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—that's when you were appreciated and treated right!

"Now daughter", Grandma would say to your Mother, "what are little boys for, except to be filled up with Gingerbread, and Cookies, and Molasses Candy?"

Which was a mighty satisfying doctrine, from your side of the house.

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"When you went out to Grandma's."

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were stretching up their hands to the sky, some stood lost in stupefaction. Johannes saw two—four—six machine guns whirled up and set in position facing him. In the clear light of the winter morning the gun crews looked like bustling dolls with artificial, jerky, noiseless movements.

The surrounding regiments stood in their ranks like petrified men.

The gun crews fell into their positions. There descended on the land an unearthly silence.

An officer, high on his horse, isolated from the regiments—like a mannikin in a vacuum—drew his sword and waved it—back, forth, up—like a music master, and down, like the crashing rod that set free the tempest.

Like snow in an oven, like the grass before the stroke of the mower's scythe, like the ox under the butcher's mallet, the 175th regiment melted, and crumbled, and fell down upon the polluted earth.

Terrible sobs convulsed the old general. A gunner fell forward vomiting on his gun. A soldier lay down in the snow biting his rifle barrel as a dog worries a bone.

Uncle Rastus' Escape

The reputed affinity between the Southern negro and unguarded poultry is the subject of a story told by Senator Bacon, of Georgia. An old colored man, notorious for his evil ways, after attending a revival meeting, desired to lead a better life. At a later meeting he was called up to be questioned.

"Well, Rastus," said the revivalist, "I hope you are now trying to live a Christian life in accordance with the rules of the church. Have you been stealing any chickens lately?"

"No, sah! I ain't stole no chicken ob late."

"Any turkeys or pigs?"

Rastus gravely replied: "No, sah!"

"I am very glad to hear that you have been doing better lately," replied the evangelist. "Continue to lead a holy and Christian life, Rastus."

After the meeting was over, Rastus drew a long breath of relief, and turning to his wife, exclaimed:

"Mandy, if he'd said ducks I'd been a lost nigger, suah!"



Brother Captures Brother—War's Strange Working

Through the myriad of strange tales that have wandered from the battlefield comes this fateful story. A Pole serving in the Russian Brigade in France in an attack on the enemy's trenches captured his own brother who had been pressed into the German army.

But justice had been done, and honor was cleansed in the poor blood of Johannes and his comrades.

The sun shone mildly in the calm sky. On the Transylvanian border, Johannes' old father, laboring at his too-hard tasks sometimes with the wandering memory of age, forgets that he is alone, and calls out, "Johannes! Johannes! come here." Johannes, of course, does not come, and with a sigh the old father bends again to his labor.

She was about ten years old, and apparently very unhappy. A swollen face served to diagnose the case at a glance as an advanced stage of toothache. Over the door they entered was a sign which, being interpreted, read "Doctor of Dental Surgery."

The mother had led her to the operating chair and smoothed back her tousled hair as she laid her head in the little rest. Looking her straight in her eye, with finger poised for emphasis, the mother said: "Now, Edith, if you cry, I'll never take you to a dentist again."

Trouble

"Do you have much trouble with your automobile?"

"Trouble. Say, I couldn't have more if I was married to the blamed machine."

Euphemistic

The negro on occasion displays a fine discrimination in the choice of words.

"Who's the best whitewasher in town?" enquired the new resident.

"Ale Hall am a bo'n'd a'tist with a whitewash brush, sah," answered the colored patriarch eloquently.

"Well, tell him to come down and whitewash my chicken house to-morrow."

"Ah don't believe, sah, Ah'd engage Ale Hall to whitewash a chicken house, sah."

"Why didn't you say he was a good whitewasher?"

"Yes, sah, a pow'ful good whitewasher, sah, but mighty queer about a chicken house, sah; mighty queer."—Human Life.