

ROLL CALL.

"Corporal Green!" the orderly cried, "Here!" was the answer, loud and clear, From the lips of the soldier who stood near. And "Here!" was the word the next replied.

"Oros Drew!"—then a silence fell— This time no answer followed the call; Only his rear-man had seen him fall, Killed or wounded, he could not tell.

There they stood in the falling light; These men of battle, with grave, dark looks, As plain to be read as open books; While slowly gathered the shades of night.

The fern on the hillside was splashed with blood, And down in the corn where the poppies grew, Were redder stains than the poppies knew, And crimson-dyed was the river's flood.

For the foe had crossed from the other side That day, in the face of a murderous fire, That swept them down in its terrible ire— And their life-blood went to color the tide.

"Herbert Kites!" At the call they came Two stalwart soldiers, into the line, Bearing between them this Herbert Kites, Wounded and bleeding, to answer his name.

"Ezra Kerr!"—and a voice answered, "Here!" "Hiram Kerr!"—but no man replied, They were brothers, these two; the sad winds sighed, And a shudder crept through the cornfield near.

"Ephraim Deane!"—then a soldier spoke; "Deane" carried our regiment's colors," he said; "When our ensign was shot I left him dead, Just after the enemy wavered and broke.

"Close to the roadside his body lies; I paused a moment and gave him drink; He murmured 'is mother's name,' I think, And Death came with it and closed his eyes."

"Was a victory, yes, but it cost us dear— For that company's roll, when called at night, Of a hundred men who went into the fight, Numbered but twenty that answered 'Here!'" —Nathaniel Graham Shepherd.

An Undercurrent.

By Florella Estes.

There was a man's voice, and a woman's, and through them both the insistent voice of the sea.

The woman's voice, clear, trainate, began in a superficial, well-bred society tone: "How strange, Mr. Dwight, that we should meet here after—dear me! I dare not think how many years! So unexpected, but delightful, I am sure."

The man's voice, deep, musical, formal, replied: "I do not think it very strange, Mrs. Van Ness. The places one knew in one's youth always have a strong attraction, and draw one back to them soon or late. But perhaps it is somewhat singular that we both should choose this summer for our visit to old Nantacomet—after so long an absence. Pardon me, I think you said this is your first visit since—"

The woman's voice, quickly, "Yes." Doubtfully, "I don't know that it was really very prudent for us to come down to the rocks together."

The man's voice, hastily: "Why, not, Mrs. Van Ness? What harm can come from it?"

The woman's voice, hesitatingly: "Oh, no real harm, of course; only—you know people might say unkind things—because—"

The man's voice, coldly: "Because we are married, and your husband and my wife are at their hotels, you were going to say?"

The woman's voice, wistfully: "Yes. People do not know that we are old friends—such very old friends—and—and it is pleasant to talk over old times down here by the sea, with no one listening. Don't you think so?"

The man's voice, dryly: "Oh, yes, very pleasant; but one doesn't know just where to begin when—"

After a pause the woman's voice, impatiently: "When what?"

The man's voice, slowly: "When there are things to be left out—things we can't talk about."

Silence a moment, then the man's voice, lightly: "Well, Mrs. Van Ness, you certainly have had no reason to complain of your lot during the last ten years. Ten years! It doesn't seem possible. You are not changed in the least. I could fancy you just the same little Dol—I was going to say you have had a very brilliant career, if one may trust the society columns of our newspapers. I have read very often about the beautiful Van Ness, her gowns and her jewels, her presentation at the Courts of Europe, her dinners and receptions in New York, her charities, and everything else that goes to make up the life of a rich and fashionable woman."

The woman's voice, quiet and even: "And you? Surely you have been happy, for you have accomplished the things you planned to do. If the papers have kept you informed of my frivolous life, they have at the same time told me of your achievements in the world of science."

The man's voice, indifferently: "Happy? Ah, well! I have had my work." Earnestly: "Yes, thank God, I have had my work; it has been everything to me." Slowly and thoughtfully: "And yet I have not accomplished what I once hoped to do—what I ought to have done—in ten years. Somehow, I lost a great deal of my early ambition. Things have not seemed worth while."

A pause, then the man's voice, almost timidly: "You have been happy?"

The woman's voice, cynically: "We modern society women have little time to think whether we are happy or not. We do not probe our deeper feelings to know if they still live." A bitter little laugh, "Society has no use for deep feelings, and we cannot afford to cultivate anything which society does not demand."

The man's voice, softly: "You have children, perhaps?"

The woman's low and tremulous: "I had one. She was but a little thing when—if only she had lived!"

The man's voice, tenderly: "Forgive me, I did not know. I have had no children."

Silence a moment. The man's voice, quietly: "Ah, well! I suppose no man's life is just what he planned it to be. He must do his duty as he sees it, and let happiness take care of itself. I have tried to do that all these years. But I have always longed to know that you were happy with the lot you had chosen. I have tried hard not to blame you, or to harbor unkind thoughts of you, though it was a cruel blow, Dol, a cruel blow."

ebbing time, and peace brooded everywhere, save in the hearts of the children of men.

A man and a woman arose from the rock, and, as they passed the niche where I, unseen, had witnessed the parting of departing day, and had heard rehearsed the supreme tragedy of life, the man raised the woman's hand to his lips, and gazed silently on her upturned face, glorified with the love which through all time endures, and is patient.—The Household-Ladger.

RACE SUICIDE IN FRANCE.

M. Gruen Says His Country is Alarmed at Present Conditions.

Frederic G. Gruen, a member of the French Chamber of Deputies and president of the Bank of Versailles, who arrived here on Sunday from France, by the White Star Line, is on his way to Quebec, Canada, to establish there a branch bank. He will first pay a flying visit to the French ambassador at Washington.

Asked if President Roosevelt's recent utterances meant "race suicide" had awakened any interest in France, M. Gruen replied that they had furnished a basis for much healthy discussion among French people of all classes.

"The people of France," he continued, "have long been indifferent to the threatened depopulation of their country, but the remarks of your president on marriage have stirred them up to take action to prevent, if possible, the continuance of 'race suicide' among them. Only a month ago M. Piot, the senator from the department of the Cote d'Or, aroused public attention to what we call the national danger—the depopulation of France—and through his efforts an extra-parliamentary committee is now studying the subject in all its phases. M. Piot has further proposed a scheme to the government which consists in the institution of an order of merit, with cross and ribbon, for the mothers of large families in France, as a recognition of the country's indebtedness to them and as an encouragement to young married couples."

Replying to the question whether he could give an explanation for the gradually decreasing population of France, M. Gruen said, without hesitation:

"Our women. The majority of them nowadays in my country are too frivolous. They object to shouldering the responsibility and care of large families. It is not by any means that they dislike married life. Most of them, I should say, marry for love, but as a rule they seem to have an aversion to children, or a fear of allowing themselves to become encumbered with a family. The existing conditions of social life in France today—its ever increasing gaiety and passion for amusement—are to a great degree responsible for the increasing dislike French women entertain for the home and the higher duties it entails."

"If the American woman were to be transplanted to France, I feel we would have nothing to fear from what you call 'race suicide.' It may, by the way, surprise you to know that my wife is the only daughter of the late John Hood Cranford, a cotton planter in New Orleans. My wife and I do not believe in 'race suicide.' We have a family of eight. On the avenue in Versailles where we live we enjoy the distinction of having the largest family in the neighborhood. Not one of our married neighbors has more than three children, and the majority have none at all."—New York Tribune.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

It is one of the peculiarities of travel by balloon that you do not feel anything; all is still with you, no matter if you are in the teeth of the hurricane.

The cargador, or carrier, of Mexico is a remarkable individual. Nothing seems too bulky, nothing too heavy for him to carry, and it is wonderful how he manages not only to lift, but to balance his cumbersome loads.

The oldest collection of moral maxims known is that of the Press papyrus, dating 2600 years B. C., recently found in a tomb at Thebes. They have been translated by Philippe Virey, the famous French Egyptologist, and rival in excellence the proverbs of the Hebrews.

Perhaps the most curious means of communication in the world is the drum language of a Congo tribe. These queer people can talk to each other with large drums made of bamboo hoops, over which the skin of some animal is stretched. The drum, however, is used only on important occasions.

Among the curious devices to be seen in the United States patent office is one for exploding bombs high in the air to produce rain; another raises and tips the hat when the wearer bows; another puts on overcoats and another lets down a key just in time for the milkman and draws it up again after he has put the milk inside the door.

A Dresden (Germany) physician having addressed a list of 36 questions to 73 persons who were more than 90 years old, learned, among other things, that all of them are below the average height; most of them have light hair and have retained plenty of it, and none of them has any teeth remaining; all but five are inveterate jokers and admit being "wild" in their youth. Few of them take kindly to the bath or to fresh air.

The maidens of mediaeval times went to the wars and fought with their bows and arrows.



The Little Bridesmaid.

My pretty Aunt Gertrude was married today at the church in the square—it looked ever so gay; Red carpet was laid on the pavement outside, And the people all crowded to look at the bride.

A girl by the railings, with dusty, bare feet, Cried, "Look at the baby! Oh, isn't she sweet?"

I didn't quite know who the "baby" could be, But the girl by the railings, was staring at me.

I listened to all that the clergyman said, And tried not to fidget or wriggle my head; Little girls should be good when they wear pretty clothes, And carry a basket with streamers and bows, And, after the wedding, come drawing-room tea.

With lace and jelly, and bon-bons for tea, So I said, when the cab came to take me away, "How I wish I could be a bridesmaid every day!" —Chicago Record-Herald.

Hen Rescued the Mouse.

A naturalist friend of mine says: "I recently saw a curious thing in my poultry yard. The cat was playing with a live mouse which she had caught, when a broody hen, taken off her nest, was put into the yard. She stretched herself and had a good shake, when she caught sight of the cat. With outspread wings the hen dashed at poor puss, knocked her over, tweaked the mouse from her mouth, and then attacked her with the utmost fury. The cat was so frightened and demoralized by this sudden and unexpected attack that she bolted, and meanwhile the mouse had made its escape. Whether it was maternal instinct which prompted the hen to rescue her mouse or whether it was antipathy to the cat is doubtful, but I favor the first suggestion."—Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.

Feeding Birds.

The secret of feeding birds in captivity is to give them as great a variety of wholesome food as you can. For seed, they should have a mixture of canary rape, flax, or linseed, small groats and a little hemp and millet. In cold weather, more hemp and some maw seed, and a little lettuce seed occasionally, particularly if there is any diarrhoea about. For green stuff, lettuce, watercress, groundsel, chickweed and nearly any sort of fruit, but it should not be given to them wet. Once or twice a week, for a treat, a mixture of hard-boiled egg, chopped small, and powdered biscuit will be greatly appreciated. In feeding them don't make things too easy. Remember that birds dearly love occupation of any kind. I knew a lady once who used to chop up the watercress, save the poor dear things the trouble of biting it off! But I need scarcely say that this is a great mistake.—Washington Star.

A Fable of the Two Rats.

A rat seeking a place in which to live chose a palace, saying he preferred high life, while his companion chose a hut, saying he was content with less, says a writer in St. Nicholas. But the palace was found to be a poor place for a rat. The walls and floors were so well built that no holes could be made in them, and the pantry was so well kept that nothing was left exposed to marauders. Moreover, there were so many pet cats and dogs that a rat had no liberty. As a result, the rat got nothing to eat, and finally starved to death—all from trying to live in too much "style."

The other rat found the hut just what he wanted. There were plenty of holes, the provisions were poorly protected, the barn was near by. The cottage rat, accordingly, lived in plenty and enjoyed what was really high life for a rat. "For," he said, "a palace has fewer opportunities for a rat than a hovel, and they who aspire should consider what the advantages for them are in the places which they seek."

The Story of a Squirrel.

Have you ever been fortunate enough to watch the antics of a squirrel in a cage?

Of course, every boy knows the squirrel of the woods, and how industriously he provides against the coming of a rainy day—which in his case means the times of year when the gathering of nuts is impossible. He has been known to store quantities of nuts away in three trunks, and sometimes naughty boys have been known to steal from the busy squirrel—actually steal his supply of nuts because it is too much trouble to emulate the squirrel's industry! But, of course, the boy would not do such a cruel and really cowardly thing if he only stopped to think he was robbing a helpless little animal, so tiny and gentle that tame ones have been carried around in men's pockets in order that they may be kept warm. One squirrel we have heard of lived all day long in the pocket of an Italian organ grinder, and once, when a blizzard came, and the poor little organ boy fell in the snow, some kind men came along and plucked him up and carried him to a comfortable house before a warm fire. The squirrel's feet and hands and put him in a soft bed, and he opened his eyes and thanked them. But the little squirrel—when he looked for it—was found frozen quite stiff in his pocket.

But I started to tell you the story of a tame squirrel in a cage. A lady has one—a lady who does not live very far from New York, and she says that the dear little creature causes her a great deal of amusement by his pranks. She has laughed uproariously to see him in his good sized cage racing about in it and making a noise like the running of a typewriter. This particular squirrel is a foot and a half long (tail included), and yet he manages to squeeze himself through the smallest holes. If you give him a paper, he will take it in his forepaw, like a boy, and crumple it up and poke it forward into the disc of his cage, so that he may make a more comfortable bed. Then after it he will crawl. He seems to prefer sleeping here because the disc is on a rack inside the cage, and he can get more air. This squirrel hasn't been out of the cage yet. His owners expect to see him perform great antics when he is allowed to venture forth.

Already he eats hickory nuts a great deal, as we should have to eat them if we were in his place. His teeth are very long, and he bites into the nut until it cracks. Then he spits out the shell. Altogether, he is a very bright little creature, and no one could help loving him.—Washington Star.

SCIENCE NOTES.

A London correspondent at Wellington, N. Z., points out that unless the next season should prove more favorable than the last the Discovery will remain fast in the ice, and her ultimate abandonment in the Antarctic regions is possible. It is imperative therefore that the relief ship should return.

"This year," said Prof. J. E. Reynolds in an address before the British Chemical society, "is the centenary of the announcement, in a tentative form of probably the most fruitful and valuable of all scientific hypotheses—Dalton's atomic theory. On Oct. 21, 1803, Dalton read a paper on the absorption of gases by water and other liquids before a select audience of nine members of the Literary and Philosophical society of Manchester, and appended to this was a statement which, according to Sir Henry Roscoe and Dr. Harden, is the first published indication of the atomic theory. This event was celebrated in Manchester during the last week in May."

The Story the Songs Told.

"I'm a Rover of the Sea" and live my "Life on the Ocean Wave" but "When My Ship Comes In" I am always glad to see "The Old Folks at Home" in the "Dear Little Cottage" "By the Murruring Sea," "The Dearest Spot on Earth to Me" among "The Happy Hearts at Home."

"Brother Is Home Again," cries my "Brother Charlie," and they all say, "Welcome, Happy Rover!" "Let's Dance and Sing!"

So we have a "Merry Dance," and invite "Annie Laurie," "Highland Mary," "Sweet Marie," "Little Annie Rooney," "Ben Bolt," "Katie Lee and Willie Gray," "Sally in Our Alley," "Sweet Evelina," "Jack and Jill," "Dorothy and Joan," "Douglas, Tender and True," "Annabel Lee," "Highland Laddie," "The Three Fishers," "Old Rosie and Bow," "Blue-Eyed Mary," "The Little Mountain Lad," "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "The Girl Who Owns My Heart."

"Who is 'The Prettiest Girl I Know'?" "Kathleen Mavourneen," and she is "The Girl Who Owns My Heart."

She is "The Belle of the Ball," while "There's Music in the Air" from "The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls."

"After the Ball Is Over" I go out with "Katy Darling," "Under the Silvery Stars" to some "Lone Rock by the Sea," and look at the "Sad Sea Waves!"

"What Are the Wild Waves Saying, Laddie?" she asks me, "Sweet and Low."

"Softly O'er the Rippling Waters" come "Whisperings of Love," I reply "Love's Old Sweet Song," sung by the "Murruring Voice of the Deep," "O My Little Darling, I Love You!"

"Happy Sailor," says she, with "Eyes So Wistful," "When the Ladies Are All at Sea," and you'll be "Rolling on the Deep" "You'll Soon Forget Kathleen."

"Foolish Maiden," says I, "Do I Not Love Thee? My Heart Flies Ever to You," "I'm Lonely, O So Lonely," "When by Thy Side No More," "Far on the Deep Blue Sea," "Far, Far Away," "In Tears I Pine for Thee," "Last Night My Heart Was All One Dream of Love," "Last Night I Was Dreaming of Thee," and thought "Some One Is Waiting for Me" "On the Shore," "Do you Ever Dream of Me?"

"Did You Ever?" cries "That Charming Girl" with her "Laughing Eyes of Blue," "Do I Love Thee?" While you were going "Merrily O'er the Calm Blue Sea," "A Funny Little Man Came Courting Me."

"If you have Nothing More to Tell Me," said I, "That's Enough, Don't You Think So?"

"'Tis All That I Can Say," replied my "Little Beauty," "I'm Somebody's Dear Little Sweetheart."

"Alas! How Easily Things Go Wrong," I cry, "Just Last Night I Was Dreaming of You," and I thought "Some One is Waiting for Me," "Speed On, My Bark, Speed On," for I am "Sailing Home to Sweet Kathleen," but now "My Poor Heart Is Broken," "Ah, Tell Me Not 'We Have Loved in Vain,' Tell Me 'Beautiful Maiden,' Tell Me, Darling, That You Love Me," and sadly, "With Tears I Look Around" "O'er the Moonlit Wavelets."

"And Why Do You Watch the Lone Deep," "My Lover So True and Bold?" cries "My Pretty Queen," "I've Something Sweet to Tell You," "I'm a Sailor's Darling," "I'm Thine and Thine Only."

"Let Me Fold Thee Close, Mavourneen," I cry in ecstasy, "Happy Are We Tonight," and "Some Sweet Day" "O'er the Waves We'll Float Together."

"Some Sweet Day over the Waves We'll Float Together!" says she, "Why Don't You Name the Day, Kathleen?" I ask her.

"We'd Better Bide a Wee," answers "My Fairest Maiden."

Then I say, "Our Good Ship Sails Tonight," while "O'er the Waters I'll Wander" "Write Me a Letter from Home," and "One Night I'll Come Back Again," "O Promise Me."

"I Promise Thee," but "You Are Going Far Away, and Sad Will Be Kathleen."

"Think of Me Sometimes," "That Will Be Something Sweet to Think Of," "Don't Forget to Write Me, Darling."

"Good-by, Sweetheart, Good-by," "Farewell, Beloved Maid," "Good-by Till I See You Again!"—Chicago Tribune.

LABOR WORLD.

In Germany low wages and long hours are the rule.

Many States are in great need of men to harvest the wheat crop.

Nearly 30,000 union laborers returned to work in New York City after being on strike since May 5.

The International Association of Railway Mail Clerks decided to meet in 1905 in Galveston, Texas.

An employers' combine, of Denver, Col., imposes a fine of \$10 on any member that posts a union shop card.

The International Stone Mounters' Union has decided to admit apprentices by paying half dues and half per capita tax.

Wages in the factories of Holland are very low, and the hours of work range all the way from nine to thirteen per day.

The operators have increased their wage scale in the district of Pittsburg, Kan., but not sufficiently to meet the demands of the coal miners.

After holding every office in the International Union of Iron Molders, Martin Fox has resigned the presidency because of ill health.

The machinists of the Big Four Railroad have returned to work at Wabash, Ind., agreeing to work ten hours until enough men can be secured to arrange a nine-hour schedule.

Russian workmen are demanding an increase in wages, a reduction of their hours of work, the right of association and the organization of mutual aid banks.

A labor temple, costing in the neighborhood of \$100,000, will be built at Memphis, Tenn., shortly. It is contemplated to make it the finest labor temple in the world.

A union label will be introduced by the Vienna (Austria) tailors' union, to be used for union-made clothing. This is the first attempt to introduce a union label in Austria.

NEWSY CLEANINGS.

The Chicago directory now has a population of 2,231,000.

American artists in Paris are fitting for the summer to Italy and Holland.

The first congress of German chemists meets in Berlin in the autumn.

Boston hospitals are preparing to use radium as a cure for cancer and tuberculosis.

Several Portuguese officers have been arrested for plotting against King Charles.

Rear-Admiral Cotton's squadron will take part in the winter maneuvers in the Caribbean.

There was a record breaking attendance at the recent Epworth League Convention in Detroit, Mich.

The Hawaiian Legislature with only \$6,000,000 estimated Government receipts in sight has appropriated \$8,000,000.

In the Philippines there are published twenty-four papers in Spanish, or in native languages, and ten in English.

Connecticut has an inspector who looks after the garbage and sewage disposal of the summer resorts in the State.

A ten per cent. increase in the next freshman class at Yale University is indicated by returns from the entrance examinations.

The expedition, headed by Mr. McMillan, of St. Louis, to explore the Blue Nile's course, lost its boats and was compelled to return to Jibuti.

The State of Minnesota has been paid \$27,689 for expenses incurred in aiding the United States to raise the volunteer army in the war with Spain.

The Montana Supreme Court has decided that insurance companies operating in that State are liable for taxes upon the excess of premiums received over losses and expenses. In the county, where the agents conduct business.

American Oil in Germany.

In the 1902 report of the Chemical Examination Bureau of Breslau it is stated that Rumanian petroleum, which had at one time been looked upon as a promising factor in the German markets, has almost disappeared, as well as the Galician product. The Galician wells, it is said, are no longer as productive as formerly. This leaves the field open to the efforts of the American and the Russian companies. It is stated to be in the interest of Germany to see that there is no coalition between these two, which can be prevented only by increasing the demand for the Russian product. The German buyer, however, is said to look upon the Russian oil with disfavour. The German authorities have for years been increasing their orders to the Russian company, asserting that this oil is cheaper and of a better quality than the American; but private consumers care nothing about the origin of the oil they use, and the merchants in general continue in their reluctance to purchase Russian petroleum. Nevertheless, the report shows that this oil has won considerable ground since 1895.

Wealthy Jeres.

Jeres is the richest city in Andalusia. The long experience in cultivation of grapes and the skilful mixing of wines has made this place eminent in its special trade. It is the great entrepot of sherry, with storerooms which contain wine 100 years old, some of it valued at \$10 per quart.

The LATEST FASHIONS IN GENT'S CLOTHING

The newest, finest cloths, the latest designs, all the most fashionable cuts for the summer season. Call on our shop and see samples of cloth—a complete line—and let us convince you that we are the leaders in our line. Reasonable prices always and satisfaction guaranteed.

At Troy a linen shirt is made in six and a half minutes; the working of the buttonholes occupies one-quarter of a minute.

HE WANTED A STAFF BILLET.

A recruit once thought he ought to be placed on the same footing as the older soldiers by giving vent to his grievance in the barrack room. Being encouraged by the other men, he was persuaded to ask his orderly sergeant for a staff billet.

On doing so he was promised one immediately. A little later on he wanted to know the duties of his new appointment, and was told he would have to carry water for the sergeant-major's canary!—Illustrated Bits.

HE WANTED A STAFF BILLET.

A recruit once thought he ought to be placed on the same footing as the older soldiers by giving vent to his grievance in the barrack room. Being encouraged by the other men, he was persuaded to ask his orderly sergeant for a staff billet.

On doing so he was promised one immediately. A little later on he wanted to know the duties of his new appointment, and was told he would have to carry water for the sergeant-major's canary!—Illustrated Bits.

HE WANTED A STAFF BILLET.

A recruit once thought he ought to be placed on the same footing as the older soldiers by giving vent to his grievance in the barrack room. Being encouraged by the other men, he was persuaded to ask his orderly sergeant for a staff billet.

On doing so he was promised one immediately. A little later on he wanted to know the duties of his new appointment, and was told he would have to carry water for the sergeant-major's canary!—Illustrated Bits.

HE WANTED A STAFF BILLET.

A recruit once thought he ought to be placed on the same footing as the older soldiers by giving vent to his grievance in the barrack room. Being encouraged by the other men, he was persuaded to ask his orderly sergeant for a staff billet.

On doing so he was promised one immediately. A little later on he wanted to know the duties of his new appointment, and was told he would have to carry water for the sergeant-major's canary!—Illustrated Bits.

HE WANTED A STAFF BILLET.

A recruit once thought he ought to be placed on the same footing as the older soldiers by giving vent to his grievance in the barrack room. Being encouraged by the other men, he was persuaded to ask his orderly sergeant for a staff billet.

On doing so he was promised one immediately. A little later on he wanted to know the duties of his new appointment, and was told he would have to carry water for the sergeant-major's canary!—Illustrated Bits.

HE WANTED A STAFF BILLET.

A recruit once thought he ought to be placed on the same footing as the older soldiers by giving vent to his grievance in the barrack room. Being encouraged by the other men, he was persuaded to ask his orderly sergeant for a staff billet.

On doing so he was promised one immediately. A little later on he wanted to know the duties of his new appointment, and was told he would have to carry water for the sergeant-major's canary!—Illustrated Bits.

HE WANTED A STAFF BILLET.

A recruit once thought he ought to be placed on the same footing as the older soldiers by giving vent to his grievance in the barrack room. Being encouraged by the other men, he was persuaded to ask his orderly sergeant for a staff billet.

On doing so he was promised one immediately. A little later on he wanted to know the duties of his new appointment, and was told he would have to carry water for the sergeant-major's canary!—Illustrated Bits.

HE WANTED A STAFF BILLET.

A recruit once thought he ought to be placed on the same footing as the older soldiers by giving vent to his grievance in the barrack room. Being encouraged by the other men, he was persuaded to ask his orderly sergeant for a staff billet.

On doing so he was promised one immediately. A little later on he wanted to know the duties of his new appointment, and was told he would have to carry water for the sergeant-major's canary!—Illustrated Bits.

HE WANTED A STAFF BILLET.

A recruit once thought he ought to be placed on the same footing as the older soldiers by giving vent to his grievance in the barrack room. Being encouraged by the other men, he was persuaded to ask his orderly sergeant for a staff billet.

On doing so he was promised one immediately. A little later on he wanted to know the duties of his new appointment, and was told he would have to carry water for the sergeant-major's canary!—Illustrated Bits.

Johns & Thompson.