

DURING the late Matabele War an amusing episode happened between an officer and a private of the Irish Company of Mounted Infantry. The private had previously been cautioned to conceal himself behind a bush, but would not avail himself of any advantage. At last the officer broke out at him again in the following manner:—"Murphy, why don't you get under cover? You'll be killed directly." The private turned to the officer and replied, "Sure, sor, it's cowardly to hide away from these poor black craythurs." "Cowardly be hanged," ejaculated the officer; "it's better to be a coward for five minutes than to be dead all the days of your life."

NOT NUMBERED.

The men of a certain company of the Berkshire Regiment were ordered to show their kits to the company officer the other day, and everything possible was to bear the regimental number of its owner.

Officer arrives at Murphy's cot, on which his kit is laid out to perfection.

Officer: "Now, Private Murphy, has every article of your kit got your number on?"

Murphy: "No, sir."

Officer (furiously): "Didn't I give you strict orders to that effect? What have you got without a number on?"

Murphy: "Me soap and blacking, sir!"

A SOLDIER quartered at Mullingar was brought before the commanding officer for being absent from tattoo till 6 a. m. the following morning without a pass. The C. O. asked Tommy his reasons for absenting himself all night without permission, to which the soldier replied, "Shure, yer honour the roads were that slippery after the recent rains that for every step I took forward I slipped *two back*." "Come, my man," said the C. O., "it is no use your telling me that story, for had that been the case you would be farther from barracks now than ever." Tommy replied, "Shure, an' yer honour's quite correct, and afther a toime I found that out; so I turned me back towards the barracks, and so I slipped in backwards!" Tommy for his wit was admonished, but not to let it *occur again*.