



ONE ROMANCE OF G TROOP.



same young woman, scanning the title a little more carefully.

"Is it?" calmly inquired the captain. He was not just sure what Homer might be, but he gathered from his visitor's tone that it was surprisingly creditable to the owner of the volume.

"I can't see the title of the other book," said the lady, leaning forward and peering at the shelf on the wall.

"Smith, hand down those books," commanded the officer, but his tone was kindly.

Big Smith, for once in his life, was clumsy. As he handled the volumes one slipped. He stooped to recover it, but the leaves fluttered and out fell a photograph—the portrait of a woman. It fell face up on the bunk, and he recovered it in an instant.

In that instant, however, the young woman saw it, and the hand she had extended dropped at her side. She reeled a little, said "Why—my—" in an odd little voice, and was conducted by "Happy Jack" Kyle, the second lieutenant, to the outer air.

Big Smith put the books back on the shelf, and presently—the guests being gone—hammered Billy Murphy, the bully of the squadroom, without any adequate provocation.

That was the day before old Cashie went up the Gila on the last raid that

was quite the image of the one in the photograph which had tumbled from the Odyssey to a bunk in the squadroom the day before.

Her he took in his arm as the other one and held her close, climbing through chaparral that was already burning and over canyon grass that was a carpet of flame—rubbing the fire from her skirts when they caught and presently lifting her clear of the ground and carrying her for better safety, speaking hopefully in spite of Cashie and his frequent charges. And he yielded her up at last and went back where Kyle, game to the end, had fallen while trying to climb without aid from his hands—white at the lips and silent with agony.

Cashie, thirty yards away, was trying to get a bullet out of his breast, clawing after it as savages do and spitting out blood with his Spanish-Apache-American curses. That ended the fight, and no so daring adventure has ever since come within a day's march of Fort Yuma.

The young woman came down to the squadroom that night where Big Smith was lying, a little the worse for his burning, and knelt by the side of his bunk to thank him. The captain's wife came with her, and poor Kyle, pale with pain, sent his compliments. Big Smith rose up and tried to stand at attention, but they made him sit down. The untutored ruffians went out of the squadroom and left them while the bugles were blowing tattoo. So that whatever they said only she and he and the captain's wife might tell you.

They left when the roll call was over for Big Smith, turning his face to the wall, waited for taps—and wished he, like Kyle, could give his two arms for the woman.

And that was the romance of G troop.

Grant's Name. Would it have made any difference



"HE TOOK HER IN HIS ARMS."

he rode. The man on post No. 1 told the sergeant of the guard, when the second relief arrived, that he had seen a fire far to the north, but no one imagined it was a summons to the southern Apaches.

Just after guard mount in the morning Lieutenant Kyle rode east with the women visitors. He wanted to show them some petrifications and give them a drink from the Aztec spring.

While the bugler was blowing "recall from fatigue" Happy Jack's horse came galloping into the fort and the trumpeter changed the last note in the call to the first note in "Boots and saddles."

They went out twenty strong. Big Smith in the lead at the side of the captain, whose guests were in peril. Two troopers, galloping in the column, exchanged remarks about him.

"Wasn't fit to live with till he heard 'boots and saddles,'" said one of them. "Gronned all night."

"Always puts his breeches under his blankets and sleeps on them to keep them creased," said the other. "Didn't take 'em off at all last night."

And they galloped along, quite indifferent to danger, only hoping, now and then, Cashie would wait for them. They were untutored young ruffians, but one was a dead shot at thirty yards and the other stood off a band of Utes a day and a night one time in the mountains.

But when they came to the Aztec springs and saw the Apaches they wondered how ever the captain would get out of this scrape. There was a little gully, full of dry grass and chaparral. At the mouth of it lay the two horses, both dead. Somewhere between that point and the spring at the head of the canyon Lieutenant Kyle and the women were hiding.

And Cashie had just fired the grass where the horses lay. The flames were driving up the cut as if it were a chimney.

The twenty troopers charged at the Apaches and the latter fled with desirous laughter. The fire was fighting their battle for them.

Big Smith dropped from the saddle and ran to the edge of the canyon. "All right, lieutenant!" he called cheerily. The man was strong and virile again—was even exuberant and cheery. Such Apache bullets as came his way across the canyon acted as a tonic and spurred him. He dropped over the edge, crashed down through the dry chaparral and, guided by the lieutenant's shouting, went straight to the little group—where he found two frightened women and a plucky officer with both arms broken by a rifle ball.

Big Smith put his arm around one of the women and climbed with her—carrying her presently, for she fainted—till the two untutored ruffians and the captain could pass down a larlat and lift her to the level.

Then he tumbled back, calling encouragement all the time, and stood before the other woman, whose face

SECRETARY GAGE PROPOSED

By Using the Telegraph and Beat His Denver Rival by It.

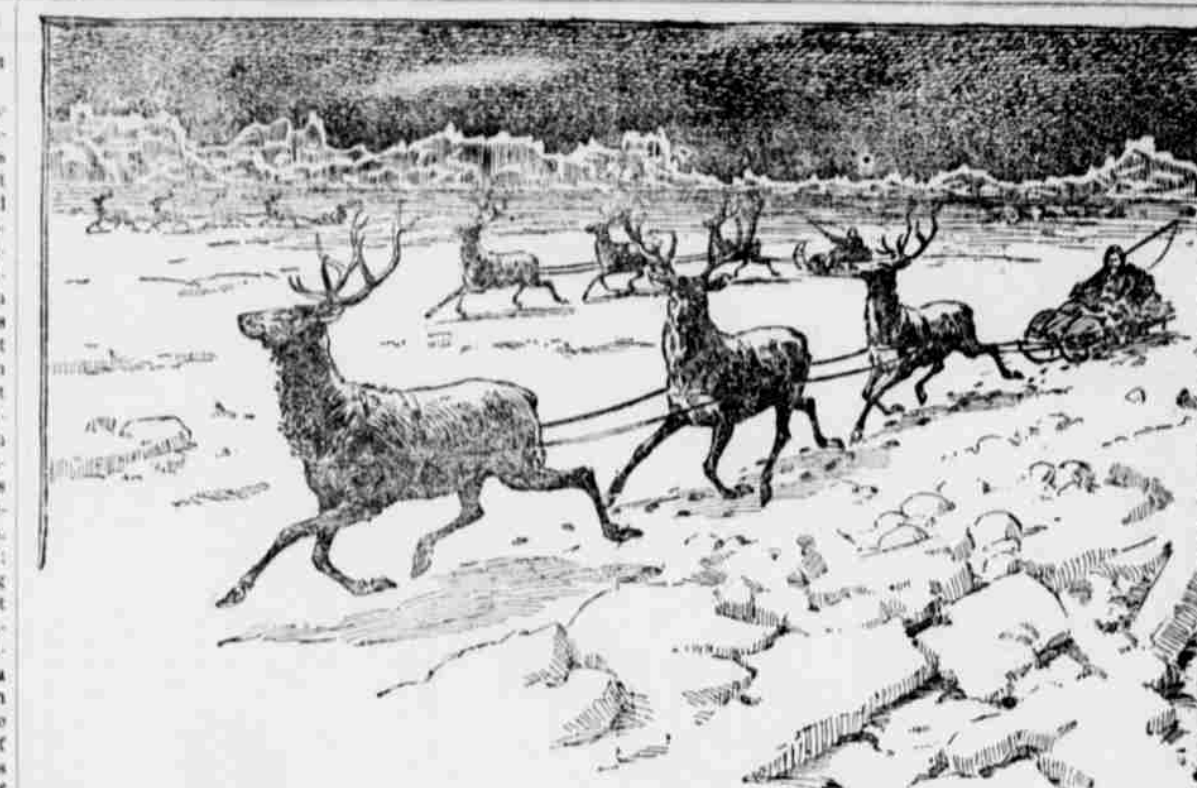
Secretary Lyman J. Gage told the papers that he was going out to Denver, incidentally to get a rest. It is the first part of the proposition that keeps running through my mind and will not down. It calls up a little romance which was executed with business precision and promptness—the invariable turn which romances with business men take. Mr. Gage's time is worth a lot of money, and without knowing the yarn the average man who knows Mr. Gage would expect that he would carry on his correspondence de coeter with the same dispatch and speed that he would use in closing a deal for bonds or stocks. It is not generally known, but the Secretary of the Treasury proposed to Mrs. Gage by wire. It happened this way:

Mrs. Gage was one of the charming widows of Denver, and her name at that time was Mrs. Gage. She was admired for excellence. The black added to the attractiveness. She was a reigning favorite, and many a man with a large bank account entered the contest for her best favor. A word of this came to Mr. Gage, and he was nervous. He found that his chances of winning his modest suit seemed fading by reason of distance. It was a far cry from Chicago to Denver, and the rivals on the spot had all the advantages. Mr. Gage was too much engaged with a big bank to make more than occasional visits. He had known Mrs. Gage for many years, but it did not occur to him that he wanted her for a wife until news came from the West that she was hesitating on the promise to give another man a final answer. This brought the Secretary to a crisis. He put on his hat and slipped around to the telegraph office.

Mr. Gage took his pencil in hand and dashed off about the briefest and most businesslike proposal of marriage that I have been able to make record of in my scrap-book of odd incidents. It reads thus: "Mrs. Gage, Denver, Col.: Don't do anything until you see me. By first train. GAGE."

He counted the words—exactly ten—and paid the toll. The bank gave him leave, and he tore across the continent "by first train." This is where the details of the story stop. The denouement is apparent. There was a very quick wedding, a flash of the wire that Mr. Gage had been married, and he and his bride came back in due time to receive the congratulations of everybody. The Denver man who was waiting is still waiting, also wondering how the man so far away beat him in the race just as he supposed it was over the line. But, like the tales in books, the romance ended beautifully, and they have lived happily ever afterward.—Chicago Journal.

Grant's Name. Would it have made any difference

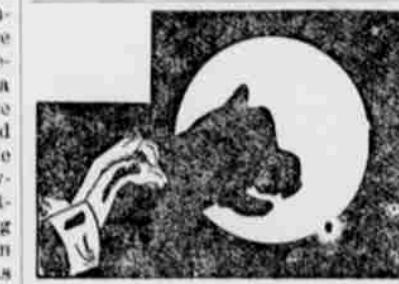


One of the most practical uses in connection with the relief of the miners in the Klondike region is that of the employment of reindeer in the expedition. As announced in a recent dispatch from Washington, the Government has taken this matter in hand, as well as the control of the entire expedition. Secretary Alger has made a requisition on William Akellman, the Federal reindeer herder, for 600 of the useful animals for immediate use. Condensation of foodstuffs makes it possible for the authorities to send large amounts with little comparative expense. The tractability and faithfulness of the animals render the undertaking one of much less difficulty than would be the case under any other circumstances. When it is remembered that each of the 600 reindeer can haul 200 pounds, the value of the proposed service cannot be overestimated. The sturdy little animals will easily haul sledges and cargoes over glaciers and through mountain passes when horses would be absolutely useless.

HAND SHADOWS.

Remarkable Pictures that May Be Made by Silhouetting.

It is not too much to say that the pastime of making hand shadows is as universal as light itself. The Chinese practiced it thousands of years ago; and it flourishes at the Egyptian Hall



BRITISH BULLDOG.

to-day. That there is money in shadows, as well as in more substantial commodities, will be testified by Mr. David Devant, the eminent ombra-maneur. The apparatus is not elaborately a powerful arc light of 2,000 candle-power, whose beam passes through a small circular opening on to a sheet of ticket-roller's hollard. Occasionally some little property—a pipe, a piece of cardboard, or what-not—is used for adventitious effect; but for the most part the "artist" uses his hands simply and solely. What is more, the arc lamp can be dispensed with, and almost equally amusing results produced by the aid of a clothes-horse, a sheet, and a candle. If an



THE SWAN.

oil lamp is used, care must be taken to turn it so that the edge of the flame is toward the sheet; otherwise the shadows will be blurred and hazy.

No one who has not actually seen a professional entertainment of this kind can form an idea of the amusement that may be derived from these hand shadows. Of course, the pictures flashly depend for their effect upon incessant movement; yet so cleverly are the figures rendered, that even this series of "still" photographs bears powerful testimony to the skill of the artist.

The "British bulldog" (see illustration) is a capital example of unaided



"COMPLACENCY."

handwork. His ferocity on the screen is extraordinary. He advances threateningly, albeit with the unsteady gait of his kind; and his terrible eye rolls in his fearsome style by a truly ingenious finger-tip movement on the part of the shadowgraphist. As Mr. Devant's hands enter the illuminated disc they are quite separate, all the fingers being extended. The operator then proceeds dexterously to "mold" his subject, but in such a manner that all may behold the clever evolution of the finger. The placing of the hands and the disposition of each finger are swiftly seen by an intelligent audience, who appreciate this method far more than they would



THE BULL.

the instantaneous appearance of perfect figures.

But to proceed. In another of our illustrations we have a singularly ingenious representation of a swan, no "property" of any kind being used—unless one so describes Mr. Devant's own hand. The photograph scarcely requires explanation. The stately bird, here shown, well maintains its elegant

HE GOT EVEN.

Persons Who Live in Glass Houses Shouldn't Throw Stones.

They tell a story about a young man who was lately married that is funny enough to print, but the unfortunate part of it all is the names cannot be given, for some older persons are mixed up in the complications, and they would be mad as the dickens to see their names in print.

The young man is a bright young rascal and fond of a joke, and a drink occasionally. In fact, he would take three or four if opportunity was favorable. It came to pass that opportunity was favorable one day, and he took several drinks. Then he went to see the pride of his heart, a charming young lady to whom he was engaged. Her papa came home in the evening and discovered the young man in his deplorable condition. He lectured him in the severest way imaginable, and sent him home. But he didn't forbid him the house.



LORD SALISBURY.

beard being produced in a remarkably ingenious fashion by the fingers of one hand extended downward.

One of the most effective of these shadow portraits is that of Sir Henry Irving. The long hair is very cleverly indicated, while a slightly protruding finger-tip produces on the sheet the effect of the pince-nez. Of course, as we have remarked before, hand shadow pictures cannot be judged when stationary. For each and every one of them is designed a certain marvellously appropriate movement; and even the great personages whose portraits ap-



SIR HENRY IRVING.

pear on the disc are made to exhibit some mannerism or characteristic whereby they are known.

The King Came.

At the Brussels exposition a few days ago King Leopold of Belgium, wishing to examine more closely a certain American machine, left his suite and stepped into the booth where the man in charge to explain its mechanism to him. Not noticing the royal escort a few yards away, the attendant took his Majesty for some high official. He explained in detail the working of his machine, and dwelt upon its points of excellence. "And, sir," he added, "the King himself is coming to see it before long." Without betraying his identity, King Leopold smilingly thanked the American and withdrew. He seemed much amused, when relating the incident to those who accompanied him, at the idea of an exhibitor who was expecting the King at the very moment when the King was leaving him.

A Puzzled Parent.

"It is a difficult problem," said the conscientious man; "very difficult." "What is worrying you?" asked his wife. "If I use slang before our sons and daughters it will encourage them in the practice, and if I don't they will say I am a back number."—Washington Star.

Young Widows in India.

There are in India 200,000 widows aged between 10 and 14 years, and 80,000 less than 10 years old.

Necessity is the mother of some inventions, but the majority of them are orphans.

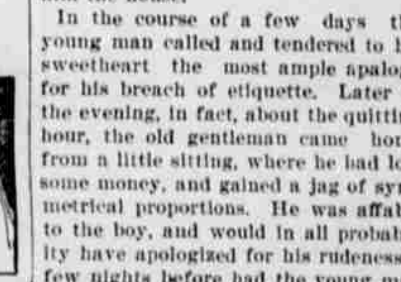
It is easier to cut an acquaintance than it is to carve a steak with a restaurant knife.

There must be a woman in the moon instead of a man, otherwise it wouldn't change so often.

THE FIRST LIFEBOAT.

Very Different from the Complicated Vessel of To-Day.

The story of the lifeboat remains to be written. To do so now would be premature, inasmuch as, notwithstanding the large amount of ingenuity which has been lavished on the designing of a vessel which shall prove satisfactory, the thing desired yet remains to be achieved. The first lifeboat was, curiously enough, devised by a landman, one Lionel Lutkin, a coach-builder of Dunmow, in Essex, England. This man had lost some relatives in the foundering of a vessel at sea, and he set about designing a vessel which should be unsinkable. Among



THE FIRST LIFEBOAT.

those who took up the problem where Lutkin left it was one Henry Greathead, a boatbuilder of South Shields, who worked continuously at the subject, and an order for the construction of what is practically the first specially constructed lifeboat was given to Greathead in 1805.

The first lifeboat was 36 feet long, and possessed a beam of 10 feet. It was rowed by 10 oars, double-banked, and it was the first vessel built in which the main features of all lifeboats were found. Thus, the stem and stern were alike, it had a curved keel, and it bulged greatly amidships.

Every time we see a woman, we thank the Lord that we are not compelled to wear a ribbon collar.

When a man wants a cigar he never wants it very bad.

QUER STORIES

A peach 13 1/2 inches in circumference was raised in McMinn County, Tennessee, last season.

More than 5,000 copies of Capt. Mahan's "Life of Nelson" have been already sold in England.

The Duke of Westminster has more children than any other member of the British peerage. He has been twice married.

Russia is said to own 30,000,000 horses, or nearly one-half of the whole number in existence. Most of them are owned by the peasants.

It is said that there were last year 90,000 pilgrims at Lourdes, so far the "record" figure.

A huge cypress tree in Tule, in the State of Oaxaca, Mexico, is 154 feet in circumference.

In the diocese of Oxford alone no fewer than 23,000 campanologists (as bell-ringers are technically designated) are to be found.

Harber, the great authority on fish, says that every square mile of the sea is inhabited by 120,000,000 fluky creatures.

At Port Moresby, New Guinea, six young native girls pleaded guilty before a white magistrate to a charge of theft. As they were rather young to send to prison the magistrate took each offender in turn across his knee and spanked her.

Masses for Napoleon.

In several of the parish churches of France masses are still sung for the repose of Napoleon's soul. In the great Cathedral of Notre Dame, for example, 113 masses are sung for Napoleon every year. One legacy from an old soldier provides for 104 masses during the year, and the services are observed with the greatest fidelity.—W. E. Curtis, in Chicago Record.

Egypt's Cotton Crop.

During British rule of Egypt the cotton crop has doubled, and now amounts to over 500,000,000 pounds a year.

Did you ever know a man to kill a little bear, or catch a little fish?

It is hard for a man to support a seal-skin wife on a muskrat salary.

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