

THE VALENTINE DEMOCRAT

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VALENTINE, NEBRASKA

Another odd thing is that by not working at all a man may work a graft.

Cheer up, Langley; your flying machine may yet be commissioned as a submarine boat.

It is seldom that the Sick Man of Europe feels too "poorly" to sit up and smile at the powers.

The aeronauts who ballooned from Paris to England will have many admirers but few limiters.

However, we do not believe Mr. Rockefeller will ever succeed in getting any of Uncle Russell Sage's.

"How long shall I wear my fresses?" asks a girl correspondent. Until you can touch papa for the price of new ones.

It having been demonstrated that Pullman cars can be made fire-proof, the next thing in line is to provide tip-proof porters.

George Vanderbilt has found it necessary to take refuge where the people are used to baronial outfits and don't mind them.

Trychophytosis is causing trouble among the school children in Delaware. The teachers may be compelling the children to spell it.

Professor Langley asked the public some time ago not to expect too much from his flying machine. Evidently the professor knew his machine.

Tumut has been chosen as the new capital of the Australian federation. By the insertion of an "I" this may be changed at any time to meet possible contingencies.

General Miles is reported to be rapidly getting rich through his investments in Texas oil lands. It would be a terrible blow to Corbin if Miles should wind up as a multimillionaire.

The Supreme Court of Nebraska holds that dogs are competent witnesses, even though they cannot be sworn. And some human beings are incompetent, no matter how many oaths they take.

It has become evident that the mob spirit is one of the menacing tendencies of the times, and it appears to be increasing in intensity from day to day. There is now a very general recognition of the fact that prompt and vigorous measures must be taken to quell this rising of the mob spirit if the majesty and justice of the law are to be maintained.

The New York Mall and Express wants to change the nickname of New York to "Buckwheat State." Michigan will step into line with the demand to be known as the "Health Food State," while Kentucky's choice will be "The Eye Opener State." But New York is just as much entitled to be known as the home of the buckwheat as Vermont is to the reputation of being a maple sirup center.

"Idle" is not the word to describe Prince Ludwig Ferdinand of Bavaria. He is a general in the German army. By profession he is a surgeon. During the past summer he has been playing first violin in the orchestra of the Munich Opera House. He attended his clinic before going to rehearsals for the Wagner performances. There are more princes usefully occupied than cynics may be willing to admit.

The Paris police have prepared a picture-book for the use of travelers who lose things which, because of unfamiliarity with the language, they cannot describe. It contains representations of all kinds of articles, from keys to purses, and the inquirer, after missing valuables, has only to turn the leaves and point at the picture that most resembles his property. But the system has its limitations. Unfortunately it cannot picture a temper, which is the article now most frequently lost by visitors to a foreign city who do not know the language of the country.

The college youths who haze are behind the times. Hazing does not give way before advancing civilization, for the reason, perhaps, that the hazers are always youths who have not yet "caught up with the procession." At Yale there was use of red pepper by the hazers, it is stated, and a mock lynching, with other violent proceedings, which endangered life and health. "Academic hoodlums" is the term a contemporary applies to the Yale sophomores, and it is not far wrong, since the doings at Yale, if correctly reported, were not such as gentlemen of sound mind would engage in. College becomes a terror to parents if feather-brained sophomores may do what they please to freshmen. At other institutions, rough and unmannerly persecutions were in evidence. Hazing is forbidden at most institutions, but the trouble is that the prohibitions are too often understood to be Plickwickian.

President Roosevelt set a good example to parents by placing his boys in the public school at Washington. He could pay the "little red schoolhouse" a higher compliment. He demonstrates his faith in our public school system. And his indorsement comes at a time when the free school system is under the fire of severe criticism. Its critics say the public school teaches too many fads—that its education does not educate, etc. Our school system is not what it ought to be. It is not what it will be some day. But with all its faults it is the best educational system of its kind the world has had, and it is especially adapted to our institutions. Book learning is not all of education. Contact of personalities is an essential feature of practical teaching. The boy who rubs against other boys in school and on playground learns some important lessons. He learns there are others. He gets his rough corners rubbed off. He is in a miniature world. He learns not books only, but human nature. He gets what we call experience. And he learns to bear himself as a self-respecting but law-abiding citizen of the school republic. The boy who is sent to private school or to a tutor lacks these things. The public school is also a great teacher of democracy. President Roosevelt's boy sits side by side with the hod-carrier's boy. That's as good for Roosevelt's boy as for the hod-carrier's—and especially good for the government of the people.

The late Max O'Rell, in speaking of our schools and school children, said that they were the most ill bred in the world, and wondered whether the fault in training, or the lack of it, lay in the home or in the school. Hopkinson Smith quite agrees with the sentiment of the French writer, and John Brisbane Walker insists "that the schools and colleges should impart a pleasing voice and address, the art of conversation, charm of manner and expertness in the care of the person and in the command of it as to dress, posture and carriage." That Max O'Rell's statement is to some extent true, must be admitted, but only to a degree, but the eminent John Brisbane Walker expects entirely too much when he thinks the school work of a teacher should include regular lessons in polite deportment. The school population of the United States is made up of the most cosmopolitan mixture in the world. Every nation on the face of the globe is represented, either by a newly landed child or the descendant of an earlier comer. The little girl, looking like a freshly plucked rose, so sweet and dainty is she in her pretty lawn frock, and wide ribbons, coming from a home where refinement and intelligence are the hall marks of the family, sits beside with the dark-eyed, dark-skinned, unkempt little foreigner whose home is a room wherein every department of household affairs is conducted, from eating to sleeping, and whose clothes—heaven save the name—are sewn on her to save the trouble of dressing and undressing. The natty boy, with his spotless shirt waist and carefully tied tie, hob-nobs with the street urchin, whose one idea in life is to know just enough to embark in some business by which he can make money in the quickest possible manner. The first boy sits at the dinner table, his every move made under the watchful eye of a careful mother who knows just what her training will mean to that boy, when society claims him for its own. The second lad eats as he can, whatever he can grab. And yet a teacher is expected to take these two girls, these two boys, diametrically opposite to each other in every thing, and impart to them "charm of manner and expertness in the care of the person." It would be a task simply herculean in its scope. Every school child, no matter from where he comes, is insensibly subject to the restraining influence of school life. A teacher who is firm, quiet and gentle exerts a "charm of manner" over her most unruly pupil, not because it is in her line of duty, but because her own soothing personality makes itself felt, without the slightest intention on her part. But for a teacher to be expected to do what is either carelessly or negligently omitted at home is expecting more, much more, than she can or should be called upon to do, in the limited time given her for the expansion of the immature minds committed—sometimes wholly—to her care.

Poor Mother! The scientific housewife, says Mary Moulton Smith, will see that the members of her family receive the various elements of food in their proper proportion. "Before breakfast has been prepared," she concludes, "or after it has been served and eaten, the housewife should add up the different amounts of proteid, fat and carbohydrate found in the foods. In the evening you can find out whether you have taken too much of one kind of food, or not enough of another." The Chicago Tribune comments on this advice by dropping into poetry: Mother's slow at figures, but she always has to count The proteids, to see that we secure the right amount. She keeps a pad of paper and a pencil near the sink, And estimates our victuals, all the things we eat or drink. She lists our carbohydrates and scribbles down the fat, And our specific gravity—she always watches that.

Consumption of Pig Iron. The consumption of pig iron in the United States for the year is estimated at 20,000,000 tons and the furnaces have been producing on that basis, but a million tons of pig iron has been bought abroad. This has depressed the market so that a number of furnaces have blown out.

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When apologies begin to creep into a friendship, it is growing shaky.

THE POPULAR PULPIT



JOY OF A GOOD CONSCIENCE.

By the Rev. A. P. Doyle.

Tribulation and anguish upon the soul of every man that worketh evil.—Romans, ii.

A good conscience that is at peace with God surpasseth every joy. It comes to a man when he has loyally and faithfully kept the whole law in his heart and has stoutly resisted even unto blood the allurements of evil.

There are many incentives in this life of ours impelling one to wander away from the paths of rectitude. It is far easier to indulge one's self amid the soft cushions of a pleasure loving life than to struggle with a soldier's spirit to abide by the discipline of the law. It is much more agreeable to float with the tide of easy going friendships, to yield to every inordinate desire of physical and social voluptuousness, than it is to stem the currents by stern resolve and harsh self-denial.

One way, however, leads to moral destruction; the other leads to the pastures of a peaceful conscience, where prosperity and plenty abound. John the Baptist in his prison is happy; Herod on his throne is miserable. How good it is to serve God! What pleasure and tranquility there are in loving him! He is benign and merciful to those whose hearts are true to him. He is terrible to those who offend and deny him. A man who is calm and at rest; a man who is turbulent and agitated. Peace and joy reign in a soul which loves God; trouble and inquietude in the soul of the wicked.

An hour ago I said mass at the house of Calvary, and about me were a score of sufferers. I could hear above the sobs of prayer the suppressed means of pain. The cold finger of death had touched the physical frame of each, but the warm fire of a divine love glowed in their hearts of devotion. The excruciating agony of physical pain wrenched from them an involuntary groan, but the pleasure and peace of a good conscience wreathed their way faces into lines of joy. The certainty of impending death and the severing of all ties that bound them to home and lifelong friendships were less than a daily martyrdom, but over it all was the glow of a western sun, that touched the landscape of their lives with infinite beauty and brought their hearts into sympathy with the joys of a life beyond the grave.

The conscience of the just man is a type of heaven because he is at peace with God and God dwells in his heart; that of a sinner is a type of hell because it can find no rest and is governed by the spirit of evil. Good men fear nothing; the wicked fear everything. The just are good in themselves because their lives are governed by the inspirations of God; the secret motives and the hidden life of the sinner are corrupt and constantly at war with God. The just enter readily into themselves because all therein is peace and consolation; the wicked dare not enter into themselves, because, like the seething of the witches' caldron, their hearts are a turbulent mass of vicious desires and unrestrained baseness. "Know thou and see that it is a fearful and bitter thing for thee to have left the Lord thy God." "What hast thou to do in the land of Egypt but to drink the troubled waters?" The just life well amid the pains and anguish of life and die with joy; the wicked lived amid pleasures and enjoyments and die in bitter pain and anguish.

A life in conformity with the commandments of God is, even from a temporal point of view, the more desirable. It writes its history in the beaming face; it shows itself in the sprightly step of those who are glad of heart; it touches with a dash of sunshine the thoughts, and it lights up with a heavenly glow the desires of a soul that experiences the friendship of God. "A good conscience is a continual feast" (Prov. xv).

The joy of a good conscience being so precious, it is to be sought at any cost, it must be secured at all hazards. The first step is through repentance. "But thou hast mercy upon all because thou canst do all things, and overlookest the sins of men for the sake of repentance" (Wisdom xl). The baptism of water washes away from the souls of children the stain of original sin; the baptism of blood washes away every stain from the souls of the martyrs; the baptism of the heart cleanses the souls of all penitents. It is impossible for any one to be saved unless he does penance, and the measure of repentance must be according to the extent of the guilt. "And now, therefore, saith the Lord, be converted to me with all your heart in fasting, and in weeping, and in mourning; and rend your hearts and not your garments, and turn to the Lord your God, for he is gracious and merciful, patient, and rich in mercy, and ready to forgive" (Joel ii).

to become its master he brings with him a foretaste of the pleasures of paradise. "I have found him whom my soul loveth and I will not let him go." The essence of a good conscience is to possess God, and there is no sweeter joy on earth than this, nor is there any higher bliss in heaven.

NEED PERSONAL ELEMENT.

By Dr. Emil G. Hirsch.

The day of individualism is past and collectivism is in the ascendency. The tendency of modern thinking is largely away from the personal. We have eliminated the personal God in theology and also from the sphere of our own social relations. Belief in mechanical contrivances has replaced personal ambitions. We have about come to the conclusion that the human element is unnecessary.

From the industrial field there is but one step to the territory of morals. Heredity, environment and impersonal forces are invoked to read the personality of man. His character is largely predetermined by the mechanics of circumstances. There is no leeway for the personal. The day of individualism is past and the collective tendency is now dominant.

No day has offered such opportunities for demagogues as ours. The man who knows the depths of human weakness can play upon the masses, for the masses allow some one else to think of them. Our standards of morality are not fixed by ourselves. What we need to-day is a reincarnation of the personal element, for the sense of personal responsibility is lacking.

MUST WORK TOGETHER.

By Dr. John Merritt Driver.

There are enough anti-saloonists to make an end of the saloon in every community; there are enough Prohibitionists to enact prohibition in every State; there are enough honest men to stop all gambling and enough virtuous people to close up every disreputable resort. This is true of even Chicago and New York and every other city. There are enough Christian people to win this whole world for Christ in the present generation. The one thing lacking is unity of action, the laying aside of non-essentials and the uniting of all forces upon the few vital points upon which all Christians and reformers are agreed.

The real difficulty with us all is some irrelevant or selfish or vainglorious matter. With Christians it is denominationalism; with reformers it is partisanship; with local politicians and "workers" it is office and "graft." How to build up our particular church or party or machine, rather than how to promote Christianity and patriotism and civic virtue and honor, is the one absorbing thought and endeavor. Gamblers and grafters and saloonists and evildoers of every ilk and hue stand together, while churches and reformers are easily outwitted and defeated and driven back, lacking unity and cohesion and a comprehensive plan of campaign.

WRONG GOD'S MESSENGER.

By Bishop Cheney.

It is so natural a thing to perpetuate the memory of a good man by a splendid tomb that the denunciation which the text utters needs explanation. What Christ rebuked was the self-flattery of these scribes and Pharisees that they would never have done such wrong to God's messengers as their ancestors had wrought. Christ was teaching these men that they knew nothing of the depths of their own hearts. For at that moment they were plotting the murder of one greater, holier, more loving than all the ancient prophets.

Could self-ignorance go farther? Yes. When men and women in the twentieth century and in the full blaze of gospel light revile those scribes and Pharisees and say: "If we had lived in their days we would not have rejected Jesus." And when Jesus comes not as a peasant of Galilee, not as a poverty-stricken wanderer, not as one with no place to lay his head, but as the one who has given us everything which makes our modern life worth living, have we as much excuse as those scribes and Pharisees for not accepting Christ?

Sentence Sermons. You cannot win souls in your sleep. Back-seaters soon become back-sliders. He who entertains envy invites enmity. The Bible is a time card and not a ticket. Our habits here determine our habit there. Wishes and not words are the true prayers. Silent sermons are often the most successful. Temptation is the devil's form of injunction. A negligent love can easily become a diligent hate. What you pray for you ought to be willing to pay for. Licking a boy to make him go to Sunday school is a first-class way of leading him to the Lord.



"When Christmas day came in 1861," said Dr. A. W. Gray, "our regiment, the Fifty-First Illinois, was at Paducah. There was no Christmas dinner in sight. There was no prospect of any, and the boys used to that sort of thing were very blue. At that stage of the war Uncle Sam was over-particular as to the property of the people in the vicinity of camps. Strict guard was kept over camp as well as over the houses and hen roosts in the vicinity. If we could get out of camp into the town or into the country, we felt confident that we would have chickens, if not turkeys, for Christmas dinner, but between us and the chickens was a line of guards, and not one of us had the countersign.

"With the countersign the way was open to a Christmas dinner, and as chairman of the committee of ways and means I suggested a plan to get it. I got hold of an old cavalry sword the night before Christmas, and, adjusting the belt so that the sword made a good deal of noise when I stepped, I formed a dozen or more of the boys as we usually formed a patrol guard, and when we heard the real patrol coming I stepped out in the thick darkness and shouted 'Halt!' The officer in charge of the patrol answered my challenge in the usual way saying that he was a friend with the countersign. He was directed to come forward and give the countersign, which he did. I could not see his men, and he could not see mine, but he supposed naturally that I was on patrol duty. The outcome was that, with the countersign, we went through the guard line, found a goodly number of chickens, and had a good Christmas dinner."

"At New Madrid in 1862, our boys played a similar game to get boards for their shanties. We were then in Pope's division, or corps, and every one knew that he was a very strict disciplinarian. Behind his headquarters was a pile of lumber, always under guard, and neither officers nor men were any the better for that pile of lumber being there. One day, however, I formed a squad of men, marched over to the lumber pile, saluted the guard as I halted my men, and, without a word of explanation, directed them to take down a certain number of boards and to carry them over to our Colonel's headquarters. The guard made no objection, and we took with us as many boards as we could carry. This, of course, was unadulterated cheek, but it worked in scores of others where the soldiers of the Union army were concerned.

"The boys of the Fifty-First, mind you, were all good soldiers. I never saw them flinch, and I saw them in a good many tight places. We were in that snowstorm up in East Tennessee. We had been to Knoxville and were coming back to Chattanooga, and had bivouacked without shelter of any kind. It was moderately warm, and we rolled up in our blankets and lay down, looking up into a clear sky. In the morning when the bugle sounded there were no men visible. Ten inches of snow had fallen so quietly as not to disturb the sleeping men, and as I looked down our company lines I saw only a line of little snow hillocks, just as you would see them in a country graveyard.

"When the bugle sounded sharp and clear, however, there was first a gentle stir among the men, a moving of arms and stretching in the first minute of wakefulness and then a chorus of whoops or yells. The snow coming down in the hastily uncovered faces of the men startled them into an uproar and as they came up out of the snow I thought of certain resurrection pictures that I had seen in my boy days. The scene was weird and yet was indescribably funny because the situation was so unheard of and because the boys, after the first jolt of their sensibilities, accepted the situation in good spirits."

"General Mahone," said the Colonel, "once sent me some Smithfield hams from his old home place and asked me later if I had ever tasted anything so good. I admitted that I had tasted ham just as good during the war. He didn't think I had and explained that the best pork in the world was the product of the Dismal swamp and the lands thereabout, that the mast of that region gave to the flesh of the hogs the flavor peculiar to game fattened in the marshes and swamps of Virginia, and that to the epicure there was no better pork in the world than that of his home county or of the district in the vicinity of Suffolk and Norfolk."

"I knew this almost as well as General Mahone, because in the early '60s our regiment was serving as mounted infantry in the country of the Blackwater, and raiding into the Dismal swamp. We often pushed our camp outward to the Nottoway river and up to the Petersburg and Weldon railroad, but the Confederate garrison at Stony creek, well equipped for rapid movement, was always in our way. Our raids resulted in nothing

more than in keeping the enemy on the alert, we, in the meantime doing double duty in the way of night riding in strange and unexplored territory.

"There were, however, compensations. Suffolk is on the borders of the Dismal swamp and we found in the Suffolk and Dismal swamp districts the best pork that we found anywhere in all our army experience. We found, also, occasionally, some planter with his smokehouse well stocked with cured pork waiting for the agents of General Lee. When we found such a man, we made our mark and brought into camp what General Mahone regarded as the luxury of the country.

"In truth we came to believe that there is nothing quite so toothsome as the 'old Virginia jowl and salad' or a dish of green turnip tops and the jowl of the Smithfield porker. When I told General Mahone of our experiences in the Dismal swamp-country, of the porkers and hams we ate there, of the Union men we found there who helped us, and of the sulken Confederates who intrigued against us, and of our adventures in out-of-the-way places, he agreed with me that if the true history of the military division of the Department of Norfolk were ever written, it would show a record of perilous scouting and reckless skirmishes that would be greatly to the credit of the detachments of the two armies engaged."

"Raiding," said the Captain, "developed the dare-devil instincts in men, and not infrequently the worst men in our company were at the front, acting like highwaymen. Such men had no friends in the country raided and none among their own comrades. We lost one of these fellows in a skirmish and most of the boys were not sorry. When we came to bury him, not a word was said. An old German, who had seen service abroad, insisted that some one should say something good of the dead man. The boys shook their heads and advised him to try it himself. Old Jacob stepped forward, embarrassed, but determined. As he stood at the grave, with his hands in his pockets, his right hand touched his pipe. This gave him a pointer. Straightening himself and holding his pipe in his hand, he said: 'Vell, boys, he was a good schmoker.'" — Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Balance Sheet. Washington, D. C.—Officials of the pension bureau state that the roll will be reduced 50 per cent during the next five or six years on account of veterans' deaths. This will amount to \$79,000,000 annually. And the soldiers march away To the slow drumbeat of Time, And the fife is soft, and the bugles play A requiem sublime; With the flag wrapped round about— The flag they kept on high— And a memory of the battle shout, And a war gleam in the eye.

But the time has not yet come. And the moment is not yet When with intricately added sum The land has paid its debt, For the land they helped to save, With a last and long embrace Will receive each form to an honored grave. To an honored resting place.

When they sleep that last long sleep, If there comes to them a dream It will be that we shall forever keep Their glory in full gleam. As the soldiers march away— As the ranks show gaps, and wane— There shall be no one to arise and say That the purse will show its gain.

But the land will count its loss And the figures shall be great, And the sum of it shall reach across The land from State to State. When at last there comes the end— When we carve the final name— Then our loss and gain shall be boldly penned On the balance sheet of Fame. —Chicago Tribune.

He Got the Oysters. This good story is told on a certain Captain of the old Fourteenth Massachusetts, when they were stationed in Washington:

The aforesaid Captain was somewhat noted for his love of the good things gastronomic, and one day dispatched one of his "live Yankees" off to Alexandria to get some fresh oysters, giving him instructions not to return without the bivalves. The man went off, and no more was seen of him for several days. The indignant and disappointed Captain reported him as a deserter and gave him up as a "lost child." But after the lapse of nine days Bailey, for that was his name, came into camp, leading a train of four-horse wagons loaded with oysters. Approaching and respectfully saluting the amazed and speechless Captain Bailey said:

"Here are your oysters, Captain. Couldn't find any in Alexandria, so I chartered a schooner and made a voyage to Fortress Monroe and Norfolk for them. There's about 200 bushels—where do you want 'em?" Bailey did really make the trip, hired his men, sold oysters enough in Georgetown before "reporting" to pay all expenses and leave him a profit of about \$100. The 200 bushels were divided among the regiment, and Bailey returned to his duty. Soldiers and citizens made good money in those days trading in oysters and everything good to eat, and Bailey was not the only soldier who made such expeditions down the river. — Cincinnati Enquirer.

Sam-what Different. "Is it true about the butcher offering you his hand?" asked the inquisitive friend. "Not quite," replied the spinster. "He tried to sell it to me, but I made him take it off the scale."