

A COOL SPY.

Last Cigar Before Execution Was a Most Enjoyable One. "The coolest spy I ever heard of was captured by myself and a hand-ful of men during the civil war, and an old veteran. "We brought him to the commanding officer's tent, and upon his person were found some papers—unimportant but incriminating; a blind, we afterwards learned—a couple of cigars and some other articles which need not be mentioned. The commanding officer was puzzled that a man should shut his neck for papers of such little account. "You will be hanged as a spy," said the officer. "No doubt about it," replied the prisoner. "You confess you are a spy?" "Oh, yes. It's a matter of no importance. Won't you smoke with me, general?" indicating the two cigars. "Well, I like your impudence," roared the general. "However, I don't mind if I do." And he lighted one of the cigars. The prisoner's eyes rested wistfully on the other weed, and the general noticed the glance. He was a kind hearted though eccentric man and said: "Smoke the other yourself, prisoner. It's the last consolation you'll have, for you will undoubtedly be condemned to be shot. "For some moments they smoked, talking about general matters. Then the general snuffed. "These cigars are not very good." "I must apologize for the quality, general," said the prisoner meekly. "The tobacco seems good, but there's a peculiar flavor." "That's because the weed is very green, general." "Humph!" grunted the general, not altogether pleased but still puffing. "Finally the officer threw away the lighted stump, and the prisoner did likewise. "Thank you, general," said the prisoner. "You have performed an inestimable service for the Confederacy." "What do you mean?" roared the general. "That you have consumed in smoke a most important dispatch, and that I have smoked up another."

GRANT AT THE MESS TABLE.

He Ate Very Little Meat, but Was Fond of Fruit and Vegetables. General Horace Porter gives many intimate and familiar pictures of General Grant in his series of articles, "Campaigning With Grant," in the Century. He says of General Grant at the mess table. About the only meat he enjoyed was beef, and this he could not eat unless it was so thoroughly well done that no appearance of blood could be seen. If blood appeared in any meat which came on the table, the sight of it seemed to destroy his appetite. (This was the man whose enemies delighted in calling him a butcher.) He enjoyed oysters and fruit, but these could not be procured on an active campaign. He never ate mutton when he could obtain anything else, and fowl and game he abhorred. As he used to express it, "I never could eat anything that goes on two legs." Evidently he could never have been converted to cannibalism. He did not miss much by declining to eat the chickens which were picked up on a campaign, for they were usually tough enough to create the suspicion that they had been hatched from hard boiled eggs, and were so impenetrable that an officer said of one of them that he could not even stick his fork through the gravy. The general was fonder of cucumbers than of anything else and often made his entire meal upon a sliced cucumber and a cup of coffee. He always enjoyed corn, pork and beans and buckwheat cakes. In fact, he seemed to be particularly fond of only the most indigestible dishes. When any fruit could be procured, it was placed on the table by way of helping to ornament it and afterward used as dessert. Between the courses of the dinner the general would often reach over to the dish of fruit and pick out a berry or a cherry and eat it slowly. He used to do this in a sly way, like a child helping itself to some forbidden dish at the table and afraid of being caught in the act. He said one day: "I suppose I ought not to eat a course out of its turn, but I take the greatest delight in picking out bits of fruit and eating them during a meal. One of the reasons I do not enjoy dining out as much as I do at home is because I am compelled to sit through a long list of courses, few of which I eat, and to resist the constant temptation to taste a little fruit in the meanwhile to help pass away the time." Napoleon was famous for eating out of the various dishes before him with his fingers. General Grant's use of the fingers never went beyond picking out small fruits. He was always refined in his manners at table, and no matter how great was the hurry or what were the circumstances of the occasion he never violated the requirements of true politeness. He ate less than any man in the army. Sometimes the amount of food taken did not seem enough to keep a bird alive, and his meals were frugal enough to satisfy the tastes of the most avowed ascetic. It so happened that no one in the mess had any inclination to drink wine or spirits at meals, and none was carried among the mess supplies. The only beverage ever used at table besides tea and coffee was water, although on the march it was often taken from places which rendered it not the most palatable or healthful of drinks. If a staff officer wanted anything stronger, he would carry some commissary whiskey in a canteen. Upon a few occasions, after a hard day's ride in stormy weather, the general joined the officers of the staff in taking a whisky toddy in the evening. He never offered liquor of any kind to visitors at headquarters. His hospitality consisted in inviting them to meals and to smoke cigars.

WHILE BABY'S SLEEPING.

The restless hands, so keen for play, Lie clinched and do not stir; Her breath so light it scarce would sway A web of gossamer; Her baby voice that coos and crows, In sweetest cadence keeping, In hushed, the house no music knows While baby's sleeping. Her sunny eyes, that when they rise Show days of delight, Behind their ringing canopies Have set, and it is night. Her little toes the cover shows Beyond its edge just peering, Fair as a pink lily pointed rose, While baby's sleeping. See! On the pillow here I've found Calceolaria's treasure hoard; The golden curls that cluster round My baby's cheek and brow, Her lip just parted in a smile, Some pretty secret laughing, An angel's whisper to her while My baby's sleeping. —J. L. Hester in "The Quill and Pen" where Epoch found his gem. Away up in the Adirondacks, in the town of Minerva, a few years ago, lived a man of the name of Daniel Lynch. Mr. Lynch lived back in the lumber district and on the banks of a nice little stream. Anxious to make money and turn his timber into cash, he built a mill. It was a rather queerly constructed affair, for, instead of a frame, he used as corner posts for his building four trees. Dan began the manufacture of lumber and had it piled up in large quantities all around. Buyers came from all parts of the country to look at his stock, intending to buy, but all went away dissatisfied, for the boards were uneven and worthless. After trying in vain to get a few dollars out of his venture he abandoned the place and moved into town. Years passed, and one day Dan thought he would visit the scenes of his unfortunate speculations, but on his arrival at the spot was surprised to find that his mill had gone. There in the bed of the stream was the old frame and wheels, but no building. As he stood gazing in wonder on what was left of his old establishment something—perhaps a little bird—attracted his attention up in one of the trees, and imagine his surprise on looking up, for about 12 feet in the air above him was his mill. In his absence the four trees that he had used as corner posts had grown and taken the mill up toward heaven.—Utica Press. Calve Is Superstitious. One Saturday afternoon, just after nine, Calve had sung the jester song in "Faust"—and divinely she brought out the dramatic value as well as the musical beauty of it—Mlle. Banermeister, as Martha, in squeezing between Mme. Calve and the table on which the jewel casket lay, brushed off the mirror. It fell with a crash to the floor, and Marguerite and Martha's faces fell instantly. Calve ran at once and picked up the mirror. Closely she examined it to see if it were cracked, and her face broke into a radiant smile when she discovered that the mirror was intact. She pressed the bit of glass joyfully to her bosom and then replaced it on the table. Edouard de Reazke, who was also on the stage, and his fair associates, some spectators, devoutly crossed themselves, moreover, when the mirror fell. Nothing unluckier than to smash a mirror is known to the superstitious—and operatic folk believe in every omens and portent under the sun.—Chicago Chronicle. On Oath. Attorney—Let me ask you, sir, how many secret societies you belong to? Witness—What has that to do with this case? Attorney—Never mind what I insist on knowing. Witness—Do I have to answer that question, your honor? The Court—It can do no harm. I think you may answer it. Witness—Well, I belong to three. Attorney—What are they? Witness—The Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias and a gas company.—Chicago Tribune. A Framing Settle. "Do you think Skinner can make a living out there?" "Make a living? Why, he'd make a living on a rock in the middle of the ocean—if there was another man on the rock."—London Tit-Bits. A gold cross for the peninsular campaign, with the gold clasps for "Talavera," "Salamanca," "Victoria" and "St. Sebastian," was sold in London recently for \$8,750. Lightning is most destructive in level, open country. Cities, with their numerous projections and wires, are comparatively exempt. When the face is overheated or smarted, burns, irritates, etc., bathing with milk will be found very soothing and nice. The management of the Austrian female prisons is in the hands of female religious orders. In England and Wales 14 per cent of males and 18 per cent of females die of consumption. The length of the box tunnel on the Great Western railway of England is 3,168 yards.

VENTES A L'ENCAIN.

PAR HARRY H. HODGSON. ANNONCE JUDICIAIRE. VENTE EN PARTAGE. Dans l'affaire de Leobin Gahlbach, excoirre testamentaire, vs Pauline Gahlbach et alie. Dossier No 52,124. Propriete Ameliorie. Second et Troisieme Districts. Sur la rue Esplanade, le Chemin de Byover, la rue N. Johnson et l'ave. St. Roch.

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VENTES A L'ENCAIN.

PAR LOUIS A. RICHARDS & CIE. ANNONCE JUDICIAIRE. Mardi, 27 Avril 1897. No 641 RUE LESSEPS. Un cottage simple en bois.

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