

## LONG CAVALRY RIDES

RECORDS MADE BY UNCLE SAM'S FIGHTERS.

Eighty-Four Miles in Eight Hours — General Lawton's feat—Merritt Once Made One Hundred and Seventy Miles in Sixty-Six Hours.

There is much of interest to riders generally, but particular to the United States cavalymen, in reports that have come from South Africa of some of the long, hard rides made there by the British mounted troops. The accounts of some of these rapid forced marches of cavalry are lacking in detail, but the specific statement is made that a squadron of the Natal Mounted Rifles recently rode 85 miles in twelve consecutive hours. The English press speaks of the rides of 60 miles by detached cavalry troops which were completed within the limit of the daylight hours, and these achievements of the troopers and their mounts are spoken of as if of frequent occurrence.

At first thought it may not appear that these rides are particularly remarkable, but the fact must be taken into consideration that bodies of troops and not single individuals are concerned, and where this is the case the rapidity of the march must necessarily be gauged by the rapidity and endurance of the poorest horse of the outfit. Moreover, each animal engaged has to carry weight of man and equipment to an average amount of 250 pounds.

Many of the horses used by the English troopers are American bred, and a natural interest in this country is added to the rides, for it gives a chance to "get a line" on the endurance of the American animal under absolutely strange climatic conditions.

No army in the world, perhaps, has had the same opportunities to test the endurance of cavalry horses as has the small regular force of the United States. The long, level stretches of the plains and the activity of the marauding Indian mounted on his tireless broncho have been the conditions which gave to Uncle Sam's cavalymen his matchless chances for long forced mounted marches.

Col. Theodore Ayrault Dodge, United States army, collected the official records of long distance cavalry rides, and has made them public, so that they may be compared with the performance of the soldier horsemen of other nations. Col. Dodge declares specifically that he has rejected all "hear-say" rides, of which there is no end, and has accepted only those proved by official reports.

Col. Dodge says that Capt. S. F. Fountain, United States cavalry, in the year 1891 rode with a detachment of his troops 84 miles in eight hours. This record is vouched for, and it is better than that of the Natal Mounted Rifles by about four hours, the distance being within one mile of that made in South Africa. For actual speed this forced march stands perhaps at the head of the American army record, though other rides have been more remarkable. In the year of 1879, when the Utes succeeded in getting some United States troops into what was afterward known as Thornburg's "rat hole," several mounted couriers succeeded in slipping through the circling line of savages. All of them reached Merritt's column, 170 miles distant, in less than 24 hours.

It must be understood, of course, that all these American rides were made without changing horses. The steed at the start was the steed at the finish. The best rider, according to cavalry experts, is not the man who takes a five-barred gate or who can ride standing, but he who by instinct feels the condition of his horse, and, though getting the most out of the animal, knows how to conserve his strength. The late Gen. Lawton, who was killed in the Philippines, in the year 1875 rode from Red Cloud Agency, Neb., to Sidney, in the same state, a distance of 125 miles, in 26 hours. He was carrying important dispatches for Gen. Crook, and though the road was bad, his mount was in good condition when Lawton, looking five years older than he did the day before, handed over his bundle of papers to the black-bearded general. Gen. Merritt has a forced-march record that has no American parallel when the conditions of his journey are considered. He was ordered in the fall of 1879 to the relief of Payne's command, which was surrounded by hostile Indians. Merritt's command consisted of four troops of cavalry, but at the last moment he was ordered to add to his force a battalion of infantry. The "dough boys" were loaded into army wagons drawn by mules, and with the cavalry at the flanks the relief column started. The distance to be traversed was 170 miles, and it was made notwithstanding the handicap of the wagons and trails that were muddy and sandy by turns, in just sixty-six hours. At the end of the march the troopers went into the

fight, and in the entire command not one horse showed a lame leg or a saddle sore.

## ORIGIN OF FAMILIAR CUSTOMS

Many Things People Do Without Knowing the Reason Why.

Is it not surprising what a number of little things we do without knowing the reason? Why, for instance, do widows wear caps? Perhaps you may say because they make them look pretty and interesting. But the real reason is that when the Romans were in England they shaved their heads as a sign of mourning. Of course, a woman couldn't let herself be seen with a bald head, so she made herself a pretty cap. And now, though the necessity of wearing it has passed away, the cap remains. Why do we have bows on the left side of our hats? In olden times, when men were much in the open air, and hats couldn't be bought for half a dollar, it was the habit to tie a cord around the crown and let the ends fall on the left side to be grasped on the arising of a squall. They fell on the left side so they might be grasped by the left hand, the right usually being more usefully engaged. Later on the ends got to be tied in a bow, and later still they became useless, yet the bow has remained and will probably remain till the next deluge or something of that sort. What is the meaning of the crosses or X's on a barrel of beer? They signify degrees of quality nowadays. But originally they were put on by those ancient monks as a sort of trade mark. They were crossed those days and meant a sort of oath on the cross, sworn by the manufacturer that his barrel contained good liquor. Why are bells tolled for the dead? This has become so familiar a practice that a funeral without it would appear un-Christian. Yet the reason is quite barbarous. Bells were tolled long ago when people were being buried in order to frighten away evil spirits who live in the air. Why do fair ladies break a bottle of wine on the ship they are christening? Merely another survival of barbaric custom. In the days of sacrifice to the gods it was customary to get some poor victim when a boat was being launched and to cut his throat over the prow, so that his blood baptized it. Why are dignitaries deafened by a salute when they visit a foreign port? It seems a curious sort of welcome, this firing off of guns, but it seems the custom arose in a very reasonable way. Originally a town or a warship fired off their guns on the approach of important and friendly strangers to show that they had such faith in the visitors' peaceful intentions they didn't think it necessary to keep their guns loaded. Why do we sometimes throw a shoe after a bride? The reason is not very complimentary. From of old it has been the habit of mothers to chastize their children with a shoe. Hence the custom arose of the father of a bride making a present to the bridegroom of a shoe as sign that it was to be his right to keep her in order.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

## Wasn't So Green.

Two men sat in a saloon and drank the beer which is sold in Kensington. In the brief intervals wherein he rested his swallowing apparatus one of the men said: "I was divvut that year, and Bill was conductin'." Electricity wasn't known at that time. Bill used to give me a dollar every night after the day's work was over. I lived high. Then Bill was changed to another run. He told me they was goin' to put a greenhorn on with me, and I began to cut down expenses, for I knew a greenhorn wouldn't do much alongside of a capable old hand like Bill. This greenhorn made me sick when I seen him. He was young, pale and pious. He didn't even chew. I watched him like a hawk the first day, and he done no business—no matter what. I cursed the luck that had hitched me up to him, you bet. That night, after hours, he said to me with his ladylike smile: "Mr. Perkins, I am from a country road, and I don't know just how your rates are in this big city, but here is \$2, and if it ain't enough I'll try and do better for you tomorrow." Oh, he was a slick youngster, all right. In four years he owned his house.—Chicago Tribune.

## Heterophemy.

Judges and jury were taking a prolonged farewell, and speeches and complimentary resolutions were the order of the hour. One of the judges was in the midst of an eloquent bit of oratory, ornate with nicely rounded sentences telling of the patriotic services rendered by the jurymen to the state. The qualities of the average jury were far below those that had been displayed by this one. Its work had been well and quickly done. "And now," continued the judge, "it is my earnest hope, coupled with every desire for the prosperity of each and every one of you, that you will depart into the other world—" here a suppressed titter went around among the audience, and the jurymen themselves began looking doubtfully at one another—"I mean the outer world," corrected the judge, and he brought his speech speedily to a close.—Detroit Free Press.

## THE DREARY VELDT.

SICKENS HEART OF THE BRITISH SOLDIER.

The Desolate Plain of South Africa, Where Duststorms Swallow Up Men and Animals and Nature Seems to Be Dead.

Veldt is a Dutch word sometimes spelled without the "t." It means an unforested or thinly forested tract of land, what cowboys would call a "grass country." The higher tracts, entirely destitute of timber, are called the high veldt; areas thinly covered with scrub or bush are called the bush-veldt. The great veldt of the Transvaal is the Hooge of the Drakenberg range, whose edge attains a height at the summit named Mauch of 8,725 feet.

Mafeking, where Baden-Powell is now fighting for life and English victory, is in the heart of a veldt "upon which," writes a traveler, "there rests the silence of horror; where there is always the desolation of drought and excessive heat." A brief season of the year comes when this is not so; when dry torrent beds fill and brief rains fall. Wild flowers blossom, the grasses turn from brown to green, the native birds chirrup shrilly as they flutter from bush to bush. Then the veldt is a color picture, a plaque of nature, upon which the eye settles for rest. So brief are these periods, though, that men forget them and remember but the terror of the parched veldt when the clouds come no more, and the wind is scorching at midnight, or raw and cold, and the mirage of water dances before the crazed eyes of the beasts.

There is a saying of the Arabs that "the lion is like fire and the wind like a flame." Thus it seems to the unwary traveler caught upon the veldt without water and no hope to fight for life and gain the too distant ranges. In January the average temperature at Durban is 74; in July 62; at Pietermaritzburg the January average temperature is 71 and 55 in July; at Swellendam the January temperature is 72 and the July 59. On the veldt the temperature rises in December and January to 100, 105 and 108; in July it falls to 85, 90 and 95. So the English observers have determined. The greater the heat the less water is there to be found. Streams that were gorging in June and July are empty in January and February. The soil cracks with the baking it receives. The short grasses lose all vitality and pass away into powder. Windstorms sweep over the plain and conceal the trails. Duststorms form and swallow up men and animals. These duststorms start upon apparently the same scientific basis as do the western cyclones. They are at first but the size of the cocked hat of a clown, turning lazily upon the level. As they proceed they gain power and size. The traveler may see one first as a thin spiral column reaching from the earth to the sky. It leaps fantastically from the ground and descends again. On the fringe of its edge there are faint electric sparks. When at full strength it descends upon humans with blinding force, filling the mouth, nostrils and ears, choking the throat, oppressing with frightful heat. The whirlwind is gone almost as quick as it came. Sometimes there is death in its wake, sometimes only a few benumbed, dirty people.

The veldt is not uninhabited, for Africa is the home of more than 1,000 different kinds of insects. The ant destroys everything in the shape of wood, leather or cloth. It will attack disabled men or beasts, swarm upon them and leave them pitted to the bone. A fly exists which fatally ticks the horses and cattle, and there are creeping things of hideous shape and more hideous feeling when upon the person. Only the Hottentot bears their attacks with equanimity. He calls the veldt "karroos," which means dry or arid. He it is, too, who pushes back the sandy soil and finds beneath the germs of life that shall give fruit when the rains return. This soil is pervaded with the roots and fibers of various plants, which under the influence of water give forth the most gorgeous flowers, yielding the odors of Arabia. Then come the antelope, the zebra, the quagga, the gnus, in countless herds, and after them those who seek them for prey—the lion, hyena, panther and leopard. Animal life is visible everywhere for a short period, and then the heat returns, the death within life, the dust and the silence. From September to April the winds blow from the southeast, and are cold and dry. From May to September the northwest wind prevails.

## Rolling an Umbrella.

The proper way to roll an umbrella is to take hold of the ends of the ribs and the stick with the same hand, and hold them tightly enough to prevent their being twisted while the covering is being twirled around with the other hand.

## FAST SPEED IN A FOG.

Strain on the Nerves of Engineers of Express Trains.

A railroad engineer, referring to the published story of the strain upon the nerves of pilots of Long Island sound steamers in dense fogs, said to a Telegraph reporter: "I just wish you would say for the engineers: 'They don't have a very easy time in such weather.' And then he went on to tell how in foggy nights the engineers of the fast trains, and for that matter, the slow ones, endured a strain that would sicken many a man. They sit on the hard little perch provided for them, rushing along, often at a pace of 50 miles an hour or more. Under them the huge mass of iron and steel trembles and throbs, as nervous as a woman and twice as skittish. It is impossible to see ten feet ahead of the engine, and the signal lights, be they red or white, are only visible as they are passed by. A misplaced switch would mean a disaster horrible to contemplate. These men know all this, and still they are obliged to sit there with a hand on the throttle, ready at any minute to shut off steam and stop the enormous bulk of plunging metal. I have been running on fast trains now for 10 years," said the engineer, in winding up his story, "and every time I get on my engine to take my train, I say to myself that it will be for the last time, but somehow I always come again. It is not the danger which attracts me, for I know too well the results of a slip or a mistake, but somehow or other I cannot give it up. When I get old I will be put to running some freight train, and then will probably die in a smash-up, after having taken one of the fastest trains in the country over 125 miles of track, day in and day out. Still I cannot give it up." And that is the tale that all of them tell. They all say that it is not the danger which fascinates them, but they cling to the life which wears a man out in a comparatively few years, and ages him before his time.—New London Telegraph.

## CHARLES I. AS A "MARTYR."

What Shall We Say of These Americans? Asks Roosevelt.

Any man who has ever had anything to do with the infliction of the death penalty, or, indeed, with any form of punishment, knows that there are sentimental beings so constituted that their sympathies are always most keenly aroused on behalf of the offender who pays the penalty for a deed of peculiar atrocity, says Theodore Roosevelt in Scribner's. The explanation probably is that the more conspicuous the crime the more their attention is arrested and the more acute their manifestations of sympathy become. At the time when the great bulk even of civilized mankind believed in the right of a king, not merely to rule, but to oppress, the action struck horror throughout Europe. Even republican Holland was stirred to condemnation, and as the king was the symbol of the state and as custom dies hard, generations passed during which the great majority of good and loyal, but not particularly far-sighted or deep-thinking men, spoke with intense sympathy of Charles, and with the most sincere horror of the regicides, especially Cromwell. This feeling was most natural then. It may be admitted to be natural in certain Englishmen even at the present day. But what shall we say of Americans who now take the same view; who erect stained-glass windows in a Philadelphia church to the memory of the "royal martyr," or in New York or Boston hold absurd festivals in his praise?

## World's Most Remarkable Whirlpool.

The Maelstrom, which means literally, "the grinding stream," is situated on the Norwegian coast, southwest of the Loffoden Isles, and is the most remarkable whirlpool in the world. It runs between the island of Moskenes and a large solitary rock in the middle of the straits. The strong currents rushing between the Great West Fjord and the outer ocean through the channels of the Loffoden Isles produce a number of whirlpools, of which the maelstrom is by far the most dangerous. During severe storms from the west, for instance, the current runs continually to the east at the rate of six knots an hour, without changing its direction for rising or falling tide; and the stream will boil and eddy in such mighty whirls that the largest steamer could hardly contend successfully with the waters. The depth of the whirlpool is only twenty fathoms, but just outside the straits soundings reach from 100 to 200 fathoms. The great danger to vessels is of course not of suction into the heart of the whirlpool, as legends have supposed, but of being dashed to pieces against the rocks.

## Crime and Its Punishment.

For stealing two prayer books Joseph Szezepanski caused the arrest of Charles Jarzambrowski in Chicago yesterday. The offense is a serious one and Jarzambrowski will no doubt be hustled to the pejnitejntizjwaki.—Waukegan Gazette.

Glad She's Still Alive. "Is it true that Mrs. Dragger reads such exhaustive club papers?" "Exhaustive? Of course, nobody ever says anything, but when she gets through every woman in the club breathes as if she had crawled through a tunnel a mile long."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Secrets of Planets Revealed. The telescope which is now in process of construction is expected to bring the moon within a mile's eyesight of this world, and to reveal the secrets of the planets. It may cause as great a change in the world's thought as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters does to sufferers from dyspepsia, constipation, liver or kidney troubles.

Papa Knew. Johnny—What is a bore, papa? Papa—A bore is a bore, papa? Johnny—You so much about himself that you get no chance to tell him anything about yourself.—Baltimore American.

## Stomach Troubles In Spring

Are THAT BILIOUS FEELING, bad taste in the mouth, dull headache, sleeplessness, poor appetite.

No matter how careful you are about eating, everything you take into your stomach turns sour, causes distress, pains and unpleasant gases.

Don't you understand what these symptoms—signals of distress—mean?

They are the cries of the stomach for help! It is being overworked. It needs the peculiar tonic qualities and digestive strength to be found only in

## HOOD'S Sarsaparilla

The best stomach and blood remedies known to the medical profession are combined in the medicine, and thousands of grateful letters tell its cures prove it to be the greatest medicine for all stomach troubles ever yet discovered.

Perhaps the Shethen Could. Mr. Stubb (reading)—The sermon of the returned missionary struck a chord in every vein, and many society women gave in their diamonds for the heathen.

Mrs. Stubb—They might just as well have paste diamonds, John. The heathen could never tell the difference. —Chicago News.



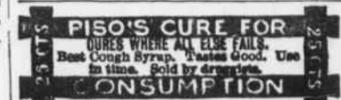
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