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YORKVILLE, S. C., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1897.

There was the print of cavalry boots.

CHAPTER X.

IN SUSPENSE.

side, and to the post a cavalry horse

unwillingly detained. In evident im-

tachment on its straight line for the

ridge, and here, only a little distance

out, were the hoof prints of a troop horse

both coming and going. Even more in-

terested now, the captain went some

The prints settled that But what struck

Captain Charlton as strange was that

the other tracks, those which were made

were still to be found far out toward

the northeast. It was evident, then.

that the rider had not turned back from

the command until it had marched

some distance from the Niobrara; that

he had not gone back to the bank where

they had been in camp, as would have

been the case had he lost or left some-

thing behind, but had come here to this

abandoned hovel southeast of the trail.

thing the captain did not fail to note-

Late as it was when he reached the

his young lieutenant up and anxiously

awaiting him. When the horses had all

"Did you give any man permission to

"No, sir," answered Blunt in some

Immediately after reveille on Sunday

morning, a good hour before the sun

for duty, and 50 active steeds were

tethered there at the picket rope, nip-

ping at each other's noses or nibbling at

speak to one after another of his pets.

Always particularly careful of his

horses. Captain Charlton on this bright

sunshiny morning was noting especially

the condition of their feet. Every one

of those 200 hoofs was keenly scruti-

nized as he passed along the line. But

there was nothing unusual in this. He

reshod within the last few hours, ser-

geant," he said to Graham as he

stopped at the end of the line.
"Yes, sir, I looked them all over yes

terday morning. Every shoe is snug

and ready now in case we have to go

out. Seven horses were reshod yester-

day, and over 20 had the old shoes

Grooming over, each trooper vaulted on to the bare back of his horse and

rode in orderly column down to the

running stream, and still Charlton

stood there, silently watching his men

Blunt was bustling about his duties,

every now and then looking over at his

soldiery captain. Something told him

that the troop commander had made a

discovery or two that had set him to

thinking. He was even more silent

At 7 o'clock, after a refreshing dip

tacked on.

"You seem to have had a number

never let a week go by without it.

surprise. "No one asked, and every man

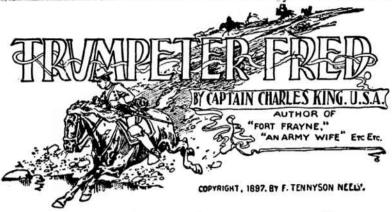
question asked by the captain was:

that horse had cast a shoe.

Friday morning?"

here some little time.

NO. 82.



CHAPTER VIIL LOYAL FRIENDS.

It was on Friday morning at daybreak that the desertion of Trumpeter Waller was reported to Lieutenant Blunt. It was Friday night that the telegrams were sent to Laramie and that Charlton's letter left by stage. It incredulity and disgust. was Saturday afternoon just before parade that the mail was distributed at said to Captain Cross. "And we are Fort Sanders, and that very evening, losing valuable time We must start at before Major Edwards had received and once. had time to read his letter from the west, the sergeant had started on his long and fatiguing journey All night long in sleepless misery he sat in a corner of the caboose, occasionally rising and tramping unsteadily to and fro. At Cheyenne a delay of half an hour occurred, and he left the train and paced restlessly up and down the platform under the freight sheds. He dared not go down to the lighted offices and the crowded passenger station just below him. It seemed as though every one knew of Fred's story by this time. He could see the gleam of forage cap ornaments and the glint of army buttons among the people at the depot and knew there were several officers and soldiers there. Never before had he known what it was to shrink from facing any man on earth, but tonight, though he almost starved for further news from his boy, he could not bring himself to meet them and ask.

Along toward morning, at Pine Bluffs, a herdsman got aboard, and what he had to say was of startling interest. Hitherto the Indian war parties had kept well to the north of the Platte, "But." said he, "ever since Friday the Sidney road has been swarming with them, both sides of the river, and they are killing everything white they can lay their hands on. "

"My God!" thought Waller. "And Fred must be in the very midst of them! Better so," he added, "if indeed he can be guilty." The herder had evidently been sorely frightened by all he heard, and he was hurrying to Sidney to join a party of cattlemen who were camping there. He had been drinking, too, and took more and more as the night wore on and became maudlin in his talk. It was 9 o'clock on Sunday morning when if guilty But if he is taken he will be the tongue, were busily crunching their distance out across the prairie, and still first thing that old Waller saw was a see that you have every proper opportu- horse, too, buried his nose deep in the following to overtake the troop, the team and an army driver. Two infantry soldiers, with their rifles and girt with cartridge belts, were standing close at hand. Two officers were stowing their rifles inside the wagon, and an orderly was strapping the tarpaulin over the light luggage in the "boot." One of the officers the sergeant knew instantly, an aid-de-camp of the commanding general. The other was older in years and bore on his cap the insignia of the staff. The younger officer saw him before he could step into the office, and Sergeant Waller knew it-knew, too, with the quickness of thought, that he had heard of Fred's disappearance and presumable crime. He could have shrunk from meeting his superiors in the shadow of this bitter sorrow and disgrace. Even while he could not accept the belief that his boy was actually a deserter and a thief, he knew full well what other men must think. But Captain Cross was a cavalryman himself and had known old Waller for years He dropped his rifle, came straight forward and took him by the hand.

"Sergeaut, I don't believe it of your boy I've known his father too long, was all he said as he pressed the veteran's hand. Poor old Waller, worn with anguish, long vigil and utter lack of food of any kind, was now so weak that he could only, with the utmost difficulty, choke back the sobs that shook his frame. Speak he dare not. He would have broken down. Cross led him to the lunchroom at the station and made him swallow a cup of coffee, then gently questioned him as to what he knew.

"We go at once to Red Cloud—Colonel Gaines and I-and maybe on the road I shall hear something of him. Sergeant, rest assured your son shall have fair play," said the aid-de-camp as he was about to turn away.

"But, captain-I beg pardon, sir," broke in Waller hurriedly in almost the first words he had spoken. "Where is your escort? Surely you won't take this route without one?'

"There isn't a trooper at Sidney, sergeant. We have a couple of infantrymen in the wagon and another on a mule. That's the best we can do, and we've got no time to spare. We must be at Red Cloud tomorrow, and this is the shortest line."

"But, sir, haven't you heard? The Sioux are out in force and all along the road, both above and below the Platte. There's a herder on the train who told us. He got aboard at Pine Bluffs this morning.

"I can hardly believe that," answered Cross. "Captain Forrest with the Grays is scouting south of Red Cloud Captain Wallace was ordered to watch the fords along the Platte on this line. Captain Charlton is out, or at least the whole troop has been, and there are three more. Surely Major Edwards would as he stepped forward to meet him, know over at the barracks if the Indians were anywhere between us and the bearer of bad news. river-we'll get an escort from Captain Wallace the other side—but he has not heard a word."

"But I beg the captain to hear what the man says, sir," urged Sergeant Waller "He's been drinking, but he tells the same story practically that he told us when he got aboard. Let me find

And find him he did, even more mandlin and thick tongued by this time, and evidently determined to make the most of his dramatic story for tha benefit of the two officers and swarm of interested lookers on He only succeeded in inspiring the colonel with mingled

"I don't believe a word of it," he

An hour later this peaceful Sabbath morning the sergeant stood, cap in hand, before Major Edwards on the pretty children were playing with a his ears and tormenting him in various ways. A pleasant faced lady came forth, sunshade and prayer book in hand, and at sight of her the little ones reluctantly rose and bade goodby to their four footed friend, and the party started slowly away across the green parade to the post chapel, nodding and smiling to the spruce orderly, who stood respectfully aside to let them pass Mrs. Edwards glanced quickly and sympathetically into the sergeant's sad face as he stood there before her husband's easy chair She knew well what it all meant, but there was nothing for her to say Small parties of infantry officers and of ladies and children joined them on the way to the humble wooden sanctuary; the soft notes of the bugle were sounding church call; a warm, gentle breeze from the southern plains stirred the folds of the big flag; the sunshine was joyous and brilliant, and all spoke of peace, order and contentment. Yet there stood Waller with almost bursting heart, and yonder, only a few miles across the grassy ridge to the north, rode that little party of officers and men to almost certain death.

reading the letter placed in his hands. "I have no words to tell you of my sympathy and sorrow, sergeant. Of matter. The sheriff has been notified, and two of his deputies already have gone out to search. He would hardly be what might be going on at the rear. mad enough to come anywhere near us they reached Sidney station, and the held here under my charge, and I will liberal measure of oats. Each cavalry he found them. Leaving the hut and strong concord wagon, with a four mule nity of visiting him. The adjutant tells shimmering pile his rider had carefully horse had instantly taken the gallop. me you had heard something of the In-

The major looked up as he finished

was it?" "A man who boarded our train at the Bluffs, sir. He claimed to have had to ride hard for his life yesterday afternoon, and that there were scores of the Sioux this side of the river. I took him to Colonel Gaines and Captain Cross, sir, but the man had been drinking so



"I don't believe a word of it," he said to Captain Cross. much that they distrusted him entirely. They left the station before I started

for the barracks, sir " The major sat thoughtfully gazing out across the parade a moment, then

answered: "We have had no rumors of anything of the kind, and they would be almost sure to come this way to us if any one heard of such stories There are no settlers along the road after leaving the springs out here until you reach the Platte. I can hardly believe it, but we'll see what can be got from the man when he sobers up. Now the sergeant major will go with you to the quarters,

and I will see you later in the day." But later in the day that promise was forgotten in an excitement of far

> CHAPTER IX. LURKING FOES.

Church was over. The bugler had just sounded mess call, and the soldiers in their neut "undress" uniform were just going in to dinner, when a man on a "cow pony"-one of those wiry, active little steeds so much in use around the cattle herd-came full speed into hates a house on general principles, and the garrison and threw himself from the suddle at Mujor Edwards' gate. It was the telegraph operator at the rail-way station. In his hands were two brown envelopes, and Major Edwards, saw in his face the telltale look of a

"I've no idea whose horse that is, major. There were a half dozen of 'em in front of a saloon there in town, and I jumped on the first I saw These have just come-one from Laramie, one from Omaha. I dropped everything at the

office to fetch them to you." Edwards tore open first one and then the other. The first read:

report large war parties along the Platte road. Four teamsters killed, scalped and mutilated three miles south of river Bodies found. Warn back everybody attempting to go that way." The second was from the office of the

department commander himself: 'Indians in force south of Platte, on

Sidney road. If Colonel Gaines and Captain Cross have started, send couriers at once to recall them. The major's face was dark with dis-

"They have been gone nearly four hours," he exclaimed. "Even if I had swift riders ready, who could catch them

in time?" "I've been a trooper all my life, sir," came sudden answer "Give me a horse

and carbine and let me go." The major might have known 'twas Sergeant Waller

True to his word and arranging with the officers of the court martial to return in case his further testimony was required, Captain Charlton set forth at daybreak on Saturday, intending to push straight through to Red Cloud as fast as mules could drag or horses bear him. To the Niobrara crossing the road was hard and smooth when once they cleared veranda of his pleasant quarters. Two the sandy wastes of the Platte bottom. He had a capital team, a light ambubig, shaggy, lazy staghound, pulling lance and a little squad of seasoned troopers to go with him as escort. It was a drive of nearly 90 miles, but he proposed resting his animals an hour at the Niobrara, another hour at sunset, feeding and watering carefully each to waste time now. time, and so keeping on to the old agency until he reached his troop late at night

No danger was to be apprehended until the party got beyond the Rawhide and not very much until they were the north side stopped and studied with across the Niobrara, but Charlton and an interest he had not felt before. A his half dozen troopers had been over stout post was still standing on that each inch of the ground time and again, and very little did they dread the Sioux. had been tethered within two days and After midday the little party had stood there long enough to paw and balted close beside the spot where trample the gravel all around it. Charl-Blunt's detachment had made their ton was cavalryman enough to read in bivouac so short a time before. Here every sign that the steed had been most were the ashes of their cook fires and the countless hoof prints of the horses. Here, too, was the trail in double file, leading away northward across the prairie, a short cut to the Red Cloud road. Charlton followed it with his keen eyes and noted with a smile how

straight a line its young leader must have made for the 'dip' in the grassy ridge a mile away, through which ran the hard, beaten track. Blunt prided himself on these little points of soldiership, as the captain well remembered, and when charged with guiding at the course you know my plain duty in the head of a column was pretty sure to fix his eyes on some distant landmark and steer for that, with little regard for

The ambulance mules, tethered about poured for him upon the dry side of the dians being south of the Platte. What saddle blanket. The men were contentedly eating their hard tack and bacon and drinking their coffee from huge tin by the same horse in coming to the hut, cups with the relish of old frontiersmen. One trooper, a few yards away out on the prairie, kept vigilant watch. Pondering deeply over the strange and unaccountable charge that had been laid at his young trumpeter's door, the captain was slowly pacing down the bank, puffing away at the brier root pipe that was the constant companion of his scouting days. Suddenly he heard the sentry call, and, turning, saw him pointing to the ground at his feet. "What is it, Horton?" he asked, go-

ing over toward him. "Pony tracks, sir. The Indians have been nosing around here since our men

left. There were the prints of some half a dozen little, unshod hoofs dotting the sandy hollows in the low ground near the stream and easily traceable among the clumps of buffalo grass beyond. Charlton could see where they had gathered in one spot, as though their riders were then in consultation, and then scattered once more along the bank. Two hundred yards away stood the lonely log cabin, all that was left of what had been the ranch, and following the trail the captain presently found himself nearing it. Two tracks seemed to lead straight thither, and before he reached it were joined by several more. Close to the abandoned hut the ground was worn smooth and hard, yet in the hollows were accumulations of dust blown from the roadway up the stream. Around here the pony tracks were thick, and just within the gaping doorway were footprints in the dust, some of spurred boot heels and broad soles, one still more recent of Sioux moccasins. Through the solid log walls two small square windows had been cut and narrow slits for rifles, in the days when the occupants had frequent occasion to defend their prairie castle. The opening to the subterranean "keep" was yawning under the eastern wall, its wooden cover having long since been broken up for fuel. Charlton stood for a moment within the blackened and dusty doorway and glanced curiously around him.

Except for the new footprints it looked very much as it did when he had first taken occasion to inspect the interior, earlier in the summer. There was nothing left that any one could carry away, and he wondered why the Indians should have troubled themselves to dismount and prowl about. An Indian make something by it. Those recent and noting the condition of their steeds. boot prints, nearly effaced by the moocasins, were doubtless those of some of Blunt's party.

Curiosity had prompted some timekilling trooper to stroll out here and take a look at the place. The sunshine streaming in at the open doorway made | than usual. a brilliant oblong square upon the earthen floor and lighted up the grimy in a pool under the willows close at of prairie upland, all buttes, ridges, interior. The steps cut down to the hand, the two officers were seated on ravines, coulees, but not a living soul dark "dugout" were crumbling away, their camp stools and breakfasting at is anwyhere in sight. Far as his pracand it was impossible to see more than the lid of the mess chest. Over among a few feet into the passage leading to the brown buildings of the post, half a broad lowlands of the Platte not a sign the underground fortress, where as a mile away, the bugles were sounding of a living, moving object can Colonel final resort in an Indian siege the little mess call, and the infantry people were Gaines detect. Turning around, he

Couriers in front of Captain Wallace garrison could take refuge. A lantern waking up to the duties of the day. trains his glass upon the tortuous road or a candle would show the way, but Down the valley, still farther to the and some across, raiding the Sidney Charlton had neither. Taking out his east, the smoke was curling from the tiny fires among the Indian tepees, and match case, however, he bent down, struck a light and peered in. Somebody scores of ponies were grazing out along the slopes, watched by little urchins in had done the same thing within the last day or two, for there were the stub ends picturesque but dirty tatters. All was very still and peaceful. Even the hulkof two matches just like his in the dust ing squaws and old men loafing about at the bottom of the steps, and there, the agency storehouses were silent and too-yes, he lighted another match and patiently waiting for the coming of the lerk with his keys of office.

One or two young braves rode by the camp, shrouded in their dark blue blankets and apparently careless of any change in the condition of affairs, yet never failing to note that there were 50 horses and soldiers ready for duty there Their breakfast finished, Charlton

said that he must go at once to the office of the post commander over in the garrison, and that he might be detained ome hours. "It will be well to keep the men here, Blunt, for we may be needed any moment.''

And yet as he was riding away with his orderly Charlton stopped to listen to what Sergeant Graham had to say.

"Sergeant Dawson and Private Donovan wanted particularly to go over to the post for a few hours this morning. and so did some of the others, but I told them that the captain's orders were we should all stay at camp; we were almost sure to be wanted. They were all studied it carefully-there was the print of cavalry boots going in and coming out again. Whoever was his satisfied, sir, but Dawson and Donovan, who made quite a point of it, and I said predecessor, he had more curiosity than the captain. Charlton had seen prairie I would carry their request to the cap-"dugout" forts before and did not care tain." And to Blunt's surprise, as well as that of Sergeant Graham, the captain coolly nodded.

"Very well. They've both been doing hard work of late. Tell them to keep Returning to the open sunshine, he their ears open for 'boots and saddles;' made the circuit of the house, and on otherwise they may stay until noon. After dinner perhaps I will give others a chance to turn."

Fifteen minutes later Captain Charlton was in consultation with the post commander, and after guard mounting they returned to the colonel's house, where a tall infantry soldier, the provost sergeant, was awaiting him.

CHAPTER XI.

patience he had twisted twice and again HEMMED IN BY SAVAGE FOES. around that stubborn, bullet scarred Back at the cavalry camp there was stump, and the troop commander could no little subdued chat and wonderment almost see him, pawing vigorously, tugging at his "halter shank," and among the troopers. Lounging in the shade of the trees along the stream and plunging about his hated but relentless puffing away at their pipes, playing jailer, and neighing loudly in hopes of cards, as soldiers will, and poking fun calling back his departing friends. at one another in rough, good natured Charlton felt sure that as the troop rode ways, the men were yet full of the one away some one of the men had remained absorbing theme-Fred Waller's most unaccountable disappearance and the A hundred yards across the prairie loss of so much of their hard earned was the "double file" trail of the de-

"I would have bet any amount," said Corporal Wright, "that when the old man"—the captain is always the "old man" to his troops—"got back he would ride over Sergeant Dawson roughshod for letting Waller slip away on his guard, but I listened to him this mornheap better after it was over. He said the captain never blamed him at all."

Noon came. So did an orderly telling Mr. Blunt that the captain wished to see him over at the telegraph office and to order the horses fed at once. Fortyeight big portions of oats were poured from the sacks forthwith. Dawson and Donovan were not yet back.

"Leave theirs out," said Sergeant Graham. "They'll be back presently. This means business again and no mis take. Where's the trouble now, I won-Now, what did that mean? One other Shall we look and see? Far to the

south, far beyond the bold bluffs of the White river, far beyond the swift waters of the Niobrara-"L'Eau Qui camp on White river that night-after Court" of the old French trapper-far midnight, as it proved-Charlton found across the swirling flood of the North Platte, and dotting the northward slopes, swarms of naked, brilliantly been cared for and the two officers were painted red warriors in their long, trailalone near their tents, almost the first ing war bonnets of eagles' feathers are darting about on nimble ponies or, crouching prone along the ridges, are ride back after you left the Niobrara eagerly watching a dust cloud coming northward on the Sidney road. Behind them, between them and the Platte, are the weltering mutilated bodies of was in his place when we made our first half a dozen herders and teamsters and the smoking ruins of their big freight wagons. Like the tiger's taste of blood, the savage triumph in the death of was high enough to peep over the tall their hapless foes has tempted them white crags to the east of the little far beyond their accustomed limits. camp, the two officers were out at the Knowing the cavalry to be scouting line, superintending the grooming of only north of the Platte, they have the horses. Fifty men were now present made a wide detour and swooped around to this danger haunted road, eagerly watching for the coming of other white men, who, like the last, should be igthe rope itself and pricking up their porant of their presence and too few in ears as the captain stopped to pat or to

number to cope with such a foe. Here along the ridge north of the little branch of the Platte half a hundred young warriors crouch and wait. Farther back, equally vigilant, other bands are hiding among the brakes and ravines near the river, while their scouts keep vigilant watch for the coming of cavalry. Forrest's grays and Wallace's sorrels cannot be more than a day's ride away, and will be hurrying for the road the moment they know that the Indians have slipped around them. Wallace, up the Platte, has already

It is 3 o'clock this hot, still Sunday afternoon, and they have been six hours out from Sidney, driving swiftly and steadily northward, when, as they reach the summit of a high ridge and stop to breathe their panting team, Colonel Gaines takes a long look through his fieldglass. Just in front is the shallow valley of the little stream now called the Pumpkinseed, though pumpkins were unheard of features in the landscape of 15 years ago.

Off to their right front, several miles way, lie the low, broad bottom lands of the Platte; across the Pumpkinseed, mile distant, another ridge like the one on which they halted, only not so high; to the westward a tumbling sea ticed eye can sweep the horizon and the

they had been following, and along



which the dust is slowly settling in their wake. Something seems to attract his gaze, for he holds the binocle steadily toward the south. Naturally Captain Cross and the two soldiers follow with their eyes. The third infantryman has dismounted and is readjusting the girths of his saddle.

"What is it?" asks Cross.

"I can't make out," is the reply. 'Something is kicking up a dust there, some miles behind us-a horseman, I should say, though I've seen nobody. Wait a few minutes. He's down in a swale now, whoever it is." Everybody turns to look and listen.

Those were days when such a thing as single horseman following in pursuit first, we do not desire a law to reform had a meaning that is lacking now. Three, four minutes they wait in silence. Then the colonel suddenly ex-

"I have him-a mere dot yet!" Presently he lowers his glasses and

dusts the lenses with his handkerchief. His face is graver. "Whoever that is, he is riding for all he is worth," he says. "I half believe he wants to catch us."

Another long look, utter silence in the party. A mule in the wheel team gives an impatient shake of his entire system, and chains, tugs and swing

bars all rattle noisily. 'Quiet there, you fool!" growls the driver angrily, and with a threatening sweep of his long whiplash. Then the silence becomes intense again, and every man strains his eyes over the prairie slopes shimmering in the heat of the July sun. Suddenly an exclamation bursts from two or three pairs of bearded lips. Far away, but in plain sight in that rare atmosphere, a speck of a horseman darts into view over a distant ridge, sweeps down the slope at full gallop and plunges out of sight again in a low

dip of the rolling surface. "No man rides like that unless there is mischief abroad," mutters Cross as he swings out of the wagon to the ground. "Give me my rifle, Murray."

Then, sudden as a thunderclap from summer sky, with wild, shrill clamor, with thunder of hoofs and sputter of rapid shots, with yell and taunt and ing, and he talked to him just like a hideous warrry, from the very ground Dutch uncle. I tell you, Dawson felt a itself, from behind every little ridge, prairie buttes, hurling upon them in mad, raging race, there flashes into sight of their startled eyes a horde of painted savages.

driver as he leaps from his box. "Hang on to your mules!" shouts Oross. "Down with you, men! Fire

slow. They'll veer when they get in closer. Now!" Bang! goes Cross' piece. Bang! bang!

go the rifles of the nearest soldiers. The mules plunge wildly and are tangled in an instant in the traces. Over goes the wagon with a crash. Bang! goes Gaines' big Springfield as he coolly spreads himself on the ground. An Indian pony stumbles and hurls his rider on the turf, and Cross gives an exultant cheer. Yet all the same he knows full well that now it is life or death. The little party is hemmed in by a host of savage foes.

TO BE CONTINUED.

AN INFANTILE DRUNKARD .- Dr. Ernest S. Lewis tells the New Orleans Times-Democrat the following story of youthful depravity and impertinence: "During my last trip to Europe I sat at a table near a French lady and her little boy, a seven-yearold youngster, who drank a glass of claret at each meal. Two or three of it is required daily. If one lives in days out the lady failed to appear at dinner, but the youngster came to the table and drank wine with a zest corked, in an ice chest, and in addition worthy of a man. He first drank a glass of claret, then three glasses of white wine, and then another glass of claret. I marveled at the youngster not showing any sign of intoxication whatever, but after his fifth glass of mixed wines I thought it time to interfere, both on general principle and out of consideration for his absent mother. did not know just what to say, but finally spoke pleasantly to him in French, saying: 'Don't you think you are drinking a good deal of wine for one of your years, my boy?' I got my answer quickly. It was: 'Don't you think you ought to mind your own business, sir?' I decided on the spot that I might as well, and did."

which is highly favorable to that dis-dent of the Mississippi Agricultural inguished weed. It is the purest of and Mechenical college.-Montgomery all vegetable substances when placed Advertiser. under a microscope. There is an entire absence of micro-organisms of every description. While almost all there are about 2,000 women pracelse in nature, even some of the acids, ticing medicine on the continent or are alive with animated substances- North America, of whom 120 are pacteria, animalculæ, microbes or homœopathists. The majority are orfungi of some kind-tobacco is entire- dinary practitioners; but among the y free of everything of the kind. It remainder are 70 hospital physicians presents nothing to the microscope but or surgeons, 95 professors in the ts fibers and texture-its organic schools, 610 specialists for diseases of structure. Nor does this condition women, 70 alienists, 65 orthopedists, appear to change. All through the 40 oculists and aurists, and finally different processes of its manufacture, 30 electro-therapeutists. In Canada after being removed from the stalk, it there is but one medical school exclupresents the same appearance. The sively devoted to the training of medmicrobe appears to shun tobacco, problical ladies; but in the United States, ably because of its destructive qual- in 1893, there were 10, one of them ities to the lower organisms.

Miscellaneous Reading.

IN REPLY TO "W. S. G."

A Correspondent Defends the No Drinking on the Premises, Etc.

Editor Yorkville Enquirer: I regret very much that I feel that t devolves upon me to take issue with W. S. G." on that most important issue of the dispensary. Knowing, as do, the tirade of abuse that is used upon this just, and, I believe, most beneficial law, and that feature after feature finds its opponent, I ask "W. S. G." to call a halt.

From the inception of the law, the gates of hell have been thrown open to defeat it and make it unpopular. We have witnessed with much sorrow the judicial ermine of the state trailing in the dust of injunction. But the saddest of all blows comes when "W. S. G." would tear down the most important and beneficial feature of the law; that of not allowing whisky opened on the premises. First, let me say, the dispensary is not here to reform hogs and old sots that even the fire of hell would not purify. No; but it is here to take away the temptation from the youth who is not so low. Save from the depths of degredation the young of our land, and the next generation will be a sober, Christian loving people. As I said at the the habitual drunkard. No, the soon-er they drink their foolselves to death, the better off we will be.

Has "W. S. G." tasted of the fire? Has he been wrapped in the arms of "social drinks?" Has he ever just stepped in the bar for fun and met friends, and when the hour for departing came, had to leave on the arms of a friend?

I can say the old, grizzled, gray, sworn-in sot is going to have his drink, yea though it cost life itself; but let the law be made as obnoxious to the young as possible, that they will form no attachment for the vile stuff.

May God in Heaven pity those poor women who are wedded to the profane drunkard. The state should furnish them all with a barrel of "fuss X" and free funeral.

My position is simply this; let us have a dispensary law honestly administered, where all can purchase. No whisky to be opened on premises. Because then "social" drinking is encouraged. Because there is no place to assemble. Because in it you cannot get mixed drinks. Let "W. S. G." think of these things, and instead of abuse, try and uphold the law and try and have it amended.

WATER FOR ONE.

According to Professor Allen we should drink from one-third to twofifths as many ounces as we weigh pounds. Therefore, for a man weighing 168 pounds there would be requirup from the ravines, down from the ed 56 to 64 ounces daily, or from one and one-half to four pints. This is a very indefinite answer. The amount of water required, says The Journal of Hygiene, depends on the year, the "The Sioux! The Sioux!" yells the amount of work done, and the kind of food eaten. In hot weather we require more than in cold, because of the greater loss through the skin, though this is in part made up by the lesser amount passed away through the kidneys. If a man labors very hard, he requires more than if his labor is light. A man working in a foundry, where the temperature is high and the perspiration profuse, not infrequently drinks three or four gallons daily. If the food is stimulating and salty, more

> Vegetarians and those who use much fruit require less water than those who eat salt fish and pork, and often get along on none except what is in their food. In most cases our instincts tell us how much water to drink far better than any hard or fixed rule. For ages they have been acquiring a knowledge of how much to drink and transmitting that knowledge to descendants, and if we follow them we shall not go far out of the way.

water is required than if it is bland.

It is of more use to us to know that pure water is essential, and that impure water is one of the most dangerous drinks, than to know how much a region where water is bad, it should be boiled and put away in bottles well one should eat all the fruit one can, if fruit agrees. Fruits contain not only pure water, but salts which are needed to carry on healthfully the functions of life.

SOUTHERN TALENT .- Southern talent is making itself felt everywhere in this country. Woodrow Wilson, a native of Augusta, Ga., and comparatively a young man, is professor of jurisprudence at Princeton university and has already achieved not only national but European reputation. Professor Blewett Lee, who, it is said, has declined a professorship at Harvard, with a salary of \$7,000 a year, because he prefers to remain in Chicago, where he can prosecute his legal business and at No MICROBES IN TOBACCO.—There the same time retain his connection one thing about tobacco that has with the University Law school, is a lways surprised microscopists, and son of General Stephen D. Lee, presi-

> According to recent statistics, being a homeopathic establishment.