

SCARS WORN BY GEN. GUY V. HENRY

The New Military Governor of Porto Rico.

EVERY SCAR TELLS A TALE

Loved and Admired by the Men Who Fought Under Him—A Christian Who Holds Sunday School Services With the Same Earnestness That He Fights Some of His Gallant Deeds in Indian Wars.

"He is a small man, poor! Small like my father," exclaimed one of the committee of Porto Rico selected in formal respects to the new commanding officer of the island, after the ceremony: "But his one eye, Madre de Dios! It is like a Mauser bullet when it strikes you!"

The speaker, writes H. H. Lewis in the Washington Star, had just left the palace at San Juan, where the new military Governor, Guy V. Henry, the new military and civil governor of the islands, had welcomed the committee with a mixture of old-time courtesy and military brusqueness.

Several months ago, while in Ponce, Porto Rico, I saw General Henry stand up in the grand old plaza of the city and, through an interpreter, a number of minutes on the subject of good government and on the value of becoming honest, God-fearing citizens of the great republic. I later saw him hold a Sunday school service in the same plaza, and as he stood upon the steps of the book in the center, and told in simple words the sacred story of the birth of a nation, and each year the birthday of a nation.

Several months ago, while in Ponce, Porto Rico, I saw General Henry stand up in the grand old plaza of the city and, through an interpreter, a number of minutes on the subject of good government and on the value of becoming honest, God-fearing citizens of the great republic.

Several months ago, while in Ponce, Porto Rico, I saw General Henry stand up in the grand old plaza of the city and, through an interpreter, a number of minutes on the subject of good government and on the value of becoming honest, God-fearing citizens of the great republic.

In the fall of 1874, when the Cheyenne Indians were sitting the frontier tribes in the northern part of Dakota, Colonel Henry, then in command of several troops of cavalry, came upon a village of the enemy, and, marking the hills, there was a brief but decisive fight, and the Indians fled toward the Canadian boundary.

Day and night, with scarcely a halt for food, the pursuit was kept up. The Indians were mounted on their ponies, and they were not only acquainted with the country, but also knew the habits of the Indians. At first they did not anticipate being chased, but when they discovered that the troops were actually in pursuit, they set out with all possible speed toward the boundary, almost one hundred miles distant.

Forty-eight hours after the start a heavy snow and hail storm sprang up, with the fury of a hurricane. It finally became so violent that the troops were actually in pursuit, they set out with all possible speed toward the boundary, almost one hundred miles distant.

Finally a brief rest was called, and after many fires, a fire was started and coffee made. When coffee was given to resume the march, the troops were accompanied by a expedition went to Colonel Henry and reported that five of the troopers were suffering with badly frozen feet.

"Help me off with this glove," cried the intrepid cavalry leader, expelling his left hand. The surgeon, wondering why, and as he touched the flesh under the gauntlet, he cried: "It is stiff. Your hand is frozen, sir."

unconscious upon the necks of their mounts, but none failed to follow that stern figure riding in advance. When day finally broke a number of black specks were seen moving over the crest of a ridge a mile in advance. They are the Cheyennes," exclaimed Colonel Henry. "And that ridge marks the boundary line between Canada and the United States. We can go no further."

The memory of the retreat back to shelter will be as a blank page to most of the party. Several days later the troops stumbled painfully into the welcome gates of the fort, bearing with them twenty-one of their number frozen almost within the grasp of death. Colonel Henry kept command until he saw his men in safety again, then he took to his bed, and hovered between life and death for many weary weeks, finally arising with his left hand crippled and his constitution so broken that he recovered as unfit for further duty. But he was in harness again, after a brief rest.

When the committee of Porto Ricans met General Henry in the palace at San Juan, the members saw that the face of the military governor was marked with scars. There was a bullet hole through each cheek, the bridge of the nose was broken, and the left eye seemed dull and colorless. To them it was possibly a disfigurement, but to the men who served with Henry in '72 each scar spoke of a thrilling episode in that famous expedition against the Sioux in the Big Horn and Yellowstone country, when the "troopers of the yellow stripes" taught the hostiles a lasting lesson.

HOW HE LOST HIS EYE. In that expedition Colonel Guy V. Henry was in charge of the Second Battalion of the Third Cavalry, which formed part of General Crook's command. One June morning, while the troops were camping for breakfast in a little ravine, the out-pickets rushed back with the startling announcement that the Sioux were coming in force. There was barely time to sound "Boots and Saddles" when the heights of the valley seemed alive with the savages. Within twenty minutes a regular pitched battle was in progress, the Indians, of whom there were several thousands, coming down from the ridge in a series of desperate charges.

During the height of the combat one Indian, who was under the command of Captain Vroom, was pushed out beyond his support and was being punished severely, the hostiles getting between him and the main body. Colonel Henry, seeing the peril threatening his brother officer, sent his command pell-mell upon the Indians with a yell, and a flying bullet struck Colonel Henry in the face, tearing through both cheeks, breaking the bridge of his nose and completely severing the left optic nerve.

The force of the wild rush carried him on, but he was seen to sway in the saddle. A trooper near him called out hoarsely: "Are you struck, sir?" Gripping the pommel tightly with one hand, Colonel Henry tried to wave his sword. "On, on!" he gasped. "Charge! Charge!" Down under the maddening hoofs of the combatants he tumbled, and in an instant he was lost to sight in the swirling dust.

The loss of their leader caused a temporary panic among the soldiers, but they soon rallied, and after driving off the Indians, they searched for the colonel. He was found at last, covered with blood, but as they tenderly picked him up they saw that life still remained in the bruised body. He was placed upon a blanket in the shade and every-

thing possible done to aid him. It was then that one of the other officers con- doled him with saying: "Colonel, this is too bad. It is too bad." And it was then that the gallant Henry, suffering untold agony, and barely able to articulate, whispered simply: "IT'S NOTHING, JACK." "It's nothing, Jack. It's what we are here for."

It was long before he recovered, but when he finally returned to active service he carried with him the indelible proofs of gallantry and daring in actual battle. The same quiet heroism carried him through weeks of weary battling with the torturing pains of a Puerto Rican fever, a struggle which sapped his strength and wrung his soul—after which he calmly and quietly replied to his physician's orders to leave at once: "No. Here I stay, where I have been sent."

It seems particularly fitting that the future Indian fighter should have as his birthplace an army post in the very heart of the Western frontier, Fort Smith, Indian Territory, and that his father, Major William Scouton Henry, should be engaged in a war with the savages at that time, about 1835, and it is also appropriate that a man who was destined to become the military and civil governor of a foreign territory won by the sword should be the grandson of one who was Vice-President of the United States and twice Governor of New York State, Daniel D. Tompkins, and also grand- son of a former Secretary of the Navy, and judge of the Supreme Court, Smith Thompson.

He was fortunate enough to graduate from West Point in the very outbreak of the Civil War. He was assigned to a second lieutenant to the First United States Artillery, and served with distinction in that regiment until he was made colonel of the Fourth Massachusetts Infantry in the fall of 1862. He continued throughout the war with that command, being present at many of the most important battles.

His bravery and daring at the battle of Peotridge, S. C., October 22, 1862, earned for him the commendation of his superior officers, and the attention of the commanding general was called to the gallant and distinguished services of First Lieutenant Guy V. Henry.

For his work in the daring advance in Florida he was complimented by General Seymour in the following words: "I cannot commend too highly the brilliant success of this advance for which great credit is due Col. Guy V. Henry and his command, and I earnestly recommend him as a most deserving and energetic officer."

There were many characteristic deeds of bravery performed by the quiet, kindly man with the eyes like a Mauser bullet during the Civil War, and he came out one of the few who to wear a medal of honor; but it was left to the Indian troubles of 1874-'77, to bring out his wonderful nerve and daring and his skill as a commander.

His new career as the military and civil governor of one of these King's best foreign possessions will be watched with exceeding interest, but those who know and who have served with "Fighting Guy V." are confident that he will carry out the traditions of his life and of his family as a brave and honorable officer and gentleman.

Pyramid Nonsense. John Fiske Reviews It and Gives to It a Fitting Characterization. (Atlantic Monthly). According to them the builders of the Great Pyramid were supernaturally instructed, probably by Melchizedek, King of Salem, says Dr. John Fiske. Thus they were enabled to place it in latitude 30 degrees N., to make its four sides face the cardinal points; to adopt the sacred cubit, or one twenty-ninth part of the earth's polar axis, as their unit of length, and to make the side of the square base equal to just so many of these sacred cubits as there are days and parts of a day in a year. They were further by supernatural help enabled to square the circle, and symbolized their victory over this problem by making the pyramid's height bear to the perimeter of the base of the ratio which the radius of a circle bears to the circumference." In like manner, by immediate divine revelation the builders of the pyramid were instructed as to the exact shape and density of the earth, the sun's distance, the position of the equinoxes, &c., so that their figures on all these subjects were more accurate than any that modern science has obtained, and these figures they built into the pyramid. They also built into it the divinely revealed and everlasting standards of "length, area, capacity, weight, density, heat, time and money," and finally they wrought into its structure the precise date at which the millennium is to begin.

All this valuable information handed down directly from heaven, was thus securely bottled up in the Great Pyramid for 6,000 years, awaiting the auspicious day when Mr. Piazzi Smyth should come down and draw the cork. Why so much knowledge should have been bestowed upon the architect of King Cheops, only to be concealed from posterity, is a pertinent question; and one may also ask why, when it had so long lain hidden and useless, was it worth while to bring a Piazzi Smyth to the world to reveal it, since plodding human reason had after all discovered every bit of it, except the date of the millennium? Why, moreover, did the revelation thus elaborately buried in or about B. C. 4,000 come just about the time of the scientific knowledge of A. D. 1867, and then also shortly its credible that old Melchizedek knew nothing about the telephone, or the Roentgen ray, or the cholera bacillus? Our pyramidalists should be more encouraging and elated from their venerable forefathers' wisdom than to waste their time in vainly trying to wire-telegraph, or the ventilation of Pullman cars, or the purification of Pennsylvania politics. Perhaps the last-named problem might be in difficulty with squaring the circle.

WHOOPING One of the most distressing sights is to see a child almost choking with the dreadful whooping-cough. Give the child Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, relief will be obtained at once and the sufferer will soon be cured.

Dr. Bull's COUGH SYRUP Cures Whooping-Cough quickly. Doses are small and pleasant to take. Doctors recommend it. Price 25 cts. At all Druggists.

THE HUB IS IN THE VANGUARD OF THE PROCESSION. We are leading in values—we are leading in variety. We show more men's suits than any other store in town—more top coats—more and a larger line of men's furnishings. We not only show MORE, but show greater variety. But even these would not alone put us in the lead. "THE HUB'S" clothing is undoubtedly the best made. We are positive there is none better made, because we know what goes in them and how they're made. They are made up under the personal supervision of one of the firm. Our instructions to our tailors are well defined:—"Take extra stitches where extra stitches will benefit." "Work rapidly, but do not slight a single point." "Work conscientiously, because by doing so you make trade for your employer."

WHOOPING One of the most distressing sights is to see a child almost choking with the dreadful whooping-cough. Give the child Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, relief will be obtained at once and the sufferer will soon be cured.

Dr. Bull's COUGH SYRUP Cures Whooping-Cough quickly. Doses are small and pleasant to take. Doctors recommend it. Price 25 cts. At all Druggists.

A BIG SHOE SALE THE GEORGE C. GILL Successor to J. D. THOMAS, STOCK OF FINE SHOES WILL BE SOLD. The business must be closed up quick. There is but one way to do it, and that is to sell the Shoes at quick-moving prices. The prices of all Shoes and Slippers have been cut, slashed and hammered all to pieces. MOST OF THE PRICES HAVE BEEN CUT IN HALF. Others cut to one-fourth and less than their original values. Shoes tied together, bunched in big piles for quick selling.

FINE EASTER FOOTWEAR! With Easter comes the opening of Spring—a time when you want your Footwear to be in harmony with the other portion of your costume. We are prepared to show you by far the naggiest and most complete line of Spring Shoes ever exhibited in this city, knowing that for style, quality, and true worth, they have no equals in Norfolk and no superior anywhere in the world. In addition to the advantages you have at our stores of the largest stocks from which to make your selections. WE GUARANTEE A SAVING ON EVERY PURCHASE. Ladies' Finest Hand-sewed and Stitched Lace and Button, Patent Ties and Kid Ties, as good shoes as were ever sold for 1 or 5 dollars \$3.00. Men's Very Finest Made Patent Leather Full Dress Shoes, same style and quality as are sold in New York stores at \$9 and \$7, \$5.00. Ladies' Hand-sewed Imported Patent Leather Lace Boots made on the new hobble laces, fully equal to any shoes sold for \$5.00 \$3.00. Men's Tan and Black Chrome Tanned Calf and German Kilt Shoes, hand sewed, spring weight, the finest shapes out. They are identical to the same grades that are sold in large cities at \$5.00 \$4.00. Ladies' New Russel, Everbright Kid, hand sewed, turned and welted sole Lace Boots, new round and mannish lasts, can't be matched for less than \$5.00 \$3.00. Men's Black and Brown Vici Kid and Russia Calf, light weight Lace and Bluchers, made and finished in the best possible manner, every pair warranted to wear \$3.00. Ladies' Feather-weight Finest Black Vici and Tan Lace and Button Boots, on the narrow, medium round or broad toe, \$2.00 qualities in other stores, \$2.00 \$1.50. Boys' Calf and Vici Kid Shoes, neat and dressy, at same time strong and durable, with English back stays, \$1.50. Misses' and Children's Shoes, Black or Tan, Lace or Button, in Endless Variety. The Best Values Ever Offered for the Price, Quality Considered. 328 Main Street, NORFOLK. 230 High Street, PORTSMOUTH. Hotheimer's