

THE FIELD OF BATTLE

INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

The Veterans of the Rebellion Tell of Whistling Bullets, Bright Bayonets, Bursting Bombs, Bloody Battles, Camp Fires, Festive Bays, Etc.

Dave Jenkins was just past 16 years old when he enlisted in a Federal regiment in his native State, Missouri, as a volunteer at the commencement of the Civil War.

When captured he had about one hundred dollars in United States money—greenbacks—on his person, and some trinkets of different kinds, all of which he was allowed to keep; he also had a big knife with a blade about five inches long.

The Confederate soldiers, many of them, wanted to buy this knife from Dave, but he refused all offers to purchase it, though he sold off many other articles.

Dave reached Andersonville and was turned loose in the stockade; here he spent many long months, saw much misery among his fellow prisoners, and many of them with his money, noticed that attempts at escape were usually frustrated in some way, and at length came to the conclusion that attempted escapes failed because too many persons were concerned in them.

It is but a short time from one corner of the stockade, and he had looked over the ground many times without seeming to do so, and had concluded that escape was possible by means of a tunnel.

The prisoners in Andersonville used to dream of tunnels, see them in their waking hours, have visions of them in delirium, and instead of babblings of green fields, and absent friends, and far away Northern homes, their words were of tunnels as the breath left their bodies. Hence there was nothing unnatural in the determination of Dave Jenkins that he would make a tunnel and that he would escape. Accordingly he set to work and using the fork and spoon part of his big knife as spade and mattock, he worked night after night, for days and weeks and months.

He measured his tunnel internally with the greatest care, and he was satisfied that its length was sufficient. He determined to make his attempt that very night, as he did not want to let the tunnel be unused for any length of time lest it might be discovered. He waited until just after midnight, when he entered his tunnel, wormed his way to the end of the passage and very cautiously opened a small hole. To his horror a guard passed within less than ten feet of him.

He stepped behind a small bush, and the guard passed, going in the opposite direction to that which he had been walking before. Dave clutched his knife tight in his hand and turned the keen blade between the guard's shoulders; he sank down, a shudder passed over his body and he died without a sound.

He pushed on carefully, hounding his strength as best he could, and ever on the lookout for pursuers, at the same time watching lest he should meet a party coming toward him, but just before sunrise, he reached a little cabin and saw it had but one occupant, an old negro.

"Honey, I've takin' a powerful risk ef dey finds you dey'll jist nat'ally lam de life outen yo' ole aunty; but youse de bawn image of my young massa dat died when I was a gyral, you talks jist lak him, an' I'm bound to help you out ef it's in de wood to do it.



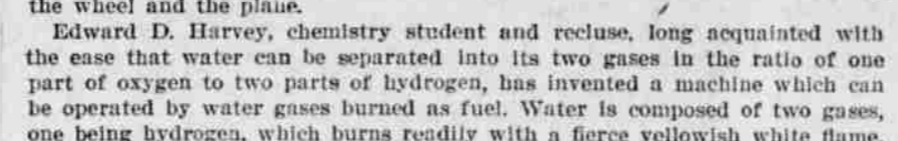
"I'm going to have a look at Mason's new baby this evening," said the commuter in the crash coat. "Say, if ever you saw a proud parent it's Mason."

"Why not put it onto her father?" "The father is generally less blind to a lack of beauty. If the infant has its face twisted up into knots and has turned purple a man isn't apt to feel flattered when he's told it looks like him.

"What if it is? I can say it's just too cunning and sweet for anything, can't I?" "No, sir. Your wife will say that. You've got to think up something else if you want to be popular. I'm glad you mentioned the subject now. Just as likely as not you'd have made some break and queered yourself."

"What are you talking about?" "You wait and see. You may get through with it all right, but you want to think it over beforehand. You've got to speak up quick. If you take more than ten seconds to consider before you explode into admiration your remarks will be thought to lack spontaneity. Do your considering beforehand. If she is absolutely and undeniably homely you don't want to commit yourself as to whom she resembles."

WORLD DREAM OF WATER AS FUEL AT LAST TRUE.



Water as a fuel has been a world-dream for centuries. Now comes the perfected water-fuel, and a machine that evolves its own fuel while driving the wheel and the plane.

Edward D. Harvey, chemistry student and recluse, long acquainted with the case that water can be separated into its two gases in the ratio of one part of oxygen to two parts of hydrogen, has invented a machine which can be operated by water gases burned as fuel.

The separation of water into its two gases is done by electrolysis. The Harvey machine contains a most powerful little battery which easily decomposes water that is treated with iodine and salt. As the two gases are obtained they are piped into storage reservoirs ready for use.

Further developments are being worked out wherein the machine becomes a practical steam engine, water being constantly decomposed, and the two gases are directed as flames upon a boiler to generate steam. Experiment shows that a machine representing a one-horsepower force can be run a day at the cost of 1 cent an hour.

The inventor is claiming that water as fuel gives the world as near perpetual motion as the world can ever hope to have, and a fuel that no trust can ever corner, for it will even rain on the just and unjust alike.

TYPES OF WOMEN IN EGYPT.

The Aristocratic Male Egyptians in Cairo marry Turkish women. There are seemingly more types of women in Cairo, all of them natives of Egypt, than in any other city of like population in the world, says Leslie's Weekly.

Women Tire of Marriage. Feminine emancipation, extravagance and athleticism are all blamed for the decline of marriage, but all of them in one won't tell the whole story, though each contribute a trifle to this desolation of love.

Woman is being educated; she is learning to read and write in the school of life. She is tired of being dubbed Mrs. Grundy, of posing as an objectionable mother-in-law, as a puffed doll, a toy, a plaything. She is tired of being always a mere dependent and adjunct of man, and tired of being a mere household drudge, a general servant without wages, only doles; or, as a great writer put it, "the white slave who wears a wedding ring."

One Visit Plenty. Ah wish Jack Frost would come just once—"T'would sholy be a treat—To drype de posky skeeters out. An' make possums sweet. —Kansas City Times.

Sermons of the Week

Love—Love is the shortest, safest, surest road to heaven.—Cardinal Gibbons, Roman Catholic, Baltimore.

Vision-Seeing.—To fall to use our visionary powers is to limit our human nature and make an incomplete man.—Rev. I. J. VanNess, Baptist, Nashville, Tenn.

Mortality.—Our present problem is to hold the moral mastery over ourselves while the world is still false and evil.—Rev. J. W. Cooper, Congregationalist, New York City.

Weak and Unstable.—Wealth is weak indeed, in that it is unstable. It has been said that all of the wealth of this nation passes through the probate courts in each 35 years.—Rev. B. A. Dames, Methodist, Louisville.

The Saloon.—I believe we can win in the temperance cause if we go about it wisely and in earnest. The saloon handles matters in politics with shrewdness. So must the church.—Rev. John Thompson, Methodist, Chicago.

Proof.—Men talk much of proof; but it is a cheap thing; you can only prove hard, dead things, like mathematics. The warm, live things can only have degrees of probability.—Rev. Frank Crane, Independent, Worcester, Mass.

Material Welfare.—The bodily and material welfare of men and women and children everywhere is fundamental to all the higher interests of the moral and spiritual life.—Rev. Horace Porter, Congregationalist, Montclair, N. J.

Anger.—It is wrong for a teacher to whip, first, because it cannot be done without developing anger, both in the teacher and the pupil, and anger is a curse physically, mentally and spiritually.—Rev. G. F. Hall, Independent, Chicago.

God and Mammon.—Because we serve both God and mammon we find an equal amount in our surroundings. The devil is still alive with us so long as we act him, and the Christ nature is repudiated.—Rev. F. E. Mason, Scientist, Brooklyn.

Cruelty.—There has never been a period in human history when animals have been so abused, so maltreated, so neglected, treated so inhumanly, as they have been in Christendom for the last 1,900 years.—Rev. M. J. Savago, Unitarian, New York City.

The Great Healer.—How often does the Lord lead a soul away from the crowd and the world by placing it in the solitude of a sick chamber, or in lowliness of spirit, in order that He may speak to it and heal it?—Rev. U. S. Bertolot, Lutheran, Philadelphia.

Discipline.—Difficulties are only another name for discipline. The best men have started life with what appeared like handicaps which afterward proved to be real helps. The only handicapped boy in America to-day is the son of the rich man.—Rev. C. B. Mitchell, Methodist, Cleveland, Ohio.

Marriage Laws.—Many a man has married without finding a wife. You will only secure a good wife by being a good husband, and it were well for two souls if you consider carefully before the proposal is made whether it will mean profit or loss.—Rev. R. H. Sawyer, Disciple, Missoula, Mont.

Womanhood.—Organization is the watchword, and if the womanhood of the country would do this, the salvation of the world is assured. The woman of to-day do not realize that theirs is a God-given mission, but upon the womanhood and motherhood depend the destinies of the nations.—Rev. W. W. Nevins, Baptist, Washington.

A War of Greed.—A lesson we have to learn is that a selfish war, a war of greed, a war to satisfy the pride and personal ambition of a politician or ruler, an unnecessary and ill ordered war is a great crime in the sight of God. Our great duty is to put good will above jealousy and greed.—Rev. J. H. Percival, Episcopalian, Boston, Mass.

Church Tramps.—Behold an ever-growing lot of church tramps who wait to see which church will run after them the hardest, offer the biggest social inducements and honor them with the most conspicuous position! When these ecclesiastical catches have finally located somewhere, and begin to find themselves less ardently sought, they commence a flirtation with another church.—Rev. S. E. Young, Presbyterian, Pittsburg.

Evil.—If you strike evil, evil will strike you. If you rebuke sin, sin will smile you. Many a preacher has found that out to his sorrow. Many a reformer has suffered because he dared to expose the works of sinful men in high places. But if you have the friendship of the world you cannot have the friendship of God. Real kindness comes only along the pathway of loyalty to the white fire.—Rev. P. H. Swift, Methodist, Austin, Ill.

The Negro Question.—The negro question should be faced squarely. It is one of the great questions of the country. Attenuated theories of abstract justice or drastic resolutions adopted by northern philanthropic agencies will not solve the problem. The negro is in the South. If he will prove himself entitled to respect, the opportunity is better for him there than in any other section of the country. If he is to be a man, there is no hope for him anywhere.—Rev. J. B. Kirby, Congregationalist, Atlanta.

THE DREAM-SHIP.

A blue and golden ocean, a blue and golden sky, A ship with white sails filling as the summer breeze blows by, A ship that is laden with pleasures, with hopes that are foolish and fond, That sails from the port of Nowhere and is bound for the great Beyond.



One of the oldest residents of Bibberley Heights is Samuel Crispell, who lives in the hip-roof house with the white portico, the third block from the station down Aspen avenue. Crispell retired from active business life early last winter.

He had been with West & Kingston in the title, mortgage and bond guarantee line for about twenty years and he got tired. His only son was out in Tacoma doing a flourishing business in real estate and he himself had enough money saved and invested to keep him comfortably the rest of his life. What was the use of working any longer?

He asked himself and his wife that question a great many times, and he replied and she replied, "No use in the world."

"Why not settle down to enjoy life a little now? Is there any sense in a man of my age killing himself, jumping out of bed on the stroke of the clock as if the fate of nations depended on it, choking down breakfast, springing for the train, fussing around all day in a dingy office and nine times out of ten having to run to catch the 5:30 back? Why not lie abed and get my natural rest, eat my meals leisurely, putter around in the garden, read some books in the library, loaf and enjoy my soul?"

"And 'we could travel a little, you know, my dear," suggested Mrs. Crispell. Even before he had finished he rose from the table, taking his remaining half slice of toast in his hand, Hilda, the maid, giggled and he frowned at her and sat down.

He went back to the library with his paper, but he did not enjoy it as usual. Pretty soon he felt the need of something close-fitting on his feet and kicked off his slippers and laced on his shoes. Occasionally he would look at the clock and think:

"Now the train would be pulling into the station. Now I would be getting out. I would be crossing Van Buren now. And now I would be shooting up in the elevator to the office."

For an hour he imagined the daily routine, including a talk with West on the W. & P. D. business. Then he yawned and going to one of his book cases pulled down the first volume of his half-morocco bound set of Balzac. He had had the set for five years and had always intended to read it. Now was his chance.

In a little while he put the first volume back and tried the second. When Mrs. Crispell called him to lunch he had switched to his Thackeray in art buckram and was yawning over "The Newcomes."

After luncheon he took a walk. It was surprising to him how desolate Bibberley Heights looked.

At the end of the week, when his wife asked him if he wasn't enjoying



pell. "We need to enlarge our horizons." "I'm sixty-four," said Crispell, stroking a gray side whisker. "When a man has worked steadily and industriously till he's sixty-four he's entitled to a rest."

"It would be so lovely to have you at home all the time," said his wife. So in December Crispell resigned. The firm was sorry to lose him. He had been a valuable man, but the firm acknowledged that he was right and entitled to a rest.

On the morning of Dec. 11, at 6:30 o'clock, the clatter of the alarm awoke Crispell from a light slumber. Before the alarm had ceased ringing his feet were on the rug by the side of the bed and the next instant he was in his dressing gown with a big bath towel over his shoulder, starting for the door. As his hand touched the knob he stopped and, turning back, looked at the clock again.

"Sugar!" he exclaimed, petulantly. "Now, what did I want to set for for last night? Then he threw off his dressing gown and got back into bed. It wasn't the least bit of use, of course. He couldn't go to sleep again, and so after about fifteen minutes he dressed himself and went downstairs. Breakfast was not ready. There had been an understanding that it should be at 8 o'clock for the future. The paper had arrived, though, and Crispell took it into the library and turned to the financial page. The first thing he noticed was that the closing quotation on the London exchange on W. & P. D. stocks was only 3 3/4, and he gave a gasp of dismay. His mind became instantly busy with the situation and the likelihood that West would take too pessimistic a view of it, in which case he would suggest— Then it suddenly occurred to him that he had not the slightest interest in the matter. Nevertheless he finished the page before turning to the commonplace news of the world.

At that moment he heard hurried footsteps on the sidewalk outside, and, looking out of the window, saw Blanche skating for the station at a lively rate with Wyncoop and Merriek close behind him. For a second the lapinette dashed through the hall, seizing his hat and coat from the hatrack as an express train catches a mail sack, was strong upon him. But again he remembered and began to chuckle at the joke. As he stood at the window the chuckle died in his throat, for the 7:30 train was pulling out. Puff! puff! There was no catching it now, pruned he never so lively. It gave him a horrible sinking sensation, the sight of that train leaving the station. Leaving without him.

He ate his breakfast hurriedly in spite of his wife's laughing remonstrance. It seemed impossible to wait for the coffee to cool. Mechanically he poured it into his saucer, as was his bad habit, and raised the saucer to his

himself, he told her that he was "getting the Jim-jams," by which he meant that he found existence slightly monotonous. "Then we ought to go somewhere," declared Mrs. Crispell. "I thought it was rather a mistake dropping right from business into home life."

Well, they went to Florida and came back at the end of May. Felton Smith and Cory Benham met them at the LeSalle street station. Crispell was fairly radiant.

"You look as if you'd been enjoying yourself," said Smith. "I am," Crispell returned. "It's like heaven just to see things moving."

"But you had a good time, didn't you?" asked Benham. Crispell raised his hand and wrinkled his face into a look of disgust. "Don't speak of it," he said. "I'm crazy to get back to the Heights and have solid comfort and something to eat; no more travel for me. I'm going to have the prize garden this year, boys, I want to tell you."

He pattered about quite a little with the garden through June, but by the middle of July he had a man in to attend to it and pronounced the awful heresy that having a garden was foolishness and didn't pay.

Shortly after that the Crispells closed the house and Crispell said he was going to make his son Egiert a long visit. "We'll stay till late in the fall, anyway," he said. "There's no need of hurrying back."

On Aug. 3 they returned. On Aug. 5 Mrs. Crispell remarked to a friend at a reception the club gave in her honor that having a man in the house all the time had certain little drawbacks.

On Aug. 29 Crispell went up to town on the 7:30 and saw West. "I want my old job back," he said. "I made a mistake, I find, in retiring. I'm not old enough. There's twenty good years of work in me yet."

"Do you mean to say you want to work till you're 84?" asked West, smiling. "Longer than that if I'm not paralyzed," said Crispell.

"H'm!" said West. "What salary would you expect now, Mr. Crispell?" "Salary!" said Crispell—almost shouted it—"You just let me work, and if it's necessary I'll work for nothing." —Chicago Daily News.

A Stud in Zoology. Dressed in the latest and most approved motor cycling costume, with goggles all complete, the motor cyclist galloped his way toward the zoo. Suddenly he slackened, dismounted, and said to a small grubby urchin: "I say, my boy, am I right for the zoo?" The boy gaped at so strange a sight, and thought it must be some new animal for the gardens. "You may be all right for the gardens. You may be all right if they have a spare cage," he said, when he could find his tongue. —Answers.