Funeral Meats.

One dreary afternoon in January, during the siege of Paris, M. Reboullet left his office in a great state of mental perturbation. He went directly home and, bursting in upon his wife, exclaimed tragically: "Virginia, we must kill Adolphe!"

Mme. Reboullet sat beside a table sewing. At her husband's emphatic words she rose, trembled, grew pale, then dropped back into her chair in an attitude of abject helplessness.

Yes, we must kill Adolphe! It is hard, but there is nothing else to be done. We really ought to have expected it. What did you say?"

Mme. Rebouliet had said nothing. She sat quite still in limp helplessness and great tears were chasing each other down her pallid cheeks.

"You are crying! Well, that's quite natural, and if I weren't a man —but what good would it do? One should be reasonable!"

But couldn't we — wait a little while longer?" sobbed the lady.

"You know, Virginia, that there is one thing I have always been very careful about; that is my reputation. Well, that is now at stake, and all because of Adolphe. You have persisted in taking him out for exercise daily on the avenue. He is insolently fat, and people think it strange that at such a time as this, when many poor creatures haven't when may poor creatures haven't even a piece of horse meat to eat, that we should keep a useless mouth to feed. Talk of it has even reached the office. For some time past I have noticed a coolness among my companions. I couldn't understand it, but to-day Sergt. Bosc said to me, at the distribution of provisions, 'Adolphe is still thriving, I presume!' Then I understood that the sacrifice was necessary, and it must be made."

After a silence, Mme. Reboullet stammered: "But I shall never have the courage."

"Nor I," replied her husband. "We shall have to leave it to Rose."

Rose, who was the domestic, and who hated Adolphe as much as her masters loved him, agreed to perform the agreeable task.

It may be said right here that Adolphe was a dog, and an extremely ill favored one at that. A curious mixture of pug and hound, with long ears, a stubby tail and slender legs, he certainly would have been no loss to the world from an aesthetic point of view.

M. and Mme. Reboullet went out to walk the next morning at ten o'clock, leaving Adolphe to the tender mercies of Rose. They were disconsolate, but, spurred on by the cold, they were soon walking at a brisk pace up and down the avenue. Both were silent. After a time, Mme. Reboullet gasped out: "It must be over by this time!"

Reboullet looked at his watch. It was only ten minutes past 11, so the couple resumed their mute promenade. In a few moments Mme. Reboullet exclaimed again with a start: "We forgot to tell Rose what to do with poor Adolphe after — where to bury him."

"True; I never thought of it. But don't worry; he shall have the sort of burial he deserves."

Distracted in spite of themselves by the movement in the street and exhilarated by the nipping air, they began to think less exclusively of their dog, and when at noon they found themselves in front of their home, Reboullet exclaimed: "How hungry I am!"

"And I, too," sighed Mme. Reboullet.

Immediately after they gave each other a look that promptly brought them back to a due sense of propriety.

The pair were soon seated at the table in a little oak dining room. On entering this room, so full of haunting memories of Adolphe, and on sitting down at the table around which he had always wandered during meals, watched for bones and delicate morsels. Mme. Reboullet had a fresh outburst of grief. So when her husband asked what they were to have for luncheon, she replied between her sobs: "I don't know, my dear; I ordered nothing else, you remember."

"Bring in luncheon, Rose!" called out M. Reboullet.

The maid entered noisily, her cap strings flying. "Here it is, and it's a good one, too!"

As she spoke she set down a large dish, filled to the brim with yellowish gravy, in which a number of small objects were floating about.

The same thought instantly struck both M. Reboullet and his wife. "What is that?" they asked in concert.

Why, the dog — stewed in white wine. I thought first I would serve him roasted, but as madame said nothing about it"——

Reboullet half rose from his chair, exclaiming: "Have you dared"——

"What! Wasn't it to have him to eat that ——. If I had known, I could have sold him for twenty francs, he was so fat!"

"Leave the room," sobbed Mme. Reboullet.

Rose shrugged her shoulders and went out, slamming the door after her, saying, "Such a fuss — for a dog!"

M. and Mme. Reboullet sat for a time without speaking a word. In the funereal silence savory odors arose from the streaming dish between them. The miserable girl was right. It must be excellent; but, oh, no, never!

But what was to be done with it? Give it to Rose, who would eat it herself, or worse still, sell it to some unscrupulous restaurant keeper? Throw it out into the street? What a humiliating end! Bury it? Who ever heard of burying a stew?

The appetizing odor continued to greet their nostrils, and finally Reboullet said: "Perhaps Rose is right, after all! A dog is only a dog. Besides, this is no ordinary time. Paris is not besieged every day. Dog, indeed! Why, every one is glad nowadays to eat cats, rats, hippopotamus meat, or any other kind, for that matter. Of course, I would never have desired to see Adolphe on our table in this state. But the mischief is done — and now, sapristi, if we don't eat him, what shall we do with him?"

The clouds had scattered and the sunshine streamed into the little dining room. A calm seemed to pervade the air. Rose had been thoughtful enough to put on the table a bottle of their very best wine, and full justice was done to it. Half an hour later, as Mme. Reboullet sat contemplating the little bones ranged on the side of her plate, she sighed, and said plaintively: "Poor Adolphe! He loved bones so well!"

FOR LOVE OF HUSBANDS.

THE LENGTH TO WHICH SOME WIVES WILL GO.

How a Husband Was Saved From Ruin—From Russia to Siberia.

The lengths to which a devoted wife's love of her husband will carry her have been frequently demonstrated, but never more strikingly than by a tragedy the facts of which recently became known to a certain insurance company. The husband of the lady in question had for some considerable time been in grave financial difficulties, and it seemed that ruin was inevitable. Unhappily, the prolonged strain of his affairs so deeply affected him as to completely change his bearing towards his wife, who, to her intense sorrow, realized that, so far from being able to comfort and support him, she was regarded by him rather as an expense, hastening him to his ruin. Moved by bitterest regret that he should regard her in such a light, and willing to do almost anything to prove her love and devotion, and to extricate him from his position, she decided upon an act which, reprehensible though it was, commands at once sympathy and admiration. In the early days of her union the husband had insured his own life and his wife's for considerable sums of money, and, though loans had been obtained upon the policies, the wife estimated that her death would put her husband in possession of sufficient funds to re-establish his business. To die was not everything; in her case it was necessary to die a "natural death" quietly, gravely, undramatically, or the sacrifice would be wasted. She died a "natural death" under the eye of a physician of the honesty of whose certificate there could be no question; and her husband benefited by her death to such a degree that he not only tided over his difficulties, but

EXTENDED HIS BUSINESS.

It was not for months after that the insurance company had an inkling of suspicion and made inquiries quietly. It learnt how one night the lady's maid had seen her mistress dressed in her night attire, and with bare feet, pacing up and down a long stone passage, just after having had a hot bath. Thinking her mistress was walking in her sleep, the servant was too frightened to betray her presence, but on the following night kept watch. For a second and a third time the sleepwalking occurred, although on the third day the lady was showing signs of a severe cold.

Alarmed for her mistress, the maid betrayed herself on the third night, and found to her astonishment that the lady was not asleep, but perfectly rational, excusing her conduct by saying that she wished to see for herself that the basement of the house was properly locked up. Suspicion grew in the servant's mind and she continued to watch.

The following day the lady was ill and in bed, and the doctor who was summoned spoke gravely. Yet at dead of night the patient sat at an open window until the maid went into the room and, knocking at the door, induced her to return to bed. A few days later the battle of life had been fought by the physician for his patient, and lost. A letter left by the lady for her husband fell into other hands long after the writer's death and aroused suspicions. The maid reluctantly admitted what she knew, and it is still uncertain whether action may not be taken by the insurance company to recover the amount of the insurance money paid.

The Siberia that the Russian convict knows is, if half the reports about it are true, a place where

LIFE IS WORSE THAN DEATH

Yet it is not an uncommon thing for the wives of Russian convicts to follow their husbands into exile in that dreadful land of hardships. Quite recently there set out for the mines of Siberia a lonely woman with a baby in her arms. She will trudge the whole distance, if her strength holds out, alone, begging her food where she can. Her sole object is to join her husband, who is a convict. He was one of the Russian troops who, some months back, refused to fire on a mob that was demonstrating against the iron hand of bureaucracy. He was court-martialled and sentenced to the mines for life. He was less lucky than certain others, who were merely shot. Without delay he was dragged to the penal settlement, and not for days did his wife learn what had become of him.

Directly she knew she sought permission to join him. It was only by chance that she got within hearing distance of an official powerful enough to grant or deny her permission, but he did neither; he merely said that the road to the mines was an open road, and if she could walk the distance no obstacle would be put in her way. So she set out. If she falls by the roadside and dies of exhaustion or starvation with her babe on her bosom, the world will never know. But the world is richer for her effort and her love.

A few months back a half-fainting woman was taken in hand by a London policeman. She had walked from Leeds to the Metropolis to meet her husband on his release from prison. She had started from home with a few coppers in her pocket, and though faint, footsore, and hungry she could not be persuaded to spend a halfpenny on herself;

THE MONEY WAS FOR HIM.

She was only fit for the hospital, as the police surgeon told her, but she went to the prison gates to meet "her man." She went into hospital afterwards and died there.

Women have turned their backs on fortunes and run away to marry men their parents would not recognize. Most of them have regretted it, some even so much as to run home again. But the heroine of one such marriage must figure in this article. She married in absolute defiance of her father, and thus forfeited a handsome fortune for the sake of love on eight dollars a week. For years the offer of her father to accept her back if she would abandon her husband stood open to her. Resolutely she ignored it, despite her husband's urging, perhaps a little because of it. Through sickness, in abject want, housed in a wretched room, surrounded by squalid neighbors, for more than ten months she nursed her husband on a paralytic's bed, and earned his food and hers with needle and thread at rates of remuneration that made her shudder. And doubtless she would still be working on had not her father, in sheer desperation at her fearful condition of life, consented to recognize her husband and to allow of his sharing in the riches the heroic wife could claim. This is an actual case, and it may be one of many.—London Tit-Bits.

CANNOT MAKE FIRES.

The Papuans of the Malay coast of New Guinea are still in the most primitive state. They are wholly unacquainted with metals, and make their weapons of stone, bones and wood. They do not know how to start a fire, though fire is used among them. When a Russian asked them how they made a fire, they regarded it as very amusing and answered that when a person's fire went out he got some of a neighbor, and if all the fires in the village should go out they would get it from the next village. Their fathers and grandfathers had told them that they remembered a time or had heard from their ancestors that there was a time when fire was not known and everything was eaten raw.

HIGH-FLYING BUTTERFLIES.

Both in the Himalayas and in the Andes butterflies have been found at heights ranging up to 16,000 feet, and in the Alps they are quite common at 6,000 feet. The very highest elevation so far observed is 16,626 feet, where they were found by M. Bonpland on the slopes of Chimborazo. Sir J. D. Hooker found butterflies on the slopes of the Himalayas at about the same height. He speaks of "the amazing quantity of superb butterflies, many large tropical swallowtails, black, with a scarlet eye on the wings." The South American high-flying butterflies belong to the family of Colia dimera, the Asiatic that of the Pieris callidice. The explorer Sir Martin Conway also found them at high altitudes in the Himalayas.

MIND YOUR P's AND Q's.

This very familiar admonition took its rise from a custom which prevailed in the inns of the olden times, when the simple accounts of the devotees of the flowing bowl were kept on a blackboard hung in the dining-room, plainly showing — with P. for pints and Q. for quarts how the P's and Q's were being scored up against the bibulous guests. Whenever a patron was likely to reach a state of inebriety, or was observed to be getting too deeply in debt, he was jokingly told to "mind his P's and Q's." If every one followed this advice to-day the world would be vastly better off.

A BOER ON THE LATE WAR

WHAT MR. VILJOEN THINKS OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

Assistant Commandant-General Writes a Book on the Anglo-Boer War.

Graphic to the last degree are the pictures presented by the first of the Boer books on the war, "My Recollections of the Anglo-Boer War," by Assistant Commandant-General B. J. Viljoen, written in Dutch, just published in Amsterdam. From the time when he began warlike preparations, on Sept. 28, 1899, to his capture by our troops in January of this year, the dashing leader had as hot a time as anyone who fought in the war, says a writer in the London Express.

The first cannon he heard was at Elandslaagte, and "no sweet music" he found it. After many hairbreadth escapes he managed to get away from the scene of the Boer defeat, and joined the Boer forces in front of Ladysmith, where he got the coldest of welcomes from General Joubert.

Of the katter Mr. Viljoen had a very mean opinion. His irresolution cost the Boers many a victory, and of his "incredible" superstition the writer relates that on one expedition when two burghers were struck by lightning, Joubert saw "the finger of God" in it, and immediately ordered a full retreat.

Ladysmith, in Viljoen's opinion, would undoubtedly have fallen to Joubert if he had had sense to attack on Oct. 30, 1899, when General White had lost more than one thousand six hundred men, killed, wounded and captured. Not only was no attack made, but the railway to Maritzburg was not blown up for several days, "giving the enemy the chance of bringing into Ladysmith the naval guns, which later caused us so much trouble and loss."

Great difficulty was experienced by the author in getting his commando together after the defeat at Elandslaagte.

"I soon saw that among the burghers there was a small group whose inclination to go on fighting was not of the strongest. I therefore asked those of the burghers who had not the courage to return to the fighting line to

STAND ON ONE SIDE.

Some thirty fell out of the ranks. I gave each of them a pass good for the journey by rail to Johannesburg, which pass read as follows:

"Pass —— to Johannesburg, on account of cowardice, free at the expense of the government."

Two of our "heroes" get but slight credit at the hands of this Boer critic. They are General Baden-Powell and Mr. Winston Churchill. Of the former he says: "General Snyman . . . . was the real saviour of Mafeking, which had a garrison of a thousand men, whom he, with 2,000 men, had not the courage to attack. The English wrongly gave the credit for saving the town to General Baden-Powell."

He speaks of the easy escape of Winston Churchill and Captain Haldane from a pack of sleeping guards, "about which they (the escaped prisoners) have, entirely without reason, boasted such a lot. To this day I cannot see what there was heroic in this escape."

It is a curious picture that he gives us of life and discipline among the Boer forces. There was too much praying among the Boers for his taste, and too little centralization. At the Tugela River, for instance, "I received sometimes in ten minutes four different orders from four different generals."

Of the use of the sjambok in the field we have heard before now, but never so definitely as in the following passage.

"To quench an open outbreak of mutiny I was obliged to have a burgher stripped of his upper garments and cause him to be given fifteen strokes with the sjambok."

The English phrase most often heard in the war, it appears, was "Hands up!" and on this Viljoen has

AN AMUSING ANECDOTE.

A mounted Kaffir attendant of one of the Boer commandants was hard pressed by an English lancer, and cried to him "Hands up!" The Kaffir had so often heard the words spoken of that he thought they were about the only words in the English language. He took them for a kind of general phrase implying greeting and conciliation.

When the lancer, in turn, called out, "Hands up!" he therefore said again, "Hands up, baas!" and was astonished to get a lance-thrust through the arm. He saw there was some mistake, and bolted, but in the midst of his precipitate flight kept shouting, "Hands up! hands up!" in the hope of softening the heart of his pursuer, from whom he eventually made good his escape.

The capture of the naval gun christened "Lady Roberts" by Viljoen. led to an exchange of pleasantries between the latter and General Smith-Dorrien.

"I was compelled," Viljoen wrote, "to remove 'Lady Roberts' from Helvetia. . . . I can assure you that in her fresh surroundings and new company, she was very happy and very contented with her lot."

To which General Smith-Dorien replied as follows: "As the lady you refer to is not accustomed to sleep in the open air, I would recommend you to try flannel next to the skin."

Most interesting of all is the author when he criticises our officers and men. He gives more than one amusing instance of what he calls "the ordinary hee-haw style of speaking" of our officers. After Viljoen had been captured—

"The colonel twisted his moustache, which had got very much disarranged, leaned back in his chair, puffed the smoke from his cigar into the air, and said, without looking at me, "Well, ah, you are banished, don't yer know, ah, are being sent to, ah, hum, St. Helena, or as they call it, the oh, ha, Rock. 'Tis a nice ship you go in, called the ah, let me see, oh yes, the ah 'Britannic.' Now you may proceed to the station, get your kit, and in the meantime sign this parole and report yourself at 3 p.m. at the Docks." I muttered in Dutch, "Lord preserve us from the Evil One.'"

THE BRITISH OFFICER,

he declares, is generally one of two extremes—either a gentleman or a cad. The mistakes of officers during the war need not necessarily be ascribed to stupidity, cowardice or indiscretion. Luck, he thinks, had a great deal to do with success or failure, and he cites General Gatacre as an instance of a man who had more than his share of ill-luck.

Of the self-sacrifice and devotion to duty of our Tommy, Viljoen speaks highly. But if Tommy comes across anything outside ordinary routine he is a most helpless being. But "in his faithfulness and patriotism lies the secret of the success of the British army—a truth which I do not think can be gainsaid." And of the Tommies that he met, the writer found the Irish and the Scotch "far better than the others."

"If Tommy with his smartness were a good shot, and could judge distances better, he would be perhaps a perfect soldier, and certainly twice as dangerous as he is. In general, Tommy is a humane fellow. Towards our wounded Tommy was, as a rule, sympathetic, and he was eager to help a fallen enemy."

"The infantry did the heaviest and hardest work of the war." Cavalry, he prophesies, will in future wars be a sort of white elephant. Infantry, artillery, and mounted infantry are the forces of the future.

The author traverses Sir Conan Doyle's allegations of treachery against the Boers, and concludes:

"Shall the errors of one side weigh heavier than those of the other? Neither Boer nor Briton is in a position to judge impartially of the sins of both sides. Let us try to see each other's virtues instead."

JUSTICE IN MOROCCO.

Scene at the Summary Execution of an Assassin.

An article describing the arrest and execution of the Moorish fanatic who murdered Dr. Cooper, a British missionary in Fez, on Oct. 17, appears in the London Times from the Fez correspondent of that journal. After mentioning the arrest of the assassin in the shrine where he had taken refuge, the correspondent says:

"Within half an hour the assassin was brought into the Sultan's presence. His Majesty, who was seated in a chair under a tall archway, in full sight of all viziers, officials, and some hundreds of troops, ordered the prisoner to be brought before him. Mr. Hastings and myself stood by His Majesty's side, in order that we might hear what passed. The murderer was a man of apparently some forty years of age, of tall stature and not unpleasing countenance.

"He confessed to deliberately shooting Dr. Cooper because he was a Christian. Up to this time the news of Dr. Cooper's death had not been received. The Sultan therefore ordered the man to be publicly flogged for his attack upon Dr. Cooper, and the man received several hundred blows from leather thongs across his hips and thighs, administered by soldiers in the presence of His Majesty and the entire court and troops. He bore his thrashing with great fortitude, and on its completion was able to rise up without assistance and walk.

"He was then ordered to be publicly exhibited in the streets; and, mounted upon a donkey and guarded by soldiers, he was taken from the palace for this purpose.

"It was at this moment that the news of Dr. Cooper's death was received. The Sultan, who was still seated in the great courtyard of the palace, ordered the public exhibition of the murderer to be stopped and, after consultation with his viziers, he commanded the man's immediate execution, requesting Mr. Hastings and myself to be present, together with all the viziers.

"In a quarter of an hour all was over. The murderer was shot in the arsenal square, which had been quickly cleared of the usual crowd of people. He remained extraordinarily plucky to the end."

ANCIENT BANK NOTES.

Professor Douglas, Keeper of the Department of Oriental Literature in the British Museum, has obtained for the museum a curiosity in the shape of a Chinese bank note of the fourteenth century, which was three hundred years prior to the introduction of paper money into Europe. The note in question was discovered in the ruins of a bronze statue, probably of Buddha, at Peking.