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SPOILED THEIR... THE CADETS HAD A LAUGH AT... OFFICERS' EXPENSE.

How a Billiard Table Was Smuggled Into the Barracks at West Point and the Story of Its Accident and Discovery.

There are many traditions and stories of escapades at the Military Academy at West Point that are handed down from class to class, and one of the most interesting of these is that relating to the billiard table. Shortly after the civil war the cadets, always on the alert for some new scheme for amusement, decided that they would like to have a billiard table and accordingly organized a billiard club. A collection was taken up with which to purchase a table, and a suitable place was sought in which to set it up.

The table was bought in New York and sent to Garrison, across the river, for there was no West Shore railroad in those days. One cold winter night it was hauled by a team of oxen across the river on the ice and up the hill and safely stowed away in the coal bin before morning. The table was soon set up and became a source of great enjoyment to the cadets. A keg of beer was always kept on tap, and lamps were hung from the ceiling, giving the room a cheery appearance. The members of the club used to gather there at all hours of the day and night, when their presence was not required elsewhere by their duties, and sit around smoking, drinking and telling stories while two of them played billiards.

The authorities soon became aware that there was a billiard table somewhere in the barracks, for they could hear the balls clicking together, but they could not find it. The cadets continued to enjoy the privileges of the billiard club for more than a year. Finally one morning, about midnight, two officers were returning from a convivial evening at the mess, they saw two cadets, clad in their underclothing and dressing gowns, emerge from the north sallyport and disappear down the steps to the area-way in front of the barracks. Instantly the thought of the billiard table flashed through the minds of the two officers, and they started quietly after the cadets. On reaching the area-way doorway of the sixth division the two cadets entered, and the officers, arriving a moment later, saw them climb over a pile of coal and enter an open door, through which came sounds of laughter and conversation and the clicking of balls, while the air was laden with fragrant tobacco smoke.

The officers paused for a moment and held a whispered consultation. Finally deciding that they would tell the other officers of their discovery and have all of them come down the following night and enjoy the fun of a raid on the club, they withdrew and went home. Next day all the officers at the post were informed of the discovery, and it was arranged that the raid should occur at midnight. All might have gone well, and the officers might have had their little fun, had it not been that there were three cadets the previous night instead of two. The third had forgotten his pipe and had gone back for it, while the other two went on and were discovered by the officers. The third, coming along a moment later, saw the officers and softly followed them, observing all their movements and listening to their whispered conversation.

When they withdrew, he went in and told the members of the club all he had heard and seen. The cadets at once realized that it was all up with the club, but they determined to have a laugh at the expense of the officers. Accordingly all arrangements were made before the club adjourned that night.

The next night the officers met as arranged and crept stealthily down the area-way and into the sixth division. Hearing no sound of clicking balls, some became skeptical and concluded the whole thing was a hoax, but nevertheless they pushed on and climbed over the pile of coal. Opening the door, they were greeted with a glow of light, but still no sound. On entering they found the room deserted, but there were the billiard table, an almost untouched keg of beer, several pounds of tobacco, some chairs and lastly a note on the table, addressed to the officers on duty at West Point. The note was to the effect that as the officers of the post had been so kind as to permit the club to continue its existence for more than a year it desired to present to the officers the table and all its appurtenances, as it was deemed expedient to wind up the club's affairs. The note was signed "The Executive Committee."

The officers, of course, were much chagrined at being thus outwitted by the cadets. Nevertheless the table was removed to the officers' mess and, according to tradition, is the one still in use there.—New York Tribune.

No Puzzle to the M. D. Wilton—Do you know, I'm in a quandary. Tilton—Well, what is it? Wilton—Dr. Bloss gave me some stuff for my appetite, and it was so effective that it made me nearly twice as much as I've as before. What puzzles me is whether I ought to pay the doctor or be ought to pay me something.—Boston Transcript.

The Devoted Wife. The devoted wife—Oh, hurry, please. This rubber plant tub has fallen on my husband, and I'm afraid he's smashed! Chorus of Rescuers as they grasp the tub—Now, all together! The Devoted Wife—Gently, please, gentlemen. Don't lift it too suddenly. It's got a new leaf just coming out!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

ECCENTRIC TESTATORS. Joseph Dalky takes the opportunity afforded by his will of insulting his son-in-law in terms which doubtless had a pungency once, but which are hardly comprehensible to the modern reader.

Joseph Dalky takes the opportunity afforded by his will of insulting his son-in-law in terms which doubtless had a pungency once, but which are hardly comprehensible to the modern reader. "I give to my daughter, Ann Spencer, a guinea for a ring or any other bauble she may like better; I give to the lout, her husband, one penny to buy him a lark whistle, and this legacy I give him as a mark of my appreciation of his prowess and nice honor in drawing his sword on me (at my own table), naked and unarmed as I was, and he well fortified with custard."

A greivous legacy is that of Philip Thicknesse: "I leave my right hand, to be cut off after my death, to my son, and I desire it may be sent to him in hopes that such a slight may remind him of his duty to God after having so long abandoned the duty he owed to a father who once affectionately loved him."

Another father seems apparently to have begun his will with the determination of punishing an unruly son, but as the fairy stories say, all ends happily. We refer to the will of Richard Crawshaw, the founder of the famous Welsh ironworks. It runs thus: "To my only son, who never would follow my advice and has treated me rudely in very many instances, instead of making him my executor and residuary legatee (as till this day he was) I give him £100,000."—Chambers' Journal.

Extreme Affectation. A young man whose battered suit case was red and pink and yellow with the labels of European hotels boarded a street car and said to the conductor: "Go six blocks. How much?" "Oh, only a nickel," the conductor answered. But the young man handed over 15 cents, saying, "Buy yourself a glass of beer and a cigar on me." The conductor gave thanks for the tip and added, "Just back from Europe, hey?" And to his interrogation the young man nodded assent.

Out on the back platform afterward the conductor described the episode to a couple of passengers. "He asked me what the fare was for six blocks," he said, "and then he gave me a tip. It was a case of fake absentmindedness. He has just returned from Europe, where you pay by the distance on the street cars and where you tip the conductors, and he pretended to forget he wasn't in Europe still."

"He thought I'd question him about his strange conduct, and I would have too, if the trick wasn't an old one to me. Here and in New York, especially in New York, you are constantly running up against people who forget and work European customs on you. They do it so you'll know they have been abroad."—Philadelphia Record.

An Old Time English Election. The only contest which occurred at Gattin within historic memory was curious enough. Sir Mark Wood, who had been one of its members for several years, had as his colleague in the parliament of 1812 Sir William Congreve, the inventor of the famous "Congreve rocket." The latter resigned in 1816, and the baronet wished his own door to fill the vacancy.

There were only three voters in the constituency, Sir Mark, his son and his butler, named Jennings, but as the son was away and the butler had quarreled with his master an opportunity was afforded for a singular revenge. Jennings, in order to second Sir Mark's nomination of his son and proposed himself, and a deadlock was averted only by Sir Mark coming to terms with the refractory butler, whose nomination he seconded in order to induce him to act as second to his son.

Matters being thus put formally in train, Sir Mark arranged with Jennings that the former's vote should be alone given, and the final state of the poll at Gattin was only known through a story told by Wood (Wor.), in Jennings (Whig), 0.—Westminster Gazette.

A Successful Strategem. When the electric telegraph was first introduced into Chile, a stratagem was resorted to in order to guard the posts and wires against damage on the part of the natives and to maintain the connection between the strongholds on the frontier. There were at the time between 40 and 50 captive Indians in the Chilean camp. General Pinto, in command of the operations, called them together and, pointing to the telegraph wires, said: "Do you see those wires?" "Yes, general."

"I want you to remember not to go near or touch them, for if you do your hands will be held, and you will be unable to get away." The Indians smiled incredulously. Then the general made them each in succession take hold of the wire at both ends of an electric battery in full operation, after which he exclaimed: "I command you to let go the wire!" "My hands are benumbed!" cried each Indian.

The battery was then stopped. Not long after the general restored them to liberty, giving them strict instructions to keep the secret. This had the desired effect, for, as might be expected, the experience was related in the strictest confidence to every man in the tribe, and the telegraph remained unmolested.

An Apt Amendment. Years ago a bill entitled "An act for the preservation of the heath and heath other game" was introduced into the New York house of assembly. The speaker of the house, who was not especially interested in matters of this kind, gravely read it. "An act for the preservation of the heath and other game."

A FAMOUS BEAUTY'S RESCUE. Emily Marshall's Walk over a Human Bridge at Niagara.

Writing of "The Loveliest Woman in All America," William Perrine, in The Home Journal, recalls the thrilling adventure of Emily Marshall, the famous Boston beauty, at Niagara Falls. She, with Nathaniel P. Willis and a young, ungainly college student, Job Smith, attempted to go under the falls, in those days a perilous undertaking. After they had proceeded a short distance under the sheet of water there was a rumbling noise and a commotion, and a part of the ledge which formed the path disappeared, cutting Miss Marshall off from her companions by an abyss six feet in width and leaving her but a small stone in the swirling torrents to stand upon.

"In the commotion Job had been forgotten, but instantly a ray of hope shot into Willis' heart when he saw his rugged features, his sandy hair plastered over his forehead, his scanty dress clinging to his form like a skin and his hand trembling on the poet's shoulder as he clanked his steps. Without saying what he intended to do he crept down bravely to the edge of the foaming abyss till he stood up to his knees in the breaking bubbles. It seemed impossible that he could reach the lovely creature or that she could jump fearfully from the slippery rock into his arms.

"Willis covered his eyes in fear and wonder. The next moment when he opened them there lay at his feet the quivering and exhausted girl. Job was nearly seven feet high. He had flung himself over the gulf, caught the rock with his fingers and with certain death if he missed his hold. Miss Marshall had quickly walked over his body in its bridgelike posture. At this moment the guide returned with a rope, fastened it around one of Job's feet and dragged him back through the whirlpool. When he recovered from his immersion, he fell on his knees in a prayer of thanks to God, in which the poet and the beauty devoutly joined him."

The Professor's Escaped Bacteria. He was apparently an old man, wore large spectacles and carried a small satchel. Across the satchel was labeled, "Professor Redd, Chicago." He entered the waiting room of a suburban station and deposited the satchel carelessly near the ice cooler. Suddenly those near saw the satchel fall and heard the sharp tinkle of breaking glass. The old man picked up the glass and muttered exclamations of distress. "To think I brought them all the way from Brazil," he said.

"What were they?" inquired some one in the sympathetic crowd. "Bacteria of a strange Brazilian fever," he said. "Bacteria of a strange Brazilian fever." "Quick, man! Crush them with your foot!" "I can't, sir. They are now floating in the air."

There was a moment of horror. Then there was a rush, and a little later the old man was the only occupant of the waiting room. A window was raised from the outside. "Just let them out easy, Pete," cautioned a voice. And the bogus professor obeyed. Satchels, grips and cases went through the window. After he had finished collecting the professor followed the booty. His false beard fell back in the room, but he did not attempt to reclaim it. The arrival of the train prompted those outside to venture in for their baggage. It had vanished, and the black beard told the tale.—Chicago News.

Queer Oaths. The Isle of Man, like the soldier in Jacques' familiar speech, is "full of strange oaths." Mr. Shee, a Belfast beginning his judicial duties as special commissioner in connection with the Dunblair case was required to swear that he would administer justice as impartially "as the herring's backbone and dole in the middle of the fish." The Isle of Man is not the only place in the world in which the animal kingdom plays a part in the making of oaths.

Customs Influence Language. Pomologists, like botanists, find it impossible to enforce the rules of priority in names of fruits and flowers. In fruits the names of Bartlett for a pear and Telegraph for a grape have not been changed in spite of the efforts of leading pomologists and pomological societies to support their names. Those who lead in these good efforts forget that the only law for language is the law of custom. In a famous grammar we are told "the English language requires the pronoun 'it' for all inanimate objects," but custom has so firmly made the sun a he and the moon a she that we have accepted it. Thus it will ever be. To secure the adoption of a prior name reformers must bear themselves before custom gets possession of the field.—Mechan's Monthly.

How to Avoid the Terrors of Croup and Whooping Cough. It is useless these days for parents to worry over croupy children or to have their rest broken by them. Modern medical science has robbed these diseases of their terrors, just as it has smallpox and diphtheria. Have this remedy for any cough or cold always at hand; simply ask your druggist or storekeeper for a bottle of Dr. Gill's Botanic Cough Syrup, or send your stamps to Scott & Gilbert, San Francisco, for trial size.

As the name indicates it is purely vegetable, there is no opium and children like it. A single dose will give the little sufferer relief and insure you a good night's rest. You cannot afford to let a cough hang on, for it will become fixed and weaken the lungs. Use Botanic at once. With such a remedy on sale in every store it is nothing short of a crime to take chances by neglecting a cough. Botanic cures coughs, colds, laryngitis, bronchitis, croup and whooping cough and a single dose gives instant relief.

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HE ASPIRED TO OFFICE. And He Will Never Forget His First Detractor who Hopes Some Day to be Elected to the Legislature by the Reporters by Saying that He Joined to be a Member of the Craft.

One Detroit reporter who hopes some day to be elected to the legislature joined the reporters by saying that he joined to be a member of the craft. One of them, who prefers evidence to bare assertion, asked the political aspirant all about it and extorted this reluctant explanation: "Well, just between you and me, it was the way; my father ran a weekly paper down in Indiana, and it was the party organ in the county. When I got home from college, I made up my mind that I was about ripe to be the clerk of courts. The old gentleman told me that I was pretty raw, but he agreed to be my strategy board and said he reckoned he could pull me through if I'd obey orders and make no moves on my own responsibility. I can see now that he was a great general, but you know how heady a young fellow is before the world has bumped him a few times."

"So I put up what I thought was a great scheme and kept it from the governor. The truth is that I thought him just a little slow for my class. The man against me on the opposition ticket lived in another town, and we had never met. So I went over and told him that I was a reporter from my father's paper and proceeded to get his plans for making the fight."

"We had a delightful talk for an hour, smoking his cigars and sampling the juice of the grape from his own vine about half way home. Then I'd liked to have gone into a faint. It just dawned upon me that my smooth host hadn't told me a confounded thing and had got out of me my campaign to the minutest details. I was beaten to a standstill, and the old gentleman advised me to move."—Detroit Free Press.

Mail Box Honesty. "That naive trust in human honesty that one sees here is distinctly American," said an Englishman, pointing to a letter box. "I would like to see a continental business man lay packages and large envelopes on the top of the post boxes. They would be taken before the glue of the stamps was dry. There is another reason why we can't do that at home. Our dear old London fogs would wipe out the address in short order, and unless the collections were frequent the paper would be reduced to a pulp. A dry climate makes you Americans talk with a dreadful nasal accent, but it shows up your honesty."—New York Tribune.

How He Knew It. We had outspanned the wagons on the veidt between Prieska and Kenhardt. The donkeys had been driven to the veidt, and we, my friend and myself, were waiting in the "naal" to a Dutchman named Gert Maans about the wonders of the universe. We mentioned that the world was round. Maans said that he knew it. This answer was unusual for a Boer, so we asked him how he knew. He replied: "I started to ride to Poortje one dark night through the veidt, and I rode hard all the night, and next morning I found myself at the place I started from, so I know the world is round because I rode round it."—London Standard.

Artificial Eyes. Artificial eyes are supplied to all the world from Thuringia, Germany. Nearly all the grown inhabitants of some of the villages are engaged in their manufacture. Four men usually sit at a table, each with a gas jet in front of him, and the eyes are blown from gas plates and molded into shape by hand. The colors are then traced in with small needles, and as every man uses his own fancy no two artificial eyes therefore are exactly alike.

Extent of Florist Industry. The florist business in the United States is by no means an unimportant industry. It is estimated that the retail value of flowers sold annually is \$12,500,000 and of potted plants \$10,000,000. There are no less than 10,000 establishments in the United States devoted to the growing of plants under glass.—Chicago Chronicle.

Lincoln's Offhand Way. In 1861, when Mr. Lincoln was on his way to Washington to be inaugurated as president, his train stopped at Rochester, Pa., at a station on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago railroad. Mr. Lincoln alighted from the car to stretch his long limbs by walking on the station platform. His identity became known to the townspeople assembled there, and a friendly conversation with him ensued.

In reply to a reference to the threatening political outlook he said, "Oh, no one has been hurt yet." Seeing a tall man in the crowd, Mr. Lincoln remarked that he and the man were of about the same height and proposed that they measure. They took off their hats and stood together, back to back, while some one placed a hand above their heads and found Mr. Lincoln to be slightly the taller.

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THE SECOND MARRIAGE. Her soft brown eyes upgazing to his face as though the aisle's one sunlight shaft they pass with measured pace.

Her soft brown eyes upgazing to his face as though the aisle's one sunlight shaft they pass with measured pace. He, smiling at the lips, but not the eyes. That seem to gaze upon some form that flies Faroff, cloud wrapped, alas!

"He is too young to live alone," he war, "This woman's fair as was the first, and then She's dead a year." "Ah, true, she's lain twelve months beneath the clay. But, oh, poor ghost, she dies today. Yea, with the priest's amen!"

"The new life clings as fondly as the old," "There's love in brown eyes as there was in blue;" "The grave is cold." "The clock you know, looks bare without a vine; But, ah, Death makes, when two souls intertwine, No void place for the new!"

"Yet this his first true flow' of love may be;" "Oh, on the dead wife's grave why pour out gall?" "Yet bitterly." "I'll say, the dead is gone forever now, And better love should garland this young brow Than life be bloomless all."

Laughter and bells ring o'er the bridal train, But through them sigh upon the love tuned ear With tones of pain. Oh, haste and gaze into mine eyes, my wife, Till soul tells soul that love is love for life. And life is love for life! —Joseph L. C. Clarke in Criticism.

A Necessity. The sage has had his say against matrimony in haste; here is the same thought with a prettier coloring. A solemn and awe inspiring bishop was examining a class of girls and asked: "What is the best preparation for the sacrament of matrimony?" "A little courtin, me lord!" the unexpected reply of one of the number, whose nationality may be guessed. —Exchange.

What Was the Use? Mother—Goodness, how did you hurt your finger so? Little Son—With a hammer. "When?" "A good while ago." "I didn't hear you cry." "No, mother. I thought you were out."—Stray Stories.

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