THE CITIZEN SOLDIERY.

NEW YORK STATE'S SPLENDID NA-TIONAL GUARS.

Some of the Famous Regiments That Will Take Part in the Great Centennial Parade-Trouble Over the Uniforms to Be Worn-The Celebrated Seventh.

The centennial parade which is to take place in New York city on the 80th of this month will be the finest military spectacle that has been afforded since the foundation of the republic. It will not be so impressive as suggestive of the not be so impressive, so suggestive of the strife of the battle field as that historical grand review of the army in Washington grand review of the army in Washington in 1865, when 200,000 ragged, powder blackened, weary soldiers, fresh from the scenes of war, swept in solid columns, day and night, down the broad avenues of the capital, their bullet pierced banners fluttering to the breeze and evoking from the vast concourse of spectators an enthusiasm that was al-most savage in its wild intensity.

most savage in its wild intensity.

The centennial parade will bear small resemblance to such an epoch marking spectacle as this; but as an exhibition of the marvelous tactical perfection which can be attained by organized bodies of armed men, and simply as a splendid



There will be 50,-000 men in line, and it will take seven hours for the parade to pass by a given point. With the excep-N. Y. STATE MILITIA. tion of New York, Pennsylvania will be more largely represented than any other state in the Union. Nearly 8,000 men of the Penn-

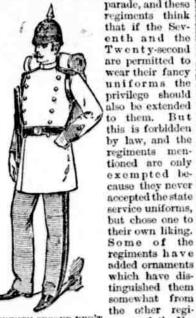
The procession

sylvania militia will be in line. In point of numbers, the militia of Pennsylvania stands next to that of New York. The National Guard of New York state consists of 12,634 men. Of these 12,133 rank and file belong to the infantry and 418 to the artillery. The largest, and undoubtedly the finest regiment in the state, is the Seventh of New York city, which consists of about 1,100 men. This famous regiment was organized in 1824, and with the old Albany Burgesses corps, which was organized about the same time, it formed the nucleus of the present great militia system of New York. The great services of this regiment to the nation, both in active service during the war and in quelling riots during times of peace, are matters of history. In the ranks of the Seventh regiment were trained for the civil war no less than 606 officers of the army and navy, among whom were three major generals, nineteen brigadier generals, twenty-nine colonels and fortysix lieutenant colonels. Those whose memory extends back to the days of the civil war will recall the thrill of gratitude which permeated the north with

the news of the arrival in Washington of the Seventh regiment of New York. together with the Sixth and Eighth Masstchusetts regiments, after the five days of interruption of the government at that momentous crisis will take part in the parade, is probably the finest regiment in the state outside of New York city. It is unnecessary to give here an account of each regiment, although there are many more besides there mentioned that are well worthy of

There has been considerable grumbling among several regiments over the order

issued by the commander-in-chief that all of the regiments that have accepted the regular state service uniforms will be obliged to wear them in the centennial parado. The Seventh and the Twentysecond are the only ones excepted in this order, as they have never accepted the state service uniform, and have distinct uniforms of their own. The uniform of the Seventh is gray, and the men of the Twenty-second wear white coats. Both of these uniforms are much handsomer than the state service uniform, which, though by no means ill looking, is not remarkably picturesque. The regiments which, upon their organization, accepted the state uniform are obliged to wear it on all state occasions. There are several regiments in New York and Brooklyn, especially the Twenty-third of the latter city, that have distinct fancy uniforms of their own, which they wear on dress parade, and these



the other regi TWENTY-SECOND REG'T. ments of the National Guard. The Seventy-first, for instance, ordinarily wears white belts and trass shoulder scales, which they will be obliged to go without on the occasion of the centennial parade. The men of the Sixty-ninth regiment, as a reminder of their former nationality, have been in the habit of wearing pompons in their white helmets, showing "the green above the red." As they will wear the black spiked helmets in this centennial procession, there will be nothing in their uniform to distinguish them from the other state troops. Hence a great deal

of fruitless kicking.

The state camp of the New York National Guard is at Peekskill. Among most of the regiments the strictest of discipline is observed when in camp, but the men manage to have a pretty jolly time of it for three or four days. This was notably the case when the Eleventh regiment was at Peekskill last summer. They went to excess, however, in their hilarity and committed many indiscremen of the regiment

of the Seventh strict as that of army, and this undoubtedly accounts for the general excelence of the regiment. At the in auguration of President Harrison the Seventh and wherever it goes it invariahonors of the

\$500,000

day. It has an armory that cost There are many other splendid regiments in New

York city, notably the Twentysecond, the Sixtyninth, the Seventy-first and the Twelfth, all of WITH OVERCOAT. which are ranked very high. Every one has heard of the Twenty-third, of Brooklyn-one of the most aristocratic regiments of the national guard. Its ar-mory is one of the finest in the United

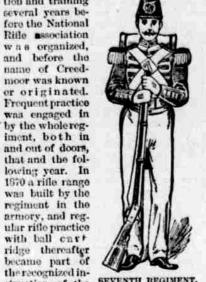
Brooklyn, is also a very famous one, and its drill is classed as excellent.

The artillery of the National Guard, although not on a very large scale, is re-markably efficient and the batteries are constantly improving. There are two batteries located in New York city, which are provided with first class mo-

States. The Thirteenth regiment, of

dern rifled guns. The Twenty-second regiment of New York was one of the first in the United States to investigate the subject of aiming drill and target practice. This valuable part of a soldier's education was taken up by the regiment in 1868 as part of its

course of instruction and training several years before the National Rifle association was organized, and before the name of Creedmoor was known or originated. Frequent practice was engaged in by the whole regiment, both in and out of doors, that and the following year. In 1970 a rifle range was built by the regiment in the armory, and regular rifle practice with ball cart



the recognized instruction of the SEVENTH REGIMENT.

command. In 1871 the regiment leased a field at Clifton, N. J., for a rifle range, and fitted it up with iron targets and the necessary appliances for marking and signaling the shots. It was at this range and by this regiment that the system of rifle practice now followed at Creedmoor was first put in operation in the United States. The system, as well as the range appurtenances, remains practically unchanged today.

The centennial parade will be under the command of Maj. Gen. Schofield of the United States army. The United States troops will head the column, followed by the militia of the states in the order of their admission into the Union. This will leave the National Guard well to the rear and give them a splendid chance for contrasts.

Are Animals Superstitious?

Do animals see ghosts? Of course there are no ghosts, but that makes no difference. Science and philosophy agree that it is not at all improbable that nothing really exists and that nothing is, except perturbations of brain cells. Anything that we may think we see may not, after all, have any existence-at any rate, it does not exist as we see it. Do animals know about ghosts and do they think they see them? In his latest book Sir John Lubbock undertakes to tell how the world appears to animals, but he doesn't enter into the possibilities of superstitions among dogs and horses, for instance. Certainly, the world does not appear the same to the ant that it does to man; and not quite the same to the dog or the horse, since the dog and the horse do not laugh. If we take the conclusions of science re specting the development of the intellince, we ought to be able to believe that the more intelligent of the lower animals have superstitions that correspond in some measure to those of the least intelligent human beings.

That many animals reason, draw logical inferences beyond the operation of instinct, is pretty well settled. When a dog or a horse has exhausted all its experience in attempting to account for certain phenomena, does it conclude that the thing is supernatural or out of the order of explicable phenomena? Novelists tell us about the amazing fear of dogs and horses ordinarily fearless, when placed under conditions that excite the fear of superstitions persons. Are there facts to warrant this? If dogs and horses see ghosts they must be capable of the simplest form of religious emotion; that is to say, the fear of the inexplicable, which in the savage is regarded by science as the beginning of religion. Dogs have what in science passes for moral sense. They are conscious of wrong doing and practice self restraint. Of course it all grows out of the experience that the do ing of certain things is attended with more pain than the momentary pleasure, but this, science tells us, is the basis of the moral sense. At all events, science is bound to admit the potentiality of superstitions in animals. - Milwaukee Sentinel.

The Congregation Smiled. A story that goes back to the meetin' house in Wrentham is one of a worthy man named Habbakuk P., a resident of the town and a faithful attendant upon worship, who had been blessed with four wives, one after another. Habbakuk was rigidly orthodox, as his name seemed to demand, and was always in his pew on the Sabbath. He sat there in his conspicuous pew with No. 4 by his side on the first Sunday after their marriage. It was a balmy Juno day, and the zephyrs from the open window toyed playfully with the bride's white satin bonnet rib bons and the groom's silken locks. There was a stranger in the pulpit who had exchanged for the day with the venerable Mr. F., the paster of the church. After reading a few Scripture passages the stranger proceeded to read a notice which he had found in the Bible, and which

was as follows: "Mr. Habbakuk P---- desires the prayers of the congregation that the death of his wife may be sanctified to him for his

spiritual good." Then, when the congregation was between stupefaction and explosion, the clergyman went on with the services at tions which were deplored by the better a rapid rate. He was at a less to know why the congregation seemed to be

throughout the remainder of the service on the point of laughter, but at dinner Mrs. F—, the pastor's wife, explained to him that Habbakuk P— sat three rows from the front in the broad sisk with his brand new wife, and he had read an old notice that Mr. F— had probably been using for a book mark ever since the death of wife No. 8.—Boson Transcript.

SIR CHARLES RUSSELL.

He Is the Central Figure in England Now.

His Great Speech for Mr. Parnell. Sir Charles Russell is now the central figure in Great Britain, and if he does not live in immortal fame it will only be because there is no Macaulay to cele-brate his speech in the Parnell case as that genius did the speech of Burko in the impeachment of Warren Hastings. All the critics say there are but two addresses in British eloquence that will compare with it—that of Burke above mentioned and that of Brougham in de-fense of Queen Caroline. And Russell, like Burke, is a native of Ireland-land

of poetry, wit and eloquence.
It is not easy for Americans, without special study, to comprehend all the points at issue, as there are really three contests in progress—that of the Baltour government in Ireland against the tenants and the National league, that in the house of commons between the Tories, now in power, and the Gladstone "Home Rulers," and that in the courts between The London Times and Mr. Parnell and his associates. The last two run into each other in a curiously complicated way, as many of the parties fight over in the house the same points con-tended over in the court, and the "government" has made itself one in interest with The Times; at the same time a heated practical contest is in progress over the "by elections," and on the very night after Sir Charles Russell made his wonderful speech in court be addressed an immense Radical meeting at Birmingham. The nearest approach in the United States to this peculiar mixture of issues was early in 1868, when the impeachment trial of Andrew Johnson and the heatéd discussion of reconstruction were going on at the same time, and the country entering on a flery presidential campaign. Calmness and judicial temper cannot be expected at such a time.

Sir Charles Russell is a man of striking appearance, with a very marked resem-blance to George Washington. Americans familiar with him say that if the Gilbert Stuart portrait of Washington were made a trifle more sallow, and the eyes set a little deeper, it would be an admirable portrait of Sir Charles in repose. His voice, too, is more American than English; there is just enough of Irish in the accent to give it piquancy,



SIR CHARLES RUSSELL. his tones are wonderfully pure, his articulation distinct and his voice flexible. One serious disadvantage he suffered his sympathy with Parnell and the Irish agitators was so intense that his feelings occasionally overcame him, in the peroration tears ran down his cheeks and he had to pause several times to repress a

Justice Hannen, who was presiding, was profoundly affected, and all the gentlemen of the bench and bar present ever heard. As it is now considered prob able that the Gladstonians will soon be in power again, Sir Charles is destined to be one of the foremost men in Eng-He was attorney general in the last Liberal cabinet, and it is suggested that the next one make him a peer of the realm and name him viceroy of Ireland to carry out the Liberal policy.

United States Senator from Rhode Island. Mr. Nathan Fellows Dixon, of Westerly, R. I., who has been elected United States senator from Rhode Island, to suc-

ed Mr. Jonathan Chace, was born in Westerly, Aug. 28, 1847. He was graduated at Brown university in 1869, and at the Albany Law school in 1871. Young "Nate" early entered the race for office, and was in the town council before be was out of school. He became a lawyer and established

quite a practice SENATOR DIXON. in his own town. From 1877 to 1885 he was United States district attorney. He went into the lower house of congress in 1885-6, to suc ceed Hon. Jonathan Chace, who re signed to take the seat of Senator H. B. Anthony, deceased. One year later he was defeated in a close election by Hon, Charles H. Page, a Democrat. He however, continued in one or the other

branches of the legislature. Mr. Dixon is the third of that name to represent his state in the national congress. For several years Mr. Dixon has been the counsel for the New York, Providence and Boston railroad, and ad visory counsel in several large corpora-



THE DANMARK. The cut here given is of the steamship Danniark, sighted on the Atlantic some days ago without passengers or crew.

A King Who Eats Off Gold. In one respect, at least, King Humbert of Italy surpasses in domestic magnificence all the other sovereigns of Europe. According to a Paris letter he breakfasts, lunches and dines off golden plate. Vic toria has a spread of gold plate for the tables of Buckingham palace, but it is brought forth only on state occasions. There is golden service in many of the royal households of the continent, but it is either employed only at state dinners, as in England, or used only at the principal family meal of the day. Humbert alone places a golden spoon in his mouth on rising, and removes it only on retiring, and yet there are probably many people in Italy who are as happy as their ing.-New York Star.

GOOD BILLS FOR SCRAPS.

NOVEL WORK OF THE GOVERNMENT REDEMPTION BUREAU.

agular Ways in Which Money Has Been Destroyed-Fire, the Baby and the Pet Dog Among the Chief Agents of De-

When a small portion of a United States note is returned to the treasury with sufficient proof that the remainder of it has gone out of existence, the treasury will give the full value of the original

will give the full value of the original note. Naturally the greatest destruction of money is wrought by fire, and bits of bills with charred edges are constantly coming in for redemption.

But several instances have occurred where men, in their desperation at their loss, have simply bexed up a lot of ashes, in which there was not the alightest trace of the original material, and demanded hundreds and thousands of dollars for them. Such requests are, of course, refused, and the senders are informed that their only recourse is to ask formed that their only recourse is to ask congress by special act to indemnify

MICE WITH EXPENSIVE NESTS. Next to fire the young baby is put down in the department as the most de-structive agent. Innumerable affidavits are received in which John Jones, or whitever his name may be, "being duly sworn, deposes and says," that his in-fant son did chew up and swallow the missing portions of certain \$5 bills, and that the said missay portions were thereby wholly described and are now no longer in existence.

The fashion of keeping small pet dogs has also been the cause of many solemn affidavits being sent to the department. Your pug and your poodle seem to take especial delight in masticating the fruit and reward of the many days of severe toil of the head of the house.

The fancy of mice for \$10 bills as lining for luxurious nests has been impressed upon the redemption bureau by a long series of examples. Only a few days ago several hundred dollars' worth of nest lining was redeemed for a southern man who had for many years given up all idea of finding his missing treasure. There was \$700 of it in the first place, notes of almost the first issue made by the government early in war times. It had been hidden away in a place sup-posed to be secure, and had disappeared. A quarter of a century later, in repairing the porch of the old house, the nest of the wealthy mouse had been discov-ered, and enough of the fragments recovered to secure more than half of the original deposit.

Also from the south came most of the moldy, worm eaten bills which have been hidden in bottles or buried in the earth for years. There are not so many savings banks in the south as in thrifty New England, and hiding places are

But the habit of using the parlor or kitchen stove as a safety deposit vault is not confined to any one section of the country. Neither is the custom of burning up this treasure by some other member of the family who is all unaware of its value. Years ago the clerks in the redemption bureau ceased to declaim upon the stupidity of such people. It has become a matter of course with them, and they expect about so many letters every week from people who have warmed two pair of hands with \$1,000 worth of silver certificates.

FROM THE DEAD LETTER OFFICE. There are not many attempts to defraud the government through the redemption bureau, and none have been successful. The sending of the two halves of a note of large denomination by different people, each one swearing that the other half is destroyed, and asking for the full value of the note, frequently looks like an attempt to defraud, but the officials think that in most cases the senders believe they are telling the truth. Counterfeit money comes from every

part of the country, mutilated, probably by design, with requests for its redemption. It is always indelibly stamped "counterfeit" and returned to the sender. The redemption bureau is not a good place for "shoving the queer," even in a fragmentary condition.

There is in the treasury vault a brown wooden box eighteen inches long, a foot wide and eight inches deep, which contains paper money of the nominal value of several hundred thousand dollars. It is not worth a dollar. The queer thing about it is the manner in which it was collected. Every bit of it came from tho. dead letter office of the postoffice department. Some portion of it is counterfeit, but the most of it was genuine money many years ago. The banks which issued it and the officers who signed it are gone and forgotten. It was all sent over to the treasury department some years ago, and Assistant Treasurer Whelpley undertook to trace up the various banks and get as much as possible of it redeemed. Occasionally he found descendants of these old bank officials, them lves bankers, who were willing to redeem some of the notes for the sake of the signatures of their fathers, and in this way he succeeded in getting several hundred dollars' worth of it redeemed.

But of that remaining, not a bill can be redeemed. A little of it is Con-federate money, but most of it is of banks, state and private, that went out of existence many years ago. The oldest notes are dated back as far as 1812. One package contained \$54,000 and another \$9,000. The mystery is how so much money could have been lost in the mail. Neither the men who sent it nor the ones to whom it was sent could be found by he postoffice department, nor could Mr Whelpley find any trace of them or their descendants. The \$0,000 package was sent from Brandon, Miss., to Jackson, Miss., in 1840, and the letter accompany ing it shows that it was sent in conse quence of repeated demands. The most slightest trace of any such banking com pany as that at Brandon, Miss., which insued the notes, most of which are of the \$1,000 denomination. The notes are handsomely executed, as are a large ma-jority of those in the box.—Washington Post.

He Never Struck His Children. "I have never struck my two children," said a young American father the

other day, "though I have often been tempted strengly to it, and sometimes would not have blamed any parent for doing so. But I was thrashed so much by my own father, a good enough man, too, that I always stood in fear of him, seldom told him the truth if I could help it, and never confided in him. Often I was whipped for errors I had committed with good intentions, and I remember the wild spirit of hatred that used to come over me at such times, smarting under the blows I felt I did not deserve, I would get away by myself and swear silent but bitter oaths that would have opened the old gentleman's eyes to his folly, perhaps, if he could have heard them from so young a child. So I made a vow that I would never beat my own children. And now I feel sure that they do not stand in physical fear of me, I am pretty certain they tell me the truth, and I know they confide in me as a friend. And though they do not obey me nearly as implicity as I did my father, and make themselves much more of a nuisance to me than I was to

nim, yet they don't regard me as a bully, and that is something."- New York

Sharp Hotel Clerks. A hotel room clerk must not only know every room in the house, even to the kind of furniture, lights, air, etc., but he must be a quick, keen judge of human nature to know just where to assign a guest who has never visited the house before. The skilled clerk rarely makes a mistake, and in time becomes makes a mistake, and in time becomes such an adept that he knows when a guest is going to complain about the first apartment to which he is assigned and acts accordingly, giving him one of the worst rooms in the house, and the sec-ond time one of the best. The contrast is so great that the objector feels flat-tered and always comes a second time. There are few veteran hotel clerks who have not run against the greatest object-or in the world, the opera singer Campanini, who was never known to take the first, second or third room to which he was shown. That man invariably wound up in the worst room of the lot shown him.-St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

HARD HIT ON THE FIELD.

Peculiar Sensations Which Many a Bra Man Has Experienced.

We had been held in reserve for five long hours while cannon thundered and muskets crackled spitefully along the front a mile away. A procession of dead and wounded had filed past us until we were sick with horror. Shot and shell and bullet had fallen upon us behind the woods until the dry, dead grass bore many a stain of blood.

"Attention! Forward-guide rightmarch!"

Our brigade was going in at last, and there was a look of relief on the face of every officer and man as we got the "Guide right - front - forward -

march!" As we swung clear of the woods a gust

of wind raised the smoke for a minute, and I saw the plain in our front blue with dead and wounded. Away beyond them was a line of earthworks, and I had one swift glimpse of a thin blue line kneeling behind the cover.

"Steady! Right dress! Double quick

The air is alive with the ping of bullets and the whiz and shriek of shot and shell. We bend our heads as if breasting a fierce gale laden with icy pellets. There is a wild cry-a shrick groan as men are struck and fall to the earth, but no one heeds them-no one hesitates. It is a hurricane of death, but we feel a wild exultation in breasting it. Men shout, curse, sing, swing their hats and cheer.
We are driving through the smoke

cloud when there is a flash of fire in front. I seem to rise into the air and float hither and thither, and the sensation is so dreamy and full of rest that I wish it could last forever. It is suddenly broken by the sound of my own voice. Is it my voice? It sounds strange and afar off to me. Why should I cheer and curse by turns? What has happened?

Ahl now I come back to earth again! Above and around me is the smoke-the earth trembles under the artillery-men are lying about and beside me. Where is the brigade? Why did I drop out? I am lying on my back, and I struggle to sit up and look around. I rise to my krees-weave this way and that-topple over and struggle up again. There is red, fresh blood on the grass-on my hands-on my face. I taste it on my lips as my parched tongue thrusts itself out in search of moisture.

Who is groaning? Who is shricking? Who is cheering? And why should I laugh and exult? Have we held the line against a grand charge? Did we scatter and decimate the legions hurled against us? Have we won a great victory to be flashed over the country and cause the la to ring with gla think. Give me time to remember how it all happened. Strange that my thoughts should be so confused, and the desire to sleep be so strong upon me when I should be up and doing. I will shake it off. I will spring up and follow on after the brigade. Here-

"How do you feel?" My eyes are wide open and I am lying on a cot in a large room. I see people walking about-other people lying on cots like my own.

"I feel all right. Why?" "You were hard hit in the fight four days ago, my boy."

"So there was a battle?" "Yes." "And I was wounded?" "Had your left arm shattered by piece of shell and we had to amputate it.

-Detroit Free Press. Corp. Tanner Wins a Bet.

In the office of one of the prominent hotels one evening was overheard quite an amusing story of Corp. Tanner an i his two artificial legs. It seems that the corporal is very fond of fine horses and undertook to raise a few last year. He had one particularly fine horse, a thoroughbred, and he would let no one use him but himself. One day while the stableman was exercising him he accidentally stepped into a mud hole and sprained a leg so badly that the doctor dvised having the horse's hoof bathed

in hot water three times a day. One day, when the gallant corporal was giving the horse the customary bath, a friend of his came along and told him was cruelty to animals to bathe the horse's foot in such warm water, and asked him how would be like it if he had to put his foot in it. To which the corporal replied that he would not mind it at all. His friend, thinking he saw a chance to win some money, bet him a hundred dollars that he would not keep his foot in the water for five minutes. The bet was no sooner said than it was accepted by the corporal, who not only put his foot in it, but put his whole leg and kept it there for five minutes.

The friend paid the bet, but probably has not to this day found out how it was possible for the supposed victim to keep his foot in boiling water for five minutes. -Washington Critic.

Count Moltke.

Count Moltke appears in public only when the reichstag is sitting, and until quite lately he was one of the most regufar members of the house, where he takes a front sent on the Conservative benches If a speech is made in which he is particularly interested, he gets up, approaches the speaker, and holds his hands to his ear, in order to catch every word. He himself speaks very rarely, and the last time he said a few words was last year, when he moved a vote of thanks to the president at the conclusion of the session. —Atlanta American.

At weddings among Germans in the southern colonies 150 years ago, the groomsmen attended in their beautifully embroidered white aprons. Their duty was to protect the bride from having her slipper stolen from her foot. If any one succeeded in capturing it the groomsman paid a bottle of wine for the loss, as the ride's dancing depended upon it.-Brooklyn Eagle.

ON TO OKLAHOMA.

The Most Stapendous Raid of the Age Now Beginning. Surrounding a big territory is a new thing with Americans, but they have apparently accomplished it. Thousands, tens of thousands of people have lined the border all around Oklahoma, and when the trumpet sounds (April 22 at noon) there begins such a rush, such a fierce contention about "claims" as ha never occurred in any civilized country For some of the best quarter sections in the valleys there will be claimants sixteen

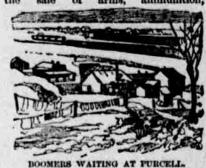


the gentle pop of the revolver-hence struggle for existence and the "survival of the fittest." Soon after you read this,

watch the daily dispatches for accounts of fearful murders, riots and massacres. Many thousand people have lived a hand-to-mouth existence along the southern line of Kansas for years, waiting for Oklahoma to be opened. Many have en-tered the Indian territory on every pre-tense that could be devised in the last twenty years, only to be expelled by the United States troops. On the Texas, Missouri and Arkansas borders other armies are waiting, and at least 100,000 more are on their way by cars and wag-ons, ready to join in the grand rush. Of course there will not be room for half of them; of course the surplus will overflow upon the surrounding Indian lands, and in such numbers that the present troops there cannot expel them, if they resist, and then will come the supreme test as to whether the United States means to

keep its faith with the civilized Indians.
The buzz on the border is admirably described by a New York World corre spondent, who, after traversing the

whole region, writes as follows:
"The railroads that heretofore had scarcely anything to do are now overcrowded with business, and the officers are puzzled to know how to take care of the crowds of people and the mass of freight that is accumulating. Hotels are overflowing, provisions and gro-ceries are in great demand, while the sale of arms, ammunition,



BOOMERS WAITING AT PURCELL. tents and outfits is unprecedented. The two great centers for boomers are Caldwell and Arkansas City on the north and Purcell on the south. Caldwell is the gateway to Kingfisher on the west and Arkansas City to Guthrio on the cast, while Purcell must be passed in coming from the south. The number of people is constantly increasing. Each day south bound trains are crowded with people, while white covered wagons are rolling on towards the border in an almost un-broken stream. At Caldwell there are over 5,000 people, while around Arkan-sas City are double that number. Many of these have been waiting on the borde for years and are in such destitute circumstances that they do not scruple to beg for something to eat. At Purcell there are 5,000 people waiting, and in the Chickasaw nation Capt. Couch places the number ready to move at 30,000."

A few persons have broken in through the troops and are hiding in the timbered valleys of the country. All the railroad tracks are cleared and all the cars made ready to transport people and their goods on the fateful day. Among the invaders are many women, pretty pioneers some of them, determined all of them. Single ladies and widows, you observe, can "take claims" as well as men. Among the many, correspondents or the groun describe a few noted ones. A Mrs. Dennison, originally of Syracuse, N. Y., heads a small party who already have their claims picked out in the Cameron



valley, where they expect to start a "chicken ranch." Good business, too. Another is Mrs. Polly Young, a handsome widow from Quincy, Ills, whose husband was a Union soldier; she has already speculated considerably in western land, and is familiar with the ways of the frontier, and thinks she can "hold down a claim" as well as the best man on the border. Still more noted is Miss Nellie Bruce, late a Kansas school teacher, whose father ! uilt a house in Oklahoma to receive her, but was driven away by the soldiers, his house being burnt. This "raised her dander," and she has gone in and located in a "dugout," concealed in the woods. She has made up a party of ex-school ma'ams, all of whom expect to secure 160 acres each. Most noted of all is the noted Nanitta Davis, of fsome fame as a newspaper writer in Louisville, Ky. On one of the finest quarter sections in the Canadian valley waves a flag with this inscription:

"Nanitta Davis' Claim! Look Out." "Will you risk living there by yourself?" she was asked.

"Oh, won't I though!" she sweetly rejoined, laying on the table as she spoke two lovely ivory handled revolvers.

The Strasburg Cathedral. Since the war the cathedral at Strasburg, which suffered considerably from the hombardment of 1870, has undergone extensive repairs.

In answer to many suggestions on the subject the building was subjected to a very close examination at the end of last year, the result of which has been extremely alarming. It was proved beyoud doubt that many portions were threatened with complete ruin and that no time was to be lost .- New York Commercial Advertiser.

Notice to City Officers.

The officials of the old city hall rarely look up at the flag staff on the cupola which was shattered by lightning two years ago, or at the hands of the clock which has indicated the hour 6:15 for long years, ever since the clock stopped. Both objects are suggestive to them and eaght to be stimulative. Symbolically they denote that lightning will strike unawares the unrighteous, and that early hours should be kept by all good city officers. -St. Paul Pioneer Press.

## MARKSMEN IN THE ARMY.

THE DISCIPLINE THAT MAKES OUR SOLDIERS EXPERTS.

The Country Has Not a Large Mills Force, but the Boys in Blue Are Rom able for Their Facility in Handling

The United States has a very extensive territory, yet it has the smallest regular army of any civilized power of nearly equal territorial extent. Still, with American ideas and policy, the gallant little force seems amply sufficient to guard the country. Peace is so much the policy of our nation that even the small army finds little to do. The great Indian tribes have been corralled within Rifle-How They Are Taught and Tra Indian tribes have been corralled within their reservations, and the life of the United States soldier is now narrowed down to the stereotyped military code. Weary with the some old ceremonies from year to year, practiced until the regular tactics are absolutely perfect, they have developed the principal garrison duty, target shooting, into a science of remarkable accuracy. The pleasure of the practice and the spirit of the practice and the spirit of emula-tion aroused combine to make them the most skilled marksmen in the world.

THEY BEAT THE WORLD. The rifle used is the ordinary Spring-field service pattern, a breech loader,

carrying seventy grains of powder and 500 grains of lead, common service sights that never get out of order.

Our little army may be deficient in many ways, but in the matter of rife shooting to bit and with the colors. shooting to hit and with the object of hitting to kill (the business in which the solder is presumed to be particularly efficient), it certainly stands first in the world. Another great advantage, although not a pleasant one, has been con-tinuous and almost everlasting stations on the remote frontier. Surrounded with large and small game, what wonder that men, whose business it is to kill, always

To be perfectly fair, our marksmen are so far in advance of the best European soldiers, that, so far as execution is concerned, the latter would have no show whatever when pitted against our own armed with a longer range gun, yet lack

Practice and accuracy.

They are trained to volley shooting instead of individual aim, and the result is that fully half of the men fire at random into the air. Uncle Sam's man has to depend upon himself. European nations nurse their dislike of each other and their military training partakes of it. They pay more attention to hatching up new schemes to hurt each other than hitting the bull's eye. They are able to pierce, times without number, a target in the shape of an efflgy of a French soldier, but would miss at every shot an American target. Neither the French, Germans, Belgians nor Russians have the skill of the Americans in sighting their guns or in handling their pieces.

Routine duty on the frontier is about as follows: The soldier gets \$13 per month straight pay, rations, clothing, and a certain allowance which is paid him on the date of his discharge; an inhim on the date of his discharge; an in-crease for each year's service or re-en-listment; additional remuneration if pro-moted corporal, sergeant or artifloral extra pay if worked as a carpenter, plasterer or mechanic, and lots of other perquisites too small to mention. Guard duty is the hardest in the service, and to this the soldier is eligible about one

day in six. and tattoo (if a cavalryman, stables twice a day); drills Mondays or Fridays, dress parade every evening, and target practure. parade every evening, and target tice whenever weather permits. company in the service is provided with a pair of breech loading shotguns, a cer-tain annual allowance of powder, shot, wad and shell, and the eerybody for hunting purposes when not employed on other duty. The soldier can then amuse himself knocking over the housing same hens and prairies. jack rabbits, bagging sage bens and pr rie chickens, and missing as many duc

and wild geese as he wants to. Tours of detached service are picnics. Large game of some kind can almost always be found, and what better almost always be found, and who sport could any one ask? There is one undeniable fact about a five years' term in the United States army. All sorts of material are caught for soldiers; the been detailed. Tenton, the buil dog Englishmaterial are caught for soldiers; and drinking Teuton, the bull dog Englishman, the fun loving Irishman, the ignorant darky, and, in fact, men of all nationalities and all climes. They come to as cumbers; but no matter how great and unsophisticated the recruit may be when he joins, he has developed into a fine marksman when he leaves the army, and with decidedly more sense than he

was enlisted with.

was enlisted with.

The bump of fun is exceedingly large in the average soldier of the line. Generally, as remarked, they are young mean in the prime of manhood, of fine physique and perfect in every way (else they would not have been accepted by the recruiting officer), who look upon the terms of enlistment as a sort of lark, and propose to get as much amusement and fun out of the five years as possible. Astonishing as it may seem, yet it is nevertheless true that it is no easy matter to exlist in the United States army. Nineteen list in the United States army. Nine ant of twenty applicants are rejected for cause, and the twentieth man mus. be

up to the mark, or he is liable to travel the road of his nineteen predecessor. After enlistment expires a majority of the discharged soldiers, who originally came from some of the states back case. never return to their former he Civilization, with all its drawbacks, has lost its charms for them, and so they stick to the west and grow up with the country. Long service and extensive scouting over the plains have cured them of city life and a struggle for existence. They either take up land claims some where, buy farms from the railroads on drift to ranching or stock raising. M of them prefer cowboy life, which a to of service in the army, saddle and see ing work especially equips them for. New York Star.

During the year 1884 I was located in St. Louis, and on several occasions observed a fine St. Bernard dog stall with dignity up Chestnut street. Be was owned by a lawyer named Jacko, Third street, who regularly sent him overrands to his home. On one occasion saw him coming up the street with a basket full of something, probably meat, and at his heels was a small "cur of low degree," which was persistently snapping at him as if endeavoring to get him to drop his charge, when the little dog could sail in for a division of the contents. The large dog stopped twice on the block, turned round and looked at his tormentor and resumed his pace until he reaches. and resumed his pace until he re me, when, looking up into my face will an expression that almost said, "Please mind this for a moment," he laid to basket at my feet, turned and with bound had the cur by the neck, she him most unmercifully, rolled him in the gutter and dropped him. The cur too very little time in getting out of a not even stopping to shake himself.
St. Hernard then picked up his bas
and with a satisfied air wert on his w -Forest and Stream.