

TWO MOTHERS.

In a gilded cradie a baby lay, Fair and sweet as a summer day; Costly pillows of silk and lace Touched gently by the sleeping baby's

Touched genily by the sleeping baby's face. Just by its side stood the mother fair. In veivet gown, and gems in her hair. The richest lady in all the land, Kindly and courteous, noble and grand; Bhe lovingly smoothed the pillows of lace And tenderly kissed her baby's face; Then turned to the nurse, who was old and error

and gray, With a kindly smile and went softly away, Down to her carriage, swift to the ball, In the vast crowd the fairest of all.

High in a garret, cold and bare, On a heap of straw, iay a baby there; Its tiny face was wan and old, -Sadly it sobbed, 'twas hungry and cold; No tender mother or nurse was nigh. No one to heed its pitcous cry; There by its side the mother lay. Cold in death show the dawn of daw.

Cold in death since the dawn of day; For bread she had struggled, hard the strife,

She worked and starved-gave up her

And in dying had said: "It is Thy will, But I pray let my little one be with me still."

And the prayer was answered, the sobs now cease, The babe, with its mother, is now at peace.

By Marie Grace Kemball. Besessess 3000 cese 00000000

N the New Mexican highlands, 7,000 feet above the sea, lies Fort Wingate, the border post of which we write. Seventeen miles east of us the crest of the Rocky mountains divides the Atlantic and the Pacific slopes of the continent. Up the eastern incline we have traversed the sand wastes, the lava-beds and the pinon groves of New Mexico; down the western, we look out upon the wide and desolate sweep of Arizona. The fort is not a strong place of defense, with mont and rampart and bastion; it consists essentially of low adobe buildings which inclose a quadrangular parade-ground. On three sides of the square are houses for officers and their families, and on the fourth are barracks for eight troops of cavalry. Outside the central quadrangle are the storehouses, the hospital, the magazine, the laundresses' quarters or "Soap-suds Row," and the stables. The angular architecture of the fort seems drawn up at "Attention" against the dazzling blue sky of New Mexico. Nature, however, relieves the squareness and grayness of the earth-colored houses by a lrapery of wild elematis and woodbine 5 02 in summer, and of softening snow in winter. The parade-ground is brown and dusty except for a few sparse blades of grass and a fringe of strug-

gling cottonwood-trees which border the irrigating ditch. Near one corner of the square is the guard-house, and ilways pacing in front of it a sentinel. I's me his most welcome duty is his sonorous call of the hours at night. "Twelve o'clock and all is well," is a theering word in our mountain solitude. At the center of the parade we took up to the Stars and Stripes, which hang high above us from the flagstaff there. The flag is our reason for being. and as often as we see its bold swirls on a breezy day or its mute folds on a still one, we rejoice that to us is intrusted this symbol of our country.

Divider of daybreak you, cutting the at

is deliciously peusive and languorou as the light wanes. The last cadence of the trumpets is followed by the sunset gun; then, to the stately measures of the "Star-Spangled Banner," the flag slowly descends till it drops to the ground with the closing strain. The landscape, too, fades in music. The em-battled cliffs change into billowy masses of reds and grays. The clumps of bristling pinon trees blend into a darkling alope of green. The clouds float in a sea of moving color. All nature in that breathless afterglow echoes the meaning of retreat-peace and rest. From reveille to retreat the day is

occupied with saber practice, gymnastics, and horse exercise in winter; with drills, sham battles, and target practice in summer. The leisure hours of the enlisted men are also well provided for. Outdoors he has football and baseball, hunting and fishing. Indoors he has a reading-room and library as well as concerts and balls.

In the Officers' row the days are not less busy than in the barracks opposite. Though the average military man is not deeply interested in general literature, upon his own subjects he is well read. He often studies, too, topics related to the comparatively unknown regions of our country which he inhabits, and becomes an expert in natural history. archaeology and Indian folk-lore. The officer's wife also has tactics to master in this land of no shops, no markets, no dressmakers. The daily meals require careful foresight when butter and eggs must be bought in Kansas, vegetables and fruit in California. The Thanksgiving turkey and celery and cranberries are bespoken by letter before the president has issued his proclamation, and baby's dolls and toys are ordered from catalogues two months before Christmas. The sewing is done by the mother's skillful fingers. sided by patterns and fashion plates. With all these industries she finds time to play the piano, to read, to visit, and to teach the children their earliest lessons.

In the club-room, tales of stirring Indian campaigns are told and retold by the veterans; and surely those who have made the peace of the plains should be permitted to fight their battles o'er again in the quiet of the garrison. These heroes of our Indian wars form a naive and unworldly type-that of an American who is unruffled by the cares of the voter, the competitions of trade, or the rivalries of civil professions.

A different type is the young lieutenant. Fresh from the problems and dreams of West Point, he gallantly accepts the drudgery and discipline of the western garrison as a preparation for his career. The zeal with which he drills and rides enters into his dancing and dining; he is tireless either on a scout or at a picnic. At length, however. listlessness creeps over this eager youth: for the monotony of duties and of pleasure is the chief trial of frontier life. When his horse palls upon him. when hops and dinners bore him, he tries in vain to believe that "only to stand and wait" is more heroic than to fight and win.

Fort Wingate is on the border of the Navajo reservation, where 20,000 Indians have their home; it is also in the neighborhood of numerous Pueblo Indian settlements. Between Indians on the one side and prospectors on the other, the army is now called to proteet the white man from the red man and then the red man from the white One April day our garrison

yet a costly and troublesome piece of machinery. A strong military power is popularly considered a menace to liberty and free institutions. A stand me piece of ing army, on the contrary, fosters that military spirit which tends not to destroy, but to uphold and protect gov-ernment. While the enlisted man is withdrawn from civil pursuits, his body is trained in strength and endurance his spirit in courage, self-sacrifice and obedience. The mental drill he has re-ceived in schools is balanced by whole some gymnastics for body and soul. Vast China, ruled by schools and examinations, her military spirit in utter decay, lost the day to little Japan, who had bred soldiers and sailors, and could fight as well as write. In his technical schooling, too, the

soldier learns habits of order, punctuality 'and courtesy that are invaluable in the arts of peace. An unbiased American observer says of "armed Europe:" "The army is the great national school of industry. It takes a mere solitary human clod from his slow field task. It places him among his fel-lows; it teaches him to listen, to find his speech, to use his eyes. There is no better foreman in the world than the ex-noncommissioned officer."

The soldier is not the enemy of arbitration; indeed, it is his forceful pres-ence which hinders war. "What is war." said Uncle Toby, "but the getting together of quiet and harmless people with their swords in their hands, to keep the ambitious and the turbulent within bounds?" Such is the service performed by the armies of Europe, as well as by our little frontier garrisons among hostile Indians.

Highest of all ends promoted by our army is the active patriotism which the soldier learns: "That a country's the thing men should die for at need." A president and a white house do not, perhaps, appeal to the imagination as do a queen and a palace, yet our American soldier is as true to his land as is Tommy Atkins when he says, through

his spokesman, Rudyard Kipling: You 'aven't got no families when servin'

of the queen; You 'aven't got no brothers, fathers, sis-ters, wives or sons. If you want to win your battles, take and work your bloomin' guns!

A private soldier now in our ranks has written occasional verses that express the same loyal sacrifice of self. Phough Private Stokes cannot rival Kipling in the lively dash of "Barrack-Room Ballads," or Whitman in the solemn beat of "Drum-Taps," yet in "Riley's Grave" the soldier writes a touching epitaph for his fallen comrade. The background of "a long, red Texan day" and a distant brook surrounded by flerce Apaches is filled in with the "careless scamp from far New

fetch water to the wounded: My God! The air was winged with lead. That shricked and spat and tore, Until he staggered, dripping red, Into our midst once more.

York" who gave his life in order to

Not infrequently in these circumstances the soldier's grave is made hastily by night close to the picketline; there the trampling of the horses obliterates all traces of burial, and thus cheats scalping savages and hungry wolves of their prey. For such an unmarked grave are the soldier-poet's lines:

> The prairie flower will bloom in spring Around the soldier's bed, The brook in loitering circles sing The dirges of the dead.

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ONE OF TWO WAYS.

The bladder was created for or purpose, namely, a receptacle for th urine, and as such it is not liable any form of disease except by one two ways. The first way is from imperfect action of the kidneys. The second way is from careless lon treatment of other diseases.

CHIEF CAUSE.

Unhealthy urine from unhealth kidneys is the chief cause of bladde troubles. So the womb, like the bladder, was created for one purpose and if not doctored too much is to liable to weakness or disease, exce in rare cases. It is situated back and very close to the bladder, then fore any pain, disease or inconver ence manifested in the kidneys, bad bladder or urinary passage is often. mistake, attributed to female wear ness or womb trouble of some s The error is easily made and may as easily avoided. To find out c rectly, set your urine asida for twee The mild and the extraodinary effe soon realized. If you need a medie you should have the best. At dra gists fifty cents and one dollar may have a sample bottle and par cover cost of postage on the both Mention the Middleburgh Post, as send your address to Dr. Kilmer Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The propriet of this paper guarantee the genuio ness this offer



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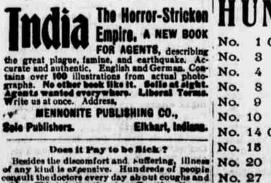
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touched by the sun, measuring the sky. So loved-O you banner leading the day

with stars brought from the night! The soldier's day begins at sunrise. As the light breaks through the pines Traincleave Selingrove Junction 000 a m, week days arriving at Philodelphia astington 410 pm Sali p or Ante ante arriving a mathematical philodelphia astington 410 pm 20 pm New York 551 a m. Baltimore 9 15 pm 20 pm 2 me with awe at thought of another day begun, and with pleasure in the lingering dream that keeps back the actualities of day. In the barracks, however, the soldier is astir at once, though not without a struggle on the part of the trumpeter, if we may believe the prosaic words he has set to the strains of reveille:

I can't git 'em up, I can't git 'em up, I can't git 'em up in the morning, I can't git 'em up to-day!

Yet, when the relentless march ends, the men have "turned out" and "fallen in," and are ready to answer to roll call. Throughout the day food, medicine and work are administered at the call of the trumpets. Three times sounds the hum-drum, see-saw music of mess-call. As interpreted in the soldier's rhymes: Porky, porky, pork, pork; pork without any lean.

Soupy, soup, soup, soup; soup with nary bean.

Coffee, coffee, coff, coff; weakest ever seen. Soon after breakfast the quick, incisive sick-call summons the ill and the ailing to the hospital. There complaints are sifted by the surgeon, the sick are put to bed, the half-sick excused from duty, and the would-be nick set to work. Work in the frontier post includes all the trades. from sawing of logs to mending of shoes; for the soldier is no specialist, but an all-round character, who must dig and plant, cook and scrub, as well as ride, shoot and saber.

The most picturesque moments of the soldier's day at Fort Wingate are guard-mounting and retreat. Guardmounting takes place at nine o'clock in the morning. Then, "with helm and blade, and plumes in the gay wind dancing," the cavalry wheels on to the parade-ground. The men assigned to guard duty for the next 24 hours are rigorously inspected, the column marches in review, while the band plays merrily. The curves of moving horses, the swaying of burnished brasses, and the stirring music, are all in accord with the fluttering leaves of the aspens and the nimble air of morning "Society" looks on from verandes and board walks; greetings are exchanged; horseback parties, picnics or sewing-bees are planned. As in the old plays, "A tucket sounds," and with a "Flour-

lahl" our day has begun. "Retreat." ominous word in war, signifies in peace the repose of evenng. The music of the call for retreat

startled by an order directing two troops of eavalry to proceed at once to northern New Mexico. Their mission was to guard the Navajo Indians from an invasion of Colorado miners, who were said to have found gold on the reservation. A march of 120 miles lay before our men across sand wastes and mountain summits, through burning heat by day and freezing cold by night. with little grass or fuel, and water scarce and alkaline. Both officers and men knew weil these hardships of field service, but for weeks they had heard no new story, had seen no new face, at Fort Wingate, and they welcomed marching orders, even for the desert.

Forewarned, forearmed! While the kitchens of Officers' row were steaming forth dainties for the officers' mess. the soldiers were laying in their goodies at the post exchange. These consisted of cheese, jam and tobacco-all snugly tied together in a red cotton handkerchief. Away they rode on their six days' march, canteens jingling, sabers flashing, while the band played cheerfully: "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Two months the troops watched and waited for intruding prospectors, but none came. Meanwhile the army of occupation had brought a welcome market for grain and hay, cake and pies, to the little struggling settlement of pioneers near their camp. When, therefore, the squadron turned homeward, it was with regretful farewells from their new-made friends in the desert.

For those who stayed at Fort Wingate the weeks and months dragged slowly by, until the troops marched back into the garrison. On that day the more discreet waited within doors to receive their returned travelers, while others. field-glasses in hand, hurried down the road to meet them. A moving column of dust resolved itself first into loaded wagons, then into a rambling train of pack-mules, and last into our band of troopers. Those battered gray hats, worn-out gauntlets and seamy boots aroused a welcome that the sleekest broadcloth and freshest gold lace could never inspire. "See, the conquering hero comes!" was spoken by all hearts as well as by trumpets and drums. The returning soldiers brought with them no trophics of war, no halo of battle. but they had performed the chief duty of the standing army-to prevent war. Our treaty with the Navajo Indians had been kept inviolate, and incidentally a poverty-stricken community had been made opulent.

Public opinion in America frowns apon the professional soldier. The man of books regards him as a medieval liegeman, born out of his time; the mar of affairs looks upon him as an access pory of government, useful on occasion chapel,

Across the slient scene, And loyal hearts forever keep

His memory fresh and green. Whether the soldier sleeps under Whether the soldier sleeps under four hours, a sediment or settin the picketline or in the peaceful bar-indicates kidney or bladder troub rack room, his day ends with the slow, solemn music of "Taps:" The trumpets of Dr Kilmer'r Swamp-Root, t sound the notes both over his bed and great kidney, and bladder remedy over his grave. In the garrison the call means "lights out," and with the last note our fort sleeps wrapped in the solitude of the desert. The cry of phiet, both sent free by mail, up covotes comes from the foot-hills, and receipt of three two cent stamps the hoot of the owl from the mountain. -N. Y. Outlook.

An Ambassador's Tact.

The late M. Challemel Lacour, a distinguished member of the French academy, was noted for his tact and readiness in social emergencies. Both were severely tried on one occasion. M. Challemel Lacour was sent as an ambassador from France to the Swiss confederation. He called in due form, on his arrival, upon the president. The servant who opened the door said that his excellency was in the cellar bottling wine, but that the visitor could come in and wait. The ambassador hung up his the salon. Presently the president bustled in. "An ugly job, monsieur"drying his hands-"an ugly job! But I always bottle my own wine. Pardon my coat also; it is a poor fit"-glancing down. "It is my son's, to tell the truth -- I hurried it on without looking at it." The ambassador bowed and smiled-it

was his dwn coat. The interview being over, he went home shivernig, and sent a messenger next day for the coat-"the coat which he hung up in the hall."-Detroit Free Press.

A Swelled Collection.

The Sunday before Christmas there was found to be a need of funds in the exchequer of Halleluyer chapel in an Indiana city. The pastor had exhausted all ordinary means of raising money, and must needs resort to some novel and original plan. At length the time for the collection came and the preacher arose and said: "The time am come fo' de annual Christmus collection. We had intended to hab a Chrismus tree an' treat, but we'cain't do it onless de usual collection is swelled somewhat. Howsomeber, I want to say one thing befo' de hat is passed: Dah hab been a rumor dat sartin membahs ob dis congregashun hab been stealin' chickens' -general attention and unwonted wakefulness-"an' ef dah is anyone heah to-day dat hab been stealin' ohiekens, I don't want him to put a cent into dis hat w'en it am passed 'round." The collection of that day was the largest in the history of the Halleluyer

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