TRYING HIM OUT

By C. B. LEWIS

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He had finished with West Point and been assigned to the Twenty-second—young Warner, who was only a boy yet, with face as smooth as a girl's. The captain and first lieutenant of Company A were old West Pointers and should have given the boy a warm welcome and stuck by him until he could stand alone, but instead of that they looked at him askance. The captain himself had a son who had failed to pass at the Point, and this had rankled and imbittered him, and his lieutenant had taken up his cause.

In the days agone when a boy from the Point was assigned to a regiment in the west he arrived one day to find himself face to face with a hostile Indian force the next. He was given a show, however. His captain or lieutenant kept an eye on him in his first fight and coached him through it and helped him to keep his nerve and his honor. Sometimes the boy needed no encouragement; sometimes he would have lost his head and made a spectacle of himself but for the moral support of the veterans. It is always an open question as to how a soldier, be he officer or private, will conduct himself when he faces death for the first time on a battlefield.

Four days after Warner's arrival the command took the field against the hostiles. The boy was not yet familiar with the faces of his brother officers, and he knew nothing of Indian warfare except what he had read. He depended on his seniors to see him through. They had doomed him, however. They had not plotted and planned, but they had looked into each other's eyes and nodded their heads. The boy would be "tried out" within a few days, but he would have to stand or fall alone. He was full of enthusiasm as the command rode forth, having no doubt of himself and being eager for his baptism. A soldier is not a soldier until he has heard the bullets whistle about his ears. It is not years of service, but wounds, that give him respect and dignity

The hostiles had gathered in force on the banks of the Kaw, and one afternoon the cavalry came riding across the barren plains to open a fight which lasted for three hours. To accomplish results aimed at, the command had to

THE RUSH CAME.

be split up and companies and squadrons sent here and there to fight on their own book.

The Cub had been under the eye of every man in Company A since the first shot was fired, and it was admitted that he had kept his nerve as well as could be expected. The privates spoke in praise of him to each other. The captain and lieutenant looked at each other and waited. They had not long to wait. A company was sent far out on the right flank to move up and open a hot fire, and then there was a smile on the captain's face. To order that boy to push forward with fifteen men against the hundred warriors concealed in the willows was "trying him out," but it was also murder. A whole company could not have carried the position. His face paled for an instant, but then the color came back, and he shut his teeth hard and led the way.

"Confound him! Does he want us wiped out to a man?" growled an old sergeant as he looked back over his shoulder at the captain. But the Cub hurried the little band forward to its work, and five minutes later it was hotly engaged.

Little by little Company A was moved to the right, and by and by it was no longer in support of its skirmish line. The time came when it was rifle shot away and when the Indians took advantage of it to "rush" the ten men still left alive in the dips and hollows along that front. There was calculation on the part of the captain, movement on the part of the Indians. The Cub had been given no orders except to advance and attack. He found the enemy ten to one, but he would not fall back. He realized that his little force must be wiped out, but he encouraged the men to creep nearer. The time came when he saw himself unsupported, and able to be cut off, but there was no backward movement. If recalled, he would retreat; if not, he would die on the firing line.

The rush came. Fifty Indian warriors with devils' faces and fiendish yells rose up and dashed forward in a body. The boy did not lose his nerve altogether, but he was the only one of the seven or eight living men who was not captured and dragged back into the Indian lines for torture. It was with something like fright in his eyes and his face as white as a dead man's that he rejoined his company.

"While temporarily under the command of Second Lieutenant Warner fifteen men were killed or captured. The officer himself escaped by flight."

Such was the wording of the captain's report and of the dispatch sent broadcast for publication, and the Cub found himself ostracized. Some of his brother officers nodded stiffly to him, while others turned their backs. The boy felt that he had been put in a false position for a purpose, but he could prove nothing nor advance any satisfactory explanations. He had obeyed orders, but the act of obedience had ruined his career. There was no court of inquiry, no charges, no court martial. He was simply ostracized by the officers and looked at askance by the privates. There were two remedies, resignation and suicide. It seemed to him that to send in his resignation after a month's service and with a campaign still on smacked of cowardice, and he was no coward. As to the other remedy—well.

The Twenty-second had not rested thirty days after its fight on the Kaw before White Bird had gathered his warriors and come sweeping up the valley again. The regiment must take the field again. One morning as the men were rushing to and fro while making their preparations the Cub rode away from the fort alone, and only a sentry or two saw him go. He rode straight down the valley at a mad gallop for seven miles and then drew rein under the trees surrounding a spring. There was but the other remedy left, and he was going to accept it. He had galloped away from all human life to be alone with his last thoughts and to die by his own hand

* * * * * * *

"You see, it was this way," said one of three or four pioneers who galloped into the fort that afternoon with momentous news. "We got word that White Bird was in the valley burnin' and killin', and we set out to bring the news, but at the Big Rock crossin' a band of redskins headed us off, and we had to take cover. We had been standin' them off for two hours, and they were gettin' ready for a rush when that boy officer of yours came chargin' down like a thunderbolt. He had only his revolver and saber, and after he had emptied his revolver he used his steel. Say, now, but he must have wanted to be killed. He rode among the redskins, shootin' and slashin' and cheerin', and he got up such a panic among 'em that we had a chance to make a sneak. It was no use to think of helpin' him out, for they were sixty to five. Every one of his bullets brought down a buck, and he must have slashed half a dozen more, but we had got out of hearin' when we heard the reds yellin' and knowed that the boy had gone down. Yes, he was only a kid of a boy, but I'm tellin' you, kurnel, that he had a heart of a lion and that we are ready to sell our claims to build him a monument fifty feet high."

When Silas "Skeddadled."

A too ready offering of information has often placed the informer in an embarrassing position, like that of the small boy who heard that the stepladder was missing. "Why, mamma," he said, "it's in the jam closet." "Oh, yes, I remember," said his mother, and then, looking sternly at him, "But how did you find it out?"

A similar experience befell Silas H. of a small town in Maine. A student of history, following the route of Arnold's Quebec expedition, was asking for suggestions as to its probable course above the ponds of Dead river. The villagers disagreed on the matter.

"I tell ye," said Silas when the debate waxed warm, "Arnold went right up Crosby pond and over the shoulder of Mount Louise. Why, I found muskets and bullets and bayonets at his old camp when I was up there in sixty-three."

The historian was delighted. "Is that so?" he exclaimed. "What were you doing up there in sixty-three?"

A titter went round the circle of villagers at the well meant question, and Silas, much embarrassed, sidled away.

"Ye see, mister," volunteered one of his neighbors, "sixty-three was the year of the draft. Silas always was touchy to drafts, and when he felt this one comin', as ye might say, he skedaddled."

It Was Only Oil.

A naval official was talking the other day of the inferiority of European to American railroads.

"The stuffy little European carriages are lighted with electricity now," he said, "but I remember when they were only lighted with oil. I have cause to remember this.

"One night in Germany during a violent storm I was riding toward Berlin in a first class carriage when a leak began. Drop after drop, warm and dirty, fell upon my hat and coat.

"I waited till a guard came through. It was a long wait. One is always undergoing long waits for guards on European roads.

"'Look here, guard,' I said at last, 'the rain is coming through the lamp hole and trickling down my clothes.'

"The guard made an investigation. Then he said reassuringly:

"'Oh, that is not rain; it's only oil. The lamp leaks a little, but the roof is quite sound, I assure you.'

"Then the whistle blew, and he rushed away."—New York Tribune.

YOUR DAILY MEALS.

A Little Sermon on What to Eat and When to Eat It.

If you eat a hearty dinner at the close of each day's work, a dinner made up of food elements which have a chance to build up the body during the night's rest, then you should eat a light breakfast, so that your new energy may go into your morning's work instead of being all used up in digesting your morning meal.

But if you have not eaten the proper quantity and kind of food for dinner you must eat a hearty breakfast, or else feel faint from undernourishment.

You should not eat meat for breakfast, for meat should only be eaten at a time when complete rest can be taken. If you feel the need of meat eat eggs instead or nuts.

You should eat a well cooked cereal, but know this: The cereals which can be cooked in three minutes are hardly worth the eating, because they have so little nourishment in them. Oatmeal that has been cooked several hours is very good. Half cooked oatmeal is so poor a food that it is almost a poison. Cornmeal must also be well cooked, too, if it is to do its best work for the human body and soul.

And if you will eat bread for breakfast eat the German zwieback, crisp rolls or brown toast. Hot bread and cakes clog your system and will make you cross and uncomfortable before noon.

Coffee could be a healthful drink if it were properly made and not boiled until it is bitter with tannin. Clear coffee, one cup of it, may have no ill effects on your nerves. Coffee, with cream, one cup or two cups, will make you bilious.

But, whatever else you eat or drink, eat fruit and a great deal of fruit, for breakfast. If you want a fruit tonic drink the juice of an orange and half a lemon. If you want fruit for a food eat apples or bananas. Or if these do not agree with you eat apple sauce, cooked prunes, cooked canned fruit.

WHY HE DID NOT GET ON.

He had low ideals.

He did not dare to take chances.

He had too many irons in the fire.

He was never a whole man at anything

He thought a good business should run itself.

He did not appreciate the value of appearances

He did not know how to duplicate himself in others.

He let gruff, indifferent clerks drive away his business.

He trusted incompetent friends with responsible positions.

He would not change fairly good methods for better ones.

He did things over and over again because he lacked system.

He thought he knew all there was to know about his business.

He tried to economize by cutting down his advertising appropriation.

He was a good, honest man, but he did not do business in a business way. —Success.

A Horse Which Thought.

Instances of great intelligence in horses are almost as numerous as the horses themselves, but there are few which make prettier stories than this, related in La Nature by a Parisian.

At Vincennes, in my childhood, he writes, my father had two spirited horses of fine blood. One day while one of them, Prunelle, was passing between two walls with my little sister on her back the child slipped and rolled between the horse's feet.

Prunelle stopped instantly and held one hind foot in air. She seemed to fear to lower that foot lest she should step on the child. There was no room for the horse to turn nor for a man to pass in.

In that uncomfortable position, with lifted foot, however, the horse stood patiently while an attendant crawled between her forefeet and rescued the child.

Field's Finishing Touch.

Eugene Field was once visiting the house of Richard Henry Stoddard in New York. During the evening a certain well known physician dropped in. He was a serious man and a bit pompous. The talk turned on diet. "Doctor," said Stoddard, "I've heard that you eat two eggs at breakfast every morning the year round." "No," said the doctor emphatically. "No. On the contrary." "On the contrary!" cried Stoddard. "What's the contrary of eating two eggs?" "Laying two eggs," came in deep, solemn tones from Field.

Caution.

"Do you mean to say you didn't give that horse thief a trial by jury?"

"We didn't dare," answered Broncho Bob. "If anything as unusual as a trial took place the whole town 'ud turn out to see it, and some one would be sure to sneak in and steal some more horses."—Exchange.

Quite Pure.

Housekeeper—You claim to sell pure milk.

Milkman (absentmindedly)—Yes'm, absolutely. All the water we use is filtered and germ proof.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Excluded.

Acum—Well, well! I congratulate you, old man; and how is the baby to be named?

Popley—By my wife's people, it seems.—Exchange.

Mercenary.

"He's a mercenary wretch."

"What makes you think so?"

"He married Miss Goldie Rox, and I was trying to get her myself."—Chicago Post.

STATUES IN ITALY.

When a Monument Is Not a Monument In Rome or Florence.

Rome is in the absurd condition of possessing a monument which the municipal authorities declared nonexistent. Long, long ago a monument was raised to the philosopher Spadalieri, but never unveiled, as there was a difference of opinion about the advisability of having the monument at all. So through sun and rain, wind and hail, the poor statue stood, swathed in its dingy drapery, an eyesore and object of derision to all.

Finally, in the dead of night, to put an end to the scandal and disputes, the police stripped off the old and rotten cloth, and in the morning the Eternal City found herself enriched by the ownership of a new work of art. The citizens laughed and crowded to see what had become a curiosity, but the city fathers were furious, said the police had overstepped their powers and absolutely refused to acknowledge the existence of the monument.

Florence has had a similar experience. A tablet to Gustavo Modena, in his day a celebrated actor and still more celebrated patriot, had been attached to the house in which he lived. But the authorities refused to allow it to be unveiled for fear of provoking an anti-Austrian demonstration, just as in these days when public feeling is in a state of effervescence. Day after day passed until the students made a sudden dash, and, stripping off the cloth, added another interest to the City of Lilies. The municipality here also was highly offended and informed the citizens that the tablet does not exist.

All this irresistibly raises the question, "When is a monument not a monument?" When it is in Italy!—Pall Mall Gazette.

THE USE OF IRON.

Its Effect In the Industrial World as a Barometer of Trade.

There is an old industrial tradition that the iron market is the "barometer of trade." This saying has been ascribed to many modern authorities, ranging from Jay Gould to Andrew Carnegie. As a matter of fact, it is much older than any oracle of this century or the last. It had its origin in the earliest days of the period when iron manufacture and the use of credit were simultaneously rising to importance. The basis for the tradition is that the use of iron and of its products is essential for the prosecution of virtually all other industries. Before the output of miscellaneous manufactures in a community can be much enlarged the industries concerned must be equipped with new tools and new machinery. Before a railroad system can be prepared to transport a greatly increased traffic it must have new rails, new bridges, new stations, new cars and new locomotives. In these days of the steel and iron office building a "boom" in the building trade cannot go far without increasing enormously the demand for structural iron. Even in the agricultural industry it may be said that expansion and prosperity involve necessarily largely increased demand for farm machinery. Since the use of such additional equipment must precede any increase in the business of these other trades it naturally follows, first, that demand in the iron market will be felt aggressively even before the other industries have shown full measure of activity, and, second, that if such other industries foresee a period of slack demand and idle mills the first thing they will do will be to reduce their orders from the iron and steel mills.—Alexander D. Noyes in Forum.

Disgusted.

Amos Cummings of New York used to tell this story of his first assignment as a newspaper reporter: He was sent out to write up an accident where an Irish hodcarrier was injured in a fall from a building. He arrived just as two officers were assisting the injured man into the ambulance.

"What's his name?" asked Cummings of one of the officers, at the same moment pulling out his pad and pencil.

The Irishman heard him and, mistaking him for the timekeeper on the job, exclaimed, with a look of disgust covering his face:

"Isn't it trouble enough to fall three stories without being docked for the few moments I lose going to the hospital?"

Would Have Walked Too.

They tell this story in the commissioner's office at Ellis island:

Two Irish immigrants just arrived stood one morning on the government landing watching a dredger at work a few yards away. Presently a diver, full rigged, crawled painfully from the channel slime up a ladder to the deck of the dredge. One of the Irishmen, very much surprised, turned to his companion and said:

"Look at that mon! Look at him! Begorra, if I'd known the way over I'd walked too!"—New York Tribune.

A Nice Light Business.

"Oh, yes, I've opened an office," said the young lawyer. "You may remember that you saw me buying an alarm clock the other day."

"Yes," replied his friend. "You have to get up early these mornings, eh?"

"Oh, no. I use it to wake me up when it's time to go home."—Philadelphia Press.

The Photographer's Good Work.

"Maud's latest photograph is just lovely."

"Is it?"

"Yes. I had to ask who it was."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Kindness is a language that even the dumb brute can understand; like silence it is golden and touches the heart of every animate thing in creation.—Maxwell's Talisman.

Correspondence

SHORTSVILLE.

Mr. Patrick Farrel died at his residence east of this village last Thursday evening, aged 78 years. Mr. Farrel had been a sufferer from a cancer for a long time and death was his only relief. The funeral, which was largely attended was held from St. Dominic's church Monday morning at 9:30 o'clock. He is survived by two daughters and one son and one brother, all of this village.

Miss Kit Farrel of Rochester, attended the funeral of her uncle Monday.

Mrs. Jas Barret, a life long resident of this village, died at her home last Monday evening. Mrs. Barret was a good Christian woman of a loving disposition and always willing to help and do good where she could. She will be greatly missed but will remain in the memory of her friends for years to come. She is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Mary Shaw, and one son, Frank of Waterloo, also four grandchildren, three great grandchildren and two sisters. The funeral was held Thursday from St. Dominic's church and was very largely attended.

Miss May Toomey of Rochester, was the guest of her uncle, Mr. S. McCarthy the first of the week.

Miss Marie O'Neil of Seneca Falls, returned home after a week's visit with her parents here.

WILLARD.

The installation of officers of Branch 877, L. C. B. A took place at their rooms on Tuesday evening 12th inst. Following are the officers. Past president, Miss Carroll, pres, Miss J. McGhan, vice pres. Miss M. Gavin 2nd vice pres., Mrs. Daley rec, Miss Duffy, asst. rec, Miss A. O Hare fin. sec., Miss J. Conroy, treas, Miss K. McDermott; marshal, Miss J. Keenan; guard. L. Martin, trustees, Misses M. Rielly, K. Rielly, M. Conroy, E. Sturges, Mrs. Tobin. After the meeting a banquet took place at which an elaborate menu was served Many guests were present. The rooms were prettily decorated with plants and flowers and good music was rendered by the Willard orchestra The occasion was voted a very enjoyable one by all present.

Miss Mary Rielly was called to Mount Morris by the illness of her sister, Mrs. Philip Rielly.

Mrs. Jennie Conroy is absent being called away by the illness of a relative.

CALEDONIA

A retreat given by the Rev. Father's Kessel and Engelhart of Rochester, opened at St. Columba church, Wednesday evening, Jan. 13 and closed on Sunday evening, the feast of the Holy Name. The retreat was a great success and a large number joined the Holy Name Society.

The drama "Shaun A Roon" will be presented by St. Columba's young people before lent

Council 14, C R. & B A. held their regular meeting and installation of officers Thursday evening. Several candidates were initiated. The following officers were installed. Spiritual adviser, Rev. G J. Eisler; pres., John Campbell; 1st vice pres., James Mack; 2nd vice pres., Edward Shannon, rec. sec., F D. Ball; treas, D Donohue, marshal, Jas. Cunningham; guard, M. J. Callen, chancellor, Anna M. Connor trustees, Mr. P. O'Neill, Mrs Jas. Pullyblank

ELMIRA.

The people of Elmira were much grieved over the transfer of Sr. M. Agneta to Rochester. She was one of St. Mary's most popular teachers.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by druggists, Price 75c per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Low rates West via The Nickel Plate Road Special one way Colonist tickets to points throughout the West and Southwest, on sale first and third Tuesday each month to April, 1904 If going West this winter see local agents or write R E. Payne, Genl Agt. 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

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POPE PIUS X.

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THE PEOPLE of the State of New York, by the Grace of God free and independent, to John Barry, Peter Barry and Patrick Barry whose residences are unknown, if living, and to their respective executors, administrators, widow, heirs at law and next of kin, or other persons interested in their respective estates, if dead, and Michael Burke, whose residence is unknown, husband, heirs at law and next of kin of Bridget Burke, send greeting

Whereas sister Marie Smith and John S. Keenan, the Executors named in a certain instrument in writing, bearing date December 19, 1902, purporting to be the last Will and Testament of said Bridget Burke late of the City of Rochester in said County of Monroe and State of New York, deceased, and relating to both real and personal estate, has lately made application to the Surrogate's Court of our County of Monroe, to have said instrument proved and recorded as a Will of personal and real estate, you and each of you are cited and required to appear before the Surrogate of the County of Monroe, at his office in the City of Rochester, in said County of Monroe, New York, on the 7th day of March 1904, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, then and there to attend the probate of said last Will and Testament And if any of the aforesaid persons are under the age of twenty-one years, or insane or otherwise incompetent, they will please take notice that they are required to appear by their general guardian, if they have one, and if they have none, that they appear and apply for the appointment of a special guardian or in the event of their neglect or failure to do so, a special guardian will be appointed by the Surrogate to represent and act for them in the proceedings for the probate of said Will

In testimony whereof, we have (L S) caused the seal of the Surrogate's Court, of the County of Monroe, to be hereto affixed

Witness, Hon. George A Benton, Surrogate of said County, at the City of Rochester, this 4th day of January in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and four.

ANDREW LUDOLPH,
Clerk Surrogate's Court.

John M. Murphy, Attorney for Executors, 225 and 226 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

To John Barry, Peter Barry and Patrick Barry whose residences are unknown, if living, and to their respective executors, administrators, widow, heirs at law and next of kin, or other persons interested in their respective estates, if dead, and Michael Burke, whose residence is unknown, husband, heirs at law and next of kin of Bridget Burke, deceased TAKE NOTICE, That the foregoing citation is served upon you by publication, pursuant to an order of Hon. George A Benton, Surrogate of Monroe County, New York, dated the 7th day of January, 1904.

JOHN M. MURPHY,
Attorney for Executors,
225 & 226 Powers Block,
Rochester, N Y.

The Cob Pipe.

Corncob pipes are as old as the settlement of this country, and the probabilities are that the pilgrim fathers found the Indians sucking hollowed out cobs through reed stems. There is a historical warrant for saying that Andrew Jackson smoked cob pipes and was fond of them. Tradition has it that after that famous dinner of sweet potatoes General Francis Marion proffered the British officer who was his guest a corncob pipe and a moleskin pouch of sun cured leaf tobacco.—Savannah News.

Not to Be Budged.

"Move on, now," said the policeman.

"No, siree!" replied Mr. Haicede doggedly.

"I guess ye will. Ye've been hangin' round here half an hour."

"Yes, an', b'gosh, here's whar I stick! The gent that tuck my watch to have my name engraved on to it told me to stay right here till he got back."—Philadelphia Press.

Picks Its Company.

"Old Hunks boasts that he never has a cold."

"It's nothing to boast of. He's so mean that even a cold won't have anything to do with him."—Exchange.