HUNTING APACHES

BY DWIGHT NORWOOD

Indian fighting is a thing of the past now, but we must remember that it was only about a generation ago that General Custer and his men were surrounded and massacred by redskins. There is an old ordnance sergeant at one of the Atlantic coast forts who was a youngster in the ranks of the regular army in those days and passed a good many years on the plains, where Indian fighting was the order of the day. He tells yarns about his experiences, some of them bloodcurdling, some simply amazing. Here is one of the latter class:

The Apaches were the worst varmints one had to deal with, and we were more afraid of them than any other savages. They were more treacherous, more merciless and practiced more deceptive methods than any other tribe with which I had the honor to exchange shots. When we were hunting them we were more sure that they weren't hunting us. Any man going to a spring for water, dropping out of the ranks to cool off or in any wise going off by himself was liable to be taken in, and so noiselessly that the rest of the command wouldn't know anything about it until he was missed and some one would be sent back to find him dead and scalped.

One time when we were after a party of Apaches, not knowing when they would turn on us in the middle of the night, or, more likely, just before dawn, we made preparations that would let us know of their coming. Our commander had taken the precaution to bring along some barbed wire fencing, and after getting into camp, before turning in under our blankets, we fenced ourselves in. Of course we didn't expect to keep off the red devils with a wire fence, especially when we weren't helping the latter with lead. All we hoped for was a few moments' delay, long enough, you know, to grab our rifles and get on our feet.

We bivouacked one evening on a hillside so situated that we couldn't very well be taken on the flank, and instead of running the wire around us we stretched it before us, so that any force coming up the hill must pass over it. Though the moon was in the third quarter, the night, being cloudy, was quite dark. The Apaches were so sly that in order to get a warning of their coming we hung all the tin plates, tin cans—anything, in fact, that would rattle—on the wire.

I was listening then for all I was worth for the slightest sound that would indicate the presence of an enemy.

I had to take it out in listening, for I couldn't see anything unless it was above the sky line. The moon passed a thin space in the clouds just as I heard a tinkle away down at the other end of the fence. Peering in that direction I saw something white. I didn't wish to make a guy of myself by firing at nothing, and I didn't wish to take any chances with Apaches about. I heard another tinkle and saw the white thing move. It seemed to be on the outer side of the fence, but in another moment it was on the inside. I had brought my rifle to my shoulder at the first sound, and, seeing that whatever it was had got in behind the fence, I let drive.

I could hear a prolonged rattle of accouterments as the line of sleeping men arose, and their rifles sounded like a modern machine gun. The field officers went hurrying about, and the company officers formed their men. In a few moments they were all standing in line ready for another volley, but the second volley was never fired. The clouds broke away from before the moon so that we could see what was going on before us, and we found there was nothing going on. No sign of an Apache appeared.

The order was given to break ranks, and within ten minutes the men were down on the ground again, most of them snoring loudly enough to keep a sentry from hearing any more tinkling tin plates. I was relieved soon after and joined the chorus.

The next morning our commander called up the guard of the night before and asked us who had fired the warning shot and at what he had fired. I confessed that I was the man and had fired at something white down at the other end of the wire fence.

"Something white!" he exclaimed contemptuously. "Did you ever know a redskin to wear anything white? No Indian, no Apache certainly, would wear anything that could be seen on a dark night."

I was dismissed with no other reprimand than this, if it could be considered a reprimand, and went off to a campfire where my men were cooking breakfast.

"What were you men on guard firing at last night?" asked one of the men.

"Apaches," I said, putting on a bold front. "The moment I fired they skedaddled down the hill under cover of the darkness."

"How could you see them in the dark?"

This stumped me, but further remark was unnecessary since the mystery was solved by Sergeant Connover.

"What he was firing at," he said, "was a boiled shirt of mine that I washed after we bivouacked last night and hung on the wire fence to dry. And just look at it," he added, producing the article, "it's riddled!"

"Serves you right," said I, "for hanging your shirt on a means of defense."

Bacon—What's become of that young man typewriter you had?

Egbert—Oh, he's gone away for awhile.

"Not discharged?"

"No; I've sent him to the house of correction for a time."—Yonkers Statesman.

Son, this is fact I'm telling you.
You'll find it's good advice:
If you must get a skate on, you
Will never cut much ice.
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Crawford—There's no doubt, the wise thing is to practice economy.

Crabshaw—But this is an extravagant age, and we seem to be out of practice.—Judge.

A silent place this world will be,
We'll speak but once a week,
If at some time we all agree
To think before we speak.
—Exchange.

"You said you would make papa come to terms."

"I did, and they were the vilest any one ever applied to me."—London Mail.

Should you attain to knowledge great
A certain sadness will befall;
You can't get any one to wait
And listen while you tell it all.
—Washington Star.

Mrs. Newgold—Genevieve, Albertine, you are not playing that duet together. One of you is a bar ahead of the other.

Genevieve (proudly)—Well, I was the one ahead, anyway!—Puck.

When you count up the worries that enter
some lives
Do not stop
Till you add in the husbands who go with
their wives
When they shop.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Are you familiar with the Mexican situation?"

"Only up to 8 o'clock this morning."—Detroit Free Press.

"Let us fly," said the ardent lover bold
To his fairest fascinator,
Not that he feared her father's wrath,
But that he was an aviator.
—Baltimore American.

"Time works wonders," quoted the sage.

"That's because it is always on the job," returned the fool.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Astronomers and golfers are
Alike, so it appears—
At any rate both meditate
The motion of the spheres.
—San Francisco Chronicle.

"How is your Shakespearean club getting on?"

"Splendidly. We learned two new steps last week."—Life.

They go into the church unwed,
And married they come out.
And this is why, it has been said,
The sex is so devout.
—Puck.

Jack—My mother paid $9 for this coat.

Jill—My mother has a charge account. She never pays for anything.—Collier's Weekly.

There was a young man named Snidar,
Whose hobby was hard apple cider.
He called on his dame,
But stuttered her name
And dared not sit down beside her.
—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

"I see that one of the ladies says geniuses never ought to marry."

"I suppose she is married or doesn't know a genius who would be likely to ask her anyhow."—Chicago Record-Herald.

We couldn't get along without the active
human brain,
But save us, kindly providence, from people who explain.
—Dallas News.

Tommy—Papa, a river is fed by small streams, isn't it?

Papa—Yes, my son.

Tommy—Then I s'pose that is what makes its mouth water.—Exchange.

He has a greasy, oily way,
Our saponaceous host.
He rose and gave what I should call
A buttered toast.
—Judge.

"You looked very foolish when you proposed to me."

"Well, Henrietta," replied Mr. Meekton, "maybe I was."—Washington Star.

Some houses have a family ghost,
And other houses have a host.
This gives the latter, says a wit,
A shade or two the best of it.
—Kansas City Journal.

"You can't split hairs in that argument."

"Why not?"

"Because it is over bald facts."—Baltimore American.

A maiden who wore a cork limb
Wrote the maker, and she said to him,
"I sure have to laugh
When I look at this calf,
For, compared to the real one, it's slim."
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Ethel—I do hope Grace will marry eugenically.

Clara—Why?

Edith—It will take a thoroughly sound noob to survive her cooking and piano playing.—New York Globe.

The law forbids all lotteries
And games of chance, 'tis said.
Why isn't marriage then taboo?
It comes under that head.
—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Bix—Most of those so called aigrets, they say, are only horsehair.

Dix—Yes, "aigret" is merely their nom de plume.—Boston Transcript.

In talking of Miss Moneybags
Jack hardly was discreet.
She heard him call her dull, and so
She cut him on the street.
—Exchange.

An Ingenious Mark

By EDITH V. ROSS

Nathan Hartwell, fifty years ago a prospector in the gold regions of Colorado, entered a tavern one evening at B. in a very excited state. A couple of men standing at the bar noticed him and heard him ask the landlord for writing materials. These he took to a table and sat down to write a letter.

"Do you know what's the matter with him?" asked one of his observers.

"No, I don't."

"He's struck a bonanza. There's nothin' else in this here country to affect a man like that. I've seen men in that fix before and know the symptoms."

"Well?"

"Well, I think there's somepin in it for us."

"How?"

"We can keep an eye on him, see where his claim is located and jump it."

At that moment one of the conspirators noticed a man reading a newspaper by a window and put his finger on his lip. The two emptied their glasses and went out. As soon as they had done so the man reading the newspaper arose and, going to Hartwell, said:

"My friend, I overheard those two men talking about you, and I wish to warn you." Then he told Hartwell what he had heard. Hartwell appeared to be very much affected by the information. He thanked the stranger, but said nothing about the truth or falsity of the conspirators' surmise.

Hartwell had struck a rich vein of ore and was writing to his daughter, Mabel, in the east to announce the fact.

One day Hartwell was found dead near the hole he was pretending to work. Not long after his death two men laid claim to the place where he was supposed to be digging, but, finding nothing, they soon abandoned it.

Mabel Hartwell had been posted by her father as to his fears of losing his property, and he had given her some idea as to the location. But the exact spot was unknown to her, her father not daring to state it, fearing that his letter might be intercepted. As soon as she had been informed of her father's death she determined to go west with a view to claiming his mine.

When she reached the scene of her father's efforts she first made inquiries for the conspirators, but they had left and no one knew where they had gone. Mabel had the good sense to realize that it would be difficult to find and punish them, and even if she did it would not bring her father back to life. She knew that he had been very desirous that she should have the property he had discovered and set about to find it.

Alone she visited the location that he had given her. She found it in a canyon shut in on either side by high mountains. There was a house at the mouth of the canyon, where she obtained lodgings and set out to try to discover the mine. But she had little hope, for, knowing that her father had been watched, she inferred that he would not mark it. Nevertheless, not long before his death Hartwell had written her that he was trying to find some mark by which in case anything should happen to him he might show her and her alone the exact spot under which lay the rich vein of ore he had discovered, for he had obliterated all trace of his mine.

Mabel hoped that her father had hit upon some mark that only she would understand, but had been stopped from communicating it to her by his sudden taking away. Her experience had made her suspicious of every one, and she dare not take any person with her. Fortunately it was summer, and the weather was fine. She made daily searches in the canyon, which, though but a mile in length, was very rugged and hard to get over.

One day she came to a rock on which she was much astonished to find her own name, "Mabel," carved in rude letters. Beneath was an arrow and beneath the arrow a date—July 15. There was no year given, only the month and day of the month. Naturally Mabel turned her glance in the direction the arrow pointed. The first object in line was a perpendicular rock, very thin, its outline being like a sugar loaf. Indeed, one side of it was an edge like an ax, some parts of which were not over a foot thick.

Mabel fell to thinking on the problem. The arrow appeared to be intended to direct her attention to the thin side of the rock, which was directly in line with it. What did the date mean? The day Mabel found the sign was the 20th of June. Her father had been dead nearly a year, having been murdered on the 18th of July, three days after the carved date. Mabel examined the thin rock carefully and found that a hole half an inch in diameter had been drilled through its thinnest part. Mabel at once inferred that this hole had something to do with the date inscribed with the arrow and her name.

The date carved on the rock would come around in two weeks, and Mabel resolved to wait and look through the drilled hole on the day mentioned. She did not need to look through it, for on that day the sun sent its light through it, making a spot on the ground some thirty feet distant. Mabel, hopeful, marked the spot, went away and, having made her claim, returned with those she could trust. The earth was opened, and the mine was found. Before leaving for home Mabel sold it for $100,000 and a quarter interest.

SIRES AND SONS.

President Wilson uses a monocle when reading.

President Poincare of France may visit the United States in 1915.

Dr. Alexander Graham Bell has been awarded the Hughes medal by the Royal society for his investigations into technical electricity.

Senator Henry La Fontaine of Brussels, Belgium, on whom the Nobel peace prize for 1913 has been conferred, was formerly president of the permanent international peace bureau of Berne, Switzerland.

Celestin Demblon, a Socialist member of the Belgian chamber of deputies and professor of literature at the Brussels university, is planning a lecture tour of the United States to present his views on the origin of Shakespeare's plays.

James Smith Woodhouse of Rhue, Aberdeen, Scotland, who is just eighty-five years of age, is still living in the same house in which he was born and sleeps on the same oak bedstead on which he first saw the light. He is very active for his age and is a keen gardener.

Pert Personals.

The new Chinese minister to Washington is Shai Kai Fou. Sounds like a college yell.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

The fate of several preceding leading men would seem to indicate that Fritzi Scheff's third will not hold the position long.—Washington Post.

Anna Held says that most American women are too fat and too coarse, Anna being a thin, little, blushing model of delicate refinement.—Detroit Free Press.

After careful consideration of Dr. Bridges' poem we aren't sure that we didn't spend several years being unjust to the late Alfred Austin.—Hartford Times.

Former Ambassador Bryce has been made a viscount. He might well have declined the honor, as Gladstone did, for no title will add a whit to the high repute of Professor James Bryce, author of "The American Commonwealth."—New York American.

Forest Notes.

The forest service collected 40,000 pounds of tree seed last year for use in reforestation work. The total area reforested was about 30,000 acres.

More than 120,000,000 board feet of timber was given away free by the government last year to settlers and miners living in or near the national forests.

German pencil manufacturers are looking to California incense cedar for pencil wood. The establishment of a pencil factory in California is not improbable.

There are sixteen maples in the United States, most of them being eastern species. The most valuable, not only because of the product of its sap, but also of the lumber, is the sugar maple.

Electric Sparks.

Electric rates in Edinburgh, Scotland, have just been reduced by the city council from 5½ cents to 5¼ cents per unit.

Telegraph wires are better conductors on Monday than Saturday on account of their Sunday rest, and a rest of three weeks, it is said, adds 10 per cent to the conductivity of a wire.

Jacksonville, Fla., charges 2 cents a kilowatt hour for electricity for cooking and heating. This is an average of less than 40 cents per person per month. It keeps the municipal electric plant busy in the daytime and is expected to add materially in increasing the city's profit from the plant.

Popular Science.

According to an English scientist, X rays are the most extreme rays at the ultraviolet end of the spectrum.

That the power of a magnet increases as its temperature decreases seems to have been shown by recent tests.

The moon is getting nearer to the earth at a speed of about fourteen feet in 200 years—and astronomers cannot explain why.

The microscope is in daily use in the examination of metals and alloys in more than 200 laboratories in the United States.

Short Stories.

A human being has half an ounce of sugar in his blood.

The largest range finder in the United States navy has been mounted on the battleship Florida.

An Australian has obtained a United States patent for a process for transplanting living hair on bald heads.

A famous statistician says that history shows twenty-nine persons to have lived for 120 to 130 years and fifteen from 130 to 140 years.

Winter Baseball.

The Federal league seems to have supplanted the Coal Stove league in baseball circles this winter.—Detroit Free Press.

Another baseball war is threatened. Baseball wars are becoming almost as regular as Mexican revolutions.—Chicago Record-Herald.

It is rumored that Honus Wagner, premier shortstop for many years, is to wear glasses. Even with a wooden leg he could beat some of 'em.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

His Method Of Revenge

BY RUTH GRAHAM

Shortly before the breaking out of the French revolution Ambrose Sinclair, a young South Carolinian, went to Germany, where he attended a university. He was rather inclined to arms than to study and became proficient in the use of the small sword rather than writing theses. Having finished the university course, he went to Paris. His father forwarded him a letter of introduction to Benjamin Franklin, who was then representing the new American republic at the court of Versailles, and young Sinclair was admitted into the society of the court circle.

Sinclair fell in love with Mme. Ocrelie de Torcellers, and his passion was returned. Her brother, the Duke of Lascelles, to get rid of the American, conspired with the Count de Beauville, a rejected suitor of his sister, and the two secured his arrest and imprisonment.

Having got the young man into the Bastille, it was not difficult to keep him there, for they gave instructions to his jailer not to permit him to communicate with any one, especially the American embassy. Sinclair remained there for several years, gaining his freedom only when the mob opened the prison by battering down the gates of the Bastille.

One would suppose that he had had enough of the France of those times and would go home at once. When he had been shut up the country was peaceful; now it was a boiling pot. Having been shut up by royalists, he might now dread being guillotined by revolutionists. But Sinclair had only one thought—to find the men who had imprisoned him and be revenged, for he had heard while in prison that Jules de Lascelles had died.

The French royalists were only beginning to get out of France. Sinclair learned that the Duke of Lascelles had been arrested on a charge of being an enemy to the revolution, but the Count de Beauville was still free. Sinclair went to the leader of the revolution of that time, told him how he had been imprisoned on a charge of inciting insurrection and asked that the Duke of Lascelles be liberated that Mr. Sinclair might seek revenge by fighting him. The request was granted.

The next day a prison official announced to the duke that he might go free. Lascelles, who had been expecting death by the guillotine, was overjoyed. But when at the prison gate he recognized the man he had thrown into prison several years before he turned pale.

"Come with me," said Sinclair, who led the way into a courtyard near by, where two gentlemen were waiting, the one to second Lascelles, the other Sinclair. Lascelles, having escaped death by the guillotine to meet it by an enemy's rapier, fought desperately, but he was no match for one who had championed his corps at Heidelberg. Sinclair played with him for a time as a cat would with a mouse, then with a "Take that for your villainy," ran him through.

Sinclair next sought the Count de Beauville. He found it difficult to find him, for the count had been proscribed, and the revolutionists were looking for him as well as the man whom he had imprisoned. Sinclair got on his track through information given by one who had seen him in court and supposed him to be a sympathizer with the royalist cause. Sinclair found his man, but would neither give him up to his enemies nor seek revenge on information that had been imparted on the supposition that it was given to a friend. He proposed to De Beauville that they journey together to Belgium, passing as two Americans. De Beauville could not understand why, since Sinclair had him in his power, he did not turn him over to the revolutionists, and why the man he had injured should help him to get out of the country was indeed a mystery to him. However, there was nothing for him to do but to accept the offer.

Sinclair possessed a passport, though of a date several years gone by, as an American citizen. He suggested to De Beauville that he travel ostensibly as his servant, and the two thus passed beyond the Paris gates. A number of times during their journey they were held up by revolutionists, but every time Sinclair, by showing his passport and ordering De Beauville about as his servant, but, most of all, by his cool assurance, secured a passage for himself and his enemy. At last they reached the frontier. They passed the border in the night, and De Beauville slipped away into the darkness and

But Sinclair knew that the emigres escaped his enemy.

were gathered in Belgium, and there he went. It was not long before one night at a ball he saw De Beauville dancing with the noblesse of France and, going up to him, drew his glove across his face. There was no avoiding a meeting, and De Beauville consented to fight.

The two men met on a field where such affairs were accustomed to take place. De Beauville was a good swordsman, but somehow there was something in having injured his opponent, something so uncanny in that opponent's treatment of him, that the count could not fight in his usual form. Sinclair soon showed that he had the advantage both in coolness and skill and after giving his enemy several chances finally ended the combat.

Then the young American returned to his home.

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Since her first appearance on the stage in Russia fourteen years ago Mme. Naziimova has played $18 parts.

Wankiakum county, the smallest in the state of Washington, has a woman clerk. Miss Mary C. Cosper, and her work has been highly complimented in a recent report of the bureau of inspection.

Mrs. Ernest Hart, the woman patent of England who discovered the new system of waterproofing which made washable bankbills possible, is the presiding genius in a factory which is erected in London to carry through some of the chemical processes she has perfected.

Miss Emmy Destinn, the prima donna who sang for a cinematograph company recently in a lion's cage, has received for this performance the largest salary ever paid to a singer. For singing a single aria from "Minnie" she has been paid $12,500. She was in the cage exactly five minutes, so that the payment works out at $2,500 a minute. In addition to this, the company had to insure her for $[illegible] against death or injury.

The Royal Box.

The Crown Prince Frederick of Denmark, who is now fourteen, has been made "Transmitter of Baptism" by the Danish boy scouts, of whom he is patron.

Queen Mary is an enthusiastic bridge lover, and whenever she pays her informal visits to London she invariably goes to a famous book shop in the west end, as nothing pleases her better than to be able to look through the new books at her leisure.

Prince Alexis Karageorgievich, who has taken up his residence in America with his American bride, who was Mrs. Hagar Pratt of Cleveland, is a claimant to the throne of Servia. He fought in the ranks of the Servian army as an enlisted man in the war with the Turks. The prince is a cousin of King Peter of Servia and asserts that he is entitled to the throne.

Current Comment.

Folks are queer. They kick against us to find gas leaks and against us light the gas when heating for tea time bottles.

Some enterprising newspaper should ought to send out an authoritative statement on "Who's Killing Who" in Mexico.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

The season of swimming and boating fatalities is past, but the skating disasters has begun, and the automobile we have always with us.—New York Tribune.

Typhoid fever has practically been driven from the army and navy. The good day it should be driven from civil life, when the technique for prophylactic vaccine treatment becomes more general.—New York World.

Aerial Flights.

The use of keeping the keep in an aeroplane is problematical unless it is expected to help in military action by throwing the enemy into a state of dazed admiration.—Washington Post.

The "automatic stabilizer" invented by Orville Wright is said to make it possible to learn to fly in twenty minutes. If flying is made too easy maybe too late will there be the same incentive to learn?—New York World.

The French have figured it in short that in 1908 there was one death in an aviator for every 1,000 kilometers flown, while in 1913 there was one death for every 140,000 kilometers only. As we see it, they simply fly a little farther now to come to the same end.—Buffalo Commercial.

Flippant Flings.

The coal man will make things warm for you, even if you don't pay his bills.—Philadelphia Record.

The proposition to tax bachelors to provide pensions for widows is enough to provoke the bachelors to marry the widows out of revenge.—Baltimore American.

Another English literary man has been knighted. Soon there will be nothing to read in England but "A Thousand and One Knights."—New York American.

It is being argued in New York that a lemon trust exists. This is a hard case to prove. If anything, there is too much competition in lemons—you can pick 'em anywhere.—Boston Globe.

Fashion Frills.

Possibly this year's fashions were designed by the artists who draw the comic pictures.—Chicago News.

The doctor who says that too many clothes are the cause of colds certainly talks like an apostle of the modern female fashions.—New York Tribune.

"The spring fashions will be a revelation," says an item from Paris. The fall fashions were also pretty good at revealing things.—Charleston Courier.

Town Topics.

Cincinnati wants lamps on baby carriages. Fast town if the infants have taken to joy riding.—New York American.

San Francisco is to have public street dances this winter, or it may be just another yarn to boom the local climate.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Now that Chicago peanut vendors have donned roller skates to expedite business New York may be expected to initiate with aerolunc mail delivery to skyscraper offices.—Washington Post.