



# OUR STORY TELLER

## PRIVATE GREEN.

Of the eighteen recruits who came out to the Fourth Cavalry once upon a time as it was stationed at Fort Bascom was Private James Green, who was assigned to Company B. From the first hour he came among us we realized that he was of good birth, well educated, and that he had enlisted in order to disappear from the world for a time. There are plenty of such cases, and they excite no particular interest or remark. Unless a soldier wishes to talk of his past he is seldom questioned by his comrades. If a recruit is set down as a gentleman the inference is that family troubles, or some wild adventure was the cause of his enlistment, and the matter is never referred to unless he makes an enemy among his comrades. It was the misfortune of Company B to have a captain who was hated by the officers of the regiment. But for the fact that he was



PRIVATE GREEN KNOCKS THE CAPTAIN DOWN.

a blood relation of the Colonel's, his position would have been made so uncomfortable in one way and another that he would have been forced to resign.

He not only drank too much to keep his dignity and maintain the respect due an officer, but was fault-finding and tyrannical, and was given to meddling with petty affairs which were none of his business. Capt. Bowers' excuse for "getting down" on Private Green was that the recruit was impudent and arrogant. When this was sifted down it was found that he had questioned the soldier regarding his past life and the reasons which had induced him to enlist, and this curiosity had been by no means satisfied. He may have been a little stiff in his refusal, as was his right under the circumstances, but his refusal to unbutton himself made the captain his enemy, and for months he was a persecuted man. Few officers descend from their pedestal to "nag" an enlisted man, but Capt. Bowers did it to his own shame and to the scandal of the post. That he was an enemy of Private Green made all the sergeants and corporals down on the man, and as a consequence he put in more days in the guardhouse than in his barracks. It was the general belief that the recruit was trying his best, and that he was by no means given a fair show. Capt. Bowers knew that this was the feeling, but that only made him the more persistent in his course.

After three or four months something happened which should have made the captain change his program and feel that he owed Private Green a debt of gratitude. Companies B and D were scouting along the eastern edge of the great Staked Plains of Texas in search of Indians, with whom we were then at war. At noon one day the two companies separated to beat up both sides of a ridge, and after a mile or so the B men were suddenly charged by about 100 Indians who had been concealed by a fringe of bushes. The troopers were taken by surprise, but made a good fight of it, and after ten minutes beat off their assailants. In their first rush the Indians surrounded Capt. Bowers, who was a few yards ahead of his company, and they sought to make him captive instead of killing him. But for the action of Private Green, who dashed forward to the help of his officer while all others were confused for the moment, the Captain would have been taken.

It went down in the military reports that the new man killed three redskins with his own hand, and all his comrades declared that he saved the leader of the troop. For the next two or three weeks there was a cessation of the nagging, but the fact that he owed his life to the man he had persecuted rankled in the Captain's breast, and after a while some excuse was found for sending Private Green to the guardhouse in disgrace. The man made up his mind that he was being hounded, and that life would be made miserable, and he decided to desert. It is probable that the sentry on duty at midnight winked at the escape from the guardhouse, but it was unfortunate for Green that he should meet his captain face to face before he was clear of the grounds. So it came about, and Capt. Bowers seized and sought to detain him. In the struggle he was knocked down and rendered unconscious for a time, and next morning the chase after the deserter was taken up and pushed with great energy. The country was scoured for days and days, but Private Green had disappeared like a shadow.

A month after the assault and desertion Company B was ordered out alone for a scout over the same ground as before, with orders to pick up the trail of any small war party and follow it up vigorously. Such a trail was found leading straight out upon the sandy desert, but it had not been followed along a large force of Indians in ambush behind a ridge of sand and were badly cut up and scattered. Capt. Bowers' horse was wounded at the first volley, and mad with pain and fright dashed off to the west and could not be checked. The troop broke up under the fire of the Indians, and after suffering a heavy loss made back to the fort in

back. After a while, however, the thought of bloodshed left him, and he smiled grimly as he got a new plan. The sun was almost down as he roused up and said:

"We must be moving—follow me."

"Which way?" asked the officer.

The recruit headed for the west, out upon the open desert, without a reply, and the Captain followed him in a dazed and wondering way. The sun went down and they toiled on. Darkness came, and yet they walked. At first the Captain knew that they were going west. When darkness came he lost his bearings, just as the soldier had planned he should. By and by the two were walking around in a circle, each plodding along with his head down, and neither asking nor answering questions. Of a sudden the recruit disappeared. The officer peered through the darkness, but could catch no sign of human form. He stopped and listened, but no footfall reached his ear. He had been nervous and apprehensive before, now he was suddenly almost terror-stricken. He was miles and miles from the fort—miles and miles upon the lonely desert. A dozen times he tried to brace up and fight away the feeling of helplessness, but it was too strong to be shaken off. He should have sat down to wait for daylight, but his fears kept him moving.



"YOU—IS IT YOU, GREEN?"

log. He called for Private Green—he shouted and shrieked his name a hundred times—but there was no answer. When he had grown so hoarse that his voice could no longer be heard he began running, and he grew yet more fearful.

He was not afraid of the soldier—not afraid of the serpents and lizards—he did not fear the darkness. He was afraid of himself. Until midnight he ran and walked by turns, always hoping that every dark shadow was the form of the man he had driven to desertion, but ever disappointed. At length he fell down from exhaustion, and daylight found him groveling in the sand and a human figure seated beside him. When the sun came up Private Green reached out his hand and quietly said:

"Come, Captain; we are going to the fort."



THE RETURN OF CAPTAIN BOWERS.

lowed in the other's footsteps, neither speaking a word. Then they crossed a sand ridge which was higher than the average, and descended to a natural sink of about half an acre in extent. In the center of this sink was a puddle of water—such water as a thirsty horse would hardly have touched with his nose a second time. In the breast of the sand ridge was a shallow cave—the home of the deserter.

"Is this—this where you have been hiding?" asked the officer as he looked about him.

"For the last ten days—yes," answered Private Green. "Make yourself at home. You will have to wait here until the Indians clear out."

That was the water the soldier had used to quench his thirst—the shallow cave his shelter from the sun and the night. There was no fire, no food. He must have had food to live, but he must have been compelled to eat it raw. No wonder he looked pinched and haggard and wolfish. He dug himself down on the sands and turned away from the officer. Had the deserter been armed the officer would have feared an attack. While he did not fear that the man's singular demeanor bred apprehension.

He had been driven to desert—to become a wanderer on the face of the desert—to hunger and thirst and feel that his life was in peril every hour. Capt. Bowers' thoughts were anything but pleasant as he sat in the shelter and looked out upon the recruit who had the outspoken sympathy of four-fifths of the garrison. An hour passed away. Then the officer said:

"Green, I've been thinking we were too hard on you, and I am free to say I am sorry for it. If you'll go back to the fort with me things shall be different."

The man stretched on the sands made no reply. He knew enough of military discipline to know that a court-martial awaited him for striking his superior officer and deserting. They must find him guilty and pass sentence, no matter how well disposed. He had stood at attention he had sworn a solemn oath to serve his country, and now he was to be reduced in strength as he was for the want of proper food, the thought of his wrongs nerved him up and he felt more than a match for the man at his

### ASSERTED HERSELF.

Mrs. Brown Gave Her Husband a Dose of His Own Medicine.

There is a hidden meaning in this story which he who chooses may discover for himself.

"I'm so glad to find you in," said Mrs. Brown, as she entered her husband's office. "I was afraid you might be out, and I have so much to tell you, dear."

"Something very important," replied Brown, interrogatively, and in a tone which very plainly said, "Couldn't you have waited until this evening? You see I'm awfully busy."

"Well, no, perhaps not so very important," said Mrs. Brown, paying no attention to her husband's discouragements; "but then it is so nice and cozy here, and you know we don't often have a chance for a quiet talk together."

"Am I not at home?"

"Oh, yes, Henry; you are at home every evening—I'll say that to your credit. But it is so nice to come here and see you."

"Big, then, I'm pretty busy this morning."

"I know; but I must tell you what that girl of ours has done. After breakfast this morning she hadn't a drop of hot water to wash the dishes in, and her work was delayed a good half hour in consequence."

"But, my dear—"

"I know what you are going to say. You think I ought to give her a good talking to. And so I did. But what does it amount to?"

"Only last week I told her to open her damper so that the oven would heat, and when I went into the kitchen they were shut, and the fire was almost burnt out and the oven was as cold as a stone."

"And, by the way, did I tell you that another of those Wedgwood cups was broken? It's the third within a month. Really, I believe I shall go distracted. And that reminds me that we didn't get the clothes dry on Monday, and—"

"But, my dear, broke in Brown, 'I've got work to do. Of course I sympathize with you, but why don't you tell me about these things when I'm at home?'"

"Why, Henry?" exclaimed Mrs. B. "The ideal! Don't you have so many other things to talk about when you are at home! How can I interrupt you to talk about my domestic affairs when you have so much to tell me about the way the office boy plagues you, and about the distracting manner in which your partner refuses to do things as you want them done, and what a nuisance that Mr. Robinson is who never knows when to go, and—why, Henry, aren't my evenings sacred to your business affairs? But I must be going. I'll try to come in again in an hour or so."

Mrs. Brown did not come in again that day. But it is a curious circumstance that from and after that visit Brown never talked "shop" at home.

It wasn't a Nickel.

Mr. McSwatters was tired of having his wife go through his pockets while he shot, and so it was that the following came about one afternoon:

Mrs. McSwatters was neversighted, otherwise the trick would have fallen through.

She had been shopping that afternoon and the car she got into to go home contained several of her sweetest friends, who nodded pleasantly at her.

"Pardon please," said the conductor.

She opened her pocket-book and took out what she supposed to be a five-cent piece. The conductor looked sharply at it, then at Mrs. McSwatters.

"No, madam," he said with a polite smile. "It is not good on this line."

"Why, what do you mean?" she asked haughtily.

"I mean that I cannot take this as currency," replied the conductor firmly. "Is it not a five-cent piece?"

"No, madam."

She hunted for her glasses, but could not find them.

"Will you kindly tell me what it says?"

"With pleasure, madam. 'Reilly—good for one beer!'"—New York World.

"Fleuve St. Louis."

The name of "Fleuve St. Louis" (St. Louis River), which was the first French appellation of the Mississippi at the time of the establishment of the colony of Louisiana by Iberville and Bienville, was given to the great river by Robert Cavalier de La Salle, who, being in 1673 at the mouth of the great Mississippi, took possession of all the country which he had discovered in the name of the "most puissant, most high, most invincible and victorious prince, Louis the great, King of France," otherwise Louis XIV. It was on this occasion that he named the river Fleuve St. Louis. At the same time, it is said he named the region which it waters Louisiana, in honor of Louis XIV. and Anne of Austria, that King's mother. In regard to the name "Louisiana," it also is stated historically that Father Hennepin, the Recollet monk of Canada, being a prisoner in the hands of the Illinois Indians, conferred that designation on the territory through which the Mississippi flows.—New Orleans Picayune.

Uncle Sam's Domains.

The Britons proudly boast that the sun never sets on the Queen's dominions, as if they were special subjects of solar favoritism," writes William George Jordan in "The Greatest Nation on Earth." "But it is equally true that there is always sunshine on some part of Uncle Sam's great possessions. When it is 6 p. m. on Attou's Island, Alaska, it is 9:30 a. m. of the day following at Eastport, Maine. If we locate the centre of the United States, calculating it as midway between longitude sixty-seven of Eastport and longitude 135 of Attou's Island, it will be found on the 129th degree of longitude, about 280 miles west of San Francisco, in the Pacific Ocean.

The Blind in Europe.

Natzenhoff of Geneva says there are 211,000 blind persons in Europe, mostly from fevers, and that 75 per cent. would have kept their sight had they been properly treated.

Guard the Youth.

No person under 16 years of age is permitted to enter a theater or tavern in Helgoland.

If you don't attract enough attention this summer, try wearing a fur coat.

### Anecdote AND Incident

General Porter tells a story of his farewell to Mark Twain once when Mark was going away. "I said, 'Good-by, Mark; may God be with you always.' He drawlingly replied, 'I—hope—he—will—but—I—hope, too—that he may find some leisure—moments—to—take—care—of—you.'"

Not long ago the Right Reverend William Croswell Doane, of Albany, paid a visit to the old country, and while there registered as "William of Albany." On his return (says the Philadelphean) he met Bishop Potter, who had also been to Yurru, but got home first, when the latter said: "Too bad, Doane, that you didn't live in Buffalo; in that case you could have registered as Buffalo Bill."

Senator Cameron once called upon President Lincoln in behalf of an applicant for a consulate who was a particularly pestiferous person to him. "Where do you want to have him sent?" asked the President. There was a large globe in the room. The Pennsylvania Senator put one arm around it as far as he could reach, and said: "I do not know what my finger is on, but send him there." And he was sent.

Wendell Phillips once, when he was interrupted by an unfriendly audience, stooped down and began talking in a low voice to the men at the reporters' table. Some of the auditors, becoming curious, called "Louder." Whereupon Phillips straightened himself up and exclaimed: "Go right on, gentlemen, with your noise. Through these pencils—pointing to the reporters—"I speak to forty million people."

A traveling man relates that he was driving across the country to a little town in Western Kansas, the other day, when he met a farmer hauling a wagon load of water. "Where do you get water?" said the traveler. "Up the road about seven miles," the native replied. "And you haul water seven miles for your family and stock?" "Yes." "Why, in the name of sense, don't you dig a well?" "Because it's just as far one way as the other, stranger."

Bishop Potter visited a brother prelate last summer at a popular sea-side resort. As the bishops were walking home from the Sunday morning service, they could not fail to notice the crowds of bathers in the surf, clad and unclad in all manner of costumes. The resident prelate turned to his visitor, saying with a sigh: "What should you do if you were confronted by a problem like that in your diocese?" "Brother," Bishop Potter quietly replied, "this is not my sea."

While making a post-prandial speech in Chicago, the other night, Colonel Watterson lamented that he was unable to summon to his assistance the comfort which Daniel was able to summon when he found himself in the lions' den. Casting about him and ascertaining that there was no possible means of escape, the prophet folded his arms and turned upon the ferocious beast who was licking his chops preparatory to devouring him, and he said: "There is one comfort, anyhow. After this meal there won't be any speech-making."

The other day the heavy downpour and the closeness of the atmosphere in the Rhode Island Senator's committee-room (says the Washington Post) evoked some marvelous tales about trout. Senator Caffery spoke of a superlative catch in which he estimated his fish at nine pounds. Mr. Aldrich went him one better by putting a certain catch of his down at forty-one inches long. "Where did you catch him?" inquired Senator Caffery, dubiously. "In Rhode Island." "Him?" said Senator Caffery; "there isn't a river in the State long enough to produce such a fish."

In the Brazilian hotels men are employed to do the chamber work, and they are prone to rush into the bedrooms of the guests when occasion requires without knocking. A prim little Yankee "schoolmarm" visiting Rio de Janeiro was much annoyed at this custom, and, after mildly protesting several times without effect, she said severely to the boy who did the work in her room: "Juan, be good enough to understand that I will not allow you to open the door of my room without knocking. If you do it again I shall certainly report you to the office. Why, I might be dressing!" "No danger of that, senora," responded Juan, in his best English, "before I come in I always look me through the keyhole."

Captain Mahan, in his "Life of Nelson," tells the following story of the great sailor. The fleet letters had just been sent off, when Nelson saw a midshipman come up and speak to Lieutenant Pascoe, the signal officer, who, when hearing what was said, stamped his foot in evident vexation, and uttered an exclamation. The admiral called him and asked what was the matter. "Nothing that need trouble your lordship," was the reply. "You are not the man to lose your temper for nothing," rejoined Nelson; "what was it?" "Well, if you must know, my lord, I will tell you. You see that exswain?" pointing to one of the most exacting of petty officers; "we have not a better man on board the Victoria, and the message which put me out was this. I was told that he was so busy receiving and getting off the mail-bags that he forgot to drop his own letter into one of them, and he has just discovered it in his pocket?" "Hold the signal to bring her back," was Nelson's instant command; "who knows that he may not fall in action to-morrow? His letter shall go with the rest." And the dispatch vessel was brought back for that alone.

Why Are We Right-Handed?

The question of right and left-handedness is so frequently brought up that any investigation of or light on the subject must be of general interest. It has been observed that infants who crawl about on all fours make much more use of the right than the left, unless they are left-handed. A scientist accounts for this by declaring that right-handedness is caused by the location of the organs of the body. The heart being on the left side causes very much greater weight than in the right. During active life the heart and arteries filled with blood make the increased weight of that side an item of

some importance. The center of gravity is therefore thrown more to the left side. This being the case, the right arm is much more free than the left. There may be also a provision of nature in the use of the right hand more than the left. Throwing a ball, striking with a hammer or other violent exercise might have a depressing or injurious effect upon the heart if done with the left hand. This theory of balance and weight is by far the most rational one that has been put out, and its further development will be watched with great interest.

### HELPING A FRIEND

A Statesman Who Was Willing to Give Up What He Had.

"There are those who say unkind things of the late Dan Voorhees," remarked a prominent Republican from the State of Indiana, "but whatever may be said, it is political and not personal, for the man had one side to his nature that the whole world could admire, and that part of it which knew did admire and love as well. It was on this account that when he died there were many who shed sincere and sorrowful tears for his loss. They did not know him as a politician and a United States Senator, but as a man and a friend."

"I remember an instance showing his kindness, and also showing one of the reasons why he was always poor. He had gone down the railroad some thirty or forty miles from his home to defend a case in court, which he had very little thought of getting any money for, though the litigant had plenty of property. He won the case, and, much to the surprise, his client gave him \$100, which was also pleasant to have, as he had loaned to various applicants what little money he had brought from home with him. He pocketed the hundred, and, after paying his hotel bill, started to walk leisurely to the train, due in half or three-quarters of an hour. On his way he was overtaken by a former friend, who hurried after him to ask his legal advice, free, of course, in the matter of staying off a mortgage on his \$5,000-dollar farm, and saving it to his family. A hundred dollars would set it forward a year, and give him that much time to pull himself out, which he was sure he could do. Voorhees talked ten minutes or more to the man, giving him such advice as he thought was the best, and all at once he broke out into a hearty laugh.

"What's the matter?" asked the farmer, almost indignant at such levity.

"Why," still laughed Voorhees, "going into the pocket where his roll of bills was, here I'm talking all this time to you, when I've got the very thing you need. I had clean forgotten all about it. Here's what you want a good deal more than legal advice," and handing the farmer the \$100 fee he hurried along to the railroad station, where he borrowed money enough to buy a ticket home."

### A Winter in Old London.

The following account of life in London during a severe winter in Queen Elizabeth's time is from John Bennett's serial "Master Skylark," in St. Nicholas:

Then came a thaw, with mist and fog so thick that people were lost in their own streets, and knocked at their next door neighbor's gate to ask the way home. All day long, down by the Thames drums beat upon the wharves and bells ding-donged to guide the watermen ashore; but most of those who needs must fare abroad went over London bridge, because there, although they might in no wise see, it felt, at least, as if the world were still beneath their feet.

At noon the air was muddy brown, with a bitter taste like watered smoke, at night it was a blinding pall; and, though, after mid-December, by order of the Council, every alderman and burgess hung a light before his door, torches, links and candles only spluttered feebly in the gloom, of no more use than Jack-o'-lanterns gone astray, and none but blind men knew the roads.

The city watch was doubled everywhere; and all night long their shouts went up and down—"Tis what o'clock, and a foggy night!"—and right and left their hurrying staves came thumping helplessly along the walls to answer cries of "Murder!" and of "Help! Watch! Help!" For under cover of the fog great gangs of thieves came down from Hampstead Heath, and robberies were done in the most frequented thoroughfares, between the very lights set up by the corporation; so that it was dangerous to go about save armed and wary as a cat in a crowd.

While such foul days endured there was no singing at St. Paul's, nor stage plays anywhere, save at Blackfriars play house, which was roofed against the weather. And even there at last the fog crept in through cracks and crannies until the players seemed but moving shadows talking through a choking cloud; and Master Will Shakespeare's famous new piece, "Romeo and Juliet," which had been playing to crowded houses, taking ten pound twelve the day, was fairly smothered off the boards.

Teeth that May Take Root.

A Russian dentist has at length solved the problem of supplying us with false teeth which will grow into the gums as firmly as natural ones. The teeth are made of gutta percha, porcelain or metal, as the case may be. At the root of the tooth holes are made, and also in the jaw. The tooth is then placed in the cavity, and in a short time a soft granulated growth finds its way from the jaw into the holes of the tooth. This growth gradually hardens, and holds the tooth in position. It does not matter in the least, according to this enterprising Russian dentist, whether the cavity in which the tooth is placed is one from which a natural tooth has recently been drawn, or whether it has been healed for months or even years.—London Figaro.

Woman and Catfishes.

Mr. Crimmonbeak—You women remind me of an ostrich.

Mrs. Crimmonbeak—I don't understand you.

"Well, you know the ostrich buries its head and believes it cannot be seen."

"Yes; I've heard of that."

"Well, you women cover your head with a bonnet and think you are out of sight."—Yonkers Statesman.

A man would rather look at a photograph of himself than at the flames relating on earth.

### SLAPPED A SENATOR.

Onke of Tetuan Who Distinguished Himself in the Spanish Cortes.

The Duke of Tetuan, who recently distinguished himself by slapping the face of Senator Comas on the floor of the Spanish Cortes, is an Irishman in blood. He is the son of General O'Donnell who in 1800, during the war with the Moors, invested and captured the town of Tetuan in Morocco and got a title for his bravery. The Duke has a title apart from that which he has inherited from his fighting father in Spain. It is that of Lord Donegal in Ireland. The name of the family is an illustrious one in Irish history, and when the present Duke's ancestors left their native land to espouse the cause of Spain they also left an estate that had been forfeited taken from them during the time of Elizabeth. Tetuan's father was a soldier par excellence, and a courtier too. The son has inherited all of his father's nobility, and to his Celtic wit he has added the dignity and the gravity of a Spanish don. The Duke is now 63 years old. He is widely known in Europe as a diplomat, and he is very proud of his Irish descent. The lineage, although not found in "Burke's Peerage," is a notable one. In the reign of James I. Niall Gary O'Donnell was Prince of Tyrconnell and Lord of the mountain country of Donegal. He fought against the English and served



THE DUKE OF TETUAN.

as a prisoner in the famous Tower of London. It was from a brother of this noted chieftain that the present Spanish Duke descended. One of the Duke's ancestors was a major in the Austrian army. Tetuan, although on his father's side an Irishman, belongs on his mother's side to the best Castilian families. Owing to his Irish ancestry he has refused the ambassadorship to England.

### Funny Little Sprigs of Royalty



The strangely dressed little tots whose pictures appear here are the children of the Princess Marie, of Roumania, and their garb is the national or Bayard costume. Prince Carol is 3 years old, and his little sister, Princess Elizabeth Charlotte Josephine Victoria Alexandra, is a year younger. It is hardly necessary to say they are great-grandchildren of Queen Victoria, and Prince Carol is the heir to the Roumanian crown.

### Armed for Emergencies.

When Fridtjof Nansen was a young student he attended a ball and danced with many partners. Returning long after midnight through the streets of his lodgings, he heard loud outcries from a woman who was struggling with two ruffians. In another moment the woman broke away from them and ran toward the spot where Nansen was standing. The two men were close behind her in hot pursuit.

Nansen was an athlete full of courage and vigor, and put himself on guard as the men approached. He allowed the woman to pass, but called upon the infuriated pursuers to halt, standing directly in their way, and hitting out first at one and then at the other. The ruffians, angered by this unexpected attack, turned resentfully upon the rescuer, and would have overpowered him, if he had not shown presence of mind. Drawing himself up to his full height and throwing back his coat collar so as to expose the cotton flannels which he had worn during the ball, he sternly asked them if they knew who he was.

The two assailants, awed by his manner and supposing him to be a royal officer, were at once cowed. They apologized roughly for not recognizing him, dropped their arms, and sneaked off in the opposite direction from that which the woman had taken.

This incident of Nansen's youth illustrated at once the fearless courage and the readiness of resource which were to characterize his career as an intrepid explorer.

### A Cycle Postal Service.

With reference to the utilization of the bicycle for postal service in the West Australian gold fields, a correspondent of the St. James Budget in Sydney, N. S. W., writes as follows: "Such a post was established in 1894, and ran up to 1896, but is now discontinued owing to the extension of the government mails to most of the outlying districts. As an interesting memento of the cycle postal service I beg to inclose for your acceptance one of the stamps used on letters carried by wheelmen."

She Did as She Was Told.

Mistress—I told you half an hour ago to turn on the gas in the parlor, Bridget.

Bridget—Sure an' I did, mum; don't yet smell it?—Tit-Bits.