

CAVALRYMEN'S HORSES MOURN WHEN MASTERS ARE KILLED

Friendship Between the Soldier and His Steed—One Will Fight for the Other—Horse Known to Have Committed Suicide When Rider Died.

"When at Gen. Joe Wheeler's funeral I saw the riderless horse with the hooded mourning blanket being led along in the parade. I felt to thinking of the long string of military funerals, most of them of men of far more humble rank than Wheeler, in which I took part while I was in the regular army for many years and who is now a departmental messenger."

The horse that acted as the riderless equine mourner in the Wheeler funeral pageant was not actually Wheeler's horse. Therefore the horse took the proceedings with equanimity. But I've seen the actual horses of cavalrymen take it sadly to heart when their riders died. The friendship that exists between the average cavalryman and his horse is akin to that close relationship existing between a small boy and his first dog, and that is saying a good deal. The cavalryman will fight for his horse, and when a need rises the horse will fight for his man. They're chums, partners, friends of the closest intimacy, who understand each other perfectly and who never presume upon the strong bond of mutual regard that binds them together.

HORSE COMMITTED SUICIDE.

"I once saw a cavalry horse commit suicide when his officer rider died. It was as deliberate a suicide as was ever planned by a human being. It happened at an Arizona two troop post. The horse was a beautifully bred Kentucky thoroughbred, bought as a 2-year-old out of the officer's own pocket. He was as speedy as the wind, as hard as steel, and as gentle as a kitten. He had shared the hardships of hundreds of miles of difficult Indian campaigning in the southwest, with his master, a first lieutenant, and he absolutely idolized the officer. He was by far the sweetest mannered horse among the two troops, and the children of the officers frequently rode him with only a halter to guide him.

"The officer died after a short illness from typhoid fever. All during the lieutenant's illness the horse refused to eat and kept up a steady whinnying and pawing the ground. When the dead lieutenant was put away the horse seemed to know it perfectly. He became sullen and tried to mutilate everybody who got near him. Nothing could temper him. He became as thin as a rail inside of ten days. Not a man in the outfit could lay a hand on the horse for fear of his life.

"One day a fearless chap in my troop essayed to bridle the horse for the purpose of giving him a bit of exercise in the corral. As soon as the man slipped the halter off the horse's head the animal bolted out of the stable. He raced around the corral for a while, showing his teeth when any attempt was made to head him off. Then, coming to a dead stop, he looked about the corral for a minute with hopeless, bloodshot eyes. Then he gathered things together for a rush, leaped forward at a dead gallop, and made straight at a stable wall at the lower end of the corral. The lower part of that wall was of stone. The horse never slackened his speed, but ran full tilt and head into the wall, dashing out his brains. It would be mighty hard to convince any man who saw that performance that that horse didn't deliberately kill himself in his despair over his master's death.

RESCUED FROM THE GUTTER.

"It's foolish for anybody to claim that animals don't commit suicide. I saw a dog commit suicide right in the open grave of a soldier who died at Fort Leavenworth. The soldier was a light artilleryman. The dog was the commonest fluff of a yaller mutt you ever clapped eyes on, but, for all that, he was a brainy, loyal and affectionate kyeoodle, and he proved himself faithful right down to the finish.

"The soldier had picked up the dog in a practice march on the road around Fort Leavenworth. The mutt was lying in the middle of the road, an outcast, and dying of starvation, when the light artilleryman, astride his horse, came along. "The soldier noticed the dog lying in the road, too weak to move, and so he swung from his saddle and picked the mutt up in his arms. He carried the dog to quarters, fed him, washed him and got him going right. In two months that yaller dog was one of the smartest, four-footed things you ever saw. In your life. He'd mound guard with his master and respond to all the calls, and yet he had a genius for never getting in the way or making a nuisance of himself. He was evily taught, and could do any trick that I ever saw dogs do on the stage. And the way he worshipped the young soldier who had picked him from the road was something pathetic to see.

BURIED WITH HIS MASTER.

"The soldier fell ill of acute malaria and the dog forced his way into the post hospital and was allowed to lie at his master's bedside till the end came. When the soldier died the dog, lying with his head between his paws,

down for the reception of the young soldier's body. His wife, an amazing beautiful woman, was in such a state of collapse in her grief that the surgeon had to give her his undivided attention. The body was taken to the train with a big escort and that's the last we ever heard of the cortege.

"The train went back to San Francisco, but the San Francisco papers contained absolutely nothing about the matter. It was perfectly plain, of course, that the dead soldier was a man of class, but nobody ever found out any of the details. Why he had enlisted in the army kept his identity a secret even from his wife, was a thing that puzzled us for years afterward. And why the San Francisco papers didn't get hold of the incident and make a 'spread' story of it puzzled us even more."—New York Sun.

THE LOVE-MAKING OF MRS. NICKLEBY

HOUSE WHERE IT WAS CARRIED ON AT BOW STILL STANDS.

Many interesting associations are linked with the Grove Hall estate, at Bow, which is to come under the hammer of the auctioneer. It was here that Charles Dickens laid the scheme of the amusing love making episode between Mrs. Nicholas Nickleby and the "gentleman belonging to the house next door." Here stood the "little cottage at Bow," and the garden in which Mrs. Nickleby and her daughter Kate received the love offerings of vegetable marrow, cucumbers and onions is still in existence.

Until recently the estate was the site of Byas's private lunatic asylum. Just off the Bow road—the high road to Chigwell, with which the novelist was well acquainted—and about three or four hundred yards down Fairfield road the visitor comes to a large high brick wall. Passing through the narrow porter's lodge, he at once steps into an old world garden of quaint and singular beauty.

In front of him stretches a long avenue of plane trees, and away in the distance are vistas of winding paths and leafy lanes. It is a strange spot, situated in the heart of London's East End, a spot which few would expect to find in this busy district. At the end of the avenue and away to the left lies the old-time garden in which the eccentric lady and her still more eccentric lover communed in the days of long ago. The old wall, thickly covered with ivy and creepers, over which the "gentleman from next door" conversed with Mrs. Nickleby, is still there, much worn with age. In the center of the garden is a large patch of evergreen and white roses, and a sweet smelling jasmine perfumes the air with its fragrance. One can easily reconstruct the love scene in this old-fashioned corner and see in imagination the lady demurely rejecting the proposals of the madman "from next door."

The little cottage has long since been demolished, and on its site now stand the remains of a laundry. But the landmarks are still left, and it will be a pity if these old associations are allowed to be obliterated by the march of the bulldozer. The company which owns the property, the Messrs. J. & W. G. & Co., have decided to erect a public recreation ground will be acted upon. The end of the story is that the garden, which was the scene of the love making of the Byas's, private lunatic asylum, comprises close upon a dozen acres of beautifully wooded land. Such a spot would make an ideal recreation ground.

The asylum itself was closed early in the present year, and the buildings, with the exception of one or two at the extreme left of the grounds, have been pulled down.—London Daily News.

CURES FOR LONG SPEECHES.

Sir Carme Rasch, who proposes to try to ask the Prime Minister whether he cannot invent a cure for long speeches, would have found in the older parlaments of England a golden time. For they believed in silence then—at certain times. Phrases occur frequently in the reports such as these: "Inter silentium; a long while." "The House sat looking at each other." "A pause for two or three minutes." But even in those days of eloquence silences there were many who could beat Mr. Haldane's performances of Thursday last.

There, for instance, was the member who talked for several hours to empty speeches, turned to a bored friend and whispered, "I am talking to posterity." "If you go on like this," growled the friend, "you will see your audience before you." Then there was Hartley, a gentleman whom none wanted to hear. One day he read a clause of the Riot act read. "You have read it already," said Burke; "the mob is dispersed."

But the story that will commend itself most to Sir Carme Rasch is that of the bishop who, upon proposing to be in the presence of his small cousins, divides the remainder of a very long speech into 12 parts, was suddenly interrupted by the Duke of Wharfedale with a story of a drunken fellow who, after listening to St. Paul's chiming out the strokes of 12 o'clock, looked up at the dial and said, "D— you, why couldn't you give us all that at once?"—London Chronicle.

CONSUMPTION OF PULQUE.

The consumption of pulque in the City of Mexico is rapidly increasing, and the hauling of the drink is becoming one of the principal sources of revenue on a number of lines of the city. On nearly every railroad entering the city a special pulque train is run into the city daily, and many of the trains carry large numbers of cars containing the popular drink.

During the month of June three railroads—the Hidalgo, the Mexican and the Interoceanic—carried into the city 53,881 barrels and 24 skins full of the pulque gathered within a radius of 60 miles of the city. The National, the Central and the Southern lines brought in an amount probably half as great.

Allowing that the population of the City of Mexico is 400,000 men, women and children, the quantity of pulque brought into the city daily is sufficient to supply a small two liters to every individual. Do you drink your share? During the month of June 14,832,290 liters of the drink were brought into the city, as in one barrel there are 250 liters and in one skin 60 liters. During each day of the month an average of 748,233 liters was brought to the city. The amount thus reckoned is exclusive of the pulque brought to the city in wagons and on muleback from the nearby haciendas.—Mexican Herald.

DINKELSPIEL ON PHONETIC SPELLING

George V. Hobart, in the New York American.

Meln Lieber Looney.—Ve haf received your letter from Milwaukee, vich I helped to make famous for many years, until it began to make me too stout, den I switched to cold tea.

Ve vas glad dot you vas doing so vell on der road mit your drumming pitzness, and I hope dese lines vill find you enchoying many such blessings as hiderto.

Ve vas all vell at home mit der eggception dot your mother has fallen a victim of der fanatic spelling.

For weeks and weeks she has been reading in der newspapers about dis terrible disease, und day before yesterday she threw up both hands and complained of a pain in her syllables.

Der disease den attacked her adjectivs, und an hour later she vas down und coud mit congestion of der adverbs, vich her syntax seemed to be suffering mit a high fever.

You know, Looney, your mother has a very artistic temperature vich makes her eggstremely perceptible to dese modern diseases.

I see by your letter, Looney, dot you haf not yet been victimized by dis fanatic spelling, eggcept in der case of a big vord ven you meet it suddenly.

But efer since you vas a leedle fellow at school, Looney, I haf always noticed dot you would insult a big vord und treat it like a fanatic.

However, ve vill let bygones be has been and return to der suppekt of fanatic spelling, vich is now der looseset topic of conversation in der newspapers at der present moment, yet.

Andrew Carnegie, der Hoot Mon, is der papa of fanatic spelling.

Und dis is how it came about: Andrew vas sitting at his desk vund day, feeling at peace mit all der vord eggcept a small town in Indiana vich haf refused vund of his libraries.

"Vot could I do to make der vord happier, I vunder?" soliquitized Andrew, ven just den his secretary valked in und set, "Oxocosa me, Andy, but in dot letter you

just dictationed, how should I spell der vord flivver?"

"Der k is silent," eggspained Andrew, lightin' his seegar mit eggstreme carelessness.

"Pardon, Andy," der secretary insatulated, "but how could der pronoun flivver contain der vowel k, please?"

"According to der rule of der hypothesis vich sillences any letter beginning mit a diphthong," eggspained Andrew, smiling beardedly.

"Ah!" set der secretary: "quite so; but I vas using der vord flivver in its financial sense. I vish to call your attention to der fact dot two V's vas equal to a ten-spot; so, I ask you, vy should ve be so eggstravagant?"

"Your economy 'rills me," set Andrew; "spell der vord flivver mit vund v, and put der nder v back in her safe. Because I haf many v's is no reason I should be a spendtrift. Der vord flivver mit one v, please!"

Und dus, Looney, vast started der idea of fanatic spelling, und dis same fanatic spelling has now cast its bitter spell ofer your mother.

She wrote a note last veek to Mrs. Bauerschmidt, asking her to come to dinner vund evening ven I vas avay, but dere vas so much fanatic spelling in it dot Mrs. Bauerschmidt came to breakfast on Monday and stayed until last Wednesday evening.

Your mother also wrote a fanatic spelling letter to der plumber to ask him to fix der sink in der kitchen, und ven der plumber read it he 'tought ve vas making fun of him, und he remonished him about his loose education, so he grabbed a hatchet under piece of lead pipe and spoiled sigtry dollars' vorth of our furniture before ve could eggspalination our innocence.

I dink in my heart, Looney, dot fanatic spelling vas a good idea for dose vich haf chillis und fever eferly time dey meet a kove, busy vord.

But to a goot speller like myself nudlings looks so vell as English pure und unadelled. Yours mit luff,

D. DINKELSPIEL.
Per George V. Hobart.

PHARISEE OF MODERN TIME IS WARNED BY CHRIST BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY.

"Then Jesus said unto them, Take heed and beware of the leaven of the Pharisees and of the Sadducees."—Matthew, xvi, 6.

One of the most striking features about the words of Christ is that they so far transcend circumstances and environment that the application of them reacheth to the end of the world and the end of time. Not less pertinent today is that warning which was uttered two thousand years ago.

America is not Jerusalem, but the Sadducees and the Pharisees, little changed in all that long period, are still with us, and the caution is as necessary now as then.

The Sadducee was a man who substituted circumstances for principles, who was governed by conditions rather than conviction, whose watchword was "expediency," whose policy was a time-serving truckle to the powers that be, and the determination to fit in with environment at whatever cost.

The Sadducee was made by the things about him, and as a determinative force he amounted to little. It was not until the Saviour interfered with vested right, and attacked material privilege that the Sadducee conspired with the Pharisee, whom he hated, to crucify Him.

The Pharisee was a man who put law in the place of morals, who disregarded the inward and spiritual to acclaim the outward and material, who cared nothing for cause but everything for effect, whose watchword was "legality" and not "righteousness," who substituted right by every wind of doctrine, attracted one moment by liberalism and another moment by asceticism. The crying need for the hour is conviction—conviction of sin, conviction of truth, conviction of righteousness.

There has been so much said about broad and beautiful liberality, and the requirements for Christian manhood and citizenship and church membership have been so minimized that people have come to think that these are not of much importance, and that a certain vague, general endeavor to do good will answer all purposes.

They have forgotten that the way of salvation is a straight and narrow way. Faith be a work, belief before action, right thinking before right doing—these are the great principles, and so the old warning comes with a new force. Are you a Pharisee or a Sadducee? Beware of this heaven if thou wouldst finally have fellowship with Jesus, the greatest figure that has ever exemplified manhood and divinity.

—Cyrus Townsend Brady.

THE OLD-TIME PARLOR.

The days of the "parlor" are fast going. There was once a time when every family, no matter how poor, had its parlor. And generally the parlor was a most useless place, but it was the pride of the housewife. The Observant Citizen remembers some time ago, when the lady of the house insisted that he should see "her parlor." Her husband smiled good-naturedly and they both led the way to a big front room which was locked. The door was unlocked, and the "parlor" got its first fresh air in months. The little family had expended much money on the "parlor." Everything was new but the stuffed birds under glass cases. The design of the carpet was wonderful, in that it consisted of bright red roses. One felt like stepping into a bed of flames. A horsehair sofa, very erect, was the principle article of furniture, while at the windows were the stiffest lace curtains you ever saw. The room had a musty smell, due to long-confined air. It was "luxury imprisonment" on a small scale, and the first example of the old-time useless "parlor."—Manchester Union.

AN ARMLESS POSTMASTER.

New Zealand possesses a postmaster who for all practical purposes is armless. Owing to a physical deformity which renders his hands useless, he is obliged to do, and actually does, all the clerical work of his office with his feet. His name is Ernest C. Moon, and he is in charge of the postoffice at Te Uku, Auckland. He uses an indestructible pencil in his official work, with which he writes clearly and legibly. He is 27 years of age, and has been in charge of the postoffice at Te Uku

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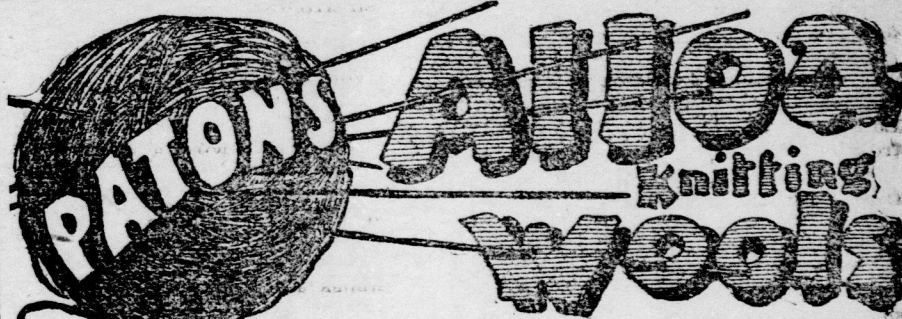
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