THRILLING RIDE ON A FE

Comradeship

MY RAYS BROWNIES SHERWINGS.

Comrade, tried in bettles many, On the far outports of time. Tell me, Comrade, is there any Sign or signal so soldline
As the name we name each other
Halting in the ranks to-day:
"Comrade," like the name of mother, How it charms all cares away.

Comrade | in all sorts of weather, In the aurishine in the snow, We have shared our crusts together We have fought the furious for: We have feit the bullets raking. Standing by each other tree.
While the sad old earth was shaking.
Side by side we struggled through.

We have shared each other's sorrow, We have shared each other's joy. When it seemed that no to-morrow Could our hearts and hands employ: We have supped with death and danger When defeat has laid us low: Shared our exile with the stranger,

The Old Tars Astir.

John H. Clamer, U. S. S. Wabash 227 Court street, Elizabeth, N. J., was leased to see the article about boundes to sailors by Comrade Ronan, and says that the injustice meeted out to sailors in respect to bounty is in every wise true; that the sailors stood as firmly by their guns in time of danger as did the army all the heavy bombardments of our fleets stand in answer. There was no such thing as coffee-cooling or getting away back in the woods out of range for the sailor, as some of the soldier-haters are continually harping on. On board a man-of-war every soul has his particular duty to attend through fire and smoke, and he must stand until knocked down or the battle is over. It is true Uncle Sam paid them their wages, but it was in greenbacks worth out one-third of their actual value. The writer has written several Senators and Congressmen on the subject, but to no purpose. Their best friend, the lamented Logan, is gone. He stood up manfully for the sailor's rights. They make the excuse of witholding bounty from sailors because they got prize oney, when the fact is that not one oney and many got none at all.

Those who were fortunate enough to be on those light gingerbread crafts hat were not worth anything for fightng, but were good enough for catching blockade runners, got most of the ize-money. He hopes that the old tars will stir themselves, and see that get their dues. He would like to have Comrade John Ronan's address.

The Battle of Winchester.

H. S. Albert, Company I, Ninety-first Ohio, Coatesville, Mo., has been laughing in his sleeve at the writings of some the Sixth Corps comrades on the nandoah Vailey, and the Eighth rps, but was delighted to see the true hits of Comrade Howe of the Thirtyfourth Ohio, and wishes to add his tesmony as to his truthfulness, says the National Tribune. He would like to ask what corps it was that charged seven times across the field at Winchester, Sept. 19, 1864. History says that It was the Eighth corps; in other words, Gen. Crook's Kanawha Division of the army of West Virginia. In, fact, the historian says: "When we heard unearthly yells of Gen. Crook's Kanawha Division, well we knew that many a brave man would fall, as we had known them to have been tested without repulse on many a bloody field." The writer's company west into the above named battle with forty men and came out with twenty. As to marching, no one in the United States will claim that any corps could outmarch the Eighth. The writer hopes the men of the old Sixth corps will remember there were others who helped put down the rebellion, and even helped the Sixth corps out of their troubles as well. He thinks if some of the writer of the Sixth corps will read history, they will find that the Eighth corps received about as much credit as any other corps in the army.

The Use of Dynamite.

Lancelot L. Scott, Eighteenth Ohio, Nashville, Ohio, writes: "I take great interest in the many improvements being made in armor, guns and ammunition, and have watched the experiments with dynamite in shells closely. It seems to me that dynamite would be found unreliable in a winter campaign for offensive operations, as it freezes at dorty-two degrees, and when in that state will often miss fire. As its freezing point is far above that of water, a very slight exposure to cold will chill 4t. I use fifty pounds of it daily in mining operations, and find that it chills about the 1st of November in the latitude of southern Ohio, and when required for use has to be artificially thawed during all of the winter."

Hotel Andersonville.

Hiram F. Daniels, Birmingham, Mich., mys that as the prisoner-of-war bill as again been introduced in the House he thinks that it is time for everyone to commence making a demand for ant has been due for years to this ass of soldiers, as it is a disgrace to he Government to ignore such a bill. fter being a prisoner for six months n the South, together with eight mem-Company D, Twenty-second a most wonderful chas

Audresonville hatel about the last of 1804. The place was on the cast able, parallel to the senth gate, about 100 feet from the line upon which no man dared to trespass. this point they bearded for about als months, and what their quarters were con may guess, as they were immerse. They dug a well, which was one of the first getting good water, and then they built a bake-oven, making it out of red clay, and used it for taking those large icaves of bread made from those large planks of coarse corn meal. When they could get out to the wood-yard, or bone yard, to get wood they ran a wholesale business Out of the nine members of Co. D., but three lived to return home. Every ex-prisoner should write to his Representative and urge upon him the justice of this bill.

Chickness Bayon.

Samuel Ward, Co. I. Sixty-eighth Ohio, Centralia, Mo., says that in the issue of Aug. 27, 1801, in answer to Comrade Tisdale of the Twenty-ninth Missouri, as to the losses in F. P. Riuir's Brigade at the charge on the rebel breastworks at Chick saw Bayon, Dec. 29, 1862, he gave the Thirtieth Missouri instead of the Fifty eighth Ohio, as belonging to that brigade. As the Fifty-eighth was there, and lost their Colonel (Deister) and nearly all of the commissioned officers of the regiment, while nearly the whole regiment was killed, wounded or captured, he thinks they were there for a certainty. The writer's bunkmate, John A. Meyers, was wounded and taken prisoner, and died in Vicksburg shortly after. -Am. Tribune.

A Well-Conducted Home.

H. B. Booth, Twenty-seventh Iowa, Mona, Iowa, writes: "While in Minneapolis during the late Encampment I made a visit to the Soldiers' Home, located near Minnehaba Falls and Fort Snelling. The location is one of great beauty, being on an elevation of 100 feet between Minnehaha creek and Mississippi river. The day I was there there were 204 soldiers in the Home, and I was told by the Commandant that they had room for 100 more. There are six large buildings, all built at a cost of several thousand dollars to the State. Minnesota has done a grand thing for her dependent soldiers. And I notice by the press-that two resolutions were passed at the encampment to admit wives of soldiers that were dependent, and also to make the home a national one. The adjutant told me there were about forty in the hospital building, and it required a nurse constantly to care for some of them. The mortality is about one per month. Now, Minnesota boys, and all others, when you go to the Twin cities take the electric cars for Minnehaha Falls at Minneapolis; this will carry you to the home."

A Wanderer for Many Years,

L. Benedict, Company B, One Hundred and Eighty-ninth New York, Niles, New York, says that Lyman Baker and his son, Edwin, enlisted in the Eighty-fifth New York. They lived in the little valley called Ube Dam. The Eighty-fifth were taken prisoners at Plymouth, N. C. The father afterward reached home, but the son was never heard from. The mother procured a dependent pension for the loss of her dead son. Lyman also applied, and was pensioned. The son (Edwin) escaped from Andersonville; re-enlisted in the Thirty-first New York, and served out his time. Instead of coming home wandered away, as he states, and spent a number of years traveling with Barnum's and Forepaugh's circuses, and at last took a whaling voyage of four years. What brought this man home finally was that he applied for pension, and found that his mother was already drawing a pension upon his death. He came home recently and went to his father's, after which he went to his sister, who was living near by. In conversing he asked after the old residents, and when his sister inquired who he was, and when told that he was Lyman Baker's son Edwin, was told that that could not be, as Ed was dead. He brought up many incidents to the sister which took place while they were children, and removed all doubts as to his identity.

A New Butler Story.

President Plympton told a good story of Gen. Butler at the banquet at Young's last night. It seems that directiv after the battle of Chickamauga a "Johnny" went about the streets of New Orleans assosting every man who wore the blue with "Didn't Stonewall Jackson give you h-1 at Chickamauga?" Gen. Butler called the exultant rebel before him, and told him he could either take the oath of allegiance or go to Ship Island for two years. Johnny deliberated, but finally agreed to take the oath. When he had sworn to support the Constitution he turned to Gen. Butler and exclaimed: 'Now we are both loyal citizens, ain't we. General?"

"Well, I trust so," said Gen. Butler. "Then," said Johnny, "I want to ask you if Stonewall Jackson didn't give us h-l at Chickamanga?"

A Remarkable Change. A comrade of the Thirteenth Iowa having seen an article on Christian soldiers in a recent issue, states a case somewhat different to the one mentioned as belonging to the Pennsylvania Reserves. He says Dan McKinister of Company A, Fifteenth Iowa was a "devil-may-care" fellow who feared neither man or the Old Harry. Dan was a celebrated forager, but a fine soldier. He was the last person one would suppose "amazing grace" would ever find. But at the last Reunion of Crocker's Iowa brigade, to which brigade the Fifteenth belonged for over three years, Dan appeared. He was an entirely changed man, and said he worked for a living, but devoted considerable time to preaching and praying, which, to all who knew him, was

Mich, we were given quarters at the ON SAKE

ICE FLOE

Ferrible Story from the Land of the Aurora A Hunter Spends Almost a Month in Hourty Expectation of Death Bear Meat for Diet.

There had been pinched times at Pi-kenbik, a little island in the far North. Not any real starvation, but oftentimes rations so slow that to catch any game chatever, even a little seal, thrill of loy among the poor natives, while to capture a walrus would have been enough to have made them indulge in the wildest festivities, only the Esquiman method of showing delight was simply to grin; they grinned a little when they got a seal, and would



cave nearly grinned their heads off had they got the walrus. So far that winter they had not done much grinning. Day or night, fair or stormy, wind in shore or off, the hunters had walked the ice edge looking for walrus, bu not valrus were found.

The gale at times was fearfully in-tense, and those who slept in their little snow-houses near the sea could hear the terrible ripping sound as piece after piece of ice broke from the shore, and there were many thoughts for the hunters out in the storm, and hopes that they were not on these most un

stable ships.

On one of these stormy nights an Esquimau hunter was walking on the ice watching for walrus. In front of him was the appearance of a small sub-merged reef, which he identified by the bulging up of the ice over it when the was low, and this he thought be a good anchor the shore ice to place, or else he would not be in such an unsafe place during such a terrific wind off shore. When the tide was low this was safe enough, but as the ice only formed ten or twelve feet at its thickest, and as the tide rose and fell over twenty feet, he did not know the top of the reef could not touch even the bottom of the ice when at high tide, so his anchor of rock would be useless. The poor savages seldom do much thinking that requires addition and subtraction, even when their lives are in danger.

Shoo Roke—for such was the Esquimau hunter's name—thought he w an object near the reef that might be a wairus, but, when he crept nearer, he found that it was only a large quantity of seaweed, a sind of pulp, very plentiful in the Arctic re-gions, that had been washed up on an ice cake, and, as it moved up and down, it deceived even the expert Esquimau hunter in the dim light.

As he was turning to go back toward the shore, with a grunt in Es-quimau for "angry"—the strongest expression they use when disap-pointed—he heard a terrible noise behind him like the roar of thunder, and which the poor fellow knew at once to be the giving way of the ice on which he stood. With what rapidity he could master he ran to one end, but there saw a very wide channel of water, and to his chagrin saw that, had he gone to the other end, he might have saved himself, for the floe had swung around that corner as on a pivot; but by the time he reached the end of the long floe it was too late, and he dared not attempt the jump, for none of the Esquimaux know how to swim, and it would have been certain death had he fallen into the water.

All that he could do was to wait

until his ship should reach the edge of solid ice, and then make his way home as best he could. This depended wholly on whether he was able to hold out and keep from starvation, or his home did not break to pieces and tumble into the water. Many of his friends he knew had drifted out to sea in this way, some absent many days, and some, he bitterly remembered, never

As the Esquimau people are accustomed to the greatest hardships, they are not accustomed to sit down and bemoan their fate on an occasion of this kind. Shoo Roke at once commenced to look around him, and was greatly surprised to see a dark object on the



IT WAS HIS SLEDGE AND DOOS

Walking over to it, he was aston shed to see it was his light sledge and four dogs. The poor dogs, lightly fed for many a day, had curled up in a bunch and were so comfortable that they had not moved. Shoo Rokeo. out his snow knife, that all B men and boys carry with

a snow-house, in which he wi to protect bisself from the the gale, which sent the ying clear across his open bonk all another to protect his past for in case of necessity they produce his life, sheletons

though they were.

Four long days he fasted, seeing no game he could reach, when to his delight he saw a valeus, and, arming imself with his spear, he crept up slay it, but only disappeditment awaited him, for the wairon escaped, and again he went to bed supperless, still hoping to save the dogs by killing game. He hardly had closed his eyes when he besid a great noise of his dogs barking and spariing at something. Grasp his spear he rushed out and found **Cleuxping** dogs had brought to bay accuted the Polar bear. The bear had scented the had brought to bay a fair sized camp and was investigating when he woke up the dogs. Undaunted, Shoo Roke attacked him, and after being nearly killed by a ferocious charge from the creature, he got a thrust in the bear's neck that ended him. So the subject of food was settled for a long time. While he was cutting up the first bear be happened to look around and saw that his sledge and snow-house has disappeared, and built another new floe. Many a day he sat perched on top of his little snow-house watching for land, and at last he was surprised and gladdened to see it to the eastward, although he had been watching in the direction of his old home, toward the north, and when morning broke he was

not over fifty yards from land.

He had been over a moon at sea.

(They reckon time from one full moon to another.) It did not take him long to reach the shore, and shortly afterward he met an Esquiman with whom he could speak, but still with difficulty understood. He found he was on the great Island of Sed-luk (Southampton). of which his tribe had a half fable knowledge. The natives treated him kindly, but as the ice was breaking up and these new friends had no good boats, he was compelled to wait until the next winter to cross the ice to his home, 200 or 300 miles to the northward.

When he reached home his friends were frightened almost to death by his appearance, for he had been given up long since as dead. He had been gone within a month or two of a year, and his return was regarded as little short of a miracle, and is still regarded by the natives of North Hudson Bay as one of the wonderful escapes of the many they have from drifting to sea on

FIGHT WITH A BEAR.

Tunkahaona Creek the Scene of Another Thrilling Encounter.

Abraham Nott, who lives on Tunkahanna Creek near Scranton, Pa., car-ried a half bushel basket full of pork to his son William's house on Laurel Run, two miles distant, recently. His route led through woods and choppings. Late in the afternoon he filled the basket with tools and started for home. Near the edge of the Old Swamp he



SMIFFING AT THE BASKET placed the basket near a tree and went off some distance to gather evergreens to take home, says a correspondent of the New York Sun. When he returned to the path he saw a bear sniffing at the basket. He yelled at the bear three or four times, but the bear only glared him awhile and then seized bale of the basket in his teeth and waddled toward the swamp. Nott grabbed a club and chased the bear. In the swamp the brute dropped the basket, faced his pursuer, growled savagely. Not was about to strike at the animal with his club when it struck him on the left shoulder and sent him aprawling in the bushes In-

stead of repeating the attack, the bear turned, took the bale in his teeth, and waddled off again. Nott gave chase, overtook the bear, and pounded him on the back. The bear dropped the basket, turned on Nott and knocked the club out of his

hands. Nott then sprang past, grabbed the bale of the basket and started off on a run. Bruin overtook Nott soen and struck at him, but Nott took a nail hammer from the basket and hit bruin a stunning blow on the snout It made him wince and stagger for a moment, but he started after the running man, grinding his teeth and snarling, and chased Nott out of the swamp. By that time Nott had fumbled in the basket till he got hold of a pair of sheep shears. Seeing that the bear was still bent on regaining possession of the basket, Nott jammed It in the crotch of a sapling, an stabbed him in the neck with The bear sprang up and Nott stabbed him in the neck again. bear scratched at the wound with his hind foot and Nott stabbed him several times on the other side of the neck, the shears piercing the jugular vein the last time. The bear made several efforts to stand up, and then bled to death. Nott skinned the bear the next morning and left the carcass in the

woods. Superstitions About the Eister. The elster (pica caudata) is a bird that is respected and feared throughout South Germany. It belongs to the raven tribe, and is about the size of a dove, with black and white feathers and long pointed tail. It builds its nest in orchards and its life is sacred. If it is seen three times in succession on the same house top in a place remote from its home it is believed to be a sure sign of death in that house. If it flies over a house where anyone is ill and gives its peculiar cry the sick person is paties patient may recover.

IN WISCONSIN WILDS

THE SCENE OF A STRUGGLE WITH HUNGRY WOLVES

Benjamin Piper of Jefferson County that a Hatchrondth Rompe From Heing Torn to Pieces That He Will Not Some Forget.

Benjamin Piper, an old ploneer of Jefferson county Wisconsin, has bad a thrilling adventure with a pack of wolves. It was one evening during the winter while he was a winter while he was making his way was snow on the ground, and it had lasted long enough to make wolves un-usually flerce and savage with hunger. Piper had been warned by friends in Watertown not to attempt the trip, but he told them that he had not dightest fear. Numerous large timber



PIPER NEVER STOPPED PIGHTING.

wolves had been seen near these same forests through which Piper had to pass, but as they had not yet ventured to attack anyone, little attention had been paid to their presence. But now, in their desperate hunger and while lurking about for something to prey upon, some of them had discovered Plper, and at once set up a howl for their companions. But Piper was utterly in-different to their howls and walked boldly along.

Suddenly, just as he turned a sharp corner of the roadway among the dense timber, a large gray wolf walked across the road slowly and deliberately about two rods ahead of him, and then turned and leisurely recrossed to the side from where he came, swinging its tail aloft, and with the hair raised on its neck. It a'so howled in a dismal manner, as if to hurry up its companions, whose answers now began to come from many directions. Piper marched straight ahead as if nothing had happened, save that he picked up a good-sized club, intending to throw it at the animal should it approach him again. A mo-ment later the same wolf trotted out from the brush much nearer to him than before, and Piper hurled the club at the animal with fremendous force. But quickly stepping to one side and dodging the weapon, the wolf planted itself in the middle and was not dis-posed to move any further, but showed its teeth savagely and uttered more howls for its companions.

Piper now began to get frightened. He gathered sticks and stones, and burled them at the wolf until it was glad to get out of his way and let him proceed. But he knew from the sounds still coming behind him that a pack of the animals was on his trail and he would need to make haste or they would soon overtake him. He was a strong man and very fleet of foot, but he had no expectation of winning against a lot of wolves in a foot race, should they determine to pursue him. So he concluded that he must at once bring all his wits into play and, if possible, de-ceive them. The forest trees around him were rather small to climb and be safe among the branches, and he did not relish the idea of being kept up in a tree all night in such cold weather. The desperateness of the situation called to his mind a singular cave containing two narrow openings, and he concluded that it might afford him protection and give him a chance to de-fend himself. So away he hurried for the cave. It was now long after dusk, but the moon shone brightly, yet owing to the shadows of the trees Piper ex-perienced considerable difficulty in finding the entrance to the cavern. Before crawling into the narrow passageway he secured a large, heavy club to use should the wolves attempt to follow him into his retreat. He was scarcely a half-dozen feet inside ere he heard their horrible howls near the entrance, and saw their eyes like balls of fire glaring on him from 'he outside. At first they seemed d sinclined to follow after him, apparently fearing a

trap, but finally the boldest one started inside, and then all squeezed themselves into the opening until it was jammed tight. As the forward wolf came within his reach, Piper pounded it with his club until it was utterly disabled, but the great pressure of those from behind constantly brought the beads of others nearer and nearer. 'iper never stopped fighting, but whacked and beat and gouged and disabled wolf after wolf as they came within reach. But at length the entrance became so perfectly filled with wolves that they could neither get forward nor backward, while their savage howls resounded in the narrow place with such deafening effect that it made Piper tremble, and his sole thought was to get out and away from them. Groping around with his hands he found some good-sized, loose stones, with which he hastily filled in the opening just in front of the wolves as tightly as he could pack it, and then with club in hand, he crawled along and sought exit at the opposite entrance of the cavern. The dismal darkness prevented him from seeing anything, and it was some time before he-found the way The wolves did not know, or else had forgotten this entrance, and Piper left them liowling with fury, crowded into the narrow mouth of the cave at least sixty yards away from where he had emerged. He now made his way to the road again, and two hours later had reached home.

A few days later he visited the

envern, but found nothing save a few bones, the dead and wounded wolves having been, as he supposed, eaten up by their ravenous companions.

THE PASTEST SPEED.

Curtous Calculation of the Distance a Pen Point Travels.

The fastest time in which a tenin bas been known to travel a mile is fortynine seconds and a fraction. To accomplish the same distance the fastest bicyclist who has hitherto viction took two minutes and three quarters, or just about three times as long. An ice yacht has traveled a mile in one minute and ten seconds, a running horse in one minute and thirty five and one-half seconds, a torpedo beat in one minyte and fifty seconds, a steam yacht in tire minutes and twelve seconds and a fraction, and a senter on ice, with favora-ble wind behind him, in two minutes and twelve seconds and rather a larger fraction.

A rapid writer can write thirty words a minute. To do this he must draw his pen through the space of a rod, sixteen and one half feet. In forty minutes his pen travels a furlong, and in five hours and a third a full mile. He makes, on an average, sixteen curves or turns of the pen for each word written. Writing at the rate of thirty words per minute, he must make eight eurves to each second; in an hour, 28,-800; in five hours, 144,000, and in 300 days, working only five hours each day, be makes not less than 43,200,000 curves and turns of the pen!

The man who makes but 1,000,000 has done nothing remarkable; there are those who make four times that number. Here we have in the aggregate a mark soo miles long to be traced on paper by a single writer in a year. In making each letter of the alphabet we make from three o seven strokes of the pen-on an average, three and a half to four.

PLAYED THE ORGAN.

A Philadelphia Monkey Gives the Neighbors a Free Concert.

Lorenzo Vituardi is an Italian who lives in Philadelphia and pursues a variety of occupations, some seemingly incongruous, changing from grave to gay, according to the seasons, but by the adaptable son of fair Genoa all are zealously followed, and that he likes best which brings him the largest quantity of money for his labors.

In the more element seasons of the year Lorenzo is an industrious organ grinder, sometimes taking trips to suburban and rural points, and this occupation brings him in much revenue, and also serves to satisfy the finer and more seathetic sensibilities of his

In all of his long peregrinations for several years past he has been ably supported in charming and stimulating the liberal impulses of people by a faithful monkey named Vincenzo, whose preternatural wisdom and cunning have often forced a nickel or dime from the reluctant hand of the selfish and hard-hearted onlooker when all of Lorenzo's sweet organ strains had proven ineffectual. For some time past ooth organ and monkey have been in a state of desuctude in Lorenzo's room, owing to the inclement weather, and Lorenzo has been forced to another calling for his and Vincenzo's sustenance. Both he and the monkey have



THEY WERE ALL AT THE DOOR.

been rather despondent of late, owing to hard times.

A strange occurrence happened, however, the other night, which in Loren zo's eyes is a most significant and fa-vorable omen of organ weather and good business soon. He was obliged to be away all night from his room, and left the monkey quiet and sad, sitting in a corner, seemingly with no energy

Next morning early when he returned to his room the whole neighborhood beseiged the door of the house and asked him angrily why he had been annoying and keeping them awake half the night with his organ-playing, says the Philadelphia Times. Indeed, they were so fierce and bitter, in spite of his protestations that it was not he, that he was frightened. All the night, they said, the organ had been grinding out at intervals "Annie Rooney," rades." etc., until every one in the street was awake and shouting out maledictions at the player. Even while they were speak-'McClinty" came from the organ, and rushing upstairs to his room and un-locking his door he discovered Vincenzo, his monkey, turning the organ handle in the greatest of spirits.

The secret being revealed to the neighbors their anger gave way to mirth, and as such a thing had never happened before the superstitions Italian thinks that it is an omen of an early spring, when he can again return to his favorite occupation.

A Child's Remorse.

The childish idea of the manifests ion of justice is often very amusing. Not long ago a certain spirited small boy was forbidden to go out because of the disagreeable weather. Temptation proved too much for his tiny, halfledged virtue, however, and in a moment of weakness he disobeyed. A little later it began to snow in flurries, followed by hail, and his mother, hap pening to look out of the window, saw olm scurrying toward home with the most distressed expression on his puck-

ered-up countenance. "Oh, mamma, mamma!" he exclaimed bursting into the room and easting himself sobbingly into her arms, " never will be naughty again, never, never! Even God's throwing stones at