



A Song of the Camp Fire.

Let's have a song, my comrades all,  
To drive dull care away  
And vanish melancholy  
With a song on our spirits pray.  
For there's a song that's a good song  
To make old hearts feel young,  
And the song is good that cheers us  
No matter how its sung  
And though our pipes be out of tune,  
Our voices weak and low,  
We still can sing with swelling hearts  
The songs of long ago.

And look into each other's eyes  
And see reflected there  
But shadows of what once we were,  
Ere time had thinned our hair  
And stamped upon our brows the tale  
That tells of hardships borne.  
Age stricken, still our hearts are young;  
We'd better sing than mourn.  
The songs we sing in those dark days,  
When war swept through our land,  
Are still the sweetest to our ears—  
We sing them hand-in-hand.

We meet as brothers meet,  
The ties that bind us stronger grew  
As years on restless wings fly by  
And blanche our locks with snow.  
We earned the right in war's dark night,  
To stand in touch-to-day  
And clasp each other's hands and sing  
Our songs while yet we may.  
For life's long march is near its end;  
We're weary of the tramp:  
Shake hands, old comrade, once again,  
We'll all soon be in camp.

## Comrade Cogswell's Statement Verified.

Michael Maguire, Company H., Thirty-ninth N. J., 720 South Eighth street, Kansas City, Kan., says that Comrade Cogswell, Eleventh N. H., is quite right when he says the Thirty-ninth N. J. did not belong to the Second brigade, Second division, Ninth corps, but it did belong to the First brigade of that division and corps. If Comrade Cogswell was an officer on Gen. Griffin's staff, he ought to know what regiment occupied Fort Davis in the winter of 1864 and until the morning of the evacuation of Petersburg. The comrade also said that the Twenty-fifth and Twenty-seventh N. J. cavalry were the only New Jersey troops attached to the Ninth corps. This shows a wonderful want of knowledge in a staff officer but the writer has seen many false statements which he knew to be entirely different. He also believes this dispute was caused by a comrade of Company F, who said that the Thirty-ninth was in the Second brigade, and should have known that the regiment was in the First brigade. The Thirty-ninth N. J. was in Fort Mahone, and Company H. lost Capt. Harrison, Lieut. Nason, besides several others, killed and wounded in the Fort, and Sergt. Kehoe fell wounded in the trenches beneath the fort between 9 and 10 o'clock a. m., April 2, 1865, and lay there suffering until 9 o'clock at night, when the writer went out under a heavy rebel fire and carried him to Fort Davis, risking his own life to save him.—National Tribune.

## Abuse of Uniform and Flag.

National Guardsmen in Illinois are becoming aroused to the abuse of the uniform. The latest order that has attracted the attention of the guardsman is the adoption of a "uniform rank" by a co-operative insurance company. The head agent appears with the rank of major-general, in uniform closely resembling that of the National Guard. Building and loan associations have also gone into the "uniform rank" business.

In New York the law puts a check on such unbecoming displays. The code provides penalties for a person not a member of the National Guard who shall wear any uniform or designation of grade similar to that in use by the National Guard.

A similar law should be enacted in every State in the Union. The practice of agents and drummers clothing themselves in the uniforms of the general officers of the Guard is calculated to bring the honorable service of the soldier into contempt, and it should not be tolerated. Another unbecoming display should receive prompt reprimand from the Grand Army and National Guard: No firm should be allowed to print a sign of its business on the flag of the United States. One newspaper in this city hoists the flag on all proper occasions, but parallel with the stripes of the flag is the name of the paper. In New Orleans Gen. Butler issued an order forbidding any one to place a sign on the flag. To say the least, it is unpatriotic and vulgar.—Western Soldier.

## Pension the Prisoners of War.

D. Havens, Lieutenant Company A, Eighty-fifth Ill., Postmaster, Manito, Ill., was captured at Peach Tree Creek, July 19, 1861, while making a charge, and was a prisoner seven months and twelve days. He was also wounded at the battle of Perryville, Oct. 8, 1862, and was never absent from his regiment except the two days while suffering from wounds and while he was in prison. The bill for the relief of prisoners of war has been before Congress for the last twenty-five years, and if justice is to be done it should pass at the present session. The measure is not a political one in any sense, and relief should be given to those who suffered in those hell-holes of the South, where they were starved and exposed to the elements, until thousands died and many are now unable to earn a living from the effects of their exposure. The writer saw an officer brought

into prison with the muscle torn from one of his arms by a bloodhound. He saw another soldier shot by a guard when he was not within six feet of the deadline. If Lieut. Lawson, Third Indiana cavalry, Lieut. Hayes, One Hundred and Eleventh Pennsylvania, or Lieut. Shannon, Third Indiana cavalry, are living, he would like to hear from them.

## Gen. H. A. Barnum Dead.

Gen. Henry A. Barnum died of pneumonia in New York, Jan. 30. He was born in Jamesville, Oneida county, on Sept. 24, 1833. After being graduated from the Syracuse Institute he became a tutor in the school. This was in 1856, and not long afterward he was admitted to the bar. When the civil war broke out he joined the Twelfth New York as a private. He was elected captain of the company, which was mustered into service as company I on May 13, 1861. His men were under fire first at Blackburn's Ford, on July 13. The Twelfth broke at that time, but Capt. Barnum's company remained in line until formally ordered back. He became a major in October. He was badly wounded at Malvern Hill and left on the field for dead, but early in 1863 saw him colonel of the One Hundred and Forty-Ninth New York. An abscess resulting from his wound compelled his retirement, but he was again on the field at Gettysburg, and was wounded at Lookout Mountain. He was a third time wounded on Sherman's march to the sea. He was brevetted major-general in March, 1865, and in 1866 resigned. He held many public offices in New York State, and the last years of his life practiced law in the metropolis. Gen. Barnum was twice married. Three sons survive him—Morgan K. Barnum, Malvern Hill Barnum, a lieutenant in the Fifth United States cavalry, and Ray Barnum.

## Differ From Col. Fox.

L. Marvil, Sixth Michigan (1st H. A.), Parkville, Mich., says the list given in a recent issue of the forty-five regiments which sustained the loss of 200 men or more is vague and indifferent, as well as incorrect as far as the Michigan regiments are concerned. He thinks the manner in which the question was unanswered would leave one to infer that only those regiments were mentioned who had 200 or more killed outright in action, saying nothing of those who died of wounds received in action and of disease. He thinks that Fox's Regimental Losses, from which the report was obtained, would lead one to suppose that the killed and died of wounds received in action and of disease would be included, making three classes. According to the report of the Adjutant-General of Michigan, not a single infantry regiment lost 200 killed outright, and according to the same authority only four regiments of infantry lost 200 or more killed or died of wounds received in action. The Fifth Michigan lost 151 killed, 81 died of wounds received in action; a total of 232, and not 263, as stated. The Eighth Michigan lost 140 killed and 67 died of wounds received in action; a total of 207, and not 223, as given. The Sixteenth Michigan lost 165 killed and 50 died of wounds received in action; making 215, and not 247, as given. The Twenty-seventh Michigan had 127 killed and 86 died of wounds received in action; a total of 214, and not 225, as stated in the table. Nothing is said about where Fox gets his information. There were over twenty-six Michigan regiments that show a loss of over 200 in killed, died of wounds and disease. The writer says that if we are making a history, it is time to call a halt in this matter of guess work.

## Still Capturing the Battery.

T. J. Lacy, Corporal, Company H, Nineteenth Illinois, Ruth, Ill., thinks Comrade Faul is very much mistaken when he says that there were no volunteer regiments in the Regular Brigade at the time of the capture of the battery after the fight at Missionary Ridge. King's Brigade was composed of the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, Eighteenth, and Nineteenth Illinois. This brigade was thus composed at the reorganization of the army after the battle of Chickamauga. The volunteer regiments were taken from Stanley's Brigade, of Negley's Division, and remained in King's Brigade until February or March, 1864, when Gen. Turchin quitted to have the Nineteenth Ill. (his old regiment) assigned to his command, and the writer believes that the other two volunteer regiments left King's Brigade at the same time. The writer claims that there were five guns captured instead of four, and that they were captured by the entire brigade. But the principal work was done by the three volunteer regiments, and the fifth gun was taken by the Nineteenth Illinois without aid from anybody. The enemy had dumped the gun into a creek, being closely pursued by the Nineteenth, who fished it out the next morning.

## Shooting Sparks.

Congressman Waugh of Indiana has introduced a bill to build a \$75,000 monument on the Tippecanoe Battle Ground, near Lafayette.

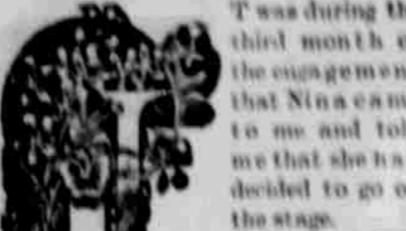
An equestrian statue of the Emperor Frederick is to be erected on the hills in Alsace on a spot overlooking the field of Worth. The statue is to cost \$60,000.

Gen. Raum appeared before a subcommittee of the House Appropriations committee and asked for an appropriation for pensions for the next fiscal year of \$144,956,000.

During the rebellion the government had 800 ships-of-war, such as they were. One of the cruisers of to-day could have cleared out the entire lot, with the exception, perhaps, of the monitors.

The Ohio Soldier's Home, consisting of a fine administration building, thirteen soldier cottages each accommodating fifty men, hospital, hall and necessary adjuncts, is the finest State institution of the kind in the Union.

## IT CURED HER.



It was during the third month of the engagement that Nina came to me and told me that she had decided to go on the stage.

I had known them both from childhood. Jack and I used to play marbles together, and Nina and I used to go coasting together, so I felt quite a brotherly interest in them. I had seen from the start that Jack was in love with Nina, and that Nina was in love with Jack. And, in truth, I had engineered "the deal," as they called their engagement. Jack, being an artist, needed just such a woman as Nina to look after him; a quiet, gentle little woman just the wife for a dreamer.

I once thought that Jack was anything but practical. But my mind has changed, and this is how it all came about.

As I have said, it was during the third month of their engagement that Nina electrified us all by deciding to become an actress, as she said: "I do not intend to go to Jack without a cent in my pockets. He is an artist. Artists, young artists, do not have over much money. There's no reason why I should not help to take care of the family."

Then she told me that she had already been to see the theatrical man, and had been engaged for the star part in the new opera at a fair salary. And almost before I knew what I was about, I had promised to see all the newspaper men and have the Sunday papers filled with news about her. Then she left me, and in a moment I was in my great coat and on my way to Jack's studio. I found him walking up and down, waving a pink note in his hand, raving like a madman, kicking his easels and his paints all over the floor.

"Just listen to this, will you," he exclaimed, after I had satisfied him that I had nothing to do with Nina's going on the stage, and then he read me the letter she had written to him. It was in effect what she had told me. Their marriage was to be postponed until she had made a success and they could live in comfort. She was sure, she said, that Jack would see it in the same light as she saw it. But it was quite apparent to me that she had reckoned without her host; and it was quite necessary for him to tell me that he didn't "see it in that light, not by a—," but why quote further.

"Well," said I, after he had calmed down a little, "what are we to do about it?"

"Do!" he cried, rising from his chair and drawing himself up in such a dignified manner that despite the situation I almost laughed at him. "I will command her as her future husband to give up this foolish idea; this insane idea. I will show her how in going upon the stage, she will ruin not only her social standing but will also insult me."

"And have you any idea what effect that will have upon her?"

"The desired effect, to be sure."

"It will not. It will make her, if anything the more determined to do as she has decided. She will quote to you the names of numerous women who are actresses and still retain their good name. She will tell you that she would rather be insulting you than becoming a burden upon you. Besides, she is stage-struck, and that is a disease incurable except by time. How old is Nina? About 18?"

"Yes."

"You were stage-struck at that age, I know I was. Every man is and very few women escape."

"Well!"

"And now the only thing to do is to let her go ahead and take the chances. If she makes a failure of it she will give it up, you may be sure."

"But suppose she makes a hit?"

"Then your life will be ruined."

The blow was cruel. For a moment he hung his head. I thought I saw the lump in his throat. Then he looked up. There was a resolution in his eyes.

"She shall not succeed," he said.

I knew then that he had thought out some scheme.

"Anything that I can do to help you?" I asked.

"Yes; do as she asks you. Have all the papers filled with nice notices about her."

"But that will!"

"Never you mind. Do as I ask of you, please, and leave the rest to me. Encourage her, make her think that she is a great actress—that the world is waiting for her debut. All will end well, I am sure."

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The next Sunday the papers were filled with Nina, and soon they began to put out the bill-posters with full-length pictures of her. I saw her but seldom, and then she talked of nothing but her ambition, how she was getting along. I saw Jack once. He seemed in excellent humor, and told me that everything was going on just as he wanted it.

Finally the night of the debut came around. The boxes had been sold at auction and great prices had been realized. All the city was talking about Nina; the papers were devoted entirely to her. Jack sent me some seats and asked me to be on hand early. I had an early dinner and was at the theater half an hour before the time for the curtain to go up.

The house began to fill up early and by the time the overture began there was hardly an empty seat to be seen. I did not see Jack, so determined he was behind the scenes.

The curtains went up. Nina came out and did quite well. Her voice was far better than I had expected, and she did not appear nervous. In fact, I was indeed surprised when

after the first act, there was no applause at all.

I went behind the scenes. Nina met me. She looked uneasy and frightened.

"They are so cold. I am afraid," she said.

Jack, from the other side of the room, winked his eyes at me, and I said nothing.

The curtain went up on the second act. The house remained as quiet as death until after Nina's solo, when there was a buzzing noise and a person in a parquet began to hiss. Nina turned deathly pale, and I thought she would faint. Jack came over to me and slapped me on the shoulder.

"The cure has begun," he said gaily.

The act went on. The audience had already begun to dwindle and half the seats were empty. Nina looked as white as a ghost and trembled so that I thought she would fall in a faint.

The act ended. The curtain fell. Instantly there went up such a chorus of hisses and cat-calls and groans that I will remember it to my dying day.

The last act was never finished. The curtain was rung up, and rung down hardly five minutes later. Nina fainted dead away on the stage, and even then the hissing did not stop.

"She has had enough of it. The cure has done its work," cried Jack to me, as he rushed on to the stage, and, picking her up in his arms, carried her to her dressing-room.

Half an hour later I heard him halting half a dozen young men, who met him at the stage door, and saw him hand them several bank notes.—Warren R. McVeigh.

## SAVED FOUR UNION SOLDIERS.

## The Colonel Took Pity on Them, Seeing Them About to Die.

"Did I ever tell you how I once saved the lives of four Union soldiers?" said Colonel William Green Sterett the other day. "Well, you see," he continued, "it was this way. John Miller—of course you know John—showed me a six-shooter which is a sort of heirloom in the family. His brother gave it to John, and their father gave it to John's brother, and a fellow-soldier in Morgan's command gave it to their father.

"One day during the war the original owner of the pistol was riding along the road alone when six Yankee soldiers took after him. He lit out as fast as his horse could go but the Yankees kept gaining on him. His horse was fatigued, he having just gone a long journey, and the Yankees' horses were fresh. After they had gone about a mile, the Yankees gained all the time, the Morgan man dashed around the bend in the road, jumped off his horse, and took to their heels.

"In a minute or two the Yankees turned the bend and they too dismounted and took after the fleeing Confederates. They came up to him, but in such a place that their numbers were no advantage. The Morgan man leveled that six-shooter, every chamber being loaded, and killed—

"Right here," concluded Col. Sterett, "I looked about the room, and his eyes fell upon the open grate, bare and fireless. It was only used in the coldest weather.

"Just the thing!" said the wise rat.

With a biscuit in his mouth he ran up the flue, and found there a splendid hiding-place. The chimney was filled with a bag of straw, and behind it he secreted the biscuits, making many journeys, and leaving only enough in the bag to provide a hearty supper for the young rats after his exertions.

The next morning there was a great outcry among the children. Some one had eaten the sweet biscuits! The bag was empty!

"Mine!" declared Aubrey.

"Nonsense!" cried nurse. "No mouse—no, nor ten mice—could eat all those biscuits in one night!"

But nobody solved the riddle. The family lived high for a week, and Mr. Rat grew fat from finding continual suppers at such short range.

At the end of the week there came a big snow-storm, and then a hard frost. The house was very cold. Mamma decreed extra fires, and Nancy came up stairs to build a fire in the sitting-room grate.

"Don't forget the straw bag, Nancy," said Nurse. "It's put into the chimney to keep out the wind, but you must take it down before you start the fire."

Nancy put her arm up the chimney to pull down the straw bag. One end seemed quite loose, but the other was wedged in tight. She gave a hard tug, and the bag came away so suddenly that she tumbled over backward.

"My goodness!" cried Nancy.

For after the straw bag followed a shower of soot, and then a shower of curiously shaped objects, which had once been white, but had grown gray and then black in their hiding-place.

But the parties feasting upon them had never hesitated upon that account.

When she had examined them, Nancy called nurse, who was duly surprised, and then she called the children, who added "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" to suit the occasion.

"It's them lost biscuits, to be sure!" pronounced nurse. "And it's that old garret rat that's done it—the wretch! I hear him come thumping down the garret stairs every night."

Presently the fire blazed and roared up the chimney, and threw flashes of light into the farthest corners. That night when the old garret rat came down and saw it, his heart sank down