

MOVING TOWARD NEW CAMP SITE

THIRTEENTH WILL NOT START UNTIL NEXT WEEK.

Latest Move Is a Good Deal of a Speculation—A Better Camping Ground May Be Secured But as Yet There Is Nothing Certain About It—No New Cases of Typhoid Fever Have Developed Among Members of the Thirteenth

Special from a Staff Correspondent. Camp Alger, Dunn-Loring, Aug. 2.—It is not thought that the Thirteenth will get under way for its new camp ground before the middle of next week. The troops are ready to start at any time, but the quartermaster's department can't furnish the mules and wagons necessary to move a division at a time, as was yesterday contemplated, and in consequence the corps will have to move in such sized sections as the baggage teams will accommodate.

All the spare mules and extra wagons that are kept at the government yard and wagon sheds in the St. Asaph driving park were called into service in moving the First division today. Drivers were secured from the regiments of the First division, the Thirteenth furnishing four and the Eighth and Twelfth a like number. With all this extra assistance it was only possible to get one brigade under way before noon.

The trip to the Manassas region is about twenty miles and it requires two days to cover the distance. By the time the last of the wagons discharge their cargoes and get back to Dunn-Loring the first of the week will be here. Allowing a day or two for unexpected delays, it will be Wednesday, it is safe to say, before the Thirteenth's turn to start will come.

NOT TOO WELL PLEASED.

While the men say "any place in preference to this" it would be misstating things to say they are wild with rapture over their going to Manassas. The general character of the region cannot differ much from this, joining country and virtually an extension of the same plateau upon which the camp is now located. While there are some desirable places for regimental and possibly brigade camps there is not enough of them to go around and it is feared that some of the regiments will be about as bad off as they are here. That it is little better than an experiment is evidenced by the official orders governing the movement of the troops, which say practically "move down towards Manassas and if you can find a good place for a camp seize upon it. At all events keep going till you find a camp that suits you."

The new site may prove to be satisfactory and then again it may prove to be just the opposite. A camp at some established camp site such as Sea Girt or Mt. Gretna would leave no question of doubt. To go there, however, would mean the expenditure of a quarter million dollars.

It is a significant fact that the much discussed Chief Surgeon Girard had no hand in the moving of the camp. The whole affair was decided upon and directed from Washington. Girard has just sent out an order—rather General Graham's order at his recommendation—directing the Second division regiment's move to an adjoining farm on the east, when the order from Washington arrived directing that the whole corps move to Manassas.

NO NEW CASES.

No new cases of typhoid have broken out in the Thirteenth in two days, and there is just a ray of hope entertained that the ten men who developed typhoid symptoms since coming here brought the germs of the disease from the old camp at Falls Church, and that consequently the disease has about been stamped out as far as the regiment is concerned.

The men at Fort Myer continue to improve. Surgeon Keiper still holds his own, and the doctors now say that he has a good chance of recovery. Lieutenant Huff, it develops, had only a mild attack, and is even now convalescing. Lieutenant Berry's convalescence began yesterday and is gradually decreasing all the time.

Private John Hill, of Company E, a resident of White Hills, and Private George Davis, of Company A, were returned from the hospital today with recommendations of discharge from the service. Both are adjudged to be suffering from chronic rheumatism.

Private Harry Van Riper, of Company C, who has been acting as orderly at the First division hospital, was today transferred back to the regiment to act as mounted orderly to Lieutenant George C. Merriman, the new assistant surgeon.

Private Hall, of Company G, was detailed to corps headquarters yesterday to work at the bread ovens. This is the second baker of the Thirteenth furnished. Private Thirteenth of Company C, having gone over the day before.

RED TAPE GAUNTLET.

Corporal Robert A. Smith, jr., of Company E, is awaiting orders to be transferred to Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, as a sergeant in the Third United States Volunteer Engineers, in which Major Edgar Jadin has command of a battalion and Sergeant Hardenberg is sergeant major. Major Wood who engineered the transfers, has the satisfaction of making the record of putting his man through in one day. In the morning Corporal Smith left here with his application and instructions from Major Wood as to how he should proceed. In the evening he returned with the transfer approved and an appointment as sergeant. He had to take the transfer and application through regimental, brigade, division and corps headquarters and then through a veritable labyrinth of offices in the war department. There were twenty-four approvals, endorsements and other like "hands and seals" on his papers when they had run the red-tape gauntlet.

Lieutenant Arthur Foote, Sergeant Vail and Private Snader, of Company D, returned today from a week's visit at home.

Lieutenant W. W. Inglis, of General Gobin's staff and Assistant Surgeon George A. Blanchard left for Philadelphia today on a ten days' leave of absence.

Captain A. Wilson Norris, acting assistant adjutant general of the Third brigade, returned last night from a visit to his home in Harrisburg.

Private Charles McCracken, of Company D, went home on a furlough today.

Private Charles Sprandle, Fred Luther, George Sackett and Axel Ar-

nold, of Company C, leave for home tomorrow on a week's furlough.

Corporal Tolomic and Musician Jones, of Company A, returned today from their furloughs.

Corporals William Dunkerly, Jacob Featherman, George Schmidt and Private Ohey A. Michaels return today from their furloughs.

Privates Harry A. Fottar, Charles B. Clark, Llewellyn Morgana and David Evans, of Company H, went home on furloughs last night.

T. J. Duffy.

ECHOES OF THE WAR.

Frank E. Davenport, of Wilkes-Barre, received the following letter from his cousin, who is a gunner on board the Badger:

On Board U. S. S. Badger, on the Blockade off Neuvas, Cuba.

Dear Cousin: I don't know when this will reach you, as we are thoroughly cut off from the rest of the world. We have seen only one of our own boats for over a week and we don't see land all the time. This place we are at (Neuvas) is on the northeast end of the island. It is a large seaport. We are the only vessel on the blockade here.

You will have to excuse this writing as there is a big sea on and the waves are coming up over the bow of our ship whose deck stands thirty-six feet above water. We are plowing our way back and forth through it at fifteen knots an hour, so we get full benefit. We have to stand gun watch every night. Last night we were stood by a gun eight hours and tonight six hours. I tell you it is not much fun; it is hard to keep awake. We have six deck men on the ship out of 350, considering the sea that is on it is a very small number, but more will catch it tonight. I expect every time we roll the muzzle of our big guns will dip in the water. It has rained here from 10 to 25 times every day and very hard, too, but the sun dries it up in about ten minutes. It was only 15 in the shade here the other day. Yours,

W. E. Davenport.

STORIES OF THE DAY.

How Ex-Senator Ransom Was Excited From Abstraction.

Former Minister to Mexico Ransom was at the house a few days ago talking about his experiences in Mexico, says the Washington Times. After the minister left the cloakroom one of the members said:

"Did you ever talk to the minister when his mind has been occupied with business?" and without waiting for a reply the member continued: "I did. I met him soon after his return from Mexico, and after we shook hands he said:

"How is your sister, Frank?"

"She is well," I replied.

"The minister's mind then returned to some business for five minutes and then he said:

"How is your sister, Frank?" and, as before, I replied that she was well. Five minutes later he raised his eyes from some papers and remarked:

"Oh, Frank, how is your sister?" I thought the member was becoming rather monotonous, and to change it I answered that she was very ill.

"Bless me, you don't say so. I am sorry to hear it, Frank."

He returned to his papers again for another five minutes, and then he said:

"Frank, how is your sister?" At first I thought he was kidding me, but looking at him sharply, I realized he had forgotten the conversation and I answered sadly, "She is dead."

"Why, man, you don't mean it!" he exclaimed, jumping from his seat and extending his hand in a most sympathetic manner, adding, "This is dreadful. When did it happen? Tell me all about it."

"When I replied, 'I killed her just now. When I came in your office I told you she was well twice; then I told you she was very ill, and that didn't impress you. So, for your benefit, I have just killed her.'"

"The old man looked at me for a moment and then replied:

"You must pardon me, Frank. I was thinking about these papers."

MUST DIVIDE AGAIN.

A correspondent of the London Spectator tells this story to illustrate the biting humor of the late Charles Pelham Villiers. "I have read," he says, "must be reproduced with photographic exactness. Half its point would be lost if it were translated into the Queen's English. Mr. Villiers had been asking a Radical elector to support him. 'Yes, I'll support you, but, willars, we must have a division of property.' 'Certainly,' replied the diplomatic candidate. 'I should be quite in favor of such a measure. But I am afraid that if property is divided there will not be enough for you and me and the rest of us.' After a momentary embarrassment on the cheerful and resourceful Socialist hit on a remedy. 'Why, then, willars, we must divide again!'"

AN OFFICIAL MISTAKE.

Several congressmen are poking fun at Representative Richardson, of Tennessee, over a discovery made in the first volume of his work on "The Messages of the Presidents." In his sketch of President Washington Mr. Richardson, referring to his marriage, says he married a "widow lady." As a specimen of tauntology this is unique, striking an example as can be found. If the government ever gives the plates of this work to Mr. Richardson so that he can issue it privately he will probably have this particular page revised.

LIBRETTO BY SHAKESPEARE.

"They used to tell this awful story of Ardi, the conductor who came over to America some years before his death in the big Mapleson opera company; He joined a coaching party and visited Stratford-on-Avon. They showed him where Shakespeare had lived. He asked the Shakespeare was, 'Why?' exclaimed one of his friends, 'Shakespeare wrote Hamlet, Romeo and Juliet, Othello, Macbeth, A Midsummer Night's Dream and—' 'Ah, yes!' broke in Ardi, 'I know Ze lib-r-et-tist!'"

PUZZLED THE PASTOR.

Many years ago, when Hon. Joseph Marsden lived in Hawaii, he attended church on Sunday morning in Hilo. Mr. Marsden was then noted for his skill in legordeman, says the Pacific Commercial Advertiser. When Dr. — passed around the contribution bag at a Sunday service Mr. Marsden held up a ten-dollar gold piece between his thumb and forefinger and so that Dr. — could plainly see it. He then placed his hand over the bag, palmed the gold piece, and dropped in a silver quarter. Dr. — returned to the table with his collection.

After the service he emptied the bag on a table, but could not find the ten-dollar gold piece. He shook the bag repeatedly, turned over the small pile of contributions, got down on the floor and looked under the table, walked down the aisle, looking closely at the cracks in the floor, felt in his own pockets fearing that he had made some mistake and went home wondering at the strange loss of the gold piece.

Some time afterward the deceiver quietly sent the gold piece to the church.

AN OBJECT LESSON.

As a child young Victoria was noted for her independent spirit and for her frankness in confessing an error. The following anecdote, told by the author of "The Private Life of the Queen," displays both of these traits:

When a little girl she was taken on a visit to Earl Fitzwilliam's family seat in Yorkshire. Wet weather had made the paths very slippery, and the princess, who was ahead of the walking party, was warned by the gardener that the paths were "very slippe."

"Slippe!" exclaimed Victoria, "I explained the princess, not understand-

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

HE KNEW IT ALL.

Professor William James, of Harvard, says the Boston Herald, has been telling how he passed an examination in anatomy before the late Dr. Holmes. The first question put to him was as to the nerves at the base of the brain. It so happened that Professor James was well up in that subject, and he promptly gave an exhaustive reply.

"Oh, well, if you know that you know everything," said Dr. Holmes, cheerfully. "Let's talk something else. How are all your people at home?"

HE DIDN'T MIND.

The fact that Dr. Creighton, the lord bishop of London, rolled and smoked cigarettes the other day while talking with a newspaper man, recalls the story of the big burly bishop and the little curate in the compartment of a railway car. "You will not mind my smoking, will you?" said his lordship. "Not if your lordship doesn't mind my being sick," humbly replied the little curate."

FLIES' FAVORITE TIPPLE.

Investigations of a Bartender Indicate That It Is Good Fresh Beer. From the Hartford Courant.

A bartender of this city has spent many of his spare moments lately in studying the tastes of flies, and he has come to the conclusion that they love intoxicants and delight in becoming intoxicated. He says that he has seen whole armies of flies intoxicated in his place.

All flies that are found in the saloon the bartender said, are usually about the bar or on the ceiling over the bar, and usually all other parts of a saloon are without the pests. This caused the bartender who tells the story to investigate why the flies preferred the vicinity of the bar to other parts of the room. He claims to have put a quantity of different kinds of liquors and beer on the bar for the benefit of the flies in the room. Pretty soon the bar was all covered with flies, and from the observations of the bartender, they were their favorite drink. They seemed to have a preference for the foamy beer, too, for they partook of it more liberally than they did of any of the other samples that were placed on the bar. The gin, whiskey and wine and other spirituous liquors, which were put out for their benefit were not patronized very liberally, and as soon as the foam had disappeared from the beer it was noticed that the flies would leave and go to other beer that contained foam.

After the flies had partaken of the liquors for some time without being disturbed they flew from the bar to the ceiling over the bar and the bartender thought he noticed evidences of intoxication about them. They appeared less active than before they drank the liquor, and they were seen to vomit on the ceiling. To distinguish the flies which had drunk of the beer from the other flies he threw white powder over many of them as they lay on the ceiling asleep. They were disturbed by the action and fell from the ceiling, but soon returned to it, and for several hours they remained in the same place on the ceiling sleeping off the jags.

After the flies had slept off the effects of the liquor they again returned to the bar, and the bartender became clear of the white powder and the bar was covered with them. The bartender gave them another treat, but this time he only put out beer, stale beer without a head, and some fresh drawn beer. The fresh drawn beer was drunk by the flies, and they were again with powdered-back flies in a short time. After the flies had filled up a second time they again went to the ceiling, where they remained. At the time they were watched by the bartender and his experiments led him to believe that flies are users of intoxicants to excess and that they delight in getting drunk.

MEDICAL HEROES UNDER FIRE.

Daring Adventure in the Field During the Late War in India. From the Lancet.

When the medical history of the last war in India is written it will prove interesting reading. There were many difficulties overcome and hardships endured with the usual element of danger. A good instance of this was when General Woodhouse was wounded early in the war, and a bullet struck him in the thigh, passed down below the knee, broke into pieces, and lodged. The Roentgen ray apparatus revealed the exact condition and it was determined to extract the pieces. In the middle of the operation, artificial light being used, the Afridi crawled up and suddenly blazed into the tent, sending thirteen shots through the canvas. Now that might have been a very disturbing circumstance and apt to interfere with the perfect application of the antiseptic form of surgery. And what happened? Nothing. The operation went on and was successfully completed as if there was no Afridi within 100 miles.

As usual we had many examples of great personal bravery and devotion to duty in the face of danger. Surgeon Captain Bexis arrested hemorrhage under a hot fire, and Sir William Lockhart, speaking of the incident, said that no one ever better merited the reward of the Victoria Cross than he. He got nothing; but this is another story. Another medical officer

ing the local dialect, and imitating the abrupt speech of her grandfather, George III.

The gentleman explained, but the self-reliant princess started again on her walk, and fell down in the mud. "Now your royal highness," said the earl, "understands what 'blame' means."

"Yes," answered the princess, as she picked herself up, "and I shall never forget it again."

THEY WERE NOT TO BE FOLLOWS.

Professor William James, of Harvard, says the Boston Herald, has been telling how he passed an examination in anatomy before the late Dr. Holmes. The first question put to him was as to the nerves at the base of the brain. It so happened that Professor James was well up in that subject, and he promptly gave an exhaustive reply.

"Oh, well, if you know that you know everything," said Dr. Holmes, cheerfully. "Let's talk something else. How are all your people at home?"

HE DIDN'T MIND.

The fact that Dr. Creighton, the lord bishop of London, rolled and smoked cigarettes the other day while talking with a newspaper man, recalls the story of the big burly bishop and the little curate in the compartment of a railway car. "You will not mind my smoking, will you?" said his lordship. "Not if your lordship doesn't mind my being sick," humbly replied the little curate."

FLIES' FAVORITE TIPPLE.

Investigations of a Bartender Indicate That It Is Good Fresh Beer. From the Hartford Courant.

A bartender of this city has spent many of his spare moments lately in studying the tastes of flies, and he has come to the conclusion that they love intoxicants and delight in becoming intoxicated. He says that he has seen whole armies of flies intoxicated in his place.

All flies that are found in the saloon the bartender said, are usually about the bar or on the ceiling over the bar, and usually all other parts of a saloon are without the pests. This caused the bartender who tells the story to investigate why the flies preferred the vicinity of the bar to other parts of the room. He claims to have put a quantity of different kinds of liquors and beer on the bar for the benefit of the flies in the room. Pretty soon the bar was all covered with flies, and from the observations of the bartender, they were their favorite drink. They seemed to have a preference for the foamy beer, too, for they partook of it more liberally than they did of any of the other samples that were placed on the bar. The gin, whiskey and wine and other spirituous liquors, which were put out for their benefit were not patronized very liberally, and as soon as the foam had disappeared from the beer it was noticed that the flies would leave and go to other beer that contained foam.

After the flies had partaken of the liquors for some time without being disturbed they flew from the bar to the ceiling over the bar and the bartender thought he noticed evidences of intoxication about them. They appeared less active than before they drank the liquor, and they were seen to vomit on the ceiling. To distinguish the flies which had drunk of the beer from the other flies he threw white powder over many of them as they lay on the ceiling asleep. They were disturbed by the action and fell from the ceiling, but soon returned to it, and for several hours they remained in the same place on the ceiling sleeping off the jags.

After the flies had slept off the effects of the liquor they again returned to the bar, and the bartender became clear of the white powder and the bar was covered with them. The bartender gave them another treat, but this time he only put out beer, stale beer without a head, and some fresh drawn beer. The fresh drawn beer was drunk by the flies, and they were again with powdered-back flies in a short time. After the flies had filled up a second time they again went to the ceiling, where they remained. At the time they were watched by the bartender and his experiments led him to believe that flies are users of intoxicants to excess and that they delight in getting drunk.

MEDICAL HEROES UNDER FIRE.

Daring Adventure in the Field During the Late War in India. From the Lancet.

When the medical history of the last war in India is written it will prove interesting reading. There were many difficulties overcome and hardships endured with the usual element of danger. A good instance of this was when General Woodhouse was wounded early in the war, and a bullet struck him in the thigh, passed down below the knee, broke into pieces, and lodged. The Roentgen ray apparatus revealed the exact condition and it was determined to extract the pieces. In the middle of the operation, artificial light being used, the Afridi crawled up and suddenly blazed into the tent, sending thirteen shots through the canvas. Now that might have been a very disturbing circumstance and apt to interfere with the perfect application of the antiseptic form of surgery. And what happened? Nothing. The operation went on and was successfully completed as if there was no Afridi within 100 miles.

As usual we had many examples of great personal bravery and devotion to duty in the face of danger. Surgeon Captain Bexis arrested hemorrhage under a hot fire, and Sir William Lockhart, speaking of the incident, said that no one ever better merited the reward of the Victoria Cross than he. He got nothing; but this is another story. Another medical officer

THEY WERE NOT TO BE FOLLOWS.

Professor William James, of Harvard, says the Boston Herald, has been telling how he passed an examination in anatomy before the late Dr. Holmes. The first question put to him was as to the nerves at the base of the brain. It so happened that Professor James was well up in that subject, and he promptly gave an exhaustive reply.

"Oh, well, if you know that you know everything," said Dr. Holmes, cheerfully. "Let's talk something else. How are all your people at home?"

HE DIDN'T MIND.

The fact that Dr. Creighton, the lord bishop of London, rolled and smoked cigarettes the other day while talking with a newspaper man, recalls the story of the big burly bishop and the little curate in the compartment of a railway car. "You will not mind my smoking, will you?" said his lordship. "Not if your lordship doesn't mind my being sick," humbly replied the little curate."

FLIES' FAVORITE TIPPLE.

Investigations of a Bartender Indicate That It Is Good Fresh Beer. From the Hartford Courant.

A bartender of this city has spent many of his spare moments lately in studying the tastes of flies, and he has come to the conclusion that they love intoxicants and delight in becoming intoxicated. He says that he has seen whole armies of flies intoxicated in his place.

All flies that are found in the saloon the bartender said, are usually about the bar or on the ceiling over the bar, and usually all other parts of a saloon are without the pests. This caused the bartender who tells the story to investigate why the flies preferred the vicinity of the bar to other parts of the room. He claims to have put a quantity of different kinds of liquors and beer on the bar for the benefit of the flies in the room. Pretty soon the bar was all covered with flies, and from the observations of the bartender, they were their favorite drink. They seemed to have a preference for the foamy beer, too, for they partook of it more liberally than they did of any of the other samples that were placed on the bar. The gin, whiskey and wine and other spirituous liquors, which were put out for their benefit were not patronized very liberally, and as soon as the foam had disappeared from the beer it was noticed that the flies would leave and go to other beer that contained foam.

After the flies had partaken of the liquors for some time without being disturbed they flew from the bar to the ceiling over the bar and the bartender thought he noticed evidences of intoxication about them. They appeared less active than before they drank the liquor, and they were seen to vomit on the ceiling. To distinguish the flies which had drunk of the beer from the other flies he threw white powder over many of them as they lay on the ceiling asleep. They were disturbed by the action and fell from the ceiling, but soon returned to it, and for several hours they remained in the same place on the ceiling sleeping off the jags.

After the flies had slept off the effects of the liquor they again returned to the bar, and the bartender became clear of the white powder and the bar was covered with them. The bartender gave them another treat, but this time he only put out beer, stale beer without a head, and some fresh drawn beer. The fresh drawn beer was drunk by the flies, and they were again with powdered-back flies in a short time. After the flies had filled up a second time they again went to the ceiling, where they remained. At the time they were watched by the bartender and his experiments led him to believe that flies are users of intoxicants to excess and that they delight in getting drunk.

MEDICAL HEROES UNDER FIRE.

Daring Adventure in the Field During the Late War in India. From the Lancet.

When the medical history of the last war in India is written it will prove interesting reading. There were many difficulties overcome and hardships endured with the usual element of danger. A good instance of this was when General Woodhouse was wounded early in the war, and a bullet struck him in the thigh, passed down below the knee, broke into pieces, and lodged. The Roentgen ray apparatus revealed the exact condition and it was determined to extract the pieces. In the middle of the operation, artificial light being used, the Afridi crawled up and suddenly blazed into the tent, sending thirteen shots through the canvas. Now that might have been a very disturbing circumstance and apt to interfere with the perfect application of the antiseptic form of surgery. And what happened? Nothing. The operation went on and was successfully completed as if there was no Afridi within 100 miles.

As usual we had many examples of great personal bravery and devotion to duty in the face of danger. Surgeon Captain Bexis arrested hemorrhage under a hot fire, and Sir William Lockhart, speaking of the incident, said that no one ever better merited the reward of the Victoria Cross than he. He got nothing; but this is another story. Another medical officer

THEY WERE NOT TO BE FOLLOWS.

Professor William James, of Harvard, says the Boston Herald, has been telling how he passed an examination in anatomy before the late Dr. Holmes. The first question put to him was as to the nerves at the base of the brain. It so happened that Professor James was well up in that subject, and he promptly gave an exhaustive reply.

"Oh, well, if you know that you know everything," said Dr. Holmes, cheerfully. "Let's talk something else. How are all your people at home?"

HE DIDN'T MIND.

The fact that Dr. Creighton, the lord bishop of London, rolled and smoked cigarettes the other day while talking with a newspaper man, recalls the story of the big burly bishop and the little curate in the compartment of a railway car. "You will not mind my smoking, will you?" said his lordship. "Not if your lordship doesn't mind my being sick," humbly replied the little curate."

FLIES' FAVORITE TIPPLE.

Investigations of a Bartender Indicate That It Is Good Fresh Beer. From the Hartford Courant.

A bartender of this city has spent many of his spare moments lately in studying the tastes of flies, and he has come to the conclusion that they love intoxicants and delight in becoming intoxicated. He says that he has seen whole armies of flies intoxicated in his place.

All flies that are found in the saloon the bartender said, are usually about the bar or on the ceiling over the bar, and usually all other parts of a saloon are without the pests. This caused the bartender who tells the story to investigate why the flies preferred the vicinity of the bar to other parts of the room. He claims to have put a quantity of different kinds of liquors and beer on the bar for the benefit of the flies in the room. Pretty soon the bar was all covered with flies, and from the observations of the bartender, they were their favorite drink. They seemed to have a preference for the foamy beer, too, for they partook of it more liberally than they did of any of the other samples that were placed on the bar. The gin, whiskey and wine and other spirituous liquors, which were put out for their benefit were not patronized very liberally, and as soon as the foam had disappeared from the beer it was noticed that the flies would leave and go to other beer that contained foam.

After the flies had partaken of the liquors for some time without being disturbed they flew from the bar to the ceiling over the bar and the bartender thought he noticed evidences of intoxication about them. They appeared less active than before they drank the liquor, and they were seen to vomit on the ceiling. To distinguish the flies which had drunk of the beer from the other flies he threw white powder over many of them as they lay on the ceiling asleep. They were disturbed by the action and fell from the ceiling, but soon returned to it, and for several hours they remained in the same place on the ceiling sleeping off the jags.

After the flies had slept off the effects of the liquor they again returned to the bar, and the bartender became clear of the white powder and the bar was covered with them. The bartender gave them another treat, but this time he only put out beer, stale beer without a head, and some fresh drawn beer. The fresh drawn beer was drunk by the flies, and they were again with powdered-back flies in a short time. After the flies had filled up a second time they again went to the ceiling, where they remained. At the time they were watched by the bartender and his experiments led him to believe that flies are users of intoxicants to excess and that they delight in getting drunk.

MEDICAL HEROES UNDER FIRE.

Daring Adventure in the Field During the Late War in India. From the Lancet.

When the medical history of the last war in India is written it will prove interesting reading. There were many difficulties overcome and hardships endured with the usual element of danger. A good instance of this was when General Woodhouse was wounded early in the war, and a bullet struck him in the thigh, passed down below the knee, broke into pieces, and lodged. The Roentgen ray apparatus revealed the exact condition and it was determined to extract the pieces. In the middle of the operation, artificial light being used, the Afridi crawled up and suddenly blazed into the tent, sending thirteen shots through the canvas. Now that might have been a very disturbing circumstance and apt to interfere with the perfect application of the antiseptic form of surgery. And what happened? Nothing. The operation went on and was successfully completed as if there was no Afridi within 100 miles.

As usual we had many examples of great personal bravery and devotion to duty in the face of danger. Surgeon Captain Bexis arrested hemorrhage under a hot fire, and Sir William Lockhart, speaking of the incident, said that no one ever better merited the reward of the Victoria Cross than he. He got nothing; but this is another story. Another medical officer

THEY WERE NOT TO BE FOLLOWS.

Professor William James, of Harvard, says the Boston Herald, has been telling how he passed an examination in anatomy before the late Dr. Holmes. The first question put to him was as to the nerves at the base of the brain. It so happened that Professor James was well up in that subject, and he promptly gave an exhaustive reply.

"Oh, well, if you know that you know everything," said Dr. Holmes, cheerfully. "Let's talk something else. How are all your people at home?"

HE DIDN'T MIND.

The fact that Dr. Creighton, the lord bishop of London, rolled and smoked cigarettes the other day while talking with a newspaper man, recalls the story of the big burly bishop and the little curate in the compartment of a railway car. "You will not mind my smoking, will you?" said his lordship. "Not if your lordship doesn't mind my being sick," humbly replied the little curate."

FLIES' FAVORITE TIPPLE.

Investigations of a Bartender Indicate That It Is Good Fresh Beer. From the Hartford Courant.

A bartender of this city has spent many of his spare moments lately in studying the tastes of flies, and he has come to the conclusion that they love intoxicants and delight in becoming intoxicated. He says that he has seen whole armies of flies intoxicated in his place.

All flies that are found in the saloon the bartender said, are usually about the bar or on the ceiling over the bar, and usually all other parts of a saloon are without the pests. This caused the bartender who tells the story to investigate why the flies preferred the vicinity of the bar to other parts of the room. He claims to have put a quantity of different kinds of liquors and beer on the bar for the benefit of the flies in the room. Pretty soon the bar was all covered with flies, and from the observations of the bartender, they were their favorite drink. They seemed to have a preference for the foamy beer, too, for they partook of it more liberally than they did of any of the other samples that were placed on the bar. The gin, whiskey and wine and other spirituous liquors, which were put out for their benefit were not patronized very liberally, and as soon as the foam had disappeared from the beer it was noticed that the flies would leave and go to other beer that contained foam.

After the flies had partaken of the liquors for some time without being disturbed they flew from the bar to the ceiling over the bar and the bartender thought he noticed evidences of intoxication about them. They appeared less active than