Many Fortune-seekers Froze in the Mountains on the Way to Recky Thirst and Heat.

Trials of Pioneer Miners.

The rush of gold-hungry men to the Taken has revived recollections of faas stampedes to other mining fields. The first great excitement, of course,

grew until it seemed as if wagon loads dropped to 3,000. Since then it has frich gold ore awaited the travelers, gone down slowly to less than 1,000 Merchants and professional men in souls. Maricopa and Tueson and that part of Southern Arizona became imbued with the spirit of the miners, and turning

THE RUSH FOR GOLD. worth over \$500,000 in fees than a year, in drying rooms. From here the gum and six or seven men struck it rich and is sent to the "white-aproped cook, Mountains White Hundreds Died of Desert sand storms were encountered, dough. and for days travelers to Tombstone on the hot, sandy plains.

through immense cactus areas, and which leave their impress upon the long followed the many stories of suffering risked their lives in the then hostile sheets of appetizing gum before it goes form and many minglest with the tales land of the Apache Indians. For miles to the sensoting room, after which it and death as wealth. But there have and miles the travelers were without is broken on the lines left by the markof fabilious weard.

If a fabilious weards and far more thrilling water, for there were no wells, rivers ers. Now the gum finds its way to the sen older.

These came when the news was or springs and many a man, with his wrapping room. The numble fingers of ges These the almost exhausted gold family and horses, died of thirst. But 150 dainty maidens are here at play. brought to the control of the discoving and the control of the con gelds of the made elsewhere and life were all secondary to an early artin-foll and pretty wrappers envelop se miners set out to find the new rival in Tombstone and the location the gum quick as a wink, and in anothof a mining claim. When Tombstone er moment the packers have the gam probably the wildest stampede ever was reached there were new privations to place in jars or boxes, wherein it is mown in the southwest was that to and more physical distress for the supplied for sale to the general public. he Rocky Belle camp in northern greater number, especially for those -Confectioners' Journal. Arizons, in the region of the Moqui In- who had hastened from offices, stores, tan reservation, in December, 1874, shops, clerkships and the pastor's The region is 8,000 feet above the sea study. Over one-third of the men in The region is constant and the region is constant. h was an unusually cold winter when at all, and knew no way of earning grass and chick weed occasionally." the news went abroad that Hank Bin. It except by the hardest kind of manford and his companious had struck ual labor, to which they were unused. whole mountain of gold rock that It cost \$1 a night to sleep in a dirty, assayed over \$900 to the ton. The re- rough pine bunk. Water sold at 20 fed them. Canaries are specially fond were doing duty. It was a holiday at seemed incredible at first, but cents a gallon, a small dish of beans of pepper grass, and it does them good port seemen in the ore were seen by at 50 cents, tallow candles at two bits. There is no difficulty in finding it in the the tables in their company quarters pers in Tucson, Albuquerque and (25 cents), common overalls at \$5 each, Los Angeles they proved sufficient to smoked hams at \$12 each, and cowhide objection is ever made to any one pullsatisfy the most skeptical. A week boots were disposed of as fast as they ing a few branches. Chickweed grows more and over 2,000 miners from every could be hauled to camp across the best in shady, protected places, and can sands of miles from the burning mesa, eart of Arizona and Southern Califor. desert from Los Angeles and Yuma be found in abundance. The white ma were moving day and night, for \$35 a pair. It was a ground hog clover is also much relished by birds, scarcely stopping for food and sleep, case with these commodities for the award the Rocky Belle camp. Hun- first ten months of Tombstone-take heds of men traveled 700 and 800 miles them at the price asked or go without. on foot and with mules and donkeys In 1881 all the Tombstone mines that to the new diggings, and nearly all paid well were in the hands of a few myeled across desert and mountain persons, and the population of the for a distance of 250 to 300 miles. As place bad gone down to 5,000. In 1883 be multitude journeyed on the report the mines, with two exceptions, began of the richness of Hank Binford's find to peter out, and the population

Fish Story Without a Peer.

As the fish stories of the amateurs their business over to others, joined in begin to drift in and render the joy of were faced one day last week by Johe movement on Rocky Belle. The living at least a doubtful quantity, a seph E, Everett, of Brick Church, N. J.

sold out for over a million each. Fully who adds the purest sugar and the half the population walked hundreds freshest cream, granulated pepsin, of miles to get there. No ratirond ran powdered guru or kola or other desired through Southern Arizona in those ingredient to it and cooks it in a steamdays, and the awful Colorado and Mo- jacked caldron, where it is turned and jave deserts had to be crossed in mixed by an ingenious double-acting Their ways are hedged by unseen thorns. wagons or on foot by the multitudes heater or rotating paddle until it has of fortune seekers from California, assumed the consistency of bread

Now the "dough boys" take hold of it endured a temperature of over 130 de- and knead it in finely powdered sugar, grees in the shade. Many a man died passing it through to the "rollers." where it is rolled between steel rollers Miners on their way to the new camp until it is of the proper thickness, when from the East and the South toiled it is whisked away to the "markers." across the Arizona alkali plains. The markers are steel-knived rollers

Feeding Birds.

"It is a kindness, as well as a pleassaid a bird dealer to a Star reporter. "It larger parks. The truth is, any kind of good for eaged birds. A bird can be depended upon to eat no more than it should eat, for there is hardly such a thing as overfeeding them. They know their limit, and they enjoy being kept up to it as a change from the usual seeds."-Washington Star.

Scorch d After His Train.

Only desperate necessity could urge a wheelman to take such chances as JUST WHERE THOU ART.

Just where then art lift up thy voice And sing the song that stirs the heart; Reach forth thy strong and eager hand To lift, to save, just where thou art. just where then standest light thy lamp.

Their burdens fret, as thine fret thee,

Out youder, in the broad full glare Of many lamps, thine own might pale, And thy sweet song, amid the roar Of many voices, slowly fail;

While these, thy kindred, wandered on

Uncheered, unlighted to the end. Near to the hand thy mission lies, Wherever sad hearts need a friend. -Penny Magazine.



It was Thanksgiving day, 1894, at Fort Wingate. A dull sky hung low of wind from the southwest caused the sentries to cast a quick look at the is something they need, as it rests them heavens for signs of the threatened up from the various seeds which are storm. Only those on guard details the post and the soldiers sat around lawns or in any of the parks, and no and told stories of Thanksgiving days of the past when the feast was celebrated under the home rooftree, thou-

In the officers' quarters preparations were going forward for the Thanksgivthough the red clover is better, but the fing hop which was to take place in the latter is not so plenty except in the evening after the dinner had been discussed by the post commandant and the grasses now, as they are in seed, is his officers. Social events at Wingate were as few and far between as at any Isolated frontier post, and the hop had been the subject of much discussion for weeks. The ladies had ball gowns sent on from the East to lend warmth of color to the occasion. The bandmaster had rehearsed an orchestra chosen from the band in a program of dance music. The great hall of the post had been decorated with green boughs, tralling vines and sprays of evergreen. The floor was waxed to perfection by the quartermaster. Nothing was lacking to make the post bop a brilliant

> event Adjutant's call for parade was sounded half an hour earlier than usual that evening that time might be afforded the officers to dress for the hop, and the ceremony of parade was cut short a trifle by Colonel Hunt, the galiant commander of the Seventh cavalry. An hour after the troops were dismissed to quarters the officers began assembling near headquarters in dress uniform, drawing on white gloves or smoothing the wrinkles in those indispensable adjuncts to an officer's attire. They were impatient for the first strain of the music which should announce that the grand march was to begin. Those lucky enough to escort ladies to the affair strolled along officers' row to present themselves to the ladies and the orchestra burried to the hall and was posted in a balcony. Slowly the officers and their ladies be gan to arrive in the hall. Colonel Hunt strolled in with the wife of one of his captains hanging upon his arm and her husband following close behind with the daughter of a major. The field and staff officers followed with other ladies, the luckless bachelors, who came alone, trooped in pulling their moustaches, and bowing right and left to those seated about the ball. Colonel Hunt gave a signal to the band master, the baton fell and the Thanksgiving bop was on.

"Reminds me of old West Point days," whispered Lieutenant Brainard to Colonel Hunt when the two met after the first dance, "By George, it makes me feel like a yearling, the music and the waxed floor and the pretty

girls and all that," "Not much like arctic hunts for the north pole, ch, Brainard?" responded the colonel, and the Heutenant who went with Greeley to the "farthest north" shivered a bit as he smiled back a reply. The next moment he claimed the hand of a promised partner for a quadrille and walked with stately trend to his place in the figure. Though the night was cool the dancers were heated, and the windows were raised that the south wind might blow across the ballroom. The music floated out in rollicking strains to where a sentry stood in the shadow leaning upon his saber, his thoughts far away in the town hall of a little place in Illinois where he once capered through a quadrille with the prettiest girl in the State, where he was as welcome as was Colonel Hunt at the Wingate hop. The step of the corporal of the guard awoke him to duty, and New Mexico and the present, and he slowly snuntered along

his post. The quadrille ended as gayly as did like the sudden clangor of a fire bell during a wedding supper.

Few of the women heard. Every officer's wife and daughter knew that and Art," started enthusiastically in call, knew every call, indeed, that came from the guardhouse, but there was and artists in difficulties, has just been | talking and laughing and music in the ballroom, and their ears were not keen

> 'We will stop a little, if you please,' said the colonel to Mrs. Fuller, escorting her to a seat. "If you will excuse me, I will try to finish our cotillon some other time." And bowing low he was gone. The woman looked around the hall in surprise. Not an officer remained. There had been hurrled bows. murmured apologies, and a scurrying

music stopped with a clash, the few alive. Ten minutes later he was riding civilians in the hall gazed about in toward Oribs at the head of his patrol blank wonder, and, with half-formed of twelve men. None knew in what inquiries on their lips, while the la- part of the town the Indian chief had dies began to gather their wraps and his tepee. None knew how the skulkstart for their quarters. The post hop ling redskins were disposed around the Was over. Down at the guardhouse Colone! Hunt

upon the saddle of his quivering horse and answered the commandant in jerky sentences as he gasped for breath. He alive. had ridden with the speed of the wind for many, many miles over the rough country, his mind full of his story, his heart torn with agony, lest he be too late. He came from Keem's canyon, he told Colonel Hunt. The Moqui Indians were on the parpath. Ha-be-mah was leading 500 braves on a tour of carnage. The school at the canyon thing before him. Bet twelve men had been burned and settlers had been murdered. Ha-be-mah threatened to murder more. His braves were inflamed against the whites, and their lust for blood increased with each murder. Help was wanted quickly or it would be of no avail. Colonel Hunt's gray eyes were close-

ly knitted while the courier was talking. He was revolving in his mind a plan of campaign. He thought of the great stretch of country that lay between Wingate and the Moqui country 200 miles away, of the roads and rivers and every feature of the landscape. When the story of the horseman was ended the colonel made up his plan. Boots and saddles had long since been sounded and the post was under arms. The troop of the fighting Seventh were in the saddle and the pack trains were ready to move when the trumpets should sound "march." The gala attire of the Thanksgiving hop had been torn off and thrown aside in a hurry and the officers were moving around among their men in fatigue uniform with campaign hats in place of the plumed helmets. The women of the post knew now what had broken up the dance, They heard "boots and saddles" and they knew that meant action, somewhere somehow.

"Lieutenant Brainard, you will report to Captain Sibley with your troop, ' said Colonel Hunt, and the officer who ten minutes before had been joking with his colonel about the West Point dances, raised his gloved hand in salute and hastened away to his troop quarters. Twenty minutes later two squadrons of cavalry under command of Major Thomas McGregor trotted was made. It was but an hour from

Moquis, was 241 miles away.

slept upon the snow.

How they made that trip will never

who would be recalled by anyone who

Tall, lithe and straight as a ramrod,

trifle poor in flesh, but with the flus

was every inch a soldier. He was one

he is still in the service he doubtless

still holds that honor. Through the

long, cold nights he cheered the men

with his unfailing good nature, told

them tales of his early life and counted

the days until they would have sup-

pressed the Moquis and returned to the

post. After four days they arrived at

the lesser of the three towns of the

Moquis, within a few miles or Oriba.

The Indians had returned to have a

dance. They had slaughtered right

and left and Ha-be-mah was holding

court in the midst of the plunder his

men had captured. The reds were in-

flamed with liquor, Major George

learned, and were likely to go on the

On the morning the squadrons of the

Seventh arrived and went into camp

Lieutenant Hopin sent his orderly for

Sergeant Lear. When the tall soldier

and capture Ha-be-mah, dead or alive."

Sergeant Lear did not move a mus-

cle. Still standing at attention, he

"Any further instructions, sir?"

asked:

Bentenant,

warpath again in another direction.

bards, and they were left alone. The that he had orders to take him dead or place, whether in a body or scattered in a circle which would draw in around was questioning a courier who leaned | the patrol and wipe it off the earth. But the thirteen men rode boldly into the village to capture Ha-be-mah, dead or

The Indians had no warning of the coming of the troops, but when they heard the galloping hoofs of the horses a great shout arose and there was a scurrying for weapons among the tepees. Had Sergeant Lear commanded a regiment, a squadron or even a troop of cavalry he might have swept everyagainst 500-well, they did the best they could. They drew their revolvers and rode shooting into that band of savage warriors. They spurred their borses right and left upon the surprised, half-drunken Indians, who fired volley after volley after them. They noticed the Moquis rallying around a certain lodge and, suspecting that Habe-man was there, Sergeam Lear hurl. ed his men against the throng of Indians,

The air was filled with blue smoke and the ping of the bullets was incessant. By sheer force the cavalrymen broke through the mass of struggling Indians and Corporal Hamilton rushed into the lodge, revolver in hand. Habe-mah was there, but he was unarmed. When the soldier appeared the Indian chief dropped down a hole in the floor into a cellar. The corporal fired at him and the bullet plowed through the chief's shoulder. In an instant Hamilton sprang into the hole in the floor after Ha-be-mah, leaving the troopers outside fighting with the bucks. The chief in the cellar had no firearms, but with a heavy stone batchet he struck at the descending figure of Corporal Hamilton. He backed and chopped the trooper until the latter dropped into the room and flung him-

self upon the chief. As Ha-be-mah went to the floor beneath the weight of the corporal a squaw who had been lurking in a corner struck the trooper on the back of the head with a club. Struggling to arise, Hamilton fired at her and she dropped dead. Ha-be-mah made auother effort to use the stone batchet across the parade ground and the start | and the corporal, his head swimming from the effects of the squaw's blow,

Anecdote

A witness who was very prolix, and tested the patience of the bench, jury, and even the counsel who had called him, was suddenly asked by Judge Joseph F. Daly, "What is your business?" He answered, "I lend the orchestra at a music-hall." "I thought," responded the judge, with a weary look at the court-room clock, "that you must be an expert at beating time."

When Wilberforce became rector of Brightstone, in the Isle of Wight, he was waited on by an old farmer, whose one desire in life was to reut the glebe land, "Why?" asked Wilberforce, "Well," said the old fellow, with a look of business shrewdness, "when t'other parson was here, he used to farm it hisself, and, there being so little of it, he always got in his hay before anybody else. Then he clapped on the prayer for min."

In some of the London tenements gas is sold by a penny-in-the-slot machine attached to the meter. Soon after the doors of a London theater opened one evening, a little girl of about 6 years of age and her elder sister took their seats in the pit. The little one had been prattling away for some time, when the footlights were jurned up. Upon seeing the sudden increase of light, she remarked loudly to her sister: "Look, Nellie; they've put another penny lu the slot!"

At a dinner one day the Duke of Wellington was taking with the dogmatic John Wilson Croker, who contradicted him flatly about something which had occurred at Waterloo, The duke, knowing his man, submitted quietly; but not long afterward Croker again became offensively assertive in regard to percussion caps. "My dear Croker," said the duke, with unruffled good humor. "I can yield to your superior information on most points, and you may perhaps know a great deal more of what passed at Waterloo than myself; but as a sportsman, I will maintain my point about the percussion caps!"

One of the numerous Dundases one year exhibited a collection of pictures which he had lately purchased in Germany, previous to their being transferred to his private residence. It happened, a year later, that one of the guests at Lord Rosebery's table mentioned his Intention of visiting the Continent for the purpose of making some addition to his own collection of paintings, and he asked Lord Eldon if he could give him any suggestions as to where he had better begin his search. "I think he had better go to Dusseldorf," Lord Eldon replied. "And why to Dusseldorf," said the inquirer. "I think you might find something good there, as our friend Dundas went there last year and bought all the d-d trash in the place."

Dr. Lasker, the great chess player, when in London, is in the habit of visiting a certain restaurant known to many chess devotees. On one of these occasions, just prior to his departure for St. Petersburg to play Dr. Steinitz for the championship, a fussy old gentleman offered to play him for a box of cigars if be would concede him the odds of a queen. The offer was good-naturedly accepted; and on Lasker's winning, he became the recipient of a box of doubtful-looking eigars. On visiting the same restaurant, after easily de feating Steinitz, Lasker happened to meet his late opponent, who asked him what he thought of the cigars, "Firstrate!" replied the champion; "in fact, I might almost say they won me the match." "Indeed! I am delighted to "Indeed! I am delighted to hear it?" returned the old gentleman, much pleased, "Yes," continued Lasker, "I gave them all to Steinitz!"

There are always many writers of things in which editors and the public decline to be interested, who cannot understand why "things not nearly as good as theirs" are successful while theirs fall. For such unfortunate persons the following story may not be amiss:

There was once in Scotland a preach er of position and much esteem in the kirk who had been a schoolmate of Walter Scott. To this preacher his wife

said one day: "There's Watty Scott, wha' was at school wi' you, has published books, and got thousands o' poun' for them. Why don't you publish a volume o' your sermons, and get thousands o'

poun' for it?" The pulpit orator moved uneasily. 'Wheesht, woman," he said, "they're

a' in print already!" It was a fact, and they had made so little stir in the world that his own wife did not know it! And there was Watty Scott-what business had people paying thousands for his trumpery 'Waverly," and never a shilling for her husband's sermons?

Better Left Unsaid.

It is the custom of a well-known Englishman never to accept an invitation unless it include his favorite dog. Recently he was at a grand dinner party, and, of course, the dog too, All went well until the feast was over, and the principal feature, a choice dish, was to make its appearance, when a servant came and whispered something in her mistress's car which evidently

vexed her. Taking up a menu that lay beside her plate she begged her guests kindly to excuse an alteration in the courses, as Mr. C.'s dog had eaten up the next

At this the guest concerned started up, consternation written on his countenance. His hostess tried to reassure him, saying it really did not matter. "No matter, madain? Why, good heavens, it may kill the poor dog!

How They Take Note of Time. The following clever device is the way in which the natives of Liberia, in West Africa, who have no clocks, tell the time. They take the kernels from the nuts of the candle tree and wash and string them on the rib of a palm leaf. The first or top kernel is then lighted. All of the kernels are of the same size and substance and each will

When an Indian or an actor tires of his wife, he leaves her, and gets another one, without the formality of a divorce.

then set fire to the one next below

burn a certain number of minutes and



way in the Mountains at that time. To

fible cold of that stampede. When at last the Rocky Belle diggings were reached it was soon seen that there was no ore in the district worth the digging except in the claims held by Hank Binford and his friends. and that the reports of their finds had fear or two later, and he got only a few thousand dollars from it.

The Rush to Tombstone. news of the finding of great deposits of Philadelphia Record. gold and silver in Tombstone in 1879. Miners from every part of the Pacific HOW CHEWING GUM IS MADE. coast caught the fever for gold, and as Week after week samples of the Tombhe rock were more widely circulated and rumors went forth concerning the fortunes this or that man or comlong was getting out of the hills and entered the Unite ! States during 1805. sands started for Tombstone. Hun \$1,500,000, became the basis of chew dreds of young men and youths in the ing gum. A walk through a leading older States were wild with zenl to chewing gum factory is interesting hasten to the new El Dorado and Here over 1,000,000,000 pleces of gui on of over 10,000 men and 200 women. taining about 150 pounds each. daily output of precious metals aver- tions a minute. and about \$50,000. Over a dozen men The ground gain is subject to a con-West there penaltess and came back tinuous heat of 140 degrees Fahrenheit talk fast gracefully.

thing moving in the water, and after the surface. As an experiment he de-With the possible exception of the snow white. How they came there and any trick riding any of them had ever rash to the Lendville mining district what kept them alive is a mystery that seen, in Colorado, there has been none any none of the residents seem able to where in forty years attended with solve, but the fish are plentiful and are sore excitement than followed the good eating, so Mr. Lopez is satisfied.

from the ree to the Consumer.

Four million pounds of gum chicle, antains about the new camp, thou-

Matted across the continent with little are annually produced and shipped to no preparation. In less than four every portion of the world. Three bunonths after Gird and the Hawkinses dred employes are engaged in the manegan getting several thousand dollars ufacture of the gum, the first step of a day from their mines there were over which is the importation of the raw 900 persons in the camp, and several chicle, which is gathered by the peons transferred to the Royal Literary Fund. He knew, Sofths later Tombstone had a popula- in Mexico and experted in bales con

There herer was another camp in the The gum is taken from the bales and thwest like that at Tombstone in chopped into small pieces. These are 1879 and 1880. Indeed, there have been freed from tree bark and chips by very few similar communities in the steaming and picking. Then it is For over seven months the ground in mills making 3,400 revolu-

hardships that the fortune-seekers suf- writer claims attention with this one: Mr. Everett is a lawyer, and, having fered in the mountains will never be | Quite an odd find was happened upon | a most important engagement in a fully known. A large number of men one day last week by Jack Lopez, who neighboring town, determined to take ming out of the warm, balmy air of is spending the summer at Swarthmore, the morning train to the place in questhe semi-tropic valleys lost their lives Pa. The house which has been taken tion, He miscalculated the time and amid the snow banks and ice in the by the family is used in the winter as did not discover his error until warned untains, and many a man was made a boarding school for girls, but was by the train whistle. He is elderly, but an invalid for life because of exposure originally a private house. While tak- is an expert wheelman, and jumping to the biting cold during the stampede. ing a look over the place, Lopez found into the saddle he dashed off to the de-A severe blizzard raged in the moun- in the cellar an old well that was pot. Just as the train started persons hins for several days while the miners | boarded over and had a trapdoor, with | on the platform saw him riding with were slowly trudging through them, an old-fashioned padlock. Thinking head down and feet moving like piston In one party of 100 men from New the place might be utilized as a cold rods down Harrison street to the rail-Mexico four men were frozen to death storage, he tried to raise the trap, that road. At the crossing the cyclist turnse morning, and it is thought that had evidently not been touched for ed onto the gravel track between the ally twenty more died in the same years. Not before breaking the lock rails and scorched down the road after was he able to get it open, and then he the fast receding train. As the last this day there are in California and found the well too deep to see the bot- car passed Evergreen place, moving at Arizona gray-headed miners who lack tom. With the aid of a rope and lan- a speed which would have caused an A finger, a toe or an ear lost in the ter tern he discovered that there was some experienced train jumper to hesitate, the cyclist rode abreast of the rear keeping very quiet for a moment saw platform. Still pedaling with one foot what looked like fish swimming near and grasping the bar with one hand, the scorcher reached over and clutched cided to do some angling, and soon had the railing on the platform. With a a piece of string with a bent pin and a quick movement be swung himself worm down the well. In ten minutes clear of the saddle, drawing his wheel see exaggerated beyond all reason. he had caught twenty-one fish and then after him by twining his other foot Binford's own mine petered out a decided to go out of the dark cellar and around the frame, and landed safely on examine his catch. They proved to be the steps of the car. The feat was wit- and the laughing women were escortfish of the trout variety, but the oddest nessed by at least twenty persons, and part of it was that all were eyeless and all agreed that it heat the record for for more dances. The cotillon was

Krueger at Church.

Hard by the president's mansion at Pretoria stands the austere little church where Mr. Krueger is wont to pray on Sundays. No member of the congregation is more regular than he, and at times he leads the service himself, and will even preach when in the wood. Com Paul himself draws large undiences, but when not actively engaged in the conduct of the service he usually sits beneath the pulpit, being, it is said, somewhat deaf at times. During prayer all the men stand up.

A Dickens Memento.

Charles Dickens' "Guild of Literature 1851 to assist and provide for authors put an end to by a private act of Parli-

Tiny Osen Found in Asia.

in Ceylon and neighboring countries on the uninland of Asia there is a race of diminutive exen which never grow to more than two and a balf feet in height. Nevertheless, they are strong, swift and very enduring,

There never was a woman who could

every quadrille that was ever played. ed to seats by the officers who begged next on the program and Colonel Hunt was to lead. With the pretty wife of Lieutenant Fuller upon his arm the commandant stepped out upon the floor. and the dancers followed. The music sounded merrily across the ballroom and the dance began. But the first figure was not ended when more music stole upon that same south breeze and was wafted through the open windows, the mellow notes of a trumpet and it was sounding the officers' call. Officers' call in the midst of the Thanksgiving hop! Officers' call when the whole post was on holiday! It was

ment. Whatever property is left is for interruption. But Colonel Hunt

of feet and clanking of saber scab- a fight. But, more than all, he knew fully as she handles a fan.

"RODE SHOOTING INTO THAT BAND OF SAVAGE WARRIORS. shot the chief a second time through midnight and Orlba, the village of the the shoulder. Then flinging himself upon the body he bound the arms of be known save to those who rode out the chief with his cartridge belt and of Wingate that night. The snow in hurriedly drew himself up through the

places was up to the beliles of the opening in the floor to summon help. It was a few hours later that Sertroop horses, but they floundered bravely through it. They climbed geant Lear stood once more with his mountains thousands of feet high and hand at the brim of his old campaign dived into snow-filled valleys. They hat before the quarters of Lieutenant Hopin.

camped at night as best they could and "Sir, I have the bonor to report the Among the enlisted men was one return of our party," said he. "What was the result of the expedi-

ever saw him, Sergeant Edwin Lear ion?" asked the lieutenant. "We lost six men and brought back In-be-mah and eighteen other prison. rs." said Sergeant Lear. of health in his cheeks, Sergeant Lea 'What was the enemy's loss?" asked

the Heutenant. of the finest riders in the army, and if "I should think there were about thir ty Indians killed, sir," answered the sergeant,

"That will do," said the lieutenant; "report to your quarters," and Secgeant Edwin Lear went to look for

something to eat. Thousands of Chleagoans have seen him and applauded him, though none had any idea who he was or what stuff he would prove to be made of when the time came. Sergeant Lear is the dashing rider who led the troop of cavalrymen in the Buffalo Bill show during the World's Fair. At the close of that

engagement he went "back to the army ag'in, sergeaut," in time to be the hero of the Moqui outbreak of 1894.—Chicago Chronicle. Through the Tel phone.

"Excuse me for a few minutes," said

stood before the door of the officer's a prominent Washington official to a tent and saluted Lieutenant Hopin caller, "while I have a talk with my doctor." "I thought your doctor was in "Sergeant Lear, you will take a pa-New York," was the reply. "Oh, yes," trol of twelve men, proceed to Oriba, the official answered, "he is in New York, but at 2 o'clock every afternoon he comes to the telephone-the longdistance telephone and we have a talk. It is not convenient for me to run up to New York often, so I report "No, you know what to do," said the my condition to him every afternoon, and he in return gives me his advice The hand of Sergeant Lear came up and prescribes through the telephone. stiffly to the brim of his campaign hat When the time comes for him to send and dropped, he faced about and strode the prescription, I simply connect him away to his troop. He knew what with my druggist, and the doctor tells those orders meant. He knew that him what to mix for me as easily as if death awaited some brave fellows, perhe had to write it. This long-distance haps all of the patrol, in the rambling telephone surpasses even the wildest dreams of its inventors."

Indian village yonder. He knew that Ha-be-mah, intrenched with his 500 braves, would never be taken without A woman handles a man as grace-