

BABY.

Before the cheerful fire to-night,  
My wife and I are sitting,  
We softly talk of days gone by,  
And on our hearts, such memories lie  
Of baby.

Our treasure was a boy, of course,  
And such a sturdy youngster,  
With hair of gold, and eyes of blue,  
And six white teeth, so straight and true,  
Had baby.

His chubby hands, all dimpled, too,  
And fingers, always itching,  
To pull our hair and poke our eyes,  
And rather tricks, to our surprise,  
Had baby.

He made my wife a slave all day  
Keeping him out of mischief,  
He'd pick up pills and dirt, you see,  
And put them in his mouth, would he,  
Would baby.

And then, at night, when I came home,  
He'd crawl and smile to see me,  
He'd pick my pockets, do his best  
To grab my pipe (the little pest)  
That baby.

At bedtime, too, he'd vex us sore,  
With all his restless antics,  
And when we thought he was asleep,  
Around the door, who then would peep,  
But baby.

And so to-night we sit and think,  
Of baby's ways and doings,  
And of those hands and voice, now still,  
And through our hearts such memories thrill,  
Oh! baby.

But, hark! From out the stillness comes,  
A voice so soft and cooing,  
That rascal, there, has fast awoken,  
And smiling too, a master stroke,  
Our baby.

"Dulleigh" in Sunday Inter-Ocean.

THAT STRANGE ANIMAL.

North and east of Fort Davis, Tex., stretching far away to that strip of non-descript soil, known as "No Man's Land," is the remnant of the so called Great American desert, designated on the maps and in the geographies as "Llano Estacado," or Staked Plain. The name desert is a misnomer, for the Llano Estacado is not a desert, but rather a well watered, grassy plain, covered with hay and verdure, the natural home and refuge at the present time of nearly all the large game animals of the southwestern portion of the United States.

All the buffaloes we have in the country, except a scattered pair here and there, and the mountain bison of the Yellowstone park, are to be found homelessly wandering over the staked plain. Mustangs, wild and untamed, gallop with unshod hoofs over the soft, velvety carpet, and antelope, the most dainty of all feeders, seek here the delicate wild clover and maiden flowers which are found nowhere else in such abundance as upon this wild and unsettled tract.

A Texas cowboy, in search of stray cattle, came in from the plains and reported that, while chasing a wild and untamable steer into an entirely unknown region, where perhaps no human foot save that of an Indian had ever traveled, he saw in the dim distance a large, bulky and unwieldy creature, which he at first took to be a buffalo. Yet it could not be a buffalo, for it was too large and too slender of build, and covered the ground in a long, loping sort of stride, whereas a buffalo, when put to his speed, usually adopts a short gallop, very much like a range steer.

Big enough for an elephant, and yet as slender as a giraffe, what in the name of wonder can the creature be? thought the cowboy. His jaded mustang was too weary and the day too far gone for him to undertake a chase to the death, so the cow puncher turned his tracks and trotted slowly back to the round up camp, where he told his yarn to his comrades, with due exaggeration as to the size, speed and build of the strange animal he had encountered.

"Now come, Bill," exclaimed one, "what did the beast look like, anyway?" "Why, just as I tell yer," answered Bill. "He was a great big brute, with two story legs, a long neck, a fast, ugly trot, and a hump on his back big as a hoghead."

"Oh, I see," said another. "Nothing but a stray buffalo, cause he had a hump on his back. Yer got fooled that time, Bill, and fooled in the bargain by an old buffer bull. Yer ought to know better, Bill."

"Tell yer, Jim, I'm not fooled," exclaimed Bill, hotly. "Don't I know a buffer bull when I see one? That feller was no buffer, nor no steer, an' I'll bet a ninety foot lariar he don't belong to this country, either."

The others were quite interested now, for they knew Bill Yerkes was likely to be correct when he was so earnest about it, and an agreement was made that rounding up, cutting out and branding should be suspended a couple of days, while the whole party went on a chase across the country in search of the wonderful animal seen by their comrade that day.

Next morning, before day, four stout, sturdy fellows were in the saddle and moving westward, leaving one of their number behind as guard for the camp. Their mounts were beautiful. The mustangs they bestrode had been captured while mere ponies from the wild herds that yet, in limited numbers, course over the great plain, except the one ridden by Yerkes, and this animal was a gaunt, raw boned specimen, raised somewhere in the southeastern part of the state and brought to the range by Yerkes himself, who seemed very fond of the brute. The four men separated, striking off in different directions, like an open fan, and agreeing to meet that night for camp on a branch of the south fork of the Canadian, which was nearly dry at this time of the year. About sunset all had arrived at the rendezvous except Bill Yerkes. While the others were sitting around the camp fire, about 9 o'clock, foasting upon wild turkey which had been shot from a tree near by, their missing comrade rode up.

He threw himself from his horse, removed the saddle, watered and picketed his animal and then joined the others. "Wal, fellers," he exclaimed, "I have spotted the darned cuss again."

"The deuce you have," ejaculated the others, with great interest.

"Yes, I found him about six miles above here at sundown, and jest as I was about to give up the hunt."

"Well, what is it?" exclaimed the three in one breath.

"Darned if I know," said Yerkes. "It was too dark to see clearly, and then the tarnation cuss sighted me as soon as I did him and off he started toward the setting sun like a locomotive. But I've got his bearings, and I'll catch that skunk to-morrow or give up cow punching and range riding for good."

The second morning the four were in the saddle by light and traveling up stream until a grass overgrown bottom, interspersed with scrub oak and pecan trees, was reached.

"Here," said Yerkes, "is where I saw the fellow last night."

"And here," said Dick Pepper, "are the luster's tracks"—at the same time leaping from his mustang and examining several large hoofprints in the muddy portion of the creek bottom.

"Wal, that beats rag," remarked Bob Newhall, the fourth of the party. "What you take them tracks to be, Yerkes? No much steer as that in the whole kentry as I know of."

"Tain't no steer," responded the other. "Darned if I can size the creature up; but let's keep after him an' we'll soon find out, or I'm no preacher."

Out over the prairie rode the four men, following as best they could the trail of this strange animal, but all signs were soon lost in the sand and gravel, as the country had now assumed a barren, desolate appearance, covered with hillocks of sand, and almost as flat as a billiard table as far as the eye could see. About noon a speck on the horizon was sighted, and toward this atom the quartet rode steadily, gaining rapidly, and very soon coming so far within range as to outline the object.

"That's the fellow an' no snakes," shouted Yerkes, hardly able to curb his excitement.

Sure enough. There in the distance, far ahead, was a strange, ungainly object that bore no resemblance to any living creature born or bred on this continent. With a rapid, sidelong, cumbersome gait he easily kept beyond the fleetest mustangs until darkness almost hid his ugly form from view; but still the four horsemen were doing their utmost to catch up, with Yerkes a long advantage in the lead and evidently determined to solve the mystery at any cost or kill his horse. The last his three comrades saw of him Yerkes was going at a 2:30 gait, his long Mexican lariar trailing behind him, his rawboned steed doing his level best to bring his master alongside the stranger as they were pursuing. The others soon gave up and went into a dry camp amid a bunch of cottonwoods for a few hours, where they had to dig in the sand for water.

As darkness drew around him poor Yerkes almost gave up in despair. His tired mustang protested in a dumb sort of way against such treatment, but still he loped pushed on, and forced both himself and steed to such extremities that at last, when darkness had actually closed in upon the whole flat plain, the man was compelled to admit that he was no wiser than the day before regarding the identity of the creature he was chasing.

As he slackened his speed to think over the situation his quarry also reappeared. A bright moon now came riding up from the ocean of sand, and just at this moment the chase passed before the great red ball, so that his form was clearly outlined against the bright background.

"The devil!" ejaculated Yerkes. "Darn my skin if I don't believe it's a camel. Well, if I can't catch him I'll round him up, anyhow: so here goes."

Making a long detour, he managed gradually to get beyond the animal and turned him in his course, so that pretty soon both pursuer and pursued were traveling directly back over the course they had come. But the pace was slow this time, as the mustang began to show evident signs of pecking out, and the man was very tired and weary, too. Observing that his game was now resting, also, or rather nibbling the scant herbage and drifting slowly eastward, the cowboy quickly leaped from his seat, removed saddle, blanket and bridle, lariated his steed, who commenced grazing at once, took a good chew of tobacco, and, resting his head on the saddle, turned over in a pile of soft, loose sand and was soon sound asleep.

When he awoke some hours later he found the moon nearly overhead and his horse still quietly nibbling the few spears of grass peeping above the sandy soil. Nowhere in sight was the strange animal he had followed. Saddling and mounting he rode here and there in search of the brute, but the latter had vanished without sight, sound or sign to follow.

Utterly and thoroughly disgusted, Yerkes started on the back trail, at the same time muttering starting exclamations against the strange thing that had led him a wild goose chase to no purpose for two days and a night over the plains. Riding on and on in that still night, not even a coyote bark or a wolf howl to break the intense silence, the man would talk and reason with his horse upon the confounded ill luck that had befallen him. Toward morning Venus came sailing majestically up from the east, and the moon, still shining brightly, lit up the vast plain, reflecting back the sparkling bits of sand like the water of the ocean sparkles and dances under her silvery beams.

Just then a faint noise came floating from far ahead. Yerkes pulled up instantly and both horse and rider bent their ears to listen. Louder and louder it grew until the beating of hoofs could be heard, and presently, too, the sound of men's voices hallooing and shouting. Somebody was chasing something, of this there could be no mistake. Then in the dim light a black object hove in sight with three horsemen in hot pursuit.

"That's my game, by gosh," said Yerkes to himself with great excitement, "and darn my hide but I'll have him now."

The man quickly unsling his long Mexican lariar (he was a fine roper), and, patting his horse encouragingly, made ready to cast the moment he was within

proper distance. On came the big game with a rush, making wonderful long strides with his tremendous legs, and not two hundred yards behind were the three cowboys, urging their mustangs at the top of their speed, yelling like mad. Yerkes got his lariar in position, and then began that long graceful swing, with the magic circle opening like an oval, that only the practical arm can give to the rope. Straight at the man rushed the brute, but, evidently discovering him when too late, the latter made a bold swerve to the left, as if to pass by him. Galloping alongside for a moment, the rope swung in the air, and then, swish, it darted, settling snugly about the long, hoop like neck.

In true cowboy style, as if handling a steer, Yerkes kept up his pace and gradually got into position for throwing the animal. This process is as follows: When the nose is around the head, horns or neck, the next movement is to arrange the line on the further side of the animal, both pursuer and pursued going at full speed, so that it is about the height of the legs. Then, by suddenly stopping the pony, who places his forelegs firmly to withstand the shock, by a quick, sudden jerk the steer's legs are pulled from under him, and over he rolls in the dust. This is precisely the manner in which Yerkes treated his strange captive.

When everything was ready and the line in position he pulled his horse up suddenly and jerked the strange brute's legs from under him. The mighty body of the latter tumbled heavily all in a heap, but there was a sharp, ugly snap as if something had cracked. In a word, the fall had broken its neck.

In a few minutes the four men were grouped together standing over the carcass of the animal in perfect wonder.

"Darned if I know," said Jim Pepper, "but that's the devil did he come from, anyhow," exclaimed Bob Newhall.

Yerkes was silent. After scanning the animal closely he turned to the others and said: "Guys, that's a camel as sure as I'm a Texan. Now, how in the name of the get in Texas? I've always lived in Asia or Africa, but I've never seen and scalped alive if he ever got in Texas. Let's go back to camp, I'm done herding and branding, and I'm going back to the states, I am."

The others, after all, is no mystery at all. It was really and truly a camel, and the genuine camel was actually shot by a cowboy named Dennis Williams, near the ranch of Col. Lewis Williams, in the Confederate States army, in the vicinity of Gila Bend, A. T. It was there, measuring over nine feet high, and was supposed to be an animal from the old herd that has been introduced into the deserts of Arizona and California since 1858 or 1859. They were captured first for the purpose of carrying mail from Inyo, Cal., to Carson, Nev., and proving a failure for this purpose were turned loose to hustle for themselves.

Just after the civil war the government got hold of them and proposed to make them useful on the frontier in keeping up communication between the widely separated military posts, where it became necessary to travel long distances without water. They were never, however, of much service, and upon the breaking out of hostilities between the north and south were seized by the Confederate authorities and sent to Camp Verde, about sixty miles northwest of San Antonio. Here they were put in service as mail carriers, often making trips of fifty-five to sixty miles a day in a dry, barren, hot country where no American horse could have survived such hardship.

At the close of the war they again fell into the hands of the Federal authorities, and were sold at auction in the city of San Antonio in 1866. They were finally taken west to Arizona, and, proving useless, were soon abandoned to their fate. Wandering over the wild portions of Arizona, New Mexico and Texas, they increased somewhat in numbers, but it was supposed that the Indians had long ago killed them off. It has since been learned that the red men, superstitious and silly as they usually are in such cases, regarded them with great awe as strange creatures from the clouds, and so fled from them in terror.

A few lonesome and forlorn camels are yet drifting over the wild, uninhabited places of the far southwest, so that the novelty of a genuine camel hunt presents itself to those in search of "pleasures new" who care to travel the long distance to seek them.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Candid Friend.

To the English Georges were not a few frank speeches made by a class of whom George Canning exclaimed: But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send, Save, save, oh, save me from the candid friend!

A young lady told George II that the ceremony she most longed to see was a coronation!

George IV, when Prince of Wales, found a "candid friend" in Nollekens, the sculptor, one of the most simple minded and uncourtly of men. The prince was sitting for his bust, and the following conversation took place:

Nollekens—How's your father? (The king was at that time very ill.)

The Prince—Thank you, Mr. Nollekens, he is much better.

Nollekens—Ah, that's all right! It would be a sad thing if he was to die, for we shall never have another king like him.

The Prince—Thank you.

Nollekens—Ah, sir, you may depend upon that.—Youth's Companion.

A Happy "Meekum."

Mr. Kindly—Well, Uncle Peter, how does the world serve you these days?

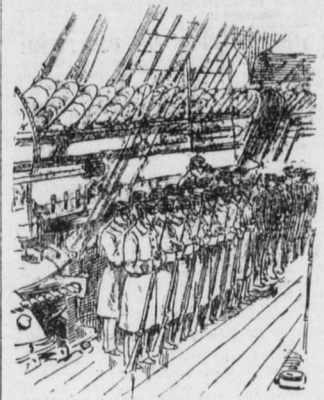
Uncle Peter—Oh, fir's rate, sah, fir's rate; I ain't so rich ez Mistah Vanderbilt, no' so po' as Job's turkey, sah, but I jess seem ter hab struck a happy meekum 'tween dem two gemmen, sah, an' I've very well sat'isfied.—Detroit Free Press.

AS TO NEW NAVAL DRILLS

THE NEW INVENTIONS ARE MAKING GREAT CHANGES NECESSARY.

Uncle Sam Is Not in Good Shape in This Matter Because His New Ships Are Few in Number, but Perhaps He Will Pull Through Somehow.

Just at present almost all the nations of the world that have an army or a navy are interested in the subject of new drills and manuals to suit the changes that mechanical improvements have brought about in small arms and artillery, powders and projectiles. The United States naval service is rather peculiarly situated in this respect, as the change from the obsolete wooden ves-



AT QUARTERS.

sels to the new steel cruisers is only just begun, and the older systems of drills are carried out on board of the very large majority of naval vessels now in commission. Should the various propositions for the incorporation of a naval reserve, now so much talked about throughout the country, be carried into effect, the drills will have, by sheer force of circumstances, to partake more of the nature of what has been the method for years than of what would apply more especially to improved breech mechanism, torpedo tubes and smokeless powders.

The reason for this is not far to seek, and lies chiefly in the fact that just at present the navy does not possess enough of the modern cruisers for its own pressing needs, and the receiving ships and monitors that will probably be the vessels first utilized for drill purposes by the pioneers of the auxiliary naval forces, or naval reserve contingent, are already of a past day and generation. The former were crack frigates of their time and were models in the days of smooth bore cannon and full sail powered ships; the latter came in with the civil war, as soon after Ericsson's vessel proved her prowess at Hampton Roads as they could be constructed, and have hardly been in active service since. A half million of dollars, more or less, is mentioned as the sum necessary to put them in condition for cruising service; but as this expenditure seems exorbitant for the small amount of good they are to the navy at large, the secretary of the navy suggests their use as drill vessels for the naval reserve in its preliminary exercises to prepare itself to man the coast defense vessels in time of actual service. The usual custom aboard all men-of-war is to have "quarters" at 9:30 in the morning. This is for the purpose of muster and inspection, to ascertain if all hands are on board and if they are properly dressed in the prescribed uniform of the day. The men stationed at the guns of the battery fall in alongside of their respective cannon on one side of the deck, the first division forward, the second next, and so on until all the places are taken. There are always a large number of men on board vessels of war who are not stationed at the guns. They are the servants, the engineer's force, the various petty officers, whose general duties are below decks; the men required to attend to the steering of the vessel, handling the signals, sounding apparatus, etc.; also the carpenters, whose particular duties are to look out for and stop up shot holes and other damage during an action; the gunner's gang, who do duty in the magazines and shell rooms, and the marines.

All of these are drawn up on the opposite side of the deck to that on which the gun divisions assemble; the powder division, as it is called, being forward, the

successful vessel carried at the fore. The number of shots fired while the vessel was in the firing arc, as well as the distribution of these shots, were the two quantities used in determining the figure of merit. The cutlass drill is the same as broadsword exercise, the men being armed with wooden sticks, having a large leather guard. This is an excellent muscle developing drill, and when properly executed is quite well worth watching, particularly at its close, when a regular set-to is usually encouraged. The pistol or revolver drill is for the purpose of instruction in handling that weapon, and to teach the men to become good snap shots. The drill in the manual of arms, the loadings and firings and the skirmish drill, as far as simple deployment and accustoming the men to the various bugle calls are concerned, are about all the instruction in "soldiering" that can well be given on ship board. Mob tactics, marchings and reviews, as well as a more extended skirmishing and rifle target firing, have to be postponed until a navy yard or some convenient port is reached.

The only torpedoes at present furnished vessels are those known as "spar torpedoes," which are used both from long booms fitted alongside of the vessels, and smaller ones for working in the steam launches. Improvised torpedoes, fuzes and fittings from one's own resources forms a valuable feature of this exercise. Gun cotton is the explosive now used in all naval torpedoes. The newer vessels are to be fitted with automobile torpedoes, which are, of course, an immense change from "a bag of powder at the end of a stick." Proficiency in handling the various types of machine and rapid fire artillery consists, not only in the ability to load and fire with rapidity and precision, but also to thoroughly master the true inwardness of the various kinds of arms and to be able to dismount and reassemble the pieces as readily as any expert in the factory at which they were made. By this means alone can the delays caused by a jamming or breaking of some one of the many parts be readily overcome when the time of actual use in battle arrives. The powder division is



JAMES JOHNSON, CHAMPION GUNNER.

engineers next, the navigators next to them and the marines aft on the quarter deck. Although there is no hard and fast rule, the above order is the one quite generally observed on all vessels that have open deck for carrying the battery. The inspection over, orders are given to the division officers regarding the special drills for the day, and for the greater portion of an hour in the forenoon and again in the afternoons drills are carried on. The routine is varied, so that during the week the men will have received in-

struction at the battery for action. Small arm drill as infantry and sharpshooters, cutlass and pistol drill, torpedoes, both on ship board and in boats; the handling of powder and projectiles, howitzers, rapid fire and machine guns, which, in addition to the usual drills aloft with sails and spars, boat exercise under oars and sails, occasional landing parties, and, at rare intervals, encampments on shore occupy a large portion of the available hours, and give an opportunity for thorough instruction in all that pertains to what would probably be the experience in actual service against an enemy. The guns most generally in use aboard the wooden ships are the smooth bore 9-inch Dahlgrens, made during the civil war and a few years before that struggle, a few Parrot guns of the 60-pounder pattern are also to be found, while the largest gun is an 8-inch rifle converted from an 11-inch Dahlgren smooth bore.

The whole object of the drill is to perfect the crew in their individual duties that when they are called together to go through the motions of fighting an enemy every detail will have been carefully attended to and the whole body will act as an intelligent unit. The great gun drill consists in casting loose all the tackles that hold the gun in place when the ship is rolling about, and in providing the apparatus required to load and fire, while the gun's crew arm themselves with cutlass and pistol or rifles, as their stations call for. Once a week at "general quarters" powder and projectiles are brought up on deck and the motions of loading and firing gone through with. Primers are snapped instead of actually firing the guns, which latter is only done once in three months, when the quarterly target practice is gone through with. Until within the last four years but little proper system was observed at this quarterly firing, and it was quite generally apt to be regarded as more or less of a bore that must be gone through with and endured simply for the sake of carrying out what the regulations prescribed. Lieut. Forsyth-Meigs, for some years gunnery instructor at the Naval Academy, drew up a most excellent system, which he introduced in the North Atlantic squadron while under the command of Admirals Luce and Jouett. This consisted of two parts—an individual practice in which the vessel and target were both anchored about a thousand yards apart, and each gun was fired separately, the scale of merit depending both upon the celerity displayed in firing a certain number of shots and in the smallness of the area covered by these shots.

A medal was presented to the most successful gun captain. The man winning the greatest number of times was James Johnson. His work was remarkable, especially as his gun was in competition with some of the rifled guns. The gun which he fired was one of the broadside 9-inch smooth bores of the flagship Richmond. This method of individual practice was intended to lead up to what was termed battery practice, in which the target was again stationary, but the vessels were under way, steaming around it through an arc of 90 degs., and at somewhat over one thousand yards off. The prize in this case was a small triangular flag, which

at time, it falls to the lot of the marines to see that they do not escape. The marine corps is one of the oldest military organizations in the country and its efficiency has been proved on many a critical field.

AN INGENIOUS CONTRIVANCE.

A French Lieutenant Devises a New Life Saving Apparatus.

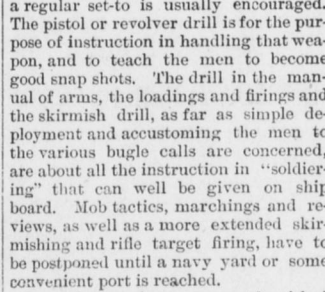
Lieut. Debrosse, of the French line steamer Bourgogne, has invented a life saving apparatus for drowning people



DRAWING.

He was induced to give his attention to the matter from several cases of drowning which came under his especial notice. A case in point occurred a few years ago at Marseilles. A sailor who was painting the sides of the vessel fell into the sea. He sank at once, and bubbles showed exactly where he lay. Several good divers went down for him, but the water was eighty feet deep and too dark above the drowning sailor for them to see him. His body was recovered several hours afterwards by dragging the bottom.

This incident led Lieut. Debrosse to invent what is called the Debrosse grapple. The position of one who has sunk being known approximately by rising air bubbles, the grapple is lowered, its weight carrying it down vertically. Then a string is jerked, and the four sections of the metallic globe open like arms, and closing in on the body when the machine is lifted, bring it to the surface. The object is to recover the drowning person before life has become extinct.



OPEN.

If dragged along the bottom the Debrosse grapple is very serviceable. The hooks on the outer surface of the closed sphere attach themselves to the clothing and thus bring up the body. The inventor has taken steps to have his device patented in the United States.

Court Cleared by a Leper.

Something of a panic was created recently in a St. Louis court when a leper was produced on a writ of habeas corpus. The writ was directed against the city officials, who were directed to bring the leper from quarantine in order to demonstrate to the court that the man was really a leper and was not being unlawfully restrained of his liberty. The judge took one glance at the loathsome creature, whose body was covered with blue and white blotches, from which scales were constantly dropping. He was immediately convinced that the man was a genuine leper, ordered him back to quarantine and adjourned court to give the janitor a chance to fumigate and air the place.—Philadelphia Ledger.