CHILDREN IN CUBAN ARMY

BABY MARTYRS TO THE CAUSE OF LIBERTY.

The Little Ones March Beside Their Fathers and Their Wan Eyes Have Looked Upon Terrible Scenes of Carnage and Death.

There is no more pathetic feature in the war between Cuban and Spain than the actual presence of children upon the battle field. The awful massacre of the Cubans by starvation as well as by bullet and sword has numbered among its victims many child martyrs to the cause of liberty.

There are little ones in the insurgent camps today whose playthings are cartridge shells; whose lullaby is the trumpet call and the noise of battle. This revolution must always live in history as one which numbers in its list of martyrs baby patriots whose blood has stained their country's soil with that of their fathers and mothers.

These children die, most of them, from fever and insufficient food. They are gaunt little specters of childhood. Their wan eyes have looked upon terrible scenes of carnage and death. Some of them die on the field, where they march beside their fathers with tiny hands clasping some implement of war. Others are stricken down with machetes or trampled upon by horses' hoofs in the wild charge of the insurgent army.

And these little martyr souls pass away with a mother's prayer or a mother's arms around them. Their requiem is the cry of "Cuba Libre," echoing from dying lips. Their little bodies lie unburied beneath the southern sun, until heaven in benediction marks their resting places with Cuba's most fragrant bloom of lilies and roses, springing from the very life blood of these infant warriors.

The presence of women and children on the field of battle has been used as a reproach by the enemies of Cuba. There have been stories of armies of "Amazons"—described as rough masculine creatures leading the men on with their fury.

To those who know the real nature of the Cuban women these stories seem like fairy tales. The women of Cuba are intensely feminine in their natures—domestic, womanly creatures, fond of their children, to whom they devote themselves from babyhood.

The Cuban baby is a veritable monarch in the home of its parents, and in times of peace the education and the guidance of the child almost constitute its mother's whole existence. The presence of women and their children on the field of battle is only due to the fact that every Cuban insurgent knows the Spanish volunteer will wreak his vengeance on women and children left unprotected in the towns. It is for this reason that whole families have fought together—children side by side with their parents—baby hands sometimes loading and reloading rifles for the men and women.

A Cuban boy or a Cuban girl can often handle a machete with as much skill as a man—much more dextrously than the average American who takes up the weapon—considering its weight and apparent clumsiness. But the machete is really a household implement in the homes of the Cubans. It is used much as a hatchet is used in an American household, but with a far greater diversity of uses. The Cuban boy can peel a cocoanut with a machete as easily as an American boy peels an apple with a jackknife. The machete is used to cut sugar cane, to trim vines and to cut the great cacti and palms that abound upon the island—giants in their growth.

There have been many child martyrs to the Cuban war for liberty. There are only a few names written on the death rolls, for the children have not been counted in with the soldiers. Somewhere in heaven, maybe, the names of those little ones are written in gold.

One case comes to my memory, that of Jose Priest, a 15-year-old boy living with his mother and two sisters in Havana. His father was upon the field and the boy helped to support his mother by selling fruit and flowers along the Prado. I had bought many bunches of roses from him and had heard many bits of news from the field which he would whisper to me as he stopped each evening at the vindow of the Hotel Ingleterra with his wares. This boy died like a hero during my stay in Cuba.

It was at the time when the lack of ammunition was driving the insurgents to desperation. Several filibustering expeditions, carrying arms and ammunition in plenty, had been prevented from landing within the month, and the condition of affairs was desperate. And it is this fact that makes the machete charges of the insurgents the wildest and most terribly picturesque forms of of battle.

The men sometimes faced their foes with only one bullet apiece to fight with. When this had been sent into the face of the Spanish volunteers—untrained and weakened from marching thro' swamps—the insurgents would raise their machetes in the air, and with the cry of liberty on their lips, tears streaming from their eyes in the desperate realization of their position—they would charge, a-horse and a-foot, upon the very muzzles of the Spanish muskets, carrying all before them in the fury of the charge, hewing down the volunteers like sugar cane.

One night Jose told me that his father had sent a message that he had been so near Havana the night before that he had set his watch by the evening bells. "And I am going to see him tomorrow," he said, and showed me the letter, written in Spanish, that had come from the field appealing for aid from the city—especially asking for ammunition.

The next day Jose took a load of fruit out toward Matanzas. The mule moved slower than ever under his panniers, for they were filled with cartridges. It was long afterwards that I heard the boy's story. Towards nightfall, when he had nearly reached the insurgents' camp, the tired little beast refused to proceed further under its heavy pack, in spite of persuasion and even blows. Jose loosened the bags from the mule's back and slung them over his own shoulders. Where before he had been only a peasant peddler, he was now a suspicious looking person, and was sure to be detected if he was seen by anyone. He stumbled on in the darkness, realizing his danger, but determined to reach his father. He fell many times in that journey; his clothing was torn from his tired legs, but he plodded on until a sentry's challenge rang out somewhere in the night. Then he started to run, still carrying that heavy load; but two shots whizzed after him, one striking his shoulder. He hid behind rocks by the roadside until the lazy, half drunken Spanish sentries had ridden away; then he started on again.

He reached the campfire of the insurgent detachment, where his father was waiting his coming, and fell forward at the feet of the surprised men, whispering that he had brought the bullets—and the loaves of white bread that his mother had sent, and a flask of red wine. The boy died two days later, his wound inflaming and fever setting in as a result of that terrible journey thro' the marshes.

Hueda Hernandez was one of the girl victims of the war. She was only 11 years old, and lived at Cardenas. She was playing one day with some children, when a stranger approached and asked her to carry a package to some one in the town. The little one innocently consented, and was on her way to the house indicated when she was arrested and the package seized. It happened to contain letters from an insurrectio to a woman relative. Hueda was charged with conspiracy against the government, and was cast into a foul prison. I do not know her ultimate fate.

The children of Cuba have suffered by this awful war as never children have before. War devastates homes and leaves hearthstones desolate in all cases, but this has been a war of extermination. In the children of Cuba Spain sees another generation of Cubans, even stronger in their patriotism than their fathers, who have gladly given their lives in the cause of liberty.

Every Cuban boy and girl—every baby—has been looked upon as a menace to the Spaniard. These children must never be allowed to grow to manhood and womanhood—strong in their love of country, with the memories of the ten years' war and all the wrongs and hassocres that their parents have suffered in this war to avenge—so reasons the Spaniard.

And so it is that the children of Cuba have gone upon the battlefield to fight with their fathers. In the wonderful war that the Cubans have waged, holding their island in the face of an enemy three times their size, the child warriors have played an important part. Their innocent lives have been added to that vast altar upon which so many lives have been offered as a sacrifice.

KATE MASTERSON.

Smuggling By Mail.

The latest form of smuggling involves a knowledge of tariff laws that smacks of masculine interference in what is recognized as a feminine accomplishment. At any rate, women have found that samples are admitted free of duty, because they are not supposed to be bought or sold, and are only sent as a preliminary to a prospective purchase in order that the purchaser may form some idea of what he is buying. It has hence become a ruling passion with her to turn everything that she possibly can into a sample.

It would seem a little difficult to do this in the case of a pair of French kid gloves, but woman is not to be daunted when it comes to an exercise of wits, and the result proved her cleverness, for one woman in the vicinity of New York is certainly wearing a pair of French kid shoes for which she paid about $2 less than the legal price. She did it by the aid of a friend in Paris, who merely expressed or mailed one shoe at a time, taking care to send one a few days later than the other, so that they would not come over on the same steamer and fall under a customs inspector's eye at the same time. In each case, the single shoe was regarded as a sample, and passed on without comment.

This woman was so successful in evading the law in such an open and above-board manner that she has attempted the same ruse to get a certain kind of French corset which costs something like $8 in this country, but can be purchased in Paris for less than $5. The same friend will send half of the corset at first, and after waiting a day or two will send the other half. Of course, if the officials do not choose to regard these as samples, she will be out of pocket, but if they do so regard them, "that is their own funeral," according to her way of expressing it.

Meanwhile everything that comes in pairs is adaptable to the new method of smuggling, and no doubt American women will soon discover the possibility of obtaining Parisian gloves at ridiculously reduced rates.

Silk stockings, which the duty compels to sell at $4 and $5 a pair, can be had for half the price if the purchaser is willing to take them one at a time.

The Bicycle Rat.

Here is the champion bicycle rat. Indeed it is the only known bicycle rat. It is a rat with a fine indifference to models and gears. This rat has ridden a wheel 2,000 miles during the winter. This can be vouched for by Mr. William Wheeler, a miller of Smithtown, L. I., who owns the wheel whereon the record was made.

This particular rat is not only a record breaker, but he is a trick rider as well. You have seen a squirrel spin around on his cage wheel, apparently enjoying himself to the top of his bent.

The rat which rode Mr. Wheeler's wheel was apparently of the same stripe. His feat was accomplished on the front wheel of the miller's bicycle.

Some weeks ago the miller hung his wheel in the mill. One night recently he went to the mill and heard the clicking of the cyclometer on the wheel of his bicycle. He stepped over to see the cause of it, when a big rat sprang to the floor and disappeared. Mr. Wheeler looked and found that the cyclometer registered 220 miles, 110 of which were to his credit. Could the rat be responsible for the rest? Mr. Wheeler could not believe it.

A few days later he again went to the mill and found that the cyclometer marked 310 miles. When he made these facts known about Smithtown he was laughed at. He forgot about it for awhile. Then he was called to the mill one night for a late customer.

Again he heard the clicking of the cyclometer. He flashed his lantern suddenly on the wheel. He saw a big rat up near the front forks, kicking away for dear life, and the wheel was going at a good ten mile an hour gait.

The rat, perceiving the miller, at once sprang to the floor and made his escape. The cyclometer marked a shade over 2,110 miles. Deducting 110 miles for the miller, it left for the rat a clear margin of over 2,000 miles. Just how the rodent became ensnared with the fascination of the wheel is not known. Mr. Wheeler offers to back the little animal against any rat in the United States.

Willie, a 5-year-old youngster, was in the habit of complaining of his dinner, and one day his father said: "Willie, you should not find any fault with what is set before you. When I was your age I was thankful to get dry bread to eat." Willie finished his dinner in silence, but, as he climbed down from his chair he said: "Pa, ain't you awful glad you come to board with us?"

Eight of the most remarkable marriages on record took place within a few weeks in the parish of St. Marie, Quebec. Two neighbors, named Morin and Rheaume, have each eight children, four sons and four daughters. Rheaume's four sons have married Morin's four daughters and Morin's four sons have have married the daughters of Rheaume.

TORPEDOES AND THEIR POWER

Interesting Facts About These Implements of Death.

There was a time, and it was not so long ago, when torpedoes aroused the liveliest horror amid European nations. They were called barbarous engines of war, infernal machines which the law of nations should prohibit.

It may be that this was because the torpedo was an American invention. It was first used in warfare by the confederates during the rebellion, and it was found to be of extraordinary value. The confederates brought their torpedo service to a high state of perfection, considering the circumstances. But their engines were crude enough compared with those of the present day, which play an important part in every navy in the world.

Formerly a by torpedo was understood a watertight case in which was stored some explosive, usually gunpowder, which was exploded on contact with an enemy's vessel. Today there are torpedoes for water, for land and for air.

The modern torpedo is a case filled with dynamite, gun cotton or other high explosives that may be exploded at the will of the controlling party, on land, in the air or in the water, or by contact with the enemy's vessel.

When torpedoes are of the movable kind they are called automobile torpedoes. Those which are anchored or are stationary are called mines. If the Maine was blown up it was by an anchored torpedo. There are land mines as well as marine mines.

When torpedoes are thrown through the air they are called aerial torpedoes. These are the surest and most dangerous in their action. They have longer ranges, for one thing, but they have drawbacks. In the first place there is only one kind of machine that will project aerial torpedoes, and it has to be so placed that it is exposed to the fire of the enemy.

This machine is commonly called the Zalinski dynamite gun, although there are many officers who declare that it is wholly the invention of Mr. Medford of Ohio, who called in Lieutenant Zalinski to assist him in perfecting it.

There are six of these guns in the possession of the United States. Three are mounted at Sandy Hook and three at the Presidio, San Francisco.

Air is compressed by means of a steam engine into metallic cylinders. The projectile containing the gun cotton or dynamite in some form is placed in the gun and the air under high pressure is allowed to pass into the gun-chamber by automatic cutoffs, that prevent waste as soon as the projectile has moved a certain distance down the bore. The compressed air thus forms a cushion that propels without dangerous shock the projectile containing the explosive. The guns are made of thin metallic tubes, very long.

For distances of a mile or a little over the gun is marvelously accurate, but it cannot be depended upon for longer distances. This is a much greater range than that of any other torpedo, but the guns are of such great size that they cannot well be covered, and they are therefore an excellent target for the enemy.

An experiment shows the effect of 50 pounds of dynamite fired at a range of over a mile from an eight-inch gun. It took three shots to strike the sunken craft. The third destroyed her utterly. It is likely that the charge would have sunk any modern battleship had the projectile landed on the vessel's deck. The largest charge that is usually used is 250 pounds of dynamite or gun cotton. This will tear any ship it strikes to pieces.

There is nothing more uncanny or more ominous than those torpedoes which are shot out of the sides of ships. The spectacle of one of these things skimming through the water bent on deadly destructiveness is highly unpleasant.

For this kind of torpedo the means of propulsion are first from the ship and afterwards in the torpedo. Thus the propelling force of the Whitehead and Howell torpedoes is either compressed air or a small charge of gunpowder.

The Whitehead torpedo is a cigar-shaped affair with a little propellor at one end. The shell or case is of metal, from 15 to 25 feet long and from eight to fifteen inches in diameter.

It is divided into three comportments. The first contains the high explosive. The middle compartment is a strong air chamber with air under a pressure of 1,000 to 1,500 pounds to the square inch. The third or aft compartment contains the propelling apparatus, which is run by the air from the second. These torpedoes are shot from tubes either forward, aft or midships of a war vessel by means of compressed air. They travel with a velocity of 20 to 30 knots an hour for about 800 yards. The torpedo is exploded by impact against the sides of a ship.

The Howell automobile torpedo is launched from a pivot rear device. It is sent out by means of a small discharge of gunpowder in the side tubes, which gains admission to the main tube through ports in the rear of the torpedo, and drives it forth without shock or noise or fouling from powder residuum.

The driving force is a heavy steel fly wheel, which is spun up preliminary to discharge to about 9,000 revolutions per minute. The wheel begins to revolve at this high momentum directly the torpedo is discharged. Its range is about the same as that of the Whitehead torpedo.

The disaster to the Maine has caused much to be written about marine mines. This is a form of torpedo which has become reasonably familiar. The modern mines, operated with electricity, arranged in groups upon a charted channel, are an outgrowth of the old self-acting mechanical mine.

It was made of a barrel covered with pitch and filled with high explosives. On the top, in a hollow, was a solid shot. This was connected with friction primers by means of a chain. The ordinary swaying of the waves would not dislodge the shot, but if it was struck by a vessel it was bound to be jarred from its place and explode the mine.

The torpedoes which can be controlled from the shore are dangerous enough. The Low torpedo has a range of nearly half a mile. The boat is started, stopped and steered by means of electricity, it is carried over wires that constantly reel and unreel automatically, according to the direction.

If it has a clear field, this torpedo can be sent to a vessel with accuracy and exploded at will. But it has many chances of being destroyed before it reaches a warship.

Of course, much attention has been devoted to plans to protect ships from torpedoes. Nets were found effective during the rebellion, and this method hasn't been much improved upon since. The nets are of heavy metal. They are suspended on booms from the ship's sides when she is at anchor. When she is moving she throws out her own torpedoes, which explode those in the channel ahead. Sometimes the torpedoes are fished up. Against approaching torpedoes or torpedo boats a ship must use her rapid fire guns.

The land mine is a kind of torpedo that has not been extensively used, and it is not likely to find great favor. A land mine is not very elaborate. It is to be planted on a road or to protect an approach to a fortification. It can be arranged so that the people passing over it will be blown up or so that those who are behind shall suffer.

High explosives are planted in a place where it is thought they will do the most damage. A bow with a spring board cover is placed just under the surface. The pressure connects an electric circuit, which explodes the priming and in turn the gun cotton or dynamite.

There is nothing upon which to base the value of torpedoes since the civil war. It is a question which is still to be determined, like the value of the modern ironclad battleships. During the rebellion the torpedoes were found most effective in rivers, although they did no end of damage in Charleston harbor and in other places.

EQUIPMENTS FOR SERVICE.

In the Event of War St. Louis Could Furnish Over 5,000 Men.

(St. Louis Post Dispatch.)

In the eevnt of war St. Louis could furnish between 5,000 and 6,000 drilled men, who are or have been members of the National Guard of Missouri.

The first regiment consists of nine companies. Eighty men to a company is the full limit allowed by law in time of peace. In time of war this can be increased to 100 men to each company. There have been a great many enlistments of late and the regiment has now nearly 700 men—almost its full strength on a peace footing.

There is a band of 32 musicians, a hospital corps of 18 men, a signal corps of 14 men, a gatling gun section composed of 6 men and an officer and a trumpet corps of 12 men.

The regiment has one 10-barrel gatling gun, 45 caliber, which has been tested to a capacity of 1,200 shots a minute.

Besides the 700 enlisted men there are approximately 5,000 others who have been members of the N. G. M. Most of them served their full terms of enlistment, three years. All of them have been thoroughly drilled, and if a bit rusty now from lack of practice, it would take but a short time to catch up. The majority of these men are within the age limit for army service, and it is conservatively estimated that 3,000 could be counted on to respond to a call to arms.

The equipment of an infantry soldier for field duty consists of a blanket bag and blanket, haversack and strap, a knife, fork and spoon, a tin cup, a meat ration case, cartridge belt, canteen with straps, shelter tent, rubber poncho, rifle, bayonet and scabbard, intrenching knife, rifle screwdriver and 40 rounds of ammunition, the whole kit weighing about 60 pounds.

The layman does not know what some of these things are or their uses. A shelter tent is a small canvas affair just big enough to afford shelter for one soldier. A rubber poncho is a spread to lie on when the ground is wet to avoid sickness, a serious drawback to a marching army. An intrenching knife is a long-bladed affair, a cross between a carving knife and a bayonet. It can be fitted to a rifle the same as a bayonet. It is used to dig a hole in the ground deep enough and big enough to afford shelter from the bullets of the enemy. Soldiers have been known to do some very rapid digging with this tool when the bullets have been thick. Probably some of them have felt like pulling the hole in after them, but no tool has been invented yet by which this can be accomplished. The meat ration can is a combination of frying pan, plate, and dish, which closes up into one article for economy of space.

The uniform of the First regiment consists of a forage cap with a visor, made of dark blue cloth, for parade wear. Privates' caps are ornamented with crossed rifles and the letters and figures designating the regiment and company. Officers' caps are adorned with eagles, crescents, wreaths, sabers, etc., according to the rank. The bugler's cap has a bugle.

For undress wear a brownish white felt hat, something on the Fedora style, is used. This is worn on the march and in camp.

The trousers are light blue, and two pairs are taken along, one pair being kept for dress parade and such occasions.

A dark blue, tight-fitting blouse is worn, with five brass buttons down the front. Two of these are carried also, one being for dress parade. Collars and cuffs are dispensed with when horrid war is on hand.

A long overcoat of light blue reaches below the knee and has a cape fully covering the shoulders.

Leggins of canvas, laced on the outer edges, are worn above plain army shoes.

Two suits of underclothing, wool or otherwise, according to season and climate, two blue shirts, and regulation shoes, complete the uniform.

If the First regiment N. G. M. should be ordered into service every member of it would at once become a United States soldier, with pay according to his rank, as follows: Privates, $13 a month; corporals, $15 a month; sergeants, $17.50 a month; first sergeants, $20 a month; second lieutenants at the rate of $1,400 a year; first lieutenants, $1,500 a year; captains (dismounted), $1,800 a year; captains (mounted), $2,000 a year; majors, $2,500 a year; lieutenant colonels, $3,000 a year; colonels, $3,500 a year; brigadier generals, $4,500 a year; chief musicians, $65 a month.

The pay of privates and noncommissioned officers includes rations, uniform and equipment. Commissioned officers must pay for their rations, clothing and equipment, and, if mounted, for their horses also. They can buy rations and clothing, however, of the government commissary at government cost price, with freight added.

The daily rations are as follows:

One and one-half pounds of fresh meat or one pound of salt meat at option.

One and one-half pounds of soft bread or flour or one pound of hard bread, or one and one-quarter pounds of cornmeal at option.

Fifteen one-hundredths of a pound of beans or one-tenth of a pound of hominy.

One-tenth of a pound of coffee.

One-seventh of a pound of sugar.

One-fifth of a pound of soap.

One-sixth of a pound of salt.

One-sixteenth of a pound of pepper.

One tallow candle.

But although there are 700 men in the First regiment not many more than one-half could respond immediately to marching orders for want of equipments. Speaking of this, Colonel Batdorf said:

"For 700 men we have about 420 serviceable guns, and about the same number of haversacks, blankets and uniforms. We have only tentage for the same number. If called out the government would have to furnish the equipment we are short of, as well as army shoes and hose for the whole regiment, because the store shoes the men have would not do for marching. The state has done nothing for us in the matter of equipment, and the government would have to do it. For that matter the whole National Guard of Missouri is in as bad a fix. Not more than half the guard have serviceable rifles, and there are no shelter tents at all."

THE TWINS OF COMPANY B.

By Chas. B. Lewis.

It was accounted something more than a curious coincidence that after Thomas Barnes in Eaton county had written his name on the enlistment papers of Company B, Third regiment, the very next name below should be that of Thomas Barnes of Calhoun county. Not only that, but the two men were of the same age, height and build; they looked as much alike as two peas. Neither had known of the other's existence until they met in the recruiting office. Then they stared at each other for a ling minute and Barnes of Eaton county exclaimed:

"Wall, I'll be cussed!"

"And so'll I!" replied Barnes of Calhoun county.

"You're no twin brother of mine!"

"And I'm glad on it!"

The two Barnes took a dislike to each other on first sight, but when they came to fall into the ranks they were placed side by side. It also happened that they became tent mates. In making up his roll the orderly sergeant renamed them. He put one down as Eaton Barnes and the other as Calhoun Barnes, and they had to accept the names, although Eaton angrily exclaimed:

"I was named Thomas, and the idea of my having to drop it because a pumpkinnead like that feller forces his way into the company!"

"And I was named Thomas Barnes," replied the other, "and here I've got to sail under false colors because that hayseed has taken a notion that he is called upon to wind up this war!"

The twins, as they were always referred to, were always disputing and wrangling and ready to come to blows. That they never actually struck each other was probably owing to the fact that way down in the hearts they had a feeling of mutual respect, for both were brave men. Their quarrels, however, afforded the company much amusement for the first three months, and time and again we expected to see bloodshed. The smallest trifle was enough to precipitate a row. All of a sudden Eaton Barnes would be heard crying out in the tent:

"Now, then, who has been overhauling my knapsack?"

"Nobody has," Calhoun Barnes would reply.

"But I say they have! I left it right here only an hour ago and somebody has moved it!"

"I had to move it a sixteenth part of an inch to git my gun."

"You did it to spite me!"

"No, I didn't!"

"I say you did!"

"And I say you are a liar!"

"I'm a liar, am I? Now you come right out on the street and put up your dukes and I'll knock the blamed head off'n you! No man has ever called me a liar and lived half an hour afterwards!"

Then the twins would appear on the company street, strip off their jackets and blow and brag and call names, and after collecting a crowd would end the matter with threats of what would happen at some future time. We soon came to understand them and gave them no further attention, but hardly a day passed that they did not go through the same performance. Our first battle was at Williamsburg. The regiment was sent into the fallen timber to drive out a lot of sharpshooters. They were outnumbered, but they gave way grudgingly, and for every foot they yielded they killed a man. The twins were among the first to push their way in, but even amidst the roar and crash of battle they could not forget their differences.

"Say, now!" growled Eaton Barnes, as a bullet passed through his cap and he killed the man who fired it, "you're as white as chalk and shaking like a scared rabbit. Did you think a battle was like hoeing corn down back of the barn?"

"I'm pale and scared, am I?" demanded Calhoun Barnes. "You'd better look to home! If you wasn't workin' your chin I'd say you was a dead man. I'm expectin' to see you run away every minute!"

"Don't you sass me!"

"And don't you give me any of your lip!"

"You twins shut up!" commanded a sergeant, and that ended the quarrel for the next half hour. If one of the twins had hoped the other would show the white feather he was disappointed. Both were men of sand, and both would have recklessly exposed themselves but for the repeated admonitions of the captain. At Fair Oaks, on the retreat up the peninsula, the Third was detached to hold a highway bridge over a small creek. It was not to hold it against masses of the enemy, but against cavalry seeking to fall upon the flank. Company B was detached to cross the brigde and picket the road beyond, and as the twins stood together they came very near treating each other respectfully for the first time. That is, Eaton Barnes, in an absent moment, observed:

"Wall, we'll give 'em hell if they come this way!"

"You bet we will!" replied Calhoun Barnes.

Then Eaton Barnes suddenly remembered that he was "down" on the other Barnes, and he turned on him.

"Oh, you are here, are you!" Didn't know but you had got a furlough and gone home to see about the squash crop!"

"Yes, I'm here," replied Calhoun Barnes, getting red hot in an instant, "and if you feel like crawling into the bushes I'll do the fighting for two men!"

"And don't bristle up to me unless you want an ear knocked off!"

The captain ordered them to shut up, and at the same time company B was advanced to a turn in the brush-fringed highway. Five minutes later the enemy appeared and there was hot skirmishing. The company held the road for ten minutes and then fell back on its supports, and it was just as the order was given to retreat that Eaton Barnes received a bullet in the right leg and went down. His chum did not miss him for a moment, but when he did he handed his musket to a comrade and started up the road at a run. It was now being swept by the enemy's fire, and fifty men shouted to him to come back, but he covered the twenty rods with hot lead singing around his ears and kicking up the dust about his feet. Two dead and three wounded men had been left behind. Eaton Barnes lay on the broad of his back, half stupefied by the shock of the bullet, when some one lifted him up, gave his body a half twist, and before he could understand matters he was back across the bridge and Calhoun Barnes was saying:

"Drat his hide; I jest saved him 'cause he's the meanest man and the biggest liar in the regiment!"

"Oh! It was you, eh?" muttered the wounded man. "I'd like to know what right a critter like you has to jump in and drag me around! I'll just thank you to mind your own bizness after this!"

From that time on we know that the twins had the highest respect and esteem for each other, and that quarreling and wrangling was simply a cover to hide their real feelings. Eaton Barnes lay in the hospital for many weeks, and hardly a day passed that Calhoun didn't say to some member of the company:

"Do you know, I jest believe that miserable critter stood right there and held his leg in hopes to git shot and have an easy time in the hospital? It would have served him right if the bullet had shattered the bone and the leg had to come off. I've stood a heap of sass from the feller, and if he ever comes back to the company I shall have to turn to and give him an awful lickin'."

And in the hospital at Washington Eaton Barnes never let slip an opportunity of saying to the comrades around him:

"If it hadn't been for the critter next to me I'd have got off all right. He ain't got no sand, you know, and I had to keep bracin' him up or he'd have run away. I'll lick him outer his butes when I git back to old company B."

The meeting between the twins when Eaton Barnes finally returned afforded a good deal of amusement. Calhoun Barnes was cleaning his gun in front of his tent when Eaton came along and halted to say:

"Why, you here yet! They told me your mother cried you out of the army!"

"Oh! they did!" replied Calhoun as he kept his eyes on his gun. "Well, I heard that you did nothing but cry for three weeks because a bullet barked your leg. Don't you want a rag to wipe your eyes?"

"I'll make you holler for mercy before you are a day older!"

"You couldn't lick a fly!"

That was all. They were both glad in their hearts to see each other, but neither wanted to be the first to admit it. They were tent mates and chums again, and though they had their daily quarrels as before we gave them no further consideration. We had come at last to understand them.

Three months later, as Grant swept down on the wilderness to hunt for his old adversary, the old Third regiment was on the left center and one of those on the advance line. Shoulder to shoulder the twins forced their way through the thickets and over the bogs, and as they advanced Eaton Barnes took occasion to say:

"Mebbe you don't know where we are headed for? From the way your tongue is hangin' out seems you think you're going a coon huntin'."

"Don't give me none of your chin!" replied Calhoun. "If you run away I'll shoot you in the back!"

"If I run it will be to catch you!"

"Don't you dare call me a liar!"

"If I don't lick you tomorrer then I hope to die!"

Five minutes later all the men in the line were down on their faces and blazing away at the enemy so hidden by the foliage that they seemed like specters in gray flitting about. Presently there was a rush and the blue lines were pushed back. There was another rush and the gray lines gave way. The dead rested in the rank growth—the wounded clung to plant and bush and cried out in terror at the loneliness of such a battlefield.

"Good God! What a place to die in!" exclaimed Eaton Barnes during a lull in the firing.

"Oh! you're gettin' creepy, eh?" sneered Calhoun as he turned.

"No more than you are! Lord, but I never saw a soldier with such a white face as you are carryin,' and you can't keep your chin still!"

"Just mind your own chin; it is wobblin' like a loose wheel. I'll make you eat dirt after this fight is over!"

"You'll never see the day you can do it!"

"Attention, company B! Left oblique—march!"

It was a move to reinforce a part of the hard pressed line, and after advancing ten rods company B found itself in a slaughter trap. The fire of the confederates on the short front was simply terriffic. Their bullets flew like the snowflakes of winter and bush and plant and young trees were cut and riven and splintered as if lightning had played among them. The federals were outnumbered, but they would not fall back. For a quarter of an hour the fire was returned, even by men who were wounded twice and thice, and more than one veteran went to earth cheering his comrades on. Of a sudden Eaton Barnes dropped his musket, threw up his hands and pitched headlong.

"Got it, eh?" exclaimed Calhoun Barnes as he whirled about. "I've allus said you could stop a bullet as well as a haystack, and here's proof of it. Say, old man——?"

But he did not finish. A bullet plowed into his breast, and he reeled—staggered—dropped his musket and sank down beside his chum

"W-what is it?" asked the latter.

"I'm hit, too! Where's your hand, old man?"

"Here—here! So we are to die here? Say, Barnes, I ain't mad at you, and never was."

"And I ain't mad at you. I always liked you. It was just my way, you know."

"And just my way, too. I wouldn't have traded you off for General Grant himself. And now—now——"

"Good-bye, Eaton. Is that the boys cheering?"

"Aye! they are holding the line! Your hand--where is it—good-bye—good——"

"And the twins died together, and in dying they made it all right between them," said the sergeant of the burial party as he looked down upon them next morning.

Facts About the Navy.

General Facts—Enlistment for three years. Must speak English and be citizens or have declared for citizenship. All applicants for enlistment in the naval service must be of robust frame, intelligent, of perfectly sound and healthy constitution and free from any defects.

Landsmen—Men who are native born, with no knowledge of sea life, over 18 and under 25 years of age; pay $16 per month. Landsmen whose appearance may cause doubt of their being of age must bring proof of the date of their birth.

Ordinary Seamen—Age 18 to 30 years. Applicants must have been at sea at least two years and will be examined in reefing, steering, knotting, splicing, etc. The pay is 19 per month.

Seamen—Age 21 to 35 years; applicants must have been at sea at least four years and pass rigorous examination in seamanship; the pay is $24 per month.

Boys between the ages of 14 and 17 years may, with the consent of their parents or guardians, be enlisted in the navy until they shall arrive at the age of 21 years; physicial requirements for boys are the same as for men, with these additional:

Fourteen years—Height not less than 4 feet 9 inches, weight not less than 70 pounds and chest measurement, breathing naturally, not less than 26 inches.

Fifteen years—Height not less than 4 feet 11 inches, weight not less than 80 pounds and chest measurement, breathing normally, not less than 27 inches.

Sixteen years—Height not less than 5 feet 1 inch, weight not less than 90 pounds and chest measurement, breathing naturally, not less than 28 inches.

Long life among clergymen is rather the rule than the exception. Cardinal Mertel (he is a Bohemian and occupies at Rome the office of vice chancellor of the sacred college), is 92; the pope is 87. Rev. Henry Liddell of Oxford, who died on January 15, was 87. Bishop Wilmer is 81, and Bishop Williams of Connecticut is 80.