Pen Pictures of Guerrilla Life in Cuba

By THOMAS C. ESTERMAN.

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It is a curious fact that campaigners with a passion for desperate ventures are often the most merciful garrison officers. If Capt. Holgar or Lieut. Sálinez had been in command of Camp Barrancas three of our prisoners would probably have been shot on the day of their arrival, for we had ascertained that one of the Spanish rangers had been captured before, and deserted from Capt. Bernal's post under aggravating circumstances; but our Arevido hesitated, and for several days clung to the hope of getting a chance to transfer an assortment of his jailbirds to Headquarters.

Gen. Gomez, indeed, had begun to pay bounties for Spanish regulars—live specimens preferred, as the menace of reprisals had proved the only check on the inhumanity of our adversaries.

The distance to Camp Bocada was less than 100 miles, and a month ago our scouts had run the blockade without serious difficulty. But the aspect of affairs had now changed. The portentous turn of public sentiment in the United States had stirred up the Spanish troops into feverish activity, and the vegas of the Sabanilla Valley swarmed with hostile patrols.

But on the evening of Feb. 11 we received a requisition for whatever firearms we could spare, and a special order, signed by Gen. Garcia's Aid-de-Camp: "Again six of our men butchered at Nuevitas; make an example of such Spanish prisoners as you may have on hand."

The two mounted messengers signed a receipt for 18 muskets and several horse-pistols, but declined to encumber themselves with hostages, and the next morning Col. Parras was obliged to convene the long-delayed court-martial.

Sentries at the jail were doubled: an ominous sign that the discretionary powers of our easy-going post commander had their limits, and at 2 p. m. it became known that our deserter and all the Spanish prisoners had been sentenced to death, but that eight of the latter had been recommended to mercy, and would be remanded to jail or continued on parole. It had all along been surmised that the truculent special order from Headquarters would be compromised somehow or other; that the reprieve of those Spaniards had, in fact, been predetermined, and as a collateral proof one of the defendants, the groom of the Holguin Lieutenant, had been permitted to join a pot-hunting expedition that very morning.

Lino Reynes, the violator of Col. Bernal's parole, had been the subject of an animated debate, but the arguments of the Judge-Advocate had finally prevailed. In the case of El Chato the vote of death had been unanimous, and Juan Salgada, the murderer of poor Valdez, would have been lynched before night if the court had failed to agree on his doom, though two of his comrades had surprised us by the statement that this assassin of a confiding sentry had, all in all, been the most popular private soldier of the Bayamo garrison.

"He's quite a harmless fellow at heart," said the Acting Corporal of his detachment, "and few of us would have thought him capable of such an act. But the explanation is that he was crazed with homesickness. He had left his best girl in Aragon, and his time was so near out that he was beginning to count the hours to the day of his return. He had even saved money enough to pay for his own passage, in case the Government should fail to furnish him transportation; his folks probably were waiting for him, too, and now seeing all those pretty prospects shattered was more than he could bear, poor lad. You ought to make allowance for a temptation that no young fellow in his circumstances could resist."

But our mosstroopers could not see it in that light. "That's no excuse for a treacherous murder," said the spokesman of their plebiscite; "if he had told us his case, and proved it by your testimony, by Santiago, we had all voted to let him slip. Yes, and furnished him a traveling-purse, too."

Nevertheless, when it was announced that the two culprits would have to die at 9 a. m. the next morning, Serg't Galvez, our Acting Provost-Marshal, took it upon himself to transmit the last requests of the young Spaniard. "Would Col. Parras consent to respite him one day, and order a court of inquiry to ascertain his antecedents? Or, that failing, would we grant him the favor to die free—i. e., unshackled?—and detail a squad of sharpshooters to hit his heart and spare his face? Could he receive permission to write a letter to Bayamo, and would his gold finger-ring be accepted as the equivalent of a few quartillas, to enable him to treat his comrades to a farewell bottle of wine?"

Approved, with the exception of the respite and the letter to Bayamo, and a few minutes before nine the prisoners were marched out under guard, but unfettered, though El Chato had not signed the petition of his fellow-convict, not even changed his plea of not guilty to the most serious charge. He admitted his absence without leave, under the influence of intoxicating beverages, but strenuously denied his intention to betray the strategic secrets of our camp.

"I thought you had more sense than to waste time with such talk," said Lieut. Sainez, when he renewed his appeal at the brink of the very trench; "your guilt has been proved by your own accomplices, and you ought to know that there's a better use for your last few moments."

"Por Dios, pregunta el Coronel otra vez," begged the culprit—"intercede with the commanding officer once more."

"O, pshaw; be ashamed of yourself," said the Lieutenant, losing patience; "look at that young Spaniard, and show that you can die like a man, if he can. I didn't take you for a coward, anyhow."

His doom-fellow, in the meantime, had taken leave of his comrades, and now went around with a bottle in one hand and a small glass in the other, to offer every man present a farewell drink.

Not one refused, and Dr. Escobedo stood, hat in hand, bidding his young countryman a last good-by, when he was interrupted by a shot and an uproar of yells. "Stop him!" "Run!" "Shoot! Shoot!"

While all eyes were turned upon the foreigners, and some dimmed by tears, El Chato had watched his chance, and suddenly pushing the next sentry aside, had hurled himself across the trench and regained his feet for a life-and-death rush towards the pine-thickets. A revolver-ball shaved his head close enough to make him plunge, a rifle-bullet knocked a shower of splinters about his ears, and then came a volley,—not all of stray lead, to judge from the way the desperado clutched at his shoulder,—but his headlong rush through the brambles continued, and he seemed even to mend his speed as he dashed into the bush-park beyond.

"Cabrona! Here, pup! Here!" bellowed Serg't Galvez; but dogs, like policemen, are rarely on hand when they are most wanted.

Nearly all the spectators had come unarmed. "Run! Keep him in sight! Here comes the dog!" yelled the Lieutenant, when Cabrona's howling bark at last answered the summons from the other side of the glen; but the deserter was almost within leap of the thickets by that time, and might actually have effected his escape, if it had not been for the Bernal Sergeant and one of our scouts, a grizzly old sharpshooter with a scar across his left cheek that had not spoiled his rifle-eye. In the crisis of the general excitement those two had reserved their fire and dashed to the top of a little knoll, where they stood, rifle to shoulder, for a few seconds, when their shots went off together, and the Provost-Marshal's yells for his canine assistant suddenly ceased.

"Hurrah! They've got him!" he whooped; and, dropping his musket, whipped out a revolver and rushed ahead to be in at the death.

El Chato, by actual measurement, had cleared 200 yards almost unscathed, for the first hit proved to have been a mere scrape-shot; but at the very brink of the saving jungle he had to cross a treeless ramble of a few rods, and as he scrambled up the opposite slope the fatal bullet broke his spine, and sent him sprawling back into the bottom of the gully. He tried to drag himself toward a briar-patch, but his time was up; before he had crawled a yard towards the edge of the tangle Serg't Galvez put a pistol to his ear and fired.

All this while Serg't Mariel had kept a tight clutch on the arm of Juan Salgada.

"Sh—shall I send a man to tell the Colonel?" he stammered, when the last shout announced the success of the man-hunt.

"Tell—what?"

"About this youngster,—maybe he would"—

"Curse the luck, no; it's no use," muttered Lieut. Sálinez; "don't let's keep this poor devil in torture. Stand back! Fall in, detail!" he commanded. "Ready—Aim!" Then a pause, the drop of a waved hat, a crash, and the spirit of poor Juan Salgada had started on its flight—perhaps to its cradle in the hills of the Aragon highlands.

An appeal for mercy would, indeed, have been worse than useless. Col. Parras felt that he had no right to ignore general orders altogether, and soon after forwarded a report, stating: "Sentence of death passed, Feb. 11, upon" (long list) "and executed Feb. 12 upon"—It would positively not do to have mentioned less than two names; and, besides, the commutation of Salgada's decree would have resulted in a riot; so poor Juan was double-doomed before the court-martial met.

On the evening of Feb. 14 we saw the horizon of the Sabanilla Mountains lit up by the glare of a conflagration, and "forest-fires" will not explain away such phenomena in the West Indies; the evergreen jungle-woods of the tropics are flame-proof. There was a town burning, and we soon learned that the garrisons of Santiago, Catalina, and Nuevitas had broken loose and were now ravaging the country districts to avenge alleged conspiracies with the rebel chieftains. The sympathy of the southeastern ruralists was undoubtedly with the insurgents, and exchanges of messages and creature-comforts had never ceased; but the main motives of the present raid were the desire to signalize the zeal of the post commanders, and the necessity to find a pretext for provision forays. The Spanish garrison towns were in daily communication with their western headquarters, for the omens of an impending Spanish-Yankee war were such as no longer to admit of misconstruction.

And our very next mail brought a whole bundle of Junta pamphlets. The crisis had come. "To the Sierras! Rally on your strongholds, friends, and avoid surrender at any cost of temporary discomfort! Help is on the way! The Great North (todo el Norte) is rising in our favor!"

The outcries of the Havana loyalists indirectly confirmed those auguries. "All our concessions, all our patience and forbearance have, then, been in vain," said one Peninsular Jeremiah; "the land-devourers have resolved on invasion, with or without pretext. It's no use for a wolf to join the church when the price of peltry has risen; the hounds want our hide, and all we can do about it is to die snapping."

Shrieks of that sort were interspersed with quotations from American intervention papers and Senator Mason's appeals to humanity, and I remember our old Spanish Doctor's prognostics, when the newsmongers assembled on my porch on the afternoon of Tuesday, Feb. 15,—the very eve of the Maine catastrophe,—to discuss the signs of the times. Frantic invectives on one side and sheer transcendent blazes of honest indignation on the other. "There's trouble brewing," said he; "they are evidently ripe for collision. Mark my words, if this excitement isn't on the point of exploding in a casus belli. There will be a massacre, or the assassination of a Consul, or something of that sort before this month ends."

ORDERS TO JOIN GEN. GARCIA.

Before the end of the month that prediction was verified by the consequences of the Maine horror. The impending storm was about to burst, and both the patriots and their oppressors concentrated their forces upon their strongholds, but the long-expected order to join Gen. Garcia's levies in the Sabanilla Mountains did not reach us till March 25, when Gen. Pando sallied from Manzanilla with the plan of crushing the rebel encampments in detail, in order to secure the highways before the evacuation of the smaller Spanish garrison towns.

As a preliminary of a last attempt to compromise the difficulties of the autonomy program, the Spanish commissioners had proposed an exchange of prisoners, and after a delay, caused by the premature rumors of American intervention, the insurgent chiefs modified their refusal by an exception in favor of "non-combatants and invalids"—a shrewd plan to rid their camps of a few unprofitable captives.

Yet, even on those terms, there was an apprehension that Gen. Garcia would revoke his consent, and our Colonel declined to risk any delays. Dr. Escobedo and son and our poor old armor-maker were released a week before we left camp, and sent to Holguin under escort, with a request for the liberation of our own Surgeon, who had been captured a few months before my arrival.

Our instructions included an order to transfer our command to Camp Bocada by the shortest practicable route; but Col. Parras was resolved to maintain his reputation as the champion forager of the Cuban army, and reached Headquarters with a train of supplies that made our arrival a Godsend to the starved mosstroopers of the southern coast range.

Our Mausers, too, insured us a welcome and more than once checked the advance of the Spanish rangers in the skirmishes before Santiago.

The remaining chapters of this chronicle refer to events that belong to the history of the Spanish-American war, and of campaigns which one of our gallant volunteers may some day record for the readers of The National Tribune.

(The end.)

"HE TRIED TO DRAG HIMSELF TOWARD A BRIAR-PATCH."

THE GEODETIC SURVEY.

Great Work Completed That Was Begun Half a Century Ago.

There will soon be published by the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey an important contribution to the history of geodesy in this country. For half a century or more material has been accumulating, and with the close of the field operations in 1898 the last observations were made. This work—the great triangulation from the Atlantic to the Pacific on the 39th parallel of latitude, on which an accurate survey of the whole country mainly rests—will be described in seven parts, and will be printed in one large quarto volume. The treatment of the subject will be exhaustive. No other nation has ever attempted geodetic operations of such magnitude; none save England and Russia possess the necessary territory for expansion of a continuous longitudinal arc of 48 degrees within its own border.

The accuracy of the measurements just completed is such that the total distance across the continent, about 2,625 miles, is known with an uncertainty of less than 100 feet, which implies an error of less than half an inch per mile of measure. Many of the stations were at altitudes varying from 10,000 to 14,000 feet. Such abnormal conditions required an application of new formulæ, and certain corrections have been found necessary. The great length of the individual lines, the work in the Rocky Mountains giving many examples over 100 miles long, makes the scheme unique of its kind. One of the curious facts brought to light is the influence of the earth's configuration and density on the vertical line as defined by a plumb-bob. This is so pronounced in some cases that the true latitude may be in error a considerable fraction of a mile where the disturbing effect of mountains is neglected. Another is that the earth's surface on the parallel named is corrugated, the swells being a hundred miles in width. For general purposes the present accepted form of the earth will be retained, but it will be subject to important modifications in scientific work.

Sykes Regulars.

Editor National Tribune: I wish to call the attention of all the Regular Army veterans of the Second Division, Fifth Corps, Army of the Potomac, to the annual Reunion of "Sykes Regulars" at Philadelphia, Pa., during the week of the National Encampment of the G.A.R. in September. Notice of place and date will be announced in due time.

We are desirous that the comrades would keep an eye on the columns of The National Tribune, through which valuable medium we hope to reach all the comrades of our organization.—W. H. Sanderson, 2d U. S. Inf., Secretary, Cleveland, O.

An Ex-Rebel's View.

Gen. W. L. Cabell took occasion to say in his speech upon being re-elected Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department of the United Confederate Veterans, that "Pensions should be distributed freely throughout the North; that he believed the surviving Yankees should be paid at the rate of $10 per day. Men who whipped us deserve more than that."

Though this view is based on the self-conceit of the orator, it shows some appreciation of the magnitude of the mighty job of whipping 1,500,000 splendid fighting men standing on their own ground.

Evans Must Go.

Charleston Post, 271, Charleston, Ill., has adopted strenuous resolutions, specifying Henry Clay Evans's maladministration of the Pension Bureau, and demanding that he be removed.

Walter Blanchard Post, 386, Naperville, Ill., has adopted resolutions demanding that Evans be removed, and sent copies to all the other Posts in Illinois.

B. F. Stephenson Post, Newkirk, Okla., has passed resolutions applauding the stand taken by Comrade P. H. Coney, and requesting the removal of Henry Clay Evans.

FATIGUE

and lassitude so common in midsummer are promptly relieved by

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

Genuine bears name Horsford's on wrapper.

CHAT OF THE CORRIDORS.

The salary of the Assistant Secretary of State at Washington, of the Assistant Secretaries of the Treasury (there are three), of the Assistant Secretary of War, of the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and of the Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, are $4,500. The salaries of the Assistant Postmaster-Generals (there are three) is $4,000. The Director of the Geological Survey of the Interior Department gets $5,000; the Commissioner of Education, in the same Department, gets $3,000.

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The last United States Senate, notwithstanding the absence of rules generally supposed to expedite the transaction of Congressional business, passed 1,173 of its own bills, whereas the House of Representatives passed only 1,081 of the bills which it originated.

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Among the qualifications of Sherman, of New York, for the Speakership are a resonant voice, which can reach every corner of the chamber, amid the loudest din, and a commanding presence in the chair, such as Blaine, Carlisle and Reed had. Besides, he is one of the very few men who really know the rules.

It is not believed that Payne, of New York, could hold the House for an hour. He is a bright, able man, but it is doubted that he has the timber for a successor to Reed.

If Gen. Grosvenor were Speaker he would be different from Reed, but he would get there just the same. The fellows that wanted a fight would be promptly accommodated.

* * *

The wealth of the District of Columbia has increased more rapidly than that of the country. In 1850 the total valuation was $270 per capita, while that of the whole United States was $308. To-day the valuation is $1,500 per capita, while that of the United States is $1,036.

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The President is reported to be not so very severe on Capt. Coghlan, and will not assign him to shore duty unless the Captain requests it.

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The President has selected the members of the Isthmian Canal Commission, authorized by the last Congress, to examine other routes besides that of Nicaragua. They consist of the members of the Nicaragua Canal Commission—Admiral Walker, Col. Hains and Prof. Haupt—and in addition three eminent engineers in civil life—Alfred Noble, of Chicago; Virgil G. Bogue, of New York; Geo. L. Morrison, of New York; and one officer of the Regular Army—Maj. Thos. W. Symons, of the Engineers. As the rainy season is at hand the Commission will at present confine its operations to going over the Panama route by railroad, and making such other studies as are practicable during the Summer. In the Fall there will be active work done to prepare a full report in time for the meeting of Congress.

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Col. Pat Lannon, editor of the Salt Lake City Tribune, who is in the city, says that Congress ought to reject Representative Roberts's claim to a seat.

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Senator Clark, of Montana, the multi-millionaire and copper magnate, is to purchase the famous "Stewart Castle," on Dupont Circle, and convert it into a still more palatial residence. This will confirm that section as the center of the Washington plutocracy. Nigh to it on the Circle is the Leiter mansion, and all around are costly residences of men who have made fortunes in beer-brewing, stocks, mining, etc. "Stewart Castle" was erected by Senator Stewart, of Nevada, years ago, when he was in the hey-day of his bonanza fortunes, and was for years the scene of gorgeous hospitality. Then the Senator rented it to the Chinese Legation, and the high jinks within its walls were equally expensive and extensive, but of quite a different character. The jeweled and feathered Mandarins left the house in fearful shape, as they are in the habit of doing every one which they occupy. The high-class Chinese are reputed to have some very rigid ideas as to cleanliness, but whatever they may be, they do not extend to the care and keeping of the houses they inhabit, and it cost Senator Stewart a good many thousand dollars to get his "castle" into good condition again. It is understood that the price Senator Clark will pay will be about $165,000.

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Gen. Harries informed me last week that the railroad from Washington to Gettysburg will be completed as far as Sandy Springs, Md., this Fall, and the rest of the distance next Spring. To Sandy Springs the road will be run by electricity, the rest of the way by steam.

Magazines and Notes.

J. B. Parsons, Co. A, 1st Me. H. A., Pontiac, Ill., has published a "Patriotic Roster of Livingston County, Ill." This book contains the names of officers and members of every Post, Corps and Camp in the County, also names of all veterans not members of the G.A.R., and Spanish war soldiers living in the County. It also contains rosters of Co. F, 3d Ill.; Cos. A, B, C and G, 129th Ill.; Co. D, 20th Ill.; Co. K, 3d Ill. Cav., and Cos. A, D and E, 10th Battalion, Ill. N. G. Price 25 cents.

The New England Magazine for May has for a frontispiece a reproduction of F. O. C. Darley's picture of Nathan Hale's execution.

The Century will issue three special numbers: June, "Out-of-doors Number"; July, "The Story-tellers' Number"; and August, "Midsummer and Travel Number." An article by Henry van Dyke on "Fisherman's Luck" and a dozen striking pictures of Niagara Falls by the artist Castaigne are two of the features of the June issue.

Bird S. Coler, Comptroller of New York City, is the author of an important article on the Abuse of Public Charity, which will appear in Appletons' Popular Science Monthly for June. Mr. Coler, whose position has enabled him to see at close range the actual working of the present system, is very emphatic in his condemnation of it.

Hon. John D. Long, Secretary of the Navy, is the author of a very notable contribution to the forthcoming number of Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

McClure's Magazine for June will contain an account of Marconi's latest and most marvelous experiments in telegraphing without wires (especially in telegraphing across the English Channel) prepared by Cleveland Moffet with Mr. Marconi's own assistance.

A Magnetic Island.

Bornholm Island, a Danish possession in the Baltic Sea, is so highly magnetic as to be considered a menace to navigation. It measures about 20 miles in length by 14 in breadth, and is distant about 24 miles east by south from the nearest point of Sweden. It is famous for its geological peculiarities; it consists almost entirely of magnetite. Its magnetic influence is not only known to the navigators of those waters, but is much feared by them on account of its influence on the magnetic needle, which makes the correct steering of a ship a matter of much difficulty. This influence is felt at a distance of 10 miles, and so palpably that on the island being sighted, mariners on the Baltic at once discontinue steering their course by the needle, and turn, instead, to the well-known lighthouses and other signs by which to direct their craft. There are several magnetic islands and points along the Atlantic coast of South America. Near the mouth of the Rio de la Plata is a famous magnetic point—the western side of the headland known as the Punta Negra—and navigators of vessels bound for Buenos Ayres or Montevideo have to be very careful not to go too near it.

Curious Results.

Washington Star.

"Talk about luck!" exclaimed the Spanish statesman, as he completed a sum in arithmetic which started with $20,000,000.

"Do you refer to this country?" asked the cheerless companion.

"I certainly do. What other Government would have the good fortune to sue for peace and get damages?"

PIGEON RAISING.

Large Space Not Necessary for Success with the Birds.

Pigeons, if well cared for in every respect, can be successfully kept in confinement, though, of course, it is desirable to give them as much liberty as possible. A loft 20 feet long, 15 feet wide, and six to eight feet high will accommodate 50 pairs nicely. The outside should have a wire fly, or cage, at least 15 feet square for the above-sized building. This gives them a chance to exercise and sun themselves.

The interior should be arranged with wooden floor, with nests a foot square all around the building, boxes for salt and oyster-shells, and a tray for feed and sharp sand. Each pair of breeders must be supplied with two nests, for they will often lay other eggs before their young are full-grown. Pigeons can stand the coldest weather, and heating the loft is unnecessary. Each male should have a mate. They can be mated by penning both in a small box for a few days, when they will generally mate up, and stay mated forever, until death separates them. Wheat, peas, and cracked corn make the staple for pigeon feed year in and out. No green food is necessary.

For intelligence, instinct, and fast-flying qualities the pigeon, without doubt, stands at the head of all the feathered flocks. Take a homer, for instance. Note its bright, intelligent eye. Taken far from home and liberated, it soars high in the air, making three circles, and then darts off toward its home with a message. Some of these birds have flown as far as 1,000 miles and reached their homes in safety. As message-bearers almost every warship uses them during times of war.

There are a number of varieties, but the most popular breeds in this country are homers, carriers, archangels, pouters, barbs, Jacobins, and Duchesse. The archangels are considered the most handsome. The pigeon business may be divided into two classes—fancy and market. The market pigeons are killed when a month old, and bring fair prices. A pigeon lays two eggs, with a day intervening, and generally in 18 days hatches a male and female squab. Until the young are 10 days old a milk which is secreted in the throats of the parents is fed the little ones. After that time they take coarser food, and in six weeks are full grown, beginning themselves to breed in about six months.

After their young are two weeks old the parent bird builds another nest, lays two more eggs, and the breeder has squabs and eggs going most of the time. The male bird sets upon the eggs, equally dividing the labor with the hen. They should be fed twice each day, and at the same time given fresh water to drink and to bathe in; sharp sand on the floor, salt with the food, and tobacco stems for nest material, which prevent lice.

A loft of pigeons is a source of great pleasure, and the birds are an ornament to well-kept grounds.

RANDOM NOTES.

Something About Early Service in the 49th Ohio.

Editor National Tribune: I first enlisted in the three-months' service, but the company I was in was not accepted, as soldiers for three years were needed. It was thought at the beginning that the war could be put down in a few weeks. W. H. Gibson, of Tiffin, O., who was a great orator, had been making war-speeches for some time, and in August, 1861, organized the 49th Ohio, and was made its Colonel. I then enlisted in Co. H on the 16th of that month. The regiment was at Camp Chase, O., two weeks before starting to the South. It was the first whole regiment to go down the Ohio River on a steamboat to Louisville, Ky.

It was a movement of great anticipations. When our regiment arrived at the great Southern city the citizens served us with a good dinner at the railroad depot. This treatment was highly appreciated and never forgotten, but I noticed that some of the people looked upon us with suspicion, and it was evident that many persons were rebel sympathizers.

A few regiments from Indiana were organizing near the city of Louisville for the Union army. Maj. Anderson, of Fort Sumter fame, was in command of the Department there, and he reviewed our regiment from the balcony of a large brick building as we marched down the street. Soon after Maj. Anderson resigned his command, on account of poor health, and Gen. W. T. Sherman was put in his place.

We had been in Louisville but a short time when report came that rebel cavalry had burnt the railroad bridge on the river south of the city. Our enthusiasm was aroused, and now our patriotism was to be tested, as a fight with the enemy was in view, we thought. The regiment was put on a train of cars, and we moved slowly and cautiously that afternoon toward what we expected to be a bloody battle.

Arriving near the burnt bridge about dark, we got off the cars to bivouac for the night. The officers called for volunteers for picket-duty, and the number needed was soon supplied.

The regiment lay upon the ground with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets, ready to fight and charge at a moment's warning. The Johnnies did not disturb us that night, as they were many miles away in their own camp. They had burned the bridge across Stone River, and skedaddled with great rapidity, as they must have been scared as badly as we were. No doubt they had been warned of our approach, and soon got out of our way.

The 49th Ohio was among the first regiments to go into camp at Muldraugh's Hill, Ky. Gen. Sherman soon erected his tent for Headquarters, and the organization of the army began at once.

It filled our minds with wonder and amazement to see how rapidly the Union troops concentrated in this new camp. Here the drilling and equipping of our forces for the mighty conflict before us began in earnest.

While in this camp I was detailed to stand guard at Sherman's Headquarters. One day while on guard I watched the General closely, and I then made up my mind that Sherman was a deep thinker.

From his tent he kept walking back and forth, like a sentinel on guard-duty, engaged most of the day in earnest meditation. Not long after this it was reported in the army, and, I believe, in the newspapers, that Sherman was crazy. It was common talk throughout the camp that Sherman would not accept the command of this Department unless the Government furnished him 200,000 soldiers, well armed and equipped for military service. Sherman's tactics of war were to have an army strong enough to break the backbone of the rebellion in two parts.

Later he was relieved by the War Department, and Gen. Buell was put in command of our army. I have always believed that if Gen. Sherman had been given, at that time, an army of 200,000 able-bodied soldiers, our troops would have marched to the Gulf of Mexico and cut the rebellious States in two parts within three years from that date.

The secret of Grant's and Sherman's success, as well as of some other Generals, was to have plenty of well-disciplined soldiers, having their base of supplies stored with everything necessary for a campaign before starting toward the enemy. When they had plenty of means and resources to draw from they were strong enough to fight, manuver, and make flank movements in any direction they desired to dislodge the rebel armies.

The soldiers of Buell's army complained a great deal about his tactics as we were marching southward, as he tried in every possible way to protect the slave-holders' property. Buell would have a guard in advance of the army to protect every henhouse, beehive, pigpen, cornerib, and growing crops of vegetables, for fear some of the boys would confiscate something to eat, or destroy some of the property.

Comrades, you all remember how we used to disobey such orders when hungry, and how the boys who were unfortunate in being caught would be put in the guardhouse, made to carry rails around a circle of ground for several hours, and be punished in various other ways. For snatching chickens, killing hogs, and such crimes the heads of barrels would be knocked out and the condemned criminals would have the barrels put over their bodies with their heads out at the top, while they marched in single file throughout the camp, with the band at the head of the column playing "The Hogue's March."

Veterans, excuse my wanderings, as we had so much experience in army life that we don't know where to commence or where to end, and sometimes we have to tell our tales all in a jumble.—W. S. Franklin, 49th Ohio, Platteville, Iowa.

THE FLORIDA GOPHER.

It Is a Turtle and Lives in the Ground With Rattlesnakes and Lizards.

"The most interesting creature I ever saw in Florida," said a New York man who spent the Winter there, "was the burrowing turtle. This turtle is peculiar to Florida, and it is an important factor in the domestic economy of the cracker population, for the Florida cracker dotes on the gopher—that's what they call this burrowing turtle—and thinks it is the finest thing in the edible line that ever existed. I couldn't agree with him on that, though, for I didn't approve of the company the gopher is in the habit of keeping, and I can't see how anything can be real good and keep bad company. The gopher digs a deep hole and a large one in the ground, and remains in it all the time except when out grazing, for this reptile is a grazer, and pastures just like a cow, except that it won't eat anything but wild grass. This turtle doesn't like the vicinity of water, and selects the high, dry, sandy ridges for its home. Its cracker neighbors say that it never drinks water—which would also be a habitual characteristic of the cracker if he could always get something stronger than water.

"Another thing that induces the gopher to dig its burrow out of the reach of water is that in those dry and sandy places the rattlesnakes and various kinds of hideous-looking lizards are most plentiful, and the gopher is never happy unless its burrow is shared by a colony of either one or the other of these, if not of both. Find a gopher-hole and uncover it, and you will be sure to find from half a dozen to a dozen or more rattlesnakes, and maybe 15 or 20 lizards of various sizes and colors and degrees of ugliness occupying it with its proprietor. The gopher plainly loves the companionship of these deadly things, although it is itself as meek and harmless as a dove.

"No dweller in those parts of Florida ever goes anywhere about without a bag slung over his or her shoulder. This is to put gophers in, as some are pretty sure to be found pasturing in the wild grass patches. The moment a gopher is surprised by a person with a bag it shuts itself securely in its shell, and the cracker picks it up and tumbles it into the bag. The gopher is likewise trapped by digging a hole close to the entrance of its burrow and sinking a barrel or box into it and covering the trap with loose twigs. When the gopher comes out and starts on a foraging trip it tumbles into the trap and can't get out. What terrapin are to the high-living epicure, the gopher is to the Florida cracker. The gopher deposits from 50 to 100 green eggs in a hole in the sand, and if the cracker does not unearth them and add them to his bill of fare, which is his habit, the eggs will hatch, and in three weeks the sand will be covered with young gophers, about the size of a quarter of a dollar, scrambling in all directions to hide away from hawks and other birds of prey, which are particularly fond of the little reptiles, and keep the future colony of gophers within bounds."

The 71st N. Y.

The court-martial has found Lieut.-Col. Smith, Maj. Whittle, and Maj. Austin, of the 71st N. Y., guilty of lack of courage and competency at the battle of Santiago. A similar verdict would have been found against Col. Downs, but he was out of the service. The testimony showed that the men were willing to go forward, but their officers would not obey Gen. Kent's command.

CURES Tobacco Habit

Astonishing Effects of a New and Remarkable Remedy That Antidotes the Taste and Craving for Pipe, Cigarette, Cigar or Plug.

A Free Trial Treatment is Mailed to All—Write For It—Is Odorless, Tasteless and Makes "Swearing Off" a Very Simple Matter—Write Today.

Men need no longer face the trying ordeal of swearing off from tobacco. A well-known chemist of Cincinnati has discovered a remedy that actually off-sets the desire for tobacco, stops the craving for cigarettes, spoils a cigar or pipe smoke, and makes it impossible to chew tobacco. One good feature about this new remedy is the fact that it is tasteless, so that ladies mix it in food, tea or coffee, milk or chocolate, and cure their husbands, sons or brothers without their knowing how it happened.

Any man who desires to quit using tobacco may now do so in a very pleasant but thoroughly effective manner without any suffering or nervous tension. The remedy is perfectly harmless, and anyone may have a free trial package by sending name and address to the Rogers Drug and Chemical Co., 548 Glenn Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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of most of the ills that affect humanity. Its neglect is a serious matter. The system becomes clogged, thus retaining the germs of disease. Expel the impurities from the body promptly and easily by using

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A 100-year-old Swiss-German remedy—the discovery of a wise German physician of the olden times. Pure roots and herbs and nothing else.

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No Drug-Store medicine; is sold only by regular Vitalizer agents.

Persons living where there are no agents for Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer can, by sending $2.00, obtain twelve 35-cent trial bottles direct from the proprietor. This offer can be obtained only once by the same person.

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So the falling of the hair tells of the approach of age and declining power.

No matter how barren the tree nor how leafless it may seem, you confidently expect leaves again. And why?

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will arouse it into healthy activity. The hair ceases to come out: it begins to grow: and the glory of your youth is restored to you.

We have a book on the Hair and its Diseases. It is free.

The Best Advice Free.

If you do not obtain all the benefits you expected from the use of the Vigor, write the doctor about it. Probably there is some difficulty with your general system which may be easily removed. Address,

DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

Wants National Encampment at Chicago.

W. L. Kester, Co. H, 79th Ill., Kansas, Ill., thinks that the National Encampment of the G.A.R. in 1900 should be held at Chicago. Illinois is centrally located, and the Department is one of the largest in the Order.

NEW LIFE AND HOPE

Is Found in a New Botanical Discovery—The Wonderful Kava-Kava Shrub.

Sufferers from Disorders of the Kidneys and Bladder, Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Gravel, Pain in the Back, Dropsy, etc., will upon Request be Mailed

A LARGE TRIAL CASE FREE.

Rev. A. C. Darling, Minister of the Gospel, under date of May 20th, writes from his home at North Constantia, Oswego County, New York: I have been troubled with Kidney and kindred diseases for sixteen years, and tried all I could get without relief. Two and a half years ago I was taken with a severe attack of La Grippe, which turned to pneumonia. At that time my Liver, Kidneys, Heart, and Urinary

Organs all combined in what to me seemed their last attack. My confidence in man and medicine had gone. My hope had vanished, and all that was left me was a dreary life and certain death. At last I heard of Alkavis, and as a last resort I commenced taking it. At that time I was using the vessel as often as sixteen times in one night, without sleep or rest. In a short time, to my astonishment, I could sleep all night as soundly as a baby, which I had not done in sixteen years before. What I know it has done for me I firmly believe it will do for all who will give Alkavis a fair trial. I most gladly recommend Alkavis to all. Sincerely yours,

(Rev.) A. C. DARLING.

The venerable Mr. Joseph W. Whitten, of Wolfboro, N. H., at eighty-five years of age, also testifies to the powers of Alkavis in curing severe Kidney and Bladder Disorders, Dropsy, and Rheumatism. Hundreds of others give similar testimony. Many ladies also join in testifying to the wonderful curative powers of Alkavis in Kidney and allied diseases, and other troublesome afflictions peculiar to womanhood, which cannot with propriety be described here.

That you may judge of the value of this Great Discovery for yourself, we will send you one large Case by mail Free, only asking that when cured yourself you will recommend it to others. It is a Sure Specific Cure and cannot fail. Address, The Church Kidney Cure Company, No. 421 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

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