

A DARING CHARGE.

GORDON HIGHLANDERS' BOLD RUSH ACROSS A DARK VALLEY.

The Most Thrilling Incident of the British War in India—Victoria Cross for the Piper Who Played "Cock of the North" Although Shot Through Both Legs.

Graphic details have just been received by mail of the receipt of Dargal ridge on the Afghan frontier by the Gordon Highlanders under the command of Sir William Lockhart, during which that regiment exhibited remarkable dash and courage.

General Biggs sent the 2d division to dislodge the tribesmen from the Dargal ridge. The position was a very strong one, the enemy occupying the summit of a precipitous hill. The top of this hill could be reached only by a single path, along which the attacking force, at first consisting of a Gurka regiment, the Derbyshire regiment and the Dorsetshire regiment, was obliged to climb in Indian file, while three batteries of artillery shelled the sanjars or breastwork entrenchments of the hill men.

Dargal ridge, from the direction of the assault, it is now more fully explained, presents a frontage of about a mile, the left end of which is sheer rock for 200 yards. In spite of the difficulty of the ascent, the movements of the British troops were fairly well covered, except in the case of the low dip or small valley, from 100 to 150 yards wide, about half way up the ridge. This dip was exposed to the direct fire from the summit of the cliffs.

As the Gurkas, supported by the Derbyshires and Dorsetshires, reached this fire zone, the top of the cliffs burst out into flame, for a thousand tribesmen had reserved the fire of their rifles until that moment. Though decimated, the little mountaineers (Gurkas) struggled across the dip and reached the shelter of a few rocks, where they lay down under cover for a moment or so in order to recover their breath. Then, led by their officers, they made a rush for the cover of the cliffside. But the others could not follow, and the enemy, with true military instinct, reserved their fire. Though the remainder of the Gurkas, the Derbyshires and the Dorsetshires appeared on the fringe of the dip, yet to step into the fire zone was to court death. But the Dorsetshires again tried to advance to the support of the Gurkas, and thirteen men struggled into the open space, only to drop before the far side valley was reached. Already the little dip was strewn with corpses, and so bloodthirsty were the enemy that a wounded man had but to move a limb to become the target for a dozen marksmen.

Many a man struggled to his knees or to his feet, only to be struck down again, and many sacrificed their own lives while trying to save their comrades. It was in reality "a passage of death."

Then reluctantly the senior officer heliographed down to the main body of the British troops that the passage could not be made.

At this juncture Gen. Kempster ordered the Gordon Highlanders to the front.

The time had arrived for desperate action, for it was then 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and the dead and wounded were lying thick on every side. Over 100 men had already fallen, and the enemy were shouting their defiance and waving their battle flags or standards and beating their drums, confident of the impregnability of their position and certain of their success.

But the Gordon Highlanders had yet to be reckoned with. Rapidly forming his men, and after his now historic speech, "Men of the Gordon Highlanders: Our general says that the position must be taken at all costs. The Gordon Highlanders will take it." Col. Mathias, the commander of the Highlanders dashed out at the head of his gallant regiment and in a moment they were across, carrying every one with them in their crush, storming the ridge with a resolution that was resistless and betiding down all opposition.

When Col. Mathias gave the order to advance he and his officers leaped into the open, and the pipers of the Highlanders followed, striking "Cock of the North," and with a shout the leading company of killed men was into the fire zone. A stream of lead swept over, through and past them bullets churning up the dust, which half hid the rushing bodies.

Piper Finlather, blowing his loudest and best, was among the first to show the way across that deadly strip of ground, and, when, after traversing but a few yards, he was laid low by a shot through both legs, he managed to prop himself up against a boulder, and continued, with unabated energy, to play "Cock of the North," animating his comrades by the familiar, stirring music of his beloved pipes.

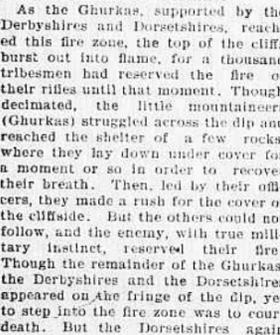
But the fire of the enemy was most deadly; the leading line melted away, and it seemed that the Gordon Highlanders would be annihilated. More men, however, sprang into the passage, and the leaders struggled across to the cover. There then was a lull, and, as one paper remarked, "one had time to see how cruel had been the slaughter."

Then with a second cheer the mixed troops, Highlanders, Dorsetshires, Gurkas, Derbyshires and Sikhs, streamed across, and the enemy, seeing the barrier had been swept away, left their loopholes and rock barricades



SIR WILLIAM LOCKHART.

A turf mound over 1,000 years old is the White Horse, of Uffington, England. It is on the almost perpendicular side of a hill, and lies like a patch of snow on the grass. It measures 255 feet from head to tail and 120 feet from ear to heel. The whole



THE WHITE HORSE OF UFFINGTON.

A design bears the stamp of barbaric crudeness, but resembles, however, a constantly recurring type on Gallic and British coins, which is a guaranty of its age. Tradition declares it was carved there in the first by the soldiers of Ethelred and Alfred after their great victory over the Danes. A white horse was the emblem of the Saxons. There are innumerable other white horses to be found throughout England all noted in history and gigantic in size. The eye of one is twenty-five feet in circumference.

Germany's Board of Gold. A dispatch from Berlin to the Chicago Tribune says that the three-locked vaults of the Spandau fortress were opened a few days ago for the annual examination by the Secretary of the Treasury to see that the \$90,000,000 in gold, which the Reichstag voted in 1871 as a fund for first expenses in the next great war, was all right. Baron von Thielmann selected a few bags at random, counted the gold in them, counted the number of bags and weighed the whole amount. Some dozens of workmen were occupied for several hours in the grotesque medieval function. The sum eats up \$3,000,000 interest yearly.

World's Birth Rate. Russia has about 49 births annually per thousand of the population; Hungary comes next, with 45; Saxony third, with 42; after these Italy and Austria, with 38; Prussia, with 37; Australia, with 35; England and Scotland, with 33; while the lowest in the scale comes Ireland, with 24.

Senator Frye of Maine wants Lake Moselookmeene drained off a few feet, so that he may catch trout with worms for bait.

Don't Snop When You Read. The habit of sleeping over when reading or writing has a bad effect on most eyes and should be avoided especially if one is near sighted. When people approach the age of 40 the morning paper is apt to appear blurred, and they complain the printing is getting bad. The trouble is they need glasses. If they do not get them, later on their eyes will deteriorate so rapidly they will be obliged to wear them all the time. On the other hand, if a person puts on glasses when the first warning of "fired eyes" is received he will never be obliged to wear them in the rest of his life except when using fine work.

Sterilizing Openings. In Copenhagen the dairy companies work on a large scale. At one place the milk is sterilized by passing through 800 feet of tubing heated to 85 degrees, and cooled down by ice at the end, so it is thoroughly sterilized. In another place where they handle 50,000 pints a day, every drop is filtered through sterilized gravel, and some of it is sterilized separately after that.

Fining a Dead Man. Among the persons summoned at the Highgate (London) Police Court for breach of the nuisance order was a man, who, on being called, did not appear. It was stated that he had since died. The Bench, however, imposed the usual fine of 10s. and costs.

and fled precipitately down the reverse slope, without waiting for the use of cold steel which was then nearly on the crest of the ridge.

Piper Finlather has been recommended for the Victoria Cross.

Captain Robinson of the Gurkas also acted with the greatest gallantry. After leading his men across the fire zone to the cover and finding the force there inefficient, he returned over the death trap alone, and was mortally wounded while leading the second rush of Gurkas to support the first body of that regiment.

For Shining Boots. A simple receipt for shining boots quickly is to rub them with a piece of orange; let the juice dry in, and then polish with a soft brush. For hunting boots a liquid is sold to restore the polish. For brown boots and shoes the following paste will be found useful: Take one pound of beeswax, melt it and add a quarter of a gallon of turpentine. Have ready mixed and boiling rather less than a gallon of pearl ash and a quarter of an ounce of a brown aniline dye. Then pour the wax and turpentine on top of the mixture and stir all well together until cold. A good blacking that will also preserve the leather is made by mixing four ounces of spermaceti oil, twelve ounces of molasses; add by degrees twelve ounces of ivory black, mixing it in smoothly and rubbing it well, to destroy any lumps. Dilute it gradually with a quart of the best white wine vinegar. If too thick, add more vinegar; stir it hard and let it stand in a jar three days, stirring frequently. Then bottle for use. If still too thick, even when warmed at the fire, dilute with a little more vinegar. In large establishments these receipts will be found very useful, but when the household is composed of a few persons it is as well to buy the ready-made compositions.

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AN ABDUCTED BRIDE.

TWO YEARS OF HORROR ENDURED IN A WILD WILDERNESS.

Rescued Accidentally by a Guide While Locating Game Preserves—Her Appearance Was Most Startling—Terrible Retribution Soon Overtakes the Abductor.

Jealous rage, caused by rejected love, possession gained unlawfully and violently, sufferings too horrible for calm contemplation due to the brutality of her fendish abductor and a retribution more terrible than any ever meted out by the savage Apaches to a captured enemy, are the elements which go to make up the pitiful story of Rosie Pelletier, the abducted bride of Elie Stirois, of Lambert Lake. Two years ago in the wild wilderness of Washington county woods passed before any trace of the missing woman was found. Then followed the swift retribution and the succeeding months of agony with the brute who caused all the woe, the groveling idiot who believes himself to be a hog. This is the story told by Joe Lacoot, the famed Pasmamaquoddy scout and trapper.

Rosie Pelletier two years ago was a joyous bride. She loved and was loved by Elie Stirois. She was also beloved by Peter Bubeer, a French-Canadian. Peter pressed his suit with ardor, but in vain. He swore to kill the girl and that none other should possess her. The ceremony took place in the morning. There was a dance in the evening. When the wedding party was at its height Peter Bubeer burst into the astonished assembly, fired his shotgun into the ceiling, shot the groom through the arm, and under cover of the confusion and smoke carried away the bride. Out into the dark night, into the wild woods he ran, preventing his victim from making any sound, although she could hear the frantic calls of husband and friends. From that moment to this none of those friends have ever laid eyes on her. For over a year the distracted husband sought her in the wilderness, but without avail.

Lacoot had been employed by some New York men to locate a game preserve for them. He started for the wilds of the north and on the second week struck Lake Syalodobis. He undertook to cut across to Lake Sapanica, so he took to the woods. As he was pushing along about 2 o'clock one afternoon he arrived at a small pond. As he broke out into a clearer space he suddenly espied what to his amusement proved to be large hogs. They were not like the fat, round domestic porker, but were rangy, gaunt and thin.

But among them as they grubbed and rooted in the undergrowth, moved an animal that started the old hunter. Lacoot crept nearer and saw it peering through the bushes. The remarkable animal was certainly a man—but such a man! The only semblance of clothing was a wadding of cloth that was spread over his back, evidently for protection in some slight degree against the sun and the rain. This man was on his hands and knees and was poking around in the soil after food as it seemed. Every few moments he would scoot out with his hands a string of the wild potato, or ground nuts, and then would sit back on his thighs and munch them down. Then he would again fall to digging and to elbowing the hogs that were inclined to crowd in where he was at work.

But there was another surprise. A quarter of a mile further on he came into a bit of a little shack. In the center of it was a little shack, built of birch bark and saplings and thatched deeply with spruce boughs. As Lacoot approached it a person rushed out, and with a shrill yell, evidently of terror, went running for the woods. The Indian, seeing the long hair floating behind, and perceiving that despite the ragged and almost undeprehensible attire that the garb once had been a woman's dress, decided that the fugitive was feminine. He hallooed for her to stop.

Then Lacoot entered into a parley with her and explained that he meditated no harm to any one, but was merely going through the woods on business. The woman surveyed him with increasing interest, and at last asked him who he was and where he came from.

"I'm Joe Lacoot, or Minisewah of 'Indian,' shouted the hunter, "and I live at Lambert Lake."

"Almost as soon as he had spoken the woman uttered another shrill cry, and started on the run toward the astonished Indian and cried between her sobs:

"Are you really and truly Joe Lacoot? Are you Joe Lacoot of Lambert Lake? Don't you know me?"

Lacoot looked at the miserable woman, at her ragged and soiled face, brown with exposure, and at her figure, bony and scrawny. In this poor, half-starved creature, he could recognize no one he had ever seen before.

"Don't you know me at all?" she cried again. "Why, I'm Rosie Pelletier; I'm really Rosie Pelletier."

Lacoot could scarcely believe the evidence of his ears and his eyes. "Rosie Stirois?" he repeated.

"Don't call me that," she added.

"Elie won't ever want to see me again. He won't ever want to call me his wife."

After some soothing and persuasion she grew calmer and brokenly told her story.

"Did you see anything when you were coming through the woods?" she asked, shuddering.

"I saw some hogs and—and"—a great light breaking in on him—"I saw why, Rosie, it can't be."

"That's him," she broke in, "that thing is Peter Bubeer and I took God has sent in on me. But, why has God punished me so?" and again the poor woman fell to weeping.

"Yes, Joe, that's Peter Bubeer," she went on, "and he's been like that more than a year and a half. I tried and tried to get away from here. I'm a wicked woman for making him that way, but I couldn't help it—I struck him with an ax, and he's been like that. It has been terrible, Joe, and now it is that I'm alive I don't know."

Then the poor creature told Lacoot of the fearful trip in the woods after the abduction. Bubeer tied her to trees when he slept. Once he left her for hours and returned with sacks containing flour and four young pigs, stolen from a camper. Bubeer coolly informed her, she said, that he proposed to take up his home in the woods permanently and keep her there with him. Therefore the pigs were to be kept alive and reared. Had not the woman been strong and healthy French-Canadian girl, accustomed to hard work and wood life, she never could have endured the journey. But when she refused to go further Bubeer

STORY OF QUE NAN.

A PITIFUL ROMANCE OUT OF SAN FRANCISCO'S CHINATOWN.

The Heroine Once a Heiress in Far Away Canton—She Was Kidnapped and Sold into Slave Life in This Free Land of Ours—Rescue and Marriage.

"So this is a free country," said an English resident of San Francisco, sentimentally, to an American visitor who had been dilating upon the beauties of the American idea. "But let me tell you the history of one woman in free America. You may doubt it, but I can substantiate it."

"A few years ago there was a young woman in Canton named, we will say, Que Nan. She was especially attractive, even from the American standpoint. One day she was approached by a Chinese woman, who said she had a rich husband for her, and to pass by non-essentials, the girl was finally entrusted to the woman's care, who volunteered to take her to the rich husband. When the destination was reached the prospective bridegroom was not to be found, but he had left word for his bride-elect to follow him. This was sufficient to place the girl aboard an American-bound vessel. The woman was a professional kidnapper, and after receiving her pay she handed over the victim to an agent, who was delegated to carry the girl, with others, to America.

"As the ship left port and finally passed Japan the girl became suspicious and threatened to create a great outcry, but she was silenced by the agent, who convinced her that it was all right and that her husband was in San Francisco. He then told her exactly what to say when she passed the Custom House officers to make them think that she was a native-born citizen of America. She was informed that if the American thought she was not they would sell her as a slave and condemn her to a life of horror, not to speak of the debts which might carry her off. The girl was so terrified that she obeyed implicitly, and when examined by the officers was readily passed and permitted to go ashore. Here Que Nan still expected to find her husband. Instead, she was taken to a room, when she was visited by various men and women, who, she was told, were her husband's friends. The apartment was the famous Queen's Room, or the public slave mart, which was broken up by the police during the past few years. One of the visitors finally bid in the girl for \$1,500. All this, mind you," said the speaker, knocking the ashes from his cigar, "in free America."

"Her new owner announced himself as her husband, but he soon threw her into the hands of an unscrupulous gang of criminals, and the girl finally discovered that she had been kidnapped in China, sold to a man who had imported her to lead the life of a slave, put up at public auction, so to speak, and knocked down to the highest bidder, or sold for \$1,500 in gold. This is a low price," added the Englishman. "I can quote you instances where the market price has touched the three-thousand-dollar mark."

"The average girl, at this stage of so cunningly devised a game would have given up. But this one was made of sterner stuff. She made a vigorous outcry, and, though thrown into a cell and imprisoned, she finally succeeded in making her escape, and one day rushed into the street and into the arms of an American policeman, screaming and crying.

"Highlanders who belonged to the society which deals in slave women rushed after her and endeavored to carry her off, but the policeman carried the girl to a haven of rest, in one of the missions, where she was well treated and found a good home.

"The mission people desire to see all such women married, and they finally saw Que Nan happily married, to a Chinaman who was a very popular steward on an American man-of-war. The wedding was celebrated with much éclat, and I venture to say that there was not an officer in the navy yard who did not take a personal interest in the couple.

"Being a sailor, the husband, whom we will call Ah Gong, was obliged to go on a cruise, and the ship sailed for San Diego. Que Nan being left in San Francisco. For some time all went well. Que Nan had a good home, her husband had a large salary, and the match was supposed to be the happiest possible.

"One day a man went to Que Nan and said that he was her husband's brother, and that Ah Gong had sent some money to him for his wife, and that if she would go with him she could obtain it. She went, received the money, and on her way home was arrested for stealing the amount, another Chinaman making the charge. She was taken to the police station, the money found on her having private marks, which the Chinaman identified.

"Now, continued the Englishman, 'if the woman had consented to go with the Chinaman the charges would have been withdrawn, but she refused. Finally the mission people interfered, and with the testimony of American officers her release was procured, it being evident that she was the victim of a conspiracy. During the excitement the supposed brother-in-law, who turned out to be a man who had really bought her in the first place, appeared, affecting much concern, and succeeded in inducing her to go with him. The mission authorities urged her to return with them and remain until her husband came back, but she was so confident that the man was her brother-in-law that she insisted on accepting his invitation and going to his home in the neighborhood of Stockton.

"A few days later her husband, who had been telegraphed for by the authorities, returned from San Diego and informed his friends that he had no brother and that his wife had been stolen again. The man was almost beside himself with grief, even though a Chinaman. He obtained the services of several of the best detectives and began a careful search of the country, in which several navy officers and the mission authorities joined. It was soon learned that a woman, bound and gagged, had been carried through the streets in a cart with a blanket or something similar thrown over her.

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UNIQUE POCKET PIECE.

An Engineer's Novel Method of Transforming a Nickel into a Bullet.

A Union Pacific engineer has a fashion of making unique pocket pieces for his friends. He runs a passenger engine West, and when oiling, previous to a run, he drops a nickel five-cent piece into the brass oilcup on the crosshead of the piston rod. His run is 300 miles. When he reaches his destination he unscrews the top of the oilcup and takes the nickel out. It has been metamorphosed into a curious little button with an evenly turned rim, within which, on one side, is the countersunk head of Liberty, divested of her stars, and on the other side the V and the wreath. The edge of the crown is as perfect as if it had been pounded on an anvil by an expert silversmith.

"The perfection of this is due to the even vibration the coin has been subjected to. The motion of the piston is horizontal, and it travels forty-eight inches, back and forth, with every revolution of the wheels. The interior of the oilcup is round, and the edges of the nickel as it travels back and forth in the oil striking the sides of the cup, are turned over and pounded into perfect roundness. Sometimes a nickel is left in the cup during the round trip, or 600 miles. When taken out it is a nickel bullet, a perfect polished sphere. Who discovered this unique method of turning the edges of a nickel is not known, but many engineers know of it.

15,000 Names in a Barrel. The new jury law in Illinois provides that there shall be kept constantly in the jury box in Chicago not less than 15,000 names of men eligible to serve on petit juries, and a similar list of

not less than 1,000 for grand juries. Hon. William J. Onahan, Maj. Edward D. Redington and Mr. Frank E. Spooner are the commission. In the commission's office in the county building these gentlemen make out their lists. The official polling list is the first source of supply of names. The city directory is then referred to as a check. This simple step in itself effects a great future saving of time and money, for the directory shows a large portion of the voters to be ineligible

Before the sad accident to the talented doctor, a young lady had given him her heart, and while he was suffering for months and months, trying to overcome what most people thought death, she clung to him. She had other suitors, and during the time the second schooling was in progress they tried to impress her with their ability to take care of a pretty wife. She refused all offers. Sunday, November 7, at Forrester, in the Presbyterian church, Dr. Huston led to the altar Miss Inez Strickland, the daughter of a well-to-do farmer. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Kennon. The bride has long been admired for her beauty and intelligence, and while her marriage was a surprise to some of the majority of her friends thought she followed out the promptings of her heart and blessed her for her selection. It seems almost impossible for Dr. Huston to be what he was before the accident, but there is one thing that he can always count on, and that is the love of a devoted wife.

Ed. Huston's Cold and Wet Night. Mr. Huston of Sparta, Ky., attended a party in the country on a recent night, and after the close of the social affair started for home across a farm lot to shorten the distance, but walked over an unused well that was covered with rotten boards, which gave way under his weight and let him drop thirty feet into its darkened depths. He descended feet first into four feet of water, thus enabling him to keep his head above and prevent drowning, but he was compelled to remain in his uncomfortable position until daylight, when his shouts attracted the attention of the owner of the premises, and he was pulled out from his predicament almost dead from exhaustion.

Benefit of Food to Farm Animals. Food wisely fed will always come back doubled if fed to a good animal.

A Job Without Tears. John P. Green, an Ohio politician of some note, not long ago was appointed to a fairly good place in one of the departments in Washington. At home Green is a criminal lawyer, and is known by his success in influencing the feelings of the jury. He weeps natural tears at the right time, rends his hair, and does other things which successful lawyers do. His department position pays \$2,500 a year. Green told his Ohio friends that he earned as much at home from his practice. They thought he ought to have had something better. "Of course, I ought," said Green, "and I hope to get something better, but let me tell you this, the \$2,500 I get now comes a good deal easier than the \$2,500 I earned at home. I tell you, this thing of shedding tears and tearing your hair before a jury is no easy business. It will wear any man out. If I had to keep at it much longer it would surely break down my constitution. You don't know what it means to me to get that \$2,500 without tears. Between \$2,500 with tears as a practicing member of the bar and \$2,500 without tears in the employ of the government, I choose the latter every time."

Her Appalling Threat. "John, if you don't quit referring to me as 'the old woman,' I'll make you sorry for it."

"What will you do, dear?"

"I'll be a new woman."

Mountain Salt. In the island of San Domingo there is a remarkable salt mountain, nearly four miles long, estimated to contain nearly ninety million tons, and so clear that medium-sized print can be read through a block a foot thick.

Cures the Giggles. One of the latest artists in physical culture changes a giggle into pleasant, rippling laughter after a series of lessons. The result should be absolutely sure, for a spoiled giggle would be something dreadful.

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UNIQUE POCKET PIECE.

An Engineer's Novel Method of Transforming a Nickel into a Bullet.

A Union Pacific engineer has a fashion of making unique pocket pieces for his friends. He runs a passenger engine West, and when oiling, previous to a run, he drops a nickel five-cent piece into the brass oilcup on the crosshead of the piston rod. His run is 300 miles. When he reaches his destination he unscrews the top of the oilcup and takes the nickel out. It has been metamorphosed into a curious little button with an evenly turned rim, within which, on one side, is the countersunk head of Liberty, divested of her stars, and on the other side the V and the wreath. The edge of the crown is as perfect as if it had been pounded on an anvil by an expert silversmith.

"The perfection of this is due to the even vibration the coin has been subjected to. The motion of the piston is horizontal, and it travels forty-eight inches, back and forth, with every revolution of the wheels. The interior of the oilcup is round, and the edges of the nickel as it travels back and forth in the oil striking the sides of the cup, are turned over and pounded into perfect roundness. Sometimes a nickel is