

Bugle Calls...

By CAPTAIN DRAYLE

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One day when Company B of the Seventh was returning from a scout after hostile Indians a boy of ten who had been hiding in a dry ditch suddenly leaped up before the horses. His story was the familiar one. An emigrant camp had been beset by the hostiles at night, a score of men, women and children wiped out, and the boy had escaped, he knew not how. The soldiers claimed the orphan as their own, and in a way Company B adopted him.

For the first year or two it was feared that relatives might turn up or that the colonel would send him away to be adopted and cared for by civilians, but these calamities did not happen. The boy gave his name as Stanley Martin, and so the chaplain wrote it down in making a record, but the soldiers called him Billy from the first day to the last. He was a bright, cheerful youngster by nature, and after time had blunted his grief no one laughed oftener than Billy. The petting he received from the men of the company would have spoiled most kids, but it made Billy none the worse. He might have picked up profanity, selfishness and braggadocio, but he never did. He was encouraged to smoke and chew, but he did not fall into those bad habits. At the age of twelve he was better educated than some of the corporals, and at fourteen the commissary took him on as a clerk.

How it was arranged does not matter, but a year later Billy became Company B's bugler. He had been a pupil until he could be taught nothing more. His bugle calls were music to the whole regiment, and let others wind the horn as they might their notes could deceive no one. And at fifteen he was as fresh faced and honest looking a lad as any father or mother could have wished to call son. There wasn't an officer in the regiment who wouldn't have been glad to chip in for a purse to send the boy to some school in the states and give him a show to make his way in civil life, but Billy had determined on a soldier's career and begged to be permitted to stay with the Seventh.

Soon after his promotion the Indians, who had somehow held on to themselves for four or five years, dug up the hatchet and took to the warpath. News reached Fort McPherson after a bit that a band of them were raiding down Smoky valley. There were but two companies at the fort just then, and they held themselves in readiness to be ordered out at any moment. It was six miles from the post over to the valley, and many a time during the days of peace Billy had mounted the Indian pony given him by the quartermaster and ridden over to Wharton's ranch. Wharton himself was jolly and good natured, his wife was motherly and kind hearted, and their daughter Kate, a year younger than the bugler, was handsome enough to set a boy's heart fluttering. The soldiers caught on after awhile and had their jokes at Billy's expense, but they did not go too far. Even the roughest of the men always respected the boy's feelings. He blushed and stammered when they laughed at his love affair, but he went just as often to Wharton's.

One day, and for the first time, he was sent there officially. The hostiles were taking in the whole length of the valley, beating back or dodging the forces sent out, and if the Whartons did not seek the shelter of the fort they were certain to fall victims within a day or two. Other settlers had come in, but Wharton argued that the marauders would turn back before his place was reached. The colonel of the Seventh had written him almost a peremptory order to come in without an hour's delay, and Billy was the messenger deputed to carry it. He had a fast pony, was a good rider and had a cool head, and it was argued that he would be several hours ahead of danger. A light Winchester and a belt of cartridges were given him, and he was only when he was on his way that any one noticed the bugle slung to his back. He rode at a fast pace and reached Wharton's without adventure. The message must have convinced the ranchman of the necessity of haste, for he brought up his wagon and began loading it with household effects. It was while thus engaged that the Indians came upon him.

Billy had left the fort at 10 o'clock in the forenoon. It could be figured out that if Wharton refused to come the boy would be back at half past 12 at the latest. If Wharton accompanied him back, then it might be an hour later. It came 1 o'clock, and it came 2 and 3, and there was no sign of Billy. Then the colonel ordered out Company B for a scout. There were only seventy men, but it was believed they could take care of any force likely to be met with that far down the valley. The orders were to ride on until they found the boy, and the troop was no sooner clear of the stockade than the horses were put to the gallop. They hoped to meet Billy before the crest of Snake Hill was reached, but when a halt was made on the summit to breathe the horses and the troopers looked down upon Wharton's ranch, still three miles away, a dozen men cried out in chorus: "Look! Look! The redskins have jumped the ranch and are burning the house."

Clouds of smoke were arising from three or four points on the ranch property, but after a minute it was seen

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that sheds and stacks only had been fired and that the house itself was still intact. But as the soldiers used their naked eyes and the officers their glasses to locate the redskins the sounds of rifle shots came floating up to them, followed by the notes of a bugle. Bugler Billy was sounding "Boots and saddles" as a call for aid.

Company B had brought along a supernumerary bugler. The captain nodded to him. He dismounted, climbed the big boulder which was a landmark and from its crest sent the stirring notes back across the valley to tell the beleaguered ones that rescue was at hand. Then as he touched the saddle again the troop went thundering down the eastern slope to fall upon the Indians red handed. It reached the valley, it had formed platoon front, the carbines had been unsprung, when up rose 200 warriors to bar its further progress and its retreat and drive it to cover on the right. Ten saddles had been emptied before cover was reached. The Indians had set a trap, and the troopers had galloped into it. For half an hour the hostiles pressed the attack so vigorously that it seemed as if the troop must be wiped out, but the cool and steady fire of the soldiers finally cleared the foe away, and rifle and carbine ceased their racket for a time.

As silence fell came the notes of Billy's bugle to tell his comrades that he was still alive and knew of their near presence. Again he was answered, but the men shook their heads and cursed and muttered. It was plain to them that the boy and the Whartons were beset in the ranchhouse by twenty to one and just as plain that they were helpless to aid them. The Indians had simply fallen back to cover instead of retreating. The troop was surrounded and shut in, and so attempt to break out of the circle meant a massacre.

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ranchhouse that lasted for half an hour. When the firing had died away, Billy's bugle calls floated across the level to tell his comrades that the fort still held out, and they were answered with wild cheers. Twice again before the sun went down the Indians made fierce attacks on the entrenched troopers, to be driven back, and twice and three times renewed the attacks on the house. Again after the attack at 6 o'clock Billy's bugle calls were heard, but three-quarters of an hour later the troopers sprang up and exclaimed to each other:

"Those are not Billy's notes! Some one else is sounding the call!"

"'Tis Wharton's daughter!" whispered the old first sergeant.

"Our Billy has taught her to blow the bugle. Comrades, our boy lies dead or wounded."

Thirty minutes later, as the red rim of the summer sun was sinking out of sight, there came a last call from the ranchhouse. It was from the lips of the girl again. Just then silence fell upon the valley, or the low and quavering notes might not have reached the ears of the troopers. The girl was blowing the call of "Lights out!"

"God! God!" sobbed the men as they listened and realized what the notes meant.

"She is the last to die!" whispered the captain as he turned away his head.

Under cover of darkness the hostiles drew off and were thirty miles away when morning came. Then the troopers closed in on the battered, half burned ranchhouse and sat with bared heads while their officers went inside.

"Not a cartridge left and all dead!" said the captain as he came out, with his hat in his hand. "It was the girl who lived longest, and it was she who blew 'Lights out!' when all hope was gone. God rest them!"

Human Flesh Does Not Petrify.

Petrification is simply the substitution of inorganic for organic matter atom by atom. This process of transformation is unthinkable slow. As a molecule of wood or bone decays a molecule of stone takes its place. This can only occur when the air, earth or water surrounding the organic substance in question holds in solution some mineral which is readily precipitated. In the case of either wood or bone while decomposition is going on there yet remains a framework or fiber, the interstices of which may gradually be filled by the mineral substance. With flesh, be it human or animal, no such framework exists. The very rapid decay of flesh also makes it impossible for the very slow process of petrification to have any effect in the way of making a transformation.

The stories of petrified bodies being found in graveyards are usually "faked up" by some imaginative reporter who wishes to lengthen his "string." It is true, however, that the bodies of human beings have been frequently found incrustated with a siliceous substance so as to resemble real petrifications in every particular.

Making a Cubbie.

The other day a gentleman went into a pipemaker's shop at Edinburgh with the intention of seeing the method of making pipes.

When he got in, he found only a boy in the shop; so, without more ado, he thus addressed him:

"Weel, my callant, I'll gie ye sixpence an' ye'll show us how ye mak' yer pipes."

"I canna mak' a peep, sir," replied the lad; "I can only mak' a cubbie."

"A cubbie! What's that, my himney?"

"It's a short peep," replied the boy, "sic as men an' women smoke out on."

"Why, I'll gie ye sixpence an' ye'll show us how ye mak' that."

"Gie's yer sixpence furst," was the reply.

The gentleman gave the boy sixpence, when he took a long pipe and broke a piece off it, saying:

"There, now, sir; that is the way I mak' cubbies."—London Answers.

The Rotation of Uranus.

Everybody who takes an interest in astronomy is aware that the two outermost planets of the solar system, Uranus and Neptune, are believed to rotate backward; that is, in a direction contrary to the rotation of all the other members of the system. But the evidence that they do thus rotate is indirect; such, for instance, as the fact that their satellites revolve backward in their orbits. Recently, however, Henri Deslandres of the Menden observatory has applied a method of determining the direction of rotation by spectroscopic observation, which gives direct evidence that in the case of Uranus at least the rotation is really backward. The method is based on the inclination of the lines in the spectrum of a rotating body, and resembles that by which a few years ago Professor Keeler demonstrated the motions of Saturn's rings. It is to be applied next to Neptune.

The Science of Stoking.

According to Consul General Mason, at Berlin, the trailing clouds of black smoke from mill and factory that hang over so many American cities, darkening the atmosphere and befouling the buildings, could be eliminated if the scientific methods of constructing chimneys and stoking furnaces that prevail in Germany were adopted here. "It is not every strapping laborer who can shovel coal who is permitted to stoke a boiler furnace in Germany," says Mr. Mason. "The stoker in that country must learn the theory and practice of economical firing, whereby the coal is so distributed over the grate surface as to secure the most perfect combustion. The use of fuel briquettes for domestic purposes in Berlin also tends largely to the prevention of smoke."

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To understand paralysis and locomotor ataxia, which is paralysis of the limbs, and their causes, it is well to remember that every movement of the body or its members is due to the contraction of muscle, which can only take place under the influence of nerve force.

As this all-important nerve force is created in the nerve centres of the brain and spinal cord, and conducted along wirelike nerve fibres to the various parts of the body, any derangement of the brain, spinal cord, or nerve fibres may result in paralysis or loss of the power of movement.

Paralysis, then, is the natural result of all neglected nervous diseases.

If you find yourself nervous and irritable, oversensitive to light, sound and motion, addicted to continual movement or tapping of the fingers, twitching of the muscles, sudden startings and jerking of the limbs during sleep; if you have nervous headaches or dyspepsia, are unable to sleep or rest, feel down-hearted and discouraged, and unfit to fight the battles of life; if your nerves are weak and exhausted, and your blood thin and watery, you have every reason to fear paralysis of at least some part of the body, and consequent suffering and helplessness.

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E.—Cauda Equina.
F.—Sciatic Nerve, the derangement of which is known as sciatic and sciatic rheumatism.

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acts on the system in an entirely different way to ordinary medicines. It is neither a stimulant to whip tired nerves to renewed activity, nor a narcotic, nor opiate, to deaden the nerves. On the contrary, it is a food cure, which forms new, red corpuscles in the blood, and creates new nerve cells. Every day it is bringing back health, strength and vitality to scores and hundreds who have become discouraged through the failure of doctors and other treatments to cure them. Write for symptom blank and further particulars regarding this great food cure. **Dr. Chase's Nerve Food** 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50. At all dealers, or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.

Natives Deserting the Matoppos.

According to the Bulawayo Chronicle, the natives living in the Matoppos continue to desert the hills for the Mopani veldt to the south. They assign as a reason for this, the depredations of the baboons and the exhaustion of the light sand loam of the hills. The baboons have been increasing rapidly, and are a source of considerable loss and almost daily annoyance. It is thought, notwithstanding that the real reason for the exodus is that the soil in the Mopani veldt is far richer than in the Matoppos, while the climate is possibly somewhat healthier. The harvests were particularly abundant on the banks of the Shashani, the Ovi, and Malema Rivers. This large and fertile tract of country, it is interesting to note, was uninhabited until the European occupation, apparently because it was accessible to raids from the south, and perhaps because it was once raided about fifty years ago. It is anticipated that a large native population will soon spread far down the larger tributaries of the Crocodile, and the Matoppos will then be more desolate and lonely than ever.

Completely Fagged Out.

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Horses in Venice.

It is said that some of the Venetians—those who have never been to the mainland—have never seen a horse in all their lives. A showman once brought one to a fair and called it a monster, and the factory hands paid a quarter to see the marvel.

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Dickens' Characters.

There are 1,425 characters in the works of Charles Dickens.

The Silk Industry.

Italy began the silk industry in the fourteenth century, but in 1750 France surpassed Italy and has since kept the first position.

Small Churches.

St. Mary's, Frinton-on-Sea, England, has only accommodation for thirty persons, and a church at Wastdale Head has only eight pews. Another church, at Haugh, Lincolnshire, is very small, but it seats the whole population, which only numbers thirty all told.

The Plague.

There is considerable evidence that the plague is a soil infection, to which Hindoos are particularly liable because they go barefooted and wear badly fitting toe rings, which give rise to chronic abrasions.

Cut Flowers.

Cut flowers will keep very much longer if a small quantity of alum is added to the water in which they are placed. A solution should be made by dissolving the alum in hot water, allowing it to cool and then adding to fresh water in about the proportion of a tablespoonful to a pint.

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