

## The Sergeant's Idea...

"A wise man," said the sergeant, "will often be a fool, but a fool will never be anything else. And a few wise men are worth more than a heap of fools, or perhaps even than a heap of wise men. And a few fools are worth more than a heap of fools. As how? Thus. When we were at Parda, up in what they call the Hinterland, beyond Bambooa, which is on the west coast of Africa, the lieutenant and I, and a sergeant of the 'Lions,' the King's Own, and 200 of our niggers made a reconnaissance. When we were three days' march beyond Parda we became aware of a big crowd of niggers, who seemed to wish to bar our way. We judged that by the fact that no fewer than 2000 of them came up against us with all the weapons they could muster—bows and arrows, spears and such things. Those of them who had trade guns, with gallant disregard of the danger to the men at the butt ends of the old gaspiles, fired them off at us. At last the lieutenant said:

"Sergt. Harding, the men, for raw blacks, have stood very well. But they're getting a bit out of hand now, and there are at least a dozen down. Do you think any of yours have enough grit in them to cover the—retirement?"

"Well, sir, I don't feel sure of them. Their fellow-heathens have put the fear of God into them. But I'll try with them."

"They stood—oh, yes, they stood—ever so much better than I'd ever expected to see them stand. I retired them by alternate half-sections. The retiring half-sections did its work thoroughly, and retired for all it was worth. The covering half-section did not seem to have its heart in its work quite so much as the other had, but when I saw a man getting nervous I distracted his attention from the enemy by attacking him in the rear with my boot. They would rather face a possible bullet than a certain ammunition boot. The difficulty with me was to keep in touch with the two half-sections. If I left the covering half-section it had a tendency to be afraid of bullets, and if I left the retiring half-section it had a tendency to keep on retiring. But I kept them up to the scratch with all the abusive terms that I had been able to pick up out of their language and filled up the gaps with a little Tommy language at the top of my voice. It is more the noise you make than what you say. And, language of all kinds failed, I recollected that some philosopher before me had said, 'Actions speak louder than words.' Now, I have always been a bit of a philosopher myself—that is with regard to other folks—and I brought in the boot. When night fell the attack dropped off bit by bit till it ceased, and we rejoined the main body.

"Very good, very good, indeed, sergeant," said the lieutenant.

"They're all plucky, sir," said I, "our niggers and the others, too. They're very handy in a free fight, and they enjoy it as if they were Irish members of parliament."

"Yes, sergeant. But what I was surprised to see was how well they kept on the defensive in retiring. A rear-guard action is trying to the best troops."

"It was their fear for their rear that kept them up, sir."

"Oh!" said the lieutenant in a puzzled way. It would never do for an officer to acknowledge to an N. C. O. that he didn't understand.

"We seem to have beaten off the enemy, sir."

"No, you mustn't congratulate yourself on having done quite so much as that, sergeant. You ought to know by now that black men are

very superstitious, and that they dislike to do anything at night for fear of evil spirits. Even our own trained blacks won't do anything in the dark unless they are led by white men. These natives who attacked us have certainly formed a camp for the night; you can even see from here the fires they have lighted to keep off evil spirits."

"Yes, sir; I judge them to be about three miles off."

"That is about it."

"Couldn't we push on a bit, sir, while they are resting?"

"No; you had the best of the men, and your men were kept going by the fact that they were fighting. But the bulk of the main body are clean done, and many of them couldn't march another mile."

"Can't we leave them behind, sir?"

"Not to be killed and eaten, though it would do the enemy good and serve them right to let them eat some of our niggers. There is nothing for it but to camp till the morning and then to carry on as before."

"So the lieutenant and I and the Lion took our rations together, for when you are schooling niggers in West Africa there is more difference between a white man and a black man than there is between an officer and an N. C. O."

"It reminds me, sir," said the Lion, "with his mouth full of what happened in '57 in the mutiny 6to my father, who was then corporal in the—"

"Thank you, sergeant," said the lieutenant, "but I've often heard of things which remind you of what happened to your relations. And I must say that I never—out of the engineers, that is—knew, in spite of the fact that, on the surface, you appear a little heavy a more lively imagination in drawing parallels. But please get that Maconochie out of your mouth before felling us any more."

"(If you're admitted to mess with officers you have to pay for it.)"

"Maconochie, sir," said the Lion, indignantly, "mine's only bully beef."

"Well, we'll share and share alike to-night," said the lieutenant, "so long as we have no reminiscences."

"I don't know, sir," said the Lion, steadfastly, "that I can promise you no reminiscences, because they may do you good. And although you are my officer, I'm always willing to do you good."

"That's kind of you, sergeant. Generally people are opposed to those over them."

"There is a more important matter for me, sir. They may do me good. There was a newspaper man called O'Donovan, who was always nosing about to get information. The way he asked questions was by telling other people takes. And one tale he told me was about a man called Skobelev, who made a big name in the Russo-Turkish war. It appears that, like ourselves, a Russian column was once retreating—"

"The lieutenant frowned. I gave the Lion a judicious kick, while the lieutenant pretended not to see. The Lion looked a little flabbergasted; then he understood, and went on:

"A Russian column was strategically retiring under Gen. Trotsky from Namangan, because it numbered only 800 men. Skobelev proposed a night attack on the 6000 Khokandians who were in pursuit. He carried it out with 150 Cossacks, and it was quite successful."

"Sergeant," said the lieutenant, "like a flash, that's your idea, and you shall carry it out to-night. How many men do you want?"

"The Lion was knocked galley-west."

"I'd rather you carried it out, sir," said he, respectfully, "when he recovered his moral wind. It wants a man who is quick at the uptake, and I never was a Skobelev myself. Now, if it had been my uncle in the Horse Gunners—"

"I must stop with the main body," said the lieutenant. "They'll cut and run if they are left in camp without one of us."

"Then I'd like Sergt. Harding

with me, sir, and the black sergeant Big Tom, and sixty good men."

"Do you think that will be enough?" asked the lieutenant.

"I remember, if what Mr. O'Donovan told me was right, sir, that Skobelev had only 150 against 6,000."

"All right, sergeant. I don't question your reminiscences, but what you ought to have. As you yourself said, you are not a Skobelev, so take as many as you think you want."

"Sergt. Harding, Big Tom and sixty men will be quite enough, sir," said the Lion, who was an obstinate man.

"When will you start?"

"About 12, sir. I shall take twenty men on the right flank. Sergt. Harding twenty men on the left flank and Big Tom twenty men for a frontal attack. The frontal attack will be the easiest, if I judge the ground right. We shall be all in position before 1 o'clock. Allow half an hour for delay or going astray, and we shall attack at half-past 1, when I send up a rocket from the right flank. That will be at the darkest time."

"Make it a quarter past one, sergeant," said the lieutenant. "If the others are not up by a quarter of an hour after time, they will either have entirely lost their way or they will have been cut up. In either case they will be of no use to you, and though our blacks will fight when properly led, they won't bear waiting in the middle of the night. Even trained white soldiers want some nursing for that."

"Very good, sir," said the Lion, and at 12 o'clock we started.

With my twenty men I crept on and on through the dense bush, where we heard the forest beats rustling their way through the underwood. Once for a moment, I saw a pair of yellow eyes glare full into mine, and I brought my rifle to the charge. I was in mortal fear of treading on a snake, which is a thing I hate. Taking one thing with another, I think niggers, when they object to night expeditions, are certainly right.

But at last we got close on the left flank of the enemy, and there came a time of waiting which seemed hours. I found the lieutenant had been quite right in saying that a quarter of an hour was enough. That quarter's wait in the dark as a C. O. without anyone with whom to rub shoulders, being miles above all sympathy and advice, seemed a whole long night to me. I give you my word, it's more companionable and cozier to be in the ranks than to be an officer. The only companionship I had was the chattering behind me of the teeth of the niggers, who were both cold and afraid, and it was all I could do to keep my own from chattering. Just when I thought I could hold on no longer, up went the Lion's rocket with a whiz. It was better to me than the Crystal Palace on a Thursday, or Brock's benefit, or even the Policeman's fete. I never saw a finer display of fireworks than that rocket. We fired a volley, jumped up, and ran in with the bayonet. When I met the Lion, five minutes later, in the middle of the enemy's camp, there was not a live and un wounded adversary who was not running for his life; for an untrained black man who wakes up in the middle of the night to see what he thinks is a fiery serpent in the air, and to feel what he knows is a bayonet in his stomach or the small of his back, develops running powers not to be got by training. And we let them run; we were pleased to see it. Next morning, after occupying the camp all night, we marched to our main body. The lieutenant turned out to meet us.

"What did you do, sergeant?"

"We buried three of the enemy, sir, and have ten prisoners and 120 guns."

"Where are the rest of the enemy?"

"I don't know, sir," said the Lion, "but I should think they are about in Zanzibar by now."

"I'm proud of you, sergeant," said the lieutenant. "It was a very ticklish operation with so few men."

"No, sir," said the Lion, with a blush; "it reminds me of what Mr. O'Donovan said Skobelev said. Irregular troops even of the very bravest, are subject to panics. A night attack is the most nerve shaking of fights; for irregular troops, if their lines are penetrated, it means destruction. The object being not to cut to pieces, but to strike terror, a small number can make as much noise as a large one. A small party is less liable to confusion and to killing each other. If a small party is destroyed, the destruction does not endanger the main body."

"Thank you, sergeant, very much," said the lieutenant. "But I will not tax your memory any further. I shall recommend you for the D. C. M."

"District court martial, sir?" said the Lion, with open mouth.

"Not this time, sergeant—Distinguished Conduct Medal."—Longman's Magazine.

Mrs. Adams: "I see a smart woman has discovered a way of preventing her losing her hair." Mr. Adams: "Indeed! And what does she do?" Mrs. Adams: "Locks it in the safe."

He: "Winkle isn't even friends with the girl who broke off her engagement with him, is he?" She: "Oh, no. When she sent back his ring by post, she labelled it 'Glass, with care.'"



### PERMANENT PASTURES.

Land that is seeded to pasture should be clean of weeds and full of plant food if possible. It is a good plan to seed down after a hoed crop with the best and cleanest seed that can be obtained. The land should not be plowed, but worked up with a spring tooth cultivator and well harrowed to make a fine mellow seed bed. The best catch will be obtained by seeding without any grain or nurse crop, but the usual custom is to sow the seed with some kind of grain crop, writes Henry Glendenning.

It may be sown on fall wheat or rye, in the early spring, just after the snow has gone off, while the ground is frozen, so that when it thaws the small seeds will sink into the soil and bury themselves, or a light harrow may be run over the land as soon as it is dry enough for the horses to work upon without puddling the soil. Barley or spring wheat do very well for spring crops, but the amount of seed grain sown should be at least a peck per acre less than if no grass seed was sown. The small, heavy seed, such as clovers and timothy seed, should be sown from the grass seed box, so that the seeds will fall in front of the drill.

Light seeds such as blue grass, should be mixed with the grain upon a floor before taken to the field, and the whole sown together. Then give one stroke upon the harrows crossways. After harvest the young grass should not be pastured, but allowed to grow a good top. This will give good, strong plants to go into the winter with, and serve as a mulch to protect the roots by holding the snow, and keep the ground from alternate freezing and thawing that we are troubled with in Canada. It will be found an advantage to cut a crop of hay the following year so as to give the plants a good root before the stock is turned on it. After fields have been in pasture for a number of years they are apt to become what is generally termed hide-bound or run out.

### SILVER WYANDOTS.

There is no greater proof of the superiority of an article than to see it counterfeited almost as soon as it is placed on the market, writes John C. Jodrey. The Silver Wyandots were admitted to the Standard in 1882 and proved of such superior merit that in a short time another variety bearing the name Wyandot appeared, and soon another, until we now have the Golden, White, Black, Buff, Partridge, Silver Penciled and others all bearing the name of Wyandot. Do you think that if the Silvers were an inferior breed, the name Wyandot would have been given to the latter varieties?

Not only are the Silvers one of the very best general purpose fowls, but they are one of the most beautiful. The plumage is black and white each feather has a white centre laced

**DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE... 25c.**  
Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

with black. The low rose comb will stand the severest weather. The blocky form makes them one of the best market breeds, being broad in back and full in breast. As layers they have no superior and will give as much money value in a year as any breed. They are very gentle in disposition, easily confined, are good sitters and mothers. If not needed for hatching, a few days' confinement will break them up and they will go to laying again.

I speak from experience when I say that the Silvers have few equals and no superiors. I have bred them 20 years and raise from 300 to 500 each year. Hens do the hatching, except in the early spring, when broody ones are scarce. The hens are confined in boxes or barrels and let off once each day to feed and dust. The chicks are left in the nests until all are hatched and then hens and chicks are placed in a brood coop, which have small runs to confine the hens, but the chicks have their liberty.

When chicks are 30 hours old I feed bread soaked in milk, which is continued for a few days, then a variety of small grain is fed dry. I use the dry food until the chicks are old enough to eat the mash prepared for the fowls. Grit and charcoal is always before them. I never set less than three hens at once and give each hen 12 to 15 chicks to raise. The Wyandot chicks are always in good flesh and are fit for broilers and roasters whenever old enough. I frequently have pullets lay at 28 weeks of age and occasionally earlier.

### THE DAIRY HERD.

Many men not accustomed to the proper care of their cows, excuse themselves for allowing their cattle to wander over the bleak hills, and even search through the snow for frozen grass. This preference is a habit rather than a choice of the

### SICKLY BABIES.

Weak, sickly babies are a great trial to mothers. They need constant care both night and day and soon wear the mother out. Baby's little stomach is the cause of most of the trouble; it is very weak, and in consequence very easily upset. Baby's Own Tablets will cure all baby troubles. They are mildly laxative and give prompt relief. Concerning them Mrs. R. J. Balfour, Omence, Ont., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for stomach troubles and constipation from which my little girl suffered and they entirely cured her. They produced sound, refreshing sleep, and I regard them as indispensable in any home where there are little ones."

Mothers from all parts of Canada write in favor of Baby's Own Tablets, proving the claim that they are the very best medicine for all the minor ills of infants and young children. Guaranteed to contain no opiate. Price 25 cents a box at all druggists or direct from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

cows. All summer long they have gotten a good living in the pasture. It is one more case where man is to have dominion; where reason and knowledge are to step in and create for him a value all his own. On the contrary, if he allows the dumb beasts to guide his policy he will learn too late, perhaps, that they have little milk for him.

Dairymen will do well to bear in mind that the cow is a delicate mother producing milk. Cold, frosted food, ice water and everything of that sort is calculated to shock her delicate organism and work ruin to the milk business. Care should be taken of her nervous sensitiveness, no harsh words, offensive dogs, or quarrelsome members of the herd should be allowed to disturb her. Feeding and watering should be regularly observed. The quantity and quality of food should be uniform. The hour for milking regular. In fact, a good dairyman learns that he has a profession requiring his most careful attention and daily study.

Let us read, think and act; plan for yourselves; experiment and learn how delicate an organism we are intrusted with, even in the form of a little calf. The possibilities it has hidden under its furry coat are more than half of them yours. We chose its parentage. It remains for us to supply the proper environment by furnishing the proper care and diet. Start right and make the dairy herd comfortable during the winter.

### WARM WATER FOR COWS.

At the Wisconsin experiment station it was found that cows given warm water drank eight to ten pounds more per day than when supplied with cold. In one trial cows given warm water produced 6 per cent. more milk than those given cold, while in another trial the difference was only 1 per cent. in favor of warm water.

### MARVELLOUS FLIGHT.

There is conclusive evidence to show that in one unbroken nocturnal flight the European bird known as the Northern bluethroat passes from Central Africa to the German Sea, a distance of 1,600 miles, making the journey in nine hours.

### COFFEE AND BLINDNESS.

The Moors are inveterate coffee drinkers, and it is stated that their sight begins to fail at the age of forty or forty-five, and many are blind at fifty. The number of blind in the streets of Fez is striking, and excessive use of coffee is always given as the cause.

### KNOWS NOW.

Doctor Was Fooled by His Own Case for a Time.

It's easy to understand how ordinary people get fooled by coffee when doctors themselves sometimes forget the facts.

A physician speaks of his own experience: "I had used coffee for years and really did not exactly believe it was injuring me although I had palpitation of the heart every day."

"Finally one day a severe and almost fatal attack of heart trouble frightened me and I gave up both tea and coffee, using Postum instead and since that time I have had absolutely no heart palpitation except on one or two occasions when I tried a small quantity of coffee which caused severe irritation and proved to me I must let it alone."

"When we began using Postum it seemed weak—that was because we did not make it according to directions—but now we put a little bit of butter in the pot when boiling and allow the Postum to boil full 15 minutes which gives it the proper rich flavor and the deep brown color."

"I have advised a great many of my friends and patients to leave off coffee and drink Postum, in fact I daily give this advice." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"Many thousands of physicians use Postum in place of tea and coffee in their own homes and prescribe it to patients. 'There's a reason.' A remarkable little book 'The Road to Wellville' can be found in each pkg

## These are Causes of Kidney Disease

An Ailment Which is Most Dreaded on Account of its Frightfully Painful and Fatal Developments.

Exposure to cold and dampness. Cold settling on the kidneys, straining of the kidneys, loins or back, over eating or excessive use of alcohol, blows or injuries to the back, result of malaria or other fevers.

Liver disorders are also a frequent cause of kidney disease, and this helps to account for the extraordinary success of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills as a cure for complicated and chronic disease of the kidneys.

Since the kidneys are the chief means of removing the poisonous impurities from the system they must be kept healthy and active.

When from any of the above causes the kidneys become deranged the first symptom is usually backache. Then is the time to begin the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

The very thought of the usual development of kidney disease is enough warning to anyone to take prompt action and there is the testimony of thousands to point you to Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills as the most effective treatment.

Mr. William E. Holditch, Port Robinson, Ont., states: "I was for several years a great sufferer from kidney trouble, from which dread disease I

am now, happily, free. I had all the usual symptoms in an aggravated degree, and at times was completely incapacitated with pains in the back, biliousness and headache. I had little or no appetite; insomnia resulted, and my condition was really wretched. I became emaciated and grew despondent and hopeless of relief, as I had taken treatment from doctors to no avail."

"Finally, on the advice of a friend, I began using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and, after using a few boxes, I was again enjoying health and vigor, as the worst symptoms had entirely passed away. When I think of my present good health, in comparison with my miserable condition of three years ago, I would not go back to my former state for any amount of money. I may be considered enthusiastic over Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, but, considering the benefit derived from them, I have every reason to be."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25c. a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.