Nims, who was then a captain, the
government gave him a colonel's com-
mission.

The men met again, for the last
time until the recent occasion, at the
siege of Port Huron. There on June
14, 1863, was fought one of the sever-
est battles of the war. Capt. Chitten-
den's company was reduced to twenty-
four men during the fighting.

Capt. Chittenden is a graduate of
Columbia college, a member of the
New York and California bars, a
writer and lecturer. He does not
practice law, his time for thirty years
having been devoted to historical ex-
plorations throughout the Pacific
coast region. He pays especial atten-



Capt. Newton H. Chittenden.

tion to studying the Indians, for which
purpose he visited Alaska twenty-two
years ago.

Important G. A. R. Committees.

In his last general order the com-
mander-in-chief of the Grand Army of
the Republic says:

In accordance with the action of
the thirty-eighth national encamp-
ment the following committees are
continued with membership as herein
named. The duties of these commit-
tees are onerous and the work impor-
tant. Post commanders and comrades
can be of material assistance to them,
and they should render such assist-
ance cheerfully and promptly, either
personally or through the senators
and representatives in congress from
their respective districts:

Committee on pensions—Charles G.
Burton, chairman, Nevada, Mo.; A. A.
Taylor, Cambridge, Ohio; John C.
Linehan, Penacook, N. H.; Bernard
Kelly, Topeka, Kan.; L. B. Raymond,
Hampton, Iowa; James Owens, New
York city; Charles Clark Adams, Bos-
ton, Mass.

On legislation for veterans in the
public service—Ivory G. Kimball,
chairman, Washington, D. C.; Isaac
F. Mack, Sandusky, Ohio; Leo Ras-
sieur, St. Louis, Mo.; J. P. S. Gobin,
Lebanon, Pa.; George H. Patrick,
Alabama, address Washington, D. C.;
F. G. Butterfield, Derby Line, Vt.;
John R. King, Baltimore, Md.

On Fredericksburg Battlefield na-
tional park—John McElroy, chairman,
Washington, D. C.; Horatio C. King,
Brooklyn, N. Y.; Daniel R. Ballou,
Providence, R. I.; James F. Morrison,
City Hall, Philadelphia, Pa.; D. A.
Grosvenor, Washington, D. C.; Albert
E. Sholes, Flushing, N. Y.; George H.
Hopkins, Detroit, Mich.

On fraternal relations with the
Sons of Veterans, U. S. A.—William
H. Armstrong, chairman, Indianapolis,
Ind.; M. D. Wickersham, Mobile, Ala.;
Thomas J. Anderson, Topeka, Kan.;
James O'Donnell, Chicago, Ill.; Mad-
ison B. Davis, Sioux City, Iowa; James
H. Agen, West Superior, Wis.; W. R.
Smedberg, San Francisco, Cal.

On erection of a statue in honor of
Benjamin F. Stephenson, founder of
the Grand Army of the Republic—
Charles A. Partridge, chairman, Chi-
cago, Ill.; James Tanner, Washing-
ton, D. C.; Louis Wagner, Philadel-
phia, Pa.; John McElroy, Washington,
D. C.; Thomas S. Hopkins, Washing-
ton, D. C.

Flag committee of the Grand Army
of the Republic—Henry S. Peck,
chairman, New Haven, Conn.; P. H.
Coney, Topeka, Kan.; Henry Hay-
mond, Clarksburg, W. Va.; John D.
Black, Valley City, N. D.; N. J. O'Bri-
en, Cheyenne, Wyo.