

ON THE CAKE OF

THRILLING RIDE ON A FROSTY ICE FLOE.

Terrible Story from the Land of the Aurora—A Hunter Spends Almost a Month in Hourly Expectation of Death—Near Hunt for Diet.

There had been pinched times at Pickenbik, a little island in the far North. Not any real starvation, but oftentimes rations so slow that to catch any game whatever, even a little seal, sent a thrill of joy among the poor natives.



A WIDE CHANNEL OF WATER.

They had nearly grinned their heads off had they got the walrus. So far that winter they had not done much grinning.

The gale at times was fearfully intense, and those who slept in their little snow-houses near the sea could hear the terrible ripping sound as pieces after piece of ice broke from the shore.

On one of these stormy nights an Esquimaux hunter was walking on the ice watching for walrus. In front of him was the appearance of a small submerged reef, which he identified by the bulging up of the ice over it when the tide was low.

Shoo Roke—for such was the Esquimaux hunter's name—thought he saw an object near the reef that might be a walrus, but when he crept nearer, he found that it was only a large quantity of seaweed, a kind of pulp, very plentiful in the Arctic regions.

As he was turning to go back toward the shore, with a grunt in Esquimaux for "angry"—the strongest expression they use when disappointed—he heard a terrible noise behind him like the roar of thunder.

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.

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As the Esquimaux 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 DOGS.

floe. Walking over to it, he was astonished to see it was his light sledge and four dogs.

IN WISCONSIN WILDS

THE SCENE OF A STRUGGLE WITH HUNGRY WOLVES.

Benjamin Piper of Jefferson County Had a Hairbreadth Escape From Being Torn to Pieces That He Will Not Soon Forget.

Benjamin Piper, an old pioneer of Jefferson county Wisconsin, has had a thrilling adventure with a pack of wolves. It was one evening during the winter while he was making his way home from Watertown on foot.

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.

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.

Piper now began to get frightened. He gathered sticks and stones, and hurled them at the wolf until it was glad to get out of his way and let him proceed.

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.

He 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.

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THE FASTEST SPEED.

Curious Calculation of the Distance a Pen Point Travels.

The fastest time in which a train has been known to travel a mile is forty-nine seconds and a fraction. To accomplish the same distance the fastest bicyclist who has hitherto ridden took two minutes and three quarters, or just about three times as long.

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 and his pen travels a furlong, and in five hours and a third a full mile.

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 not miles long to be traced on paper by a single writer in a year.

PLAYED THE ORGAN.

A Philadelphia Monkey Gives the Neighbors a Free Concert.

Lorenzo Vituroli 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 his occupation brings him in much revenue, and also serves to satisfy the finer and more aesthetic sensibilities of his nature.

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.

Next morning early when he returned to his room the whole neighborhood besieged 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.

The childish idea of the manifestation of justice is often very amusing. Not long ago a certain spirited small boy was forbidden to go out because of the disagreeable weather.

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

A Child's Remorse.

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CONRADT.

BY RAY BROWNE GREENWOOD.

Comrade tried in better many, On the far antipodes of time, Tell me, Comrade, is there any Sign of signal or sublime As the same we name each other Halting in the ranks to-day?

Comrade! in all sorts of weather, In the sunshine in the snow, We have shared our crusts together We have fought the furious foe; We have felt the bulwark raking, Standing by each other true; 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 sipped with death and danger When defeat has laid us low; Shared our exile with the stranger, Love alone to ease the blow.

The Old Tars Astr.

John H. Clamer, U. S. S. Wabash 227 Court street, Elizabeth, N. J., was pleased to see the article about bounties to sailors by Comrade Ronan, and says that the injustice meted out to sailors in respect to bounty is in every way 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 to, 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 about 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 withholding bounty from sailors because they got prize money, when the fact is that not one in twenty got as much as \$10 in prize money and many got none at all.

Those who were fortunate enough to be on those light gingerbread crafts that were not worth anything for fighting, but were good enough for catching blockade runners, got most of the prize-money. He hopes that the old tars will stir themselves, and see that they 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 of the Sixth Corps comrades on the Shenandoah Valley, and the Eighth Corps, but was delighted to see the true bits of Comrade Howe of the Thirty-fourth Ohio, and wishes to add his testimony 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 the 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 went 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 forty-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 it. 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., says that as the prisoner-of-war bill has again been introduced in the House he thinks that it is time for everyone to commence making a demand for what has been due for years to this class of soldiers, as it is a disgrace to the Government to ignore such a bill. After being a prisoner for six months in the South, together with eight members of Company D, Twenty-second

Mich., we were given quarters at the Andersonville hotel about the last of March, 1864. The place was on the east side, parallel to the south gate, about 130 feet from the line upon which no man dared to trespass. At this point they boarded for about six months, and what their quarters were you may guess, as they were immense. 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 baking those large loaves 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.

Chickamauga Bayou Samuel Ward, Co. I, Sixty-eighth Ohio, Centralia, Mo., says that in the issue of Aug. 27, 1861, in answer to Comrade Tisdale of the Twenty-ninth Missouri, as to the losses in F. P. Blair's Brigade at the charge on the rebel breastworks at Chickamauga Bayou, 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 (Delister) 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, Monn, Iowa, writes: "While in Minneapolis during the late Encampment I made a visit to the Soldiers' Home, located near Minnehaha 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 directly 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—l 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 Chickamauga?"

A Remarkable Change.

A comrade of the Thirtieth 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 forger, 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 a most wonderful change.

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