A NEW HERO IN INDIA.

THE EXPLOIT OF LIEUTENANT GRANT IN MANIPUR.

He Marched Against the Heathen with Only Eighty Sepoys and Scrapped with Them by the Thousands, Winning at Every Point.

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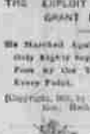

BEAU BRITAIN, whose martial divertisement excites the jealousy of the rival goods, and whose throne includes the greatest empire that ever ruled the destinies of barbaric and civilized peoples that from time immemorial have been at war with more than one people and have had to be able to defend themselves in world with a keen face and likewise

is peaceful from the far present. She has done so this year from far off India, and by another instance and demonstration upon the famous highland clan of soldiers Scots, the Grants, of "Black Watch" fame, that for a century to come has lost at least one branch of every generation to India.

On the 25th of March last a Young detachment of native soldiers—Gurkhas—rushed into the English camp at Tamu, in Burmah, and treacherously massacred a terrible slaughter in a small English army at the capital of Manipur, distant from Tamu almost four days' march over the hills. The camp at Tamu was in charge of Lieut. C. J. W. Grant, of the Second Burmah regiment. His father, his father and great grandfather had been soldiers in India, and he knew by instinct and tradition that once a tribe got the upper hand in rebellion a season of fire and massacre and military would follow. The government of India maintains an agent, or representative, at the capital of Manipur, and there at the time, as Lieut. Grant knew, were the chief commissioner, his wife and other English officials and families. Between them and all other English posts, except Tamu, lay wide stretches of jungle, cutting off all hope of escape and of timely succor. Grant promptly wired to his superiors at distant points in Burmah for authority to march to the rescue of his countrymen and friends, and at 11 o'clock at night on the 25th received a message of his plans. At 1 o'clock on the morning of the 12th he set out with 80 men of his own regiment and of the Gurkha soldiers that had come to Tamu Manipur.

The march lay over the hills and the company marched twelve hours before resting. The next night and day they marched thirteen hours, and the next, the 30th, eight hours, fighting their way over innumerable ambushes through villages, always outnumbered, but victorious. The Manipuri prisoners taken in the fight confirmed the news of the massacre at Manipur and said that the English losses had all been killed and that the wife of the resident, Mr. Grimwood, had escaped into the jungle and was fleeing toward the British camps. Lieut. Grant resumed his march at 11 o'clock at night and pushed on until daylight, when he was confronted by a river with its bridge burning and a bodie fort on the opposite side covering the passage. The gallant leader made a reconnaissance on horseback and found the bridge timbers burned through; also he saw the exact formation of the enemy's works—a fort built with trenches extending up and down the river bank.

The little force of 80 men was then placed in three lines, the first lines of 30 men each in firing sections of 10 each. The advance sounded, and one section of the front line opened fire while the other rushed forward thirty paces, dropped down and also opened fire. In this way the advance kept up to within 100 yards of the works. Then Lieut. Grant dismounted his supports, 40 men in two sections, to move up on either flank, which they did, not halting at the firing line but passing about forty yards ahead, then dropping and opening fire. At this the first sections arose in a body and dashed forward to the river bank and down into the stockade. Grant at the head of all. The water was from three to six feet deep, and the plucky instructor got in over his depth and had to be helped out. His followers, however, lost no time, but, standing in the shallow edge of the stream, fired bayonets and fired for the charge.

The enemy kept down behind their walls firing from loopholes, and there were the only casualties—one Gurkha had scaled the advanced with the cold steel. Then the Manipuri left their cover at the first wall and fell back. Grant's men advanced, firing using the bayonet. At the second wall the enemy tried to rally, but the rush of the English were too much for them. Grant, with a bullet, pushed forward in the center and the supports made a rush on the flanks, and the Manipuri, dazed by the tenacity of the assault, fled up the hillside.

GRANT AT THE FORT.

Grant stood in his amazement that the captured works were a mile long and had been occupied by 400 men, armed with muskets and rifles, all of them carrying the Martini, superior to the best arms of the English opposed to them.

The capture of Fort Tindal took place March 6. Retreat on April 3 Grant's patrols saw the enemy advancing from a new position. A few good shots each satisfied a Manipuri in the coal, down them to cover for several hours. Then they formed for advance again. Grant ordered the men in a walled ranch in front of the fort, and in a few minutes their wall almost hidden was the enemy drawn out of reach. Then a yell disclosed opposed, and for a time it looked as the young commander as though the fate of his men had been in vain. From the camp of the Manipuri on the hillside there sounded a loud "hooing" a bell was swinging over the front line, where Grant stood at the gate of honor, and hooting, answered by thousands in the field between the towers and the fort. This was followed by a second and a third.

Grant feared for the courage of his men should they be compelled to be rushed up to a fort under the fire of cannon. Force thirty the enemy but not acquitted still to prisoner when they reached these Manipuri as a prisoner from the very British they were trying to rescue with their lives. Twice more Grant and his men drew the front line and short of the fort, and finally, when Grant's northmen got the range of the guns, artillerists, guns and all disappeared.

The following morning the attack was renewed by more numerous and skillful fire. The chiefs were going up against Lieut. Grant and his band of devoted Sepoys. Every force which numbers in the Manipuri, for the very spread line with the among the surrounding hill tribes, and increasing fear of another had begun. Grant's outposts at 9 o'clock reported the approach in the way of any English camp in Upper the outside. The rules of Manipur, the military chieftain set out of the tribes of the country, with the best guns and spare bands that could be gathered—cannon, rifles and muskets, all at some time or other captured in the rising and by the servants to Englishmen—was in front of Tamu but advancing to surprise and throwing up barricades in the Gurkha defenses.

Grant had only seventy Gurkhas per men for his Burmese soldiers and thirty are men for his Gurkha allies, and he ordered his men out beyond and about the hands within the fort. When the front part drawed up to the trenches, 20 yards away, the officers in the fort dropped them by scores. It was truly a sight to see how long the enemy would venture to stick within range and the fort's cannon took this field out.

Lieut. Grant handled a rifle along with the rest, and ordered many a group of Manipuri soldiers to dropping where of their number at long range. Several of notice were leaded by his against everybody that had created this so the Gurkha chief and hotspur tried hard to the fort from all directions. In one sortie, with only six followers, he caught sight in the enemy in one his followers, and closed out an angle of the trench where they were making a bolt for from the besieged garrison. Ten of the Manipuri were killed in this sortie.

Returning to the fort, Grant found that he had only ammunition for one hour more of hard fighting. He placed his women and the wounded in safety and to the wall with orders not to fire except on

"THE PARTY HAS COME."

enemies who came across the dead ground in front of the fort. The sentinels did not advance, but kept up a steady fire of bullets that were heard in the next walls or fire terminally over. This passed the days until April 2. Then some Burmese scouts brought news of a large army marching to the rescue. Next day a flag of truce appeared on the Manipuri outposts and a letter was sent in from the commandant of a relief expedition telling Grant to seize at once, as he would not be supported in his fight. The orders were peremptory and had to be obeyed.

The retreat was made on a dark, stormy night, when lightening flashes were all the light the marching soldiers had. With each flash the column made a few paces forward and then waited for the next. The soldiers were drenched to the skin, and sometimes the darkness compelled them to stand half an hour exposed to attack from the hostiles along the way.

The march was slow, of course. Grant clung to the rear of an old and feeble man he could see nothing himself. About 3 o'clock in the morning one of the officers passed the word back from the front of the column sleepily, "The party has come," and the next moment Grant was grasping the hand of Capt. Pemprave, commanding the relief. The meeting was a surprise to Pemprave, for the Manipuri parties had sent him at two different times that Grant's band had not the fate of the official party.

Capt. Pemprave had brought up 100 men and a supply of ammunition, and this was fortunate, because at the fifteen of Fort, at the foot of the Manipuri hill, where Grant had had a sharp fight on his march on the retiring column was met by about 400 Manipuri soldiers. In a hard of veterans either this or all defense Grant had a party of 30 mounted men forward was charged, and, by sounding nothing like Manipuri, Grant's horse was killed under him and he fought on foot, surprised by revolver spurs and cheers. In the melee, in fight strictly of Manipuri men alone and Grant's loss was only his horse and a pony.

At their last battle ground, Pedi, the natives killed for further reinforcements and the Manipuri was over. Two fresh tribe graphic disposition that went through after the news from Tindal had been destroyed by British Sepoy Gurkhas in India was congratulations and other good words for Grant, the new hero of the British army.

Two days later followed substantial honors from England in the shape of the Victoria Cross, bearing the inscription "For Valour," and awarded only for conspicuous bravery in the face of the enemy, also a promotion to major.

As often happens, Grant's courage had an astonished foe. The survivors of the massacre at the Manipur capital, Mr. Grimwood and others, escaped in a dolier and disguise, without and from Grant. But his deed was heard in the extreme and was work to be done all that has been claimed for it. The Manipuri had two pitched battles, fighting with the same and then against the native sepoys. They mentioned Grant with supreme wonderment—accounts say as many as 4,000—of a man and a half-breed, single handed, with spectacle cities. The only point in which they were unexpected was in the fight, actually and nothing of the Gurkha Sepoys who led the Sepoys against them.

GEORGE L. ROBSON.

Poultry Lore.

Professor A. J. Cook is credited with the following: To rid poultry of lice make a mixture of three parts lard or sulphur and one part kerosene oil; keep this in a close can, right in the henhouse; every few days rub the roost poles with it. Also use an ointment to apply to the lice after they go to roost, and it is dark; apply it about the breast, under the wings, over the thighs, etc. In addition to the above, sprinkle the floor with a mixture composed of one part crude carbolic acid to four parts water. It is well to coat the house once or twice a year with good whitewash containing some crude carbolic acid. It is wise also to empty the houses under the roost at least once a week. The stores may seem like "too much work," but it pays abundantly, as I have proved by experience. Besides eggs worth money I am sure it will bring hearty thanks from the poultry.

Take care that no improper or rancid the milk for it is very easily tainted.

Time Tests the Star Week.

Colonel Hart, manager of the Cucumbers hotel, of Newport, tells the following incident of history story:

One of the principal owners of the Noble Gilman mine, at Aspen, Colo., had a daughter who was married a few years ago. Shortly after her wedding tour her mother died. On the mother's bedside, and upon the other, after a few moments deliberation, said: "My girl, I'll tell you what I'll do. I will give you my big's work of my two mines to the mine you may select."

The lady thought this was rather a fine offer, but thought she should not afford to be generous, and she saw not slow to express the disappointment which she felt. The young lady was very popular with the miners, and when they learned of the proposition which Gilman had made to his daughter they had a meeting and voted the best two workmen from among their number. These two workmen presented themselves before the young lady, and after a year account of preliminary looking and swaying the young lady finally said to the miners: "Boys, now, if you will only promise me two fellows you'll never to marry for it. We'll get an enormous profit on us and we'll stick the old man for you. You can just bet your sweet life we will."

The miners and these two men, and on the appointed day they did "get an enormous profit" on them, and they succeeded in sticking the old man to the full extent of their promise. On the value of $11,000 was taken out by these two miners in one day, and one of the two first mentioned miners was the result of their bid and the invitation made by the young bride.—Salt Lake Herald.

An Experienced Yankee.

Captain Tomengal, of the schooner Queen, which arrived at Astoria from Vladivostok, Siberia, via Hakodate, Japan, tells an interesting story of his trip.

Way out in this faraway land, on the borders of the Sea of Japan, is the Siberian city, he found 20,000 inhabitants, and strange to say but one American family among them. Nearly twenty years ago Richard Smith, a young Bostonian, ran away from a whaler which put into Vladivostok for supplies, and remained among the Russian state, who owned the town. By hard work and careful management Smith succeeded in saving up a few thousand dollars, and started back to Boston, intending to settle down there; but when he reached Vladivostok he found everything changed. To him the town had grown, "the people had become too smart, and it required too much effort to keeping with them and make money," so, investing his money in a stock of liquors, he again set sail for his faraway home, where he has since made a fortune. He seems happy in his location, and says he will never come back to the United States again.

Vladivostok is the port from which the Russian exiles are conveyed to the islands near by, and like other Siberian cities is almost under martial law all the time.—Cor. Portland Oregonian.

A Good Way to Learn a Language.

There are many ways of making the study of language interesting, but probably none by which apart from interest, it can be made easier. In the acquirement of tongues all labor is so absolutely and scarcely undiminished, tells in bringing about the desired end. A good plan is for the student to obtain a translation of some book with which he is already familiar in English and read the foreign version using the original as a dictionary. A work like "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which has been translated into the principal languages of Europe, is admirably for the purpose. Bibles, now published at a low cost in hundreds of tongues, are also useful.

When the aim of the learner is to write as well as read in a foreign tongue he can translate his original page by page, and use one that original at each as means of comparison and correction. Just whatever be the line or extent of the lingual knowledge sought, constant repetition is essential as a means of conserving what has been acquired.—Boston Herald.

Mirrors in the Middle Ages.

In the Middle Ages, steel and silver mirrors were almost exclusively used, a method of looking glass for the same purpose, with this sheets of metal was known. Small convex mirrors of glass were made in Germany before the fourteenth century, and were in Genoa until the seventeenth century. They were produced by blowing small glass globes, into which while they were hot was passed through a pipe a mixture of tin, antimony and soda. When the globe was cooled inside it was allowed to cool, and was afterward cut into convex lenses, which formed small but well defined images.—Washington Star.

I took Cold,
I took Sick
I took
SCOTT'S EMULSION
and
I take My Meals,
I take My Rest.
AND I AM GROWING FRESHER UP YOUR ANYTHING I CAN LAY MY HANDS ON; I getting fat too, the Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda DO THE THING IN Incipient Consumption THE DOLLAR BY DOLLAR AND PENNY PENNY
FLESH ON MY BONES
AT THE RATE OF A POUND A DAY. I TAKE IT JUST AS SOON AS I CAN FOR THE SATISFACTION IT BRINGS ME. THE COMFORTS GROWING IN MORE THAN DAILY. TAKE NO OTHER.

MRS. GRAHAM'S
Cucumber and Elder Flower Cream
It is a complete toilet cream in itself, and is the best cream for all purposes, such as preparing for a ball, or a social, or a visit, or a long journey, or for a long ride, or for a long walk, or for a long sleep, or for a long dream, or for a long thought, or for a long feeling, or for a long hope, or for a long fear, or for a long love, or for a long hate, or for a long life, or for a long death, or for a long eternity, or for a long nothing, or for a long something, or for a long everything, or for a long anything, or for a long everything, or for a long anything, or for a long everything, or for a long anything