

CAVALRY ON THE MOVE

They Usually Travel at a Walk While on a March.

CAREFUL OF THEIR HORSES.

Reasons Why a Trot or a Gallop Might Prove Disastrous to the Animals. The Wagons and Supplies—Going into Camp at Night.

People unfamiliar with the marching of troops frequently have the impression that mounted troops usually travel at a trot or gallop while on a march. In the cavalry, however, the gait is usually a walk.

There are reasons why it is not advisable for cavalry to trot or gallop on its road marches. The trooper is required to carry his three weapons—rifle, pistol and sabre—over a hundred rounds of ball ammunition, his blanket, shelter tent, canteen, extra horse-shoes and sundry other articles, all of which add considerable weight to that of the trooper.

This weight is more or less concentrated at comparatively few points instead of being uniformly distributed over the horse's back, so that at a trot, in spite of all that may be done to avoid it, the concussion at certain points is considerable and if kept up tends to develop blisters and sores on the horse's back, which may increase until the animal is no longer fit to use.

As the supply department furnishes but one horse to each trooper, differing in this respect from the mounts of the cowboy, who has as many as he wants, a constant vigilance is required on the part of the captain while on a long march in order to keep his horses serviceable and prevent his troopers from becoming dismounted.

This he accomplishes in part by marching at a walk whenever the circumstances will admit it. By means of the walk we make four miles an hour, says Captain William F. Flynn, U. S. A., in Forest and Stream, and as twenty-five miles is considered a fair day's march it is thus made in about seven hours, considering the necessary halts. The wagons carrying our supplies can go no faster than that, and there is rarely any advantage in reaching one's camping ground very much in advance of the wagons.

It is customary with individual tourists and campers upon making camp to turn their horses loose and either to watch them or else trust to luck in the matter of finding them again. We are not permitted to do this in the army. We always mean to provide grain for our animals on the march, and when we are unable to buy hay en route and thus have to rely upon grazing we put each horse out on a rope fastened to a picket pin driven in the ground.

On the march each mounted man carries his lariat and pin attached to his saddle and as soon as he unsaddles seeks a good grazing place for his horse and drives his pin in the ground. The horse thus gets a limited area upon which to graze. The pins are changed once or twice during the evening, and as the horse stays all night on his rope he gets a pretty fair chance at the grass, after all, and when we want him in the morning we can find him.

The horses having been unsaddled and disposed of, the men then put up their shelter tents. A shelter tent is a convenient little affair made in two halves to accommodate nicely two soldiers. Each soldier carries his half and his pole with him on his blanket roll attached to his saddle, so as soon as he unsaddles he can select his "bunkie" and put up his tent. The officers' tents are wall tents, carried in the wagons and cannot be put up till the wagons come in.

As soon as that takes place details of men put up the officers' tents, get wood and water for the cooks, and the latter build their fire and at once set about getting supper. Soldiers like to have their food well cooked; but, better still, they appear to like it promptly cooked, and that camp cook is always popular who yells "Come and get it!" just a little sooner than it is expected.

On the march we eat but two meals a day. After breakfast the cooks give each man a liberal sandwich of bacon and bread. This the man incases in his meat can and when he gets hungry eats it. This constitutes his mid-day meal.

Supper over, a guard is posted to look out for the safety of the camp, and the other men usually collect fuel, build a rousing fire, gather round it and amuse themselves by singing, telling yarns and cracking jokes upon each other till bedtime, which comes pretty early with men on the march. The officers fill in the time in about the same manner.

On the march one always has to rise early. There are so many things to be done in order to get the cavalcade fairly on the road that early rising is essential. The guard rouses the cooks long before daylight, and by the time the horses are fed and brushed off the cook announces breakfast. After breakfast the tents are taken down, wagons packed, the horses saddled, and the column is once more on the march.

Described.

"Pa, what is meant by a nervous wreck?"
"A nervous wreck, my boy, is something that a woman says she is every time she gets a headache."—Detroit Free Press.

He always has a certain amount of weight with those who wish to be like it.—Rice.

NORMAN PEASANTS.

Their Bread Is Made in the Stables by the Men.

A farmer's wife in the north of France may do a good part of the heavy work about the farm, but she never thinks of making the bread. That is man's work, and it is carried on not in the kitchen, but in the stable.

The Norman peasant eats an astonishing quantity of bread. He has little else except cider—for his breakfast and supper, and it is a very important part of his noonday meal as well.

And such queer looking bread as it is! The "loaves" are as round and as palely yellow as the full moon. They are often three feet in circumference and eight or ten inches thick. Seeing one of them for the first time, you would be likely to take it for a huge cheese.

Breadmaking being only a monthly occurrence in a Norman household, the operations must be on a scale of considerable magnitude if the family supply is to be sufficient to last for four weeks. The dough is always mixed in a certain inclosed space upon the floor of the barn.

At other times cats, dogs and poultry enjoy the freedom of this space, but when breadmaking time comes these are evicted and the floor is swept—let us hope very thoroughly.

There is no dough pan or trough. The flour and water are poured together upon the floor, and the farmer and his sons or hired laborers beat the mass into the proper consistency with heavy clubs widely flattened at the ends until they look something like roughly shaped snow shovels. Then a lump of leaven is added, and the mass is given ten or twelve hours to "rise."

Next it must be kneaded, a process which is accomplished with the feet. Shod in heavy sabots, or wooden shoes—not the everyday shoes, which are painted black, but made of unstained whitewood—the men leap into the midst of the dough. They jump about with agility; they stamp and kick the spongy stuff; they dance clumsy jigs in it, the stiffening dough clinging tenaciously to their shoes. It is the hardest of hard work, requiring endurance as well as strength, and before it is time to stop more than one of the men will be staggering to and fro in the pasty mass, thoroughly exhausted.

The dough is allowed to rise a second time, is again soundly beaten with the flattened clubs, is then put into great round pans and baked in the massive brick oven which stands in almost every Norman stable.

The bread which results is firm, close in texture and rather dingy in color, sweet, but dry, and decidedly palatable even to those who have seen it made.

As the month draws to a close the outer crust becomes so thick and hard that it can only be penetrated by a saw kept for that purpose. But this horny shell has its use, for it keeps the interior of the loaf fairly soft and fresh, sometimes for several months.—Youth's Companion.

A Use For the Jail.

Winkleborough is a flourishing little seaside resort, and during the season almost every available room is let at good prices.

A visitor to that delightful spot last season was interested to observe a policeman soundly cuff a lanky youth for some misdemeanor, and, curious to know the reason of the chastisement, he went over to the guardian of the peace.

"What's he done, constable?" inquired the visitor.

"Picking pockets, sir. Let me catch 'im at it ag'in' an' I'll give 'im a rare good hidin'."

"But why didn't you run him in?"

"Run 'im in?" retorted the policeman. "Why, bless yer, we ain't runnin' anybody in this week. The p'lice station's let for lodgin'!"—London Answers.

Wallack on the Ballet.

The late Lester Wallack once told a story of his still more famous father, James W., that as either an actor or a manager he could never tolerate the ballet, even where it was seemingly necessary according to custom as part of an entertainment or in the opera.

One day there came to him a friend, a man about town, who said, "My dear Wallack, it is very curious that you do not see the beauties of imagination shown by the poses of the ballet." Going on in this strain, the visitor at last wore out the patience of the actor-manager, who replied:

"Look here, it is bad enough to stand these absurdities in an opera; but, though I can comprehend people singing their joys, I am hanged if I can their dancing their griefs."

The Judge's Advice.

In sentencing a forger of banknotes to death an English judge said, "I can hold out no hope to you for mercy here, and I must urge you to make preparation for another world, where I hope you may obtain that mercy which a due regard to the credit of our paper currency forbids you to hope for here."

Family Connection is a Mode.

"Well, yes; we are related in a way."
"By marriage?"
"Yes. My first wife's third husband is married to his wife's second husband's fourth partner in matrimony."
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Jealousy.

"May's new hat is perfectly hideous."
"It isn't a bit more hideous than mine. You're always saying nice things about May."
—Philadelphia Ledger.

Clever men are good, but they are not the best.—Carlyle.

PUZZLE OF THE AIR.

Changing Currents Shown by the Action of Birds in Flight.

The average person regards air much as he regards water—as much lighter, of course, but like it otherwise. Calm air is precisely to him as calm water in a pool. If there is a wind he pictures the air as a flowing river. And just so long as all men looked at it so, just so long the birds kept their monopoly, for the only state in which water approaches the condition of air is when water forms a maelstrom. Even then water in its wildest turbulence falls far short of the unstable, incessant agitation of the atmosphere. Air is never still. It is filled with warm waves ascending, cold waves descending, and through it race cross shoots and diagonal shoots, with corkscrew whirlwinds wandering hither and yon as they list. The warm air off a cornfield creates one kind of a disturbance; off plowed land it creates another. A layer of cold air may hold down a layer of warmer air. Consider what happens when the warm air breaks through its envelope as a millpond bursts its dam. A flowing stream churned to and fro and round and round and up and down would give a feeble idea of the air's inconstancy.

Now, a bird, circling with fixed wings, floats on a rising column of air. It maintains its altitude as to the earth, but it is constantly coming down through the air's ascending volume. Once the bird loses the air column it has to flap its wings, and it flaps till it finds another column, when it goes on wheeling again with fixed wings. Moreover, when it flies the wind comes toward it in waves, rising and falling like the billows of the sea. It meets them, and then it does precisely what a boat does—goes over them or goes through them. The Wrights learned all this, and when they'd learned they were about as near to flying as you and I would be to writing Chinese philosophy when we'd just learned the English alphabet. Furthermore, there were no teachers, living or dead, that could help them more than a few steps along the way.—Everybody's Magazine.

FOUGHT WITH HIS BOYS.

An Amusing Passage Between Willich and Rosecrans.

There are times when the so called "red tape" of the army gives way under the stress of circumstances. At the battle of Chickamauga, General Willich, who was commanding a brigade, incurred the displeasure of General Rosecrans, the commanding general, by some very slight omission. General Willich was sent for and informed by the general commanding that he must consider himself under arrest for the present.

"General," said Rosecrans sternly, "consider yourself under arrest and leave your sword here until your case is tried."

"Yes, general, I will consider myself under arrest," was the reply, "and shut so soon as his fight's over I'll come and fix him up."

"But, sir," said the astounded Rosecrans, "I want you to consider yourself under arrest now."

"Of course I do," responded Willich promptly, "and so soon as I get off his fight I'll be up and settle him."

"But, sir," expostulated the commanding general, "I can't let you go into this fight. You are under arrest. I will send an officer to your brigade."
"You send an officer to fight my boys," cried Willich indignantly. "He can't do it. They don't know him. Me they know. I teach them. I fight them, and none of the boys would know how to fight or what to do only when I go with them. My boys belong to me; yes, me, General Willich. I command the brigade, and I must fight the brigade."

General Rosecrans gave it up. General Willich was requested to return and "fight his boys," which he did most successfully. And that was the end of the matter.—Youth's Companion.

They Don't Like Rain.

The tortoise shows a greater dislike to and fear of rain than any other animal. Twenty-four hours or more before rain falls the Galapagos tortoise makes for shelter. On a bright, clear morning, when not a cloud can be seen, all the shellbacks on a tortoise farm may sometimes be seen headed for the nearest overhanging rocks. When that happens the people know that rain will come down during the day, and, as a rule, it comes down in torrents. The sign never fails.

Told the Truth.

"Why are you sore at Miss Skreacher?"
"When she was urged to sing something at the party last night she said, 'Oh, I can't sing!'"
"Well?"
"Well, she went ahead and proved it."—Cleveland Leader.

Her View of It.

"There was a time," said the old inhabitant, "when that piece of property sold for a song."
"Really?" replied the grand opera prima donna. "How very expensive!"
—Washington Star.

Knew Her Style.

Suitor—But you haven't asked me yet whether or not I can make a living for your daughter. Father—Never mind, Henry. If you marry her she'll see to that.—Chicago News.

Better Late Than Never.

"I hope this proposal of mine hasn't taken you completely by surprise, dearest."
"Well, yes, it has. I long ago abandoned all idea of it."—Life.

WASHING DISHES.

Only One Time in a Woman's Life When She Enjoys It.

We never knew but one woman who professed that she liked to wash dishes, and from that moment our faith in her veracity melted like soap in hot dishwater.

The only time we wish we were a man is after a hearty dinner, when he can enjoy a siesta or discuss the papers, while we must attend to the inevitable dishes.

Can any one wonder that girls get tired of the monotonous round of dishwashing, which must be done three times a day for the 365 consecutive days?

Think of it, ye gods, and tear your hair and weep for the woes of our sisterhood!

There is a short time in most every woman's life when it is a pleasure, but that is when we are too small to reach upon the kitchen table without a chair and are permitted to wash the cups and saucers to keep us out of mischief. When we are older and have it to do alone the soap tureen would not hold the tears we shed over it.

How we have dreamed over the blue pictures on the old fashioned dishes—pictures of impossible temples and castles, built in unhealthy proximity to "clear lakes," and in girlish fancy wandered to unheard of lands to dwell in those "castles in the air."

There should be no dishwashing there.

But hark! The shrill voice of our mother rings out clear and sharp: "Matilda, what are you doing?" with rising inflection on the last syllable of our name.

All the house knows that "Till" is dreaming over the dishes again, and reverie is not permitted in our active household, which was conducted on the "whoop her up" system.

When we see ladies going mad over ceramics we wonder if they served their apprenticeship polishing tablefuls of china.—New York Weekly.

A DREAM CAT.

Repeated Appearance Premonitory of Disease.

"Some years ago, early in the summer," says H. Addington Bruce in Success Magazine, "I dreamed that while out taking a walk I was suddenly attacked by a huge cat, which clawed ferociously at my throat. That was all there was to the dream, or, at any rate, that was all I remembered on awakening in the morning, and, naturally enough, I dismissed it from my mind as nothing but a dream."

"But when I found myself dreaming the same dream again and again I began to wonder what significance it would possibly have. Usually it varied greatly in minor detail. Always, however, the climax was the same—the cat had me by the throat and was biting and scratching viciously. Altogether I dreamed this dream not less than a score of times in six months."

"Shortly before Christmas I took a cold, which settled in my throat, affecting it so badly as to require the attention of a specialist. Much to my astonishment, it was then discovered that a growth had been developing for some time and that an immediate operation was necessary."

"Several weeks later, the operation having been performed successfully, it suddenly occurred to me that I was no longer being troubled by the phantom cat. For the first time the meaning of the singular dream dawned upon me."

"It had been a genuine premonitory dream. Consciously I had been in utter ignorance of the dangerous growth in my throat. It had not progressed far enough to give me any pain or even to cause discomfort. At the same time the organic changes it involved had produced sensations plainly felt by what psychologists call the subconscious and manifesting through the subconscious to the conscious in the form of a symbolic dream."

No Port in a Storm.

The most dangerous of all places when a thunderstorm rages is probably a powder house; consequently it is a rule in explosive works that all the workers shall leave their "house" at the approach of a thunderstorm. So far all is well. But very often when the thunderstorm has passed and the men return and open the cake presses severe explosions have occurred. The reason of these accidents is that in the process of manufacture black powder is placed in the cake presses in alternate layers of powder and ebonite. This acts as an electric pile, just like the pile of coppers and disks of zinc with which boys amuse themselves. When the pile is disturbed the electricity "sparks," and up go building, workers and all.—London Answers.

One of Field's Jokes.

Edward Everett Hale greatly enjoyed a joke which was perpetrated on him by Eugene Field. Field celebrated one of Dr. Hale's visits to Chicago by giving a luncheon in his honor and inviting a number of prominent persons to meet him. "Field was aware," said Dr. Hale, "that I was a temperance man, and therefore I was somewhat surprised to see that the table on which the luncheon was served was very abundantly supplied with bottles labeled 'Whisky,' 'Brandy' and 'Champagne.' But when these bottles came to be uncorked they were all found to contain nothing but water!"

FILIPINO WOMEN.

Their Cares Begin Early, and They Win Husbands by Hard Work.

"Filipino women know how to win husbands," says an American woman who is living at Manila. "It is a common thing in the islands to see a girl, young and brown and strong, crushing rice with a heavy wooden mallet, while around her sit a number of admiring swains, looking on, but never dreaming of offering to help. And the girl doesn't expect it. She pounds cheerfully away, and by and by her reward comes in a husband to work for."

"Life accustoms the Filipino woman to labor at a very early age. As a tiny girl she is rarely seen without an appendage in the shape of a baby brother or sister perched on her little brown hip. When she grows a few inches taller and a few degrees stronger she is pressed into service as a water carrier, bearing heavy jars of water poised gracefully on her head from the river to her home. Now, too, she works in the fields, and a vivid bit of color she makes in her short kilted scarlet skirt. When she becomes a woman—and she is a woman at fifteen or before—she may have a small shop to tend, and there is the rice to beat and much other work to do.

"Marriage brings no vacation. She is pretty sure to have many children to care for. She tends the fields, cooks and frequently has a stall in the market for several hours a day. But when the women are really old then their rest time comes. They sit quietly by, looking on as life goes past them, but taking part no more. In spite of the hard labor they have had there is generally a very peaceful look in the brown, wrinkled faces of these old women."—New York Tribune.

A ROYAL BED.

The Magnificent One That Was Used by Queen Elizabeth.

An interesting description of the magnificence of a bedstead ordered for Queen Elizabeth's use is found in a "wardrobe warrant" dated 1581 and quoted in "Gleanings After Time." It was of walnut tree, richly carved, painted and gilded. The centre, tester and valance were of cloth of silver, figured with velvet, lined with changeable taffeta and deeply fringed with Venice gold, silver and silk.

The curtains were of costly tapestry curiously and elaborately worked, every seam and every border laid with gold and silver lace, caught up with long loops and buttons of bullion.

The headpiece was of crimson satin of Bruges, edged with a passymagne of crimson silk and decorated with six ample plumes containing seven dozen ostrich feathers of various colors profusely decorated with gold spangles. The counterpoint was of orange colored satin quilted with outwork of cloths of gold and silver and of satins of every imaginable tint embroidered with Venice gold, silver spangles and beautifully colored silks fringed to correspond and lined with orange sarcenet.

This was a queen's bed, but almost equally gorgeous ones were common for several centuries. In the reign of Queen Anne a bedstead put up as a prize in a lottery was reported to have cost over £3,000.—London Family Herald.

Graft in the Household.

The tipping system has become acute now that graft is boldly recognized as "business," and the world has no shame for the majority of workers in the vineyard. A charming young matron exclaimed the other day that graft had even invaded her household. She was asked how that was possible and replied, "I have discovered that my most trusted and faithful maid has been approached by some one who shall be nameless to advise the cook who is another treasure, to leave me."
"But she did not?" "Yes, she did," said the young matron, laughing. "Yes, she did, and I don't blame her for the price. My nice Julia was paid \$20 to sell me out, and the cook's wages are about double what I can pay." "A case of bribery." "Not at all—plain, unvarnished graft," was the philosophic response.—Boston Herald.

Effective.

A Chicago judge recently rebuked a person who was sitting in the courtroom with his feet placed upon the table by sending him, through a bailiff, a piece of paper on which he had written the following query: "What size boots do you wear?" The feet were at once withdrawn.

No Panic.

"We had a bad fire scare in church today."
"Good gracious! Was there a panic?"
"Not to notice. The minister preached on the infernal regions."—New York Journal.

He Got It.

Small Harold—Papa, won't you please give me 5 cents? Papa—Not now. Run along. I'm very busy. Small Harold (holding his hands joined together)—Well, papa, just drop a nickel in the slot and see me go.—Chicago News.

Pretty Small.

The Agent—I don't see how you find room for complaint in this apartment. The Tenant—Nor I. There ain't even room to take a deep breath.—Cleveland Leader.

THEY TOOK HIM IN.

A Surprise That Ruffled an Absent-minded Scientist.

A certain foreign scientist who lectured in this country was, to say the least, careless about dress. Once he was asked to lecture in a city not far from Philadelphia. He went, taking with him his dress suit and no other suit. Having given his lecture, he spent the night at the house of a fellow professor, woke up the next morning, cheerfully donned the dress suit and sallied forth to give another lecture at the local college.

He didn't know just where the college was, but, spying an imposing looking building not far from his host's residence, decided that that was it. While walking toward the door he suddenly saw an ant hill. Bugs were his specialty. He dropped at once to his knees, dress suit and all, and started to scorp out ants.

The next thing he knew he was surrounded by a body of men who had rushed out from the imposing looking building. They seized him roughly and proceeded to drag him indoors. He gesticulated. He protested in many languages. It was of no avail. At last, however, explanations were forthcoming.

The imposing looking building was none other than the lunatic asylum. Seeing a man attired in a dress suit digging up ants at 10 o'clock in the morning, the attendants had thought that an inmate had escaped; hence the sally and attack.—Philadelphia Record.

VARNISH TROUBLES.

The Complaint That Is Made by a Piano Manufacturer.

The piano manufacturer was talking. "A fortune of a million dollars, at least," he said, "awaits the man who can invent a varnish which will respond to changes of temperature in exactly the same rate at which wood responds."

"Everybody who ever has made or owned a highly polished article of furniture knows that the surface is liable to break into small cracks—become finely cracked—and thus its beauty is lost. This cracking is caused by the fact that sudden changes of temperature affect varnish—especially fine piano varnish—almost instantly, while the wood beneath contracts or expands at a different rate. This splinters the varnish, and thus far no manufacturer has been able to get the best of the situation.

"We are waiting for this entirely possible elastic varnish, which, when it shall come, will be more welcome to the manufacturers of fine furniture than the flying machine is to the world at large. A piano, delicate as it is, could be stored in an icehouse without detriment to its polished surface, provided the temperature was kept even, but changes, especially if sudden, are fatal to the beauty of the case."—New York Press.

Her Patriotic Protest.

The force of natural and instinctive pride in one's country has been endlessly expressed in literatures of all times and climes, but rarely more dramatically than in the following little incident:

Grieg, as every one knows, is the musical idol of all Norwegians, although it has been the fashion of less talented outsiders to underrate him. One of the most indefatigable of these detractors was the German composer Bרגiel, a man of an instinctively jealous nature.

One day one of his pupils, a Norwegian girl, brought for her lesson a concerto of Grieg's. Bרגiel took it from her with a smile of most superior disdain.

"But I told you to bring your music, and Grieg is no music!" he said scornfully.

"What—Grieg no music?" was the indignant reply. "Adieu, Herr Professor!" And she swept out of the studio, never to return.

To Save Confusion When Moving.

If you are planning to move prevent confusion in placing furniture in the new house in the following manner: In leisure moments prepare a large card for each room to be tacked to the outside of the door frame on moving day. Assign a number and mark a card for each bedroom. Letter the other cards with the names of the other rooms. Then prepare a number of smaller tags, attaching a string to each, or use baggage tags. Mark enough to put on all furniture, trunks or boxes with the name of the room into which each is to be put. Show your movers the arrangement and there will be little or no error in placing, while no valuable time and strength will be lost in directing.—Woman's Home Companion.

Men Who Write Badly.

"Practice makes perfect" in all the arts and handicrafts, it would seem, barring that of penmanship. In that apparently the more one practices the more imperfect becomes the result produced, and your real man of the pen writes in seven cases out of ten a hand that would reflect discredit on his own housemaid.—Bookman.

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