

WIPING OUT THE STAIN

STORY OF COMPANY B, TENTH INFANTRY.

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A soldier in blue sat in the shade of a roadside tree a mile in the rear of his camp. He had been at Warrenton three miles away on a pass, and had halted on his way back for a smoke. His home-made briar-root was charged with Virginia leaf, but he had no matches to light it. With his thumb holding the tobacco in the bowl he waited for the coming of a soldier. He was following in his footsteps. When this man came up he flung himself down on the grass with a sigh of satisfaction and said:

"Cussed hot day, ain't it?"

"Roastin' hot," replied the other. "Got a match about yer clothes?"

"Of course."

The newcomer, stretched on the broad of his back, shoved his fingers into his vest pocket and brought out a match, but as it extended he suddenly sat up and withdrew his hand and fixed his eyes on the other's cap.

"What ye lookin' at?"

"At the letters on yer cap."

"Well, what of 'em?"

"Nothin', 'cept I don't want any truck with you. I wouldn't give ye a match if ye never had another smoke on earth!"

The man with the pipe grew pale with anger, but he turned his face away and looked across the fields and made no answer. Both men sat hugging their knees and maintaining silence for four or five minutes. Then the last comer said:

"Yer a company B man, and that settles it with all the rest of us. I'm belongin' to company H, same regiment, but it's a shame instead of a thing to brag of. Company 'B'—bah!

"Well, I'm handing it to ye. That's takin' back 'bout half the ugly things I said. Mebbe yer fellers wasn't altogether to blame."

"It won't never happen agin," replied the company "B" man as he lighted his pipe and closed his jaws on the stem.

The "H" man rose up and continued his way without a word. He had made concessions, but he would not enter camp in the company of the other. The "B" man sat and smoked and pondered until the tobacco was exhausted. Then he pocketed his pipe and rose up and growled:

"How durned contemptible mean it makes a man feel to be called a coward! If they'll give me another chance I'll fight the whole of Lee's army before I'll obey orders to retreat!"

One morning four months later, the Tenth infantry marched into a Virginia hamlet with orders to hold the position until certain other moves by other troops had been perfected. Down at the end of the long street was a willow-fringed creek crossed by a ford. Company B was detailed at this ford, and other companies sneered and jeered as it marched down the streets. It was a "soft-snap position." The post of danger was on the hill above the town, where the four highways crossed. Two days passed without alarm. Then the pickets thrown out beyond the creek came running in to report the advance of the enemy. As in duty bound, the captain reported the fact to the colonel, and back came the order: "Hold him in check as long as you can and then fall back on the regiment." The man nearest the cap-



THE VICTORS SAW BUT ONE MAN ON HIS FEET.

I heard this mornin' that they was goin' to put women's clothes on ye!"

The man with the pipe winced perceptibly, but made no reply.

"Disgraced the Tenth at home and at the front," continued the other. "Pears to me that this is a good time for you fellers to either desert to the Johnnies or go hang yourselves. We ain't got no use for cowards down here!"

The company B man flushed hotly and bit his lips, but had no word of protest.

"If I'd known you was a B man I wouldn't have sat down here. Darn your hide, but it was a cheeky thing to ask me for a match! D'ye think I'm commuin' with a man whose legs run away with him as soon as he hears the sing of a bullet? You go to hades for your matches!"

There was another painful silence, and the last comer was getting up to go when the other turned on him and said:

"I ain't sayin' that company B don't deserve some hard words, but ye are pillin' it on too heavy. Mebbe you don't know exactly how it was?"

"Why, you was detailed to hold a bridge, and the Johnnies had scarcely showed up when you all took leg-bail."

"It was this way: Not a man of us had ever been under fire before. There was some mistake about orders, and we was trying to hold a ford above and one below as well as the bridge. The Johnnies got men over and in our rear before we knewed it, and when the fight opened we got rattled. Everybody knows there were 1,500 to our 100, and didn't we lose two killed and seven wounded? The colonel piled it on to us because he blundered in the orders and wanted to cover his tracks."

"Mebbe there is somethin' in that," said the company H man reflectively, "but all of ye came running into camp like a flock of sheep. Pears to me that ye ought to have stuck right there and lost at least 50 men."

"Well, nobody can tell how he is goin' to act when under fire for the first time. We'll get another show some day, and I'm bettin' there won't be any runnin' away. It's mighty tough on company 'B' to be called a passel of cowards, and to be chaffed and hooted by the rest of ye, but this war ain't over yet. Just wait and see how the rest of ye pan out when the Johnnies close in on three sides and begin to pump bullets by the barrelful."

"You said you wanted a match," observed the critic after a long wait.

"Yes."

tain saw him smile as he read and pocketed the order, and they tightened their belts, opened their cartridge-boxes and said to each other:

"We've wanted a show to wipe out that stain, and now we've got it. Might as well shake hands and say good-by, for we're going to die right here!"

A lieutenant and 20 men were sent across the creek to take cover in the willows and check the advance as long as possible. As they peered out at the heavy skirmishing line approaching, the bronzed-faced old sergeant queried of his officer:

"Is it on the cards that they are too many for us?"

"Twenty to one!" replied the lieutenant.

"We'll be licked out o' this in a York minute."

"Well?"

"Then I 'spose we fall back on the company?"

"No; when the confederate line reaches us they will find 15 dead men. We've wanted our chance, and here it is."

"Yer a game man, Lute—yer a game man!" whispered the sergeant as the joy of battle danced in his eyes.

Two minutes later the 15 were fighting a hundred. The enemy was puzzled for a time, but after a few minutes the skirmishers were reinforced and such a fire concentrated upon the covert that the willows were cut to the very ground by the bullets. Ten men were living before this hail of death began and could have retreated across the creek with honor. Two minutes later there were only seven—then four—then two. One of these was the sergeant—the other a private.

"What's the use o' holdin' out?" growled the private as he hugged the earth after a shot.

"Jest to get killed!" replied the sergeant. "They've bin callin' us cowards fur the last four months, and damn their eyes we're goin' to prove 'em liars!"

"Fifteen men, and all dead but these wounded two," said the skirmishers as they reached the fringe and counted the bodies. "Wonder why they didn't fall back on the reserves over there when they saw they couldn't hold us?"

On the other side of the creek, posted behind fences, walls and trees, were the other 80 men of company B. They saw a host of confederates in front, while the wide street at their backs was open for retreat. They knew that the creek could be crossed lower down and their position taken in flank, and here and there a man looked furtively

around and wondered why the captain did not order a retreat. A messenger came from the regiment on the hill for company B to fall back in good order. The captain pocketed the brief order and waved the messenger away. Men were waiting for the word to fall back when a corporal growled out:

"Damn yer skins, but are you goin' to make another holy show of yourselves! There will be no retreat. We wanted a show to prove that we could fight and die, and it's come to us."

The waiting was not long. The insignificant strength of the federal force could easily be seen, and a regiment was pushed to the front to carry the ford. It dashed forward with a cheer, but was checked, broken and thrown back, and so many men went down in the bed of the stream that its waters were dammed back. A minute for a breathing spell, and then the thousand dashed forward again. This time they carried the ford, and as they moved forward the defending force was taken on both flanks as well as in front. The ground was gained foot by foot, only, and when the field was won at last there was no cheering. The victors saw but one man on his feet. He was hobbling painfully up the long street, and turning now and then to see if he was followed. They could have shot him down, but not a musket was fired.

"How many of you?" was asked of one of the wounded.

"Less than a hundred."

"And why the devil didn't you fall back on the force on the hill?"

"Because it was our chance."

And half a mile up the street the wounded man reached the Tenth infantry as it was moving out of camp and falling back towards the federal lines in the face of superior numbers.

"And who are you?" demanded an officer as he dashed out at the man.

"Tenth infantry, sir."

"What company and where have you been fighting?"

"Company nought, sir, and I've been down there taking my chance. I have to report, sir, that there is no longer any company B. The rebs have got 'em, but they were all dead or wounded first!"

A CHANGE OF TITLE

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The last man who got out of the shanty hotel and entered the register his name for the night wrote himself down as "John Y. Bloom, President of the United States of America."

"Glad to see you, Mr. President," said the landlord as he extended his hand for the shake. "I am sorry we haven't better accommodations, but I'll take care of you as well as possible."

"Oh, don't put yourself out any," was the careless reply.

"Mrs. Bloom and the children well?" was the query.

"Quite well, thank you."

"Glad to hear it. If I'd only known you were coming I'd have had things in better shape. Just wait a minute, please."

He ran upstairs and into a two-bed room which a couple of travelers had just taken possession of and exclaimed:

"Here, you two critters, pick up your traps and dig out of this! The president of the United States is here, and I want this room for him!"

"But you gave it to us!" was loudly protested.

"Don't make any difference. That was before I knew he was here. Out you go, and one of you, at least, can sleep on the billiard table. I'm not going to chuck President Bloom into no cubbyhole on his first visit."

"Does he give the name of Bloom?" asked one of the travelers, as he gathered up his things.

"Of course."

"Well, the president of the United States happens to be named Grant—Gen. Grant. You ought to know that. This fellow Bloom is guying you."

"Say, he can't be president, of course," mused the landlord.

"Certainly not. Better go down and see about it."

Mine host descended the stairs with a glint in his eye, and walking up to Mr. Bloom he demanded:

"Didn't you tell me you was president of the United States?"

"I did, sir," was the reply.

"But you are not, Gen. Grant is president. I voted for him and ought to have remembered it."

"By George!" exclaimed the guest, with a sudden start, "but you are right about that. Yes, of course, Grant is president. I voted for him, too, and how I came to forget it beats me."

"You seem to be absent-minded?"

"Yes, I am. Yes, that's what ails me. I am not the president of the United States, of course. Just let me scratch that out, will you?"

He ran his pen through the title, and then wrote on the line below: "Judge of the U. S. Supreme Court."

"That's more like it," said the landlord, "and you can pay your bill in advance and sleep under the billiard table!"

PREPARING CORN IN MEXICO.



From the expression of the faces of the Mexican lassies seen in the illustration, which is reproduced from the National Rural and Family Magazine, one would not think they took it as a hardship that they must grind their own corn before making it into cakes. See the intent expression on the face of the little one at the left. No doubt she is wondering whether the chicken will succeed in getting the "peck," which it seems intent upon securing.

with people who came to try their strength against him. Lord D—, a great pugilist amateur, went from London on purpose to fight the athletic Scot. The latter was working in an enclosure at a little distance from his house when the noble lord arrived. His lordship tied his horse to a tree and addressed the farmer. "Friend, I have heard marvelous reports of your skill, and have come a long way to see which of us two is the better wrestler." The Scotchman, without answering, seized the nobleman pitched him over the hedge and then set about working again. When Lord D— got up: "Well," said the farmer, "have you anything to say to me?" "No," replied his lordship, "but perhaps you'd be good enough to throw me my horse."

dream of nothing but fighting, to delight in nothing half so much. The minute he spies another of his kind he scrapes his claws together in rage, challenging him to the combat. Not a moment is wasted in preliminaries, but at it they go, hammer and tongs. It sounds like two rocks grinding against one another as their claws rattle against the hard shells. The sand flies as the warriors push each other hither and thither until at last one of them stretches himself out in the sun, tired to death. But he does not beg for mercy or attempt to run away, only feebly rubbing his claws together in defiance of his foe. That foe comes closer, and with his claws trembling with joy at his victory the conqueror catches hold of one claw of the vanquished crab, twists it until it comes off and bears away the palpitating limb as a trophy of his prowess. Such is a battle between warrior crabs.

A Lapland Drink.

Smoked snow water is a favorite drink in Lapland.

A ZULU BRIDE.

Elaborate Hair Dressing is the Leading Feature of Her Nuptial Get-Up.

The daughter of a Zulu in comfortable circumstances does not leave her father's kraal without much pomp and many queer rites, which doubtless are held by her people in high estimation. It may be noted, too, that the marriage customs of these dusky Africans are subject to innumerable variations, each tribe having its own peculiarities. Hair-dressing, by the way, is an important feature both to the bride and bridegroom, and the attention paid to the coiffure of the pair would shame the performance of a West end hair-dresser who arranges a bride's locks and fastens the orange blossom chaplet. A cone-shaped erection, for instance, is the lawful coiffure of a Zulu

AS FULL AS A GOAT.

The Iowa's Mascot Attends a Wake and Disgraces the American Navy.

The goat of the battleship Iowa subscribed to the temptations of shore leave early one morning recently, and was locked up at the city prison on the charge of "drunk and disorderly," says the San Francisco Chronicle.

In company with three or four jackies from the Iowa the goat had been attending a wake at the undertaking establishment of Carew & English, at Van Ness avenue and Oak street. In the course of the evening his conduct became too boisterous even for a wake.

Officer S. Kain made the arrest, and one of the Iowa jackies who were the companions of the goat's revelry went part way to the station with his disgraced friend, and then at thought of

HON. BARTLETT TRIPP.



This gentleman will represent the interests of the United States in the pending negotiations between this country, Germany and Great Britain regarding Samoa. Mr. Tripp is a resident of South Dakota, where he stands high as a jurist and citizen. He was minister to Austria during the second Cleveland administration. Lately he has attracted attention by an open letter to the leaders of the democratic party in his state in which he renounces silver and declares himself a firm believer in the gold standard.

wife, and this cannot be legally worn till the marriage rites are duly completed. Save for the all-important one, the head of a Zulu bride is closely shaved, an assagai being used for the purpose; whilst, as soon as a youth is of a marriageable age, his head is shorn to leave a ring around the scalp, and then liberally besmeared with fat and ochre, without which unguents no Zulu would feel fittingly decorated for his bride. When the bridegroom-elect has been shorn of all his hair save the wool on the crown, which is trained in a circular shape and some four inches in diameter, a ring is sewn to this, of gum and charcoal; in this the Zulu thrusts long snuff spoons, needles and small utility articles, and is very proud of his ring, which is the badge of manhood.—Cassell's Magazine.

Thus it happened that the convivial mascot of the warship, stumbling along and bleating occasionally some very unmusical notes, deserted by his messmates in time of heavy weather, was, in the words of the mariner, towed into port with his propeller shaft damaged. After he woke up he was turned over to his friends and taken aboard.

Bill's behavior at the wake is described as having been something remarkable. The services in memory of the dead had lasted through the evening and until two o'clock in the morning. At that hour it was necessary to summon the police to insure the safety of both the living and the dead.

Belligerent Crabs.

The most savage specimen of the crab species is found in Japan, seeming to

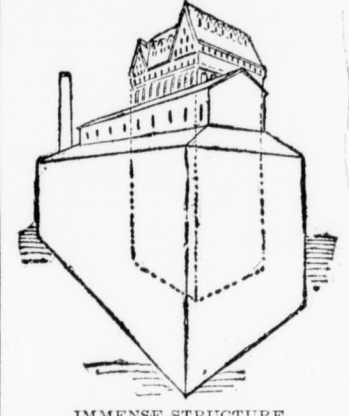
IMMENSE ELEVATOR.

To Be Erected at West Superior at a Cost Estimated at Two Million Dollars.

A good way to get an idea of the size of the enormous grain elevator, contracts for which were let at West Superior, is to compare it with the Masonic temple at Chicago. The dimensions of the two buildings are as follows:

Masonic Temple, Chicago	New Elevator, West Superior
Height.....302 feet	290 feet
Width.....170 feet	170 feet
Depth.....113 feet	128 feet

While the temple is 72 feet higher, the elevator is more than twice as wide



IMMENSE STRUCTURE. (Chicago Masonic Temple Dwarfed by Grain Elevator.)

and is also somewhat deeper. If it was cut down to the same ground dimensions as the Masonic temple and raised corresponding in height it would tower up 175 feet further into the air.

Nor does even this comparison do the new structure justice, for about the central elevator, the dimensions of which are here given, are to be grouped connecting 30 steel storage tanks, each of which will be 50 feet in diameter and 65 feet in height. Each of them will have a storage capacity of over 1,000,000 bushels of wheat.

The total capacity of the elevator will be 6,500,000 bushels, which is 2,500,000 greater than that of the largest elevator now in existence.

The central structure will be a clearing elevator, with a capacity of 3,000,000 bushels, and will be the first clearing elevator built of steel, over 2,000,000 pounds being used in its construction.

The total cost is estimated at \$2,000,000, the contract for the foundation, just let, amounting to \$85,000. It is an enterprise of the Great Northern railroad and its president, James J. Hill.

Mr. Hill, says the Chicago Tribune, would only have to build 65 elevators of the same size to handle, at the same time, the total grain crop of the United States.

JUDGE BARTLETT TRIPP.

Representative of the United States on the New Tripartite Samoan Commission.

The president has selected Bartlett Tripp, of South Dakota, formerly minister to Austria, as the United States representative on the Samoan joint commission. Mr. Tripp is a leading lawyer of Yankton, S. D. He was one of the pioneer settlers of the territory of Dakota, and has been intimately associated with its progress and of the states which succeeded it. His chief interests now, however, lie with the state of South Dakota. During Mr. Cleveland's first term he appointed Mr. Tripp chief justice of the supreme court of Dakota.

Mr. Tripp was conspicuous as a democrat in the movement for the division of the territory when statehood was to be



JUDGE BARTLETT TRIPP. (American Representative on the Samoan Commission.)

given to it, and his earnest support of the movement took away its partisan character and made the consummation of the plan possible. When Mr. Cleveland was elected to a second term Mr. Tripp's name was prominently mentioned when the cabinet was being made up, but later he was sent as minister to Austria-Hungary, a position he filled with honor.

Mr. Tripp lately attracted the attention of the public by his open letter to the leaders of the democratic party in his state renouncing silver and declaring himself a firm believer in the gold standard.

No Longer Fashionable.

Chrysanthemums are going out of fashion in England. One society for raising the flowers, after having had ten prosperous years, has been obliged to wind up its affairs owing to the bad business of the last two years.

Peruvian Quicksilver Mine.

There is a quicksilver mine in Peru 170 fathoms in circumference and 480 feet deep. In this profound abyss are streets, squares and a chapel, where religious worship is held.