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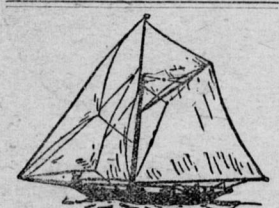
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General Custer's Last Fight.

June 25, Custer struck Sitting Bull's main trail and eagerly pursued it across the divide into the Little Big Horn Valley. Expecting battle, he detached Major Reno with seven of his twelve companies to cross the Little Big Horn, descend it, and strike the foe from the west; but Reno was soon attacked and held at bay, being besieged in all more than twenty-four hours. Meantime, suddenly coming upon the lower end of the Indian's immense camp, the gallant Custer and his brave, without an instant's hesitation, advanced into the jaws of death. Balaklava was pastime to this, for here not one "rode back." "All that was left of them," after a few minutes, was some 200 mostly unrecognizable corpses. Finding himself outnumbered twelve to one—the Indians mustered at least 2,500 warriors, besides a caravan of boys and squaws—Custer had dismounted his heroes, who, planting themselves mainly on two hills some way apart, the advance one held by Custer, the others by Captains Keogh and Calhoun, prepared to sell their lives dearly. By waving blankets and uttering their hellish yells they stampeded many of the cavalry horses, which carried off precious ammunition in their saddle-bags. Lying up just behind a ridge, they would rise quickly, fire at the soldiers, and drop, exposing themselves little, but drawing Custer's fire, so causing additional loss of sorely needed bullets. The whites' ammunition spent, the dismounted savages rose, fired, and whooped like the demons they were; while the mounted ones, lashing their ponies, charged with infinite venom, overwhelming Calhoun and Keogh, and lastly Custer himself. Indian boys then pranced over the field on ponies, scalping and reshooting the dead and dying. At the burial many a stark visage wore a look of horror.—Scribner's.



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THE SMOKE.

Dove-winged against a tender, turquoise sky The white smoke flits; or through the lumbent air Quivers to fading violet spirals fair; Or shifts to gray, curled upward heavily. It rises in strong, twisted columns high From grimy funnels, fleeced with fluffy flare; Or through the planks of creaking bridges bare It sifts a sinuous way to trail and die. The still, vast skies are background for its strife; 'Tis like man's yearning, mounting from man's pain, Seeking the tranquil Heavens, waveringly; Earth's ceaseless clash and clangor give it life; 'Tis like man's prayers, that rise from toil and strain, Trail, and are lost, in God's immensity. — Hannah Parker Kimball, in Scribner.

THOSE CHARMING FRIENDS.

OF a confused medley of voices I heard in a half-stilled whisper: "Mother, look who is sitting behind you; it's Reggie Clive, I'm positive." My curiosity outran my manners. I turned. "Miss Endcot!" I exclaimed. "It's not three hours since I arrived in Nice, and my circle of acquaintances being very small, to meet a friend is a pleasant surprise. Miss Endcot blushed, prettily, if forcibly. "Now, Mr. Clive, your chaffing me. Why, mother and I have not been here a week, yet we have made most charming friends upon the strength of your mutual acquaintance. "Indeed!" I replied. "Are they still at Nice?" "Oh, yes, but not at this hotel." "The names?" "The Comtesse d'Angiere and her friend—Madame Fleuvre." "The Comtesse d'Angiere!" I repeated. "Of course I met her once or twice in London soon after her marriage to the Comte. A slim woman, with fair hair, aquiline nose and laughing blue eyes. Oh, yes, I remember her well." Miss Endcot laughed merrily. "Fashions change, Mr. Clive," she said, holding up one finger playfully, "and the color of women's hair and even the shape of women's noses are apt to change with them, aren't they, mother? But let me warn you, Mr. Clive, not to inquire after the Comte d'Angiere. He is dead. The Comtesse makes a most charming widow, don't she, mother?"

Something in the last sentence exasperated me. The Briton in me resented the allusion to the charms of the widow so directly upon the announcement of the poor Comte's death, and, moreover, it contained an insinuation that within the meshes of those charms I might easily become entangled. Now, it was less than a year since Miss Iris Mappel and her pseudo auntie had so heartily ensnared me into their marriage trap, and women of uncertain social status no longer attracted me. I felt that Mrs. and Miss Endcot, with all the former's Americanisms and all the latter's smartness and banter were more agreeable and eminently safer companions than Iris Mappel & Co. So impressed was I with that truth that I gallantly stalked to the Endcots all that evening for fear of meeting the Comtesse and being carried off by her. The next morning found me in the same mood, though how much the long tete-a-tete I had enjoyed with Bertha Endcot overnight contributed to it I know not. Anyway, I proposed a ramble, and was not dissatisfied to hear that Mrs. Endcot contemplated sitting in the veranda with a novel. Bertha and I thereupon started for a scramble to the heights at the back of the town. As we left the hotel a telegram was put into my hand. Now, telegrams at home are too common even to destroy your lethargy, but telegrams received in a Continental town within twenty-four hours of your arrival, of which you have apprised nobody, are apt to startle you. Bertha saw my surprise and began to chaff me. I opened the telegram and read: "I and A. are at Nice. Beware!" I never knew how long it took me to recover myself and laugh at the warning I had received, but I know that Bertha Endcot and I were well out from the town and at least three hundred feet above the sea level. I apologized profusely for my absence of mind. "Oh, don't apologize," replied Bertha. "If she cannot be with you, she should at least be entitled to occupy your thoughts for an hour or so." "You're wrong, Miss Bertha," I returned. "And here's the proof." I handed her the telegram. "You're as puzzled as I was at first," I added, noting the contraction of her eyebrows. "And as it is no secret, but only a story against myself, I will explain it."

I thought I heard a sigh of relief as she returned the telegram. "This must come from my old friend Bob Pallant," I continued, "since nobody but he—at least, nobody in London—knows my probable whereabouts. I have been wandering now for six months and all on account of the I. and A. he mentions." Bertha nodded, but did not interrupt. "The I. stands for Iris—Miss Iris Mappel—and A. for Auntie. It happened a year ago. Bob Pallant and I were both in love with Iris, who was in London ostensibly for the benefit of the season and in charge of her aunt. Well, she gave the preference

to Bob, who, after actually proposing to her applied to a private detective agency, asking as to her character and the social position of her people. He got the character, as rosy a one as could be painted, and it was settled that he should ask her to marry him. It happened that I called—by invitation—at the flat occupied by Iris and her chaperone, and was shown into the conservatory by the servant. Then came the denouement. Iris, in ignorance of my presence, came into the conservatory with her chaperone and in a loud voice let me into their secrets, which may be summed up in a few words. Iris was an adventuress in search of a husband. The chaperone was no relation, but employed—paid—by Iris to introduce her to society and a likely husband. The detective to whom Bob had applied for the character was Iris's cousin, Norton Scrubbs; hence the rosisness of the character.

"And these two women are in this town!" exclaimed Bertha. "Bob Pallant's information is usually correct, and I'm not disposed to doubt it. You see, he was so savage at having been done by those people that he vowed vengeance, and as he couldn't attack the woman he swore he would be the undoing of that detective agent—Norton Scrubbs. And Bob Pallant is generally equal to his word." "Suppose you meet those people here?" "I shall out them, of course." "But, you admitted that—that you loved—Iris—once!" My heart gave a great leap of delight. Bertha's words, the suppressed eagerness of her tone, the faltering in her sentence, all pointed to one end. One long tete-a-tete of the previous evening, though it had been chiefly concerned about bygone incidents—the sort which grow dearer as they grow older—had left its mark, I glanced quickly in her direction, but her face was averted, and only a very flushed neck and a very red little ear were visible. They were enough. "Miss Bertha," I replied, impressively, "some people grow both old and wise all of a leap. I'm one of them. The love of a foolish boy is how far below the level of that of a sensible man? What relation does the love-sickness of youth bear to the heart-ache of manhood? And even assuming that I had never been duped to the extent that Iris Mappel duped me, even assuming—"

I don't know how long I should have talked or Bertha would have listened had she not interrupted me. "Look!" she said. "Here come the Comtesse d'Angiere and Madame Fleuvre. How jolly! won't they be surprised to see you! oh, it is fun. I'm so glad we came this way." I looked in the direction indicated and saw— I could scarcely believe I saw aright then, but now, when I recall the scene—the long, wooded avenue with its pink-blossomed rose hedges, the waving palms, the bushy cypripediums, the clumps of odoriferous orange trees, with their pretty white blooms intersprinkled with golden fruit—it is difficult to realize now that the prim little figure in widow'd garb of Parisian daintiness, quickly approaching us was Iris Mappel, and the elderly companion was "Auntie" of London fame. But they were. I had no time to plan an action. No sooner was I assured that my eyes were still in normal condition than we met and Bertha was saying in an ecstatic tone—

"My dear Comtesse, see who I have brought you!" The Comtesse extended her hand, while the most dubious smile I ever beheld grew on her face. I obeyed my impulse. "This is not an unexpected pleasure," I said, politely, "since Miss Bertha has intimated your presence in Nice, Madame la Comtesse." I purposely emphasized the title. "Nevertheless, it is a pleasure to renew an acquaintance here so pleasantly matured in London. M. le Comte, I trust, is well and—"

It was said with intent. Having started with a lie I meant to act it out. I broke off suddenly, for two reasons. Bertha tugged vigorously at my coat-sleeve, and Iris alias the Comtesse, burst into a most realistic fit of weeping. I expect the excitement of the moment aided her. I apologized in tones so contrite that I startled myself with my apparent sincerity, and Iris and her chaperone bade us adieu. As we returned I listened for Bertha's merited rebuke for having forgotten her warning about the Comte's death, but I listened in vain. In fact, so engrossed was she in thought that it was only when I had thrice asked a question that she replied. "To what stage of intimacy have you and the Comtesse reached?" I asked for the third time. "Why do you ask?" Bertha replied evasively. "Because I am more than anxious to know."

"Mother and I met her at Monaco." "Yes?" I replied encouragingly. "I ought not to tell you anything more." "Oh, then there is something more to tell? Did you visit the Casino at Monte Carlo?" "Once." "You resisted the temptation of a second visit?" "We obeyed instructions. See here, Mr. Clive, this is in confidence. Father, as you know, was unable to accompany us this trip, but he gave us carte blanche to go whether we liked and to stay where we liked—with one proviso. He declared if we went fooling around the gaming tables at Monte Carlo he would never lose sight of us again. So it was on condition that we paid but one visit to the Casino that we were allowed this European trip."

"It was a fortunate provision, perhaps, for your mother appears to have imbued the infatuation for 'methods' and 'systems.'" "Yes, that is the Comtesse d'Angiere's doing." "With the most consistent good luck. She takes mother's money and plays with it. There, I oughtn't to have let on about that, but I know you'll not give me away, Mr. Clive. You see, the Comtesse begged mother to trust her with a pound just to try her luck—for the Comtesse goes to the tables every day—and she won. Then mother trusted her with two pounds, then five, ten and twenty, always winning. Now—" "Please go on," I said, as Bertha paused.

"There can be no harm in telling you the rest, Mr. Clive. Mother has raised every possible penny—pawned her jewels even—and to-morrow the Comtesse is going to play with the lot. I've argued and protested, but where's the use? The Comtesse wins every time."

She had; but would she win this time? The stake was high. Would she play with it? That was the question. Was the whole thing a scheme—a common confidence trick—to get hold of the American dollars and bolt with them? It goes against the grain to expose a woman, however deserving she may be. I concluded to give Iris a chance, and wrote a short letter stating that I would keep her identity a secret if she would return Mrs. Endcot her money and leave Nice early the next morning. Omitting either condition, I declared I would hold her up to ridicule and scorn.

I left the note with the porter at the hotel where Iris was staying, and then walked away to ponder alone upon fate, coincidences and the like. I found a solitary seat upon a stone boulder, with only the dreariness of some attempted excavations, which had ended in a failure, to greet my eyes or impinge upon my thoughts. I sat there and smoked, and mentally surveyed my entire world, from London to Nice, from Bob Pallant to Norton Scrubbs, from Iris to Bertha. Suddenly, without warning, a figure stood beside me and said, inquiringly: "Reggie Clive!"

The silence of his approach and the aggressiveness of his bearing startled me. However, I admitted my name. "You wrote a letter to-day to a friend of mine, the Comtesse d'Angiere," continued the man. "You are mistaken," I replied. "Mere cavilling!" he said, with a sneer. "You wrote, then, to Miss Iris Mappel."

"If that is more truly her name, yes." "You threatened her." I stood up. The man's bluntness of speech and scowling brow looked ominous. "Call it that, if you will," I replied. "I tried to do her a good turn, and to save her from herself."

"Bah! Mere quibbling! You threatened to expose her if she failed to return certain money to that bumptious old American woman or to leave Nice in the morning. Isn't that a threat?" "Call it so if you like," I returned. "Coward!" he yelled. "Thank you," I said. "If you will give me your card I shall know better to whom I am indebted to that pseudonym."

"Hound!" he said. "If you want to know, my name's Norton Scrubbs, which, until your villainous friend, Pallant—whom I'll be on level terms with yet—ruined it, was a flourishing name in London. Ah! you shrink, do you? Here's something that'll make you shrink into a still narrower compass."

He pulled a revolver from his pocket, and cocked it. I showed as bold a face as I could muster. "Don't forget that you'll have to answer for this," I said. His hoarse laugh echoed all around, and intensified the utter desolation of the place. "Answer!" he said. "To whom shall I answer?" To these stones? To the night? To whom, I repeat? There's not a soul within ear shot, and not likely to be this side of morning."

I realized the truth of his bluster. The day had died suddenly, and the mists were growing uncomfortably dense. "Come!" continued Scrubbs. "we'll strike a bargain, you and I. Swear—and mind you stick to it—that you will leave Nice to-night and not return or communicate with any one in this town for three months from this moment! The alternative is—"

He explained the unfinished sentence with an emphasized movement of the pistol. I am not a brave man, yet I am not an abject coward. I had a decided objection at that moment to be hurried into eternity and leave Bertha behind. In the few available seconds allowed me for consideration twenty methods of attack and defense presented themselves and were rejected. Then, all at once, my muscles acted involuntarily. I sprang at my opponent and gripped him somewhere in the region of the throat. The attack was sheer folly. He was twice my weight, possessed twice my strength, and learned in every art and trick connected with the free-fight and the knock-down blow.

I thought on my foolishness as I lay prone upon the dirt and blinked up timorously at Scrubbs's revolver, which looked right down my throat as I gasped for breath. "Now, you hound!" he said, "will you come to terms now or will you take a dose of lead?" The reply startled me quite as much as did Scrubbs.

It was the pop of a pistol, the whirr of a shot and the cry of a wounded

man as Scrubbs fell forward right across my legs. I disengaged myself and sprang to my feet just as Bertha Endcot sprang from behind a pile of loose stones and stood before me. "I winced him, didn't I?" she asked, breathlessly. "The coward! Perhaps the next time he dubs my mother a bumptious old woman he'll remember that an American girl can shoot."

Bertha had put a bullet into his leg, and the shot cost her mother a few thousand pounds, for Iris and her chaperone had left Nice—with Mrs. Endcot's money—before we managed to get the wounded man back to his hotel. Soon after Bertha consented to be mine.—Illustrated Bits.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

In Budapest, Hungary, they have put the trolley wires underground. It is proposed to do away with the smoke nuisance in Pittsburg, Penn., by erecting a mammoth electric plant outside the city.

California diamonds are found in all the colors, from a brilliant white to a clear black, together with rose, pink, yellow, blue and green. A chemist advises that canned fruit be opened an hour or two before it is used. It becomes richer after the oxygen of the air has been retarded to it.

A fire was recently started in a Boston store by allowing an incandescent lamp to remain for a few minutes on a pile of cotton cloth in the packing-room. Beautiful specimens of the anemone, or tourmaline, have been found in Maine and elsewhere in New England. This gem is said also to have been found in North Carolina.

A use for compressed air in the foundry in addition to cranes and hoists, which are being introduced everywhere, is in providing a sand blast for the cleaning of castings.

A railroad train was recently stopped near Rheims, France, by the number of caterpillars that fell on the railway. The rails grew too pasty and slippery for the wheels to adhere until cinders were thrown on them. The German Government has offered a prize of \$750 for a system by which the indications of the compass-card of a ship's compass shall be automatically transmitted to another location in the ship in such a manner that the ship may be steered."

The recent alarming mortality among the French soldiers in the garison at Vitre, which was first ascribed to the use of damaged canned fruit from the United States, turned out to be tetanus or cerebro-spinal fever resulting from overworking.

Professor Max Muller asks for money to photograph the inscriptions of the Kutho Daw, in Burmah, a collection of over seven hundred temples, each containing a white marble slab on which part of the Tripitaka, the great Buddhist Bible, is engraved.

A nautical bicycle has been invented by a Spaniard. The machine is composed of two cases of steel, which serve as floats and are connected by cross-bars. In the space between the two, and near the stern, is a paddle-wheel operated by pedals something like a bicycle. The speed is about six miles an hour.

An "Easy Thing" for This Solomon.

The Police Department may be a little shy when it comes to trailing lost goats, but when pigeons are involved there is a member of the force who possesses all the shrewd attributes of Solomon of old. It is like this! On Friday Adolph Grenbold, No. 1417 California avenue, owned \$400 worth of "homer" pigeons, and the next morning they were not. Officers Wienska and Heamey, of the Athrill street station, were placed on the trail. It led yesterday first to a Chinese laundry, and then to the residence of Stephen Spitz, where the birds were found. Mr. Spitz was positive the birds were his. So was Grenbold.

"This is the easiest thing I have struck for a long time," said Officer Heany. Then he opened the coop, turned the pigeons loose, watched them circle once in the air, and then start off. "Now," said this latter-day Solomon, turning to Mr. Grenbold, "if those birds are yours, they will be home before you are."

And they were. One of the stolen birds has the 750-mile record from a point in Mississippi to Chicago, winning the first prize last year. In all fourteen of the stolen birds have been recovered.—Chicago Tribune.

A Survivor of Waterloo.

Baillof, the oldest of the three French survivors of the battle of Waterloo, lives at Carisey, in the Department of the Yonne, where he was born in 1793. Excepting his deafness, he is still in as good health as ever, and is full of anecdotes of the campaigning days in Germany. He was struck with the sabre of an English dragoon at Waterloo, but it failed to cut through his shako, which was stuffed with brushes, pieces of bread and many other articles.—New York Sun.

It Got the Jury.

Justice Vaughan Williams tells many a good story, but the following is one of his best from the bench. A counsel for the defense only put one question to all the witnesses called for the other side, and it was: "Have you an umbrella?" Invariably the answer was "Yes." Even the policeman had an umbrella. The counsel then said: "This is very suspicious; every witness has an umbrella;" and the jury acquitted the prisoner without looking round.—Household Words.

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In my estimation, the pursuit of the mountain sheep is the highest type of hunting our continent affords. To "collect" an old ram requires good lungs, good legs, good judgment, and good shooting. In the doing of it you are bound to rise in the world, to expand mentally, morally, and physically, and to come under the spell that nature always lays upon the hunter who once sets foot upon her crags and peaks. I regret the disappearance of every way. I regret the disappearance of the mountain sheep even more than the passing of the buffalo and elk, for it is an animal of finer mold and stronger and more interesting character every way. It is much more alert than the mountain goat, and therefore more difficult to shoot—so say the men who have hunted both.—St. Nicholas.

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Tobacco Entertained and Torn. Every day we meet the man with shabby clothes, sallow skin and shuffling footsteps, holding out a tobacco-paisted hand for the charity quarter. Tobacco destroys manhood and the happiness of perfect vitality. No-To-Bac is guaranteed to cure just such cases, and it's charity to make them try. Sold under guarantee to cure by Druggists everywhere. Book free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

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There are said to be nearly 600 orders of nobility in Europe.

Who used "MOTHER'S FRIEND" before first child—was quickly relieved; suffered but little recovery rapid. E. E. JOHNSON, Eureka, Ala.

The newest thing out is a hand-painted shirt front.

Pia's Cure cured mawf Throat and Lung trouble of three years standing.—E. CANDY, Huntington, Ind., November 12, 1894.

Photographed Out of Focus.

Under the pretext of a conscientious realism it has become the common practice of latter-day writers to devote their exclusive attentions to the drains and dustbins of humanity, and then, with supreme effrontery, to claim credit for the brave, beautiful and emancipating character of their labors. Their accuracy of detail may be photographic, but the result is comparable to a photograph in which one feature or limb is preposterously out of focus. And, as a matter of fact, it often happens that this vaunted accuracy entirely fails to satisfy the touchstone of science.—London World.



ONE ENJOYS

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