WITH HIS LIFE.

The Price Paid For a Fatal Error by a "Youngster."

He had come out to us as a second lieutenant—a young and beardless graduate from West Point—and the ragged old troopers who had been fighting Indians for three years smiled in contempt. Pity was mingled with contempt, however. It was unjust to the boy to put him up against the savage Apaches for his first trial. Even some of the veteran officers of the war had made a bad failure of it when they came out to the plains.

"The youngster," as the men called him, had been with us a fortnight when the colonel ordered him out on a scout. We were to go down the valley four miles, turn to the west and ride down the bank of Walnut creek three miles and then come back over the hills. One sergeant, one corporal—25 troopers in all. At that time the chances were against sighting an Indian, but the movement would tell their spies that we were alert and watchful.

In due time we reached the creek and turned in. It was lined with trees and bushes and offered cover to an enemy. "The youngster" gave no orders, however, and appeared greatly surprised when he looked back and observed the attitude of the men. They held their carbines ready for what might come and obliqued off against the hillside. I think the officer was about to hurl some indignant protest at us when we got a volley from the bushes. Every man in that troop realized on the instant that we had only ten or a dozen redskins to deal with—every man but the officer. Had we wheeled into line, fired a volley and charged, we should have driven them from cover and had a good show to exterminate the band. "The youngster" was rattled by the suddenness of the attack, and because two or three horses went down he lost his head and ordered us to push forward at a gallop, leaving two men who had been dismounted, but were unhurt, to be deliberately shot down as they sought for cover. We had dashed forward about half a mile when every trooper suddenly pulled up and wheeled about. No one gave the order, but all acted in concert. We were too late to save our comrades, but the sight of their mutilated bodies brought shouts for revenge as we charged the thicket. We got a feeble volley, and another horse went down, but in 10 minutes we had wiped out the last skulking warrior. Nine of them had put the 25 of us to flight.

"The youngster" was brought back to us by the sound of the firing. His face wore a look of astonishment and dismay as he saw the dead. When he was informed that we had made a cowardly retreat before such a small force, and when a trooper held up the scalp locks of our dead comrades and growled out that they had been abandoned to their fate when a cool head would have saved them, the face of the young man was white as death and he made no reply. A trooper was sent to the fort for an ambulance to carry in the dead, and after beating up the bushes again we sat down to await his return. The lieutenant dismounted and sat by himself. For a long time he sat with his face in his hands gazing at the earth, and there wasn't one of us who didn't feel sorry for him. By and by he called the sergeant over to him and asked:

"Sergeant, did you realize that we were being fired on by so small a force?"

"I judged them to number from 9 to 12, sir," was the reply.

"And had you been in command what action would you have taken?"

"Fours right, wheel and give 'em a volley and then charge. That would have been my way if they had numbered 100, for a dash would have driven them from cover and let us in."

"And the order I gave was to push forward, which was the same as retreat?"

"So we understood, sir."

"And you returned and attacked without orders?"

"Without orders, sir."

"That will do, sergeant. The ambulance should be here soon, and you will see about the bodies. Try and tell a plain, straight story about the fight when you report to the captain."

With that he got up and moved up the hill as if surveying the country, and no one happened to be looking at him when he put his revolver to his head and sent a bullet into his brains. He was dead before we reached him. Poor "youngster!" A court martial would have dismissed him from the service. Even had no charges been preferred, he could not have held his head up among men—fighting men.

"Say," exclaimed the sergeant as we stood looking at the body, "he made a mistake, but paid for it with his life, and no man shall speak ill of him. He was a youngster and had never seen an Injun, and that's all that ailed him."

M. QUAD.

General Mahone In Washington.

The quaintest of all of the national figures in Washington is General William Mahone of Virginia. He is here almost as steadily as when he was a senator. Of course it isn't the same white hat of the finest felt, the same short black coat cut into the waist, the same curiously shaped trousers, full at the thighs and tapering to a tight fit at the ankle above the low cut shoes. But the hat, the coat, the trousers and the shoes are of precisely the patterns which made their appearance in Washington with General Mahone years ago. The finest material enters into the general's wardrobe, and it is never allowed to show age, but the successive outfits are exact reproductions of the curious originals. And so one leaving Washington and returning after a decade sees General Mahone looking precisely as he did.—Washington Correspondent.

Upsetting the Ink Bottle.

"There seems to be," said a man of family, "a certain class of domestic accidents that cannot be definitely accounted for. Among these I should put the upsetting of the ink bottle. Who ever knew how the ink bottle got upset? Here comes Mr. Seven-year-old, who says to his mother, 'Mamma, the ink's upset.' His mother jumps up, saying, 'Why, how did that happen?'

"Some people think that ink bottles, and more particularly children's ink bottles, have a tendency to sort of jump up and prance around and upset themselves; but this is mere theory. Nobody ever saw an ink bottle do that, and it is probable that the question is one of those that must remain without a definite and satisfactory answer."—New York Sun.

Wonders of the Far North.

The wonders of the aurora borealis in the British possessions, just over the line of Alaska, cannot be told. The heavens all winter long are lit up with a golden glow. Indeed I may say the colors—the sparkles and flashes—are so many, constant and varied that no one can describe them. There is practically no day during the year. For two or three months, up to Dec. 15, from 9 to 12 o'clock, there is a sort of dawn, but the rest of the time it is night. It is so clear that you can go out and read a newspaper anywhere.—San Francisco Examiner.

HAPPY ON $1,5000.

Bliss in a Brooklyn Flat on a Small Salary.

"Ah, what an awfully swell girl Ella Ferris used to be; and how she has changed lately," mused Tom De Witt.

"You mean since her marriage?" asked Jack Ford.

"Yes. Once, nothing on earth was too good for her. Most of the fellows in our set who tried their luck were not nearly good enough. But she made a great mistake when she married Ferris."

"Poor devil of a clerk, wasn't he?"

"He was and is yet. They live in a flat over in Brooklyn somewhere. My sister called there the other day, and she says the way they live is simply disheartening. Small, dark rooms with cheap furniture, and a couple of squalling kids for bric-a-brac. Pleasant situation. The flat looks out on a livery stable in the rear and a Catholic school in the front. The best bed-room is in a dark alcove opening invitingly off the dining room. They have no servant and Ella does all the house work, so her hands are getting red and bony, and she is going off frightfully in her looks. They never go anywhere or see anybody. Haven't been to the theatre once since they were married. Ferris is always too tired to go out when he gets home in the evening; and then they have to economize. And my sister says the saddest thing about it all is that Ella has the audacity to be so blissfully and perfectly happy."

"Happy!" ejaculated Jack.

"She is and so is her husband. That's the worst part of it," replied Tom. "My sister said she has not seen anybody so genuinely contented and happy in a long time. Gad! when I think what she used to be I can't help feeling sorry for her."

"You're right!" said Jack, with fervent conviction. "There are no more pitiable objects than people who can be happy on fifteen hundred a year!"—Harry Romaine in Baltimore Life.

The Period of Mourning in Society.

Though we have no royal families in America, or more particularly in New York, where the crown and coronet are as often seen as in England, it seems to me that with the frequency of deaths in families that are rated as "leaders," society will have to make a new law prescribing the limits of a term of mourning. I think, in every case, the younger members of the family should be permitted to appear at social gatherings without comment. And after all, it is nothing but fear of criticism that makes the term of mourning so fashionable and long. If half the people were really sincere in following such a fashion it would be different, but they are continually doing things which the strict laws of mourning do not permit, simply because they consider themselves not seen. I noticed at the horse show a daughter-in-law of a famous statesman, recently deceased, who paid due respect to the memory of the departed by her choice of garments; but if she can appear at the horse show, certainly there can be no line drawn at the opera or dinners. Other members of her family have permitted their names to appear on the lists of all the fashionable subscription dances. That I commend, for if they cannot partake of pleasure themselves, there is no earthly reason why they should not contribute to the happiness of friends.—Town Topics.

A Great Man's Grand-Daughter.

Miss Grant, Colonel Fred Grant's daughter and niece of Mrs. Potter Palmer, will be one of the reigning belles in New York this season. "Already there are a lot of danglers in her train," says *Town Topics*, "and among others who are said to be somewhat facinated by her *beaux yeaux* is the handsome multi millionaire, Oakley Rhinelander, who could scarcely tear himself away from West Point, if all that is said is true."

To prevent the hardening of the subcutaneous tissues of the scalp and the obliteration of the hair follicles, which cause baldness, use Hall's Hair Renewer.

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WHITEBREAST COAL AND LIME COMPANY.

CLEVELAND'S POLICY.

The Presipent Convinced That There Was no American Revolution.

This is the era of rumors. It is now whispered that President Cleveland has recently devoted several hours to a thorough and conclusive examination of American history of the revolutionary period; that he has made up his mind unalterably that the grounds set up by the colonists to justify their revolution were and are trivial and inadequate; and that as a beneficiary of the unlawful and abhorrent acts of George Washington and his fellow conspirators, and as a successor of the said Washington in a government founded upon force, foreign interference and an unjustifiable revolt against constituted authority, he conceives it to be his duty to right the great wrong done to good King George by his stiff-necked and rebellious subjects, a crime in respect to which this government has not merely been an accessory after the fact, but in one form or another was an active principal.

It is asserted that these views of the president, withheld from the American people, have been submitted in accordance with his habit to Great Britain's inspection, and that her gracious majesty has been pleased to signify her entire satisfaction with them. Sir Julian Pauncefote, however, is, it is said, oppressed with doubts, not shared by the president, concerning the practicability of restoring things in statu quo, and is uneasy lest the American people in some sudden and inexplicable whim, should refuse to be thus disposed of, and should resent the secret trial, conviction, and punishment by reprimand and reversal of previously honored past occupants of the presidential chair. It is understood that Sir John suggests, in preference to an American reenthronement of the successor of King George, the adoption by the president of a policy which will cause this country to pay permanent tribute to Great Britain as one of its trade and commercial dependants; reversing in England's interest the reciprocity, subsidy and other policies by which we are to build up trade for ourselves in the other America; breaking down in England's interest the frowning tariff barriers designed to protect local industries; and moulding our foreign policy in accordance with English suggestions, to this end filling the diplomatic service with republican-despising monocled Anglomaniacs, and restoring a pro-English queen in Hawaii.

Unquestionably this is the era of rumors. Ex.

The princes of the world have not troubled the world much with lofty thoughts or poetic utterances. The following stanza by the gifted and kindly Princess Mary of Teck is much too good to be forgotten:

If each man in his measure,
Would do a brother's part,
To cast a ray of sunlight
Into a brother's heart.
How changed would be our country,
How changed would be our poor;
And then might Christian nations
Deserve the name once more.
—Chicago Saturday Evening Herald.

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The sacred concert at the Lansing Sunday evening was a great success, judging from every point of view. Next Sunday's will be even better. Best seats for 50 cents, and a good one for 25 cents should be sufficient inducement to fill the house every Sunday.

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