INDIAN STRATAGEM.

HOW GERONIMO FOOLED A SQUAD OF UNCLE SAM'S CAVALRYMEN.

A Band of Apaches Borrowed Into the Blistering Sand and Lay in Wait Until the Soldiers Came Up—They Are the Only Indians That Can Do It.

I saw Geronimo and a dozen of his Apaches do something in Arizona in 1887 which I never would have believed possible had I not witnessed it with my own eyes.

The Apaches are unquestionably the most dreaded tribe of Indians on the continent. They are tougher, more enduring and more unconquerable than any other of their race. An Apache can lope up the side of a mountain with the thermometer marking 120 degs., and when he reaches the top he won't show a drop of extra perspiration, nor will he breathe a whit faster than when he started.

He will go for days without a morsel of food or a drop of water; he will live on snakes, mice and refuse, or, if the worst comes to the worst, will shoot his horse and eat what he wants of him raw. Set out to pursue a band of Apache raiders, and if they are hard pressed they will separate, each for himself, so that the only way to keep up the pursuit is to follow them individually, in which case the Apache is sure to have the best end of the contract. When the hunt is over the dusky miscreants will come together at some point twenty or thirty or more miles away.

There were twenty-five of us cavalrymen returning from one of our fruitless pursuits of the terrible Geronimo. Our horses were worn out, and so were we. It was one of the hottest days I have ever known in that throbbing furnace of a country. We had several miles of baked alkali plain still to traverse before reaching the fort, where we could secure shade and water, and what we needed most of all—rest.

Whew! but it was hot! Had not the air been perfectly dry neither man nor beast could have stood it. The metal work on our guns was so heated that no one could bear to touch it with the naked hand. The air shimmered and throbbed as it does over a newly plowed field at noontide of a summer day.

North, east, south and west was one level stretch of plain, on which not a tree, shrub or even a blade of grass grew. Far to the westward could be seen the outlines of the fort, oddly distorted through the quivering atmosphere, but in every other direction was the naked, burning desert.

We were strung along for a distance of several hundred yards. In fact there was a squad of five horsemen much further than that in the rear. All the animals were plodding slowly through the sand, which it seemed to me was hot enough to roast eggs, their heads drooping, while we were simply enduring it, grimly closing our teeth, holding out to reach the post.

Was there anything to be apprehended from Geronimo? Could we old campaigners be entrapped? Lost, level sand! on every hand. Well, right there in the midst of that flaming plain, with its horrible scanty waste, in which no spear of grass could find root, that frightful chieftain and his Apaches ambuscaded us. It sounds incredible, but it is a fact.

Suddenly I heard rifle firing at the rear. It had a dull, odd sound, but it was close at hand, and as I turned in the saddle I saw that the squad farthest away were engaged in a desperate fight with a party of Indians, who were on foot, shooting, striking and darting hither and thither like so many demons.

We instantly wheeled and hurried back as fast as we could to the help of our comrades, but before we could reach them three saddles were emptied, and Geronimo and his warriors were scurrying across the plain at a greater speed than any to which we could force our exhausted ponies, who sank to their fetlocks at every step. We gave them a parting volley, which wounded several, but they managed to fling off with the help of others, and all were soon beyond danger. I don't know how far they traveled off over that burning desolation, but it may have been many miles, for they were capable of doing it if they chose.

These Apaches must have discovered our approach while we were a good way off. Knowing we were on our return to the post they could easily calculate where we would pass. Then they burrowed in the sand, covering themselves entirely with the blistering particles, so that only their snakelike eyes peered forth. Thus we passed within a few rods of them without suspecting their presence.

In conversation with General Crook about the extraordinary incident that chi campaigner smiled and replied:

"I am not surprised. I have seen them do the same thing myself, but the Apache is the only Indian that can do it."—Chicago Mail.

"Say Your Nasty Little Prayers!"

Mr. Sala in his journal relates the following experience of Mr. William Black, the novelist: "When at work Mr. Black loves intense quiet, and cannot bear the slightest noise. For this reason he always selects a room at the top of the house as his study. At one time it was his misfortune to live in what he describes as a jerry built house, and while endeavoring to work in the early hours of the morning, as is his custom, he tells of one amusing inconvenience that he was called upon daily to put up with.

"The nursery of his next door neighbor was in a line with his study, and in this a somewhat numerous family was located. Every morning as regular as clockwork Mr. Black could hear the elder sister call out, 'Now then, you horrid little things, kneel down and say your nasty little prayers!' A profound silence would follow, but the interval was a brief one. Then came a rush and clatter, and the shrill voices of the children were heard exclaiming, 'We have said our prayers; we have said our prayers!'"

A Bad Blunder.

Magazine Office Boy—Oh, there's been an awful time up in the editorial room today.

Business Manager—Eh! What's the trouble?

Office Boy—The janitor made a mistake and put the "No Admittance" sign on the subscription office and the "Welcome" doormat in front of the editor's room.—Good News.

THE ANNOY.

When Should Bees Begin to Bloom in the Spring?

"How early in the spring do you prefer to have your bees begin to rear brood?" was a query asked by the American Bee Journal of prominent beekeepers in various sections of the country. Here are some of the replies:

As soon as they leave the cellar.—C. C. Miller.

March, in this latitude (Wisconsin).—E. France.

When willows and soft maple begin to bloom.—R. L. Taylor.

As soon as pollen comes in from the fields.—G. M. Doolittle.

In our latitude (Georgia) the last of January.—J. P. H. Brown.

In this latitude (western Illinois) in February.—J. M. Hambaugh.

About the middle of April in this latitude (Iowa).—Eugene Secor.

As soon as they are removed to the summer stands.—C. H. Dibbern.

Not until there is a prospect of settled warm weather.—James A. Green.

Not much, if any, sooner than they can have frequent flights.—James Heddon.

I prefer to have them begin in the winter; not wait until spring.—A. B. Mason.

With a location for an early honey flow, the earlier the better.—Mrs. J. N. Heater.

By the 1st of March. I often have two frames of brood in February (Michigan).—H. D. Cutting.

Let them begin when they see fit. They know better than we do when to begin.—Dadant & Son.

About the time natural pollen begins to appear, or about Jan. 20 to Feb. 1 in this locality (Texas).—Mrs. Jennie Atchley.

Hoisting Grain in Baskets.

Too can explains a practical method for one man to hoist grain, such as corn, etc., into the cornhouse in a bushel basket. Two ropes are necessary—one at the bottom of the basket as well as the hoisting rope.

ONE MAN CAN WORK IT.

The bottom rope will invert the basket every time inside of the granary, and between the two ropes the basket returns out of the window automatically, according to the correspondent who originally described the arrangement in The New England Homestead. This device enables one man to stand on the ground and put a large number of bushels of grain out of sight in a very few minutes.

Conclusions on Spraying.

Summing up the results of the work of the past season at the Hatch experiment station, the following conclusions are drawn:

That the apple scab, pear leaf blight and cracking of the fruit, the peach and plum fruit rot, the plum leaf blight and plum black wart, the grape powdery mildew and black rot, the raspberry anthracnose and the potato leaf blight and rot may be wholly or largely prevented when the solutions of copper are properly applied.

That by the combined use of the Bordeaux mixture and paris green the above fungi are prevented, the tent caterpillars and canker worms are killed, and the injury to the apple and pear from the codling moth, and to the plum and peach by the plum curculio, may be largely prevented.

That if the spores of the plum wart become established in the tree the copper solutions do not stop its growth, but that by painting with "kerosene paste" they are destroyed at once.

That the peach foliage is very susceptible to injury from copper solutions, and that these solutions must be applied at from one-third to one-fourth the strength used upon the apple and pear.

Not Playing.

Mamma—I told you not to play on Sunday.

Little Boy—I haven't been playin! I was learnin my Sunday school lesson.

"But you are all in a perspiration."

"I was turnin handsprings between each verse so's to get it down into my head."—Good News.

Rural Advantages.

City Man—Whew! Seems to me it's about as hot in the country as it is in the city.

Suburban Host—Y-es; but if you get overcome by the heat here and fall in a faint you are in no danger of being clubbed by a policeman.—Puck.

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