.

THE REVENGE OF MURPHY.

By JAMES BARNES.

(Copyright, 1909, by James Barnes.) No one knew the immediate locality that! had produced Trooper Murphy. He claimed was a New Yorker "bhoy," and held to the distant metropolis as if it were his! native heath and natural stamping ground. to all appearance as blind as a hat, strode have been simply an inheritance. It had walk toward the stables the touch of the sod in it and his first pratilings must have been heard in the that his sister had just given a big party

Murphy had just squeezed by the regulations as to height and certainly was not more than one or two pennyweights over the prescribed limit when placed upon the scales. But he was compactly built and a natural born cavalryman; he walked with an easy swing, and if his legs were slightly bowed, what of that? The first sergeant said that Murphy had "give legs, the kind that fit to horses's ribe.

was catching. He had a merry little hid the newspaper under the pillow of his cers rode out before their companies, and high-pitched voice and dancing blue eyes cot, booked up his jaket and booked on his then the band came bumping and jingling Murphy was a favorite, too. His laugh and red hair, as crisp and thick as a rocklichen. If it had not been for this heavy toru. shock of hair, Murphy's captain said, he would have never succeeded in passing the at a great cigar. He would blow down the a horn. His great face had a slightly puffed examining sergeant. There was a full smoke on the table and it would roll off the appearance and his lip protruded over his quarter of an inch of it. All this goes to edges, scarcely rising in the still, heated fine white teeth, that were firmly set as he show that Murphy was but 5 feet 4, and atmosphere. The room was filled with cursed beneath his breath at the horse h that he weighed under 150 pounds. So much filmy, blue strata. The colonel was a little rode, which had a way of sidling very diffor his personal appearance. As to his age, man, with a face like an American eagle, ferent from the staid, brown nag that had

No, sorr; we did not. "Is there anything else, Murphy?"

> "That's all. Then Murphy, with shoulders erect, but

But such a brogue as Murphy's could never off on his little bow legs down the board The lientenant picked up his paper, naw

thick atmosphere of a smoky, peat-saturated on board of her husband's yacht, and read over the names of the winners at the Rockaway races. Then he heard footsteps and looking up saw that a colonel's orderly was pretty wife poured tea. standing where Murphy had stood but a few minutes before.

"What is it, my

orderly replied, "at your convenience, sir." "I'll be over right away."

He stepped into his hot, stuffy little room, aword and started for the colonel's quar-

The colonel sat at his desk, puffing away that the bass drummer did not have to blo it might have been 22 or it might have with a heavy gray mustache. He smoked a just been consigned to the hospital. As the been 30, at all events, it was something deal too snuch. He had a liver and was cogbetween. He claimed to be 26.

tizant of it. He also had a voice that was ter glanced at him. It was a "broiling hot day," which is a entirely a mish, so far as the colonel's aptrite and usual description to convey the pearance went, for it was deep and sono-idea that the weather was uncomfortably rous, and at the same time sharp and clear. his position and drew his sword. "Sound warm. It had not rained for nearly three No one ever mistook the colonel's orders be- off." he said. months. The river, that was within a few cause he could not hear then. He was very

"though be has been called a great many "Is he well up to weight?" the lieutenant

"He will carry anything, air," replied Murphy without a quiver, adding to himself,

"Begad, that can stay on his back."
"Well, take him over to the pandmaster this afternoon and explain what he is for.

"Very good, sorr." Lieutenant Carter went back to his quarters, unearthed the newspaper, strolled out on the veranda and read on for an hour. Now he chuckled to himself. All at once the bugle rang clear and high and some movement was detected in the direction of the burracks. Officers strolled out buckling on their sidearms and some ladies with parasols and bright chintz dresses left me houses and sirolled over in the direction of the colonel's quarters at the head of the parade ground, where in the evening the colonel's

The bugle blew again and with a clanking of accourrements and the dust raising of hoofs the troopers trotted out. It had grown a little cooler and the shadows had "Colonel would like to see you, sir, ' the lengthened, but it was not enough to make men grumble, and grumble they did as matter of course. The line was formed The colonel mounted his horse and the officot, booked up his jaket and booked on his then she band came bumping and Jingling the end of the line. It was a fortunate thing





THE DRUMMER WAS DISENTANGLING HIMSELF FROM THE BROKEN BARREL.

a narrow little stream, that wiggled along through a dusty bed. A troop of horses and tried to pattern itself accordingly. being driven down to water raised a cloud that drifted up the bank like the smoke of a fire. The buffalo grass on the prairie that stretched out for miles beyond the post was gray and brown and matted. The deep shadows of the stables and the barracks and the officers' quarters looked to pigment. They were the only restful things

for the eye to find. Lying prone on the ground in the shade back of B troop's quarters was a group of enlisted men. The uniforms were nondescript. Some wore their canvas stable suits, loose and open. One or two were in undershirts and faded blue breeches. Some wore boots, some were in stocking feet. They had ceased cursing the weather, and were all absorbed in one discussion.

'I seed the beginning of it," said a lanky, rather tough looking lad, who was smoking a cigarette, with another one stuck behind his car, pen-fashion. "I seed the beginning of it, Murphy wouldn't say why, but I know it was something about the new girls at the major's. The Dutchman's got a fine lip on him. It's a good thing be doesn't play the

Here snother man, with a brick-red face and a long, sunburned mustache, broke in. "It was a damn good fight," he grunted, "but the big fellow would have killed bim The way he mauled him was unmerciful."

"Just like a billygoat tackling a bull," remarked a man on the outside of the group. rolling over on his elbow. Then, as if quite pleased with his metaphor, he repeated it: "a billygoat tackling a bull!-Schreiber made no report of it."

"We ain't seen the end of it yet," said the lad who spoke first. "The little fellow 'Il take a lot o' poundin' "

"That's no lie," remarked a man with a red face; "but the ugly Dutchman could lick | three of him. He's too big to put on a horse's back, anyhow."

At this minute the dust arose again, and

the horses struggled up the bank. A bugle sounded the stable call, and the group broke up. A figure in uniform just then crossed the open space that led from the barracks to the officers' quarters. The shriveling heat had not taken all the spring out of this fellow; his shoulders were well back; his tunic buttoned to the throat and he stepped briskly out. like a man with a purpose be fore him. But if one bad looked into the trooper's face, he would have noticed a peculiar thing. Both his eyes were apparently shut tight; but it was not to avoid the glare of the sun. There was a slight abrasion on his upper lip; another at the corner of his ear, and his jaw was hadly swellen.

Lieutenant Blair Carter, who was sitting on the veranda with his feet on the rail dressed as coolly as was compatible with his usual devotion to neatness, watched the aproaching figure, smiling, until it had halted at the veranda steps. The story of the fight, although unreported, had reached his ears.

'Well, Murphy," said the lieutenant acknowledging lazily the touch of the tinger at the hat brim, "how are the horses "The farrier made a bad job of sheeing the crack-boofed nag of Captain Agnew's sorr. Sure I told him it was wasting time

"For heaven's sake, Murphy, can you see out of those eyes.""

"Yes, sorr," replied Murphy, wiping the perspiration off his stiff upper lip with the mai for him to ride at this evening's dress world like a dismuntled kits. If there had orderly at the doorway, back of his hand. "The gray is all reight parade?" egain, sorr, but one of the new horses, the a sphiint, I'm afraid, sorr." Murphy had diamissed the subject of the light.

eyes politely, but firmly, "I'll come over and look at blin this afternoon. Didn't have much luck with that last bunch, did we?"

the parade ground, had dwindled down to proud of the way he sat a horse. For that matter, the regiment was proud of it, too, "Dress parade and inspection this after

noon. Mr. Carter," said the colonel. "Yes, sir, I saw the orders this morning." "Much cooler today." "Think so, sir?"

Carter wondered if the hard, dry flesh on he colonel's bones ever felt any change in perspired when he was angry, and was only cold in the presence of the major's wife, who had once offended his dignity.

"Have a chair, Mr. Carter," went on the colonel, looking up, and this time blowing mathematically correct smoke rings toward the ceiling. "How are the new horses?" "Only a middling lot, sir; might be bet-

"Humph!" said the colonel. "That's in your department." "Yes, sir."

"I didn't say it was your fault. But see what you can make of them."

"Did you wish to see me on something particular?" psked the lieutenant, almost suffocating in the heat of the room. "O, yes; bandmaster reports that one of has page turned very lame this morning.

I want you to send up a good quiet horse in time for dress parade. Have you got ore that can stand music "" "Yes, sir; I think so. What instruments

"Bass drum, J believe." "Very good, sir; I will have a mount for

"That's all." "Thanks, sir." The lieutenant hurrled

The post prided itself very highly on its nounted band. It was considered by all means the best in the service. The handnaster was a German of some musical ed ucation, and he had surrounded himself with company of good performers, the majority of them of the same nationality as himself. Colonel Shepard used to brag a good deal

about the band. Licutenant Carter smiled to himself as e crossed the parade ground on his way to the stables a half-hour later; he was hinking of Murphy's appearance. The bass frummer had the reputation of being something of a fighter. He was not exactly popplar in the regiment, and the mental pic ure of little Murphy engaged in single ombat with him caused the lieutenant's As he came out of the stables he was met by Murphy himself at the door of the big cerral. The little Irishman was a stretched out his neck and boiled. The averite among the officers because he was eager and willing, and he could ride anything that had hide and hoofs. There he was standing at attention with about is much expression on his battered, swollen countenance as one finds ou a bronze

mage of Buddah. "Murphy," said Lieutenant Carter, liftng one foot to the lower rail of the corral fence, "I want your advice."

Yes, sorr." will stand music?" the lieut nant asked.

"Sure they all have to learn, uir." "Well, the colonel has asked me to pick out a soher, quiet mount for one of the sight of one of the laundresses who was ground.

"The bass drummer, sorr?" Murphy's eyes opened the merest fraction of an inch. "Yes; can't you recommend a good ani-

Lieutgnant Carter looked full into Murone with the bald spot, is going to throw phy's face and slowly winked, not once, but have tried to come to his assistance. As it Jack Francis, who had the room next in three times it might have been the sun- was most of the men could hardly keep their Carter's own, looking up from his perusai

"Which one?"

hundred yards of the northeast corner of proud of that voice, and next to it was the horns and then came a boom and

It appeared as if something blew up all it once in the band, and to tell the truth it was principally the drummer! The musistopped, but the explosion continued. The black horse that had been called impolite names was asserting himself; he disliked the indignity that had been thrust upon him. That was evident from the first, but now he concluded to rid Emself of the be painted on the ground with dark blue the thermometer at all. Apparently he only degradation. With his head between his knees, his back arched and his leg stiffened he was bucking away like the winner in a Wild West show. For a few seconds the drummer managed to hold on somehow, but no human backbone could stand it, and with a despairing curse the big fellow shot up into the air, landed on all fours, then leather thong and out of the melee

sprawled face downward in the dust. But the Nameless one was not satisfied. The drum was still attached to him by a emerged like a foot ball player, determined to make a touchdown. Eager hands had the drummer, as if to assert himself and snatched at his bridle, but he broke away. release himself from the disgrace of having Down the line he came, the bass drum playng a sonorous solo upon his flanks. When about opposite the adjutant, who to save his life could not uttter a word of command. he concluded to make a detour to the left. headed straight for the black horse, and The ranks parted for him. He pursued his humping course for a few feet up the line. Then, thinking probably that he would be The big man made a stand of it and reached better appreciated where he could be seen. for the bridle, but the crazy animal turned he charged through from rear to right and emerged again, bounding like a victous rub- of him, and, how it happened no one knew, the ground, and mad that instead of being first thing the regiment knew the Arummer firmly imbedded, he should find himself in

the air again. The whole troop was in an uproar now, ut above the sounds of laughter arose the olonel's voice.

"Catch that horse, somebody," he roared. Take hold of him, one of you men!"

Maybe the nameless black heard this or- shaking, was formed again. ter and determined to give the colonel the whanging and banging, be charged down absence of his commanding officer, was actipon the commander of the post. * * *

Now the horse the colonel rede was a tried end had ridden up at the head of a charge He swerved; the colonel leaned forward as if to take matters into his own hands and put a stop to the rlot, but he reckoned en- bridle. tirely without his best. His own horse, the no longer. With a snort of terror he colonel tried to stop him. If there had been an uproar before, it was chaos now! Straight upon the heels of the colonel's nad ame the bounding, resounding mixture of drum and horse, and, worse luck, the colonel's charged had lost his head completely. Instead of turning to the open responded, quietly country to the west, he made off to the castward straight for the post laundry where

be clothes that had hung all day in the parted. The horse became frightened at the ter could not be heard series the parade parade ground, while behind him atreamed of the risibles." been any personal danger attached to the In half an hour Carter had returned.

come of the washwomen were gathering up

saddles. Carter and the other officers were of the league base ball socres. doubled up. The Heutenant cast his eye back "Four weeks' confinement to post," was at his own company. The sight of Murphy the reply. "A little knowledge is a danger-"Well, he has no name yet that you could be could never forget. Both his legs were ous thing." use in polite society," Murphy returned, hanging free of the stirrups and kicking. Down at the barracks Murphy had told

wildly. He would have fallen had it not his side of the story, been that the troopers on either side were endeavoring to keep him on the saddle. "Hurron, hurron," he was waiting at the I am even with the drummer, helad. Re- also slightly sitered by the vell. The none that the redness often ends below in a sharp.

he could only make loud and extravagant him now." noises, noises that had never been heard before, yolps and shrieks, wild cachinations that threatened his very existence The tears were rolling from his blackened bruised eyes. He would catch his breath and then burst into a roar of incoherent noise-simply noise-no words, just sound The cause of all this turnoil had swerved out of the clothes yard back into full view again. His bucks were becoming less violent from sheer exhaustion. And lost control of his mount-a horrible thing to happen to any cavalryman-ran out. His fine uniform was ripped up the back, his helmet was gone, but nevertheless he the latter, as if perceiving that here was another victim, made straight for himquickly. The drum swung around in front per creature, intent on planting himself into the lashings that held it broke, and the was disentangling himself from the broken barrel much as a clown would step from a paper ring. He picked up the debris and limped off toward his quarters. And now

KINNKAIN

the colonel, having succeeded in stopping and disentangling himself from the clothes line, was shouting orders. Something like attention was restored, and the line visibly Sergeant Schreiber rode out and toucked irst chance, for, head down and tail up, his cap to Lieuteant Carter, who, in the

ing captain of his company. "May one of my men fall out, sir?" he eteran. He had once faced cracking rifles asked. "A bit of aunstroke, I think, sir." Carter gave his permission. He turned against a band of screaming, shricking hos- round and saw Murphy, too weak hardly tiles, but this strange looking thing coming to sit on his horse, make his way toward lown upon him was too much for his nerves. the stables, his feet handing loose from his stirrups and his whole body wavering back and forth. Another trooper had hold of the

An orderly galloped down the fintried and trusted one, could stand the strain "Lieutenant Carter, the colonel assis you to report to him at one Cartur rode up. There was not the ghost of a smile on the colousi's hard-set fea-

> "Mr. Carter." he asked, strinly, Sdrl you know that horse was a buck-jumping louck. devit? "I hadn't a suspicion, eir." the lieutenant

"Take your post, etr." "What was the matter with that man it "Haven't we got a good, quiet house that bleaching sun. Into the mixture of linen and your company, Carter?" gaked the surgion clother baskets the colonol rode. A line that evening. Several men had gathered at saught him under the chin, but luckily the heutenant's quarters, where their laugh-

band men. Let's sec. I think it is the bass protecting herself by flourishing a red petil. "I don't know what you might call it." coat apparently at his head, he whirled and Carter answered. "But I supplied, in learned once more the colonel emerged upon the phrase, it might be mentioned as paralysis

the line of clothes. He looked for all the "Colonel wants to see you, sir," said an

colenel's wild earner, maybe someone might "What did the old man say?" questioned

And she never did

WOMEN'S RED NOSES. Reason to Believe that Veils Cause Most of the Trouble.

Few things are more annoying to a sensi-

Where one woman is really happy nine of her sisters are unhappy. Where one is really healthy are in misery. The ailments from which women suffer the most are familiarly called "female

troubles." Nearly every woman in this community is a sufferer to some extent. But it has now been demonstrated beyond any question that the most of these sufferings are unnecessary when Wine of Cardui can be secured. This pure Wine relieves all those distracting pains and aches. It quickly stops the weakening drains of leucorrhea and restores the strength that has ebbed away. It cures falling of the womb and banishes the sickening sensation attendant upon monthly illness. If Wine of Cardui cured Mrs. Blander it will just as a projet benefit you.

Some six or eight months ago Mr. X. Blender, a highly respected and well known farmer south or town, asked me if I had any medicine that I could recommend for female or womb trouble. I recommended Wine of Cardui and Black-Draught as the best made, so he bought six bottles for \$5.00 and five packages of Black-Draught for \$1.00 and commenced the treatment, and now his wife is doing her housework and doing her washing and all the work a farmer's wife has to do. Mr. Blender told me this the other day and said I could use

cured Mrs. Blender it will just as surely benefit you.

For advice in cases requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms, the "Ladies' Advisory Department", The Chattanooga Medicine Company, Chattanooga, Tenn.

his name and write to you if I wished to. Mr. Blender had several doctors to the with satisfaction. relief came until she took Wine of Cardui. I sell these medicines all the time with satisfaction. POLY LANDAKER, Druggist. his name and write to you if I wished to. Mr. Blender had several doctors to treat his wife but could do her no good and no

Your druggist has Wine of Cardui and he can furnish you with a \$1.00 bottle to-day.

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With time this alteration becomes perma- from the cheek. to the regions just above the point and along winds or great degrees of cold. If tive woman than persistent reduces of the the abnormal distribution of the blood be- from the cold directly into a warm room. tip of the nose. This crythrorhinia, as we comes intensified unless the veil is quickly It is also well on going out to cover the may call it, says the Medical Journal, is par- removed. When the vessels have become pase with a little landin, vasolin or cold ticularly frequent among women with a deli- permanently relaxed, owing to the improper cream, and then to powder it with talcum cate complexion, and is not often seen among dilation, the abnormal distribution of the powder or starch. A little massage soft the reasonary. A Berlin physician, Dr. blood remains to a greater or less degree stroking with two fingers from the point to Rosenbach, believes that he has fathomed even after the removal of the veil. The the root of the nose-is also advisable. If a the cause of the condition and is convinced causes for this condition, then, are the pres- veil must be worn during skating or riding that the veil is responsible. He found that sure of the veil and the friction produced the bicycle it should be only half size, so the redness was most marked where the wall by it. A delicate skin and a catarrhal state as to leave the nostrils uncovered, in order pressed most closely against the nose, and of the nose act as prelisposing causes. It is that the moisture may evaporate unfinthat when the wearing of the veil was alundoned the condition, in a majority of in- this veil-crythema are very apt to ascribe of the veil altogether. Allhough velis are it to the influence of the air, and seek to very soft to the touch, the threads suon be prevent it by tying the veil as tightly as come rough with use, and are then capable possible. But the more the nose is barri- can be easily verified by observation and of exerting a decided irritation upon the cades the more the skin will be irritated. sensitive skin of the nose and cheek, against Occasionally a similar persistent redness is

the nose is upt to maisten the veil, especially seen on the cheeks, here also in areas "It was me that done it, though I held in winter, and then the veil nets almost like against which the veil rests. That pressure no grudge agin the colonel," he said. "But a moist compress. The shape of the nose is by the veil is the cause is proved by the fact top of his voice; laughter was beyond him; vinge is swate. May Ann'll niver look at is depressed, flattened, and, in Rosenbach's well defined margin, corresponding to the opinion, tends to lose its graceful form. line where the vell begins to hang loosely

Dallas, Ills., May 5, 1898.

nent. The pressure upon the tip of the nose | The treatment consists primarily in the renders the latter somewhat anemic and disuse of the veil. For a little while the padrives the blood to neighboring parts, chiefly tient should not expose herself to sharp the lateral wings. On entering a warm room impossible, she should take care not to pass

We have called attention to this matter because, in the first place, Rosenbach's view guarded questioning, and also because if there is any truth in it-and it seems reasonable-women will probably welcome a suggestion that will restore to their noses

CUT OFF AT NINETY-THREE.

Boers Who Lamented the Early Demise of a Successful Ancestor. The English have governed in South Africa for 100 years, driving into the desert the Dutch, who wish to be independent, says Youth's Companion. But the strange says Youth's Companion. But the strange Boer race—which is not exactly Dutch, but a mixture of several races, including almost as strong an admixture of French Huguenot blood as of the blood of Holiand, and including also a dash of German, English and Scottish—always comes uppermost in the affairs of the colonies. At this day the "Afrikanders," or Dutch-speaking colonials, bear sway by virtue of their majority in Cape Colony itself. An Austrian traveler, Herr you Hubner, telis why this is so.

why this is so.

The Boers love South Africa and have no desire to live anywhere else. They have taken deep root in the soil. They have completely adapted themselves to the climate and conditions of life. They live to

a great age and great families of children are born to them.

Herr von Hubner visited a family of French Huguenot origin, Hugo by name, which was in mourning for the head of the family. The family had mostly assembled on account of the old many death. the family. The family had mostly assembled on account of the old man's death and there was a great crowd.

"How many descendants did Herr Hugo leave?" the visitor asked.

"He had 222 in all." was the answer, "but there are only 211 living now."

"All children and grandchildren?"

"And great-grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren."

"How did he happen to die?"

"That is what no one can tell." they an-

"That is what no one can tell," they answored, shaking their heads. "He never had a sick day in his life, he never took to his bed, and he seemed to drop off all at once. It is a profound mystery."

"But how old was he?"

"Only 25."

Only 35.

No such English-speaking patriarchs as this are found. The English abandon the country as soon as they can; if they must remain to complete the making of a fortune, or to carn a livelihood, they send their children "home" to England to be

educated.
The Boers of French origin are proud of it and even call themselves French some-times, but they do not speak a word of the French language. They are as com-pletely assimilated to the Boer nationality

W. S. Philpot, Albany, Ga., says: "De Witt's Little Early Risers did me more good than any pills I ever took." The famous little pills for constipation, billousness and liver and bowel troubles.



SUMMER TERMS.

Admirer-That was Mr. Tapeleigh who just passed, and you didn't speak to him. I thought you were on such grod terms with him last summer, Ethel-Only on boating and goiling terms.