BRIEF HISTORY OF 20TH U. S.

Organized by Order of President, May 4, 1861, and Made Up Wholly of Volunteers.

In response to a request for a brief history of the Twentieth U. S., the National Tribune makes the following reply:

The Twentieth U. S. was organized by order of the president, May 4, 1861, as the Second battalion of the Eleventh U. S. It remained part of the Eleventh U. S. during the war, and in 1866 was separated from that regiment and completed as a separate regiment. At the time of the reorganization of the Eleventh U. S. into a three-battalion regiment, the commander was Col. E. D. Keyes. It was made up wholly of volunteers and officers appointed from civil life, the only veteran at Fort Independence, where it was organized, being Orderly Sergeant Parr. Some sergeants from the regular army were detailed to get the men in shape, and who finally became lieutenants. The Eleventh U. S. had a very important part in all the battles of the Army of the Potomac, and at the conclusion of the war was stationed at Richmond, Va., under the immediate command of its major, Thomas H. Neill, brevet brigadier general. The first field officers of the regiment were Col. Frederick Steele, Lieut. Col. Louis D. Watkins and Maj. Thomas H. Neill. These were all generals in the volunteer army. The captains had also attained high rank during the war, and included such men as Gen. A. S. Webb, Charles S. Russell, Charles C. Pomeroy and John C. Bates. The regiment remained in Richmond, patrolling the city and acting as police for the preservation of order and property. In 1867 it was transferred to Baton Rouge, La., and then distributed to various posts in that state, where it remained for two years on reconstruction duty. Lieutenant Colonel Watkins commanded the regiment until his death, March 29, 1868, and was succeded by Lieutenant Colonel George Sykes. In 1869 the regiment was transferred to the department of Dakota, with headquarters at Fort Snelling, Minn. It had a troublous times in keeping the Sioux in order, and in 1877 was transferred to the department of Texas, with Colonel Sykes establishing headquarters at Fort Brown. Colonel Sykes died at Fort Brown, February 8, 1880, and was succeeded by Col. Etwell S. Otis. In 1881 the regiment was transferred to the department of the Missouri, with headquarters at Fort Leavenworth. In 1885 the regiment was returned to the department of Dakota, with headquarters at Bismarck. In 1891 company I, which had been disbanded, was re-established as an Indian company, and filled up with enlistments from the Sioux, Gros Ventres and Assiniboines. This experiment proved unsuccessful, and the Indian company was eventually discharged. The regiment is now commanded by Col. James A. Irons, Lieut. Col. Arthur C. Ducat and Majors William P. Burnham, Richard C. Croxton and Frank D. Webster.

Could He Tell?

A "high" private of the 140th Pa., wounded at Chancellorsville, was taken to Washington. One day, as he was becoming convalescent, a whisper ran down the long row of cots that the president was in the building and would soon pass by. Instantly every boy in blue who was able arose, stood erect, hands to the side, ready to salute his commander-in-chief.

The Pennsylvanian stood six feet seven inches in his stockings. Lincoln was six feet four. As the president approached this giant towering above him, he stopped in amazement, and, casting his eyes from head to foot and from foot to head, as if contemplating the immense distance from one extremity to the other, he stood for a moment speechless. At length, extending his hand, he exclaimed:

"Hello, comrade. How do you know when your feet get cold?"

And That Finished Him.

After Hunter's defeat at Lynchburg, Va., and on our retreat, we passed through a little town about four miles from Lynchburg. One of the Thirty-fourth Ohio boys, seeing a woman standing in a doorway, swaggered up to her and in a loud voice said:

"Madame, what is the name of this city?"

She answered very politely: "Little Lick."

"Well," said he, "how far is it to Big Lick?"

"If you had brains in proportion to your impudence, you would know that you just came from it," was her reply.

How He Reasoned.

During the excitement attending the failure of a sutler with the Army of the Potomac, who was being closed out by the sheriff, an Irishman who had deposited his month's wages with the sutler was asked why he did not draw out his money.

"Faith, an' I won't dhraw me money out at all, at all."

"An' don't yez know he'll lose yer money of yez don't dhraw it out?"

"Shure, an' ain't he better able to lose it than I am?"

DOWN LABRADORWAY

Goes on the Trail of the Giant Icebergs.

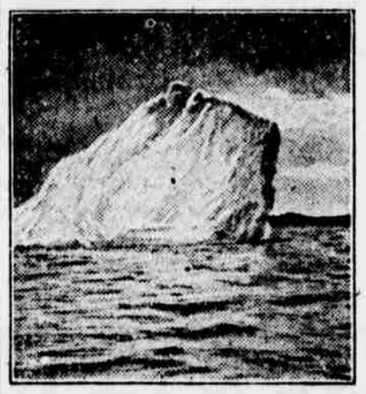
Interesting Story of the "Gray Ghost" That Lies in Wait for Hapless Vessels"—One Big Berg Was a Mile Long.

New York.—"Some time after the Titanic went down I was possessed with the idea of going north in the hope of getting among the icebergs," writes James B. Corrington. "There had been no year in the recollection of men who go down to the sea in ships when such a fleet of giant icebergs had been seen so far south. I wanted to see them close at hand—those silent messengers of the land of eternal snow and ice, gray ghosts, embodiments of the spirit of the north, that drift in procession with the ocean currents and at the wind's will, to lie in wait, maybe, for some luckless skipper to send some vessel and all aboard to the port of missing ships, and at last to topple and die at the bidding of the sun. The thought of them fascinated me.

"Their menace to navigation is always a very real and constant one, and hardly a ship that passed along the Newfoundland banks last year but had a report of ice written in her log. The greatest tragedy of the sea, the loss of the Titanic, would probably not have happened in a normal year of ice—and it is normal conditions that ships expect to meet and for which they are prepared.

"I left New York on a summer day. The tar on the docks was soft from the scorching heat ,and even the breeze from the bay was hot. It was the beginning of one of the sizzling spells of July. A few days later I was talking with the officers of the ship about the number of icebergs they had passed on their last trip and of the ships that had gone north and never been heard from, "caught and chewed up in the ice."

"There was a distinct thrill in waking in the cold of early morning to a vigorous hammering on my door and the call of 'On deck, sir! Icebergs in sight!' We were nearing Cape Race, and away off to port, near shore, there was a glistening mass of ice that stood out with a distinctness against the black, rocky shores. We passed several other smaller pieces and one big berg right at the mouth of St. John's harbor. A few days later I was bound for Labrador. After the second day out icebergs became commonplace. We passed them continually, both by day and night. I tried counting them for a while, but gave



Both Beauty and Menace.

it up. As far as the eye could see they loomed up on either side of the ship, all shapes and sizes, pinnocled towers that looked like some great marble cathedral glistening in the sun. Greek galleys, the head of a great bearded lion, every conceivable shape and form, modeled by the sun and water. As we passed near some of them we heard the sound of running water, and could see the grooves of deep blue cut by cascades of water made by the melting snow and ice. One giant berg looked a mile long and a hundred feet high, a great flat cake of solid ice, shaped like a big country barn with a sloping roof—enough to supply New York all summer. Where the water had cut the grooves there were exquisite tones of blue and green. Nearly all of the bergs showed projecting ledges under water, light green in color. It was one of those ledges that was supposed to have cut into the vitals of the Titanic.

"Now and then a crash was heard, and a berg would begin to wabble and sway like a drunken man—sometimes to lose its balance and topple over into the sea with a noise like the crash of a big gun, causing a veritable tidal wave. Here and there near the shores a berg had gone aground, sometimes making a difficult entrance to some little harbor."

Favor Compulsory Compensation.

San Francisco.—One of the most important questions touched upon at the sessions of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen was compulsory compensation for injuries sustained in the course of duty. A majority of the delegates favor a federal act, and the whole matter probably will be placed in the hands of the executive committee with instructions to urge action by congress.

Turns Mine Into Incubator.

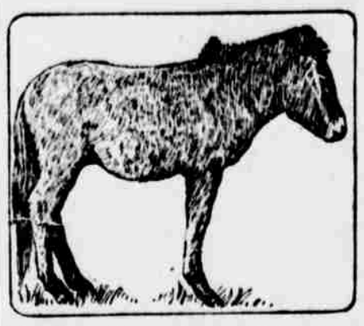
Big Run, Pa.—Twenty-one healthy chickens were hatched in a basket which contained 23 eggs when placed over a hot spring in a small room of the Eleanor mine here by Superintendent London. The temperature of the unique incubator varies less than a degree the year 'round.

DIFFERENT TYPES OF HORSE

Men of Science Have Recently Taken Up Study of Origin and to Differentiate Characteristics.

Horse breeding has been followed as a trade ever since animals were first domesticated, but the study of types has only quite recently been taken up by men of science with a view of ascertaining the origin of the species and to differentiate their characteristics. As a result of this study, based upon these anatomical differences and variations which have resulted from wide geographical distribution, and which probably originated in early geographical times, it may be accepted that there are four families or species of horses.

The first type in this classification is the Celtic horse, found on the west coast of Norway, known as the Fjord



The Prejevalsky Horse, Specimens of Which Are Now Being Bred in the New York Zoological Gardens.

horse in Iceland, Faeroe, Barra, and other small islands of the outer Hebrides in northern Scotland, on the Shetland Isles, and in Connemara or northern Ireland. There has also been found a close kinship between the Celtic horse and the true Tarpan horse of Russia.

The second type of horses is the Prejevalsky, found in a wild state on the steppes of central Asia. There are a few of these in England on the estate of the duke of Bedford, and several specimens are being bred in the New York zoological gardens. The Prejevalsky horse is of a red brown color with a light "mealy" nose, has a large head in proportion to his body, and is "cat hamed," and less powerful than the Celtic horse. Some writers have assumed that the Tarpan and the Prejevalsky horses belong to the same family, but this is not now accepted, on account of their marked differences, the most conspicuous of which is that the Prejevalsky has the callosities on his hind legs. In this family it usually takes the form of a narrow strip and not drop-shaped as is common with other horses. There has been a suggestion that this little horse only 12 hands high, is the living example of the original ancestor of the draft horses of Europe, but it seems highly improbable, inasmuch as fossils of the draft type have been found showing its great antiquity, and I am

Celtic Pony Developed in Norway for Show Purposes. He Shows the Characteristic Black Mark Down His Mane.

more inclined to believe that these big types are a species by themselves and shall call this family the third type. This horse is known to science as the Forest horse, because he originally obtained his food by browsing on shrubs and low trees.

The Arab or African horse forms the fourth type in our classification. His food is the grasses that grow on the ground, and his home has always been the open plains and hillsides remote from forests. Therefore his head is articulated on his cervical vertebra at an obtuse angle, thus forming "Hogarth's line of beauty." This set of the head has long been recognized by breeders as a constituent element of beauty.—H. K. Bush-Brown, in American Breeder's Magazine.

Raise More Live Stock.

An exchange points out that our farmers should raise more live stock if they expect to keep up the fertility of their soils. In Germany there is one head of live stock for each 3.6 acres of land; in Denmark one for 4 acres; in France one for 4.3 acres; in England one for 5.3 acres, but in the United States it takes 12.1 acres to support one head of live stock. If we are to keep down the cost of living we must keep more live stock per acre and farm our lands better.

BOILED EGGS BETRAY THEM

Nationality of Diners Is Shown in Their Various Method of Eating.

Sherlock Holmes might have figured this out, but he did not!

The average Englishman will always demand his egg boiled just three minutes, then he places it in an egg cup, just large enough to have the egg fit it, taps the top of the shell, and removes the broken shell with his fingers. The egg is eaten a spoonful at a time.

A Frenchman, much like the Englishman, likes his eggs of three minutes, exactly. He then "peels" them, places them in a glass, stirs and mixes well together with salt, pepper and butter. He makes a practice of dipping bread into the mixture, and eating it along with the eggs.

A Spaniard wouldn't think of letting his egg boil more than one minute. He then breaks it, and lets the contents run into a glass, and consumes it as if he were drinking a glass of wine.

An egg is only fit in an Italian's estimation when it has been placed in cold water, and removed just as the water beings to boil. He then breaks it, pours it on a plate, and proceeds to sop it up with bread.

The German, like the Italian, demands his eggs as near the liquid state as possible. He breaks his eggs in an unsightly cup, and scoops the liquid out as if it were soup.

The American is about the only one who prefers his eggs boiled hard. When they are served up to him, he knifes them in half, removes the contents into a glass, after which he adds a plentiful supply of pepper, butter and salt. He then minces the eggs fine, mixing them well with the spices, and eats them with his toast.

Catching Flies Pays Well.

Catching flies is affording a Shreveport (La.) man a profitable and independent living. He sells them to the city board of health. His name is Bartsch, and his net revenue from the fly industry for the first two days of a recent week was $24.20. When the health board began offering premiums for the flies, dead or alive, Bartsch purchased about 100 traps and placed them in fly-ridden sections of the city. Then he began making inroads on the health board's exchequer, and so well did he operate that he bore the market price down from 50 cents to 20 cents a quart, for it is by that measure that the board purchases. Bartsch is still working, and he will work as long as the treasury holds out. He finds fly catching pays.

Broken Heart Caused Death.

A broken heart, caused by violent beating due to sudden emotion, was said by a doctor to be responsible for the death of Alexander Burness, sixty-four, a master tailor, at a London inquest. Burness fell and died during an altercation with a foreman cutter as to the ownership of certain articles which he was about to remove from his former premises to new ones.

Ambiguous.

"That actor has such finish in his work."

"Well, I'd like to see his finish."

The man who depends entirely on the push of those who are back of him will seldom get to the front.

England's Oldest Bowling Green.

Which is our oldest recreation? There are not wanting archeoligists who profess to be able to trace references to football and baseball on Egyptain moral tablets. However, when it comes to actual records, the fine old English game of bowls would appear to be as old as any.

Southampton, Eng., has records showing that one of the local bowling greens was in existence in 1299.

Many interesting customs are associated with the game on this historic green. Every summer a "fire jack" competition is held, and an order of knighthood is conferred on the winner, who kneels in the center of the green while the other players gather round him and the master touches him with a sword and dubs him "sir."

London and Its Lumber.

London is the most conservative city in Europe, if not in the world. It loves its lumber. You may still see those notices attached to lamp posts which announces "Standing for Four Hackney Carriages," or whatever the number may be, though for ten years (in one case, to my own knowledge for twenty-five) no vehicles of any kind have stood there. Perhaps it is as well that these relics should remain; they are a tiny part of our social history. They will probably remain when we are flying to dinner or the theater in omni-aeros. By that time people won't know what "hackney carriage" meant, and there will be discussions in the "Notes and Queries" of the period. For each generation hands down to the next certain nuts to crack.

To Identify the Corpse.

In the blanks which life insurance companies provide their medical examiners for use in recording the data of the examination of the applicant for insurance, they provide a space for personal marks which may be used to identify the insured after death. A western company recently received a report from an examining physician with the following in the identification blank: "He has a strong Cornish accent."—Lippincott's.

Good Magnet.

Helper—We're going to have a big crowd here, and it'll be some job to keep 'em moving.

Manager—That'll be easy. Take down the rear exit sign, post up the word "Free," and they'll all bolt for it. —Judge.

Athletic.

"Miss Corker does a great deal of fancy work."

"With her needle, you mean?"

"Shucks, no! On the horizontal bars."

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