

AT THE ARMY POSTS.

MIMIC WARFARE AT CAMP RILEY IS A GOOD SCHOOL FOR SOLDIERS.

The Blues and Browns Fight Lively Battles With Blank Cartridges. No More Formality Could Be Observed In Actual Warfare.

The army posts are filling up again and from one after another come reports that the old routine of soldier life has again begun. But there will be one omission this year...

This mimic warfare it was that made possible the brilliant record of the regulars at El Caney and San Juan, for it was real hard fighting and proved the best kind of a school for the soldier.

The surface of the reservation is particularly fitted for the work, having many ravines, timber patches, bluffs and gulches. These make admirable hiding and camping places...

All troops march fully armed and equipped and carry ten blank cartridge. Topographical and road sketches are made by the engineers with as much care as if entering an enemy's country...

To guard against accidents all cartridges are inspected before the soldiers go out, and again before action, and by officers. Strict orders are issued that every man must act as much as possible as though actual conditions existed in such shape as it is pretended they do...

Regular orders are issued to the troops with the utmost precision, not exceeded even in the prosecution of a campaign. For instance, here is a typical order issued to the Blues:

"Order No. 121, November 10.—The enemy has appeared in force north of the camp. The brigade will be held in readiness to march to-morrow morning."

"Two troops of the First and two of the Second cavalry, and one battery of artillery, under command of Major W. A. Rafferty, Second cavalry, are hereby detailed as advance guard, and will, at 8.45 a. m. to-morrow, proceed along the Milk Ranch road."

"In case any of the enemy are met, the advance guard will push them back as far as possible. A medical officer and detachments of the hospital and signal corps will accompany the command. By order of Colonel Arnold."

"Acting Adjutant General."

The advance was begun on Fort Riley with due formality. The brigade went into camp as regularly as though a thousand miles away from headquarters. Tents, accoutrements, all the paraphernalia of camp life, were used, and videttes, outposts and scouts did their work carefully and well...

"The Blue brigade will, at break of day to-morrow morning, continue the march on Fort Riley. Two troops of cavalry are detailed as rear guards. The rear guards slowly retiring on Fort Riley, will, by stubborn resistance, delay the advance of the enemy as much as possible. Commander of rear guard will, however, take care that troops are withdrawn before they become engaged in any serious conflict. Signal men will be furnished with mounts, and men will be detailed to act as wounded. A medical officer with hospital corps detachment will be detailed to follow the command."

The issuing of such orders means much to the boys on duty. They see in the art of war something more than the mere learning of drills and tactics, and are awakened to a hearty enthusiasm which makes the work a pleasure rather than a duty regretfully performed. Most of the men stationed at the fort as privates are young, and the constant changes to bring in new troops from the surrounding posts all over the West makes the work decidedly interesting, and the rivalry by no means slight. This spirit it was that made the work of the regulars so conspicuous in Cuba, the Philippines and Porto Rico.

The location of umpires on the field to pass upon the accuracy of all movements insures immunity from any horse play, and as the artillery and cavalry alone are engaged, there is a valuable drill in every day's proceedings. Many visitors go out from the

surrounding counties of Central Kansas to see the fun, and really they see about as much of warfare as any layman can see, even if a campaign is going on in his own vicinity.

To follow the Blues or Browns for a day is a revelation to anyone. The ground is so rolling that the whole army might well be concealed in a ravine, and it requires shrewd generalship to keep full command of the brigade. As the enemy steadily advances on the fort, throwing out flanking lines and men who represented whole troops in themselves. These are the flag bearers, each flag standing for a troop of men. They are so recognized in the contest, and it is a rule that when two flags flank a single one, the latter is to consider himself captured and retreat or surrender.

The approach of the two lines means a battle, and soon the cavalry is seen coming out from behind a hill on the Milk Ranch road, ready to charge a battery of light artillery on the plain. Cantering forward, they are met by a destructive fire that threatens to wipe them from the earth. One after another of the invaders drops from his horse in mock injury.

Then the batteries rally and make a charge themselves. Up the hill they go, and hurry pell mell to the crest, where, in an instant, they whirl into place and the guns belch forth a warning and a menace. The invading Browns are, however, too numerous, and have other parties of cavalry and flamen on the flanks, and the umpires declare that the Blues are whipped in the battle.

Sometimes the campaign lasts several days, and anxious councils of war are held by the young lieutenants to make the best possible showing for their sides. They know that they will all be reviewed afterward, and they do not want to be found wanting. The conduct of the campaigns, sham though they be, is a good index of the actual stuff that is in an officer, young or old.

The commanding officer, when a campaign is over, issues an exhaustive comment on the merits of the various troops' work, thus pointing out the strong and weak points in exercise. His criticism covers the entire progress of the troops and outlines the work at each successive step in the battles.

Sometimes there is a different enemy to fight than a human one. A year or two ago when the rare Blues and Browns got nicely ready to begin a lively battle on a pretty piece of prairie, they were attacked by a prairie fire, which came dancing through the long blue steen.

A flag of truce was displayed and in a moment both the late combatants were fighting the fire, beating and stamping out the oncoming blaze. When it was all extinguished the warfare was resumed.

Then, again, there was a campaign against the town cow herd of Junction City, four miles away. The herd of town cows was becoming altogether too familiar for Uncle Sam's dignity, and it was ordered by the colonel commanding that they remain off the reservation. But the cows did not understand the order, and made their appearance, as usual, feeding in happiness on the rich grasses.

"The cows are in sight," reported an orderly.

"Clear off the reservation!" ordered the commander, and an officer, with a number of troopers, went forth to wage a new kind of carnage.

But the cows did not like this, and, frightened at the strangely appareled herders, went bellowing in every direction. It was a long chase, but they were finally driven back to town. Then the townspeople took a hand, and a dozen columns of newspaper letters and as many messages to and from the war department were necessary to restore quiet. The cows, however, did not come back.

About the only real amusement the soldiers get is when some gulleless spectator forgets his relative position and stands in the line of advance. Then the cavalry or artillery come charging on, as if to crush him, and somebody thunders at the stranger:

"Git!"

With little ado and without stopping for greetings, he "gits."

Anecdote of Frederick VI.

Whoever reads the following must own to a feeling of respect for the honest King. King Frederick VI. of Denmark, while travelling through Jutland, one day entered a village school, and found the children lively and intelligent, and quite ready to answer his questions.

"Well, youngsters," he said, "what are the names of the greatest Kings of Denmark?"

With one accord they cried out, "Canute the Great, Waldemar, and Christian IV."

Just then a little girl, to whom the schoolmaster had whispered something, stood up and raised her hand. "Do you know another?" asked the King.

"Yes, Frederick VI." "What great act did he perform?" The girl hung her head, and stammered out, "I don't know."

"Be comforted, my child," said the King; "I don't know either."

"So you overcame that old antipathy of yours," her husband remarked, "and called on Mrs. Bobbles?" "Yes." "Do you think she was glad to see you?" "I am sure of it." "Ahem!—you must have some reason for that belief outside her assurances." "I have. I had on the old dress that was made over twice, and my hat was out of fashion; while she had on her new gown that couldn't have come from anywhere but Paris. Could she help being glad to see me?"

HOW MONKEYS ARE CAUGHT.

One of the Peculiar Methods Adopted by Natives.

In capturing monkeys, it is said that their curiosity is the thing that makes them an easy prey. Nearly all of the monkeys that we see in this country come from Gornona, a little village situated a short distance from the Panama railroad.

The inhabitants of this district are mostly native negroes, for few white men could bear the climate. The whole region is marshy, and covered with tropical vegetation. At night there arises a thick vapor laden with fever, which hangs over the woods like a cloud.

This region of woods is the paradise of the monkeys. They travel in troops, led by an older monkey. When the people receive information that the "travelling monkey troops" are near the village they go to the woods in crowds to chase them.

Their plan is very simple. They cut a hole in a cocoanut large enough for a monkey's paw to enter. The nut is then hollowed out, and a piece of string is then fastened to it, and it is placed in the road of the approaching monkeys.

It is well known that monkeys are very inquisitive. When they see the cocoanut in the grass they hurry to examine it. It does not take them long to find out that the inner part contains a piece of sugar. One of the boldest and greediest sticks a paw into the nut to get the sugar, and grasps it as firmly as he can. But his fist is so large that he cannot draw it out of the hole again, with the sugar, to which he holds fast, cost what it may.

To natives now pull the string until nut and monkey arrive in the vicinity of their ambush. In the meantime the other monkeys wonder what is the matter with their comrade. They hurry to see where he is being pulled to, with his paw in the cocoanut. They crowd around him chattering and gesticulating, and the natives, who have a large net ready, cast it over them, and before they know it all are prisoners. They are sold to the employes of the Panama railroad, and reach the North American markets through commercial dealers.—Philadelphia Times.

A GENTLE PROMPTER

One of the Many Good Stories That Ministers Have To Relate.

Ministers generally have a stock of good wedding stories, but a rather odd little incident took place at an Episcopal rectory in this city not long ago, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

It was a very stormy night and the bride and groom arrived alone about 9 o'clock, having had to walk a long way against the storm, and the poor little bride was almost worn out with fatigue and nervousness.

After a few words explaining the service to the couple, the minister put on his surplice and began the ceremony. All went beautifully until the question, "Elixa, will you have this man to be your wedded husband, etc.," came upon the scene. The minister read it through with his most kindly and fatherly air, but when he finished the bride was dumb—not a word could he get out of her. The long question was repeated, the minister's voice taking on a most insinuating rise toward its end, but still there was silence.

Before the groom had seemed flustered, but his feelings then were nothing to what they appeared to be at the second halt.

With an admonishing kick that reached to the rector and made him rub his unlucky shins, the frate bridegroom announced in a loud stage whisper, "Darn you, Liza, why don't you speak up and tell him yes?"

And wonders will never cease, for even after such an exhibition of her future lord and master's temper, Liza spoke, and all she said was "yes."

Seed Corn 3,000 Years Old.

Three or four years since an Indian mound in Arkansas was being excavated, when an earthen jar was found hermetically sealed that contained a small quantity of grains of Indian corn. Some of the grains were the next year planted in Missouri, and several bushels raised. On the top of the mound from which the jar was dug out, a large tree four feet in diameter was growing, and it is thought the corn lay buried about 3,000 years. "Squire James L. Neal, one of our most prosperous and progressive farmers, sent and procured a small quantity of the corn, paying over two cents a grain. This he planted last year, but the yield was small, on account of the drought. He saved enough, however, to get in a good patch this year. He has used it for roasting ears, and says it is the best he ever had. The ears are not large, but grow two to three on a single stalk. The one thing peculiar about this corn is its color, or rather colors. On the same cob are grains of different colors, and in the row, you can find an ear that is white, another blood red, one salmon colored and another perfectly black.—Harrodsburg (Ky.) Sayings.

"What, want to leave to-day, Jane, and you only came yesterday?" "Well, yes'm. You see, you're the thirteenth missus I've had this year, and you're unlucky."

"Why, then, did you come?" "Cause I 'ad to 'ave a thirteenth, and I thought I'd get it over. I leaves to-night, mum."

Flick—Did your elopement come off successfully? Filtz—Yes. Her father caught us in time to stop it.—Truth.

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New Zealand has a law in force compelling every intoxicated man to have his photograph taken. His picture is then distributed among bar-keepers and innkeepers and they must refuse to sell him liquor.

YOUR BEST INTERESTS will be served by making sure of health. It will be a loss of time and money to be stricken with serious illness. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla and purify your blood. In this way all germs of disease will be expelled, sickness and suffering will be avoided, and your health will be preserved.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Price 25 cents.

Farmers have rights that hunters are bound to respect this fall. A hunter has no right to go on a farmer's land to hunt for game without permission, and where notices have been posted three months in advance of the opening of the season, there is a fine and imprisonment attached to the violation of the law against trespassing.

DRYING PREPARATIONS—Simply develop dry catarrh; they dry up the secretions which adhere to the membrane and decompose, causing a far more serious trouble than the ordinary form of catarrh. Avoid all drying inhalants and use that which cleanses, soothes and heals. Ely's Cream Balm is such a remedy and will cure catarrh or cold in the head easily and pleasantly.

Hunters should remember that all game must be killed with a gun. If a sportsman comes across rabbit traps and grouse snares or deadfalls in the woods, he should not fail to destroy them and attempt to bring the owner of these unlawful devices to justice.

WHAT TO EAT and enjoy it and feel comfortable after it, is the all day, everyday wail of the indigestion patient. Advice—Eat all wholesome things, don't worry, and take Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets to aid Nature in doing the stomach's work. They're a mild tonic, act gently on the bowels, they prevent and relieve distress. Pleasant and positive. 35 cents.—50 Sold by C. A. Kleim.

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TID-BITS FOR MA' HONEY! and tender little juicelets for the children, are all right, but papa and "the boys" want a good, big, juicy steak, roast or chop when business or school duties are over, and we can cater to them all. Our stock of prime meats is unexcelled for quality, and we send them home in fine shape. J. E. KEIFER.

THE MARKETS. BLOOMSBURG MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY. RETAIL PRICES.

Table with market prices for various goods like Butter, Eggs, Lard, Pork, etc.

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PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM. Cleanses and restores the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never falls to restore grey hair to its youthful color.