

HORSES IN BATTLE.

They Feel the Exultation of War in Common With Their Riders.

A veteran cavalry horse partakes of the hopes and fears of battle just the same as his riders. As the column swings into line and waits, the horse grows nervous over the waiting. If the wait is spun out, he will tremble and sweat and grow apprehensive. It has been six months in service he knows every bugle call. As the column comes to advance the rider can feel him working at the bit with his tongue to get it between his teeth. As he moves out he will either seek to get on faster than he should or bolt. He cannot bolt, however. The lines will carry him forward and after a minute he will grip the bit, lay back his ears and one can feel his sudden resolve to brave the foe and have done with it as soon as possible. When the troopers begin to cheer and the sabers to flash the horse responds. An exultation fills his eyes, he will often scream out and his eyes blaze and he is steady in front. No matter how obstinate he was at the start, he will not fail as the lines cover the last fifty feet of space. If a soldier comes and he is hurt, he will lower his head and toss his right and left, and then take a sudden breath for the crash of the infantry. He will thunder straight at a man and knock him down; if against a line of horsemen, he will lift his head and front feet as if going over a fence.

At a sudden alarm when hit in the turn of a battle, it is at the same with a horse. Five troopers out of six when struck by a bullet are out of their saddles within a minute. If hit in the breast or shoulder, up go their hands and they get a heavy fall. If in their leg or foot or arm, they fall upward and roll off. Even with a foot cut by a jagged piece of shell a horse will not drop. It is only when shot through the head or heart that he comes down. He may be fatally wounded, but he hobbles out of the fight to right or left and stands with drooping head until loss of blood brings him down. The horse that loses his rider and is wounded himself will continue to run with his set of four until some movement throws him out. Then he goes galloping here and there, neighing with fear and alarm but will not leave the field. In his racing about he may get among the dead and wounded, but he will wedge them if possible, and in any case leap over them. When he has come upon the other side, he stands steady, he falls in and he keeps on as if for mutual protection, and the "rally" on the bugle may bring the whole of them into the ranks in a body.

A horse which has passed through a battle unscathed is fretful, sulky and nervous—the same as a man—for the next three or four days. His first battle is also the making or unmaking of him as a war horse. If the nervous tension has been too great, he will become a butler in the face of danger, and thereby become a danger in himself. If the test has not been beyond him, he will go into the next fight with head held high and flecks of foam blowing from his mouth as he thunders over the earth.

BELIEF IN LUCKY HOURS.

Common as is the superstition that Friday is the most unlucky of days, a thirteen of numbers, the belief in unlucky hours is equally widespread on the European Continent and in the East. Gambatta was so firmly convinced that certain hours of the day are lucky and others unlucky, that he would never undertake or start on an important journey without consulting a famous reader of cards, as to the auspicious hour, and President Faunce, who was prudent enough to select a lucky hour for starting on his recent journey to Russia, is said to share Gambetta's superstition. President Carnot was superstitious, and selected an unlucky hour for starting on the journey to Lyons, where he was assassinated by Caserio. The superstition is so common in Paris that cards are fully embellished and containing a list of "hours to be avoided" are extensively sold.

GLADSTONE'S LOST FINGER.

Nearly sixty years ago Mr. Gladstone was gunning, and by a piece of carelessness, had the index finger of his left hand shot away.

Great Britain has a longer season than any other nation in Europe. It measures 225 miles, with Italy second, 172 miles; Russia ranks third, and France fourth.

IN CUBA.

"The batteries are silent down on Santiago shore." No more the heavens echo to the sullen cannon's roar. No more the air is heavy with the powder's poisonous breath. No more the night is vivid with the streaking flash of death. With that relief which comes when some mad wolf has howled his last, Or when a snake's limp rattles show his venomous power is past, We hear the news when echoes loud the listening country o'er. "The batteries are silent down on Santiago shore."

—Washington Star.

COMMODORE SCHLEY'S NAME.

He is Quoted as Saying That It Should be Profounded as if Spelled "Sly." (New York Tribune.) There has been a good deal of speculation, not only in naval circles, but among the public at large, as to the origin of Commodore Winfield Scott Schley's name. By some it has been asserted that he is of German descent, and by others that he is a relative of the doctory old hero of the Mexican war. A little while before Schley became a commodore he gave a Tribune reporter a talk, which will throw light on the matter.

"At the time when I was a pulling, mowing baby, without a name, or much more hair on my head than I have now," said the gallant officer, playfully brushing back the locks which so skillfully conceal his bald head, "my parents were, I suppose, at their wits' end to judge up some appropriate name for the marvel of human excellence they undoubtedly thought me to be. The matter did not bother me so much as it does now, for I was waddled from giving an opinion on the subject, or at least any that the newspapers would care to publish. At the time, which marks an era in one of my life, General Scott was in the zenith of his glory and rotundity. A very great man was Scott at that time—physically and popularly. He was a great friend of my parents, and frequently called at our house.

"As I said, my parents were eudgedged their brain to find some name good enough to tack on such a morsel of humanity as myself, and while in the midst of the counsels one day, the huge shadow of Scott darkened the doorway and cast its robust shade on me. That settled it. The circumstance was recalled as a suspicious omen, and forthwith it was decided that I was to pass through life as Winfield Scott Schley. "Now, for pity's sake, don't give my head name with a German accent. It's pronounced Sly, plain, commandeer, everyday Sly. That's the way it has been pronounced in my family as long as I can remember or ever heard of. I'm not much on peddling, or peddling too many of my acquaintances have stumbled across horse thieves and pirates to make me desirous for that kind of reputation. Schley is an old Maryland family, though why they have stuck on all these stony Dutch consonants I can't tell. But it's Sly I was born, and it's Sly I'll be till my hair ceases to come out; then you can call me Dennis, if you like. So long as I have the proud distinction of drawing a comb over my head with a purpose of not being distinctly and positively obliged to being called Fitzroy, or other foreign twisting of the name."

"How do you like the name of the famous fighter?" "Why, I can't say that I ever gave it much consideration. I can only say that soon after I became a full-fledged naval officer the old General gave a dinner at the Brevoort House, on Fifth avenue, New York, at which he invited all the young men he could find who had been named after him. It was a great sight. There they were, several score strong, and there is no telling how many more might have been there had they known of it. Anyway, they had turned out fairly well, at least, one of them having become a general in the United States army.

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

(Chicago Tribune.) "I suppose," said Elder Keapling, as he took a seat on the bench in Deacon Brooker's shop and glanced around with a harmonious twinkle in his eye, "it has never occurred to you to get up a book of proverbs out of your own gizzard?" "No," admitted the deacon, "it never has. Still," he added, "I generally put 'em on file."

THE ALTERNATIVES.

(Chicago News.) Banker—I'm at a loss to know what to make of my son. He seems to have no brains for business. Broker—Well, would you like me to suggest something? Banker—Certainly. Broker—Make a society leader of him or a colonel.—Chicago News.

HUMOR OF GRIM WAR.

Grim-visaged war has its humorous as well as its terrible side, and Capt. Gen. Blanco is not the only humorist in the present conflict, says the Baltimore Sun. The cablegram to Madrid from a redoubtable commander about the mule that was killed at Matanzas set two countries laughing and thousands of rhymers to writing verses. And it is a dull day when he does not repeat a talk, which will throw light on the matter.

"It is well known that when an army crosses a bridge it is never allowed to march in step, and in many countries it is illegal for a band to play while crossing any sort of a bridge. "A few years ago the bridge over Menai Strait, in Wales, was suddenly demolished, and great mystery prevailed about the cause, until it was discovered that a traveling fiddler had sat down on the middle of the bridge to rest himself and tune his instrument. It is said he was surprised to find the bridge throbbing under him when he had rasped a certain note, and he kept on playing this, the keynote of the bridge, until the cables of the structure snapped asunder."

A LONG DOG.

(Detroit Free Press.) He walked into the office of the police commissioner the other morning about 8:30. Behind him trotted one of those animated frankfurters, technically known as dachshund. The dog stood about seven inches high and his body stretched out from his shoulders behind at least three feet. His owner made for the desk of John Perkins, who with his duties of secretary of the commission, also has the privilege of making out all the licenses. "I want a license," answered Mr. Perkins automatically, and reached for a pen to take down the animal's name, breed and place of residence. "Gimme his name," he said. The owner of the dog drew a deep breath and sat down at the secretary's elbow. "I geef 'in to you sehlow so you geef him right," he said. "Haf you got the sheet of paper, 'Spitzhub Ned'?" said the man. Mr. Perkins wrote: "Haf you got eet?" he was asked. "Yes, go on." "Duke of Columbia." Mr. Perkins put that down. "Did you geef dot?" "Yes, sir, go on." "Scheerenescheifer Schaudel." Mr. Perkins darted a look at the man, then wrote it down. "Haf you got dot on de baper?" he was asked. "Why, of course, go on." "Baron Dachs von Spiel." Mr. Perkins dropped his pencil. He turned toward the man. His face was red and he was mad. "Say," he exclaimed, "don't you think that dog's got a pretty long name?" "Well, what for you geef mat? he's a long dog, already, ain't it?" And the secretary fell of the stool.

HOW MUSIC.

Could Be Used to Devastate Whole Cities. (New York World.) A Spanish spy, with violin and bow, could do many times as much damage to the property of New York City as a whole fleet of Spanish war vessels with shot and shell—that is, he could if he knew how.

THE PALMER CANOPIES.

are the best as well as the cheapest. Look at the prices:

Size 70x8, \$1.25. Size 80x8, \$1.50. Size 90x9, \$1.75. Size 100x10, \$2.00. Size 118x11, \$2.50.

THE REPORT WHICH STATED THAT AT CERTAIN SEASONS A LARGE BLACK CATERPILLAR WOULD BURST ITSELF IN THE GROUND, AND BE CONVERTED INTO THE ROOF OF A BULLRUSH, WAS LAUGHED AT, LIKE THE REST, BUT NOW AN ENGLISH SCIENTIST, WHO RECEIVED AN EXHAUSTIVE INVESTIGATION OF THE STRANGE PHENOMENON, STATED THAT IN MANY RESPECTS THE STATEMENTS ARE STRICTLY TRUE.

From his report it has been learned that the caterpillar grows about three and one-half inches long, and when about to assume the chrysalis state buries itself in the ground, and in doing so it is frequently infected by the spores of some fungus, which becomes involved in the scales in its neck. These the larvae are unable to expel, and the vegetation thus set up rapidly extends throughout the entire body, replacing each animal cell thus destroyed by vegetable matter, and finally converting it into a comparatively dense vegetable structure, which retains every detail of the body, even to the legs, mandibles and minute claw. From the neck, the portion first infected, there then shoots up a single stem, which grows to the height of eight or ten inches, resembling very closely the club-headed bullrush in miniature. It has no leaves, and if the first stem be broken off another rises in its place, though two stems never grow simultaneously from the same "caterpillar."

GROWING HEAD.

The Remarkable Allition of a Young Man From Arkansas. (St. Louis Post-Dispatch.) The most remarkable case of abnormal development ever seen at the City Hospital is that of John Brooks, whose head is more than twice its normal size and growing at a rate which threatens to absorb all his vitality. Young Brooks reached the city yesterday from Helena, Ark., in search of medical treatment, and being without means was received as a charity patient of the city.

HE WAS EXCUSSED.

When Young Mr. Paunceby, who is the head conveyance clerk at Messrs. Grim & Barrett's, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, entered his employer's office on Monday morning last he found on the desk a memorandum to the effect that the senior partner wished to speak to him privately. "You were absent from the office on Saturday, I understand, Mr. Paunceby." "Yes, sir," faltered Paunceby. "I understand you were sick." "I was sir," replied Paunceby, nervously. "Allow me to remark, then, that you didn't look particularly sick when I observed you on the course at Kempton Park races." "Didn't I, sir?" remarked Paunceby, rather desperately. "You ought to have seen me after the White can in second in the big steeplechase, sir; don't think you'd have said so then." Dismissed with a caution.

FOR BLIND PERSONS.

The "daggraph" is a device that has been brought out in France for enabling direct correspondences between blind persons and those who can see. It is a kind of typewriter, which prints the letters in relief so that they are both visible to the eyes and sensible to the touch.

THE BICYCLE GIRL.

knows a good thing and swings in a Palmer Hammock.

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FREE BOOK TO WEAK MEN.

sent sealed, by mail, tells of my famous ELECTRIC BELTS, a sure cure for results of youthful errors, drains, impotency, varicocele, etc. 5,000 cures in 1897. Write to-day, Dr. T. A. Sanden, 826 Broadway, New York.

HER IDEA OF WAR.

"John," said Mrs. Bigler, "I can't see why we should allow any foreign country to own any of those islands there on the map. Why, just look! They're a good deal nearer the United States than they are to Europe." "I know," Mr. Bigler answered, according to the Cleveland Leader, "but there are some difficulties in the way of having things just as we want them. We couldn't take those islands without getting into trouble with other countries besides Spain."

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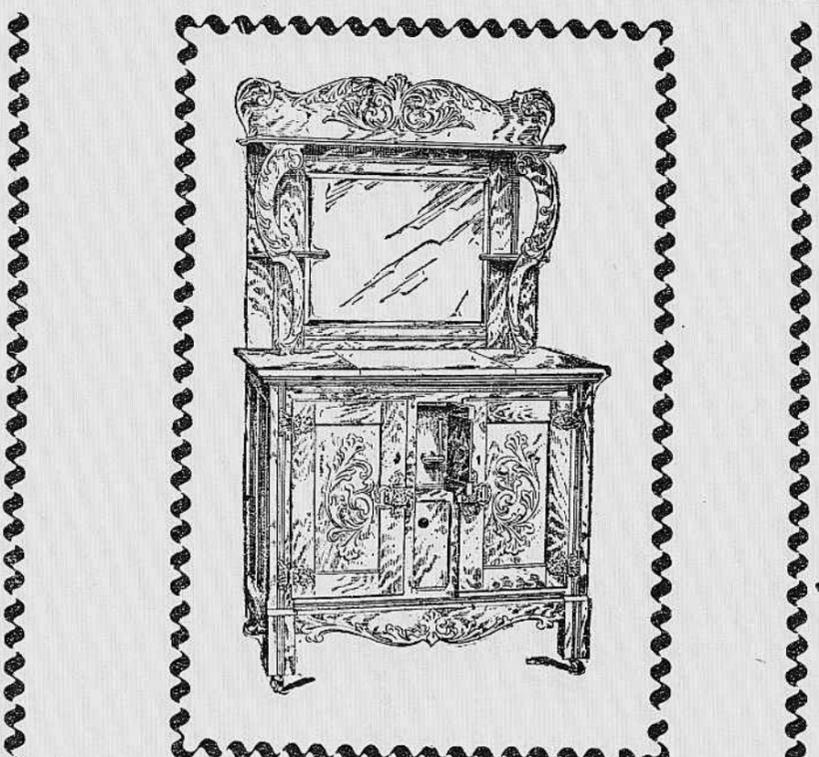
Keep Cool, And If You Can't Keep Cool, Keepas Coolas You Can



Spend Your Idle Moments in one of Palmer's Celebrated Hammocks. Prices:—75 cents, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00 and \$3.50, according to quality and size.

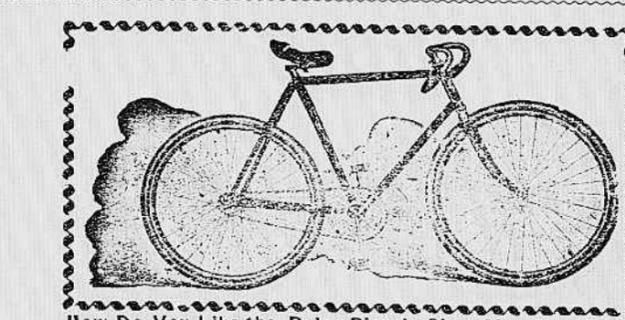


The Bicycle Girl knows a good thing and swings in a Palmer Hammock.



The Celebrated Farson Refrigerator needs no comment, only a notice that twenty-five per cent. reduction has been allowed by the factory. The Palmer Canopies are the best as well as the cheapest. Look at the prices:

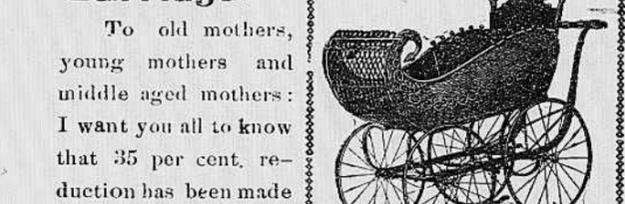
Size 70x8, \$1.25. Size 80x8, \$1.50. Size 90x9, \$1.75. Size 100x10, \$2.00. Size 118x11, \$2.50.



How Do You Like the Relay Bicycle Since You Have Been Riding One? J.—First-class. L.—You, being a machinist, have examined it, of course? J.—Thoroughly, and I have made a special inspection of the bearings and I believe them to be the finest in any wheel on the market. L.—Are you a judge of bearings? J.—As good as any in the United States. I have had thirteen years experience with them. L.—Where did you get this experience? —With the Baltimore Locomotive Works and the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

The above is an exact reproduction of a conversation between myself and a prominent machinist at the shipyard, Mr. William B. Jackson. At the conclusion of the interview Mr. Jackson said:

"I gladly recommend The Relay Bicycle to any one that wishes to buy a wheel as a durable, standard, and light running wheel and one that will give complete satisfaction."



THE Heywood Baby Carriage. To old mothers, young mothers and middle aged mothers: I want you all to know that 35 per cent. reduction has been made on the Heywood. Washington Avenue.