

TO THE MEN WHO LOSE.

Here's to the men who lose!
 What though their work be e'er so nobly planned,
 And watched with zealous care,
 No glorious halo crowns their efforts grand;
 'Tis failure's share.

Here's to the men who lose!
 If triumph's easy smile our struggles greet,
 'Tis easy then;
 The king is he who, after fierce defeat,
 Can tip and fight again.

Here's to the men who lose!
 'Tis ready plaudits of a fawning world
 Bring sweet in victor's ears;
 The vanquished banners never are unfurled—
 For them there sound no cheers.

Here's to the men who lose!
 The touchstone of true worth is not success,
 'Tis a higher test—
 Though fate may darkly frown, onward to press,
 And bravely do one's best.

Here's to the men who lose!
 It is the vanquished's praises that I sing,
 And this is the toast I choose:
 "A hard-fought failure is a noble thing;

Here's to the men who lose."

BILL'S LITTLE GIRL.

Being a man with a wide circle of acquaintances, I purposely avoid accuracy as to dates and localities. It is not even necessary to explain how I became associated with Gen. Surly in the management of a big cattle ranch. His was one of the Southern gentlemen whose earthly possessions were pretty well wiped out by the war, but he did not stop to chide fate nor wait for something to turn up. He converted this available assets into cash and made the investment in which I was eventually interested.

Of course the general had a beautiful daughter, or I would have nothing worth the telling. I avoid going into particulars by simply stating that she grew to be a strong, stately and graceful woman whose physical attractions were matured in the outdoor world, whose education and accomplishments were those that few women have the mental grasp to acquire and whose heart was as tender as when her little girlish voice was raised in angry protest against placing the cruel brand upon some bleeding maverick. I'll not stray by how many years I was her suitor, but I fell in love with her the first time I saw her a little vision of beauty astride a burro, riding wildly and without fear, swinging a miniature lasso, her black eyes aglow and her raven hair streaming in waves that swept the sweeping wind of the prairie wild and straight.

Though she was a gentle little mistress every one about the place was her slave. Even stolid old Bud Whipple, who should have lost every vestige of romance in his experience as trapper, scout, Indian fighter and cattle man, had secretly adopted the little witch in his heart, which had come warm and true through all these experiences. Like many a man who led the rough life of the frontier, he idealized a good woman, and the adoration bestowed by him upon Kitty Surly was as devoid of our earthly conception of love as though she had been an angel.

It was after she had been cast to school and returned to us with all her natural beauty enhanced by the refining influences and opportunities she had enjoyed that old Bud came to me. "I don't like the way that coyote from the Robelida ranch is a-tryin' to git inter the round up over here," he began. "Jim Bumper's no sorter contender for sich a woman as our Kitty. I never heered yet where he wiped out a feller critter what he didn't take unbeknownst or to a disadvantage. He's made big money, but he ain't square as he'd make it hell on earth for a woman. He's makin' a strong play for to git on the good side of the general, an' I've 'bout made up my mind that I enter to tend to slippin' Jim's cinch. Takin' chances with critters like him is the same as takin' chances with rattlesnakes. Just say the word, an' I'll make Jim Bumper git out o' here or fight, an' he won't fight none for certain reasons as is appropriate till I git ready to turn loose. I reckon he's feelin' kinder panicky already, fur I give it out all an' singular as the boys over to the ranch that our Kitty warn't goin' to grass her pretty face on no ranch 'ceptin our own an' that any feller what tried ropin her wouldn't never know just how it happened he was disappointed. I don't see 'em cut loose, but there ain't none of the boys is hankerin' particuler to be round when I blow up."

"I could see that the veteran was in a deadly earnest, for his parchmentlike face had an unwonted glow of color, and in his deep set gray eyes there was a glint as ominous as a death warrant."

"See here, Bud," I said in a conciliatory tone. "There are some things about this case that I understand better than you do. I'm as determined as any man living that Jim Bumper ain't have Kitty Surly. I happen to know that she loves another man who would try to be worthy of her and who will marry her if the general can ever be persuaded that a big fortune is not attached to the happiness. Jim's impulsive nature, you know, knows how to get a man to marry against his better judgment, but that Jim is too

A DARING CHARGE.

GORDON HIGHLANDERS' BOLD RUSH ACROSS A DARK VALLEY.

The Most Thrilling Incident of the British War in India—Victoria Cross for the Piper Who Played "Cock of the North" Although Shot Through Both Legs.

Graphic details have just been received by mail of the recapture of Dargal ridge on the Afghan frontier by the Gordon Highlanders under the command of Sir William Lockhart, during which that regiment exhibited remarkable dash and courage.

General Biggs sent the 2d division to dislodge the tribesmen from the Dargal ridge. The position was a very strong one, the enemy occupying the summit of a precipitous hill. The top of this hill could be reached only by a single path, along which the attacking force, at first consisting of a Gurkha regiment, the Derbyshire regiment and the Dorsetshire regiment, was obliged to climb in Indian file, while three batteries of artillery shelled the sangars or breastwork entrenchments of the hill men.



SIR WILLIAM LOCKHART.

Dargal ridge, from the direction of the assault, it is now more fully explained, presents a frontage of about a mile, the left end of which is sheer rock for 200 yards. In spite of the difficulty of the ascent, the movements of the British troops were fairly well covered, except in the case of the low dip or small valley, from 100 to 150 yards wide, about half way up the ridge. This dip was exposed to the direct fire from the summit of the cliffs.

As the Gurkhas, supported by the Derbyshires and Dorsetshires, reached this fire zone, the top of the cliffs burst out into flame, for a thousand tribesmen had reserved the fire of their rifles until that moment. Though decimated, the little mountaineers (Ghurkas) struggled across the dip and reached the shelter of a few rocks, where they lay down under cover for a moment or so in order to recover their breath. Then led by their officers, they made a rush for the cover of the cliffside. But the others could not follow, and the enemy, with true military instinct, reserved their fire. Though the remainder of the Gurkhas, the Derbyshires and the Dorsetshires appeared on the fringe of the dip, yet to step into the fire zone was to court death. But the Dorsetshires again tried to advance to the support of the Gurkhas, and thirteen men struggled into the open space, only to drop before the far side haven was reached. Already the little dip was strewn with corpses, and so bloodthirsty were the enemy that a wounded man had but to move a limb to become the target for a dozen marksmen.

Many a man struggled to his knees or to his feet, only to be struck down again, and many sacrificed their own lives while trying to save their comrades. It was in reality "a passage of death."

Then reluctantly the senior officer heliographed down to the main body of the British troops that the passage could not be made.

At this juncture Gen. Kempster ordered the Gordon Highlanders to the front.

The time had arrived for desperate action, for it was then 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and the dead and wounded were lying thick on every side. Over 100 men had already fallen, and the enemy were shouting their defiance and waving their battle flags or standards and beating their drums, confident of the impregnability of their position and certain of their success.

But the Gordon Highlanders had yet to be reckoned with. Rapidly forming his men, and after his now historic speech, "Men of the Gordon Highlanders: Our general says that the position must be taken at all costs." Col. Mathias, the commander of the Highlanders dashed out at the head of his gallant regiment and in a moment they were across, carrying every one with them in their onrush, storming the ridge with a resolution that was relentless and betating down all opposition.

When Col. Mathias gave the order to advance he and his officers leaped into the open, and the pipers of the Highlanders followed, striking up "Cock of the North," and with a shout the leading company of killed men was into the fire zone. A stream of lead swept over, through and past them bullets churning up the dust, which hid the rushing bodies.

Piper Findlater, blowing his loudest and best, was among the first to show the way across that deadly strip of ground, and, when, after traversing but a few yards, he was laid low by a shot through both legs, he managed to prop himself up against a boulder, and continued, with unabated energy to play "Cock of the North," animating his comrades by the familiar, stirring music of his beloved pipes.

But the fire of the enemy was most deadly; the leading line melted away, and it seemed that the Gordon Highlanders would be annihilated. More men, however, sprang into the passage, and the leaders struggled across to the cover. There then was a lull, and, as one paper remarks, "one had time to see how cruel had been the slaughter."

Then with a second cheer the mixed troops, Highlanders, Dorsetshires, Gurkhas, Derbyshires and Sikhs, streamed across, and the enemy, seeing the barrier had been swept away, left their loopholes and rock barricades, and fled precipitately down the reverse slopes, without waiting for the line of cold steel which was then nearly on the crest of the ridge.

Piper Findlater has been recommended for the Victoria cross.

Captain Robinson of the Gurkhas also acted with the greatest gallantry. After leading his men across the fire zone to the cover and finding the force there insufficient, he returned over the death trap alone, and was mortally wounded while leading the second rush of Gurkhas to support the first body of that regiment.

For Shining Boots.

A simple receipt for shining boots quickly is to rub them with a piece of orange, let the juice dry in, and then polish with a soft brush. For hunting boots a liquid is sold to restore the polish. For brown boots and shoes the following paste will be found useful.

Take one pound of beeswax, melt it and add a quarter of a gallon of turpentine. Have ready mixed and boiling rather less than a gallon of pearl ash and a quarter of an ounce of a brown aniline dye. Then pour the wax and turpentine on top of the mixture and stir all well together until cold. A good blacking that will also preserve the leather is made by mixing four ounces of spermaceti oil, twelve ounces of molasses, add by degrees twelve ounces of ivory black, mixing it in smoothly and rubbing it well to destroy any lumps. Dilute it gradually with a quart of the best white wine vinegar. If too thick, add more vinegar, stir it hard and let it stand in a jar three days, stirring frequently. Then bottle for use. If still too thick, even when warmed at the fire, dilute with a little more vinegar.

In large establishments these receipts will be found very useful, but when the household is composed of a few persons it is as well to buy the ready-made compositions.

White Horse of Uffington.

A turf monument over 1,000 years old is the White Horse, of Uffington, England. It is on the almost perpendicular side of a hill, and lies like a patch of snow on the grass. It measures 355 feet from head to tail and 120 feet from ear to heel. The whole



Germany's Board of Gold.

A dispatch from Berlin to the Chicago Tribune says that the three-locked vaults of the Spandau fortress were opened a few days ago for the annual examination by the Secretary of the Treasury to see that the \$90,000,000 in gold, which the Reichstag voted in 1871 as a fund for first expenses in the next great war, was all right. Baron von Thielmann selected a few bags at random, counted the gold in them, counted the number of bags and weighed the whole amount. Some dozens of workmen were occupied for several hours in the grotesque mediaeval function. The sum eats up \$8,000,000 interest yearly.

World's Birth Rate.

Russia has about 49 births annually per thousand of the population; Hungary comes next, with 45; Saxony third, with 42; after these Italy and Austria, with 38; Prussia, with 37; Australia, with 35; England and Scotland, with 33; while the lowest in the scale comes Ireland, with 24.

Senator Frye of Maine wants Lake Mooselookmeent drained off a few feet, so that he may catch trout with worms for bait.

The highest price ever paid for a story, twenty cents a word, is said to have been paid by Scribner's Magazine



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