AN ARMY WIFE

By Capt. Charles King, U. S. A.

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CHAPTER XVI.

Late that anxious night one battalion of the Riflers returned to Sedgwick, Hayne's company one of the four, and very grave he looked when told of the events of the past forty-eight hours. Acting on the report of Captain Grafton that Apache sign had been found in the foothills north of Jose's, Buxton had ordered another troop to march to reinforce him, and this troop Hayne obtained permission to accompany. It marched at dawn, so he had barely three hours in which to prepare. Mr. Parry, wearied with his journeying and many cares, had been escorted to Merriam's vacated quarters by Whittaker some little time before midnight, and there he was made welcome by Hop Ling and given the room abandoned by the master of the house so short a time before. Many people, between anxiety as to the fate of their beloved Florence and their eagerness to receive the Riflers on their return, sat up until 2 o'clock; but Parry, though filled with anxiety as keen, was well aware that nothing was to be gained by his spending a wakeful night and listening to all manner of theory as to the cause of the fair fugitive's sudden deflection from the road to the ranch. Hayne, therefore, did not meet nor see him, but, as soon as it was light, rode forth ahead of the troop, meaning to go first to Jose's, see his wife and Dr. Gould, and then strike out northward, confident of meeting the second troop somewhere in the open country that there spread miles before him.

Buxton had sent a party on the trail of Merriam within an hour of his dash and with orders to bring him back to the post, but they had not been heard from since their start, "and," said Whittaker, "they're not likely to be. Those fellows barely ride one mile to Randy's two It's my belief he will just pull up at Jose's and then go straight on to the foothills, as probably she did."

But Randy was having a ride the like of which was not recorded in the annals of Fort Sedgwick, since the days when, long before the war, the First Dragoons and the Navajos battled for the mastership of the Santa Clara. Ignorant as yet of the report of the Apaches in the foothills of the Mescalero, his one theory was that she had gone to Jose's, intending from there to push on to the cantonment. The thought of her daring so long and so hard a ride at a time when she should be guarded with the utmost care was in itself a source of dire distress to him, and he could hardly have speeded faster and with grimmer determination to defy all pain or weariness had he dreamed of the deadly perils that lurked about her path. Of the fact that Valdez and his few followers had eventually fled northward and across the road to the Catamount he had heard nothing. Through Hop Ling's chatter he had gathered that Grafton and his men were gone in search of Florence and that Mrs. Hayne and Dr. Gould were at Jose's. He dare not stop to make inquiries at the garrison. He was under medical care—therefore under doctor's orders, and on complaint of the acting surgeon it would be perfectly competent for Buxton to place him in close arrest. His one idea, therefore, was to put as much ground as possible between the post and himself. He knew he could get another horse at Jose's, so Brown Dick was never spared an instant. At 3 o'clock, galloping free, the gallant horse was stretching away northwestward over the low, rolling earth waves that seemed to spread to the very lap of the Mescalero, spanning the horizon toward the setting sun. Far behind him the scattered ranches and the sparse green foliage of the Santa Clara. Far away on either hand the lumpy, sandy barren, dotted everywhere with little dull-hued tufts of coarse herbage or stunted sage. Ahead of him the tortuous, twisting, dusty trail, dented with scores of hoof-prints, the tracks of Grafton's troop on its way to the rescue. By this time Randy was burning with thirst, but the water in his canteen was warm and nauseating. He raised the felt-covered flask to his lips from time to time and rinsed his mouth and moistened his parching throat, but that did not allay the craving. He had still thirty miles to go before he could reach Jose's and exchange Brown Dick for a broncho and have Dr. Gould renew the dressing of his wounded arm. He knew that Florence had failed to appear there, but he knew her pluck and spirit, and believed he knew the reason—that there might be sojourners there either from the Catamount or from the post who would seek to turn her back or hold her there; and he knew that in her overwrought, half maddened state she was starving for her mother's petting and her father's arms. He knew her so well that any attempt to dissuade her now would result, he felt assured, only in frantic outburst and more determined effort to push ahead.

Then he had another and even better reason for thinking he could quickly find Mignon's trail, although it might be miles to the north of Jose's. On their return from their latest visit to the Catamount they were having a glorious run with the hounds one lovely November morning, and the jack-rabbits led them far out to the north of the road among the buttes and bowlders that clustered about the course of a little stream, barely a yard wide anywhere, that rippled out from among the foothills only to be lost in the sands of the desert to the east. One vigorous old rabbit, close followed by the hounds, had tacked suddenly and darted up this narrow valley, and Floy and Mignon, all excitement, darted after him, while Randy, guiding Brown Dick behind, watched with fond, proud eyes his young wife's graceful, fearless riding. Far up toward the head of the brook poor jack had been tossed in air by the pointed muzzle of his closest pursuer and then pounced upon by the panting hounds, and Randy found that they were in a little amphitheater among the buttes—found the little spring in which the streamlet had its birth, and there they dismounted and unsaddled and let the horses roll; and here they took luncheon, and had a happy, loving hour, all alone with the horses and hounds in this little world of their own; and Floy had named the spot—a fond, foolish little caprice, perhaps, and vowed that it was to be her refuge by-and-by. "This is where I am coming to build my lonely cloister one of these days, when you grow weary of me, sir," she had laughingly said. And now, as he plied spurs to Dick's heaving sides, Randy wondered, wondered whether it might not be that she had made that wide detour around Jose's purposely to find and revisit that romantic little nook and there pour out her grief to the solitude of the silent foot-hills.

At 5 o'clock Brown Dick was black with sweat and dust and streaked with foam, but still pressed gamely on, and Randy, with white, set face, in which deep lines of pain and weariness were graving, gazed fixedly ahead with burning, fevered eyes, conscious that strength was failing him and praying for the first sight of those dun adobe walls of Jose's sheltering ranch.

Just at 7 o'clock in the early winter's evening the denizens of Jose's heard the thud of horse's hoofs at the gate and the hail of a feeble voice. Jose's wife at that moment was in half-tearful talk with Mrs. Hayne, who from dawn till dark had been on watch—hoping against hope for tidings of Florence, and who now, wearied with long vigil and well-nigh worn out with anxiety, was lying down in search of sleep. Gould, veteran soldier and surgeon that he was, could no longer bear the suspense and inaction at the ranch. He had borrowed one of Jose's horses, and, with a half-breed Mexican for guide had ridden away at dawn, hoping to strike Grafton's trail and follow him into the mountains, whither he was supposed to have ridden in pursuit of the Apaches. Gould was a skeptic. He said he didn't believe a dozen Apaches were off their reservation. He didn't believe half a dozen had ventured over the New Mexican line, and if any had he was willing to bet a month's pay they were not hostile. This was comforting to Mrs. Hayne, but Jose's people were not so easily cured of their conviction. By the time the rumor reached the ranch, brought in by stampeded herdsmen, no one of whom had seen an Indian but each of whom could tell tremendous tales of their doings in the valley, it was declared that at least fifty of Victorio's old band were raiding the Santa Clara and might be expected to assault Jose's at any moment. The corral was filled, therefore, with scraggy cow ponies and swarthy men, and the sight of an officer, one-armed, pallid, exhausted, reeling earthward from an equally exhausted steed, was all that was necessary to complete the panic. Over half the Mexicans present made a mad rush for the subterranean refuge known as the "dug-out," and but for a couple of troopers who had put into Jose's with lamed and useless horses Randy would have gone headlong to the ground. They caught him just in time and bore him inside the ranch, where the sight of his death-like face drove Jose almost frantic. But the troopers knew what to do for their officer and speedily brought him round, and when he asked for Dr. Gould they told him of his going, and Randy's next demand was for coffee and a fresh horse.

And while he was sipping the coffee and resting on a bunk in the main room, Mrs. Hayne came hastening in with outstretched hands and eyes still dim with weeping. She was shocked at his haggard appearance. She could only press his hand in silent sympathy and struggle hard to beat back the tears that would have flowed afresh. "You will stay here with us now until Dr. Gould returns," she said. "I look for him any moment."

"I? No, indeed. I go on at once, as soon as they can saddle a fresh horse for me. She must be more than half way to the cantonment by this time, if Mignon hasn't given out."

And then Mrs. Hayne sobbed aloud. "Oh, Randy, Randy! Haven't you heard? Floy never regained the road at all. The mail carrier from Catamount got in an hour ago and saw nothing whatever of her."

"Then I know where to find her," said Randy promptly. "A lovely spot we visited together hardly a month ago, and I could find it easily after moonrise."

But Mrs. Hayne only sobbed the more. How could she tell him? Yet it had to be.

"God grant it," she cried. "God grant it! But, oh, my friend, we've had a dreadful fright! Captain Grafton's men struck an Apache trail yesterday, and they are following it as fast as they can go at this moment."

And with that announcement vanished all thought of further rest for him. Bidding the two troopers saddle anything on four legs that could carry them, he sprang forth into the still and radiant night and was astride his mongrel mount in a twinkling. In vain Mrs. Hayne came out and pleaded with him; Merriam would listen to nothing—nothing but tidings of Florence. It was barely 8 o'clock when, fully armed, the little party rode swiftly away under the northward stars, following an old trail that led to the upper foothills of the Mescalero. They were not half an hour gone when a sergeant and two men rode in from the West, inquiring for Dr. Gould and Mrs. Hayne. They were three of Grafton's men sent back from the chase to say they were hot on the trail. There were five Apaches afoot and one shod horse—so the traces told infallibly. Florence, then, was probably bound a prisoner on that horse, and Grafton would recapture her or lose every horse and man in the attempt.

And if that night was one of dread and dejection at the ranch, what must it have been to Merriam, reeling and well-nigh exhausted, yet riding grimly, desperately forward through the long hours, searching vainly, vainly under the wan moonlight, even along into the pallid dawn, for that little cleft in the foothills Floy had named "Mon Abri." Faint and shimmering the daybeams came at last, and then, and not until then, Murdock, a faithful trooper, now riding by his lieutenant's side and supporting him with his arm, turned to his comrade, who, dismounted, was striving with the aid of a match or two to study some hoofprints they had found in the soft surface. "Jimmy," he whispered, "there's something moving along that ridge yonder—coming this way. What is it?"

And though soft the whisper, it caught poor Randy's drowsy ear, and he strove to straighten up in the saddle. "What? Where?" he faintly asked.

"Yonder, sir, not half a mile away. It's some of our fellows, or I'm a duffer. Yell to 'em, Jimmy."

And obedient to the word Jimmy yelled. Over the rolling surface the soldier's voice went ringing through the dawn, and echo sent it clattering back from the buttes and bowlders to the west. "This way, you fellers—this way!" he cried, and then, mounting, clapped spurs to his pony and sputtered away down the intervening swale.

Ten minutes later Randy Merriam was lying on the ground in a swoon, and George Grafton, with grave, sad face, well-nigh as haggard as the lieutenant's, was bending over him and striving to force some brandy down his throat. Following "for all they were worth" the Apache trail, they had overhauled the supposed marauders not twenty miles back in the foothills—a pacific hunting party, provided with the agency pass and safeguard, and culpable only in that they had come too far and had picked up on the plains an American horse, abandoned at sight of them by some Mexicans, who galloped far away, and that American horse, minus saddle and bridle, was Floy's pretty bay mare, Mignon.

Then where in heaven's name was she?

It was some minutes before Merriam revived. Then he strove to stagger to his feet, but fell helplessly back. It was nearly broad daylight, but the sun was still below the distant Guadaloupe. Gathering his feeble energies, Randy strove to describe the little cove and to implore Grafton to bear him thither, and was interrupted by an eager sergeant, who said: "We passed just such a brook, sir, not a mile back. Shall I take half a dozen men and follow it up?"

"Yes, at once," said Grafton, "and I'll go, too. Stay here, Randy." Indeed, the caution was not needed, for Merriam was past moving now, poor fellow, and his head sank helplessly back upon the soldier's supporting arm. And then they rode away, Grafton and a half dozen of his men, with Mignon, leg-weary and reluctant, trailing behind. And meantime the troop dismounted and set about making coffee, while one orderly rode back on the trail to summon Dr. Gould, jogging wearily a mile behind. And presently the doctor came and knelt by Randy's side and scolded through his set teeth, even while he skillfully stripped away the hunting shirt and so reached the shattered arm.

Then came the glorious sunshine streaming over the Guadaloupe and gilding the westward Mescalero, and then far out among the buttes, one—two—three, at regular intervals, the ringing, echoing signals of the cavalry carbine; and rough-garbed troopers sprang to their feet and shouted loud, and clapped ball cartride into the brown bellies of their guns, and fired unlicensed salvos into the air, and danced and swung their hats, and drew coarse flannel shirt sleeves across their blinking eyes—all at Sergeant Hogan's jubilant cry, "My God, boys, they've found her!"

Found her they had, indeed, curled up like a child, wrapped in her own pet Navajo blanket, sleeping the sleep of utter exhaustion, and waking only to burst into tears of relief and joy at sight of Grafton's radiant, yet haggard, face; then roused to instant action by the tidings he bore and gently, but reproachfully, told her—that, though sorely wounded and well-nigh exhausted, it was Randy who guided the rescuers to her, and who now lay prostrate and unconscious barely a mile away. Then she could hardly wait for them to saddle Mignon—could hardly urge her laboring favorite fast enough to match her mad impatience. It was a sight to move a heart of flint to see her as, with streaming eyes and convulsive sobs, she threw herself from her saddle, and, reckless of them all, knelt and gathered Randy's unconscious head to her bosom, cooing over him, crying over him, praying over him, begging for one word of love and pardon, then showering tears and kisses on his pallid lips. There was no crime of which the poor child did not accuse herself, for on their hurried way Grafton gravely told her of Randy's utter innocence and of his own culpability. Not until the radiant sun was nearly an hour high did their patient seem to respond to stimulant or caress; but at last, to her wild joy, he opened his eyes a little moment, looked up in her face, whispered, "Florence—sweetheart," and then seemed to drop away into resistless slumber.

"A pretty time we had," said Gould, "getting that pair of spoons back to Jose's!" It was an all-day job, between waiting for the ambulance and then finding an easy road for it. But there at Jose's were "the spoons" condemned to stay four days and nights, at least, while the rest of Sedgwick's scouting parties drifted back to the post, and there presumably Florence made her peace with her lover lord, and wept gallons of salt tears as she told him how wicked—wicked—wicked she had been, and how penitent she was and how severely punished, though never so severely as she deserved. She would listen to no condoning words of Mrs. Hayne. She flung herself into her father's arms when, white-faced and ten years aged, he reached her at the ranch, and told him what a fiend she had been and what an angel Randy—a statement the captain could not entirely indorse, for he went back to the cantonment at the end of the week confident still that there must have been something in Randy's conduct to undermine the faith of such an unusual girl as his Brownie. But he did not say so—it would have done no good.

And her story was very simple. Nearing the ranch early in the first afternoon, she saw a party of horsemen riding in toward it, and in her half-crazed state she believed them troops from the post—Randy's men. So she turned square to the north and rode for the foothills. She had a little store of provisions and some wine in the large saddle-pouch, and only then discovered that her bag was gone. She could ride away round to the ranch, find "Mon Abri," and hide there during the night. She had her Navajo blanket. Mignon would have grass and water. What more could army girl ask in that warm and rainless region? Before sunset she had found the romantic little spot, unsaddled and picketed Mignon, and later moved her farther down stream for fresh grass, and then, wearied, she herself slept for hours; and when she awoke and would have pushed on to the cantonment, lo! Mignon was gone. Florence had heard no sound. She could not account for it. She could only sit and brood and think, and then, as the long, long day—the second day—drew to its close, pray heaven for Randy's coming. There, more surely than anywhere else, if he loved her, his love would lead him.

What days of jubilee there were at Sedgwick when at last Randy was convalescent enough to be moved, and the ambulance brought him back through the same old hole in the fence, Florence seated by his side. Another patient was out on the piazza farther down the row, taking the sweet fresh air and listening languidly to the purring of Minturn, who still worshipped at the shrine deserted by Whittaker. Undeniably sallow looked the Widow McLane, and her eyes gazed but languidly at the joyous little cortege entering the westward end of the road. Captain and Mrs. Grafton, the Haynes and other sympathizing friends had flocked thither to welcome the fugitives, and so it happened that there was no one at home but Mrs. McLane and a much perturbed young battery officer to greet two somewhat dusty civilians, who had just driven out from the Junction, and now slowly ascended the Graftons's steps. One—Mr. Parry—came jauntily forward. The other—a mutton-chop whiskered, plethoric-looking party—hung reverentially back, as though waiting permission to venture into the presence of a queen. With swift, anxious, imploring glance the invalid searched the impassive features of her exasperating brother-in-law and read no hope; but even from the depth of her despond sprang something of her old-time coquetry as she languidly lay back in the easy chair and extended a slender, bejeweled hand to the adoring Swinburne. The batteryman bowed stiffly and pulled at his mustache in recognition of this new arrival, and Ned Parry almost audibly chuckled his enjoyment of the situation. Then stable call sounded and drew the warrior away and left the field in the hands of the civilian, and then Parry decided he must "join the gang" at Merriam's; and there presently he was patting Randy on the back and showing symptoms of a desire to kiss Mrs. Randy's hand, as he did Mrs. Grafton's. Mrs. Grafton hurried out, declaring she must go and order more dinner, whereat Parry followed her to the gate and called a halt. She saw the twinkle in his eyes and stopped.

"You've brought her good news, I know," said she, with womanly eagerneses.

"More than that," said Parry, with a comical grin. "More than Fan deserves by a good deal—I've brought the fellow that brings her the news. Never mind dinner—give him ten minutes."

"Oh, how did you get at the truth?"

"I didn't—I couldn't. They were shy of me as though I'd been a Pinkerton. I knew Swinburne was sore-smitten. I knew he'd blow in his whole bank account if needs be. I told him the story and my suspicions and set him to work. He found the engineer and got the proofs. She owes her deliverance to him."

"Then it was as you thought—as you told Captain Grafton?"

"Certainly. Mrs. McLane No. 1 died two months after she got her $25,000, but the family couldn't afford to lose so fruitful a member. They had read and written each others' letters from childhood. Either surviving sister could write just as well as the youngest. They planned the game; they fooled McLane completely, and they as completely deceived poor young Jack, the only reputable connection they had. Fan's all right now, thanks to Swinburne. Let him be happy for ten minutes—she'll make him miserable the rest of his life. Let's go back and look at a picture of absolute bliss—Floy Merriam's face. Isn't she an ideal army wife?"

(THE END.)

HOLMES ON IMMORTALITY.

Remarkable Letter Bearing on the Autocrat's Faith in Future Life.

London Spectator.

The "Life" of Oliver Wendell Holmes contains a remarkable letter written in 1867 when he was fifty-eight years of age, on the natural phenomena of old age in their bearing on the faith of immortality. It is contained on p. 288-89 of the first volume. He remarks to the correspondent who had interrogated him on the subject, that sixty-seven years ago, so far as he knows, he was not at all. Since then, he says, his "consciousness has been evoked," and his "experiences have been accumulated." But he does not see that he has any more natural ground for claiming the past before he appeared here, except a feeling in his own breast, which is sometimes strong and sometimes weak, that so it "ought" to be—that there is a kind of demand in the heart for a complementary life in which the apparent injustice of this life shall be rectified and compensated. "I have seen," he says, "many consciousnesses put together like my own. They were at one time represented by the unconscious life of ova. By and by they got sense, intellect, will, conscience, experience. But I have seen many consciousnesses taken to pieces also; they lost the senses to a great extent; the intellect, and of course the conscience with the will, were enfeebled, almost lost; and the experiences of life so erased that the wife forgot the husband, the mother her children. The natural conclusion would be that this gradual decay ends in extinction. The question might well be asked, whether the individuality so nearly lost in this world, is likely to be restored by the destruction of the organism. I hope and trust that my feelings are right which tell me that this world demands a complement. If the evidence of the New Testament is a proof (and not merely a probability of a certain value variously estimated by different honest persons) there is no need of asking the question"—and then he goes on to suggest that the evidence of the New Testament is more or less injured by the association with it of the belief in the everlasting misery of "the bulk of mankind." So far as regards "the bulk of mankind" there is certainly no justification in the New Testament for any teaching of the sort, and what teaching there is, goes only to suggest that the misery which man brings on himself by an evil use of his will is certainly not easily remediable, and may be progressive in any future of which we can command the respect. But the neglected element in this calm and even judicial diagnosis of the case against immortality, as given us by Dr. Holmes, is that relation of the human mind to God which springs up during this transitory life on earth. If that be a real and not an imaginary relation, it is hardly possible to imagine that it can cease with the death of the body. As Christ says in the New Testament, "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living, for all live unto Him." And wherever this close relation to an essentially self-existing and enduring being has sprung up—and if it has sprung up in our race at all, it is reasonable to suppose that it will spring up one day in all its successors—the naturalistic inference suggested by the decay and death of the physical organism are overborne.

It is rather remarkable that so shrewd and in some respects so spiritual an eye as that of Dr. Wendell Holmes should not have been turned upon that relation between death and new life of which death, in the vegetable world at least, is always the first condition, and which is so emphatically insisted on both by Christ and by St. Paul. When Christ was within a few days of His death He called the attention of His disciples to the great law of the physical universe that the decay of the outward body is the first indication of an immense multiplication of the growth. "Except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit." And St. Paul, in the great chapter which is always read to mourners by the grave, takes up and develops the same metaphor. "That which thou sowest is not quickened except to die. And that which thou sowest thou sowest not that body which shall be but bare grain, it may chance of wheat or of some other grain, but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased Him, and to every seed its own body." St. Paul argued from the phenomenon of vegetable death and life to the phenomenon of physiological death and life in the human body, urging that the spiritual body is developed on the death of the natural body just as the life of the oak is developed on the death of the acorn. Probably Dr. Holmes would have replied that he had spoken, not of bodily death, but of the apparent loss of mental, moral, and spiritual life in the process of decay, and that there is nothing to show that the loss of memory, the loss of imagination, the loss of will and the loss of conscience are conditions of a new growth of intellectual, moral and spiritual powers. And this is true if we leave out of account, as Dr. Holmes appears to have done, the relation of the soul to God—without a fuller and deeper sense of dependence on whom there is no reason to suppose that our life will take a new spring and shoot forth again in fuller strength. But is it not the real significance of that decay of mental and spiritual capacity and strength which so frequently marks the latest stage of life, that it does throw us back more completely on the will of God? Wordsworth felt this so keenly that he said "the wiser mind"—

"Mourns less for what age takes away
Than what it leaves behind."

He regarded the iron fetters of habit and convention which seldom drop away from the soul till death itself lays his hand upon it, as a greater burden upon the spirit than any loss of ardor and energy. And Cardinal Newman has taught us how much the spirit may gain by death itself of that profound sense of absolute dependence on God which stimulates a new growth of spiritual life:

"Jesu, Maria—I am near the death,
And Thou art calling me; I know it now.
Not by the token of this faltering breath,
This chill at heart, this dampness on my brow,
(Jesu, have mercy! Mary, pray for me!)
'Tis this new feeling, never felt before,
(Be with me, Lord, in my extremity!)
That I am going, that I am no more.
'Tis this strange innermost abandonment,
(Lover of souls! great God! I look to Thee),
This emptying out of each constituent
And natural force, by which I came to be.
Pray for me, O my friends; a visitage
Is knocking his dire summons at my door,
The like of which, to scarce me and to
daunt,
Has never, never come to me before;
'Tis death—O loving friends, your prayers!—
'tis he!

As though my very being had given way,
As though I was no more a substance now,
And could fall back on nought to be my
stay.
(Help, loving Lord! Thou my sole refuge,
Thou),
And turn no whither, but must needs decay,
And drop from out the universal frame
Into that shapeless, scopeless, blank abyss,
That utter nothingness, of which I came;
This is it that has come to pass in me;
Oh, horror! this it is, my dearest, this;
So pray for me, my friends, who have not
strength to pray."

Is not that a very true analysis of that which will turn out to be the "quickening" power of decay in relation not only to the body, but the mind and soul of man, whether that decay takes place gradually by a process of slow contraction of our vital powers, as Dr. Holmes represents it, or more suddenly in the last stage of illness, as Cardinal Newman describes it? In either case alike, the slow mastery of the faculties and affections which the experience of life had given us, when followed by that other experience that they were only lent and not absolutely given to us, which their gradual or sudden withdrawal impresses on us, is the acute experience which, as we have often found after severe illness, will really quicken them, if restored, into a more vivid and energetic growth.

Of course, we are also aware that a great part of the stimulating power of death in relation to the life that it fosters and multiplies, is that due to the influence which dying for a great cause exerts over those who are witnesses of this act of self-devotion, and who see in it the pledge of immortality, as expressed, for instance, in the old Christian saying that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church." We do not question the strong impulse which any noble death communicates to the lives of those who have been in close relation with the great sacrifice for an end which is held to be nobler and worthier than any lengthening out of earthly existence. Human nature cannot resist the impression that a cause for which men are quite willing to die, cannot be really lost to them even after death, otherwise the love of it would hardly induce them to desert forever both the pursuit and the very recognition of it. Death is in many very different ways the true test of the breadth and the intensity of life; and men generally feel that such evidence of the breadth and intensity of life as a willing death gives, cannot be the final extinguisher, which drowns the vital flame for ever. In truth, what a willing death for any great cause does show is the close tie between him who is willing so to die and the spiritual source of all life and being. If Dr. Holmes had felt very deeply that the chief end of existence is the final union of the soul with God, he would hardly have regarded the natural grave and anxious, not to say so dread, an anticipation.

A KITE WITH WINGS.

An Aerial Wonder Invented for Atmospherical Study.

San Francisco Call.

San Francisco has given a new kite to the world, and this and some other things make it possible that the pace for the kite-flyers of the world will be set out here for awhile. The new kite is the invention of Forecast Official W. H. Hammon. Kite flying is no longer to be regarded as a mere amusement for boys. It has become a science and an art, to which many learned scientists are now giving earnest attention. Kites are needed these days to explore the upper air in the study of its meteorology, to carry cameras on high, and for other possible uses that may be developed.

The man who started the present kite-flying movement is here. It was Assistant Forecast Official A. G. McAdie, of the local weather bureau, who first made an advance in Ben Franklin's experiment, and sent up kites arranged to exhibit the electrical conditions of the air. Mr. McAdie's useful work during the past four or five years while connected with the headquarters of the Weather Bureau at Washington is widely known. The Weather Bureau is now following up McAdie's work with a series of kite experiments at Washington.

When McAdie was transferred to this station, a few months ago, he brought with him his ambitious spirit of original research and went to rustling and flying kites as time and opportunity allowed.

Mr. Hammon, who has a lively interest in meteorological investigations himself, joined with his associates in the kite-flying experiments, and from that work Hammon's new kite has been evolved.

The modern scientific kite is of what is called the "cellular" type. It looks like a combination of boxes. The principle is that of superposing two or more planes, one above the other.

The idea was originated in 1866 by Winham. It was not until four or five years ago that the idea was worked out practically by Hargrave, a well-known Australian scientist, who has long been working at flying machines. Hargrave lifted a man into the air with a lot of his kites, Hargrave's kites were never made much use of, but when the Weather Bureau went to kite flying his kites were taken up. A Hargrave kite was tried a few months ago.

When Alexander McAdie was in Washington he had an assistant named S. A. Potter, and recently Potter has been cutting quite a figure in Uncle Sam's kite flying. He has improved Hargrave's kite by making a diamond-shaped kite which sets corner-wise in the wind, instead of horizontally, as did Hargrave's.

One of these winged kites achieved marvelous results. It presented sixteen square feet of surface and weighed 13¼ ounces. It flew with remarkable steadiness, and with 500 feet of string it rose to an angle of 70 degrees.

The Hammon kite presents both a convex and concave surface to the wind. It avoids the cross-sticks in the interior of the Potter kite, which offer wasteful resistance to the wind. Then in the Potter kite the edges of the cloth are free, and they vibrate in the wind as any sheet will do, and thus add much waste resistance. In Hammon's kite there is a stick along every edge of the covering.

But one of the most notable improvements is the manner of connecting kite and string. A rigid stick projects forward eighteen inches, and to this the string is attached. This acts as a bridle which holds the kite steady, and it brings the point of suspension farther in front of the center of resistance.

Another original peculiarity of the Hammon kite is that it changes shape somewhat in the wind through the framework being made of somewhat flexible sticks. This is a new idea, and it may become a great secret of the success of the scientifically constructed kites of the future. The stronger the wind the more will the shape become oval and the more will the wings bend backward, thus lessening the surface presented to the wind and decreasing the tension on the string. To a certain extent this kite adapts itself to the force of the wind.

But every one of Hammon's kites has broken away from him, and he hasn't a kite to his name just now. He will have some soon, and they will be improvements of his latest one.

BUFFALO JONES ON BUFFALOES.

He Says the Last Wild Bison Will Perish This Year.

Washington Post.

J. C. Jones, better known throughout the United States, Canada and Europe as "Buffalo Jones," is stopping at the Capitol Hotel for a few days. Being apprised of the fact, a reporter for the Post called upon him and gathered some very interesting facts. Mr. Jones, it will be remembered, undertook to preserve the last herd of buffalo that roamed the plains. They were on the staked plains of Texas, hundreds of miles from any white settlers, and to penetrate the desert and capture them required money, pluck and determination. The task was performed, but it took five years to accomplish it. Mr. Jones captured with his own hands and saved all together 120 buffalos. He has furnished these animals to most of the parks in the United States, Canada and Europe. He took sixteen to England four years ago, and two of them were reshipped to St. Petersburg to the Imperial Park. The report of the Smithsonian institution for 1889 gives an elaborate account of Mr. Jones's services in capturing and domesticating the buffalo. It gives him the credit of accomplishing the "most daring and wonderful feats ever heard or read of." The reporter asked Mr. Jones a few questions, the first being: "Can you give us a little story about the buffalo for the Post?"

Mr. Jones replied: "I don't tell stories about buffaloes; there are too many facts to spend time on stories."

"Well, facts are what we call stories," replied the reporter. "You have had lots of experience with buffalo, have you not?"

"Yes, sir; more than I should have had. Look here at my crooked finger. I got that by fooling with a buffalo bull, endeavoring to hitch him up for a drive. That was the bull that killed his keeper at Oxford, Neb. Everybody was afraid of him, and I bought him at the administrator's sale very cheap. I hitched him up all the same, and worked him until he became conquered and as docile as a native ox. I castrated him and lashed him to the side of a barn and put a heavy yoke on him. Then I brought out a monster buffalo that was my great favorite—and a noble fellow he was—hitched them together, forced bits in their mouths, with wire cable lines; attached each line to a windlass on each side of a seat on a cart, attached the cart to the yoke, loaded it down with stone, locked the wheels. Then I ordered my man to cut them loose. Well, such a ride as I got would put 'John Gilpin' in the background. I finally conquered, and Devilish Dick became a favorite work ox. To be sure, this sounds like a 'story,' but I have hundreds of photographs at home in all conceivable positions that artists paid dearly for the privilege of securing, and if anyone doubts it I can easily prove every word I say."

"Are there any more wild buffalo?"

Mr. Jones took a long breath, or sigh, and answered: "There are 'any,' and that is all. About fifty or seventy-five, as near as I can find out, yet remain in the Yellowstone National Park. This year will be recorded the fact that the last buffalo has perished. I was just talking with a gentleman from the national park last Saturday, and he says the buffaloes are virtually gone. That there were recently slaughtered in the park fourteen on one little plat of ground. The heads and hides are very valuable, and men take desperate chances to get a buffalo.

"I have urged the Interior Department for years to save the herd in the park, but it appears that the War Department has control of the funds for improving the park, and no appropriation is made for rescuing the remnants of the once mighty herd."

"What would you suggest should be done to preserve what buffalo remain in the park?"

"There is no use my suggesting anything; if I do people will think I am figuring for a job, and it will go unheeded. But if the government wants to preserve the buffalo I would be glad to coral them, whether there was any money in it for me or not. I would be glad to save them and divide the herd with the government, or coral them for the government for whatever my service is worth, and leave it to anybody who has authority to act in the premises. I have plenty to do, but if I can be the means of rescuing these animals I am always ready to lay aside everything else, no matter how urgent it is."

"Do you think that it is feasible to capture a herd of wild buffalo?"

"I have done it, and there is no better place than in the park to capture what are left. The great canyons are walled in for miles, so that all that is needed is a fence at each end sufficient to hold a buffalo. It would require skill and a knowledge of the habits of the buffalo to successfully drive them into these natural pastures, but it can and should be done."

"What have you done with your herd?"

"I sold them to different parties, the last fifty I sold to Charles Allard, in Montana. I also sold him a fine herd of about twenty-five catalo."

"What is a catalo?"

"A catalo is a cross between the buffalo and domestic cattle. I made quite a success of raising these animals, but it requires much experience to be successful in rearing them."

His First Grandson.

Boston Transcript.

Bismarck has lived to see his first grandson and the boy doubtless outshines in his grandpapa's estimation his sisters and his cousins.

WOES TO COME.

All the Planets Will Soon Be on the Other Side of the Sun.

Good Housekeeping.

Lieut. C. A. L. Totten, U. S. A., whose interpretations of the Bible prophecies have won him fame in the past, thinks that the end of the age is at hand, and that the St. Louis tornado, the political situation and other present conditions prove that he is right. In a statement of his views, which he has just issued, he says:

"It will not be denied that if a magnet revolves in a circular orbit about a central core that is in connection with a register, the register will indicate no variation during the revolution, while, if the revolution be eccentric, as, for instance, in an elliptical orbit, the register will inevitably indicate maxima and minima, as the outward magnet draws near to and away from the central core. Now, the earth is just such a magnet, revolving about the sun, which is another, and rotating about its own axis. Hence the needle points to the north, because of the thermo-electric action of the sun upon the whole magnet. As the earth's orbit is elliptical, it is a well-known scientific fact that we have periods of maxima and minima in electrical phenomena, during both the diurnal motion and the yearly revolution, as well as a secular rise and fall.

"So with all the planets. When they are at their nearest to the sun, or in perihelia, we have a maximum, and the reverse obtains at their aphelia. When two or more planets are in coincident relation the cosmic resultant is increased.

"Let it now be noticed that we (human beings) are the denizens of our own terrestrial magnet, its subjects, so to speak, and are bound to show forth the influence in our collective capacity. And not only we, but the atmosphere and the sea, aye, and the depths beneath, yea, and the physical currents in the human body and all that this implies must and will and do respond to the varying influences of the solar system, as a whole, and as expressed at the solar center, and then telegraphed outward to all of its elements.

"Now, I am advancing no new theory, but one founded on the works of no less authority than Noah Webster, whose disquisition upon storms, pestilences, their history and periodicity was considered important enough by our ancestors to be published at government expense about one hundred years ago. He was followed by Dr. Knapp, of Chicago, who, in 1882, propounded the perihelian theory, and anticipated all that is now going on in the solar system. So also Benner, famous among all stock brokers, financiers and grain merchants for his prophecies as to the cycles of trade, the rise and fall of prices, elaborated the idea from another standpoint, and a host of other specialists have treated it along the whole range of religion, politics, business, crime, insanity, life and mortality.

"Twice in the Christian era three of the greater planets exteror to the earth have been in coincident perihelia, in the sixth and sixteenth century. They were famous eras of plague, pestilence and perturbation among men, and now for the first time in the history of man all of the planets, exterior as well as interior, superior as well as inferior, are approaching a coincident period of ominous and I cannot but believe malific influence. It will culminate only at the very end of this century and may extend well over into the next. At that time all of the planets will be in line, conjunction, tugging together at the sun, while the earth, upon the opposite side of the sun, will be subjected to their united action. I speak in general terms and upon premises that have been broadly published in standard journals. From the physical standpoint alone this condition of affairs cannot but result in widespread disaster, expressed in all the terms that nature knows, cyclones, earthquakes, tidal waves, etc., and among men, such an unbalancing of the normal conditions as will try to their deepest foundations the institutions upon which the false system of modern society lives and moves and has its being.

"Already we can hear the mutter of the cosmic powers that are conspiring against us. I would have no difficulty of convincing a St. Louisan of this, who probably will be branded as a bald-headed fool by some Eastern paper, whose locality is reserved for parallel disaster in due time.

"The world is in confusion, and I cannot escape the firm conviction that it is to be worse confounded as the years roll on, and I also believe that man, who has wasted his resources and failed in his mission, is responsible, both individually and as nationally collected, for his institutions, and will be held responsible for their failure in the coming crisis."

The probable result of having all the planets on the other side of the sun tugging away is thus stated by Lieutenant Totten:

"I have never posed as a prophet, nor do I believe that the end of the world, or of the nation, is at hand; but I do believe that ended out, and that then the literal rule of the returned Messiah is to usher in an era in which the poor, the true, the good, the honest, the simple minded, will inherit the earth, and a new order of ages will be set up by Him in person, who is the desire of all the ages.

"Aside from the concert of history and chronology that testifies as to the approaching end of the age, is the principle of economy in the universe, which never puts off until to-morrow what can be done to-day. In other words, the entire energy of the system we inhabit conspires with prophecy as harmonized to history in offering such an opportunity at consummation as will not be repeated by the cycles for ages and ages, and it is toward this present situation that, upon whatsoever lines men have hypothecated their judgments in the past, all have agreed to unite. Hence I am with the concensus of all the past ages in my belief and believe it will be borne out and verified. In the international arena, agreeably to prophecy, I believe that the confusions now formulating will wind up at Jerusalem, and in winding up end the times of the Gentiles, after which that city will cease to be trodden under their feet and become the center of an ever-widening circumference of right rule and justice until the whole world is included."

INGALLS REMINISCENT.

Leaf from His Experiences in Kansas When It Was a Territory.

Kansas City Times.

Speaking of his experiences in Kansas in territorial days, ex-Senator Ingalls said recently:

"As all my diaries, journals, note-books and personal memoranda were destroyed when my house was burned a few years ago, I am unable to definitely fix the date of my first visit to Topeka. I remember the event distinctly, the appearance of the town, the route thither from Atchison and the comrades of that early time, but the day, the month, and the year I cannot now recall from time's dark backward and abyss. Doubtless the lost archives, could they be reconstructed from the embers and ashes and cinders of the conflagration, would be found to contain some record of an event important and interesting, but in their absence it must be left to surmise, conjecture and inference. My impression is that it was in the spring of 1861.

"I had followed the