

Thrilling War Stories.

A Tale of the Santiago Campaign, Written Exclusively For This Paper by OSCAR HATCH HAWLEY, Late Corporal 9th Infantry, U. S. A.

"THE MAINE GUY."

RECRUITING business did not proceed with lightning-like rapidity at Tampa, for the principal reason that there seemed to be a dearth of applicants for admission to the ranks of the regular army.

A dozen regiments were encamped here, and not one of them had its full quota of men. There were officers in plenty, but of what use were they without a command? Each regiment took on one or two men a day, but at that rate it would take a year for some of the regiments to reach full strength. So it was that a keen rivalry sprung up between the different regiments in the matter of enlistments. Any man that looked like a possible applicant was besought by dozens of men to join this or that regiment. If he seemed at all timid, he was pulled and hauled and at last carried off bodily by the biggest man in the crowd of solicitors, unless some other regiment happened to be represented by two or three men.

"Say, Jack (every stranger is 'Jack' in the army), don't you want to join the Ninth, the 'fighting Ninth'?" shouts some one on the approach of a "possibility."

"Naw, he don't, of course not," bellows another, "'the bloody Tenth' is his game."

"The 'fighting Ninth,' the 'bloody Tenth,' wouldn't that jar you? Why say, Jack, the 'scrappy Twelfth' is the only outfit around here. You never heard of them others, did you? Of course not."

And then a cavalryman would open up on the merits of the 'bronco bustin' Sixth,' and others would join in until the poor applicant often wished the war was over or had never started, or that he had had sense enough not to think of enlisting.

It was during these troublous times that a squad of recruit-catchers one day noticed a rather peculiar looking individual wending his way towards camp.

"Looks like one," said Mango Pete after a critical survey of the approaching form.

"Trouble in the family, though," commented another.

"How's that?"

"Pan's at half mast. You never was anything but a land-lubber. No one deigned to smile, even."

"Ah-ha," said Pete, jumping to his feet, "I know who he is now. I was lookin' for him."

"Who is he?" chorused the others incredulously.

"He, why he's the Maine Guy."

And the Maine Guy he was from that day, although it was never known absolutely what part of the county he was from.

As soon as he approached within speaking distance it was seen that he was no youngster out for a holiday. He appeared to be about thirty years old. His clothes were ill-fitting and his face unshaven, but the glance of his eye showed that he knew his business and wanted no interference.

Consequently, he was not hard pressed to join more than half a dozen regiments, and he went off with Mango Pete, who had been the first spokesman.

To the officer who enlisted him he gave the name of Si Bender, and his home at Jacksonville, Fla. However, it was easy to perceive from the manner of his speech that he was no Southerner. He answered all questions promptly, said he never had been in the army, had no family, etc., and was then sent to the awkward squad for drill.

The first day in the awkward squad he had the drill sergeant swearing mad most of the time. But the next day he had improved to such an extent that he never made even one mistake, and no order given seemed to faze him for an instant. When asked the cause of his remarkable improvement he said he did not want to stay in the awkward squad forever and had dreamed out all the tactics of the regular army during the night.

The Maine Guy was a good-natured fellow, and never objected to his nickname. In fact, he rather seemed to like it, and, to a certain extent, tried to talk with a down-east nasal twang in his voice. In this he was only partially successful.

When the regiment had disembarked at Siboney it was noticed that Bender was soon on terms of intimacy with several Cubans. He would jabber at them in an unknown tongue and they would jabber back, and, while others could not understand what was being said, they realized that the Maine Guy knew Spanish. When asked about it he said he had been in Mexico a couple of years and picked up a smattering of the language there.

As soon as his fluency with Spanish became known Bender was the most sought man in the regiment. He was wanted to bargain with the natives on behalf of one or another, and sometimes even the officers, who were supposed to know everything and a little more, would condescend to ask Bender to interpret for them.

Sometimes, after conversing with the Cubans, Bender would sit down in front of his peep tent and tell wondrous stories that he had heard. Of the terrible vengeance of the natives, how each one in the so-called Cuban army kept a necklace on which was strung a tooth from every Spaniard killed by the wearer. The owner of the largest string held the awe and admiration of his comrades and even ranked with the officers in their eyes.

Then there was the story of the red machete, a wonderful weapon carried by a Spanish officer. Its owner was immune to bullets and could be taken only by capture. But though many times the officer and machete had been seen and many plots had been laid to trap him he had eluded them all. Whenever he was seen at the head of a column of Spaniards the Cubans fled precipitately, for he was a terrible fighter and was never known to have been beaten.

But it was not long that the troops remained in camp at Siboney. Soon the march on Santiago was begun and within a week the American army was at La Seville, a suburb of the famous old town. Skirmishes had been frequent on the march and now the men were anxious to see fighting, real hot, brutal and bloody war. Some of them knew what it meant, most of them did not, but all were anxious for it.

Mango Pete and the Maine Guy had pitched tent at Seville as soon as the march was done and fifteen minutes later were off with bag and canteens to find good water and some ripe mangoes.

"Well, Pete, this looks some as though we would have a walk-over going into Santiago, don't it?" remarked Bender.

"It sure does," was the reply. "Them greasers ain't no earthly good. Got big streaks of yellow in 'em, all of 'em."

"Still, Pete, you know they used to be hot stuff. I'm thinking that they'd give us a good warm reception even now, only there are not enough of them, and they haven't food, nor money, nor much else, except lots of ammunition, I guess."

"Of course, if they do make a stand at all," said Pete slowly, "they's liable to be quite a death rate around here. You see they've got guns that shoot like sin. Jest as good as ours. Better, maybe."

"Yes, but even at that I think most of the men would welcome a good hot scrap."

Pete spat copiously and gazed at nothing for a moment. He was somewhat given to thinking before speaking.

"Unless it should happen to be too hot," he remarked at last.

"What do you mean, Pete," said Bender, his voice tense with emotion on the instant. "Not defeat, you wouldn't dare think it even. Say, what do mean?"

"Nothin', nothin', it was only a remark. No need to get excited about it. Jest between you an' me. Only, you know—"

That night, as all save the sentries lay sleeping, a bugle call broke out on the still air. It was the reveille call, sounded twice in rapid succession. Quickly the call passed from one regiment to another, beginning with the ranking command and following in regular order down the line. And as the call sounded the men jumped to respond until within a few moments the great camp was teeming with activity and excitement.

"What meant this midnight start?" they asked one another. And there was but one response:

"Fight."

Soon the camp was but a memory and the army moved forward, toward the enemy's works, guided by Cubans.

As the first faint streaks of gray light showed on the eastern horizon a low deep boom-in-m reverberated along the valley, a cloud of smoke wreathed a small knoll on the side of El Pozo, and the battle was on.

An hour later the cannonading was terrific. The ground shook with the incessant thunder of big guns. Small bullets whistled through the air like hail.

"I say, Pete, what do you think of this?" shouted Bender.

"It ain't no Fourth of July celebration, I'll tell y'a that," was the reply. "Hot stuff, eh?"

"Well, you seem to take it pretty well for a kid."

"Bender, oh-h-h, Bender!"

It was the Colonel shouting at the top of his voice.

"Here, sir!" replied Bender, running forward along the line.

"I may need you to-day. Give my compliments to Captain Steele, tell him that I've relieved you from duty with his command, and then report here again immediately."

"Very well, sir."

Bender was with the Colonel again in a few minutes, and followed him closely all morning. When the San Juan river was reached and the troops deployed to make ready for the charge, Bender and the Colonel were somewhat in advance of the men.

It was a critical moment. The commanding officer of the brigade had been killed. The two ranking colonels had been severely wounded, and were hors de combat. The command of the brigade now devolved on the Colonel of the —th. He felt the responsibility, also the danger and waited until all was ready.

At the right moment the Colonel jumped to his feet, drew his sword, and raising it on high, shouted in stentorian tones:

"Charge—ge—ge by rushes. Charge—ge—ge. Trumpeter, blow the charge—ge—ge."

And there he fell shot through the chest and mortally wounded.

then. Thrice he was wounded, but he did not stop.

In a few minutes Major Andrews had the command and learned the news of the death of the officers. When Bender started to speak to the Major his voice faltered at first and he could hardly speak. He pulled himself together, however, and delivered his message.

The Major looked at Bender, critically, for a moment and then said: "What's your name?"

"Bender, sir."

"Well, Bender, you remain with this command and report to me immediately after hostilities cease to-night."

Then Major Andrews led the brigade in the charge, and for the next two hours carnage reigned supreme.

Bender had taken a rifle and joined a company of the —th, advancing and fighting with all the vim of a seasoned warrior. His company was abreast of one of the block houses on San Juan Hill. As they rushed up and charged the house they were met with a withering fire, but they never faltered.

When within twenty paces a company of Spaniards emerged from behind the house and the next moment Bender was in the midst of a terrific hand to hand fight.

Slash!

Bender heard the swish of a machete close to his face and jumping back found himself facing a burly Spaniard, who was already making ready for another swing.

"The red machete!" yelled Bender, catching sight of the weapon in the Spaniard's hand.

He managed to parry the first blow or two, but was no match for his opponent, and a moment later was stretched out on the hill, thrust through the abdomen, cut in the shoulder and in the thigh.

But Bender was not dead. When he recovered consciousness a short time later the hill was in possession of the Americans and the firing had ceased temporarily. He called to one of his comrades and asked that Major Andrews be sent for.

In a few minutes the Major arrived.

"You know me, don't you?" said Bender, weakly.

"Yes," replied the Major, harshly; "I do. 'What do you want?'"

"Major, I just wanted to tell you, seeing that I am done for, that I was not to blame for that flunk in the Black Hills. I'm no coward, even if my shoulder straps were ripped off for cowardice in the face of the enemy."

"I told you then I'd prove it if I ever had a chance. And I had the chance to-day. I love the old flag, Major, and I'd fight for it any time, but I can't do it again. Won't you take back what you said about me, Major? I am no coward and Kitty never believed I was."

At mention of Kitty the Major's eyes filled with tears and his lips trembled with emotion.

"Lieutenant," he said at last, "forgive me if I have wronged you. No, you can't be a coward or you would not have sought a soldier's death."

A glad light beamed in Bender's eyes as the Major bent over, clasped his hand and smoothed his forehead affectionately.

"And, and, Kitty," whispered Bender faintly. "Is she happy?"

"Yes, Lieutenant; I think so." Tears were streaming from the Major's eyes now. "And you will soon be with her."

"Dead?"

"Yes."

The burial squad was a much befogged lot of men when given orders that night to bury Private Bender with honors of an officer. Nor could they understand it all when a rude head-board was set over the grave and lettered as follows:

Lieutenant J. C. Bender, Co. I, 16th Infantry, U. S. A., Died in action, July 1, 1898. A gallant soldier.

As to Caddies.

Some time ago a newspaper stated that Mr. A. J. Balfour, M. P., had been presented by a certain institution in Scotland with a pair of "silver mounted caddies," and was promptly made the butt of its witty contemporaries, who explained that "club" only could be "silver mounted," and that "caddies" were men, who attended at golf links to act as gentlemen's "gillies" or flunkies. The newspaper's blunder, however, was very easy to correct, and probably its contemporaries knew little more about "caddies" than it did itself. The term "caddies," or "cadies," or "cawdies," is akin to "cad" and "cadet," and means messengers or unattached male servants. Caddies, in fact, were originally a class of men, found in every Scottish town of any size, who were at the beck and call of everybody who wanted an odd job done. Hence they were at the beck and call of everybody who was starting for a game of golf, and now, thanks to the organization of labor, they are employed solely by the golfer.—London Gem.

"Congratulations."

It was a letter in answer to the announcement of the engagement of a young man, and sent to the girl to whom he had previously been engaged. For some reason she was not exactly pleased at this attention on his part, and this is the letter she sent to him. It read: "Dear Sir: I have received the letter containing the announcement of your engagement to Miss Blank. As I do not know her I cannot congratulate you, and as I do know you I cannot congratulate her."

After that she signed her name, and with a feeling of great pleasure of a certain kind sent off the epistle.—Boston Record.

THE VELDT BOER OF FACT

CHARACTER SKETCH OF THE TRANSVAALER FROM AN ENGLISH PEN.

A War Correspondent Who Thinks Him to Be a Quite Different Creature From the Ideal Built Up By Sentimentalists—The Boer Vrouw's Ambition.

There is no nobler war correspondent in South Africa to-day than William Maxwell, of the London Standard. He sends his paper a description of the Boer as he finds him, which is the best, and on the whole the most impartial, character sketch that has come from an English pen. In the course of a most interesting letter, Mr. Maxwell says:

"Between the Boer of fiction and of fact there is no affinity. They differ as much as the 'noble redman' who scalps his way through the pages of Fenimore Cooper differs from his squalid, degenerate son in the native reserve. The Boer of fiction is a chivalrous, though somewhat sleepy, gentleman in corduroy—a mountain of beef and bone, given to solitary musing, and to the shooting of buck or 'redcoats,' whichever happen to cross his path. Hunter and hermit, patriot and philosopher, is the mixture out of which he is compounded. The Boer of fact is a creature of another clay. He is a dull, lumpish, lazy animal, with a capacity for ignorance, superstition and tyranny unsurpassed by any white race. His good qualities—for he has redeeming characteristics—appear strongly to the imagination. He clings with the passionate fervor of a Covenanter to the simple and sublime faith of the literal teaching of the Bible. Love of independence is deep rooted in his nature. The history of South Africa during two and a half centuries is full of examples of his dogged and unconquerable spirit. But he has in overpowering degree the defects of these qualities. His piety is apt to degenerate into superstition and sanctimonious Pharisaism. Love of independence has begot in him hate of everything that might tend to disturb his reverence for the past, and suspicion of the stranger who threatens to 'tread him to death' in the solitude of the veldt."

"The absolute seclusion and independence of the pastoral life of the Boer farmer are accountable for his ignorance. His education is limited to six months' instruction by a tutor, who visits the farm on the silent veldt as soon as the children of the family are grown up. Few of them can read, and still fewer are able to write. Yet the Boer will tolerate nothing that would dispel his ignorance or contradict his superstitions. He is still convinced that the sun moves round the earth, and that the earth is a flat and gold substance resting on unseen foundations."

"Persistence in the ways of his fathers is a strong characteristic of the Boer. Except in the Free State, where a few farmers have outraged public opinion and flown in the face of Providence by introducing machinery, the method of cultivating the soil is that of Syria and Palestine. Corn is still trodden, and the law is 'Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn.' But the ox that presumes to think himself worthy of his reward is beaten unmercifully. Thus is the letter of the Law of Moses observed. There is nothing the Boer is not capable of doing with a good conscience."

"As a family man the Boer's reputation would justify him in becoming a candidate for the Dunwood Fitch. Surly and suspicious in manner, heavy and uncouth in his ways, shy and reserved among strangers, you may win him to a gruff cordiality, if you are a husband and father, and care to listen to the details of his domestic life. But although the Boer certainly cherishes with deep affection his wife and children, he treats them according to Oriental rather than European ideas. The women always stand till the men are seated, and are not served until the wants of their lords and masters are satisfied. I am describing the customs of the farmer who lives on the veldt, and has no acquaintance with Western manners. Such a man is little removed from a state of barbarism, and his surroundings are of ten as squalid as those of a Kaffir. Despite this patriarchal rule, the vrouw has great influence over her man, and is credited with having on more than one occasion screwed his courage up to the fighting point. The Boer vrouw is not a beauty, notwithstanding the care with which she preserves her complexion from the effects of the sun. Her ambition, like that of the fishwives at Scheveningen, is to become as fat as an ox, though, unlike the Dutch wife, she is not an example of scrupulous cleanliness. The Boer is not hospitable. He resents the presence of strangers, and, being too lazy to cultivate more than is necessary for the immediate wants of his family, he has nothing to spare for uninvited guests."

"There is a higher type of Boer, who is comparatively clean in person and almost European in thought and habit. He may be as corrupt and sly—'slim' is the word they use—as his detractors make out, yet he is less objectionable than the semi-barbarous fanatic on the veldt. Where he is in a decided majority he is arrogant and overbearing, but he is easily cowed by the display of physical force. The Boer of the farm and the veldt, as well as of the border towns, is less amenable to reason. His phenomenal ignorance, his monumental conceit, his unconquerable hatred of the British, make him a tyrant. The Boer is firmly convinced that the British are a race of cowards. Not all the eloquence of Mr. Gladstone could persuade him that the color of the British flag is not white, or that the independence of the Transvaal was not won by arms at Langs Nek and Majuba."

TRAINING A CHILD'S WILL.

Through His Feelings He is Most Surely Reached For Good or Evil.

"Little good can come of being arbitrary with a child, by making him do as we wish without first getting at the causes of his willfulness," is the position taken by Anna Wikel writing of "Breaking a Child's Will" in the Woman's Home Companion. "A child's volitions are transient. The endeavor, then, must be to get at his fleeting volitions and train each one aright, until he can be said to have a governing purpose. Some put implicit faith in reasoning with a child. Well, it shows respect for child-nature and occasionally reaches him; at least it may have some effect in developing his reasoning powers, and certainly promises confidence between parent and child. If his reason were already developed there would be less difficulty in training the will, but since it is not we must train the will through other avenues, and his feelings, his emotional impulses, form the best of these. In order to strengthen and train his will a child must be allowed to exercise it by choosing for himself as far as practicable. The parent or teacher must advise the child before the choice is made, or when he is suffering as the result of an unwise choice he may well reflect on them for not giving him the benefit of their experience; but after both sides are made plain the child must be left a free moral agent. If there is a choice between a pocket-knife and a new pair of trousers a boy will almost surely choose the knife. When he feels ashamed of his patched knees it will be a means of culture to his judgment through the emotion of shame, and his next willing may be on the line of reason. But it takes more than one lesson to learn that 'we cannot cut our cake and have it, too.' Robertson says, 'There are two ways of reaching truth—by reasoning it out and by feeling it out.' A child must feel his way to truth. A child lives in his feelings, and through them he is reached for good or evil."

Costs More to Build Now.

The advance in the cost of building materials and the price of labor is due entirely to the extraordinary demand. In the period of depression supplies were allowed to reach a very low point. There was no need to carry large stocks of lumber and therefore the sawmills did not make it, while the iron mills were idle for lack of orders. Therefore when a renewal of activity came the visible supply of building materials was exhausted in no time, and the demand from foreign markets for lumber and steel and iron was beyond all experience. The forces were doubled and the wheels were never still; but the manufacturers were unable to supply what was wanted and the people who wanted it most forced up the prices. Iron contracts that were being let at a 5 per cent. increase soon went up to 25 per cent. Plumbing supplies are 15 and 18 per cent. higher than they were a year ago. The same is true of all kinds of hardware and other staples, while on fancy iron, marble and woodwork there has been a rise of 40 and 50 per cent.

A building that could have been erected for \$250,000 last year would cost \$350,000 now, but there does not seem to be any indication of a let-up. Every architect in town is busy, every builder has all the work he can do, while the real estate exchange reports unprecedented activity among investors.—Chicago Record.

Keeps No Record of Its Transactions.

One of the most extraordinary features of the British Cabinet is the fact that its transactions are never recorded. What is done or said there, perhaps, in the memory of the men who are present, but not a book is kept nor a line written as to what is done. Acts speak for themselves, and a cabinet is held responsible by the people of this country for what it does. The only other person concerned is the Queen, and she learns what has taken place from the communication which it is the duty of every Prime Minister to send her as soon as the proceedings are closed.

Occasionally a cabinet council witnesses a "scene." The incident, however, is never of an exciting character. If a minister finds himself out of touch with the rest of his colleagues and resolves to resign, he intimates in a quiet way that he will hand in his resignation. It is these little differences of opinion shown at the secret meetings of Great Britain's Ministers that would make the presence of a reporter there so valuable to history.—London Answers.

Railroad Grammar.

"What was the next station?"

"You mean what is the next station."

"No. What was it, isn't it?"

"That doesn't make any difference. It is was, but was is not necessarily is."

"Look here; what was, is, and what is, is. It was is or is is was."

"Nonsense. Was may be is, but is is not was. It was was, but if was is, then is isn't is or was wasn't was. It was is, was is was, isn't it? But if is is was then—"

"Listen. Is is, was was, and is was and was is; therefore is was is and was is was, and if was was is, is is is, and was was and is is was."

"Shut up, will you! I've gone by my station already."—Life.

The Original American Grape.

The ancestor of all our native outdoor grapes is the original wild grape which the Norsemen found on the shores of Vineland. The Concord is supposed to be the wild grape changed through cultivation. Curiously enough, the seedlings of the Concord often turn out white grapes, and a dozen or so well-known varieties, white, red and dark, originated in this way.—Springfield Republican.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XIV. DECEMBER 31—ANNUAL REVIEW.

"Bless the Lord, O My Soul, and Forget Not All His Benefits"—Book of Psalms, Chapter ciii; Verse 2—An Interesting Table.

On this last day of the year it may be well to review ourselves as well as the class, for the sake of its influence on the year to come.

1. Have we been as faithful as we might have been? Note down definitely the particulars wherein we might do better.

Dr. Alexander Whyte of Edinburgh, in an address before the Free Church Assembly in May, 1888, spoke earnest words to ministers that are equally good counsel for teachers:

"Take your text and your doctrines out of Holy Scripture, and then heat and salt and season your sermons out of your own souls, and your enchanted people will go home blessing your names and saying that they who forsake such preaching forsake the truest salvation and the truest joy of their own souls."

2. Could we have done better if we had had a teachers' meeting, and what can we do toward having one of some kind?

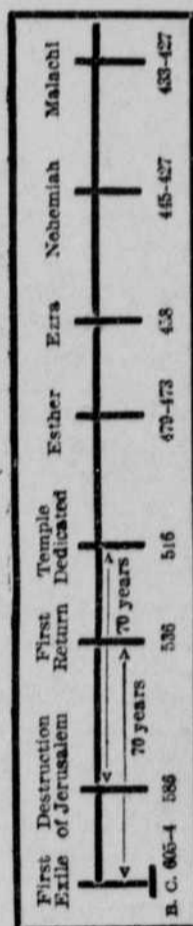
Note.—"Rochester is said to have an ignorance club, the principal plank in the platform of which is: 'We know nothing, but seek knowledge.' One reason why there is not better work done in the average Bible school is because many workers think they 'know it all.' If there was a more general confession of ignorance and a seeking for knowledge, a vast improvement would be noted in many directions, because there never was a time when so much was done to instruct all grades of workers as is now being done. 'We seek knowledge.' Let this be our motto."—The Church Economist.

3. Have we learned all we could about the best ways of reviewing, so as to make our review Sundays the most interesting, attractive and helpful of all the Sundays of the quarter?

Note.—"Hardly any department of the teacher's work is of greater importance than that of reviews; yet hardly any has received less attention in treatises on Sunday-school teaching, or in actual Sunday-school practice."—H. C. Trumbull. Helps toward good reviews may be found in Rev. Dr. Schaffner's "Ways of Working" (W. A. Wilde & Co.); "The Bible School" (Randolph); "Review Exercises in the Sunday School," by H. C. Trumbull (S. S. Times, Philadelphia).

4. Have I been a good pastor to my class?

Note.—"Cease to say that Satan did not care one straw how the ministers of Christ were employed, if only it was not at their proper work. Only the Deceiver said to his emissaries—keep them, to begin with, from preparing for the pulpit. But if their special lust is preaching, then let them preach Sabbath and Saturday without ceasing. Only, he swore, I will lay you in chains of darkness if you let them visit."—Dr. Alexander Whyte.



Fix these dates in the mind, and associate each one with the cluster of events which belong to it.

Personal Review.

The events of the half century covered by our studies are associated with four leading persons.

Events.—The feast (the invasion of Greece), Haman's plan for destroying the Jews, Mordecai's experiences, Esther's heroism, the deliverance, Elzra. The return, revival, reforms, Ezra's work as a scribe, the Scriptures, Nehemiah, Persons.—Malachi, Artaxerxes, Sanballat, Gashmu, Tobiah.

Events.—Goes to Jerusalem; takes large treasure; rebuilds the walls; institutes religious services. A great Bible meeting, reforms, especially of social life and the Sabbath.

Malachi. The last prophet associated with Nehemiah, preaches reform, helps establish the law.

Review by Places.

The events and persons cluster around two great cities:

1. Shushan (or Susa). Note all the transactions recorded in the lessons which took place here, and their bearing on the course of history.

2. Jerusalem. The changes that took place in this city. Note all the events studied during this quarter which centered around Jerusalem, and their bearing upon the progress of the kingdom of God.

More Currency Needed.

From the Chicago Tribune: La Salle—Don't you notice a most distressing shortage in dimes, quarters and half-dollars down your way? Spring Creek—Gosh, yes! But that doesn't distress me half as much as the shortage in \$5, \$10 and \$20 bills!

Reflections of a Bachelor.

A man marries for love; a woman loves for marriage. Nothing is too good for the man who knows how to get it. The more brains a woman has the less she likes to be called "brat." The first time a girl kisses a man she tries to pose just like the actress she once saw kiss in some play. The Lord probably made man first because he was afraid Eve would insist on advising him about making Adam.