STRUGGLE ON.

Say not the struggle naught availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faineth not or faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

—Arthur Hugh Clough.

ALKALI JIM.

"Alkali Jim," whom I have learned to number among my stanchest and most highly valued friends among these hardy and picturesque mountaineers, in person is fully six feet tall and very slim. The hair on his head is thick, but unnaturally and apparently prematurely white. Deeply set gray eyes twinkle cheerily above cheek bones, over which is tightly stretched a skin the color of sole leather, beneath which the play of every muscle is plainly seen. Spry as a cat and tough as a pine knot exactly expresses the physical characteristics of this quiet, self contained mountaineer.

The other evening we were seated outside the cabin door, after the day's work was done and supper had been eaten. I had just expressed my wonder as to the way in which "Fidgety Bill," who is one of the quietest of men, came by his name, when Jim, after slowly blowing a cloud of smoke, asked me: "Did ye ever hear how I kem by my name?"

I had not and asked for information. Jim settled himself down comfortably on his rough stool and began:

"It uz this yer way. Because, long bout fourteen year ago I hed a bit uv experiance thet kem blame near puttin' an end t'me an' left me in jess about th' wuss fix I ever seen, 'sides turnin' my hair plum white—ez it is now—in a week's time. I wuz a young feller in th' States, 'ith more grit than sense, an' I'd listed in th' army. B'longed t' B troop in th' Fourth cavalry. We uz stationed down to Fort Bowie, Arizona, an' my time uz most out when this thing happened, 'n a whole company o' soldiers got lost, 'n several uv 'em died 'n most all perished. 'n they was th' wust sufferin' fer a while y' ever hear tell on.

"We uz kep near th' reservation where th' Apaches stayed, jess t' be handy in case o' trouble. One day some o' th' red devils got out 'n tuk th' war path, 'n begun killin' all th' settlers they c'd find. Our company wuz ordered after 'em—when they'd got a dern good start, uv course. We'd fit Injuns afore, 'n ruther tuk kindly to it, fer it promised sumthin' t' break up th' monotony o' camp life. Our captain was off on sick leave, 'n thet left us under command o' Lieut. Hanson—Percy, his name wuz—a young feller 't never 'd been west till he'd been sent out from West Point th' same summer. He wuz a regular dude; wore a white shirt all the time; allers hed his boots blacked; ketched bugs 'n pinned 'em on a board 'n studied 'em; seemed t' enjoy it; came from Boston. Thet mostly settled it 'ith th' boys. They didn't fancy fightin' Injuns with him. But orders is orders, 'n grumblin' don't go, so we started, all the same.

"Th' Apaches wuz last reported 'bout a hundred 'n fifty miles north. T' git on ther trail we hed t' cross one o' them dem plains full o' alkali 'n sage bresh 'n nothin' else but rocks 'n sand, 'n mebbe a few cactus 'n mesquit thrown in fer good measure. Water wuz not t' be thought on there, only in spots, where they uz a pool here 'n a spring there, jess so it wouldn't all be like hell, I reckon. None on us knowed th' lay o' th' land, so we tuk a guide—Mexican Joe, they called him—a big headed, bow legged feller, 'ith a bull fiddle voice 'n a mean look. He said he knowed every inch o' th' ground 'n specially all th' waterin' places. It wer 'n August, 'n ef you've ever bin in Arizona 'bout dog days y' know what that means. Th' sun jiss inchully blazed down 'n that alkali plain wer red hot 'n gitten hotter every blessed minit. 'N ez they wuzn't a mite o' shade 'n no umberils we jess hed t' take it. We hed all our canteens filled when we started 'n expected t' git t' th' first waterin' place before night. Long 'bout noon kem up a sand storm. Worst thing y' ever seen, them sand storms is. Th' wind jess lifts th' hull surface o' th' yearth 'n makes it turn summersets 'ith itself, so when th' fun's over y' don't know th' place yer seen a hour afore. This ez th' worst one I ever seed. Th' wind blowed Hail Columbia. Y' cudn't see a inch afore yer face. The air uz full o' sand 'n alkali 'n bits o' dry sage bresh 'n dry mesquit branches 'n gravel. It kem 'ithout a minit's warnin', 'n we hed t' turn our backs to it 'n hold our breath 'n let it blow. It lasted 'bout half an hour, I reckin, though it seemed half a day t'us. An' stopped ez quick ez it started. But, Lord, we didn't know where we wuz when it quit. Th' lay o' th' land wuz changed all 'round. Th' hills 'n' hollers had swapped places. We'd huddled up th' best we could while th' storm lasted, 'n they wuzn't one uv us could tell which way we come or which way we'd bin goin'. Y' never see a worse beat man 'n Mexican Joe. Looked like he uz astonished out o' a year's growth. He turned every way 'n each way he uz sure was wrong. T' make matters worse, th' clouds wuz too thick t' see th' sun 'n we hadn't a compass in th' whole command. That uz a mistake our captain'd never made. Finally Lieut. Hanson took Joe off one side 'n p'lavered 'ith him, 'n Joe'd nod his head 'n 'Si, senored!' all th' time, but I felt sure he didn't know nothin'. But th' lieutenant seed sumthin' had t' be done 'n put himself t' th' head o' th' column 'n we started off th' way Joe 'lowed uz right.

"Well, we kep' a-goin' till 'long awhile 'fore dark, 'n Mexican Joe he kep' gittin' nervouser an' nervouser. Th' lieutenant kep' his eye on 'im, 'n at last he rode up clost 'n sez: 'Joe, I believe you're lost!' Thet dern fool Mexican jess flopped off his horse 'n onto his knees 'n begun t' beg fer mercy, a-holdin' up his hands like he wuz prayin'. Th' lieutenant laughed at 'm—he didn't know ez well ez he did afterwards thet gittin' lost on a alkali plain ain't no laughin' matter—'n told him t' git on his hoss 'n come on. He did so, but I seed he uz 'bout rum crazy—most o' them Mexicans hafn't t' fur t' go t' crazy land anyhow. We kep' a-goin' till dark, 'n hed t' stop 'n camp. Th' hosses wuz sufferin', but we couldn't help 'em. By th' time we hed breakfast next mornin' they wuzn't a pint o' water left in the camp. We wuz sure we'd be all right in th' mornin', fer we'd see th' sun. But we didn't see a glimpse o' him. Th' clouds wuz worse 'n th' day afore. D'rectly we hed another storm, like th' first, only not quite so bad. But we suffered lots more from it. An hour afterward th' lieutenant pulled up his horse short like 'n luked 'round, fairly dazed.

"We wuz right down t' our camp o' th' night afore. We uz goin' in a circle. We uz lost—lost right in a big alkali plain, 'ith th' wind hot ez a furnace blast ablowin' alkali dust into our lungs, no sun t' guide us, no water 'n no show t' find enny, 'n every body most dead. Every body looked mighty sober. Mexican Joe jess give one screech when he seed th' marks o' camp, 'n begun t' cross himself 'n mumble his prayers. Then all t' once he give a howl 'n set his spurs into his horse's sides 'n set off at a gallop. Th' dern fool had gone crazy, sure enough! Th' lieutenant sent a squad after 'him 'n they catched him 'n brought him back, a chatterin' idgit. He wuz out o' th' game. Th' lieutenant hed got might quiet 'n spoke low 'n gentle like. He called up two or three o' th' sergeants 'n talked to 'em. Every man hed a different opinion. Finally we started on agin. We couldn't git lost worse 'n we wuz already, 'n ef we kep agoin' somethin' might come uv it. We kep agoin' all day, resting frequent, but we didn't get no whar. No sun yet. Every body was a sufferin' terrible. Th' hosses wuz as bad. They couldn't go out o' a walk. Our eyes wuz blood shot. Our lips wuz cracked 'n bleedin'. Th' wind blowed th' alkali dust into th' sores. Thet us 'bout like red pepper rubbed into a wound. We couldn't sleep. Ef a man did drop off he'd dream o' lakes 'n rivers 'n springs 'n moss covered buckets in th' well 'n water all 'round, but he couldn't get a drop uv it, fore it'd all run away from him when he tried t' drink, till he'd scream in his agony 'n wake up and find himself drier 'n thirstier 'n weaker'n ever, till he'd shudder 'n turn over 'n shet his eyes 'n try t' fergit it all, only t' go over th' whole misery agin when he'd drop into a doze.

"Next mornin' three men never answered the bugle call. They died in th' night, and nobody knowed it! Lots more o' th' boys uz mightly nigh th' same fix. We started ag'in, an' under a cloudy sky still, so it uz all guesswork about where we uz goin'. We went mighty slow, jess crept along. By noon every tongue uz hangin' out 'n all swelled up, every eye uz bloodshot, 'n every man uz nearly crazy. Th' hosses jest staggered along, 'n th' boys'd hardly kep their saddles. But th' middle o' th' afternoon th' lieutenant seemed t' make up his mind somethin'd got t' be done. He called a lot together 'n held a council. Then he tuk eight men 'n we all give up our canteens t' them eight. We went into camp 'n the eight lit out, two together, on each o' th' four sides. We watched 'm out o' sight, 'n never expected t' see any more o' them. When it got dark we made a bright fire 'n kept it a-goin'. 'Bout ten or 'leven o'clock I heard a gun 'n got up t' listen. D'rectly I heard it agin. So'd everybody else. We fired off a rifle 'n kep' a shootin' 'bout every half minute, tell, after awhile, the two what 'd rode off th' way we thought uz east come ridin' into camp, every canteen full o' water 'n them 'n their hosses fresh 'n smart ez y' please. They'd found water, 'n 'twasn't more'n six miles away either. When they come ridin' up 'n singin' out 'Water!' you'd a thought we uz all lunatics. Two more men hed died since we camped, 'n a dozen more never 'xpected to git home; but every one o' them got up 'n got a swig uv a canteen 'n giv up all notion o' dyin'. They never wuz a bigger change in men. Uv course they wuzn't only jess one-fourth a canteen to each man, but it uz life in it, yer bet. Men cried 'n prayed, rough fellers like them wuz, too, when they know'd they could git a drink. Half uv us couldn't hev held out another day under thet hot sun 'n in thet alkali dust. Nor th' hosses, neither. I didn't 'xpect t' ever see th' sun rise next morning.'

"Well, we jess broke camp, thet is, all but a squad t' stay 'n wait for tother six fellers, 'n started fer th' waterin' place our fellers had found. We got there long 'fore mornin', and in two hours uz all right agin, though it uz a powerful poor waterin' place, only a deep hole 'n a kinder pond in a sorter ravine. But it wuz water, 'n I never knowed afore how much that meant t' starvin' humanity. Next mornin' all th' rest kem to us—except th' two what went tother way from where we found th' water—they never uz heard uv enny more. We staid there half a day, then th' sun come out all right, we took our bearin's 'n lit out, 'n 'fore dark got outside the alkali 'n uz all right. Next day we struck th' Apaches 'n wiped em out 'n got back to the fort 'ithout gittin' lost agin. But my hair uz white by th' time we got back, 'n so uz th' hair o' thet lieutenant 'n one or two others. I got my discharge soon arter thet, 'n I've been in th' mountains ever since—no more alkali for me. I told my story once soon arter I kem here—'n I've been 'Alkali Jim' ever since."—Malchijah in Cincinnati Enquirer.

Panthers for Rosa Bonheur.

Herr Hagenbeck, of Hamburg, is the Jamrach of Germany, and he lately received a letter from Rosa Bonheur inquiring if she could come to his menagerie and select a couple of panthers which she was anxious to paint from life. In reply the wild beast dealer was gallant enough to say there was no need of Mme. Bonheur exposing herself to a fatiguing journey, but that he would instead send her, in charge of a keeper, well packed and secured, three fine panthers, which she could keep as long as she pleased and return by the keeper when she had quite done with them. Rosa Bonheur, I understand, is painting those panthers now.—London Figaro.

Promptly Answered.

Husband (absent mindedly)—Because he makes up forms.

Wife—What is that, John?

Husband (rousing himself)—Oh, I've got a conundrum for you, my dear; I originated it myself, and you couldn't guess it in a month. Why is an undertaker like a printer?

Wife (promptly)—Because he makes up forms.

Husband (crushed)—Well, I'll be durned if I thought you could ever guess it.—The Epoch.

Rest For the Head.

A tiny air cushion only three inches square when collapsed, but big enough when inflated to make a good head rest, or a good support for the back, is now sold in the London shops. An embroidered cover, with drawing strings, is suggested as a suitable accompaniment for those when they are given to an invalid. The cover will serve as a bag to hold the handkerchief and a little bottle of cologne when the cushion is not in actual use.—Boston Transcript.

Spoiling a Book.

A certain wealthy Chicago man has upon his table a fine large paper uncut copy of Barclay's "Schippe of Fooles." Quite recently a friend, admiring the books, picked up a paper cutter and begun separating the pages in order that he might enjoy the quaint illustrations. Which seeing—"Hold on," cried Porcus, "don't cut any more of them leaves; there have been too many of 'em cut already!"—Chicago News.

Sore Eyes

The eyes are always in sympathy with the body, and afford an excellent index of its condition. When the eyes become weak, and the lids inflamed and sore, it is an evidence that the system has become disordered by Scrofula, for which Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best known remedy.

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Cured

My eyes are now in a splendid condition, and I am as well and strong as ever.—Mrs. William Gage, Concord, N. H.

For a number of years I was troubled with a humor in my eyes, and was unable to obtain any relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has effected a complete cure, and I believe it to be the best of blood purifiers.—C. E. Upton, Nashua, N. H.

From childhood, and until with a few months, I have been afflicted with Weak and Sore Eyes. I have used for these complaints, with beneficial results, Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and consider it a great blood purifier.—Mrs. C. Phillips, Glover, Vt.

I suffered for a year with inflammation in my left eye. Three ulcers formed on the ball, depriving me of sight, and causing great pain. After trying many other remedies, to no purpose, I was finally induced to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

By Taking

three bottles of this medicine I have been entirely cured. My sight has been restored, and there is no sign of inflammation, sore, or ulcer in my eye.—Kendal T. Bowen, Sugar Tree Ridge, Ohio.

My daughter, ten years old, was afflicted with Scrofulous Sore Eyes. During the last two years she never saw light of any kind. Physicians of the highest standing exerted their skill, but with no permanent success. On the recommendation of a friend I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which my daughter commenced taking. Before she had used the third bottle her sight was restored. Her cure is complete.—W. E. Sutherland, Evangelist, Shelby City, Ky. ††

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