

[New York Truth.]

He comes to see her Sundays, an' they sit  
aroun' an' talk; he takes her ridin' an' some-  
times 'ey take a walk;  
an' once he stay for dinner 'cause my  
mammy said he might,  
An' he 'k's a-sayin' "Thank you y' jes"  
as soft-like an' perlite.  
Once I jes' sort o' whistled to my ma's  
canary bird,  
An' pa said, "Tommy" cross-like, an' I  
hadn't said a word.  
I tell you, but a feller's got to act jes' so  
an' so,  
When he's got a great big sister an' his  
sister has a beau.

### Flaherty on Guard.

While the company was in the barracks at Worcester it was the fashion for the men to run the guard and get out of the lines through a hole in the high board fence, made by removing the nail at the bottom of a wide board and swinging it to one side. After the men had got through they would let the board swing back and there was no sign of exit. The officers finally discovered this method of procedure and determined to put a stop to it. They selected as sentry at the crucial point Flaherty. He had impressed them as a man who would do his duty at whatever cost, even though it meant sticking a bayonet into someone's vitals or boring a hole through them with an ounce of lead. They also elaborated a system of countersigns which they proposed to have strictly enforced.

"Who be yez?"

"What's all the trouble?" demanded the sergeant, looking over the group. "Give me the countersign," said Pat. "Ticonderoga," replied the sergeant. "Faith and vez haven't got it right!"

"Bedad, it was 'Wrong kind of rogery,'" said Pat, and a shout of laughter went up from the group he had standing around him. Flaherty, having recently come over and not being well up in American history, had not heard of Ticonderoga, and had mistaken the word, although they had drilled him carefully, trying to get him to pronounce it. Not long afterward the regiment moved to the south, and with it went Flaherty, now rechristened "wrong kind of rogery." It took to him all through the war, and he got so used to it that he responded to it as his name.—Springfield Republican.

**The Head Master.**

**Mr. Laurier's Speech at the Dominion Day Banquet.**

wings between England and the United States," and concluded: "If on my deathbed every trace of racial feud has been removed, I shall die happy in the belief that I have not lived in vain."

### Genghis Khan's Dominions.

### A Comparison.

### At Least One Other.

"When I was first married, I thought my wife was the only woman on earth."  
 "How do you feel about it now?"  
 "Well, there's our cook."—Chicago Record.

signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher.*

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