



ONE ROMANCE OF G TROOP.



THIS was the romance of G troop, First Cavalry. G troop, be it known, is just now very comfortably housed, and the enlisted men are having a better time than the captains used to. For G troop has seen some of the hardest service known to the regular army. It has served all the way from the fiery plains of Arizona to moisture and frost of Washington. It has gone to more old forts and there built new ones than any other organization that ever rode horses. But it has been well commanded from the far away time when R. F. Bernard was captain and "Happy Jack" Kyle was second lieutenant—not to mention Mr. Winters, who was first lieutenant—down to the present, when gentlemen as modest and a whole lot better accoutered take care of the fortunes of "company G."

All that has nothing to do with the romance. The man in the case was called "Big Smith." The first name belonged to him of rights, for he was just as tall and just as heavy as the maximum cavalry limit would allow, and he called himself Smith because that never had been his name.

Big Smith was from Dallas, and he was about as good a type of the genuine Texan as a man would find in a month's travel. He was handsome after a virile and un-Bostonese way, and his voice was of that deep and mellow quality which suits itself to nonsense songs for the pleasing of women. He knew enough to get along with the intellectual and was able to buy enough to get along with the other kind. He was, at his home, an altogether acceptable fellow.

Her name is another matter. Besides, it is another name now, anyway. And there is no use bringing her into the romance of G troop any further than she is willing to come. It seems there was some sort of understanding, followed by a misunderstanding, between them, and Big Smith shook the dust of Dallas from his shoes, went down to Galveston and enlisted in the regular army. He must have regretted their quarrel a good deal, for the regular army in 1871 was composed in large part of about the hardest lot of men that have got together for military purposes since Mr. Falstaff joined the forces of Henry IV. Once in, however, there was nothing for it but to stick, and Big Smith addressed himself to the task of waiting.

He made a good soldier and was promoted. As a corporal and later as a sergeant the only complaint against him was made by the tailor. It took too much buff flannel to make his chevrons. But he was a very good fellow, given to drink pay day, as became a frontier warrior; given to fighting occasionally, when that seemed the proper escape valve for abundant energy. However, he never failed in the one essential. He did his duty. He could always be relied upon. His fort was Yuma, in the hottest oven of Arizona, where the Colorado Apaches frequently made the camp still hotter.

Sunday inspection was the same there as everywhere. After the roll call and scrutiny on the parade ground the men repaired to their squadrooms, and each one stood at the foot of his bunk while the officers walked through, glanced about for signs of carelessness and corrected or commended, as the case might require, and then walked out again.

Often citizens visited the officers at Fort Yuma, and the privilege of attending in the squadroom inspection was prized. The soldiers were so interesting.

That Sunday an unusual number of women were on the balconies in officers' row while the routine went forward on the parade ground, and there was a general offer of an even bet that some of them would "come down the line with the captain."

And some of them did. They were very interested. The soldiers stood there so absolutely oblivious of any presence, so erect and formally military, so painfully clean, with their bunks behind them rolled up and the folded blankets ranged on top; the little personal vanities of each man on the wall at the head of his bunk, and his "kit" box open at his feet.

Big Smith had a number of books that were not often lent. One was a collection of verses with a Dallas book-seller's card for a mark. The other was a very stilted and tedious account of the wanderings of a queerly fortunate person with a habit of alluding to himself as a "much enduring man." No one but Big Smith had ever looked very deeply into either.

The first sergeant came down through the squadrooms at the head of the group of officers and women, his brass and braid as fine as skill could make them, his saber clanking in a very ominous way.

"Tention!" he called, as he appeared at the door of Big Smith's squadroom. And every soldier added a little starch

to the general stiffness of his bearing. The officers did their customary quick sweep of the room and its details, but the women, unused to such things, tarried a little longer.

"Why, there are books!" said one of the visitors. Big Smith, looking straight ahead, as a soldier standing at attention should, heard the voice, and the red blood ran down and his face "grew white as a rain-washed bone." But he did not waver.

"Yes, they read," assented the captain, a little proud of his men.

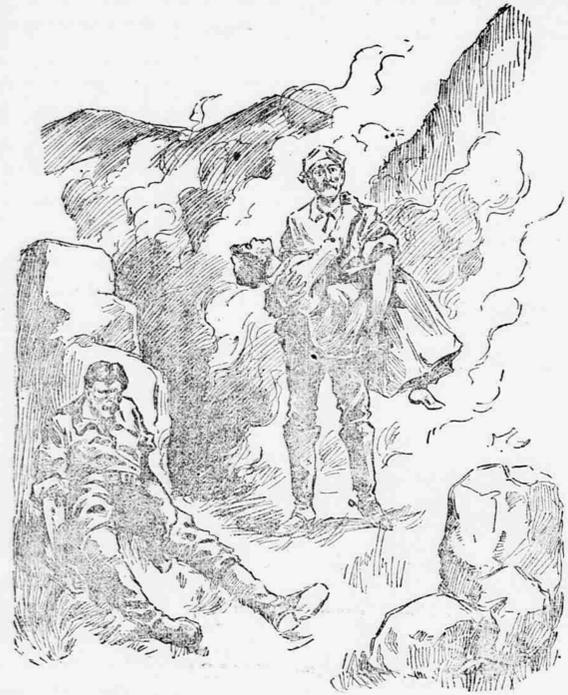
"Why, it's Homer!" exclaimed the same young woman, scanning the title a little more carefully.

"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.



"HE TOOK HER IN HIS ARMS."

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 "Lappy 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 Cachise went up the Gila on the last raid that 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. "Growned 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, Cachise 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 Cachise 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 derisive 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 lariat and lift her to the level.

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

HIAWATHA AS HE WAS.

Beautiful Indian Legend Which Must Have Inspired Longfellow.

The Indian story of Hiawatha is even more beautiful than that which Longfellow has told so charmingly in the justly popular poem bearing that title, but it depicts the hero as a very different man from the bold and tender-hearted warrior of whom the poet writes. The Indian story, though in part fiction, is founded on fact; there is no doubt that such a man as Hiawatha once lived, and that he played a leading part in forming the compact of the Six Nations, says a writer in the Pittsburg Dispatch.

According to the story, Hiawatha was the wisest man of the Onondagas, and when the different tribes were troubled by the Hurons, who lived to the north of them, and the Algonquins, who were their Eastern neighbors, he proposed a meeting of the tribes to form a union for mutual defense. But the scheme was defeated by Atatarho, a great war chief of the Onondagas, who was jealous of dividing his power, and Hiawatha was driven out of the tribe. He did not give up the plan, however. As he journeyed toward the south he came to a beautiful lake (probably Oneida). On the shore he picked up a quantity of beautiful white shells.

Hiawatha, living alone all this time and never seeing any man, learned much from the great spirit. It was finally revealed to him that his people were at last ready to unite, and he hastened back to them. Then there was a great meeting, which all the chiefs attended. Atatarho still sat back defiant, saying never a word. When at last Hiawatha arose and began to speak the people were charmed by his voice and listened in silence, for it seemed to them that he spoke with the wisdom of the great spirit himself. Lifting his strings of wampum, Hiawatha unfolded his plan for the union, telling off on each shell the position and power allotted to each tribe and to its chief. Atatarho was to be made the great war chief of the confederacy—which shows that Hiawatha was something of a politician—and at this event he gave way and the treaty was adopted.

While the people were celebrating the treaty with the usual feasting, it was observed that Hiawatha was sad and silent. "Feasting is not for me," he said, when his friends urged him to join the festivities; "I am to go on a far journey."

At that moment a beautiful white canoe was seen approaching across the lake, driven by some unseen power. When it reached the shore Hiawatha, bidding farewell to those who had crowded about him, stepped into the canoe, which moved rapidly away. As it reached the middle of the lake it suddenly rose into the air. Higher and higher into the blue sky flew the white canoe with its single passenger, until it became a dim speck and then vanished altogether.

That was the last of Hiawatha, but the league which he founded continued for centuries, and was never conquered by its enemies, and every year since the wampum has been brought out at the great council and the solemn rites with which Hiawatha had instituted the confederacy have been rehearsed.

Harmless Respirators.

Scientific investigations in regard to the health of those engaged in the various industrial occupations, have resulted in definite regulations, public and private, which are of benefit to the community as well as to the individual. The fact is proved, beyond any doubt, that sedentary occupations in ill-ventilated apartments and those which expose the workmen to the inhalation of dust should be especially avoided. The different sorts of dust vary, too, in their harmful effects; thus the sharp dust produced in the grinding of needles and steel tools and in the mining of metals is particularly irritating, and the mortality from consumption among operatives in such industries is high, but operatives thus engaged may diminish the liability by wearing "respirators" over the mouth and nose while at work. In a number of factories in Massachusetts and presumably elsewhere, in which consumption has made serious inroads upon the operatives, the adoption of measures for the prevention of a dusty atmosphere has secured a marked diminution of the prevalence of this disease among those employed in them. The fact also appears that owners and superintendents of mills, factories and workshops can accomplish much toward the prevention of tuberculosis among those whom they employ by the introduction of adequate systems of ventilation and heating, and by the use of hard and smooth floors without cracks or crevices.

Iodine for Piano Players.

A modest appearing young woman entered a drug store in Madison avenue one morning recently and, walking to the end of the counter nearest the prescription department, mutely held out both hands toward a clerk who chanced to be standing in that particular place. This clerk, equally mute, reached behind a screen and brought out a blue glass bottle from which a brush handle protruded. After stirring the contents of the bottle with the brush for a few seconds the clerk daintily brushed the tips of the young woman's fingers with the mixture, leaving a dark stain around the top of each finger nail. With a pleasant nod of her head, and low murmured thanks, the young woman quickly withdrew from the store and the blue glass bottle was put back in its hiding place.

Observing a puzzled expression on the face of an old patron of the store who had come in to get a cigar, the clerk said, "Iodine." "What for?" asked the smoker. "Prevent fingers from getting sore,"

replied the clerk. "She is from the musical conservatory, where she practices on the piano three or four hours a day. In order to prevent the finger nails from coming in contact with the ivory keys she has them cut very short and we apply iodine to take the soreness out of the ends of the fingers after they have been subjected to three or four hours of pounding. Most piano players, you will observe, have their finger nails cut to the quick, so that no clicking sound is emitted when they strike the keys. We keep a bottle of iodine and a brush for the special use of the pianoforte pupils of the conservatory. They come in here for treatment two or three times a week and pay by the month."—New York Times.



The estate of Mrs. Margaret Olliphant, the authoress, who died June 25, is under \$25,000. It was left to her adopted daughter.

"An Oregon Boyhood," by Louis Albert Banks, is an interesting narrative of the author's early life in the unsettled Oregon of ante-railroad days.

Henry James, whose recent novel, "What Maisie Knew," has had considerable success, is giving up his connection as a correspondent of Harper's Weekly.

Mr. Bellamy's "Equality" is likely to be read in a greater number of languages than any recent American book. One of the latest propositions received by the publishers is for a translation into Bulgarian.

Gilbert Parker's new story is to be called "The Battle of the Strong." It is to appear as a serial in the Atlantic Monthly. It will be remembered that the Atlantic printed Mr. Parker's successful "Seats of the Mighty."

Louis Zangwill, who has heretofore written over the initials "Z. Z.," has decided to use his full name in future, believing that it will cause less confusion. "Cleo the Magnificent" is the title of his new book, which, by the way, does not allude to the French dancer.

No one is quite sure just what has brought about the present Dickens craze; but one and all acknowledge that they are reading, or writing, or talking about Dickens. The newest London editions of the great novelist's works are to be illustrated by Phil May, of the London Punch, and Charles Dana Gibson, of the New York Life.

Mr. Gladstone's recollections of his friendship with Arthur Henry Hallam are announced as the leading feature of the Youth's Companion for 1898. Mr. Gladstone calls Hallam "the noblest man he ever knew." The general list of contributors to the periodical for next year is as starry as usual, ranging from the Duke of Argyll and Thomas B. Reed to Kipling, Zangwill, and Cy Warman.

Distance Mercury Would Reach.

While almost any one knows about the principles on which an ordinary thermometer operates, there are a number of things about this apparently little instrument which are not generally known, and which are of a great deal of interest. One of the most peculiar of these is the question of the length of tube which the mercury in the bulb of an ordinary thermometer would fill if it were stretched out in a single column the size of that in the tube.

Most people, when asked how long this would be, would probably say from five to fifteen feet, while as a matter of fact this column of mercury would in an extremely delicate instrument be miles in length. The reason of this is that the column of mercury, while it appears quite large, is really of almost infinitesimal size. If the tube of a thermometer is broken, one is at first at a loss to see where the mercury goes in, but close examination will disclose a fine line, much thinner than a hair, running across one end of a little slit in which the mercury rises. As it has its flat side toward the eye, it appears to be quite large, and the convexity of the outside of the tube, through which it is seen, magnifies it and gives it that rounded appearance which is so deceptive. The reason why the slit is made so small is to give the greatest ratio of result for the expansion of the mercury in the bulb.—Boston Transcript.

A Chapter of Russian History.

Here is a little bit of Russian history that is not told in the school books and is not generally known. When Catherine II. met her husband, Peter III., for the first time his ugliness caused her to faint. It was only her ambition to become czarina that enabled her to go through with the wedding ceremony. The terrible consequences were inevitable. Catherine forced Peter to abdicate in her favor, after which she murdered him. But before these events had taken place Catherine had taken up with Count Soltkoff, who was undoubtedly the father of Catherine's son Paul, who succeeded to the throne, only to be assassinated a few years later.

Where People Live Longest.

In Norway the average length of life is greater than in any other country on the globe. This is attributed to the fact that the temperature is cool and uniform throughout the year.

When a man is a loafer, he is put on the rock pile; when a woman is a loafer, she is put in society.

When a man makes a cent, his kin hear that he makes a dollar.

SHE FOUGHT A WILDCAT.

A Brave Minnesota School Teacher's Experience with an Ugly Brute.

Miss Martha Culver, a school teacher who lives near Grand Rapids, Minn., is a heroine in the eyes of the residents of her section, and she is deserving of all the praise that has been lavished upon her. She had an experience with a wildcat recently which proves her to be a girl of uncommon nerve and pluck.

Miss Culver is obliged to walk five miles to and from her school every day through dense pine woods, and usually has no other companion than a small rifle, which she carries as much for sport as for protection. Timber wolves are very numerous in the vicinity of Grand Rapids and have caused the settlers great annoyance and considerable damage by preying upon their stock. Miss Culver is one of the few persons who have encountered the animals at close quarters and under desperate circumstances. Since October she has killed wolves, lynxes, wildcats, bears, moose, deer and rabbits.

One day while returning from school Miss Culver had a tussel with an ugly wildcat, which cost her a deep, painful wound upon her right arm and the ruin of a costly fur jacket which came in contact with the animal's wicked claws. She had heard the crafty step of some animal in the thicket. Presently it came—a big, hungry-looking wildcat, creeping stealthily over the clearing, where it stopped, looking cautiously about as if it expected an enemy. Miss Culver took deliberate aim and fired, but as she pulled the trigger the wildcat crouched down to the earth and the charge just grazed its back. The school teacher rushed forward to



SCHOOL TEACHER AND WILDCAT.

finish the job with a blow of her gun barrel, but the wounded animal sprang into the air and landed with its forepaws upon the breast and right arm of his fair antagonist, tearing the front of her jacket to shreds and cutting a deep scratch in the arm. Seizing the beast by the throat and forelegs she succeeded, by a desperate effort, in releasing herself from its grip, and another sweep of the gun put an end to the struggle.

ANN VISITS THE WHITE HOUSE.

She Saw the President and Shook Hands with Him.

Aunt Ann Landram, an old colored woman of Ghent, Ky., had saved enough money to buy her a good home and furnish it very substantially. She had also purchased an upright piano. Just after the presidential election, when Harrison was elected, she informed the colored citizens of the town that she was going to visit the President, says the Louisville Dispatch. Her departure was a very quiet one—the old carpet sack in her hand and the dress she had treasured for years. She was gone about four days, and when she returned her self-important air told you she had met the President. She said: "I des went to de house an' knocked on de door. A yaller nigger come to de door and say, 'Who is you, and who you want to see,' and I sez, 'I don't want to see you possum head—I want to see your master.'"

"He tried to shove me back, but I swung my carpet sack and he left me go. I went on in through de house des as I used to do down in old Mars Joel's, an' a lady come laugh-like an' say, 'Auntie, here dis way,' and she fetched me in to whar de President sot wid some gentlemen. He had whiskers and body des like anybody else, an' I shook han' wid him and tole him who I wuz, and when I tole 'bout bein' de had cook down at Mars Joel's, on Green River, an' how I made yaller niggers stan' round, like I done dat wun in de hall des now, he laughed like he would bust. He had 'em take me and git me something to eat, an' I didn't hesitate to drap some of de good things in my carpet sack. De lady what showed me through wuz a mighty good woman. You didn't think I wuz going to git to see him, did you? Well, I made up my min' to see him an' I pushed my way through, an' I dun made up my min' to see God, an' I'm gwine to push my way right through till I git to whar he's at."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Famous Bible Distributer.

Perhaps the most famous distributor of Bibles in the world was Deacon William Brown, of New Hampshire. He began the work in 1849, and kept it up till his death a few years ago, at the age of 76. During that time no fewer than 120,000 copies of the scriptures were given out by him, and despite his age in the two years preceding his death he canvassed 230 towns and visited over 80,000 families.

An Arizona String Band.

Tourist—What is that crowd over the way?
Native—That's our string band.
Tourist—Preparing to give an entertainment, I suppose?
Native—Yes; going over the river to tynch a horse thief.

Donkeys and facts are stubborn things.