

IN THE ODD CORNER.

QUEER AND CURIOUS THINGS AND EVENTS.

Very Odd Wagers—Strange Bet Made by Men with Sportive Propensities—A Sixteen Year Old Veteran—The Fighting Mascot of the Tenth New York.

Helen Gould.
There are marks of credit for you up above.
Helen Gould:
You have earned many an anxious mother's joy.
Helen Gould:
When the Lord selected you as his anointed a low heroine came into view.
Helen Gould:
You're a star within the temple roared to fame.
Helen Gould:
You have spread a kiss of honor on your name.
Helen Gould:
You have proved that true hearts beat where proud manhood of the street—Here's a flower at your feet.
Helen Gould:
—Cleveland Leader.

Mistaken Identity.

The appearance of Miss Grace Marian Perkins, the supposed victim of the Bridgeport, Conn., murder, alive and happy as a bride at her home in Middleborough, Mass., is not so surprising an incident as it seems to be at first glance. Nothing is more fallible than the casual morgue identification, unless it be the "absolutely sure" identification. The fact that Miss Perkins (or Mrs. Bourne) is not a mutilated corpse is only astonishing when one forgets the long chapter of previous "positive" identifications of murdered men and women as husbands, brothers, wives and daughters made by any number of sane and sorrowing individuals. Recall any of the great murder mysteries, such as that that centered about Railway, for instance, and you can not but fail to remember that conflicting identifications were features of the case and made confusion worse confounded.

Naturally, individuals differ, and special training adds acuteness to observation. And yet Bertillon, the French criminal expert, was led to the development of his scientific system of criminal registration and identification by reason of the failure not only of the eye of the police, but of the camera as well. Just as the eye and the mind play their tricks, so the camera, after the positive identification, is so uncertain as the testimony of the photograph, which is a "speaking image" of the original. Under these conditions it is not surprising that the Bridgeport case was identified by Mr. Perkins, the surprising feature of the case being that there have been so few identifications. The whole Perkins episode is, however, a striking commentary on the danger of jumping to conclusions in murder mysteries. Murder will out, but the "positive identifier" often hinders instead of advancing the solution of the mystery.

Aside from the self-evident fact that death may work such a change in the appearance of familiar features as to deceive even those nearest and dearest, there remains the psychological explanation that nothing is so capable of being deceived as the human sense. Seeing is not believing. Sight has a way of doubling under at critical times that it would be surprising were it not so common a fact in our experience. The reason why false identifications are made is that, at best, the average person carries in mind a mere generalization of the facts of physiognomy and figures that go to make up personality. Under the stimulus of a suggested idea almost anybody, dead or alive, that is at all like the known personality will be promptly and positively identified, and this without the aid of occasional marvelous coincidences, in the way of the exact likeness of two individuals. In other words, we hold but vaguely personal details in mind even those most intimately known, and then endeavor to establish identity, sight and memory play us false and failure results.—Philadelphia Press.

Oddest Wagers.

The history of the foolish and eccentric bets contains no story of more reckless folly than that of a gambler of a generation ago who made the fall of a bowl accomplish his ruin. After a long night's gambling in which evil fortune had pursued him, he made a hasty calculation of all that was left to him of a princely fortune. He then seized a bowl from a table and, pointing it aloft, said: "Odd or even pieces for \$15,000?" "Odd," coolly said one of the men who had won his money. The bowl fell and was dashed to pieces. The fragments were collected and counted, only to find that the number was odd, and that the gambler's last sovereign was lost. The presidential elections in the United States are the occasion of some of the most eccentric wagers which ingenuity can devise. The man who lost his bet at the last election found himself in the undignified position of having to act as the winner's dog for a full day. He had to follow at his heels through the chief thoroughfares of New York, lie down when bidden, in the most unpleasant places, bark at strangers, and lick his master's hand. When he complained of hunger he was supplied with an allowance of dog's meat and a drink of water, and had to lie under the table while his master feasted sumptuously at a fashionable restaurant. For some hours the loser pursued this undignified routine, to the amusement of thousands; but the savory odors of his master's dishes, which assailed him as he followed, finally overcame his resolution, and he bought his freedom by paying a heavy forfeit.

Many mad feats have resulted from

wagers, but surely none so foolish as that of the French carpenter, Paul Parmentier. Paul was drinking with some boon companions a short time ago, when he made a bet of five francs that he would jump, unhurt, from a fourth-floor window. The bet was taken with amused incredulity by one of his friends, when Paul ran out of the window, climbed to the fourth story of an adjacent house, and threw himself out of the window, with a screaming thud, into the street. When he was picked up it was found that he had broken his leg and seriously injured himself internally; while he had not even the satisfaction of having won his five francs.

Some very astonishing gastronomic feats have sprung from wagers, but the fame of Nicholas Wood, the Kentish glutton, has never suffered eclipse. On one occasion Nicholas made a bet that he would eat an entire pig at one sitting. This feat he accomplished so easily that he called for three perks of champagne, which "proved his desert" and followed in the way of the pig. A very common meal with Nicholas, and one which won him many wagers, consisted of "six penny wheat loaves, three six penny real pies, one pound of sweet butter, one good dish of shornback," and a few similar delicacies.

It was a wager that induced a New York gambler to dispose of 225 operators in half an hour, merely as a prelude to a substantial dinner; and a gourmand of the name of Edward Manning has swallowed 72 eggs in one minute for a wager.

Franz Friedrich Willmannsburg was prepared, for a suitable bet, to make a meal of a goose, five pounds of German sausage, one pound of cheese, a loaf of bread and 12 glasses of beer, while at Civita Vecchia lately, Sig. Beraccio swallowed a mile of macaroni for a wager, and beat his rival by over 100 yards.

16-Year-Old Veteran.

A veteran in khaki trousers is hard to find, but in Andrew Lewis there is one. Anxious to see the front, he had, who is only 15 years old, ran away from home and went to Cuba as mascot of the Seventy-first regiment.

Andrew hails from Lakeland, Fla. While the Seventy-first was stationed at Lakeland Andrew often visited the camp. Col. Downs and his officers took such a liking to the youth that they made him a mascot and gave him an old uniform was provided for him.

The night the Seventy-first received orders to move to Tampa Andrew stole from home and reached the Seventy-first camp just as the regiment was about to move. When the command was boarding the transport Villanilla the regular army officers stopped the boy from going aboard. He awaited his chance and stole on the ship.

Disposition in France.

The returns of the census for France which was taken in March, 1897, have now been published and compared with the statistics of the previous census, which was taken six years before. It shows that the number of people in France was 35,228,968, and at the 1891 census it was 35,095,150, so that in the six years the population of France had only increased 133,818 persons. And even this trifling increase is more apparent than real, for it has taken place entirely in the large towns, and is due to the influx of foreigners, such as Belgians and Italians, who are to be found in increasing numbers among the urban populations of France. In only 24 departments is there any increase; in 63 departments there is a positive falling off, and this is more especially marked in the rural communities.

A Prize Hog.

A prize hog, weighing 1,524 pounds, has been raised by T. W. Williams, of Meigs county, Tenn. Here are its dimensions: Height, 4 feet 6 inches; diameter, 7 feet; length, 10 feet 2 inches. It is considered the largest hog in the world.

Then He Felt Cheep.

He—"So you have decided that they are not married? Why?" She—"He put down his satchel in order to assist her while she stepped from the car."

THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS AND THE BEAR.

From Scraps.



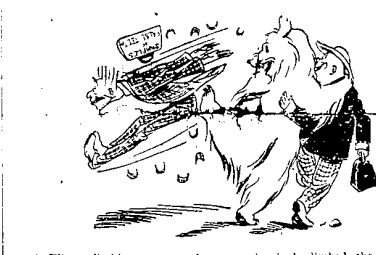
(1) Two commercial travelers going through a wood saw, to their horror, a bear coming toward them; upon which one, being a sensible fellow, climbed up a tree.



(2) The other, noticing that the aforesaid bear was unbecomingly bold, opened his sample bag of hair restorer, and invited the bear to try a bottle. He consented.



(3) In ten minutes the bear was as hairy as a sky terrier.



(4) When all this was over, the man who had climbed the tree came down, thinking he might do some business, too. But the bear would have nothing to do with him, saying, "A friend in need is a friend indeed, and you are neither the one nor the other."

IN BAD TASTE.



Irish Old Gentleman—Here, I say, your beast of a dog has bitten a piece out of my leg.
Dog's Owner—Confound it, I wanted to bring him up a vegetarian.

CAMPFIRE SKETCHES.

GOOD SHORT STORIES FOR THE VETERANS.

Story of Two Brave Men—How the Negroes and the Indians Fought under the Flag of Freedom—The Soldier at Home—The Volunteers.

The Negro Soldier.

We used to think the negro didn't count for very much—Light, dingy in his melan patch, and chicken yard air—Much mixed in point of morals and absurd in point of dress. The butt of droll caricatures and the target of our sneers. But we've got to reexamine our views on color, more or less.

Now we know that the Tenth at La Quana.

When a man of color was falling, with a song upon his lips.

In the honor with such gallant lives went out in death's eclipse.

Face to face with English bullets, on the blood-soaked plain.

The negro soldier showed himself another type of man.

Read the story of his courage, coldly, carefully, who can—

The story of the Tenth at La Quana.

We have heaped the Cuban soil about their bodies, black and white—

The strangely stored comrades of that grim and glorious fight.

And many a fair-skinned volunteer knee whole and soul to the ground.

For the valor of the colored troops, the battle records say—

And the feud is done forever of the blue coat and the grey—

All honor to the Tenth at La Quana.

Black and Red.

It is well known that the colored troops in the United States army have proved very efficient in the service of the plains and frontier, but perhaps it is not so well known that the Indians are more afraid of the black soldiers than of the white soldiers.

That this fact is well known by an army officer who has been "interviewed" on the subject by the Washington Star.

"The cavalry I go to which I belonged," this gentleman said, "sold along with a couple of troops of the Ninth cavalry, a colored regiment, during the last 2½ years. We were performing garrison duty—that is, hemming in duty—and our task was to prevent the Apaches from straying from the reservation. If any of them attempted to pass, we had authority to prod them with our bayonets."

"The result was the white troops often had to perform the risky job of forcing back and arrest six-foot savages with the bayonet, and there were some very dangerous combats; but the black troops also had no such trouble. While the Indians were continually crowding upon the white soldiers, they let the blacks entirely alone."

"Moreover, the black troops obtained from the Indians ten times as much general obedience. The crumples as the white ones did. The Indians could not jump to obey the uniformed whites. One day a black sergeant and a minor chief, who was sunning himself at the door of his tepee, sent his square with a couple of pals down to the creek to get water. The black sergeant walked up to the laxy savage and prodded him.

"Look cheeb!" he exclaimed, "jes shake yo' no-count bones an' go take dat wash yo' self! Yo' head me!"

"The Indian did not understand the words, but he comprehended perfectly the gesture, especially when the black man took the pals from the woman's hands and put them into those of her lord and master. He went after the water, and at an astonishingly rapid pace."

During the Pine Ridge trouble, when the Indians were on one occasion in line of battle, the duty of charging them was conferred to the black troops. The negroes began to yell as soon as they started, and their yell went on increasing with every jump of their horses, until it seemed to the listeners with the militia as if the air were being rent with the screams of ten thousand demons.

As soon as the Indians caught sight, through the cloud of alkali dust, of the black faces and open mouths of the charging blacks, and got the full effect of this mounting roar, they broke and fled, and were soon surrounded and disarmed. The chiefs afterward confessed that the braves were scared by the awful howling of the black troops.

These black soldiers can fight as well as they can howl. Their record on the plains has been one of absolute intrepidity.

Two Brave Men.

Smith was a gunner in the service of the East India company, was known as "the sweep," a derisive name given to mark some eccentricity for the man was a character. He had charge of the boats belonging to the military station, and one day while on duty he was asked, "When shall I have the boats ready?" The man replied, "Have the boat ready at six an hour."

When the major went down to the river with a party of ladies, he asked Smith how he spent his "boat."

Smith, without a symptom of nervousness, answered the officer, "Some people spells it boat, but I spells it boat."

But Smith, notwithstanding his mocking nickname, was not a map to be laughed at. One day the roof of the building which held the ammunition caught fire. Smith, a puffed; even the best disciplined soldiers lost their heads. But "the sweep" mounted the roof, pulled off the thatch, poured buckets of water over the flames, and saved the main he. It was as plain a thing as it was possible for a man to

For there was power enough in him to build to wreck the station.

There is no telling what a "savage" will do. The present writer knew a Gloucester boy, so weak in body and so effeminate in disposition that his brothers, who were seamen, used to speak of him as our "poor little Davie." At the beginning of the civil war Davie enlisted in the navy, and being a high school graduate, was made a petty officer.

One day a fire broke out on the vessel near the magazine. Davie, seeing that the men and officers hesitated to take the pipe of the hose down into the smoky between-decks, snatched it, jumped down and held it against the side until the water had quenched it. Then he fell down, senseless, overcome by the heat and smoke.

Davie was again promoted, and had a listen to the commander's praise at the end of the inter-deck, the sailors and officers standing at attention. Davie almost fainted again.

He Became a Hero.

Some ex-confederates were swapping war stories recently, when one of them told the following, which covers a wholesome lesson about hasty judgment.

Just before the battle of Murfreesboro a detachment of Morgan's command was guarding a mountain pass a few miles from Brandywine. A portion of the valley leading to the pass was densely wooded and swampy. The marshy ground abounded in bullfrogs of huge proportions, and the trees afforded a roosting place for numerous owls. Among the soldiers was a stripling by the name of Spreeler. It was a wild and windy night when Spreeler was called upon to do guard duty.

About one o'clock when the sky was a leaden hue and the wind sighed fitfully through the trees an owl on a nearby limb hooted:

"Who—who are you?"

"John Spreeler," exclaimed the sentinel, trembling in his boots.

Just at that moment a bullfrog, in deep bass tones, seemed to say:

"Sur—sur—surround him!"

"I'll be hanged if you do," exclaimed Spreeler as he fired his musket and broke for the camp, which had been thrown into the wildest confusion by the alarm, which was supposed to mean that the enemy was attacking the outposts.

When the true state of affairs was understood the other men made life a burden for John until the platoon of Murfreesboro, when the Lincoln county stripling was promoted for conspicuous bravery. He was afterwards assigned to Bragg's army, and died while here on the "battle above the clouds" while in the forefront of the charge, trying to spike an enemy's cannon.

The Soldier at Home.

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, in his talk to the House of Representatives, gave them some timely advice which is worth the attention of every soldier who is required to take upon himself the duties of a citizen.

"But, boys, don't get gay and pose as heroes or lie on your laurels, because they wither. Be careful of your conduct in the future, as you have in the past. The world will be kind for ten days, and then, in those cold words that the world is capable of speaking at times, it will declare you are spotted by going to war."

The beneficiary of this advice, if it is taken, says the New York Tribune, will be the soldier himself far more than anybody else, and when the soldier is warned to be modest it is not because of any lack of appreciation of his bravery or of the splendid work he did, but from a realization of the tendency of human nature to reactions of sentiment due to slight causes. The American people today are profoundly grateful to the troops who responded to their country's call, deeply grieved over the fatalities which attended the prosecution of the war and much disturbed by the misdeeds which have caused needless suffering. It is desirable that they should retain these feelings, and both for their own sake and the sake of the soldiers never think lightly of the soldier or teach future generations that military service can be forgotten.

The Volunteers.

In the management of the men, writes a correspondent with the army in the Philippines, lies the whole weakness of a volunteer army. It is difficult to impress the volunteers with the idea that they are not on serious business; most of them get as if they were on a pleasure trip. It is perhaps not policy to dwell on the distinction between our small trained army and our multitudinous volunteer force—but some facts it is the duty of every observer to bring to public notice.

It is the opinion of the majority of good Americans that, when the occasion requires, we can raise an army of volunteers and "lick the world." This crude idea of war has been fostered by the late rebellion, where both sides were volunteer forces. Fall as such a crude doctrine be, the attitude of the public is likely to find support in the easy victory we had over the Spaniard, in spite of the fact that that victory was made possible by our highly trained army. The weakness of our volunteer force should, therefore, be noted, that we may not be led in to arrange of our easy victory to re-heading into a new war.

Ireland's Population.

The total population of Ireland April 3, 1891, was 4,704,750. Of this 3,528,562 were Roman Catholics, 603,200 Anglicans and 446,587 Presbyterians. About 127,000 belong to other sects.