

GENERAL BARRY Versus GENERAL ORDERS

A Contest in Which Cupid Played a Part.

By M. J. PHILLIPS.

The colonel's daughter was paying her first visit to a national guard encampment and had voted it the jolliest affair imaginable.

"Everything's so knowing and swaggy," commended the girl with herself as she lay in her cot the morning after her arrival. "The officers all talk so severely to the others when they're marching. They say 'Port arms!' in a regular 'Tromble, villain,' tone. And some of those common soldiers are nice looking too."

Fearing to miss something of the picturesque camp routine, she arose and dressed noiselessly. Her parents were still sleeping.

The sun was just rising over the hills to the right as she stepped to the tent opening. In front of her, his back turned, a sentry stood at rigid attention, looking down at the canvas city. Some distance to the left, at brigade headquarters, a group of men in khaki clustered about the fieldpiece and the tall flagstaff. A trumpeter stepped out from among them. The sun glinted on his instrument as he raised it to his lips. The sharp and true, a little mellowed by the distance, came the rattling notes of the reveille. "I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up!" called the bugle merrily.

The group about the gun fell into orderly lines. A huge puff of smoke gleamed like silver as it swept across the grass. Boom! While the echoes were still resonating over the lake the regimental band struck up a quickstep. The gun crew uncovered reverently, the stars and stripes slowly mounted the staff and another day of camp life had begun.

This little tableau over, the girl's eyes turned to the sentry in front of her with a good deal of approval in their depths. His shoulders were broad, his campaign hat had the angle of a true soldier, and the buff bucking cape of his overcoat reminded the colonel's daughter of a picture of Paul Revere. Stealing through the dewy grass until she was scarcely a yard away, she said softly, "Good morning, Mr. Soldier."

The sentry turned so quickly that he nearly dropped his gun. "Grace!" he cried ecstatically. The tone of his voice and the light in his eyes caused the girl to recoil a step while she blushed adorably.

"Just one little kiss, sweetheart," went on the young man. He had not forgotten his drill regulations in the presence of this most distracting bit of femininity. His rifle was at "port," as the book says it shall be when the sentry is holding conversation with another person.

"Why, Tom, the very idea!" came the saucy answer. "Right here on this hill-top in plain sight? I don't believe I would even under the tent fly." Still, there was no suggestion of panic in her tenuous retreat.

But the sentry did not, as expected, pursue her to the friendly fly. "I can't leave this post," he gloomed.

"Oh, indeed? And why?"

"According to general orders I am to quit my post only when properly relieved," he quoted.

The girl tossed her head and pursed her tempting red lips. "All right, Tom Kennedy; if any old general is more to you than I—"

There was a thud of horse's hoofs up the parade ground, and General Barry rode up. He was commander of the Second brigade, and as he swung gracefully from his horse he looked the part thoroughly. The general was young, handsome and unmarried. It could be seen that officer and enlisted man had one point in common. Both loved the colonel's daughter.

"Good morning, Miss Grace. You're up with the birds." Then to the sentry, who, having presented arms, started to resume his beat, "Hold my horse, orderly."

The sentry was an astute young man. He knew that the general had divined something from the manner of the interrupted conversation. The request was merely to humiliate him before the girl. Yet his manner was respectful, even meek, as he came to port arms again and replied, "I'm not the orderly, sir; I'm sentry on this post."

"Well, hold the horse, anyway."

"The regulations don't require me to," was the composed reply.

General Barry's anger arose as a gleam of merriment kindled in the girl's eyes. "Nevertheless I command you to do it."

The sentry apparently was deeply regretful. "General orders say that I shall receive, transmit and obey all orders from and allow myself to be relieved by the commanding officer, the officer of the day, officers and non-commissioned officers of the guard only. You're not any of those, sir."

"Indeed?" was the sarcastic response. "And if you know your general orders so well how about the one which says to hold conversation with no one except in the proper discharge of my duty? Hold this horse or I'll put you in the guardhouse!"

The sentry's reply was to resume his beat. Almost bursting with rage, the general took a step or two toward Kennedy, but as the relief came plodding up the hill he decided, a smile of triumph on his face, to await its arrival.

"Cornel," he said sharply to the non-commissioned officer in charge, "place that man under arrest."

The corporal saluted. "Why, sir?"

"He was impudent, and he refused to hold my horse when asked."

"If he was disrespectful you can prefer charges, sir. You're not of our brigade, are you, general?"

"No, but what of it?"

"Then you had no right to ask him to act as orderly. General orders say, 'To receive.'"

"Hang general orders!" was the officer's explosive interjection. "You refuse to obey too? I'll have you reduced to rags!"

AN ALMANAC OF YE OLDEN TIME

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FORTUNATELY for our forefathers, the almanacs had some claims to literary merits in their day. Reading matter was scarce outside of the larger towns of the colonies. Magazines were practically unknown. Filled with prognostications as to the weather, with snatches of wisdom and humor, verse and essay, the annual almanac became a compendium of useful knowledge that was most eagerly awaited and was hailed as an important event in many a home. One might say that it was treated as a household god, for hung upon a hook in some corner, it always was ready for instant reference. The wise saws and quaint sayings which ran through its pages were read over time and again by every member of the family.

There were numerous almanacs published during colonial days in this country. The popularity of Poor Richard's Almanac, edited by Benjamin Franklin, went hand in hand with that of its illustrious maker.

The first Ames Almanac, issued in 1728, was conventional in form and closely followed other almanacs of the period. Its maker was a physician. It contained a table of the movements of the planets and sundry prophecies concerning the weather. That the doctor was afraid of severe criticism of this first effort is indicated by the following stanza, which also illustrates the style of his poetry:

Read, then, and learn, but don't all faults
Obect,
Since they can only judge that can correct.
To whom my works appeal, and if I find
The sons of art to favor them inclind,
With their propitious smiles it shall suffice
To counterpoise the frowns of enemies.

An examination of the dies of the Ames Almanac shows that nearly every conceivable subject was discussed by the doctor in his nearly forty years of publication. Sometimes he indulged in flights of imagery, as in November, 1730:

Old winter's coming, void of all delight,
With trembling steps, his head is bald
And white
His hair with robes of icicles is hung
His chattering teeth confound his useless
tongue.
He makes the rich to spend and poor to
buy
For want of that which would their wants
supply.

In the opening lines of the almanac for 1738 Dr. Ames takes a fling at lawyers, priests and doctors and blames old, overburdened Adam for their existence. Thus:

Had Adam stood in innocence till now
And all his best sons had deign'd to hold the
plow
No labor had fatigu'd nor time had
spoiled
His youth, but spring had ever blooming
smild.
No lust for self nor heart distressing pain
Had seized the miser nor the rural swain.
Nor vice, as now, with virtue ne'er had
vi'd.
And heaven's omnipotence itself defy'd,
Nor lawyers, priests nor doctors ne'er had
been.

If man had stood against the assaults of
sin
But, oh, he fell! And so accur'd we be.
The world is now obliged to use all three.
Probably the most interesting portions of these almanacs are the bits of wisdom and humor which went

with each calendar month. A few illustrations will suffice to show the sort of thing that amused our ancestors:

FEBRUARY, 1728.
Pretty cold, freezing nights, followed
with a short storm. Let travelers be upon
their guard to defend their noses.

FEBRUARY, 1747.
The farmer now's resolv'd he will not
freeze
While he has pipes, tobacco, fire, with
good bread and cheese.

OCTOBER, 1753.
Those that are husbands good
Should now get in their cider, grain and
wood.

An honest friend is good company, but
a good conscience is the best guest.

SEPTEMBER, 1763.
Virtue is praised more than followed.
To some men their country is their
shame, and some are the shame of their
country.

Love and Time.
"Charm New Year of your good grace,
These sad wrinkles from Love's face."
"Wan and weary now he seems,
Bring him back the dreams, the dreams."
"Arch above him April skies,
Kiss the light into his eyes."
"Lead him back to moments fled—
Lure Love's roses from the dead!"
"Nay, the New Year saith: 'his day
Hath o'erpass'd the daisied way."
"Though he weaveth now the thorn,
'Neath the rose leaveth it was born."
"Now the stem of rose beret,
Love must keep the thorn that's left."
"Merry is the wintry morn,
Love is dead, and Love is born."
—Baltimore Herald.

Cleaning Fluid.
An excellent household cleaning fluid useful generally for many purposes is made by dissolving four ounces of white castile soap in a quart of boiling rainwater. When cool add two ounces each of alcohol, ether and glycerine, four ounces of ammonia and finally one gallon of rainwater and then bottle. This will remove grease, spots from clothing and spots from table covers, carpets and rugs.

A Gilded Fad.
"Yes, papa is going to buy me a bath-deshin."
"Good gracious! I beg your pardon, what for?"
"I want to use its deck for a dancing party."
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Three Meetings

By F. A. MITCHEL

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Three times I saw her, three times I gazed upon her, each time being drawn nearer to her before I knew her sorrow.

I was riding on a railroad train to my home in the suburbs of a great city when looking up I saw a girl who faced me gazing at me with a pair of large brown eyes. There was in her face something like sadness, but not sadness, rather the appearance of one born under different conditions from other mortals—a resignation, yet a contentment in resignation. I have tried by these words to describe it, but am conscious of having failed.

Though her eyes were fixed upon me, there was no boldness in them. Rather she seemed unconscious of meeting my gaze. Perhaps, I thought, she is thinking of something so absorbing that though she is looking straight at me she does not see me, or it may be that she is looking at something beyond me. I have often returned a salute from a person who meant it for one behind me. So I continued to gaze at the girl and she at me till she turned her face in another direction.

She was sitting by a lady double her age, and the likeness between them indicated that they were mother and daughter. Presently the train stopped at a station, and the two left the car together. I had noticed by the affectionate glances the mother gave the daughter that she idolized her, and when they passed out it was hand in hand.

I did not forget the face, and a year or so later I saw it again. This time it was in a church. She was, as before, accompanied by her mother. I was sitting in a transept; the girl was facing the pulpit. There was the same look, indescribable in words, that had impressed me twelve months ago. Her gaze was fixed on the clergyman, though occasionally she would drop it as though looking into her lap. There was in me a vague feeling—something like a hope—that when I had seen her on the train she had been, at least a part of the time, looking at me, cognizant of my presence; that she had remembered me as I remembered her. I watched to see if she would not look in my direction. Just before the closing of the services I was rewarded by seeing her turn, and her eyes rested upon me. I looked for something to indicate that she was conscious of my presence and that she had seen me before. But there was only that strange look of resignation I had seen before. After the benediction she and her mother left the church in the same manner as they had left the train.

The third meeting. Having a law case I was waiting in the courtroom for it to be tried. A criminal case was called—that of Evelyn Bryce. Who should come into court to answer to the charge of forgery but the girl I had seen twice before. She came hand and hand with her mother.

Naturally I was wrapped in the trial. The prisoner's attorney was evidently trying to prove a conspiracy on the part of certain persons against his client. When he made a point in her favor or her case appeared to be going against her I looked to see what effect it had upon her. I could see very little. I was not sure that I could see any. I noticed that the jury—indeed, all those in the courtroom—were looking at her; that they seemed as much impressed with that look of mingled resignation and content as I.

The defendant's counsel exhibited the document that the girl was accused of forging and showed that the name had been written on the line intended for a single letter and without incline either up or down.

"You see, gentlemen of the jury," he said, "that whoever wrote that name must have written it in a bright light, must have written with a pair of eyes that worked thoroughly in concert, for there are defects of eyesight that cause persons so affected to write slanting the lines downward or upward."

"I presume," interrupted the prosecuting attorney, "that defendant's counsel proposes to prove that his client has the defect he mentions. I would call your honor's attention to the fact that the prisoner has a very beautiful pair of eyes. Indeed, I greatly fear that she is using them upon the jury with a view to securing her acquittal."

The accused's counsel received in silence for a few moments this attempt to prejudice the court and the jury against his client. Then he said:

"The prosecuting attorney is mistaken, your honor. I am not intending to prove that my client has this special defect. I would for her sake that it had pleased her creator to give her this defect instead of the one with which she is afflicted. Gentlemen of the jury, my client is unable to cast upon your glances calculated to excite your sympathy any more than she could have seen to write her name exactly on the line in that document, for she is stone blind."

The effect produced on the court by this announcement rendered any further process of law unnecessary. The jury without leaving their seats acquit the accused, and I now knew why when she and her mother left the courtroom they went hand in hand.

This is but the beginning of a story in which I have been long and am still deeply interested.

It Hasn't After Twenty.
Wizgibus-Maud says she is twenty-two, but I happen to know that she was born in 1855.

Wiseman—My dear chap, you should know that the date on which a woman was born has nothing whatever to do with her age afterward.—Boston Transcript.

A Gilded Fad.
"Good gracious! I beg your pardon, what for?"
"I want to use its deck for a dancing party."
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

TOYS OF A STORM

An Experience on a Mountain Top
Alive With Electricity.

MEN GLOWED WITH SPARKS.

The Discharge From the Lightning Laden Cloud Enveloped the Party and Turned It into a Sort of Human Pyrotechnic Display.

We had spent a week in pathless and dense woods, working toward a high mountain in northwestern Montana. At last we left the pack horses in care of the guide, and three of us set out on foot for the peak. We carried a plate camera, provisions, gun, ice pick, aneroid barometer for determining elevation and other necessary articles. For several hours we climbed over ridges and up ravines. The final ascent was a slope of rotten shale. For four and a half hours we climbed the loose rock with not a solid bit of footing. Halfway up the slope we observed that a storm cloud had gathered southwest of us, not far above a ridge which we had crossed early in the morning. Suddenly a bolt of lightning flashed from the cloud to the earth. A little later a wreath of smoke ascended from the ridge, and we knew a fire had started from the lightning.

About half past 1 we reached the summit, a narrow top but a few feet in width, on which was a pile of rocks shoulder high, a government triangulation monument. Before was a precipice, at the foot of which was an unnamed and unexplored glacier. Behind was the rotten shale up which we had scrambled. To the right a narrow ridge, with bowlders as large as a small house, connected our summit with the one beyond.

Against the eastern face of this summit great masses of snow and ice formed the head of the glacier. To the left was a steep, open ridge. The glacier was furrowed by hundreds of chasms. The yellow rocks of the neighboring summits were flanked by great masses of ice on the one side and by tremendous precipices on the other. Far away the mountains blend with the blue sky. On the crags were a few mountain goats.

"What is that noise?" shouted one of the boys suddenly.

"What noise? I do not hear it," I replied.

"Over at the monument."
"I will go and see."
The monument was not a dozen steps away. As I approached it I smelled the pungent odor of ozone and instantly I knew. We had forgotten the storm cloud gathering near us to the south. The summit on which we stood presented to the electric cloud above a sharper point in comparison with the earth than can be made on any electric machine. The exchange of electricity between the charged cloud and the earth began at the rock monument, which was a little higher than the place where we stood. I may have heard the noise; I do not remember. I smelled the ozone and turned toward my companions with the cry: "We are in an electric storm! We must run for our lives!"

In a few seconds the electric discharge had increased with wonderful rapidity. My rifle was shooting sparks from the end of the barrel, which were visible in broad daylight. I did not drop the gun; I threw it. My scalp felt as if each hair was a bristle on end pushing against my hat. I could feel the discharge from fingers, cheeks, nose and chin, and I was wearing heavy rubber soled shoes, which should have aided in making me a nonconductor.

One of my companions threw away his ice pick, as I had thrown my gun. The other, seeing my white face—as he afterward told me—was completely unnerved and knew not what he was doing or what to do. Before was the cliff. Behind was the rock shale, with no protection. To the right was the impassable ridge connecting the summits and blocked with masses of rock. There was only one way—to the left.

"Shall we go this way," said one, extending his hand in that direction. The extended hand and fingers were aglow with sparks shooting outward from the body, and instantly the arm was jerked back to the body with a startled exclamation. Stronger and stronger grew the charge. It seemed to fill our bodies and crackled from every projecting rock.

Half dazed, I hooked my arm in the carrying case of my camera and with it dashed down the ridge, followed closely by my two companions. We crawled under a big rock and, with our feet against the ice and our backs against the solid mountain, felt safe.

There we remained for perhaps an hour. Then we began to feel hungry and in this trying position ate our luncheon.

We returned to the summit. Fortunately the cloud had passed to the south of us, and we had experienced only the edge of the manifestation of electricity. Had the cloud been directly overhead this story would perhaps never have been written.—Morton J. Elrod in Youth's Companion.

Reasoning It Out.
"I have calculated that I can't lose much if I put my money in electrical illumination."
"Why not?"
"Because there couldn't possibly be a heavy loss on a 'light investment.'"
—Baltimore American.

When a friend asks, there is no to-morrow.—George Herbert.

A Draw.
"I found 50 cents this morning," confessed Jimmy.
"Found a whole half dollar!" cried his mother. "How fine! What did you do with it?"
"Dede Jones was along, so I gave him half."
"Dear, generous boy! Did you do that of your own accord?"
"Yes—well, we decided that would be right."
"Jimmy? He didn't whip you and make you give up half?"
"No, mamma. If he'd licked me he'd 'a' had it all. The scrap was a draw."
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

WHEN MOTHER WAS A GIRL.

They wore no extra wads of hair.

When mother was a little girl, there was no hobble skirt affair. When mother was a little girl, the waist line didn't change a bit. They never wore peach basket hats. The sheath gown hadn't made a bit. No one had ever heard of janes and rats. When mother was a little girl, the women smoked no cigarettes. When mother was a little girl, nobody'd heard of suffragettes. When mother was a little girl, the maidens chewed no wads of gum in public, as they do today. The bridge wad never had a name. The girls didn't get so gay. When mother was a little girl, the maidens did the washing, too. When mother was a little girl, and swept and brushed the house all through. When mother was a little girl, they had to wash the windows clean. They didn't go to matinees; they spent their time in other ways. When mother was a little girl, they didn't wear those high heel shoes. Nobody'd heard of love tales peruse. When mother was a little girl, the maidens were quite circumspect; they didn't sit up half the night. Their sweethearts left, you recollect, before the gray of morning light. When mother was a little girl.

—Los Angeles Express.

Improving the Chance.

"I know a man who looks so much like you that one could hardly tell you apart."

"You haven't paid him by mistake that 20 marks that I lent you four months ago, have you?"—Fillegende Blatter.

Sacred to Their Memory.

"Bosworth has a unique idea that he is going to put into effect in his new house."

"Do you mean having the garage in the basement?"

"Oh, no; that has been done before. He is going to have a splendid den fitted up for himself on the second floor, where, in addition to the various trophies he has won, he will have the walls decorated with the names of all the guides he has shot by mistake."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Her Own Fault.

Irate Woman—These photographs you made of my husband are not satisfactory, and I refuse to accept them.

Photographer—What's wrong?

Irate Woman—What's wrong? Why, my husband looks like a baboon!

Photographer—Well, that's no fault of mine, madam. You should have thought of that before you had him photographed.—Brooklyn Citizen.

Two of a Trade.

"Who's the zuy with the long hair I waited on just now?" asked the tall waiter.

"Oh, he's a palmist," replied the waiter at the next table.

"A palmist?"

"Yes, a palmist."

"Well, gee, he never looked at mine!"
—Yonkers Statesman.

Botanical.

Miss Citibred—What are those plants with red and purple flowers on them?

The Floriculturist—Asters.

Miss Citibred—And what are those others with prickles on them and no flowers.

The Floriculturist—Disasters.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A Scab.

"When I was a young man," said Mr. Cumrox, "I thought nothing of working twelve or fourteen hours a day."

"Father," replied the young man with sporty clothes, "I wish you wouldn't mention it. Those nonunion sentiments are liable to make you unpopular."—Washington Star.

Taking No Chances.

The unctuous undertaker was sympathetic.

"How deep do you dig graves, as a rule," asked the old millionaire's young widow.

"Six feet."

"Make it twelve," she hisped. "I will pay the difference."—Puck.

Force of Habit.
"How much will you take?" asked the new clerk.

"Three yards," the customer said.

"Three yards!" roared the clerk in a horrible voice. "Three yards! Yah, yah, yah! Rab!"—Buffalo Express.

Must Be Careful.
Wig—Why do you think he is rich? He looks as though he hadn't a cent in the world.

Wag—Only a rich man can afford to look as though he hadn't a cent in the world.—Philadelphia Record.

What Happened.
"And were you never in love?" she asked the old bachelor.

"Once, with a meerschaum pipe," he replied. "But I dropped it."—Detroit Free Press.

Temperament in Folly.
The fool in his heart saith a number of things.

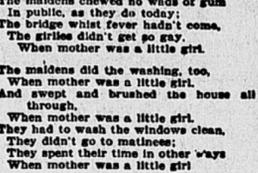
Suppose he happens to be a phlegmatic fool, with a fondness for luxury. "I do not care," saith he in that case. "To go out into the damp, chill woods and mistake a tumbstone for a mushroom. I much prefer to get up in the night in my comfortable bed and drink out of the wrong bottle."—Puck.

Men and Peanuts.
Some men are like peanuts—the better for a good roasting.—Boston Transcript.

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