

The Next Parade.

The next parade! Will there be one? After a hundred years have gone, Will the world wake at joyous morn? Will thousands who are yet unborn, Crowd the new streets, with life and drum? Will they remember, will they come To see the next parade?

None will be left of all that throng, Who saw our soldiers pass along, The babe against its mother's breast, Who watched, unknowing, with the rest, Will shoulder arms and pass away, Before the next Columbus Day Comes with a proud parade.

The men that marched, the generals all Will meet one foe, obey the call, And join the more majestic band, Who muster in the unknown land, The world may be but burying ground, And when Columbus Day comes round, Where will be the parade?

—[Lorimer Stoddard, in Independent.]

Sally and the Grizzly.

On a recent trip from San Antonio to our camp on the Rio Grande, I stopped over a day en route, and paid a long-promised visit to the ranch of my old fellow-ranger and brother-scout, Sam Pritchard, on the Rio Frio.

Sam is very comfortably situated, as a good ranch, well stocked, two bright, healthy children, and as charming a little wife as a man could wish. I was never entertained more royally in my life, and regretted that important business made my stay such a short one.

Sam's ranch house is a commodious one-story building, with some pretensions to architectural beauty.

The walls are of adobe, but the interior is finished off very prettily in California red wood.

I was entertained upon my arrival in a large, square, front room, opening upon a wide porch. The floor was nicely polished, and in the center of the apartment was an enormous rug of skin which, from the claws on it, I identified at once as a grizzly bear's.

Contrary to the usual custom, this rug was hairless and oil and smoke-tanned to a velvety softness.

I was examining it when Sam ushered in his wife, whom I had never met. He introduced her.

"I saw you examining that skin, George," said he, after the greetings were over. "He was a big fellow, sure enough."

"As large a grizzly as I ever saw," I answered. "What made you take off the hair and tan it? It would have been much prettier if the hair had been left on."

"Ah," exclaimed Sam, "but this grizzly didn't have any hair—at least he was hairless when he fell over dead! He was a savage old brute, and," baring his sinewy right arm and exhibiting several long scars, "he managed to give me these marks before he kuelced over, and but for Sally here he'd have made mincemeat of me in very few seconds, for I was without arms and wholly at his mercy."

"Now, Sam," pouted Mrs. Pritchard, "I hope you're not going to tell that old story again!"

"But I am," insisted her husband, "and I know George will appreciate it."

Mrs. Pritchard demurred feebly at this; but as I insisted upon hearing the story, she gave way, and Sam spun the yarn with a graphic power which I wish that I could reproduce here.

It was during the last outbreak among the Chiricahua Apaches, under the leadership of Chief Geronimo, that the adventure took place.

Sam, who had only a short time previous left the Ranger service, was on a visit along the Rio Frio, and had made the acquaintance of Miss Sally Boling, whose father, a widower, was the owner of a very considerable ranch.

Ranchman Boling was doing very well, but he was a typical frontiersman, and when Sam arrived on the scene had about concluded to pull up stakes and push on up the trail to Arizona.

Sam, being familiar with that section of the country, gave him considerable information. Boling finally employed him to guide the outfit.

At first he was going to sell his ranch and stock and start anew in the Territory. Sam argued against this.

"You may not like the country after you get there," he said, "and I would advise you to make a sort of preliminary survey, locate a ranch which you think will be suitable, put up your buildings and corrals, then come back and settle up your business here."

To this arrangement the ranchman finally agreed. His chief herder was a very reliable man with a family. Leaving that trusty man in charge of the Rio Frio ranch, he started out in the ob of a new home, taking along

with him his daughter Sally, in whose good judgment and common sense he placed great reliance.

The outfit all told consisted of fifteen persons, twelve Mexican herders and drivers, Sam and the ranchman and his daughter.

To transport the camp equipage, they took along two big prairie schooners and an ambulance wagon.

The journey through that section of Texas, formerly comprised in the old territory of Bexar, was made by easy stages and without event.

Crossing the Rio Grande below Las Cruces, New Mexico, the outfit pushed on across the arid alkali plains toward the Pinalena Mountains, among the foothills of which Sam knew of several fertile, well-watered canyons, from which the ranchman could take his pick as a grazing ground for herds and flocks. After exploring several of these canyons, Ranchman Boling finally selected one that he thought suitable and the outfit went into camp to give the horses and ponies a few days' rest and allow them to replenish their larder with fresh meat—for game was very abundant.

The journey had taken about a month, and during that time Sam had fallen desperately in love with Miss Sally.

Sam is a good-looking, fellow and has no bad habits and had saved up a tidy sum that would help immensely toward stocking a ranch.

Miss Sally was as deeply in love with him as he was with her, and the father, having taken quite a fancy to the scout, was not averse to having him for a son-in-law.

In climbing a steep canyon wall one afternoon in search of black-tailed deer, Sam slipped and sprained his ankle so badly that on the following day, when the hunters started out, he was obliged to remain behind in camp.

The entire outfit, with the exception of two herders, sallied forth in search of game, and those left in the camp proper were Sam and Miss Sally.

Of course, being an invalid, he required a great deal of attention, to which he was not averse, so long as Miss Sally was the attendant.

She had concluded to do some washing, and had a big fire burning in front of the line of tents. Sam reclined on a pile of blankets on one side of the fire under a big live oak tree, while Miss Sally performed her laundrying on the other side.

The forenoon passed very pleasantly and without event. Sam had taken into a dose, and Miss Sally, having finished her laundrying, was busily engaged in filling half a dozen lanterns from a large coal oil can.

The snapping of some dry branches back of where her lover lay caused her to look up suddenly just in time to see an enormous grizzly bear that had been attracted to the camp by the smell of fresh meat, shambling up the shelving bank.

For a moment the sight of the gigantic beast robbed her of speech and motion. She stood with wide-staring eyes and loud-beating heart, while Sam, who had been awakened by the crash, started up on his elbow and looked around him.

Just at this minute the bear reached the top of the bank, and espying the scout, uttered a savage growl and rose upon his hind legs.

"My rifle, Sally! Quick! shoot!" cried Sam, scrambling to his feet, forgetting in his excitement his sprained ankle.

Sally's lips parted, but no sound issued from them, and she tightened her grasp upon the handles of coal oil can.

The bear had been steadily advancing, beating the air with his strong forepaws.

He was almost upon the scout, when Sam, still forgetful of his ankle, started toward the tents.

One step only he took, and then, with a groan of pain, sank to the ground.

At the same instant the bear caught him by the arm, and his long knife-like claws cut through the scout's stout buckskin shirt, and ripped out furrows of flesh clear to the bone.

In another moment the bear would have fastened his teeth in Sam's throat; but Sally, recovering her presence of mind, leaped forward and dashed the contents of the coal oil can full in the bear's face.

With an angry snarl the great brute bounded over the scout's prostrate body in pursuit of this new enemy.

Sally ran around the fire toward the tent, where she knew Sam's rifle stood, ready loaded.

The bear took a shorter course and attempted to leap the blazing embers. As he passed through the flames, the coal oil with which his shaggy fur was saturated was ignited, and in a moment he was rolling over and over on

the ground, biting, scratching and snarling.

While he was thus engaged Sally gained the tent, seized Sam's rifle, and running close up beside the grizzly, pushed the muzzle of the weapon into the brute's face and pulled the trigger.

The bullet went clear through the creature's brain, and death was almost instantaneous. As the bear's great limbs, blackened and burned by the fire, stiffened and grew rigid, Sam, roused by the sound of the shot from the unconsciousness into which he had fallen through pain, raised his head, just in time to see Sally reel, clutch at the air blindly, and fall fainting to the ground.

"I managed somehow to crawl to her side," said the ex-scout in conclusion, "and threw some water in her face, which brought her back to consciousness. Then she bound up my arm in a prickly pear poultice, and we were both snug and comfortable when the rest of the outfit returned to camp."

"Every hair on the bear's body had been burned off, and I reckon he'd have died anyway, even if Sally hadn't shot him. I got one of the Mexicans to skin the dead body, scrape off the charred hair, and smoke and oil tan the hide as the memento of a mighty narrow escape from death."

"That adventure did one thing," with an admiring glance at his wife, who blushed prettily—"it made me about as happy a man as you could find on the frontier. Sally consented to become my wife, and on the way back we stopped over at Deming, New Mexico, and were married. With what money I had saved up I made a payment on my father-in-law's ranch here, and he located in the canyon where we had had the adventure with the bear. His ranch house stands on the very spot where the brute fell dead."—[Saturday Night.]

The Dog With a Sensitive Ear.

"I was raised in the country myself, and would be the last man in the world to speak lightly of a country-side concert," said a Lewiston clerk.

"But a remarkably funny thing did happen the other day at a country entertainment where I was. I had driven up to the Wayne in my team and was returning when night overtook me in a little hamlet between there and here. I had to put up at one of the farmers' houses and stop all night. A large, black dog had met me at the door and seemed glad to see me. After supper the folks said that there was to be a concert for the benefit of an old soldier in the schoolhouse a mile away. Bob, the boy, was given permission to go. When we had all got settled in the plank seats, behind the plank desks, I walked Bob with that dog."

"The dog crowded under a seat. After numerous other things in the programme there was a soprano solo by a girl in very bright colors. The first note of the song rose clear and shrill. There was a scratching of claws on the old floor and the dog crawled out. Then as she sang the dog got back on his haunches and howled that very mournful howl that I have heard in the night when dogs bay at the moon. The girl stopped and some one kicked the dog, who stopped, too. Then the singer bravely began again. So did the dog. The girl stopped and laughed nervously. Some one put out the dog, and the folks smiled encouragingly as she again began. From outside somewhere came the sound of the melancholy dog again. This time she stopped and the proceedings were delayed till Bob was out of hearing with that dog. Now that dog had what I call 'a sensitive ear.'"—[Lewiston (Me.) Journal.]

Profitable Sparrow Catching.

"These 'ere sparrows are worth \$6 a hundred," was the reply made by a handy man who with the aid of a huge net was engaged scooping sparrows into a huge bag by the score at the Twenty-fourth District Police station on Wednesday evening. This exterminator of the pugnacious little sparrow has been granted the privilege of gathering in the birds which nestle in a thick growth of ivy which covers one of the galleries of the police station. The man carries about from place to place a huge net which is attached to light wicker poles, by means of which it is held erect against buildings overgrown with ivy. When the net has been got in position the ivy is agitated from top to bottom. The birds immediately begin to flutter against the net and to their bewilderment fall lower and lower until they come within the capacious maw of an open sack which is fixed ready to receive them. As many as 150 birds have in this way been gathered at a single haul from the ivy at the Twenty-fourth District Police Station. They are sold for sparrow shooting contests.—[Philadelphia Press.]

THE REINDEER

A GRACEFUL ANIMAL THAT HAS BEEN ADDED TO OUR FAUNA.

Some Stories of Their Utility—Journies Made With Them and Their Owners Over the Winter Snows of Northern Siberia.



AND so we can now number reindeer among the fauna of the American Continent, that is to say, since the successful introduction of these fleet-footed, gentle, but tireless animals into the northwestern corner of the continent, Alaska. Last year, says the New York Recorder, sixteen deer were brought from the eastern coast of Siberia and transported in the Bear to Amakuk and Oumalaska, and this year one hundred and eighty more have been brought over to the Port Clarence corral by Siberian herders, who will teach the native Alaskans how to take care of the new importations. It is hoped that the reindeer colony will prove a great success, and that Dr. Sheldon Jackson's forethought in urging the bringing over of the graceful immigrants will meet with the reward he anticipates.

The benefits the reindeer are expected to bring to Alaska are countless. They will furnish an inexhaustible food supply. They will be of great advantage in the matter of transportation, in drawing sleds to places now almost inaccessible in winter, taking the place of dogs which on long journeys have to carry so much food along with them that there is so very little room for other things. As an official Washington report says:

"The introduction of the reindeer will give a new means of transportation that even the poor natives can enjoy, since after a proper multiplication of the herd its distribution among them will no doubt take place. Finally, the reindeer furnishes clothing to the dwellers in Arctic regions. As Captain Healy put it, 'clothing of reindeer skin has been found the best and only kind to withstand the intense and continued cold of the country. These skins are now bartered at a high price from the natives of the Siberian coast.' Thus the three most important of the prime necessities of the natives are combined in this animal now introduced.

"Of course," the report goes on to say, "there is some doubt how far the domestication will prove a success. But with the same climate and the same source of food, which is the natural



THE STATION AT KENGUACT.

moss, the reindeer ought to thrive in Alaska as well as in Siberia. As to the moss, official reports indicate that the visible supply of it is even more abundant in Alaska than on the Siberian coast. It is also fair to suppose that care and attention will improve the reindeer like other animals. In some Arctic countries these animals are the chief source of wealth and very naturally where they fill such a variety of uses. Dr. Sheldon Jackson, in urging an appropriation by Congress for introducing the reindeer into Alaska, noted that in Lapland, Sweden, Norway and Russia there were about 400,000 tame reindeer, which supplied many people with much of their food and clothing. The present experiment at Port Clarence will be watched with great interest."

Now, I have not seen reindeer in all parts of the world, but I have made long journeys with them in Northern Siberia, and dwelt for weeks among the Jakuts, who own these animals up there, some of whom possess herds of them numbering ten or even twenty thousand. The appearance of the Siberian reindeer is somewhat of a disappointment, perhaps, to those who first made pictorial acquaintance with the delicately built animals through the drawings of Thomas Nast, who used to represent them with such magnificent antlers, such very long, slender legs and ten or a dozen of them drawing old Santa Claus in his wonderfully made and heavily laden sled over the housetops for the jovial old rascal's convenience in getting at the chimneys, down which he either went or poured his stock of toys and dolls for good little boys and girls at Christmastide. Nast's deer would, according to their artistic build, go at least as fast as a locomotive.



THE ARRIVAL AT THE HUT.

Reindeer do not bound with delightful grace over the spring turf and with good reason, for they have hard work to do all through the long winters on the endless root roads and paths of the dreary

Siberian north. Nor do they go at a ten mile an hour pace across the surface of the frozen snow all the time, but when they are fresh to their work they will trot steadily along from sunrise to sunset, and you will find that at the end of the day they have taken you from sixty to seventy miles on your journey, and that during that time they have only rested



A YAKUT AND HIS SLEDGE.

twice, for an hour or so each time, to feed on the deer moss, which is their only food, and which is found only in isolated patches, in places well known to their Yakut owners and drivers, and to themselves. In fact, wherever the deer moss is found there the reindeer flourish, but if this is not to be had, then the graceful animal must give way either to dogs or to horses.

Going over the same route in spring-time, when you traveled in midwinter, in your deer sled, you will be surprised to come occasionally to broad patches, a mile in extent, beneath the fir trees of the endless forests, that at a distance look like acres of English primroses. It is the fresh, crisp deer moss that, plucked in winter or in the early frosty morning, reminds you of nothing so much as the chicory salad you get with your chicken or partridge or grouse at the restaurants. In winter, this moss is covered with hard snow to a depth of twelve to twenty or more inches, and then the powerful hoofs of the reindeer are brought into play and the tender, succulent plant is unscathed. In summer the deer are taken by their owners away up into the mountains, where they live a pleasant existence for a few months, being called upon only to supply milk for the younger generation of Jakuts, skins for their winter dresses and food to be kept frozen during the long winter.

Reindeer are summer nomads, and they



are the ones who compel their Yakut owners to a nomadic life, since they must always have fresh pastures of their favorite moss. Then they are called upon to assist the Yakut family in moving, and when moving day comes they are laden with little pack-saddles, each carrying forty or fifty pounds of weight of the family belongings, and the skins and slender birches from which the huts are built, while the larger ones are saddled for the elder members of the family, who are as slender of limb and slight of structure as the reindeer themselves, and a few of the trusted members of the herd, those that occupy the position of bell-keepers, are intrusted with peculiarly constructed packs, on either side of which is stuffed, among warm furs and down, the baby members of the Yakut family.

How well I remember my first journey on a deer-sled. This is a curious affair, and, being provided with a hood made of felt, its resemblance to a giant baby's cradle on runners is complete.

Before reaching the regions inhabited by the Tongue, it has to be drawn by a single horse, for the deer are not met with until you get a couple of hundred miles north of Yakutsk. I had at last reached the Siberia of exile novelists, in which you do not believe until you find yourself in such a weird, dreary scenery—a vast whitened cemetery, where the black, leafless, riven tree stand grim as gravestones, as if marking the place where Nature herself is buried for nine months of the year.

And of this desolation we had still sixty or seventy miles before us ere we should cross the great Verchoianak range, beyond which were further hundreds of miles of desolation still more complete, when the trees would grow scraggly and the plains more whitened and grim. We entered upon the foothills of the great range, and had still a good thirty miles to make before we should come to the station where the deer were to await us. The scenery became more weird and majestic as we advanced, and about ten in the morning we skirted the foot of the high snow-clad and cloud-capped range, mostly in the forest graveyard, the way winding hither and thither, backward and forward through the grim, closely set trunks, whose branches were loaded down with their heavy burdens of the freshly fallen snow. But it was weary work for the horses, and we did not make much more than three miles an hour. How I longed for the speedier kind of locomotion, and for a sight of the reindeer! And about noon we finally came upon the Tongue guide back tent, where we were either to get the deer or to have them sent on to the station.

The tent was situated picturesquely in a small clearing. Round about it stood a score of well-conditioned deer that gazed at us in a curious fashion with their large, tender, brown eyes. Inside the yurt, as the tents are called, the Tongue family were all gathered, the men smoking and looking after the fire, the women engaged in feeding their children. The head of the family promised to have the deer sent to Detygl, that was the name of the next station, in good time, and we proceeded on with our horses to the end of the station. It was a mistake, however, that we did not annex the deer there and then, for the remaining thirty versts were much worse than anything we had before experienced. Finally, about three in the afternoon, the Cossack guide, mounted on the leading team, declared himself unable to find the way further.

For over an hour we waited while the Yakuts searched in vain for a road and I began to make up my mind for a night in the forest, when, to our joy, we discerned a long string of deer coming toward us through the deep snow. It was a strange procession when it came up. There were about twenty animals, divided into three groups, one following in the other's tracks. On the leading deer rode a little Tongue boy of ten or twelve, clad in deerskins, his little fur cap hiding all but his eyes. The five following deer bore little pack saddles, on which were fastened the goods and utensils of a Yakut household. Then came the next group, of six animals, similarly laden, but from one of the burdens of a quiet-going animal I heard cries that could not be mistaken.

The double-pack saddle arrangements were fashioned like a very large pair of canvas-covered pistol holsters, and the cries issuing from them indicated that these arrangements held the Yakut baby and the next youngest member of the family, the former, doubtless, carefully packed in his cradle and kept warm with hay and deerskins or furs. The remaining animals of the group bore each a small burden of household furniture. Then followed the third group. On the leader rode the Tongue mother, clad in deerskin trousers and coat and fur cap, her limbs dangling down on either side of the animal's neck, while she kept her equilibrium skillfully on the little saddle placed on the shoulders of the deer. The rear was brought up by the Tongue father and owner of the family and deer train.

But some rude treatment fell to the lot of the poor fellow which I, unfortunately, could not prevent. My Cossack demanded that he should leave his family, and return with us and show us the way to Detygl. This he refused at first to do, whereupon the Cossack compelled him to turn, and, mounted on his deer, to lead us on our way. Having been placed in the care of the Cossack, who understood his business well, I thought it best to let things go on as he arranged, and I think that in the end both I and the Tongue father were thankful. We had still fifteen versts of forest and deep snow to get through, and under our new guide this was accomplished in splendid style.

The old man took his compulsory journey in good temper, his deer trotted in and out among the trees at a capital rate, leading us over a road, however, that defies description for its hummocks and hills and hollows and dangerous places. The old man kept always ahead, but locked back constantly to see how we were getting on. He seemed for all the world like a grime leading us a will-o'-the-wisp procession among the weird realms of snow and ice and forest and mountain.

At last Detygl was reached and the old man received his reward in a good feed—which he said he had lacked for the last three days, and for which reason he was removing his family to better hunting grounds and plenty of tea and tobacco. He first ate three pounds of black bread; this was followed by a good pound of rancid butter, and finally by the meatless knuckle bone of a leg of mutton. I don't know how hard a knuckle bone is to eat, but the old man's teeth were put bravely to work and every particle was crunched up and consumed. His teeth were superbly strong, and yet they had munched and crunched at least sixty long winters and short summers and then could attack and demolish a knuckle joint bone with ease.

This was my first meeting with Siberian reindeer and one of their quaint Tongue owners.

Here's a Queer Fish.

Old sea dogs thronged Fulton Market in New York one day recently, says the World of that city, to look at the curious fish killed by Charles Hansen, deck hand on the revenue cutter Washington.

The fish is nearly all head and resembles the whale in many particulars. It measures four feet from nose to tip of tail. The width of the head is just three feet.

It weighs forty pounds. The fish has an immense mouth, though its throat is very small. Sailors say the fish belongs to the angular family which frequents the waters off the coast of England.

Hansen was sitting on the guard rail of the revenue cutter, which docks next the Barge Office, when he heard a splashing sound. He looked over the side and saw the fish. He grabbed a boat



THIS IS THE FISH.

hook and struck at the head. The fish ducked, but Hansen waited, and when the fish showed up again got in a blow that killed it.

Thomas C. Yeager, of Danville, Ky., while out hunting the other day, was fatally wounded by an accidental discharge from his gun. His dog jumped upon it, striking the trigger, causing the charge to explode.