

THE REVENGE OF MURPHY.

By JAMES BARNES.

No one knew the immediate locality that had produced Trooper Murphy. He claimed he was a New Yorker "blond" and built to the distant metropolis as if it were his native heath and natural stamping ground. But such a brogue as Murphy's could never have been simply an inheritance. It had the touch of the soil in it and his first prattlings must have been heard in the thick atmosphere of a smoky, post-saturate cabin.

Murphy had just squeezed by the regulations as to height and certainly was not more than one of 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 "the legs, the kind that fit to horses' ribs."

Murphy was a favorite, too. His laugh was catching. He had a merry little high-pitched voice and dancing blue eyes and red hair, an eye and black as a raven's beak. If it had not been for this heavy shock of hair, Murphy's captain said, he would have never succeeded in passing the examining sergeant. There was a full quarter of an inch of it. All this goes to show that Murphy was but 5 feet 4, and that he weighed under 150 pounds. So much for his personal appearance. As to his age, it might have been 22 or it might have been 30; at all events, it was something between. He claimed to be 26.



THE DRUMMER WAS DISENTANGLING HIMSELF FROM THE BROKEN BARREL.

hundred yards of the northeast corner of the parade ground, had dwindled down to a narrow little stream, that wiggled along through a dusty bed. A troop of horses, being driven forward 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 be painted on the ground with dark blue 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.

proud of that voice, and next to it was proud of the way he sat a horse. For that matter, the regiment was proud of it, too, and tried to pattern itself accordingly. "Dress parade and inspection this afternoon, Mr. Carter," said the colonel. "Yes, sir, I saw the orders this morning." "Much cooler today."

"We ain't seen the end of it yet," said the lad who spoke first. "The little fellow 'll 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."

"That's all," the lieutenant buried out. The post prided itself very highly on its mounted band. It was considered by all means the best in the service. The bandmaster was a German of some musical education, 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.

The whole troop was in an uproar now, but above the sounds of laughter arose the colonel's voice. "Catch that horse, somebody," he roared. "Take hold of him, one of you men!" Maybe the nameless black heard this order and determined to give the colonel the first chance, for, head down and tail up, whapping and banging, he charged down upon the commander of the post.

"though he has been called a great many to be sure." "Is he well up to weight?" the lieutenant asked. "He will carry anything, sir," replied Murphy without a quiver, adding to himself, "Bogad, that can stay on his back." "Well, take him over to the bandmaster this afternoon and explain what he is for."

"Very good, sir," the lieutenant replied. "Is there anything else, Murphy?" "No, sir." "That's all." Then Murphy, with shoulders erect, but to all appearance as blind as a bat, strode off on his little bow legs down the board walk toward the stables.

He stepped into his hot, stuffy little room, hid the newspaper under the pillow of his cot, hooked up his jacket and looked on his sword and started for the colonel's quarters. The colonel sat at his desk, puffing away at a great cigar. He would blow down the smoke on the table and it would roll off the edges, scarcely rising in the still, heated atmosphere. The room was filled with filthy, blue straws. The colonel was a little man, with a face like an American eagle, with a heavy gray mustache. He smoked a deal too much. He had a liver and was cognizant of it. He also had a voice that was a pretty good one, so far as the colonel's appearance went, for it was deep and sonorous, and at the same time sharp and clear. No one ever mistook the colonel's orders because he could not hear them. He was very

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wildly. He would have fallen had it not been that the troopers on either side were endeavoring to keep him on the saddle. "Hurroo, hurroo," he was shouting at the top of his voice; laughter was beyond him; he could only make loud and extravagant noises, noises that had never been heard before, yelps and shrieks, wild ejaculations that threatened his very existence. The tears were rolling from his blackened, bruised eyes. He would catch his breath and then burst into a paroxysm of incoherent noise—empty noise—no words, just sound!

reason to believe that veils cause most of the trouble. Few things are more annoying to a sensitive woman than persistent redness of the tip of the nose. This erythema, as we may call it, says the Medical Journal, is particularly frequent among women with a delicate complexion, and is not often seen among the peasantry. A Berlin physician, Dr. Rosenbach, believes that he has fathomed the cause of the condition and is convinced that the veil is responsible. He found that the redness was most marked where the veil pressed most closely against the nose, and that when the wearing of the veil was abandoned the condition, in a majority of instances, disappeared. Although veils are very soft to the touch, the threads soon become rough with use, and are then capable of exerting a decided irritation upon the sensitive skin of the nose and cheek, against

the nose is apt to moisten the veil, especially in winter, and then the veil acts almost like a moist compress. The shape of the nose is also slightly altered by the veil. The nose is depressed, flattened, and, in Rosenbach's opinion, tends to lose its graceful form. With time this alteration becomes permanent. The pressure upon the tip of the nose renders the latter somewhat anemic and drives the blood to neighboring parts, chiefly to the regions just above the point and along the lateral wings. On entering a warm room the abnormal distribution of the blood becomes intensified unless the veil is quickly removed. When the vessels have become permanently relaxed, owing to the improper distribution, the abnormal distribution of the blood remains to a greater or less degree even after the removal of the veil. The pressure for the condition, then, are the pressure of the veil and the friction produced by it. A delicate skin and a catarrhal state of the nose act as predisposing causes. It is unfortunate that the persons most liable to this evil are those who are very apt to ascribe it to the influence of the air, and seek to prevent it by tying the veil as tightly as possible. But the more the nose is irritated the more the skin will be irritated, occasionally a similar persistent redness is

seen on the cheeks, here also in areas against which the veil rests. That pressure by the veil is the cause is proved by the fact that the redness often ends below in a sharp, well defined margin, corresponding to the line where the veil begins to hang loosely from the cheek. The treatment consists primarily in the disuse of the veil. For a little while the patient should not expose herself to sharp winds or great degrees of cold. If this is impossible, she should take care not to pass from the cold directly into a warm room. It is also well on going out to cover the nose with a little lanolin, vasolin or cold cream, and then to powder it with talcum powder or starch. A little massage—soft stroking with two fingers from the point to the root of the nose—is also advisable. If a veil must be worn during skating or riding the bicycle it should be only half size, so as to leave the nostrils uncovered, in order that the moisture may evaporate unobtrusively. It is, of course, best to avoid the use of the veil altogether.

Admirer—That was Mr. Tapeligh who just passed, and you didn't speak to him. Ethel—Only on boating and going terms.



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 Boer race—which is not of English blood, but a mixture of several races, including almost as strong an admixture of French as of English blood—is still to be seen in Holland, and including also a dash of German, English and Scottish—always comes supernaturally into the picture. At this day the "Africans," or Dutch-speaking majority in Cape Colony, and an Austrian traveler, Herr von Hubner, tells why this is so.