



PRIVATE GREEN.

Of the eighteen recruits who came out to the Fourth Cavalry once upon a time as it was stationed at Fort Bascombe 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 his men and not well liked 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 unbosom 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 naggings, 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 above two miles when the troopers ran upon 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 a state of panic, closely followed by the exultant victors. After a mad rush of seven or eight miles the Captain's horse fell exhausted and soon died. The officer knew that his command had been routed, and that he was cut off from it. That the Indians did not pursue him was probably due to their desire to annihilate the company by following swiftly on their heels. He had ridden beyond their ken, and the strong wind had already covered his trail in the sand, but the fort was twelve miles distant, and he was on foot and cut off from it. He had lost his sabre, but still retained his revolver, and was seated on the dead body of his horse and planning what move he should make, when a trooper suddenly appeared beside him.

"You—is it you, Green?" exclaimed Capt. Bowers, as he sprang to his feet. The other stood with folded arms and made no reply. It was Private Green, the deserter of a month ago. His uniform was torn and stained, and the man had a haggard, wolfish look. He had not been hiding among the hills where the soldiers had looked for him,



THE RETURN OF CAPTAIN BOWERS.

but out among the sand ridges, where his only living companions were serpents and lizards. He had been driven there by the persecution of the officer who stood before him. The officer knew it as well as he, and he drew his pistol to defend himself from attack. It was two or three minutes before another word passed. Then the Captain said:

"Green, this is bad business. We ran into an ambush, and the company must have been badly cut up. It has been driven back to the fort, and I am alone, as you see. I am going to try and make my way in."

"You cannot do it," was the reply. "Within an hour the Indians will be looking for you. They would be upon you before you were clear of the desert."

"But what shall I do?"

"Come with me."

Private Green strode away to the west and the Captain followed him. It seemed strange that he should do so, but the sudden surprise of the ambush, the mad run of his horse and his finding of the deserter in such an unexpected place all combined to cow his spirit and bring a feeling of helplessness. For two miles and more he followed 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 flung 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.



"YOU—IS IT YOU, GREEN!"

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 all he could, and on the night of his desertion he had sworn a solemn oath to have revenge upon his captain before he died. Chance had thrown the officer into his hands. As he lay there he was planning murder. He meant to get up by and by and spring upon the Captain, no matter about the pistol.

flight 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. 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 darker 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 officer looked up and smiled vacantly and talked to himself in whispers. Next day at noon he entered the post alone, but the sentinel at the gate caught sight of another figure down in the bushes and knew that the officer and deserter had met.

"Here is Capt. Bowers!" was shouted by a score of privates and officers as the man stood at the gate and stared stupidly around him.

They pressed forward to shake the officer by the hand and question him about his adventure, but he drew away and cast his eyes down and muttered and smiled. He no longer had a mind, and Private James Green was revenged. Months afterward the Captain got about again, but he was so "queer" that his resignation was handed in and accepted, and he drifted no one knew whither.—C. B. Lewis, in the St. Louis Republic.

Joke in Squash Grove.

The home of the practical joker is the country town, where any addition to the common fund of conversational material is as welcome as a rain after a dry spell. In some towns it is deemed a merry jest to steal another man's bicycle, "put it up" for \$2 or \$3 with some one who is in the joke, and invite the victim to help spend the money. The amusement derived from this proceeding lasts undiminished for several weeks.

Squash Grove's general store laid in a supply of straw hats. An attractive "line" on them was placed in the window, and the better to catch the bucolic eye they were adorned with a large sign:

* These Hats are going for a song. *

Lon Jones, arch wag of Squash Grove, happened to pass that way shortly afterward. He saw the sign, and his pace quickened.

Five minutes later he returned with half a dozen followers. Without an explanatory word they rushed up in front of the desk where the proprietor was musing over his accounts. Without waiting for greetings, they began, allegro and fortissimo, that venerable relic of the primitive vaudeville stage:

He never came back,
He never came back,
His dear form they saw nevermore;
But how happy they'll be
When his dear form they see,
When they meet on that beautiful shore.

No dialogue followed the completion of the chorus. The marauders rushed to the window, seized a hat apiece, and rushed into the street.

The cause of the atrocity was removed from the window at once, but when Squash Grove ceases to talk about that simple joke the present generation will have passed away from the earth.

The Unspeakable Turk.

The word "Moslem," which has come into common use to designate a follower of Mohammed, is a contraction of Mussulman, which, in turn, is said by competent authorities to have originally signified "men resigned to God." Ottoman, or Othman, was a favorite name with the early Mohammedan caliphs, and subsequently applied to their followers. The phrase "unspeakable Turk" was used by Mr. Carlyle in a letter read at a meeting held in St. James Hall, London, 1876, in which he said: "The unspeakable Turk should be immediately struck out of the question and the country be left to honest European guidance."

New Uses for Glass.

Attention was recently called to the proposed use of glass brick in building. It is now said that the Government of Switzerland has approved the use of glass for making weights to be employed with balance-scales. A peculiarly tough kind of glass is to be selected for this purpose. From England comes the suggestion that glass would be a better and more lasting material than stone for making monuments which are exposed to the wearing action of the weather.

Profit in Strawberries.

A Kentucky strawberry grower reports a clear profit this season of \$729.00 on seven acres of ground. Numbers of women and children who would have earned money in no other way made \$1 or \$2 a day picking berries. Another grower of strawberries reports his profit to have been \$357.50 on two acres of ground.



People whose opinions amount to anything never like to see a man with out means blow himself just to keep up with the procession.

"Does your minister practice what he preaches?" "He has preached it, and often he doesn't need to practice it any more."—Detroit Journal.

"Waiter, it is almost half an hour since I ordered that turtle soup." "Sorry, sir, but you know how slow turtles are."—London Tid-Bits.

He—They say bicycles are a drug on the market this year. She—That may be the reason all the doctors are prescribing them.—Yonkers Statesman.

Bass—Was that baby talk your wife was talking as I came in? Fogg—That was mother talk; no baby I ever indulged in such glibberish.—Boston Transcript.

The Chaperon—You should never run down your friend, my dear. The Chaperoned—No danger of that; they can beat me at scorching.—New York Evening Journal.

Doctor (to female patient)—You have a slight touch of fever; your tongue has a thick coat.— Patient (excitedly)—Oh, doctor, do tell me how it fits—Fact and Fiction.

Mistress—Now, you must always sweep well behind the doors, Mary. Mary—Yes'm, trust me for that; it's the only way one can get the dust out of sight.—Pick-Me-Up.

Teacher—I want each of you to make a sentence, using the word "delight" in it. Small boy (colored)—De wind come in de winder an' blowed out de light.—Philadelphia Ledger.

He—I wonder if that couple are married. She—Certainly not. He—How can you tell? She—Why, they're been talking to each other for nearly half an hour.—New York World.

"Is this a healthy portion of the State?" asked a traveler in Arkansas. "Well, I should say it is. There has been nobody hung about here in three months."—Texas Siftings.

Mrs. Sweet—Do you find it economical to do your own cooking? Mrs. Burnem—Oh, yes; my husband doesn't eat half as much as he did when we had a cook.—Boston Traveler.

"We have much new and valuable information concerning the Hittites, the Hivites, the Jebusites and the Moabites." His friend—How about the Mosquitobites?—Household Words.

"Poor chap! Bright fellow, but a hopeless idiot, I judge, from his talk." "No, indeed; he's merely quoting a little passage from the latest Scotch novel."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

Clara—Are you not afraid, Maud, to marry old Dodderly? I hear he gets horribly jealous without any cause. Maud—Don't be anxious, dear; I'll take care he never does that.—Pick-Me-Up.

"It's funny the shurref ain't scoured the country for them stage robbers," said the postmaster. "I guess," ventured Rubberneck Bill, "that he ain't got the sand."—Indianapolis Journal.

Wiggins—What makes you so certain of Bawler's patriotism?—Boggs—Why, he just boils over with indignation when he hears of the wrongs of foreigners that we have no interest in.—Truth.

Widow—Is it true, captain, that a sailor has a wife in every port? Old Tar (savagely)—Madam, the sailor needs the time he has ashore for rest and amusement.—Philadelphia North American.

Professor—What is the best cure for prolonged emancipation? Medical student—Throw the patient in the air. Professor—Eh? What? Medical student—He'll come down plump.—New York Press.

"My good man, do you ever do anything to bring light and purity into the homes of your fellow men?" "Yus-lots." "You distribute tracts?" "No; I clean windows and beats carpets."—Illustrated Bits.

Mrs. De Style (for effect)—Norah! Norah! Did you put my jewel case away? Norah—Yis, mum, Oi did. There on'y folve camphor balls lift in it. Shall I send for some more, mum?—New York Journal.

"George, I wish you'd leave this little package at the express office." "Me carry a bundle? I guess not. Besides, I've got to lug both my tires and a handle bar down to the repair shop."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He—You say you married a western man? She—Yes. "And that he never drinks?" "Never." "Nor smokes?" "No, sir." "Nor loses his temper?" "That's what I said." "When did he die?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Mickey Dorlan—Hullo, Bill! How did you like being a caddie? Billy Nolan—Ah! I didn't like it at all, at all. First de feller he towld be ter kape me eye on de ball, den he gave me de ball in de eye.—Harper's Bazaar.

Teacher—Can you tell me in what year Caesar invaded Britain? Pupil—Yes'm. Teacher—What year was it? Pupil—You can't expect me to answer two questions in succession. That question belongs to the next in the class.—Boston Transcript.