

COWBOYS IN (KARNST).

"Arkansas Charley" was always a favorite among the boys afterward and was greatly admired by the Indians. The roving life of a cowboy upon the frontier plains suited his tastes far better than the restraints of a mail-carrier, while the opportunities to score with the redskins were equally good.

It was during the general "round-up" on the frontier border of Texas the fall of 1886, that "Arkansas Charley," in company in company with nine other cattlemen, was caught upon the plains bordering the headwaters of the Brazos by a band of thirty-five Comanches, all well mounted and armed and led by one of the most daring sub-chiefs. "Curly Bill" Thompson, also born in Arkansas, but much older than Charley, was in charge of the "round-up." He was a boy of much experience, and was known as an Indian fighter. The two were intimate friends—the phrase "out west, they were 'partners'" that was owned by one belonged to the other, and many daring exploits and already marked their career.

The cowboys were all well mounted, and armed with a long range Winchester rifle, and the cowboy's "dead" a pair of six-shooters. They had plenty of ammunition, some packed beef, and a canteen of water.

Arkansas Charley, though not more than 23, was the recognized leader when an Indian fight was on hand; and when the Comanches were discovered creeping down upon them from the direction of a skirt of timber several miles to the northwest, Arkansas Charley, after a short parley with Curly Bill, but spurs to his horse to secure possession of a piece of high, open ground apparently about a mile away.

A lively race now began—the cowboys to gain good fighting ground of their own choice, and the Comanches to cut them off. Arkansas Charley was riding a splendid black stallion, sure of foot and very fleet, and the rest of the boys had to put their horses to full speed to keep up with their leading young leader, whose long black hair streamed out behind him like the fan of an eagle. Not more than one-third of the distance had been made when one of their horses fell, tumbling the cowboy to a ditch and breaking one of his legs. Instantly Charley and Curly Bill halted to light where they were, rather than leave one of their comrades in the hands of the Comanches; but seeing the disadvantage of the position, they placed the horse, placed the crippled cowboy upon his saddle and rode him toward the ridge.

The delay had brought the Indians near enough for showers of bullets and arrows to fly at them, but happily over their heads. The cowboys were all expert horsemen, and were soon on their feet, and quickly gained the summit of the ridge. Quickly staking the horses out of range, they took position flat on the ground at the highest point and awaited the approach of the Indians, who had stopped about one thousand yards away.

Presently, with a terrific yell, the savages charged, throwing themselves on the sides of their horses, and sending showers of bullets and arrows at the little band, but hitting wide of the mark. The Americans held their fire till the enemy were within two hundred yards, when they sent volley after volley from their Winchester, and fifteen horses were seen tumbling and charging in the throes of death. For some time not an Indian seemed to have been hit; but before they retreated out of range two of them were shot down. The Comanches collected in squads and were gesticulating at a frantic rate, then all at once they started in a run to gain the same ridge which sloped to the north from the point occupied by the cowboys. A new danger now threatened, for as soon as the Indians reached the low ridge the horses were brought within range of the enemy. Arkansas Charley and them immediately removed to a secure place on the opposite slope of the hill.

When the Indians discovered this, they made another desperate charge, but were again repulsed, four Indians and ten horses being killed. Over and over the Indians were now shot, and a council ensued, and resulted in the Indians dividing their force so as to cover the whites in a charge from both west and south, which would again bring their horses in range. Curly Bill and three men at once moved over down, so as to cover the stock with their rifles, while Charley and the rest of the boys held the summit. On the savages with defiant yells, charging on foot and on horseback, but again were they repulsed with the loss of six horses and one Indian wounded. A long parley ensued, and presently a dozen or more Comanches were seen coming over the hill with their horses; and half an hour later the same number were seen approaching afoot in a very stealthy manner, which was soon followed by like maneuvers by the other two squads. This change of tactics on the part of the Comanche chief greatly perplexed Charley and Curly Bill. "They are now creeping up us through the grass to lay for every man who exposes himself to their light," said Charley. "Crawl into the ground if you can boys."

In this way the fight was kept up till thick darkness covered the plains. Two of the cowboys had been killed, both shot in the head. The broken-legged boy, a lad of seventeen, though suffering great pain, fought all the while, but, on changing his position

to ease his pain, was struck dead by a musket ball.

Curly Bill crept back to the summit, sending three men to guard the horses. A council was held as to what was best to be done. The darkness now gave the savages the advantage; they, being below, could not be sighted, but every time one of the cowboys raised his head it was outlined against the sky so plainly as to become a good target for the Comanche marksmen.

"They can now creep within twenty yards of us, can capture our horses, and kill every man who pokes up his head. They'll kill us by detail," said Charley.

Their situation was indeed a critical one. To attempt to get away from the Indians then seemed the merest folly, and to wait the coming of day was even worse.

"It's a run for life any way we take it," continued Charley. "We'd better get to our horses, mount, and scatter like quails, and run our chances."

"Done," answered the boys with one voice.

Crawling like a snake in the grass, each man reached the picket which secured his horse, then to his feet, and in an instant all were mounted and off, each man taking his own direction. Charley and Curly Bill leading the horses of their dead comrades rode off together. The savages, however, were not asleep, and as soon as the whites showed themselves began a vigorous shooting. But the cowboys were off like a flash, leaving the Comanche chief biting his lips in rage over the slip they had given him. Three-fourths of his horses were dead upon the plain, many of his warriors killed and wounded, and the whites gone and not a horse captured.

Long was the night to that scattered bunch of cowboys upon the silent plains. The Comanches were not idle. The chief grew desperate, and taking six warriors was soon upon the trail of the four horses, going in a northeasterly direction, trailing them by the sound of the dead hoots tramping the earth. Just at the approach of day Curly Bill's sharp eye discovered Indians on the track. Being unable to determine in what number, they quickened their gait in what direction they scarcely knew. Soon losing sight of the pursuers, and thinking perhaps they were mistaken, they slackened their pace and rode leisurely along till about 10 o'clock, when they stopped at a water hole to quench the almost killing thirst of themselves and their horses.

Thinking they were safe, they staked out their horses and prepared to breakfast on jerked beef and water, after which they stretched themselves upon the grass to rest while their horses were grazing. In was not long, however, before the tramping of horses' feet was heard, and the chief and six warriors were upon them, shooting and yelling at a terrible rate. Instantly they went for their horses. Curly Bill mounting first, turned on them and began shooting his revolver as only a cowboy can. Arkansas Charley, by a mishap in attempting to catch the picket rope while firing his pistol, stumbled and fell. For only an instant though, as he was down, but long enough for an Indian to put a ball into his body before he gained his saddle. The contest now became fierce between the five savages—for two of them had already been killed—and the desperate cowboys. Never were combatants more deadly in earnest. The chief, scowling upon the gallant Charley, fixed his bow, but from the American's quick and steady hand went a sudden ball, and the chief rolled dead upon the plains. But two savages now remained, and each snatching his man rushed upon him. Again the Americans were victors, and seven Comanches lay upon the ground with their painted faces hideous—all in death. The conflict ended, and, swooning, Arkansas Charley fell from his horse. Curly Bill Thompson instantly caught him in his strong arms. "Water—water!"—whispered the white lips, and he swooned again.

The two friends remained for an hour at the water bathing the wound, which proved to be only a bad flesh cut in the side. It was carefully bandaged, and Charley was ready to ride. Curly Bill collected their own and the Indian horses, and, after scalping the dead Comanches, they mounted and rode slowly away. *Overland Staging in the Fifties," in the September Overland.*

Home Rule for Bohemia.

It sends one's thoughts over a great stretch of history to read that the new Austrian minister of justice, Count Schonborn, favors the union of Bohemia and Moravia as a separate kingdom with complete home rule. It is more than 360 years since both these countries lost their separate existence at the battle of Mohacs, and it is 270 years since Bohemia's last struggle was crushed, and the Czechs brought under that tremendous persecution which almost destroyed the nation, and the Czech language itself was proscribed, so that even the old families took German names, and some of them lost their identity. Only since 1804 has there been any vigorous revival of the old Czech spirit, and in these 43 years many an ancient family has reasserted its right to bear its own name, the study of the old language and literature has been stimulated, and for a long time now the ablest of the Slav tribes has been demanding the same recognition that the Magyars gained. The agitation in Moravia has been less intense, but nevertheless considerable, and as the Moravians are nearly akin to the Czechs and shared their

fate, so they should be reunited in new life.

The ancient kingdom of Bohemia and margravate of Moravia now have their Diets which send representatives to the Austrian Reichsrath; home rule would withdraw their representation from this body, and they would have a Diet that would govern in all except imperial affairs, as Hungary is now governed, the emperor being also king of the new kingdom. The two countries cover 28,500 square miles, somewhat more than one-tenth the area of the empire, and would comprise eight or nine millions of people, of whom less than a fourth in Moravia are German, and less than two-fifths in Bohemia. The mineral wealth and the manufacturing industries of these countries exceed those of all the rest of the monarchy.

The home rule principle is certainly gaining strong hold in Europe, and through its progress, sooner or later, the world may yet see the United States of Europe which was the burden of Victor Hugo's prophetic vision. The hindrance to this result, the ominous cloud over all possible forecasts of the future of Europe, lies in the power of the barbarian empire of Russia. So long as that power remains in the hands of czars, without triumphant revolution or popular reform, so long Europe breathes in fear, as Rome for centuries feared the Goths.

The Arab Legend.

There is a quaint Arabian legend which tells of the pilgrimage to Mecca of two devout followers of the Prophet. About journeyed on foot: Selim was mounted on a camel. At nightfall both the pilgrims had reached a spring of water in the desert, where grew a few palm trees. They prepared to spend the night together. "It is a long and tedious journey," said Abouk. "On the contrary, it is short and pleasant," answered Selim; "I was cheered by a mirage on the horizon, wherein I saw the spires of the temples of the Holy City." "There was no mirage of the Holy City to be seen!" angrily declared Abouk; "there were, instead, legions of venomous ants in the sand, that bit and poisoned my flesh." "Not a single ant was on the desert," rejoined Selim. The two pilgrims were quarreling fiercely when a good priest, also journeying toward Mecca, came up. He listened to them patiently. "Peace, my Brethren," he said, at last; "let us leave these questions till to-morrow night to decide. In the meantime let Selim go on foot, and Abouk ride the camel." They consented to this exchange of places. On the next night it was Abouk who had seen the glorious visions and found the journey pleasant, and it was Selim who had been bitten by the ants. "My brothers," said the priest, "we are all going to Mecca, whether we walk or ride; but Selim cannot see what Abouk sees unless he stands where Abouk stands. It is well to change places occasionally."

Pruning Grape Vines.

Mr. W. W. Meen, of Vineland, N. J., says: Grape-vines that have come to a bearing age, may be pruned in such a manner as to be very certain of the results. By examining the vines while they are growing, one can very readily see from which bud of the previous year's growth came the branches that are producing the crop of the current year. This will serve as a guide to the pruning for the next crop, and so on from year to year. Shoots from canes older than the last year very seldom produce anything but wood, but that wood is all right for a crop next year. The shoots from the auxiliary buds, where the new and old wood come together, will hardly ever produce any grapes. The first bud beyond the axil will be found to yield fruit, but the clusters from the next bud and from several further on will generally bear the shouldered branches of the crop. I have found in my experience that six buds on a strong cane, so selected, will generally yield three fine clusters each, and occasionally four. Up to the capacity of the vine, we may look for this number of clusters from buds of very strong and vigorous canes of the last year's growth. Hence, ac-

cording to the number of perfect clusters we estimate the capable of producing, we can readily select those giving the best promise, and cut all the others off. The plan of pruning greatly reduces the labor as compared with the old method of leaving spurs of one or two buds all over the vine and gives little wood and many grapes.

The boy who has a new knife and doesn't manage to cut his fingers with it before dark may some day learn how to sweep and wash dishes successfully, but he will never get to be president of the United States, even if he lives to be 103 years old.—*Journal of Education*

"Absalom," said Mrs. Rambo, "think of the example you are setting our children. How much longer do you think I can keep the solemn word I made 16 years ago to love and honor you?"

"Nancy," said Mr. Rambo, deeply touched, "if you can keep it up for about three weeks longer, till that ten gallons of applejack in the cellar is gone, I'll reform and become a good man."

A rival to the phonograph has appeared in London. The new instrument is fixed on a stand by a treadle similar to a sewing machine. A hollow rotating cylinder of black wax, varying from three to six inches in length and about an inch in diameter, is placed on a simple revolving apparatus. To this is applied the point of an engraving needle or cutting stylus fixed on a mica disk, which receives the voice through a speaking tube and records the pitch and timbre. Reproduction is effected through the medium of a small and sensitive receiver attached to ear tubes.

A well-fed person with aggressive whiskers called at the office of the president of the New York Central railroad. "What can I do for you?" inquired the urbane Mr. Depew. "Sir," said the stranger, "I admire your after dinner speeches very much." "Thank you, sir," said Mr. Depew, blushing modestly. "I, sir," continued the stranger, "am the proprietor of the Dry-Dock hotel, and I have called to invite you to dine at my table every day. I wouldn't charge you a cent, and besides I would give your name wide publicity. I would advertise like this: 'Go to the Dry-Dock hotel for the best dollar dinner in the city. Including a speech by Chauncey M. Depew.' Now, to show that I mean business, I have brought along some meal tickets. Nobody, I can tell you, admires real eloquence more than myself. Won't do it, eh? Well, I'll go and tackle Mayor Hewitt, then, but I'd rather have you. Good-day sir."

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Retter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. C. Smith & Co. w

INVENTION

has revolutionized the world during the last half century. Not least among the wonders of inventive progress is a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country, without separating the workers from their homes. Pay liberal; any one can do the work; either set, young or old; no special ability required. Capital not needed; you are started free. Cut this out and return to us and we will send you free something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business, which will bring you in more money right away, than anything else in the world. Grand profit free. Address: *Parke & Co., Augusta, Maine.*

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long thing. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed in so many for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a free bottle of my infallible remedy. Give address and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. *DR. H. C. BOOTH, 1st Pearl St., N.Y.*

CONSUMPTION CURED

AND LUNG AFFECTIONS

Home Treatment. A latest discovery by a celebrated German Physician. Is a POSITIVE remedy in Every Stage. Treatise sent FREE to any sufferer. Dr. W. F. G. Noetting & Co., 60 East Hampton, Ct.

A SURE CURE FOR THE PILES.

—You need not suffer from this most distressing disease again in all your life. Email's Balm acts as a poultice and lubricator, absorbs the tumors and allays the intense itching at once. No caustic, no acid, no pain. A. McGibbons Esq., 19 Poplar street, Allegheny, Pa., writes: "I had itching and bleeding piles so bad I could not sit, stand or walk without intense suffering. I doctored with many physicians, and tried all the (so called) cures that I ever heard of, in vain (paying out hundreds of dollars), until I used Email's Magic Balm, or Ointment. After the first application I enjoyed the best night's sleep I had for ten years, and two boxes have cured me completely." Wherever introduced Dr. Email's Balm takes the lead, and has the largest sale of any Pile remedy in the world. Sold by druggists everywhere or sent by mail, 50 cent boxes. Address: Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution, Salt Lake City. *skw (2)*

DEAFNESS

its causes, and a new and successful cure at your own home, by one who was deaf twenty-eight years. Treated by most of the noted specialists without benefit. Cured himself in three months, and since then hundreds of others. Full particulars sent on application. T. S. PAGE, No. 41 West 51st St., New York City. *deedaw*

PLAVER FOR SALE.

A SECOND HAND SURFACE PLAVER in good working order, for sale cheap at TAYLOR, ROMNEY, ARMSTRONG CO. *wkst*

Well Drills

FOR EVERY PURPOSE SOLD ON TRIAL.

Manufactured by **GOULDS & AUSTIN,** 167 & 169 LAKE ST. CHICAGO ILLINOIS

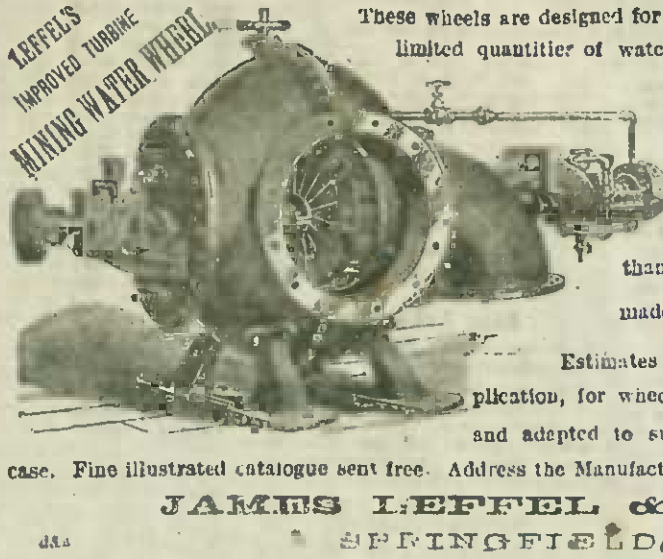
GRAEFENBERG PILLS.

These PILLS act with great mildness, and may be taken at any time with benefit. They cure all forms of Malarial Diseases and Fevers, and should be used to stimulate the Liver and Kidneys to healthy action. They are invaluable for Headache, Biliousness and Bowel Complaints. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, 25CTS. PER BOX.

Graefenberg CHILDREN'S PANACEA.

Best Medicine for Children. 50 cents per bottle.

GRAEFENBERG CO. 111 Chambers St., N.Y.



These wheels are designed for all purpose where limited quantities of water and high heads are utilized, and are guaranteed to give more power with less water than any other wheel made.

Estimates furnished on application, for wheels specially built and adapted to suit any particular case. Fine illustrated catalogue sent free. Address the Manufacturers,

JAMES LEFFEL & CO., SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.