

## MISCELLANEOUS

### THE STAG O' TEN

We left the lodge in the morning,  
The rime was white on the grass,  
The cock grouse crowed on the hillocks  
To cheer us up the pass,  
The peaks were in golden glory,  
The flats wine-purple, when  
We left the lodge in the morning  
To look for the stag o' ten!

And we searched each face and corrie,  
And we saw the heather swim  
A-jump in the heat at noontide,  
All hazy blue and dim:  
And we saw the red hinds listen  
Heads high and ears held still,  
And we watched the bobbing canter  
That carried them up the hill!

We spied and we crawled and clam-  
bered,  
But never the glass picked up  
A hint of his branching honors—  
Of brow, of tray, of cup,  
Till over the western summits  
The night came down the glen,  
And out came a star to mock us  
For want of the stag o' ten!

\* \* \*

The name of professional singers of  
repute who have sung songs under  
strange and dramatic conditions is le-  
gion. Signor Caruso had to sing in a  
post office in order to gain possession  
of a registered letter during a tour of  
America, says London Tit Bits. A  
large sum of money had been sent to  
him from Europe, and when he went to  
the post office to secure the letter the  
official there refused to hand the packet  
over to him, declaring that he had no  
proof that he was Caruso. The fa-  
mous tenor then exhibited letters,  
checks and photographs of himself,  
but the post office clerk, suddenly  
struck with a bright idea, remarked:  
"You claim to be Caruso, do you?  
Well, then, you can easily prove it; sing  
us something." Caruso, finding that  
the only way to obtain possession of  
his letter was to agree to the request,  
gave, in his most enchanting manner,  
the romance from the third act of  
"Tosca."

"Bravo! bravissimo!" exclaimed  
the officials when Caruso had concluded.  
"And now here is your packet. We  
knew who you were all the time; only,  
as you charge the American public  
such high prices for hearing you, we  
thought you ought to sing us a song  
for nothing. Kindly sign the receipt  
book and accept our sincerest thanks."  
Mme. Melba, when fulfilling an engage-  
ment in the North of England, once had  
to sing in a post office full of people  
in order to gain possession of her let-  
ters, which she had instructed her  
correspondents to forward there. When  
she called for them the clerk in charge  
refused to hand them over. To prove  
that she was the celebrated cantatrice,  
she sang the "Jewel Song" from "Faust"  
and the postal assistant was delighted  
and convinced at the same time.

It was not so very long ago when Mme.  
Clara Butt and her husband, Kennerly  
Rumford, sang before 700 convicts in  
the chapel of Brixton jail. "I think  
the men like 'Abide with Me' best,"  
said Mme. Butt. "They specially asked  
that I should sing that hymn. They  
were almost painfully quiet and attentive  
throughout; it was like singing to the  
blind; they seemed to listen so eagerly."

Mario, the great tenor, while fulfilling  
an engagement at a Madrid theatre,  
was arrested by the police when re-  
turning to his hotel as a political dis-  
content. At the station the officials  
laughed at his declaration that he was  
Mario, and said that if he was the great  
tenor he had the means in his power to  
prove it. Mario thereupon instantly  
broke into song, and a few minutes  
later he was bowed out of the station  
with many regrets and apologies.

\* \* \*

During the Egyptian campaign loot-  
ing of every kind was strictly prohibited,  
everything was to be honorably paid for.  
One day Lord Charles met a bluejacket  
who looked abnormally stout, and had  
him abruptly in saluting. "What

have you got inside your jumper?" he  
demanded. "Nothing, sir," was the  
reply. "Stuff," rejoined Lord Charles.  
"You've been looting; now out with  
it." There was a conclusive move-  
ment under the jumper and a stifled  
cry. Seeing that concealment was im-  
possible Jack pulled out Chanticleer.  
"Please, sir, he was sitting on a fence  
and I says to him, 'Now, then, you  
crow for the honor of Old England, or  
it will be worse for you.' I asked  
him three times, he wouldn't do it, so,  
sir, I took him prisoner to do duty at  
mess." Lord Charles kept his weather  
eye shut and said no more, and Chanticleer  
promptly found his way into the  
cooking pot of the naval brigade.—  
Miss Weston's "My Life Among the  
Bluejackets."

\* \* \*

A man's voice, husky with anxiety,  
called up police headquarters the other  
night at about 2.30 a. m. It was a  
distraught husband begging the police  
to help him find his wife, who had  
been missing since 8 o'clock in the even-  
ing.

"What's her description?" asked the  
official at the 'phone. "Her height?  
Weight?"

"Er—er—about average, I guess,"  
stammered the husband.

"Color of eyes?"  
A confused burring sound came back  
over the wire.

"Blue or brown?" prompted the  
official.

"I—I don't know!"

"How was she dressed?"

"I guess she wore her coat and hat—  
she took the dog with her."

"What kind of a dog?"

"Brindle bull terrier, weight 14½  
pounds, four dark blotches on his body,  
shading from grey into white; a round,  
blackish spot over the left eye; white  
stub of a tail, three white legs, and the  
right front leg nicely bridled all but  
the toes; a small nick in his left ear,  
gold filling in his upper right molar, a  
silver link collar with—"

"That'll do!" gasped the official.  
"We'll find the dog!"

\* \* \*

An old farmer was walking out one  
day looking very glum and miserable.  
He was a man who ordinarily dearly  
loved a joke. But jokes seemed a  
long way off just then, and the old  
man was thinking deeply, when he  
was accosted by a tramp, who made  
the usual request for a night's lodg-  
ing and something to eat, as he ex-  
plained he had nothing for two whole  
days. The effect upon the farmer  
when he said this was magical.

"Why, man," he said, "I've been  
looking for you all day."

And then, without more ado, he  
knocked him down and walked on  
him from one end to the other. The  
tramp got up, looking very staggered,  
and asked why he had done that.

"Well," said he, "my doctor has or-  
dered me to walk on an empty stomach,  
and, now that I have fulfilled his in-  
junction, I can go and have a good feed."

\* \* \*

A judgment worthy of Solomon, as  
homely and almost as wise, was pro-  
nounced recently by a civil magistrate  
in Bucharest, according to a traveller  
who called at the *Daily News* office in  
Paris the other day after a tour of East-  
ern Europe. "It came about this way,"  
explained the traveller. "In the month  
of May of last year a peasant living  
in the village of Predeal, near the Hun-  
garian frontier, lost his cow. About  
two months ago he happened to be  
standing at the railroad station, watch-  
ing a trainload of cattle about to be  
sent across the frontier. Suddenly he  
gave a shout, 'That's my cow!' he  
cried, running toward one of the cars.

"The trainmen only laughed at him,  
and he went before the magistrate.  
This good man listened to the peasant's  
story very patiently. Then he pro-  
nounced this judgment: 'The cow shall  
be taken to the public square of Pre-  
deal and milked. Then, if it goes of  
its own accord to the plaintiff's stable,  
it shall belong to him.'

"The order of the court was carried  
out. And the cow, in spite of its ten  
month's absence, took, without hesita-  
tion, the lane which brought it, a few  
minutes later, into the peasant's stable."  
—*Chicago News*

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