DE RUDIO'S BATTLE FOR LIFE

An Army Officer's Experience in the Little Big Horn Fight.

THREE DAYS IN HOSTILE TERRITORY

Cut Off from His Command, Surrounded by Indians and Finally Escapes Unharmed—A Thrilling Story.

Captain Charles De Rudio of the Seventh cavalry relates what he modestly terms "an incident of the Little Big Horn fight" in Harper's Weekly. In reality it is a record of his own experience in the battle of the Little Big Horn in which the gallant Custer and his brave command rode to their death. Captain De Rudio had charge of an advance column and was obliged for three days and nights to dodge and fight scattered parties of Indians. The story of his adventures is as follows:

"There is your horse, Lieutenant."

When the man spoke these words I was kneeling on top of the bank of the dry creek, with seven or eight men, guarding a pony-crossing, to prevent the Indians passing it and flanking the right of our skirmish line.

"I don't want my horse. Keep him down there."

"They are retreating, sir," said the trumpeter.

"No order has been given for retreat, nor has there been any trumpet call," I replied. But the few men that were with me, when they heard that the command was retreating, ran to their horses, which were standing in the bottom of the creek, and in spite of my orders to remain where they were, they mounted and followed the retreating party. I then came down from the bank and mounted my horse, at the same time cautioning the two or three men who had remained with me to go out together, but they were already anxious and confused. I waited until I saw every man mounted and as we were about to start I glanced at the top of the bank I had just left, when I saw there, planted in the ground, a guidon. I said to the last man who had mounted his horse, who was also the last man to leave the top of the bank: "Go back and get that guidon," and he answered me: "Guidon be damned, Lieutenant! They are coming close on us!" He put spurs to his horse and away he went. I went back to get the guidon, spurring my horse up the steep bank, and as I reached for the staff I saw, not more than thirty yards in front of me, about twenty-five or thirty Indians coming. When they saw me they fired a volley at me, but too high, and with the guidon and reins in my left hand, and revolver in my right, I rode down the bank and struck off through the thick underbrush of the creek bottom; and before the Indians that had fired reached the bank I had left I was sufficiently hidden by the underwood to be covered from their shots.

The bottom of this dry creek was probably forty or fifty yards wide. I was going through it as fast as I could, when the guidon became entangled in the branches, and I was obliged to dismount to free the flag and to lead my horse to the south bank of the creek. When the Indians had reached the bank I had left they could hear me going through the brush but could not see me. They fired many shots at the sound, and the bullets cut the branches all about me, but fortunately none struck me or the horse. Had I followed the open path I could not have got out of the bottom of the creek without being either killed or wounded.

When I struggled up the steep south bank of the creek, pulling my horse up after me, and reached the top, I was astonished to see there in front of me, and not more than forty or fifty yards distant, hundreds of Indians, all with their backs toward me and shooting at the retreating soldiers. Through the smoke I could distinctly see that my retreating comrades had all crossed the Little Big Horn and reached the hills. I saw then that I was cut off, and expecting the Indians that had fired at me to come out of the woods behind me, I believed that I was lost.

I then decided to cut my way through the Indians who were before me, in the desperate hope that in the confusion and in their fear of hitting one another, I might pass through the host of savages. At all events, I could kill some of them and die like an American soldier.

The guidon was in my way, and I threw it down the bank of the creek, and prepared to mount my horse. I had one foot in the stirrup, when a young brave came out of the woods about thirty yards on my right, and as he perceived me gave a yell and fired. The bullet hit my horse's thigh. The animal made a jump; my foot slipped from the stirrup and the reins from my hand. At that moment the savages in front of me, hearing the shot behind them, turned and saw me. I was now trying to catch my horse. He was between me and the Indians. They fired a volley, which killed my horse, and I made a jump to the bank of the creek, which saved my life. Had I been five or six yards from the bank I could not have reached it alive, but fortunately I was very near. I dropped under the bank, and stood ready to kill any Indian that would be bold enough to look over it. They fired several volleys at the spot where I had dropped, and some of the balls struck the bank over my head, but I was still unhurt.

In two or three minutes I heard a terrific yelling among the Indians, and their firing slacked. I raised my head cautiously, parted the tall grass on the edge of the bank, and looking through, I saw the Indians all gazing up the river and pointing in that direction. As I looked I saw Captain Captain Benteen's column coming over the hills. Of course I was glad to see this, and hoped that they would come down and charge the enemy and give me the only chance I could have for joining them. But after a few minutes of hope the column disappeared, and at the same time I heard heavy volleys on the other side of the village, and immediately the greater part of the Indians started off in that direction. During the interval between the appearance of Benteen's column and its disappearance Reno's command, which was scattered in confusion over the hills, rallied and came together. I then say that my only chance was either to follow the bottom of the creek, under cover of the underbrush, get as near as possible to the foot of the hill where Reno was, cross the river and run up the hill, or else to stay in the woods until night and then join my command. The Indians that were left were all on the west side of the stream. From where I was I could distinctly see Reno's command. I believe that a few minutes before Reno's retreat I saw General Custer and two other officers on top of the highest hill on the right hand in front of where I was. He cheered us with his hat. He was dismounted, and soon disappeared.

I was picking my way through the wood, when I heard in a low voice, "Lieutenant, lieutenant!" I looked around, and there, squatted under the brush, were Private O'Neil of G troop, Mr. Gerard, the interpreter and the scout, Jackson. The last two had their horses with them. The brave soldier had had his horse killed in the retreat. I said to the scout and interpreter that they had better let their horses go, as they might neigh and call the attention of the Indians, whom we could see passing to and fro at the edge of the bank of the creek within a few yards from where we were. They declined to do this. I then left them and told them that I would follow the bottom of the creek and try to reach the foot of the hill. During this time there was heavy firing on the north side of the village. I reached the clearing which I was defending before the retreat, and which was perhaps fifteen or twenty feet wide at the bottom of the creek. I remained at the edge of the clearing, watching for a chance to cross it unperceived by the Indians, who were constantly passing near it, when a buck came right up within a few feet of me. He cut off a switch and went on.

I then saw I was too much exposed and that I could not cross the clearing without being seen. So I resolved to make my way into the thickest of the brush and to stay there until night. In looking about for a good hiding place I found among the debris of drift wood a hole. I entered it and took all my pistol cartridges out of my belt, putting them on the ground, ready to use in case of being discovered. It had not been there a minute when I heard two pistol shots so near by that I saw the curling smoke over my head, and soon after I heard the singing of Indian women near by me. I cautiously raised my head, and there, within four or five yards, were five or six squaws mutilating a dead soldier. The two shots I had heard were no doubt fired at the dead man. I felt tempeted to fire at them, but thought it better to keep quiet and not fire until I was actually discovered. On further consideration I thought that if these women were going through the woods searching for dead bodies, they might soon discover me, and I concluded that this would be the time to fire. Pretty soon another squaw, further up the bank, called the women, and they all went away. There was a dead Indian up there, and they mourned over him and picked him up and carried him away.

Soon after they left I heard a crushing noise, which I thought was made by a number of horses coming through the woods, but I soon discovered that I was mistaken. The Indians had fired the timber, and the smoke soon forced me out of my hiding place. I moved away a little distance, when I again heard a voice calling "Lieutenant." I advanced toward that welcome sound, and there, under the roots of a very large cottonwood tree projecting over the bank of the main channel of the creek were the three men I had left about an hour before. The two scouts had left their horses where I first met them, but had stuffed some grass in their nostrils to prevent their calling. The fire, which at first had been coming toward us, now traveled in another direction, and soon it began to rain, but not much. We concluded that our best plan was to remain where we were until night, and then, under cover of the darkness, to attempt to join the command on the hill.

I mentioned that soon after the disappearance of Benteen's column I heard the firing of tremendous volleys on the north side of the village. These continuous volleys lasted about twenty minutes, and pretty soon after they ceased a horde of savages returned from the north side of the village and surrounded Reno's command, which had then been re-enforced by the arrival of Benteen's three troops and the troop of MacDougal with the pack-train.

When I saw the return of the savages I imagined that Custer had been defeated, but I thought that he had retreated to where Reno was. The fight on the hill continued all day, until night. About 9 o'clock the two scouts went to get their horses, and we started to go out of the woods, intending to go straight to Reno's hill; but we soon found that we could not get through the line of watching Indians without being seen, so we decided to make a detour across the three miles of plain and to ford the river where we had crossed it that morning. It was a moonlight night, but cloudy. The plain was covered with wild sage and very sandy. The two scouts were mounted on their horses, and I took hold of the tail of Gerard's and O'Neil that of the scout Jackson's, and in single file we boldly proceeded to cross the plain. There were many small parties of Indians moving about, some coming and some going, and often we found ourselves within fifty or sixty yards of one of these parties. Of course when we saw them before us we turned aside so as not to meet them, and in passing them O'Neil and I would move up on the opposite side of the horses, so that the enemy could not see that there was anyone on foot. In that way, after having successfully passed three of these parties, we reached the timber, and soon the bank of the Little Big Horn. Here we were obliged to deviate from our course.

We missed the ford and saw that we had struck the river below it, so we followed the bank up the river as closely as the thick woods would permit. We were going in single file. Gerard in front and I holding on by the tail of his horse, when all at once we heard in front of us: "Hew?" There before us was a squad of Indians. Gerard put his spurs to his horse and I had to let go the tail, and in an instant he had disappeared through the wood. Jackson did the same thing. I dropped on my knees among the briers, holding my pistol ready to fire. The Indians laughed and called out to the riders to come back, that they were Indians; but when they saw that the fugitives did not answer them I was convinced by the way they acted that they thought the riders were white men. I was then but three or four yards from the nearest Indian, and could distinctly see them, as I had the sky to help me. For a little while they talked among themselves in a low tone of voice and then seemed to decide to go on. They passed in single file within three or four yards of me, and I counted thirteen of them. I immediately saw that I had the advantage of them. They evidently had not discovered me, never for a moment imagining that behind each rider there was a man on foot. I could see them, and if one of them discovered me, could have killed him and then run away through the thick underbrush.

After they had passed me and had gone so far that I could no longer hear them, I rose up from the ground and called for O'Neil. About ten yards behind me O'Neil rose and answered me. "By the gods! that was pretty close, lieutenant," he said. I said to him, "O'Neil, this timber is full of Indians; let us proceed very cautiously to the ford." We did so, but when we reached that place we found an Indian picket there. We then determined to hide ourselves in the thickest part of the underbrush, and only a few yards from the river, and to await there for daylight. It was now about 1 o'clock in the morning.

We found a good place and secreted ourselves. At about 3 o'clock a. m., we could hear a loud noise of women, children and dogs, and the grating of travoises. The village was evidently moving up the river, and was passing only about 100 yards from us. Very soon we could hear close to us some horses crossing the river. We could distinctly hear the clicking of the horses' shoes on the gravel bed of the river. At this point the river ran at the foot of the hill, and we imagined that these horsemen must be some of our party, who were crossing to the west side of the stream, so we crawled to the bank of the river; and there on the other side—that is, on the east side—we could see some mounted men dressed in buckskins and blue blouses, with white sombreros, mounted evidently on American horses, but we could not understand why they were crossing east. We stood there watching them. Some were going up the hill opposite to us, and some were following the east bank of the river. From where we were we could not see where they were crossing, as the river made a bend immediately below us. The hill interrupted the light, so that although we could see these people and recognize the horses and riders and their dress, we could not distinguish their features. Pretty soon I noticed one rider dressed in buckskin and mounted on a sorrel horse with four white legs. I was sure the man was Captain Custer, as he was dressed as the captain had been, and mounted on his own horse. I got up from the ground and called the captain. At the sound of my voice all of the party, those who were going up the hill and those that were on the bank of the river, stopped. They looked, but could not see me, as I was surrounded by brush. I then raised my hat and waved it, when a yell and a volley told us that they were Indians. We immediately rushed through the brush, but those who were on the hill fired whenever they saw the branches moving. A party of them rushed back across the river, and I saw that if we could not get across a little opening in the wood we should be killed by those on top of the hill. When we reached the edge of the wood, before attempting to cross the clearing, I kneeled down close behind two large cottonwood stumps and looked down the clearing.

I then saw it was too late to attempt to cross, as a party of the Indians were coming up near the edge of the brush; so I said to O'Neil: "Put your pistol down here so that I may use it, and you use the carbine and stand our ground here. Don't fire until they are close to us. Every shot must count." I rested my pistol on the top of his stump, about a yard from me and above me, and we resolved to try our desperate chances. Soon the foremost Indian had approached within five yards of me, evidently having no idea where we were. I fired, and he turned, went about ten yards and dropped dead. The others behind him turned immediately, when O'Neil fired his carbine at the nearest one. He jumped out of the saddle, part of the long tail of his war bonnet was left hanging to the nearest branch, and another dead Indian lay on the ground. During this time the party on the hill continued to fire into the brush, but from where they were they could not see us. About four yards behind us was an immense fallen cottonwood tree lying horizontally about three feet from the ground. We passed under it to reach where we were. Indians on the hill had seen the two puffs of smoke from our two shots, and they then fired in that direction. The retreating party went across the clearing opposite to us, and there began to fire at the two stumps. For over two hours we stood this cross-firing, cramped up behind the stumps, but we were fortunately covered from the fire from the hill by the big dead tree. Bullets struck the ground only a few inches from our feet. However, at last the Indians set fire to the woods above us and below us, and pretty soon we were obliged either to come out of our cover or to be burned. We decided to face the fire, and took off our blouses and put them over our heads, jumped across the running flames and, without stopping, ran through the dense smoke about 500 yards.

The smoke was our salvation. We reached a cluster of bullberry bushes about ten yards in diameter that the fire had passed without burning. We entered this and lay down in the tall grass and remained there all day. Here we were in a sort of oasis, for the burned wood was all around us. There, without speaking or moving, we remained until 9 o'clock on the 26th of June. We could see about 300 yards from us, on a small conical hill, an Indian vidette. About 4 o'clock p. m. this vidette fired his pistol three times in the air which I interpreted as a signal. Soon after this I heard a powerful voice calling out, and a party of 300 or more warriors came out from the hill, about two miles down the river, where we could see them keeping up a skirmish fire and singing a peculiar chant. They passed within 300 yards of us and disappeared up the river. About an hour later the same vidette fired three more pistol shots and left his place. The same powerful voice, and as many more warriors came together and left like the first party. Still we could see a few Indians keep up a firing, but every little while a few would leave and follow the two large parties. We were now hopeful that they would retreat and abandon the ground. By 6:30 in the evening they had gone, so far as we could see from our position, but we prudently remained where we were until it was night—a clouded night, but not so dark as was the previous one. The firing had ceased at about 6:30. The Indians had gone and there was perfect silence. We concluded that the regiment must have left, and if it had done so we were planning how we could join it, dismounted as we were and they having evidently three or four hours the start of us. We had not tasted food nor drink for nearly forty hours; that night was our third without a wink of sleep; our only chance to travel was at night and we were at least 100 miles from the Yellowstone river. Our condition may be imagined. Hungry, exhausted from the want of sleep, and a whole night's march before us, and no prospects for any food.

As I was thinking of this I remembered that about twelve miles from us, the morning before the disaster, some of the officers went to look at a dead buffalo that lay a few yards from the column to see how long the animal had been killed, and we saw that the brute had not been killed more than an hour before. It struck me that we could march to that dead buffalo and find some of the meat still good enough for us to make a meal of, and then go to a good hiding place and sleep all day, and on the following night take up our march to the Yellowstone river. After making this decision we started for the place, and marching five miles, we came to the foot of a very high conical hill. O'Neil was exhausted and wanted to take a rest, so I told him to do so while I went to the top of the hill and looked around the country. The moon was out, and I thought I might see some traces of the regiment.

While I was looking at the horizon about me I spied a fire to the northward and in the direction of the Indian village and the hill where Reno was. I called O'Neil, but he was sound asleep. I woke him up, and together we went on top of the hill. I pointed out the fire, that sometimes was to be seen plainly and sometimes would disappear, and I argued that this disappearance was probably caused by somebody moving around the fire, and that where the fire was must be people; I decided that it was better to go cautiously toward that fire. If it was our regiment, we would be all right; if not, we would find there the traces of the regiment, some dead horses that we could make a meal of, and then follow the trail of the command. We cautiously directed our march toward the fire. The country was very broken, up and down hill, and many ravines, and every time we came to an elevation we could see the fire more distinctly. Sometimes we would sit down to listen and watch the surroundings. I thought that if Reno's command was still there, perhaps it was still surrounded by the Indians, and if so we must be very careful in approaching it, as to join them we would have to pass through the Indian line. At last, in one of our halts, we heard the braying of a mule—a very familiar noise and a good sign that there were some beings in the neighborhood. We listened, and pretty soon we could hear that peculiar noise made by cavalry troops, indescribable, but still understood by a practiced campaigner's ear. We approached still nearer, until I heard distinctly the noise of a side-line and the murmur of voices.

Very cautiously we went on, until we could see men standing before the fire and recognize their Caucasian voices. Advancing still more cautiously, I distinctly recognized the voice of Lieutenant Varnum, now captain, a brave and brilliant officer in the Seventh cavalry. He has received mention as such in the last Wounded Knee fight. We then felt sure that Reno and, probably, Custer were there; but, as I have already said, we thought they might still be surrounded by Indians, so we crawled cautiously, and when we got within one hundred yards of the visible party I thought that if there were any Indians around and we could call out to the picket not to fire and who we were, we would at the same time call the attention of the enemy. So we looked up toward the picket party to scan the ground and prepare for a run. Soon after I called out to the picket who we were: "Oh, picket, don't fire! It is Lieutenant De Rudio and Private O'Neil," and we started to run. No Indians were there. A cheer from the picket was answered all over the line. Tired and famished, we were furnished with crackers and coffee, and I related my adventures to Captain Varnum. It was about 3 a. m., the 27th of June.

My name was down as one of the casualties, but fortunately the bearer of the dispatch could not go, and returned about an hour after me. I was the first man to ford the Little Big Horn going west, and the last to ford it going east.

You can't afford to risk your life by allowing a cold to develop into pneumonia or consumption. Instant relief and a certain cure are afforded by One Minute Cough Cure.

ADVANTAGES OF BARE FEET.

Are the Children of the Time "Dressed to Death?"

Visitors to Scotland, says the Pall Mall Gazette, used to be horrified on seeing so many children running about barefooted. Bare feet are less common now than they were a generation ago, and perhaps the change, while showing a growing prosperity in the nation, is not altogether to be recommended. Children's feet grow so fast that to keep them always properly shod is a matter that requires considerable care and some expenditure. It matters very little to a child's future well-being that at some period of its childhood the sleeves of a jacket have been too short or the skirt of a frock too scant; but the compression of feet in boots too tight, or, even worse, too short, may be a cause of torment in future years. Infinitely better are bare feet than clumsy, heavy, ill-shaped boots. In the winter the feet may indeed want some protection from cold and wet, but during a great part of the year children may safely and healthily go barefooted.

Some mothers, by no means of the poorer class, are convinced that the comfort and symmetry of the feet in maturer years are largely to be gained by giving them freedom during the time of growth. At a very fashionable marriage some time ago a child bridesmaid was seen silk robed, but shoeless.

And if shoes are undesirable, how much more so are gloves? Except the thick woolen ones for winter warmth, gloves should be banished from a child's wardrobe.

Deserving of No Sympathy.

"We have stopped feeding tramps at our house," said a farmer to the St. Paul Dispatch man. "For years my wife has never turned one of those fellows empty-handed from the door, but we had a lesson this year. We had a large crop of hay to harvest and we tried in vain to secure one of those fellows to work for $1.50 per day and board. Not one of them would accept it at that or any other price. They simply laughed at us. I went over to a place where a lot of fellows who claimed to be hunting work had made their headquarters and tried them, with the same success. One of my neighbors had just the same experience, and now I know of other instances. I am no more hard-hearted than most men, but I know of no reason why I should work early and late to feed a lot of worthless fellows who will not work under any consideration."

WAYSIDE SCENES IN DENMARK

The Simplicity, Cordiality and Hospitality of the People.

DEMOCRACY OF THE ROYAL FAMILY

Thrift a Common Characteristic—Features of Life in Copenhagen—Legend of the Danish Flag—Summer Scenery.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger, writing from the capital of Denmark, says: One finds in the Danes a simplicity that is very winning. Without the effusiveness of more southern races there is, nevertheless, an openness of heart, an absence of reserve, a cordiality which makes their hospitality entirely satisfactory and delightful. One feels it even in the casual meeting with strangers. It is as if each individual felt it incumbent upon him, as representing his country, to welcome as personal guests any visitors to the land of which he is so fond. The Danes' glory in their past days of strength, when Copenhagen was "the mistress of the North;" their pride in their present sturdiness—a pride which is by no means unappreciative of their dependence upon the good will of the powers; their reverence for the mementoes and relics of days gone by; their affection for the royal family; their love for their flag—all these emotions are displayed with a frankness to which English and Americans are entire strangers.

In no other country of Europe is the nation's flag so often seen—above shops, before private houses, as a trademark, as a decoration, almost as a necessity. When the Dane travels he takes Danebrog with him. Its history is a union of biblical story and Roman legend. During a fierce fight in the olden days the tide of battle was turning against the Danes. A reverend bishop, who saw disaster imminent, fell upon his knees, and, raising supplicating hands to heaven, prayed that the impending defeat might be averted. He prayed long, and his attendants were obliged to support his arms when his strength failed. At last God gave a sign, and from the sky there fell a flag, Danebrog, its white cross flashing against a scarlet ground, and victory was to the Danes.

DEMOCRATIC WAYS OF ROYALTY.

The members of the royal family go about Copenhagen with perfect freedom. It is by no means uncommon to meet some of the princesses in the shops, to pass in the street an officer who is pointed out to you as one of the princes, if your Danish friend happens to think of mentioning an occurrence so usual to him, or to dine at a cafe on the Lange Linie (the fashionable drive) or the Tivoli (a summer garden) at a table adjoining that of a soldier who proves to be the queen's nephew. The members of the royal family even do a little sight-seeing occasionally, as when they went in some numbers a few days ago to show the Thorwaldsen museum and the Glyptothek (a picture gallery) to Prince Christian's betrothed, the Princess Alexandria of Mecklenburg. The good feeling existing between king and people is not of modern growth. It is related that when Peter the Great visited Denmark he boasted that any one of his subjects would kill himself at the command of the czar. To which the Danish king retorted that he dared sleep in the hut of any peasant in his land, guarded only by the love of his people—an adventure not rashly to be attempted by his imperial guest.

In Denmark, as in Holland and Germany, the storks are welcomed and cherished because of a curious sort of sentimentality that seems more in accord with the characteristics of a southern people. They are credited with bringing good luck to the house, and here, as in the fatherland, they are supposed by children to be active purveyors of babies to the world. Whatever their usefulness either as bringers of luck or as carriers of babies, there is no question as to their picturesqueness as they stand meditatively on one leg in the midst of their bristling nests on the roof trees, or pick up insects behind the plow, or gather about the young ones in the field and teach them to fly. It is this same sort of sentiment that keeps alive the custom of surmounting a new house with a wreath when the roof is raised. With sentiment goes a shrewd good sense, as is shown in their proverb, "Don't owe small debts; don't kiss in the corner." Even the last bit of this proverbial advice, "Don't drink in sips," is wise when coupled to caraway schnapps, the national beverage, for caraway schnapps is a thing to be swallowed rapidly, and forgotten as quickly as possible.

THRIFT A CHARACTERISTIC.

A pleasant thrift everywhere is evident throughout Denmark. There are no fabulously rich people; there is no beggary. Farms are large and well cultivated. In some meadows the cows are tethered in one long row across the field; each animal is allowed a radius of twenty-five feet, and every day sees the line moved fifty feet ahead. This insures an even growth of grass, such as cannot be if the herd is allowed to roam at will. The villages are compact in arrangement, the quadrangles formed by the dwellings and barns reminding one a little of the "quads" of the English universities. This arrangement is on account of the winter wind, which blows incessantly and sweeps fiercely across the flat surface of Jutland. Seeland is not quite so cold as its sister province, because of the greater number of trees.

The summer scenery of Seeland is indeed smiling. The view from the deck of the Jutland steamer as it approaches Copenhagen through the Ore sound is of a wooded shore, dotted with villas, whose gardens extend to the water's edge. An occasional hotel, as at Skodsborg, offers inviting terraces, covered with tables, and over the tree tops waves the royal flag, to show that the crown prince is at his country house, Charlottenlund. Less than two miles inland is Bernstorff, the king's chateau. The approach to Copenhagen by water is unmarked by the features which make ugly the water fronts of American and English cities. There are no unsightly piers, as in New York; no elevators, as in Boston; no warehouses, as in Liverpool. So true is this fact that the fashionable drive of the city, the Lange Linie, runs just behind the landings of the countless steamers that sweep swiftly and silently up and down the sound and the king's palace overlooks the shipping of the harbor.

YANKEE TARS ON SHORE.

Two weeks ago the San Francisco lay before the palace windows, and her sailors invaded the streets of the town. An article in a Copenhagen newspaper gave with appreciative humor an account of the behavior of the Americans. The sailors from war ships of other countries act, it seems, with some propriety when on shore, but the Yankee tars come to land for amusement and have it. For them, as for everyone else in Copenhagen, the favorite pleasure ground was Tivoli, but the sailors were not persona grata there on account of their uproariousness. While the stile keeper carried on a Danish-American argument with one man, a dozen passed in behind their comrade's back. They seized a policeman who tried to stop them and made him dance to the whistled music of "Yankee Doodle;" they exhausted the vocabulary of the English-speaking waiter in the restaurant; they made one American condwich out of two topless Danish sandwiches, regardless of the mixture of cheese and anchovies within; and they finally succumbed to the effect of the national schnapps, and slept with their cheeks pillowed on their plates. In spite of this behavior the newspapers were so courteous as to express regret at their departure. They found consolation, however, in the coming of a Russian ship which brought as royal guests the empress dowager and other "great creatures," as Louisa Alcott called well known people. The empress dowager is as youthful in appearance as is the princess of Wales, her sister, and it is hard to believe that she can be the mother of the bearded ruler of all the Russians. The Russian sailors are huge, hairy bears. There seemed to an enormous number of them on the ship, for the upper deck always was filled with them, cheerfully, though inappropriately clad in white. The king of Siam, now in England, has just left Copenhagen. One of his sons is in the Danish army, and his majesty came to visit him. He looks like an amiable mulatto in a silk hat.

ROYALTY'S POOR QUARTERS.

The royal family seems poorly lodged in Copenhagen. The palace extends about the four sides of a square, and it is not imposing in size or prepossessing in appearance. In one quarter lives the king, in another the crown prince, the third is for guests and the fourth is occupied by the minister of the exterior. Prince Carl and his wife, the Princess Maud of Wales, live in a house adjoining. The other royal dwellings about the city have been given over to the people for one purpose or another. The palace of Charlottenborg is now a picture gallery; the princes' palace, an ethnographical museum; Rosenborg contains a chronological collection of memorials of the king; Frederiksberg is a military school, and Christiansborg is of no use either to king or people since its partial destruction by fire in 1884. The Christiansborg chapel and riding school escaped the flames, and in the latter the king rides every morning in the winter. Copenhagen is about the size of Boston; it is as beautiful as Washington, and as interesting as Brussels. A waterway through or into a city always enhances its charm, and that Copenhagen has, beside pleasant parks and handsome buildings.

Danish women seem to like subdued colors in dress—grays and tans, which harmonize well with the shadowy sky and the cool sea. But because of the number of soldiers and sailors there is no lack of color in the streets. Even the cabmen wear light coats, picked out with cherry trimmings, and the king's livery is of the most vivid scarlet. Perhaps it is an affection for gay clothes that has led many a youth into the army. It seems, however, as if one would only need to take a lad who was eager to enlist into a caserne to prove to him that the existence of a private soldier is a dog's life. To be sure, he is secure from any necessity for independent thought if that is a burden to him, but, on the other hand, he is equally without opportunity to exercise his own will. He is as much at the beck and call of his superior officers as any slave in slave days. He must rush to carry out any order which may be but a whim of his commander; he must yield a cheerful ear as well as an implicit obedience; he must be the water carrier, the dray horse, even the hand towel of his master if the latter soils his gloves. The Danish privates lack the trimness and the erect carriage of her majesty's soldiers, but the officers are above reproach in personal appearance, and the drill which the writer watched at the artillery caserne was gone through with a skill and precision which equaled that of any English, American or French soldiers in that arm of the service.

COPENHAGEN'S PRIDE.

Copenhagen's greatest prize is the Thorwaldsen collection. The great sculptor's grave lies in the guadrangle around which is built the museum, his best monument. There are gathered not only many of his originals, but also plaster reproductions of much of his work which is placed elsewhere, so that the museum offers to the student of sculpture an opportunity for a fairly exhaustive study of Thorwaldsen's art. Perhaps the best known of all his creations is the statue of the risen Savior, which, with the figures of the disciples, stands in the Church of Our Lady, the royal church. It is a figure of appealing beauty, grave and tender. One appreciates when the northern type of face has become familiar that the sculptor's presentment of our Lord is thoroughly Scandinavian in feature.

There are some curiosities of architecture in Copenhagen. The Church of Our Redeemer has a gilded spiral staircase on the outside of the tower, which makes it look like a loosely twisted paper lamplighter. The round tower is ascended within by a winding wall up which Peter the Great once drove his carriage. The Frederiks church, the most beautiful in the city, is popularly known as the marble church for obvious reasons. The dome is of copper, which the salt air has turned to a lovely green, and it was made from metal contributed from every part of the kingdom. It is told that an old peasant woman who had given a saucepan to the melting pot visited the building as soon as it was finished in order to see just where her gift was hung.

OUTDOOR LIFE.

It is strange that Americans do not enjoy out-of-door life as do the continental Europeans. It cannot be a question of climate, for Denmark has a climate very similar to ours in the northeastern states—a long, cold winter and a short, hot summer. But as soon as the warm days come here the open-air gardens and restaurants open, and are filled with people who seem only too glad to breathe beneath the sky. It is something that Americans should learn, but how shall they be taught?

If the Danes had the opportunity to teach us they would gladly do so, for their interest in America and Americans is keen and their knowledge of American history and literature is simply amazing as compared with the patronizing ignorance of many English people. There always is American news in the newspapers, and hardly a day goes by without a short article on some feature of American life. Sometimes these paragraphs are more interesting than true. One of recent date declares that many American millionaires have learned to run locomotives, and frequently act as engineers on their own trains between New York and the west. George Vanderbilt and William Waldorf Astor have been in Copenhagen since the appearance of this statement, so that the editor may be able to confirm his information from their lips if he has any doubts in his mind as to the condition of his own truth and veracity.

Copenhagen's chief industry is the manufacture of a very beautiful porcelain. Its mark is three waving lines, which represent the three belts of water which separate the three parts of Denmark from each other and from Sweden. The city's principal interests lie, of course, in its shipping. Freight and passenger steamers run from here to America and to every port in Europe.

War Gave the South a Flower.

A southern man tells the Washington Post that the daisy was never known in the south until after the war. Now every part of the south visited by the union army is covered with daisies. "Sherman brought them to us," he said, "and the march to the sea can be followed in the summer time by keeping where the daisy grows. The seed seems to have been transported in the hay that was brought along to feed the horses. This is the only explanation that has even been made of it."

THE ETHICS OF WHISKERS.

Character Indicated by the Beard—American Liberality.

The question of beards has always been one in which men have taken the greatest interest. By turns it has been popular or unpopular with men to adorn their faces with hair, but a greater significance has always attached to it than to the mere changing of any other fashions. In ancient times, relates the New Orleans Picayune, a beard was a mark of honor and dignity. In oriental countries it is still regarded with reverence, and to pluck a man by his beard is the deadliest of insults. The wily Turk who sells the American-made Turkish rug of commerce always swears by his beard and the beard of his prophet when he makes affidavit to its being a genuine oriental prayer mat. He is talking through his whiskers and is not to be believed. After the period when every man is bearded like a pard there came a time when any hair on a man's face was considered rowdyish, and a moustache indicated a dashing soldier, just as chrysanthemum hair labels the foot ball enthusiast. With characteristic liberality, America has always conceded to every man the right to wear a beard or not, as he pleased, and the result has been that in no other country can so many varieties of architecture in whiskers be seen. In Kansas a good windproof set of whiskers is considered one of the prime qualifications for a political candidate. In many rural communities a beard is still worn as a satisfactory substitute for a necktie. Among swell young men there is a great variety of opinion in regard to the subject. Those who desire to look French and wicked wear a sharply pointed beard trimmed town to a hair line. Others who incline to the Charles Dana Gibson school of looks are cleanly shaved and wear a tired and far-away look. There are still other men who appreciating how little opportunity their sex have for adorning themselves, give variety to what would often be an expressionless countenance by wearing their beards in queer little patches, which suggests that they have had their faces laid out by a landscape gardener.

It is the importance of the beard that makes a lawsuit recently tried in New Jersey of general interest to all men. A respectable citizen of that state, the happy possessor of a beard to which he was tenderly attached, undertook a short railway journey. Upon the trip he was set upon by a gang of roughs who cruelly misused him, and especially vented their fiendish malignity upon his beard, which they tore out and disfigured, making it totally useless and valueless as a means of adornment. The man brought suit against the railroad company, putting the injuries to his beard at the modest sum of $200—a sum entirely inadequate to pay for the time and labor and thought he had bestowed upon it, as every boy who has ever gone through the tribulation of raising his first moustache will agree. The railroad set up the plea that they were not engaged in the business of carrying whiskers; that the complaint could produce no bill of lading to show that their company received the beard in good order and condition, and finally that they were not responsible for any baggage over the value of $100. The case was tried by a jury of six clean-shaven men and six bearded ones, and they finally decided in favor of the heartless corporation. This will doubtless constitute a precedent, and it is just as well for men to be warned in time that when they travel they take their beards in their hands.

That Terrible Scourge.

Malarial disease is invariably supplemented by disturbance of the liver, the bowels, the stomach and nerves. To the removal of both the cause and its effects Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is fully adequate. It "fills the bill" as no other remedy does, performing its work thoroughly. Its ingredients are pure and wholesome, and it admirably serves to bild up a system broken by ill health and shorn of strength. Constipation, liver and kidney complaint and nervousness are conquered by it.

AMERICAN PENSIONERS ABROAD.

Nearly Four Thousand of Them Residing in Other Countries.

There are now on the pension rolls nearly 4,000 persons living abroad. About $690,000 a year or nearly $2,000 a day, Sundays and holidays excluded, is sent out of the United States to other lands, says the New York Sun. There are twelve American pensioners in Belgium, eight in Holland, 665 in Great Britain, 601 in Germany, eighty-five in Mexico, sixty-one in France and seventy-nine in Switzerland. There is one American pensioner in Egypt, and he gets $120 a year from the United States government. There are two in the Kingdom of Siam, six in Turkey and one in the Azores. There is one American pensioner in Finland. Another resides in Ecuador. Another resides on the Island of Madeira. There are two who give their official address as Seychelles islands, and they seem to be pensioners of rather more than usual importance, for they get $324 a year each. There are two American pensioners in the Transvaal, ten in Spain, twenty-four in Austria, and one in the Comora islands. There are two American pensioners in Algiers and one in Corea. The latter can afford to have a good time, as pensioners go, for he receives $360 a year, which is a considerable sum in Corea. There are twenty American pensioners in Hawaii, and six only on the island of Cuba, while there are six also in distant New Zealand, and thirteen in China.

The country which contributes the larger number of pensioners to the government list is Canada, with a total of 1,889. There are twenty-nine in Italy, eighteen in Denmark, thirty-seven in Norway, and forty-four in Sweden. In Russia the total number of pensioners is only six. There is one pensioner of the United States in Venezuela, and he cannot be said to rank very high on the scale of recognition, for he receives $42 a year. There are three American pensioners in the Argentine. There is one in Roumania. There are nine in Chili and twenty-four in British Columbia. Alaska contains twenty-eight, or did before the Klondike craze; but the twenty-eight American pensioners in Alaska receive less yearly than the twenty-four in British Columbia.

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