THE FAIR CAPTIVE.

A War-Time Romance in Which True Love's Course Met Some Difficulties.

"If you don't believe there is a romance in my war dairy," said Major Robert Bulluck, formerly of General Loring's staff, "let me read you a chapter to beguile a weary hour, just here where the leaves are well thumbed and a withered rosebud is the bookmark to the tender episode." And placing his cigar on the corner of the table, cocking his hat on one side and his feet upon the rail of the summer piazza, the amiable and gallant ex-Confederate hero began the tale that follows.

I shall never forget the day Billy Alston, whom we thought dead, came back through the lines. He was not the gay boy he had been the year before, when he came from Paris to join the army, and couldn't get rid of his foppish airs; but he was the same glorious fellow, with more sense and dignity after his terrible trials. I never shall forget that "fine May morn," as Billy called it, in the spring of '62, when we went to take Fort Fayette and didn't do it. "This is a jolly fine piece of luck," said Billy, "that the general should order us on this expedition. I've got the sealed orders for McCansland. But if this doesn't turn out something I'll forswear the tented field and go back to Paris and turn diplomat again with Slidell and De Leon and all those fellows. I've given old Mars a fair chance, and thus far I find him a fraud. I demand something like Achilles, Anthony and Cleopatra, Charley O'Malley and all that sort of thing, the way we read of war in books, and love along with it. But say, old man, you are chief of the staff mess this month, but I'm chief of the staff and Captain Bulluck. I want to know what particular delicacy is to comfort the stomach of a hero besides salt bacon and corn bread? It's 1 o'clock now."

"Most noble Anthony or O'Malley, prepare to be surprised. Two ebony slaves have been on a scout and they return with rich spoils, among which are a pea fowl, a patriarchal gander and the rarest piece of game that ever graced the bag of Nimrod—an opossum. And last but best, a canteen of applejack."

"Bob, you are always wise, but now you are inspired. Let us pour a libation to the gods, even if Mars is a failure, and then we'll see the cook. I know Savarin by heart and I could make an Irish stew of opossum if we had some macaroni a la Dublin."

The next morning Billy and I started to join McCansland, whose brigade lay in camp in Raleigh County, thirty miles from Fort Fayette. It was a pleasant little campaign, the route lying through the picturesque mountain region along the beautiful New River that traverses the southwest section of Virginia. Our cavalry was in the enemy's rear and we proposed to attack the front if circumstances were favorable. The country girls always received us with enthusiasm, for Billy would whistle a gem from his operatic repertoire and accompany himself on the piano, an accomplishment as artistic as it was eccentric. He could execute the most intricate cadenza that ever made a prima donna's tour de force, and if the girls did not take to classic music we would sing as a duet, "Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still," a favorite song of the day.

The fifth day, on Sunday afternoon, we came up to the Federal picket, and through our glasses could see the boys playing cards under a tree, while the sentry lazily swung his carbine in his hand and sang "When the Cruel War Is Over," little thinking what a different sort of game was about to be played.

Billy and I took three scouts around through the woods and took up the planks in the bridge over a little creek, and then fired off four pistols, at which signal our advance guard charged the picket in front. They were surprised and overpowered, and come scampering down the hill with our fellows after them yelling like devils. We caught five of them on the bridge, and one of them said, as he scrambled out of the trap: "Now, Johnnie, don't be hard on us. I've got a canteen full of applejack."

We saw three girls on the porch of a pretty farmhouse near by waving handkerchiefs to us by way of applauding this little adventure, and as there was nothing more to be done but to wait for the main column to come up Billy and I went up to the house and were received with wild enthusiasm.

One of the girls had disappeared, but the other two dragged her out, struggling and blushing.

"Oh, I'm so scared," she cried. "I was coming from church when a man came running down the road and said the rebels were coming."

"You big goose," said one of the girls. "The rebels are not going to eat you up."

"She's our cousin," said another; "but she's a Union girl—Miss Helen Manson."

"I'd be a Union man," said Billy, "in one respect for her sake. You hold her, young ladies, while I make her a prisoner of war."

And encouraged by the applause of the two other girls he seized the blushing damsel and tried to kiss her.

"Served her right," said the others. "She's just putting on to make believe she doesn't like it."

We enjoyed a pastoral lunch of buttermilk, cold bread, honey and cold mutton, a kind-looking old matron presiding. Then we gave our musical "matinee" and Billy played the interlude that introduces the climax he said sotto voce. "Now, Bob, when I howl on the high C you give 'em that baryione croak on F sharp and we'll gather the crowd."

We did. The old lady's eyes were suffused with tears and the girls were all raptures. Then Billy sang his translation of Henry of Navarre's song to Gabrielle and he pushed his flirtations with an ardor equal to that of the gallant monarch who left the fight for his kingdom to win his mistress with song and lute. It was astonishing to see how little the young lady disguised her gratification and how boldly she encouraged her admirer.

"This beats Achilles and O'Malley," whispered Billy to me as he led the young lady out into the garden bower for a tete-a-tete.

We heard the drums of the fort in the distance beat the long roll, and Billy and Helen came out of the bower, one all smiles and the other all blushes.

Helen was only a country girl, but one that a courtier or a poet might have gazed on with rapture. Her pretty head was crowned with a little soft felt hat, saucily cocked on one side and the tail feathers of a pheasant set in front, like the forked plume of Mephisto. Her oval face was framed in a mass of curling auburn hair that matched her gleaming agate eyes and a red mouth that would have risked the piety of a saint, while her neck might have been likened to the swan's, except that the reverse curves that poets describe in the Swan of Leda and the steed of Adonis were hidden by a close collar and ribbon.

In fact, her attire, like her bearing and manners, indicated all the defenses that feminine modesty erects against audacious admiration.

But the little traitor of coquetry within his well-guarded citadel had thrown out a signal to show that it might possibly be taken by strategem if not by storm. The ribbon knot at the neck was evidently not intended for a Gordian tie, and two open buttonholes on the breast looked like a rift in the cloud where two pink rosebuds suggested the forbidden glimpse of heaven to eyes that could wonder from the siren fascinations of her own.

So this rustic maiden was a combination of allurements and defiance as she stood seemingly spellbound by the handsome young soldier's eloquent whispers.

They whispered as only true lovers can. She took out one of the rosebuds, kissed it and gave it to Billy. And we gave the ladies a short au revoir and rode away.

"That's the hottest flirtation I ever saw," said I, as we stopped to water our horses, "except the one with the pretty widow who called you Cupid."

"What did she mean by that?" asked Billy, scornfully.

"Why, she said whenever she saw you so clean and perfumed and so beautiful you always reminded her of Cupid, her dear little dead poodle."

"You made that up," said Billy, "and—"

"But look yonder. What's that girl riding off for at that breakneck gait?"

The fair Helen had got on her horse and was going to the rear of the house like a comet.

"She's going home," said Billy, "but we've sworn to meet again. In the meantime, old boy, I seek solace in the weed." And he quietly drew his pipe from his breast-pocket. But in the act he turned deadly pale and trembled.

"What's the matter, Billy?"

"Great God of heaven, that fiend of a woman has stolen my papers—the sealed orders."

A gay man in distress is doubly pathetic, and I held up Billy as he staggered under the disaster just as they held up poor dying Mercutio. He had lost his papers in an intrigue with a woman, and having been more than once rebuked for his gay propensities, the case was all the worse.

"We must catch her," I cried, "but she is going like the wind."

"D—— her," said Billy between his teeth, "we'll go like the whirlwind."

And we did. It was a terrific race which the fair Amazon would have won except that she had to dismount to take down three "draw bars," which she left down. At the third one, just as she was springing in the saddle, Billy came up at full speed and caught the horse's bridle. There was a violent struggle, and then Billy struck the horse in the flank and he galloped off down the road, leaving the indignant damsel standing in the road before the enemy.

"Now, young lady, that envelope, or I'll take it wherever it is."

"I'll die first," was the defiant reply.

"The lady would be wise to remember that she is taken in the act of carrying information through the lines, and is, therefore, a spy," said I.

"If you are a man of honor remember that I am a woman."

"I'm a man who has lost his honor and you have it," was the reply.

Miss Helen was always beautiful, but now she was superb as she stood before us with flushed cheeks and flashing eyes, the auburn hair loose and waving in the wind.

"Miss Helen," said Billy, taking off his hat and bowing after the manner of Sir Charles Grandison, "as a gentleman I humbly apologize to the lady, but as an officer I arrest the spy."

It was near sunset now, and the boom of a gun in the distance announced that the fort had saluted the first approach of our advance guard.

"Young lady," said Billy, inventing a stroke of strategy, "you may tell by that sound that our soldiers have invested the fort and so if you don't surrender that paper you may fall into worse hands than ours before morning, not to mention the inconveniences of a night in the woods without a femme de chambre, chaperon or robe de—excuse me, I meant to say supper."

Struck with this unexpected turn of the adventure Miss Helen bit her lip for a moment, then drew the package from the breast of her riding dress and, disdainfully tossing it on the ground, stood beating her skirt with her whip.

"You have read this document," said Billy, after opening the envelope," and might convey the information without having the paper. Come, fair Helen, this is my friend Achilles, and I'll be Paris instead of Charles O'Malley. Let us fly to Troy, that is, to the safety of the Confederate rear, where we may renew the broken pledges of the matinee."

"You will only be a prisoner in form," I suggested, "and it's for your own safety, you know."

At this our fair captive, to our great surprise, gave a convulsive sob, and sitting meekly down on the side of the road drew a snowy cambric handkerchief and sought relief in the tears that make a pretty woman in distress more formidable than an army of Amazons.

We stood by like two stupid schoolboys, worse broken up by this sudden shower than the lady herself.

At last Billy said softly, "You'll be as safe with us as if we were your brothers."

"Or your mother," I suggested.

"I'm afraid you'll catch cold sitting on that damp grass."

"We'll go and get an ambulance."

"No," sobbed the heroine.

Then I whispered to Billy that when women got into such a humor it was better to wait quietly until the mood changed.

Sure enough, after leaving the young lady to her grief for ten minutes she rose, and slowly adjusting her hat and skirt said faintly:

"I'm ready."

But when I led my horse up to the fence and took down three rails to make an improvised horseblock she said, ruefully:

"I will have to ride behind you."

And so we took our way to the Manson House in melancholy procession to make a sad end to our gay matinee, as Billy called it.

As we passed along the groups of soldiers going into camp the typical humorist so familiar in the Confederate ranks gave us what would have been called in later times a "guy."

"Say, boys, dog on me if that ain't old Manson's gal. Cap, you had ought to cotched her dad, that old Union cuss."

"He prefers the gal," said another.

"Hold on to the cap'n, sis," cried a third, "It the critter kicks up you'll fall off sure."

And with such gibes as these we ran the gantlet, and finally brought our tearful prisoner to her kinfolk, who heard the story with deep sympathy, petted and consoled the fair victim, and bade us goodnight in mingled tones of regret and reproach.

The next morning at daylight when we attacked the fort there was not a living creature in it except a cat sitting in front of one of the huts, with the peculiar serenity that only a cat can maintain under such trying circumstances.

Billy handed the general the sealed orders, explaining that they were only to be delivered after the result of the attack on the fort, and he then narrated the circumstances of our adventure. The general, or colonel, as he was then, gave a contemptuous grunt and coldly remarked that:

"Of course she has sent the d—d Yankees the information, and hence they had gone down the river to join their cavalry and overpower Jenkins" (our own cavalry commander). And he promptly gave orders for the troops to form in column and move forward as rapidly as possible. The colonel, who was afterward a distinguished general, was then a young man to command a brigade, and was a fierce and headlong fighter, and he now pursued the pursuit with intense ardor, driving back the rear guard of the Federals and frequently forcing them to halt their whole column and deploy in line. But with the advantages of the mountain roads they continued the march of the main column until near sunset, when in rear of a defile they formed line with two batteries on a little mountain spur and after a series of desperate assaults we were forced to draw off badly discomfited.

When Billy recognized his responsibility for the fiasco his gallant and debonair bearing vanished, and with clenched teeth he rode to the front and stayed there until a welcome bullet took him in the shoulder and he fell down in the dusty road where our battery was being terribly pounded by a plungivg fire. When we took him back and laid him among the wounded under a tent-fly, he faintly murmured:

"Old fellow, we've had our last matinee, but it's hard luck to be mustered out without an honorable discharge."

Just before daybreak the pickets reported that a steamboat was coming up the river, and we recognized by the wheezy, hard-drawn breath one of the flat stern-wheel boats that could navigate the Ohio and Kanawha as long as there was a heavy dew, as the natives expressed it. By the time daylight appeared the soldiers were bringing rails and cutting poles to make a "palisade" as we guessed that the enemy had been re-enforced and would take their turn to attack. At 9 o'clock, however, no demonstration had been made, and I rode back to see how Billy was getting along, but what was my surprise to see standing before the tent into which he had been moved the identical cause of all the trouble, the fiendish Helen, forked feathers and all, and holding her horse by the bridle.

"So you are here, are you? you —." But propriety and rage together choked my utterance.

"Oh, my God, my God!" cried the girl wildly, "have I caused this? It just dawned on me when a wounded soldier came to the house last night and told us. What can I do, what can I do?"

"You can go to—well, to Richmond. You stole that paper. You are a spy. You have caused a brave young boy to get himself killed and—"

But a terrific rattle of musketry to the left of us broke off the dialogue. The enemy had surprised our picket on a byroad to the left, and come down on our flank like a whirlwind without notice. The colonel, however, was a complete soldier, and he had three regiments of Virginia mountaineers, the finest riflemen in the world, who, clad in dirt-colored gray, when skirmishing could hardly be seen compared with the black silhouettes that the Union soldiers made on the field. Ordering one regiment to form to the left and rear and a double line of skirmishers to hold the front he drew off his little army in perfect order, and, posting the artillery in a gap through which the turnpike ran, threw out his line to left and right on the steep acclivities and presented a front that the enemy only approached once.

So quickly did all this happen that before I could take one look at Billy and mount my horse, our skirmishers came by us, facing about and firing as they retreated. They had struck the tent and put it in a wagon, but there lay Billy and the girl kneeling by him. The next instant the long line of Federals came forward, shouting and firing. The wagon and the surgeon and the ambulance dashed off at a gallop, and, leaping on my horse, I turned his head to the rear. He needed no further hint, but rushed down a slope on a run, across a little slash and scrambled up the steep hill, where our line was reforming, just in time to avoid the reopening fire of our own men.

Our young commander, who was as cool and wary in retreat as he was rash in attack, retired slowly before the Federal force and allowed them to occupy their former post at Fayette, but in September he captured it with nearly all the garrison, for which he was made a brigadier-general.

All this time Major Alston had not been heard from, except that some of the country girls who had relations in the Federal lines heard a lurid story of the wrath of old Manson when he found his daughter at a field hospital nursing a rebel. The newly-made general had ignored Billy's unfortunate slip, as he considered that it had precipitated the campaign that resulted to his own benefit.

As the first snow of December came over the southern range of the Alleghenies and began to spread its desolate white mantle over the beautiful region known as "Burke's Garden," General Loring was sitting in his tent regaling some of his staff with tales of his travels in the East, as he loved to do, and he was in the midst of a description of the seraglio that was the scene of Don Juan's adventures and explaining that the walls were decorated with the colored illustrations of Byron's poem, when an orderly entered and announced that two deserters had just come in.

"Very well," said the general, "bring them in. As I was saying, there on two walls are these pictures of the favorite—what's her name?—Zuleika, and Don Juan and Johnson at the camp of Suwarrow with the girl in disguise."

"Here they are, general," said the orderly, and throwing back the flaps of the tent he pointed to two ragged and dejected figures in the stained remnants of blue uniforms, one a young man with thin, unkempt hair and beard, the other a boy in equally forlorn habiliments relieved by a blanket closely drawn around his shoulders.

"Well, who are you and where did you come from?" asked the general, posing himself to discover some important piece of information.

Slowly taking off his ragged cap and putting back his uncombed hair the elder stranger said in a low, deprecating tone:

"General, don't you know Billy?"

The general was subject to sudden fits of anger, and perhaps thinking that his dignity, which he held with extreme military precision, was being trifled with, he said in a deep base voice, like the growl of a tiger:

"Billy who?"

Another short pause and the tattered stranger said with a comically sad attempt at a smile:

"Bill Alston."

The general rose slowly, and, approaching his former adjutant-general, took him by the shoulders and turning him around examined him critically. Then, thinking of the contrast between the wretched object and the former brilliant ornament of his staff, he burst into a laugh that was echoed by the other officers as they took hold of Billy and alternately embraced and bantered him.

"Take him out and wash him and be particular about it, and then, Billy, I'll shake hands," said Loring. "But see here, who's that other one?"

The "other one" looked more pitiful and abashed than Billy, and with bowed head avoided the inquisitive glances bent upon him.

Then Billy, putting his arm around his timid companion, said with the first touch of dignity and courage that he had mustered:

"This is my wife, Miss Helen Manson, who saved my life and gave me my freedom; but a thousand times more than that she gave me herself."

At this pathetic turn of the scene old Loring, who was a bachelor and the soul of gallantry, rose, and, tenderly putting his hand on the young lady's head, said:

"My dear young lady, this is really the most beautiful thing I have ever witnessed in all my travels in the East or in our own country, and I am proud to have a part in it. Let an old fellow give you his blessing, and I'll be your father until—well, I expect to catch your real father, but will forgive him everything for your sake." And tenderly conducting the disguised bride to the door of the tent he directed one of the staff to call a female servant and hitch up the headquarters ambulance to take the couple to a private house near by.

It would be impossible for me to do justice to the story she told of the rescue from prison and the dangerous and weary adventures in getting through the lines. Old Loring would not rest until he got Billy promoted, and he distinguished himself in the Southern campaigns with Johnson.

After the surrender he came wandering back to Virginia not knowing whether he had any home or where to find his wife. But when he came to the house he saw an old gentleman rolling a baby-carriage.

"Hello," said the old gentleman, "is that you, Billy?"

"Why, Mr. Manson," said Billy, jumping off his starved horse.

"We've got your pardon and saved your fortune," said the old fellow, and he added, slapping Billy on the back, "You rascal, you made my daughter a rebel, but I forgive you, for you've made me a grandfather."

PAGE MCCARTY.

Not a Happy Lot.

New York Weekly.

Editor (Boom City Recorder)—There's another fellow waiting out there with a gun. Ah, me! An editor's lot is not a happy one. If that man should kill me he would lose nothing, as there are plenty of other fools willing to take my place here and keep him supplied with the news of the day at 5 cents a copy.

Friend—You are a good shot and can pick him off with perfect safety right from this window.

Editor—Huh! If you were running the paper you'd soon be bankrupt. If I should kill him I'd lose a subscriber.

The first British translation of the Bible was in the Irish tongue.

WOMEN AND HOME.

The Very Latest Midwinter Fashions.

GOWN FOR A LITTLE GIRL.

Stylish Costumes for the House and Street—A Modern Type of Beauty.

The overskirt has come to stay, and it begins to look as if we should have a revival of the regular paniers by next spring, the short, bouffant drapery on the hips showing itself in more and more pronounced fashion on the imported dresses. This and the apparent seamless and dartless simplicity of the new waists, which are drawn in folds to a point well below

the waist a la Bernhardt (this famous actress having a particular predilection for this cut) seem to be the newest features of the present mode. For evening dresses—that is to say, ball and reception gowns—the skirts are becoming more and more studied, and are really fearfully and wonderfully made in their elaboration. "Much too labored" is the verdict of good taste. This

criticism, however, does not apply to the ball dresses of young girls, which are miracles of simplicity and freshness.

Of the two midwinter gowns illustrated the first is a picturesque arrangement of cloth, velvet and fur. The pretty little fur-gathered front is of bengaline. The home dinner dress, of which a sketch is given, is intended for a brunette, and is of silk in a pale shade of old rose. It has a bertha and full front of old lace.

FOR THE TEA TABLE.

It was really a remarkable tea jacket, though it was composed mainly of odds and ends, says the New York World. The small, sleeveless Zouave jacket was of black velvet, carefully cut from the least

worn places in her mother's old black velvet gown. The enormous sleeves of golden-flowered silk were made of material originally intended for sofa cushions and purchased at the bargain counter for that purpose. The soft, golden-colored vest was of crepe de Chine, from a ball-gown whose days were over. But the effect was strikingly harmonious and Frenchy.

A COLLEGE-BRED BEAUTY.

The type of recognized facial beauty in women has changed remarkably in the past twenty years. Gradually the very points that used to be considered the most essential have altered or been lost sight of in the heightened appreciation for others. Take eyes, for instance. Large eyes are beautiful of course, yet, according to the

Philadelphia Press, the average pretty woman of to-day has not large eyes. She has bright, clear or steady ones, but they are seldom the big, round child-like eyes that the girl of a while ago must have had to be thought pretty. A picture in this article is that of a woman who was the belle of her class at college, who during the past season has been acknowledged a superbly beautiful woman. The smooth, plump neck and rippling hair are there, but no picture can do full justice to her eyes, with their sparkle of wit and challenge that dazzles you into an acknowledgment of their beauty when they meet yours. A beauty beyond question, and as surely one of a new type within the past score of years.

A LITTLE GIRL'S GOWN.

A particularly trim little French dress for a girl has a pleated skirt and a blouse bodice trimmed with embroidery in jacket

shape. The collar, the belt and the sleeve trimming are of the same embroidery. It is to be hoped that pleated skirts will long be worn by children, for hardly any other it as graceful and flower-like in effect.

A GOWN BY WORTH.

This costume is a street gown designed for the New York World by Worth. The material is lady's cloth, trimmed with rich

black lace. The skirt is full and plain, a deep flounce of the lace trimming the bottom. The odd sleeves and bertha will commend themselves to the woman in search of something new.

ELECTRICALLY LIGHTED TABLES

English women are exulting over the discovery that electric light can be made a most brilliant and ornamental feature of the dinner-table. It is a part of the center-

piece, pendant over a basket of flowers, and is even introduced among the dishes themselves. Handsome lamps with wide-spreading amber shades, pillar candlesticks and various other fittings are finding a ready sale among hostesses who are looking for something new.

BABYHOOD.

Heigh-ho! Babyhood! Tell me where you linger,
Let's toddle home again, for we have gone astray;
Take this eager hand of mine and lead me by the finger
Back to the lotus land of the far away.

Turn back the leaves of life: don't read the glory—
Let's find the pictures and fancy all the rest!
We can fill the unwritten pages with a brighter story
Than old Time, the story-teller, at his best!

Turn to the brook, where the honeysuckle tipping
O'er its vase of perfume spills it on the breeze,
And the bee and humming bird in ecstacy are sipping
From the fairy flagons of the blooming locust trees.

Turn to the lane where we used to "teeter-totter,"
Printing little foot-palms in the mellow mold;
Laughing at the lazy cattle wading in the water,
Where the ripples dimple round the buttercups of gold.

Where the dusky turtle lies basking in the gravel
Of the sunny sandbar in the middle tide,
And the ghostly dragon-fly pauses in his travel,
To rest like a blossom where the waterlily died.

Heigh-ho! Babyhood! Tell me where you linger,
Let's toddle home again, for we have gone astray:
Take this eager hand of mine and lead me by the finger
Back to the lotus land of the far away.

J. W. RILEY.

Wouldn't Be an Englishman.

Boston Budget.

Bluffkins wandered in at the club the other night and drew his chair close to the fire.

"I wouldn't be an Englishman for anything!" he ejaculated. "They have the most gluttonous appetites on record."

"You cawn't prove that, bah Jove!" said Mr. Algernon Hawkins, who lived on chops and swore by her Majesty.

"I can," replied Bluffkins, with unruffled composure, "and here is the proof: I was riding home in an electric last night. Two Englishmen sat next to me. 'I 'ave just bought a stove,' said one. 'So 'ave I,' said the other. 'But mine is the best on earth; it cooks my breakfast in 'alf an hour,' said the first. 'Jove!' said the second, 'that isn't anything. I can 'eat my stove in five minutes.'"

And even Mr. Algernon Hawkins acknowledged the Englishman did have pretty solid appetite.

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PULLING THE LOAD.

A Study of the Principles of Hauling.

There is one point in horse management in which the Pacific Coast is far ahead of most sections of the East. This is the matter of loading horses. Whether it is because horses are cheaper, feed less dear, or our horsemen have more horse sense, it is certain that an all too common sight in the East, a single horse or a team struggling with a load that is all too heavy for their strength, is seldom encountered here.

I am afraid I incline to the theory that this must be explained on the ground that horses and feed are cheap out here, for in other regards we do not show any very great horse sense concerning loading. The drays and heavy trucks we use out here are especially designed to take the most out of a horse with the least possible return in work accomplished. They are so built that their weight hangs dead over the wheels, far below the axles, so that the horse has to encounter not only heavier friction but to overcome an additional force of gravity to what he could were the load above the axle.

We have no idea, apparently, of economizing horseflesh by means of intelligent loading. Our only remedy when we have accumulated a load too heavy for the outfit to manage is to add another horse to the team. With a little intelligence in the matter of building our heavy trucks fully one-third of the horses used in this city, for instance, could be dispensed with. With broader tires to our wheels and decent pavements on our thoroughfares half of what then remained could be turned out to grass. The thought that is oftenest suggested to the observant mind, in going through the wholesale streets and noticing the really extraordinary amount of horseflesh that cumbers the way, is that old saying of Josh Billings': "There are 5 hundred dogs in this 'ere town and 2 hundred and 50 of 'em cud dew all the bizness."

I do not know how many horses there are in San Francisco, but I do know that rightly used about half as many as there are could do all the work that is now done, and the comfort, safety, quiet and cleanliness of our streets would be greatly augmented by the change.

The loading of a wagon is a proposition in mathematics. There is not a practical engineer in the world who, if he gave his mind to a consideration of the matter, would not at once recognize the fact that we set that wonderful engine, the draft-horse, to do work under conditions that we know would cause the most carefully constructed steam engine ever built to wear itself out in useless endeavor. One man, a civil engineer in London, named Briggs, has recently applied his mind to this problem, and some of the conclusions he has reached are so novel and seemingly preposterous as to require a careful study before their reasonableness can be fully demonstrated. Mr. Briggs' demonstrations of what a horse may do under proper conditions of loading have been pronounced by representatives of humane and engineering societies, before whom he has lectured, to be of the utmost importance.

To begin with he lays down a general proposition that pulling is largely a matter of weight. Casually speaking, most horsemen understand this to be a fact. They know that they require a heavy horse to pull a heavy load, but in hitching the horse to the load they invariably proceed upon the idea that it is the extra strength rather than the extra weight of the large animal that is required. By our methods of harnessing Mr. Briggs contends the animals are so handicapped that in many cases, if not in all, there is an absolute loss of 50 per cent of their power. A horse, he claims, does not pull at any time; he thrusts. The collar and traces are no part of the horse, any more than the shafts are. The amount of resistance a horse can overcome depends upon his own weight, his height, his length and his muscular development. A curious experiment was given at a lecture in London to demonstrate the claim made that pulling is a matter of weight. Two men were brought out on the stage, one much heavier than the other, but both of about equal muscular development. Each took hold of a rope, and the heavier man pulled the lighter one across the stage. A small boy then perched himself upon the lighter man's shoulders, and with this additional weight to aid him, he, in turn, hauled his heavier antagonist across the stage.

Another experiment tried by Mr. Briggs, in London, is very conclusive. A stout draft horse was set to pull a load of 2000 pounds up a grade. By straining with all his powers, the horse was able, with great difficulty, nearly to move the load. The experimenters then removed from the load two sacks, each containing 100 pounds, and placed them on the horse's back. With hardly more than an ordinary effort the horse walked up hill with the loaded wagon.

I remember, myself, seeing on one of our city streets a sight which showed conclusively the relation between weight and hauling power. A heavy drafthorse, attached to a two-wheeled flat dray, was hauling with apparent difficulty a not very large load. The load, in fact, seemed the merest trifle for an animal of his size, yet he was leaning against the collar, his legs braced, his muscles quivering with the strain of pulling. The disadvantage under which he labored was not difficult to recognize. The load, though by no means one that should have taxed his strength, was rendered about double its natural weight by being disposed on the rear end of the dray platform. The tendency of the load in this position was to weigh down the end of the dray and throw the shafts in the air. To counteract this tendency must have required a vertical pressure of several hundred pounds at the other end. This pressure was applied at the saddle by means of the shaft supports and girth, and the force required to exert it was taken directly from the weight of the horse. In other words, part of the weight that should have been imposed against the load was expended in holding down the shafts, so that in reality it was a horse of very ordinary weight that was drawing the dray. If the load had been shifted so as to rest forward of the axle the effect would have been to throw part of the weight forward upon the horse's back, in which case he would have had just that additional amount of force to throw into the collar, and the hauling of the wagon would have been a mere bagatelle to him.

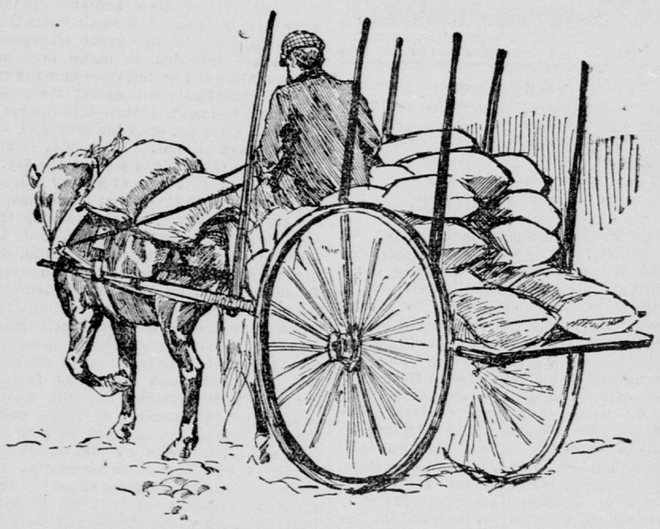
If Mr. Briggs could have seen this rig as I saw it that day he might have added another to the collection of pictures with which he illustrates his lectures, all showing the waste of horse-power.

The lighter the load, says our civil engineer, the more the vehicle ought to support the horse. When, however, the load increases the horse ought gradually to lose that support until, with an excessive load, he ought to support a part of the vehicle. In the case of the horse who was enabled to draw the load of 2000 pounds after 200 pounds weight had been placed upon his back the additional weight gave a better angle of draft. If the load is heavy and difficult to move and the horse is compelled to effect a horizontal thrust without increasing his grip and improving his mechanical conditions it fails. But if the conditions remove some of the weight of the load and put it on the horse it is equal to allowing the thrust to be an obliquely upward one. Mr. Briggs is perfecting an automatic appliance which he claims will increase or decrease the weight of a horse as occasion requires. Some contrivance that could be operated so as to occasionally accomplish the latter would be a boon to horseflesh. A horse exerts from ten to a hundred times more force and expends that much more energy in transporting himself from place to place than in hauling a two-ton load on fairly good roads, and they are so harnessed between the shafts of a wagon as to compel them, even in the moments during the day when they are not at work, to rest their weight on their feet. Any contrivance that would temporarily diminish this weight would prove a boon to the animal and a great saving in horseflesh.

The idea that a horse thrusts rather than pulls a load will strike many people as amusing in the extreme. The comment of one incredulous driver when I first put the matter before him was given with a great laugh. "In that case," said he, "we should put the cart before the horse and let him push it." There are obvious reasons why this cannot be done. The horse is built differently from the elephant, for instance, who moves his great loads by pressing against them with his ponderous head and thrusting his weight forward. The horse, however, could be made much more comfortable about his work. As it is now he is compelled to rest himself unnecessarily under conditions that any engineer knows that a locomotive would speedily go to pieces under. On this coast, for instance, we could abandon the great horse-killing trucks that are such a distinctive feature of our business traffic. We could study more intelligently the rationale of the harness, particularly of the collar, which is seldom constructed upon scientific principles, and every handler of heavy horses should be made to pass an examination in the mechanics of loading that should be as searching and thorough as that required of engineers or pilots. There are other matters, too, with reference to hauling that every teamster should know.

Experiments show that from one-third to two-thirds more power is required to draw a given load through mud or sand than over a hard road, yet your average teamster hurries his horses when he comes to a "bad bit" in the road. I asked one once why he did this, and received the astonishing reply: "Oh, it's easier for the horses to get through it quickly." This, when the animals he drove were visibly using up, in passing quickly over a sandy street, the energy that should have carried them to town. A horse can use, in one great effort, all the force he has at his command, but I have known drivers to urge a tired animal beyond his strength, on the homeward way, on the plea that "the quicker he gets home the longer he'll have to rest." In hauling, particularly, a great deal depends upon management, whether a horse is worn out by a short pull or enabled to work steadily all day. Steady, hard pulling, particularly on a grade, is painful to a horse, and every animal so employed should be allowed frequent periods of rest, particularly in the early part of a trip. A load should always be arranged so that the weight is as far forward as possible, and, in the winter season, every driver on soft roads in California should remember that a light rain, softening the surface of the road, adds 20 per cent to the power required to draw a load. Dry axles add double, sometimes treble, to the labor of a team, and a rise of one foot in ten on a grade doubles the draft.

MISS RUSSELL.



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