

OPPORTUNITY.

And must I wait until some mysterious power
Upon me hath bestowed the gift to think,
To speak, to act, that in some special hour
Some thirsting soul from my life's springs shall drink?

Nay! opportunity is ever near—
At home, out in the world's great busy marts,
A look, a word, a deed, some life may cheer,
Give strength anew to some dependent hearts.

Then may I by my thought, or word or deed,
Unto the world a blessing thereby prove,
And give some other soul of these in need,
And thus some weary burden help remove.

—Charles McCubbin in Boston Transcript.

KIT CARSON'S HARD FIGHT.

BY J. N. SIMPSON.

"Kit Carson was a pretty good Indian fighter, and there are people who think he never was licked by them; but I was in the hard fight at Adobe Walls in the fall of 1864, when he had to retreat.

"I belonged to Company K, First California Volunteers, and our regiment was stationed at Fort Union, New Mexico, that season. The Indians were pretty bad then and had ambushed a number of wagon trains, killing the people with them, besides doing much other mischief. Kit Carson was Colonel of a regiment of New Mexico volunteers, and had been detailed to go out and punish the marauders. Three companies of the California regiment were detailed with the two companies of Carson's regiment, the Californians being under the command of Major McCleave. They were companies B, M, and K.

"One night while in camp one of the scouts came in and reported an Indian village of about one hundred and fifty wigwams some eight or nine miles distant, near Adobe Walls, one of the landmarks of that region. At one time it was a trading post, but had been abandoned and nothing but the roofless walls remained standing. We had orders to move that night, but I guess if Carson had any conception of the number of Indians he was to encounter we would not have been ordered out. We had only five companies of mounted troops and a small battery of twelve-pound howitzers, and we ran into a swarm of Indians that was astonishing, for as we learned afterward, all the Indians in that part of the country were there. They drove us back to the fort, though we lost only two men, and had only about a dozen wounded. We slaughtered a lot of them, but there were so many that the number we killed did not seem to be missed.

"We started out that night soon after dark. It was November 24. After crossing the Canadian River we halted on a flat waiting for daylight. The scouts went out to reconnoiter and shortly after daybreak came in and said that the Indian village was just over the ridge that we could see about a mile away. Camp was made, the wagons rounded in a circle about the equipage and plans were made by the officers for the attack. Company M was sent across the river to scout down its bank, and Captain Fitz with Company D was sent to the front to size up the situation.

"When the company reached the top of the ridge, they came to a halt, stood there for a short time and of a sudden every man turned toward the camp, retreating at full gallop. It looked serious then; and more so, when a big band of warriors came charging over the ridge gesticulating and shouting in a blood-curdling manner right after the soldiers. You see the Indian scouts had discovered the presence of our force and when Capt. Fitz got to the tip of the ridge the Indians were advancing. There was great commotion for a time. Then Company D came to a halt, faced about and charged on their pursuers. The Indians were taken by surprise, and wheeling about ran away. Fitz followed them five miles before the company came to a halt, driving them to Adobe Walls, where there was another village of 600 tepees. The place was swarming with several thousand Indians who began to charge upon the company and had the men nearly surrounded and cut off from retreat to the camp.

"When Capt. Fitz was seen chasing the Indians, Major McCleave rushed after them also and this made the rest of us impatient to join in the chase; but Carson gave orders for the remaining companies to stay with him. However, the members of Company K, who were already mounted, managed by a bit of strategy to get away shortly. Every man spurred his horse and they got the animals so restless that the company officers were crowded away from the place, and finally an old charger that had been in several engagements, started off on a run toward the sound of the firing. The rider, apparently, tried very hard to control the horse, but was giving him the spurs at every jump. The rest of us followed his example, and in less than two minutes every man in the company was following the other soldier toward the scene of the skirmish, paying no attention to the shouts of Carson to come back.

"Well, as it happened, we got there in just the nick of time. The men were surrounded, or nearly so, and were fighting hard to escape. The Indians saw us coming and dropped back and that gave the company a chance to get out of the trap.

"Leaving one company to guard camp, Carson gathered his forces and made a charge, and it was a tremendous rush, too. We killed quite a number of the Indians, but came very near getting being surrounded. Until 3 o'clock in the afternoon there was a continuous skirmish. Sometimes the Indians would come at us in a bunch and get within close range, but our shots were so telling that they did not remain together. None of their plans worked, for we just hung together and finally, at 3 o'clock, a consultation was held by Carson and McCleave and it was concluded to retreat. The Indians were overwhelmingly superior in numbers, but being poor shots were afraid to get within range of our rifles. They were armed with rifles, mostly, but were poor shots, as they were unaccustomed to firearms, and learned a lesson so severe whenever they came near to us that they were afraid to get very close. That was probably what saved us from being butchered.

"When we withdrew, we found two of our number missing. They must have been killed in the first charge on the village, for when the Indians made one of their charges we saw two of their number unharmed in the clothes of the missing men. After taking a view of the situation, while stopping for a breathing spell at a safe distance, Carson concluded to go over the smaller village, and burn the tepees. None of the Indians were there, all being down at the other village. There were about 150 of the lodges, we found, and one of them was filled with ammunition, which we blew up. In one of them we found a fine carriage and a new set of double harness. Every tepee and all of the stuff found about them were fired. When the Indians saw the smoke of their burning wigwams curling skyward they grew frantic and the entire mob came at us with a vengeance. Carson ordered the howitzers in position and the situation looked more serious than at any previous time. The valley was black with the howling crowd, looking like a big wave, sweeping toward us with irresistible force. The companies were massed about the battery when one of our bullets must have struck a chief. All at once the crowd swayed over to one side and gathered in a spot covering about five or ten acres of ground. The howitzers poured shells into the mass, scattering them. Then they retreated.

"As it was nearing night, a council was again held to consider whether we should attack them again or not. Some of us felt that we had them on the run and wanted to follow them up. Carson, however, decided it was best to retreat, as it was so near nightfall. The men were tired and hungry, as they had been in the saddle fighting all day without a bite to eat, so it was decided to retreat to the wagon train. But it grew dark, and we could not locate our camp. Finally, after traveling for a while, it was concluded to camp on the prairie for the night. A hollow square was formed and we had dismounted, when some one saw a small light at a distance, thought to be our camp. The bugler sounded a few shrill blasts and others were waited to us from the direction of the fire in answer to our call. Then we moved on and reached the camp. The fire was put out and we all slept by our arms and horses until daybreak, when we retreated toward the fort, not stopping until 10 o'clock, when we found a good camping place. Then for the first time in over fifty hours some of us took a meal.

"Some of the officers and men wanted to go back and have another fight with the Indians, but Carson said there was no use, as there were too many of them, so we returned to Fort Union. Afterward we learned that all the Indians in that part of the country had congregated at Adobe Walls. There were Comanches, Arapahoes, Kiowas and Cheyennes. It was one of the biggest Indian fights that ever took place on the plains. I think one thing that made the Indians fear us was that Kit Carson was discovered to be in command and they were afraid of him. He became the target for many of their rifles at the outset. He had two horses shot under him and half a dozen bullets struck his gun and saddle. At the suggestion of McCleave he took off his hat, a conspicuous, light-colored, broad-brimmed one, and exchanged it for the hat of one of the scouts. The scout had his rifle broken by an Indian bullet after that, which showed conclusively to us that they were after our commander more than anybody else.

"The Indians had been incited by renegades living among them. I remember during one of their charges, during a lull in the firing, one of their number, shouting in good English: 'You will get something besides New Orleans molasses on this trip. However, old Kit had another chance at the Indians later on and had considerable satisfaction. I think we could have cleaned out any one of the tribes alone, but several thousand warriors were too much for our small band.'—New York Sun.

Feminine Idea of Honesty.

A woman's idea of an honest butcher is one who weighs the meat before cutting out all the bones and then weighs it again, no matter which weight he charges for.—New York Press.

The key to the Bastille is now hanging on the wall in the hall of the old home of Washington, at Mount Vernon, U. S. A. It was given to Washington by Lafayette.

THE PREDICTION OF FOG.

Progress Made in Germany in This Branch of Meteorology.

In connection with the scientific inquiries as to the possibility of predicting fogs, I may quote a letter from the well-known Prof. Neumayer, head of the Hamburg Naval Observatory, written in reply to a question addressed to him by Herr Kirchoff, the editor of a German technical paper. The professor says:

"The prediction of fog by the Meteorological Institute has hitherto been possible only in a very indefinite form, as 'fog here and there,' and 'clear' or 'foggy.' Not only does the nature of a fog make the application of measurements in general, and consequently the scientific treatment of a fog very difficult, but its very local character and slight and changing vertical extensions also increase the difficulty of prediction. Thus it often happens that, of two neighboring places, one has a dense fog and the other a clear sky. Most fogs arise over a cold surface, either of land or water.

"The condition necessary for the formation of a fog of some extent and duration is that the temperature of the atmosphere should increase very slowly, or even decrease, in an upward direction; for upward and downward motions of the air occur at a rapid fall of the temperature. Heat is created in a descending current by the increased pressure of the air, and when this heat is not more than absorbed by the cold ground—as is occasionally the case, when the air passes slowly over mountain slopes—the descending currents are being heated, and are, therefore, free from fog. Ascending currents, on the other hand, are being cooled off; hence their relative moisture increases, as a rule, upward to a certain altitude, until they are saturated, and clouds are formed which are in a certain contrast to the fog formation on the earth. The latter even presupposes an approximate stagnation in a vertical direction. These facts show that, in order to advance the science of meteorology, and, consequently, that of weather prediction, it is absolutely necessary to know the conditions of the higher layers of the atmosphere.

"The meteorological results of the last few years have considerably increased the possibility of obtaining this by the use of kites and kite balloons, as well as the free balloon. It is necessary to pursue the work energetically in this new direction, for, without knowing the connection between the phenomena, there is no hope of a weather prediction of any value whatever. It is easy to understand that such a connection can only be imperfectly known from observation on the earth's surface alone."—London Standard.

How Tramps Are Made.

It is a common practice among lower grade workmen when tramping in search of work to take their families with them. The better sort rarely do so, knowing well how quickly children acquire a relish for nomadic life, and how hard it is to eradicate the taste when once firmly implanted. The freedom, the unconventionality, the adventures and the surprises incidental to tramping have special attractiveness for town children, and all the more through the cessation of schooling. At Bridgenorth the other day a clerical member of the Board of Guardians estimated that fully two hundred and fifty juvenile wanderers had received admission to the workhouse in twelve months and he drew the sound conclusion that they were learning vagrancy and its evil habits. But the difficulty lies in suggesting any practical remedy. When severe economic pressure compels any improvident toiler to take to the road, the family possessions are usually restricted to the clothes they wear, with perhaps a few shillings in pocket. All the rest of their belongings having been sold, it is not open to the breadwinner to leave his wife and children behind without any provision for their wants; if he did that, he would be liable to prosecution. It is easy to say that the man should not have allowed his household to come to such desperate straits; he ought to have set forth in search of work before the family resources were exhausted. Quite true, of course, but the fact does not go an inch toward furnishing a remedy.—London Globe.

The Pleasures of Childhood.

In a delightful story, in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly, Marion Hill thus describes the start for a typical picnic.

"That final inspection was always a torturous affair, filled to the full with cruelties and the unexpected.

Hugh was the first to suffer. One of the Powers caught him, skinned off his hat, used her forefinger as a comb to part his hair on his forehead, then delicately returned the hat to a spot which suited her fancy. He was incensed to this by custom. But now it brought about a discovery which beggared him.

"Why, what's this?" was her stern demand.

Hugh expressed amazement.

"What's what?"

"You know. This?" tapping a tin box.

"Worms," murmured Hugh, sweetly with as soft an inflection as if the things were sleeping and he wished not to awaken them.

"Well, of all the objects! Throw them away!"

"But mayn't we—"

"Throw them away, I told you!"

"Why how can we—"

A wave of the hand, more commanding than speech, settled the controversy, and Hugh in one fierce fling ridged himself of his all, representing hours of digging and sweat of his face in plenty.

FIRST NEWS OF STRICKEN CITY.

An Old Telegraph Operator's Story of the Charleston Earthquake.

How powerfully the imagination may be stimulated by a story told in facts and cases is illustrated by an episode of the Charleston earthquake. At the moment of the final shock, every wire connecting Charleston with the outside world was instantly "lost." And as no other tidings could be had from the doomed city, it was as if in an instant it had been swept from the face of the earth. And for many hours Charleston remained literally dead to the world.

The next morning, before the average citizen had time to collect his wits, the telegraph people had started out gangs of linemen to get the wires in working order. Operators in the principal offices within a radius of several hundred miles were set to calling "C. N." For a long time there was no response; but at last, on the wire which I had in charge, a slight answering signal was felt rather than heard—faint and flickering, like the first sign of returning life. From that moment my watch was, if possible, more diligent. For an hour or more I called, "adjusted," and used every effort to revive the feeble pulse. I could fancy myself working desperately to resuscitate a half-drowned man. Again I felt the flickering signal, and then once more all signs of life faded away. Finally, as the wires were gradually cleared of debris, the current began to strengthen, and then came the answering "I—I! C. N."—weak and unsteady, but still sufficiently plain to be made out. To me it sounded like a voice from the tomb, and I shouted aloud the tidings that Charleston was still in existence. Quickly the sounder was surrounded by a throng of excited telegraphers. The Morse was broken and unsteady at first. Then the current grew stronger—the patient was growing better—and for a long time we listened to the labored clicking, until at last the worst was known. And at the end of the recital a great sigh went out from the hearts of all of us, as if literally in our presence a long buried city had been exhumed.—L. C. Hall, in McClure's.

Coaling Stations Next.

It is hinted at the Navy Department that plans are being formulated for the acquisition of coaling stations for the use of our warships, which will defend the isthmian canal. Now that the treaty is signed and England has submitted to our demand that we defend the canal according to our wishes it has become incumbent upon the Navy Department to make such preparations as are necessary for the maintenance of a fleet in the vicinity of the proposed canal.

These stations will be established at Almirante Bay, the Chiriqui lagoon, Columbia, the Gulf of Dulce, Costa Rica; the Danish West Indies and Gallapagos Island, off the coast of and belonging to Ecuador. Admiral Dewey says the canal can be defended only by the navy. Rear-Admiral Bradford, chief of the bureau of equipment and a member of the naval war board, says the defense of the canal will be the guns of the American fleet, and in order that the fleet may operate from near by bases it is necessary that they be established without delay.—Army and Navy Journal.

A Secret Meaning.

How few of us know the real meaning of the last passage in "Vanity Fair." Here are Thackeray's words: "Oh vanitas vanitatum. Which of us is happy in this world? Which of us has his desire—or, having it, is satisfied? Come, children, let us shut up the box and the puppets, for our play is played out."

Poor Thackeray's wife lost her mind, and was confined in an asylum, where she devoted her time to dressing dolls, while the great ethical teacher, the greatest man in his day in London, the man upon whose words every one hung, used to make a periodical pilgrimage to that abode of living death to see the wife who had had the mind of a little child, and take her dolls by the dozen—all the newest and prettiest dolls he could buy, packed in boxes, and given into her own hands, that he might see her dulled eyes brighten, and hear her laugh out suddenly, so pitifully, like her own old self, at sight of the staring wax puppets that were her life, when he was forgotten.

The Yacht America.

The schooner yacht America, winner of the America's cup, is owned by Mr. Butler Ames, grandson of General B. F. Butler. The America was built by George Steers in 1851, sailed at once for Europe, reaching Havre; from there went to British waters, and Aug. 22, 1851, sailed for a special cup around the Isle of Wright. She won the cup, it may be remembered. Afterward she was sold to an Englishman who rigged her as a single sticker. When the rebellion began he sold her to a syndicate who owned blockade runners, who rigged her, gave her a heavy gun and named her the Memphis. To escape capture by one of our warships she was sunk in St. John's river, Florida. There she lay for a time, until the government raised her, rigged her again as a schooner, renamed her America and used her as a training ship for cadets at Annapolis. General Butler bought her later; at his death she became the property of his son, Paul Butler.

Ducks in a Fog.

Sunday was a regular sportsman's day for shooting ducks, and the game hogs stood no show. A large number of hunters went out, and they all proved to be genuine sportsmen, and shot only about three ducks apiece.

The fact that the fog was so dense that the ducks could not fly probably had something to do with it. It is not exactly known why ducks will not travel about in a fog, but they will not, and it is supposed that they are afraid of collision. They get out in some wide piece of water and loaf there unseen and unseeing, and they feed at night when the fog and the sportsmen have gone away.—Morning Oregonian.

MILK MADE INTO A POWDER.

It Can Be Handled Dry and Kept Indefinitely, by German's Invention.

United States Consul Bergh, at Gothenburg, in a report to the State Department, calls attention to a discovery made in Sweden by which milk can be converted into a flour. He says:

"Dr. M. Ekenberg, of Gothenburg, has made a discovery which will be of importance in dairy farming. He claims to have invented an apparatus by which milk can be brought into the form of powder, like flour, but possessing all the qualities of milk in concentrated form, moisture excepted. It is said that this milk flour is completely soluble in water and can be used for all purposes for which common milk is employed. The milk flour does not get sour, does not ferment, and in the dry state is not sensitive to changes in the weather. It can be kept and transported in tin cans, barrels, bags, etc.

At a recent meeting of the Academy of Agriculture, Dr. Ekenberg exhibited samples of the milk flour which received favorable comments. It is considered that the invention will be of the greatest importance for the utilization of skimmed milk, which heretofore has largely been wasted, but in the dry form can be transported all over the country without losing any of its original good qualities. The product mentioned is considered superior to the casein products 'proton' and 'proteids' now manufactured from milk by the aid of rennet, acid or lye."

New Ring-Making Machine.

An ingenious labor-saving machine, which will completely revolutionize the finger ring manufacturing industry of England, has been devised by C. P. Denkin, a Birmingham jeweler. This machine effects in one almost instantaneous operation the work of several men. A signet ring fresh from the mold is placed in one tool of the Denkin invention, and within the space of a few seconds the inside is fixed, polished and lapped. The treatment of the face of the signet is equally simple and rapid. By means of an ingenious device it is clamped and trained to a revolving surface of special design. In a short space of time the face is finished to perfection, whereas at present the ring has to pass through the hands of four skilled workmen. The process is so simple that it can be worked by a boy or girl, which means a considerable economy in the cost of production.—Scientific American.

Railless Electric Line.

The magnificent old Corniche road, from Nice to the Convent of Laghet, passing by La Turbie, is to be served by a novel and ingenious traction system. No rails will be laid. The cars are practically large electric motor cars minus accumulators. The motor receives its electrical power from overhead wires.

Central electrical works will provide the current, which will pass through two parallel aerial wires supported by posts. One wire will be used by the ascending, the other by the descending vehicle. Great economy of energy is obtained, besides the gain of all the space and the avoidance of the weight of the accumulators. One feature of the system is the ease with which the motor cars will make way or pass around any carriage they encounter, the connecting wire being sufficiently long to allow of such deviations.—London Mail.

More Music Than Brains.

"Don't you know why it is that musicians wear long hair?" asked a scientist. "It is to conceal the lizard-like formation of their skulls. They have—that is, all the great ones have—the skulls of lizards, and they are lizards mentally, save where their art is concerned, and music is the lowest of the arts. In the animal kingdom there is only one musical tribe, that of the birds, and they, you know, are a debased branch of the lizard family a branch that put on wings and feathers at the world's beginning. Watch some time, a fine musician, playing, say, the pipe organ. He sits erect, motionless, his face turned upward; he is entranced with the mellow thunder that rolls forth from his finger tips. For all the world he is like a great lizard. If his long hair were cut this similarity would be perceptible to every one."—Philadelphia Record.

The Land of Reports.

India is the land of reports. There is a monthly, quarterly, half yearly, annual plague of them. There is no country, probably in which so many useless reports are written and so few read. In one province the chief business of the local government consists in dunning its officers for statistics and reports, and in compiling from them volumes for the delusion of the supreme government. More than one half of the time and energy of every civil officer is taken up in writing.—Fortnightly Review.

The Worth of Experience.

Experience would always be worth what we pay for it, if we didn't go and run up the same sort of bill again.—New York Press.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

The very latest thing for a widower to do is to marry his mother-in-law. The old mother-in-law jokes are becoming rather out of date.

Indiana's star baseball twirler, who drew a salary on the diamond field of about \$3,000 a year, is now digging ditches in that State for \$1.50 per day.

Kink Chulalunkorn of Siam is preparing to attend the St. Louis exposition. It is but fair to the king to say that his headquarters will not be on the Midway.

In a debate at the University of Chicago football was recently talked down; but that will not prevent the sport being resumed next season. It is human to kick.

It is all very fine to talk about the romance of science. But what will the poor writers of tales of the sea do when time and space have been annihilated by the wireless telegraphy?

Somebody's conscience recently troubled him to the extent of \$18,669, which was turned into the National Treasury. The amount looks, however, as if it had been marked down a dollar by force of habit by the conscience-stricken sender.

The great interoceanic highway of peace is now as firmly assured in the New World as in the Old. The juncture of the Atlantic and Pacific is secured at the Isthmus of Nicaragua, as of the Mediterranean and the Red at the Isthmus of Suez, by a commercial great power in trust for civilization.

Mrs. James L. Blair's plan of providing a remedy for the "ragtime" evil by encouraging the general public to gain knowledge of music which will of itself prevail against "coon songs" by substituting an appreciation of better things is commendable and deserves popular support, state the St. Louis Republic.

More people live to be centenarians in warm countries than in cold ones. The German Empire, with 55,000,000 inhabitants, has 778 centenarians. France, with 40,000,000, has 213. England has only 146 and Denmark 46. Norway 23, Belgium 5, Scotland 2, Spain 401 and Switzerland none. Servia, with a population of 2,250,000, has 575 people over 100 year old. It is up to the Hundred Year club to sail for the Tropical Islands.

A movement is on foot to have the annual salary of members of congress increased from \$5,000 to \$10,000. Those engaged in its claim that the present salary is entirely insufficient, considering the cost of living in Washington and the heavy political expenses each candidate for congress has to undergo. This is a very touching plea; but it is to be noted that, in spite of the hardships complained of, there is never any difficulty in keeping the congressional quota full.—Syracuse Herald.

The drink habits of Canadians are gradually changing, resulting in an increased consumption of beer and a decreased drinking of wine and liquors. During the past fiscal year Canadians consumed 4,737 gallons of beer per head, as against 2,290 gallons in 1869. A comparison of these returns goes to show that the Canadians are sober people. "If the teetotalers were counted," the Toronto Mail and Empire says, "it would probably be found that in proportion to population they are more numerous in Canada than anywhere else in the civilized world."

The economical value of large schooners in the coasting trade is figured out by a Boston general marine agent as follows. The first schooner on the list cost \$72,960, had a gross tonnage of 1904, and carrying capacity of 3,000 tons. She made twelve voyages in 512 days, and as a result paid dividends amounting to 35.8 per cent. of her cost. The average of a fleet of two four-masters and two five-masters was a yearly profit of 27.5 per cent. on the investment; with average net earnings of 42.9 per cent. of the gross receipts and 18.9 per cent. of the total cost of the vessels paid in one year.

Sinful Postage Waste.

The lawyers were discussing the merits and demerits of a well-known member of the New Orleans bar who had been gathered to his fathers, and one of the party recalled the time when he studied in the old man's office.

"We had a copying clerk whose inefficiency continually worked the judge up to a point of explosion. One day a wire basket fell off the top of his desk and scratched his cheek. Not having any court plaster, he slapped on three postage stamps and went on with his work.

A little later he had some papers to take to the United States court and, forgetting about the stamps, he put on his hat and went out.

As he entered the office the judge raised his head and fixed him with an astonished stare. The clerk stopped and looked frightened and finally asked:

"Anything—er—wrong, sir?"

"Yes, sir!" thundered the old gentleman. "You are carrying too much postage for second-class matter."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.