

A HORSE IN BATTLE

HOW HE FEELS WHEN IN THE MIDST OF A FIERCE ONSLAUGHT.

Writer of Horse Stories Describes the Experiences of an Arab Charger in the Ranks of Stuart's Cavalry—The Gallop to Battle.

Probably no one will ever know just how a horse feels when going into battle. There is no way of finding out. So it is likely that no one will dispute the correctness of the description which Sewell Ford gives in "Horses Nine," published by Scribners.

The horse in question is Pasha, a half blood Arab hunter that has been pressed into service in Stuart's Black Horse Cavalry. The story runs: Early the next morning Pasha was awakened by the distant growl of heavy guns. By daylight he was on the move, thousands of other horses with him.

Nearer and nearer they rode to the place where the guns were growling. Sometimes they were on roads, sometimes they crossed fields, and again they plunged into the woods where the low branches struck one's eyes and scratched one's flanks. At last they broke clear of the trees to come suddenly upon such a scene as Pasha has never before witnessed.

Far across the open field he could see troop on troop of horses coming toward him. They seemed to be pouring over the crest of a low hill, as if driven on by some unseen force behind. Instantly Pasha heard, rising from the throats of thousands of riders on either side and behind him, that fierce, wild yell which he had come to know meant the approach of trouble. High and shrill and menacing it rang as it was taken up and repeated by those in the rear. Next the bugles began to sound, and in quick obedience the horses formed in line just on the edge of the woods, a line which stretched and stretched on either flank until one could hardly see where it ended.

From the distant line came no answering cry, but Pasha could hear the bugles blowing, and he could see the fronts massing. Then came the order to charge at a gallop. This set Pasha to tugging eagerly at the bit, but for what reason he did not know. He knew only that he was part of a great and solid line of men and horses sweeping furiously across a field toward that other line which he had seen pouring over the hill crest.

He could scarcely see at all now. The thousands of hoofs had raised a cloud of dust that not only enveloped the on rushing line, but rolled before it. Nor could Pasha hear anything save the thunderous thud of many feet. Even the shrieking of the shells was drowned. But for the restraining bit Pasha would have leaped forward and cleared the line. Never had he been so stirred. The inherited memory of countless desert raids made by his Arab ancestors was doing its work. For what seemed a long time this continued, and then in the midst of the blind and frenzied race there loomed out of the thick air, as if it had appeared by magic, the opposing line.

Pasha caught a glimpse of something which seemed like a moving wall of tossing heads and of foam whitened necks and shoulders. Here and there gleamed red, distended nostrils and straining eyes. Bending above was another wall—a wall of dusty blue coats, of grim faces and of dust powdered hats. Bristling above all was a threatening crest of waving blades. What would happen when the lines met? Almost before the query was thought there came the answer. With an earth jarring crash they came together. The lines wavered back from the shock of impact, and then the whole struggle appeared to Pasha to center about him. Of course this was not so. But it was a fact that the most conspicuous figure in either line had been that of the cream white charger in the very center of the Black Horse regiment.

Jules Ferry's Escape From the Mob. Jules Ferry had a narrow escape from violence at the hands of the Paris commune, to whom he was especially odious. He eluded their pursuit through a church, letting himself down in a basket out of a rear window while the mob was forcing the outer door. The basket fell to the ground with a thud and gave its occupant a severe shaking up.

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WITH A FALSE ARM

By William H. Osborne

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A man with but one arm stood leaning against the showcase. The other arm, the false one, rested partly on the tray of diamonds. On the hand of that arm he wore a conventional glove of black. He was a well dressed man, with a smooth shaved face. He was examining some high priced stones.

With his other hand, the left one, he finally picked out a small diamond, probably the least expensive of the lot, and asked the clerk to wrap it up. At the same time he pulled from his trousers pocket a roll of bills at least three inches thick and with the left hand deftly counted out enough to pay for his purchase.

The clerk took the money and the purchased gem and then seized the tray to replace it in the case. As he did so he rapidly counted with his eye the remaining stones, as was his custom. There were two missing, in addition to the one he himself had taken from the tray. He glanced suspiciously at the other armed man.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said politely, but reaching as he did so for his revolver underneath the counter, "but there are two stones missing. I—have you taken them?" He made this inquiry with hesitation.

The one armed man looked the clerk squarely in the eye. "You are quite right to be careful," he said pleasantly, "but I did not take the stones. How many were there before?"

The clerk told him. "Come," returned the man; "we will count them together, then."

They did so. They found the tally right. There was none missing. The man was right and the clerk was wrong. He apologized profusely, but the one armed man took no offense whatever at the incident. He received his diamond and his change and spent several minutes chatting about diamond robberies and safeguards against them and then went his way.

"Quer thing happened then," called the clerk to another. "I came near telling that swell that he was a thief; thought that he took a couple of brilliants. I counted 'em wrong and told him that he must have 'em. He said he hadn't. Then I counted 'em over again and found 'em all right. And he wasn't mad about it either."

"Are you sure they're right now?" returned the other, an older man. "Let me see the tray."

The tray was produced. Before it reached the counter the old man seized the two largest diamonds it contained and held them to the light. "Done, by George!" he exclaimed. "These are made of glass; that's all." "Sneakers! Kelly, the crack plain clothes man at headquarters," called the case at once.

"I've heard of this fellow," he announced to the jewelry firm. "He's a new proposition and a slick one at that. I understand, and there have been a good many complaints about him. We haven't been able to make a touch as yet. I'll see what I can do, but I guess it's best for you to charge the thing up to profit and loss right now. Even if I overhaul the man it's ten to one I won't get the stones. I'll do my best, though, gentlemen."

That happened in Chicago. In January of the next year, on a cold, crisp day, two prosperous looking men stood almost side by side in a fashionable jewelry store.

One of them was dressed in furs and wore rich jewels. He was a showy man, with a red face. This was "Sneakers" Kelly of Chicago. The other man was a man of grave appearance. He wore a gray beard and his hair was tinged with white. By his appearance he was an aristocrat—probably the president of a bank. In his left hand he held a fur mitten—only one. His right was clothed in a light colored suede glove. He was buying diamonds.

after he had made known his identity, "hold out your hand."

The clerk did so. The detective held forth a long false arm and pulled a wire that protruded from its upper end. As he did so from a recess in the artificial palm there were released three gems, among the largest in the house. They were genuine. The clerk on examination of the tray found that three spurious stones had been substituted in their place.

Kelly and the clerk examined the arm. It was made largely of wood, but with a hollow iron chamber below the elbow and a hollow hand. A series of wires ran from the hand all the way through the arm. These wires evidently were controlled by the other hand or the feet, and it was these that had snapped when Kelly clung to the artificial member on the carriage step.

On pulling one of these wires Kelly found that a slot in the hand opened and closed, thus scooping up whatever lay beneath it. On pulling another he found that it would release one, two or more spurious gems in place of the purloined genuine stones. Of these spurious gems they found a dozen or so, but no more genuine stones were found. Evidently the thief secreted each stone immediately.

It was the most complete contrivance that Kelly had ever seen for any kind of thievery.

But Kelly was sore—sore in mind and body. He vowed an unholy vow in most unholy language that he would have that one armed man's scalp inside of a month at the outside. He was not satisfied with the man's arm. He wanted more. Kelly was one of those people who are never satisfied.

Two weeks later in a large jewelry house in a down east metropolis an old lady in a Quaker bonnet stood and adjusted her spectacles and examined some diamond earrings. She was plainly but richly dressed. Her real name was "Sneakers" Kelly.

Contrasting with this aged woman and within a foot or so of her there stood a tall young man with a black mustache. There was a ruddy, healthy color upon his face. He said with some embarrassment that he was buying an engagement ring. He bent over a tray containing an assortment. The old lady was so close to him that she almost touched him.

Suddenly she gripped him by the arm and yelled to the clerk. "This man's a thief!" she cried in shrill tones. "Close the doors!"

The clerk hastily drew back the tray of rings. Several other men ran up. Somebody closed the doors.

Then they inspected the tray of diamonds. Sure enough, two rings were missing. None, however, had been substituted in their stead.

The young man uttered not a word. He only looked surprised. He had made no resistance and no outcry.

The old woman, however, was excited. She pushed back her bonnet from her face. "He's got 'em!" she exclaimed. "He's got 'em in his arm. It's hollow. Make him take it off. They're in there, I tell you, and you'll find 'em."

The young man smiled, but protested feebly. "Gentlemen," he began, "true it is my misfortune to have but one arm, and true that I wear a false one, but I did not take your stones. I assure you."

The old woman violently shook her head. "You make him take off that arm!" she commanded. "It's the greatest thing you ever saw. It's hollow, and it's got your diamonds in it. Make him take it off."

The young man looked around upon the faces; then he smiled again. "Here," he replied; "there's but one way to prove my innocence."

He removed his coat, rolled up his sleeve, unbuckled a strap or two and pulled off the arm. They gathered round and examined it, especially the old lady.

It was not hollow—not by a long shot. It was an ordinary false arm, made of solid cork.

When they were satisfied that it was nothing else, the young man replaced it and donned his coat again. "Gentlemen," he continued, looking hard at the old woman, "I am no man's accuser or no woman's either, but these stones were missed when both of us—the old lady and myself—stood at this counter. There is a bare possibility," he continued, with a grin, "a bare possibility that she has the stones herself. And if I am not mistaken I saw her put something in that bag. You might examine it if you will."

The bag in question was one which hung at the old lady's side. They examined it, and they found—oh, nothing much, save the two missing diamond rings; that's all. "Now, gentlemen," added the young man, "unless I am again mistaken the old lady is not what she seems to be. Let us investigate once more." He reached over and deftly pulled from her head the Quaker hat and an old gray wig. There stood revealed the grizzled countenance of "Sneakers" Kelly, the detective.

Dark Hair

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for a great many years, and although I am past eighty years of age, yet I have not a gray hair in my head." Geo. Yellott, Towson, Md.

We mean all that rich, dark color your hair used to have. If it's gray now, no matter; for Ayer's Hair Vigor always restores color to gray hair. Sometimes it makes the hair grow very heavy and long; and it stops falling of the hair, too.

It costs a dollar. All druggists.

Experts with the Whip. One Man Could Crack Off a Snake's Head at Twenty Feet.

That crabbled old German, Schopenhauer, who said the crack of a whip was like a drink from the bad place, would have found but little to complain of if he had postponed his passing for awhile," said a thoughtful man, "for the whip is getting to be an awful scarce article in this age. I suppose the whip will finally pass out of existence altogether unless it is put to a new use. Of course the small riding whip, the kind which jockeys use in urging the horses they ride, will be used as long as horsethief is used. But the kind of whip the old German had in mind was of a larger, longer and older type, the kind the ox driver uses even now in some of the more remote sections of the world. Whips of this kind generally swing easily on the end of a long handle. Frequently the handle is eight or ten feet long and is made of hickory or some wood that is supple enough to bend in the green state. The whip itself, which is generally four and six plait rawhide, is from ten to fifteen feet in length, with a sea grass cracker on the end tightly twisted and knotted at spaces an inch apart. It is this article that makes the noise of which the old German pessimist complained, and a whip of this kind in the hands of an expert can be popped until it sounds like the crack of doom. In a quiet forest where timber men carry on their work this noise is even fiercer than it is in the cities.

Teamsters in the cities still use the old whip to some extent, but it is gradually going out, and the sharp crack of the sea grass is rarely heard.

Speaking of whips, I am reminded of the marvelous accuracy some men in the Eskimo have reached a higher standard of proficiency in this respect than any other class of men. I have seen boys of this race pop a silver half dime at a distance of twenty feet every time they swung a whip. They can simply hit anything they want to hit as long as it is within reach of the whip. But here in the south I have seen ox cart drivers crack off a snake's head at a distance of twenty feet, and they could do it whenever it pleased them to do it.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Poser. An inspector of schools on one occasion told a class that they were the dull set of boys he had ever met. A few days later he received through the post an effusion addressed "To the Examiner What Goes to School."

It was a long letter, in which the writer complained of the gentleman's smartness and wound up as follows: "If we're the dull set of boys you ever met, why do you set such posers? Why don't you give us a chance? You ax us questions as men couldn't answer. Any fule can ax questions. I'll ax you one or feyther's. 'If it takes three hundred and forty-five and a half yards of white codderoy (coduroy) to mek a hefeant a black waistcoat, how long would it tek a lame black beetle to crawl through a barrel of treankin?' There, answer that!"

Easy Pill

Easy to take and easy to act is that famous little pill DeWitt's Little Early Risers. This is due to the fact that they tonic the liver instead of purging it. They never gripe nor sicken, not even the most delicate lady, and yet they are so certain in results that no one who uses them is disappointed. They cure torpid liver, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, headache, malaria and ward off pneumonia and fevers.

Dr. R. M. Dorsey, Specialist on diseases of the EYE and EAR

SHOT IN JAPAN.

The Floors Are the Counters and Squatting Places of Buyers.

To start a Japanese shop is the simplest thing in the world. You take the front of your house and arrange your worldly possessions on the floor.

Real Japanese shops have no doors or windows or counters. Shop windows in England do not leave much wall in the frontage, but even an English shop window does not take the whole front of the house.

There are many Chinese shops in twenty ports. The Chinaman is cheaper and more reliable than the Japanese. European shopkeepers do not set up in Japan for philanthropic reasons. Japanese shopkeepers are the lowest class of population except the outcasts. Servants and laborers take precedence of them in society, and precedence is the hobby of the Japanese.

Catarrh of the Stomach. When the stomach is overloaded, when food is taken into it that fails to digest, it decays and inflames the mucous membrane, expelling the nerves and causes the glands to secrete mucus, instead of the natural juices of digestion.

Men who fear nothing else shrink from a joke upon themselves. Soldiers who do not flinch before opposing guns dread to be made ridiculous. Was to the national hero who makes one trifling mistake which may subject him to clever caricature. His meritorious career is henceforth shadowed by one colored illustration. A comic paper will tip the scales of justice, snatch the victor's prize from his extended palm and rob the orator of choicest words.

THE JOKE AS A POWER.

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Cures Eczema, Itching Humors. Especially for old, chronic cases take Borelic Blood Balm. It gives a healthy blood supply to the affected parts, heals all the sores, eruptions, scabs, scales; stops the awful itching and burning of eczema, swellings, suppurating, watery sores, etc. Druggists, \$1. Sample free and prepaid by writing Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga. Describe trouble and free medical advice sent in sealed letter.

Real Doctoring.

Doc Judson had never taken so much as a single course in medical study, but he was in greater demand than the regular practitioner of Crowleyville, who had a degree and a framed "diploma" in his office.

Sarcasms. A young author, evidently desirous of benefiting by the experience of an older brother craftsman, once asked Richard Henry Stoddard how he had acquired such a mastery of Anglo-Saxon.

Scenting a New Scheme. Mr. Tucker—What is it, Tommy? Toothache? Well, we'll go to the dentist tomorrow. Even at your age a boy ought to begin to save his teeth.

The Proper Way In. "You say Grace married into the smart set?" "Gracious, no; she was divorced into it."—Baltimore Herald.

THE CITY OF COLOR.

NEW YORK A PICTURE OF PLEASING CONTRASTS IN HUES.

The American Metropolis in This Respect Surpasses All the Great Monotone Tinted Capitals of the Occidental World.

New York has been written about from almost every possible point of view—architectural, commercial, political and social. Yet so far as we know it has never been properly appreciated for the one thing in which it surpasses all the other great capitals of the occidental world, and that is for its color. Those of us who live here all our lives or who absent ourselves for only brief and inconsiderable periods of time never know how extraordinary is the environment in which we have been placed. It is only the stranger with an artistic sense or the native who has been long away who gets the full effect of this city of ours in its unique prismatic floridity of hue such as vixens find no other city of its kind.

If you will think for a moment and visualize from memory the great cities of Europe as a colorist would see them you will be struck by the fact that each one is a monotone. London has the dull, dingy, smoky hue of its own November fogs, and as you pass along its miles and miles of streets, a welter of unvariegated facades and homely chimney pots, your impression will be more and more that London is one great smudge, hideous and unrelieved beneath a sky of watery paleness which merely accentuates a little more the dingy hue of everything beneath it.

Paris equally represents a monotone, a delicate gray that is neat and clean and that adds to the symmetry and harmoniousness of the whole effect, but that is seldom diversified by warmer tones. Berlin is a monotone in buff, and Rome, like Paris, for the most part, a monotone in gray.

One thinks at first of Naples as a city brilliant with the hues of the south, but a little reflection will show that it is not the city itself which can be rightly so regarded, but rather the setting of the city as one perceives it from the ship on which he enters the glorious bay or from the Capo di Posilipo. The intense blue of the sky, the emerald of the surrounding hills, the sparkle on the waters that lap its crescent shore, the huge dun slope of Vesuvius, with its golden smoke, and Capri in the distance swimming in a golden mist—these things afford an unforgettable dream of perfect coloring. But Naples itself! The place is as commonplace and dirty and depressing as Constantinople, which also from a distance cheats you into thinking it a colorist's paradise.

It is New York alone which, after delighting the eye with the beauty of its harbor, embraced by the long slopes of billowy green, fascinates the eye by the brilliancy and diversity of its color scheme. The sky is as blue as that which is arched above the Mediterranean. Its sunshine is as bright, and it is sifted down upon the hills, but the sky and the light merely intensify the vividness of the color contrasts which are visible at every turn. Here is no convention, no conformity, no desire for harmonious effect. The snowy whiteness of marble and the clean gray of granite are everywhere intermingled with the cheerful buff or the warm, rich reds of brick. Patches of green appear at the end of every vista.

The enormous display windows of the shops are a riot of blues and yellows and pale rose and heliotrope and scarlet. Gilding catches and reflects the sunlight at every turn. Flags and streamers and multicolored awnings add to the effect, so that every street is a veritable spectrum. Throughout the whole length and breadth of the island city color abounds in flecks and splashes. It is just a bit barbaric, possibly, but it is also wonderful and striking.

To the sober dullness of Madrid or Rome or London it is what the Pompeian wall paintings are to the quiet canvases of Harpignies—not art, but instinct nevertheless with a sensuousness and a glow that stir one strangely. If you are a native of New York perhaps you never noticed this. Yet all the same it is set before you every day, and if you will only think of it the next time you go out of doors you will perceive it as a revelation and will know that whatever else New York may be it is, at any rate, a color city, and as such it is one that has no rival.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

There is a maxim of unfailing truth that nobody ever pries into another man's concerns but with a design to do him mischief.—South.