

## FARM FACTS.

(Compiled by Ernest A. Gerffard.)  
Make a scrap book of your "Farm Facts."  
The Illinois experiment station says that corn can be grown, independent of rent, for 8 cents a bushel. That includes husking. These people who can grow corn for 6 and 8 cents a bushel are marveled to us. That is all we can say.

Cut the herd down until every cow in it earns a good living, and then buy or raise more of the same kind. Do not keep a boarding farm for poor cattle. Let not your pride be in a large herd, but in a herd which pays a large profit.

It has taken over a century to bring the Jersey or Guernsey cow to her present perfection and over a thousand years to do the same work for the Holstein. Yet some foolish and unthinking owner can spoil a heifer of either breed in a year.

Apple and peach growers will be glad to know that it is proposed to import and breed a small bird which lives on the codling moth. The bird is a native of Germany and is of the greatest value to orchardists. As the moth threatens the orchards in this section this importation will be of incalculable benefit.

## HOW TO KEEP UP FERTILITY.

(Kansas Dairyman.)  
To a true, conscientious farmer it is ever a momentous question, "How can I best keep up the productive power of my land?" To such a man it seems a wicked wastefulness to rob nature of her productive power, to live his short life and turn over to the coming generation and the ground such proof of his lack of good citizenship. For men of that kind of heart and brain, we have a word of suggestion.

Crimson clover is a plant of wonderful vigor, but it will not, usually, live through the winter north of the southern line of Pennsylvania. But it can be taken advantage of in a grand way by northern farmers to enhance the fertility of their soil.

At the last cultivation of the corn, sow on the fresh earth about eight to ten quarts of this clover seed. It will soon cover the ground with a dense mat of growth, and help to keep down the aftermath of weeds. Let it remain as long after the corn is cut as possible before the ground freezes, then turn it under, and you have the equivalent of many loads of manure to the acre on the next year. The quick and healthy growth of crimson clover is wonderful. In a corn field in New York, hauled in this way, we dug up, in September, several roots, the size of a clay pipe stem, with from thirty-six to forty-one leaf stalks branching therefrom. We know of no method whereby a heavy coat of manure can be placed on a corn field and more cheaply than in the way above suggested.

## FOOD COST OF BUTTER.

(Hoard's Dairyman.)  
In answer to yours of the 17th inst., will say that I do not claim that butter can be produced at 42 cents per pound for feed. In my address in Connecticut I showed that with certain cows we could produce a pound of butter at 42 cents during the winter season; but on the other hand, there were some cows which cost us 10 cents.

During the year 1896 with us the range of cost in producing a pound of butter was from 41 to 10.8 cents. The average cost from the whole herd for the entire year was 15 cents. Dividing the herd into two groups and placing those of the dairy type in one group and those inclined to meat production in the second group, we find that the average yield per cow from the dairy group was 460 pounds of butter, costing 5 cents per pound. The net return from the dairy cows, after deducting the cost for feed at market prices, was \$45.65. Taking the cows in the herd that have a medium tendency of converting food into flesh, we find that the group produced on an average 200 pounds of butter, costing 15 cents per pound. The return for dairy products from this group over and above the market prices of the food consumed is \$23.10 per cow. Taking the cows that have a strong tendency for flesh production we find that their annual yield was 150 pounds of butter, costing 10.5 cents per pound. The net return per cow from this group, after deducting the cost of feed, was \$8.19.

T. L. HACKER.

## THE WORLD'S WHEAT.

A few days ago the bureau of statistics at Washington issued a report that gives interesting facts about the world's wheat production, supply and distribution. The wheat crop of the world last year was only 3,139 million bushels, against 2,450 million in 1896, 2,546 million in 1895 and 2,676 million in 1894, the world's crop of 1897 being smaller than that of any year since 1890, while the 1897 crop in the United States is distributed as larger than in any year since 1891. A table showing farm prices of wheat in the United States during a term of years gives the average farm price of wheat in 1897 as the highest with three exceptions, since 1883, the exceptional years being 1888, 1890 and 1891.

## WHAT IT COSTS TO SHIP THE WHEAT.

Chicago to New York—By lake and rail, 43 cents per bushel; by lake and rail, 7.37 cents per bushel; by rail costs, 5.8 cents per bushel.

Chicago to Liverpool—By lake, canal and sea, 10.15 cents; by lake, rail and sea, 13.17 cents; by rail and sea, 18.12 cents per bushel.

From New York to Liverpool—By sea, 5.8 cents per bushel.

East St. Louis to Liverpool—By New Orleans in barge, 12.89 cents per bushel; by New York, by rail and sea, 20.33 cents per bushel.

From St. Louis to New Orleans—By barge costs, 88 cents per bushel.

Wheat thus goes cheapest from Chicago through the lakes and the Erie canal at a rate of 4.35 cents to New York and 10.15 to Liverpool.

## THE SOJA BEAN AND THE COW PEAS.

We prefer the soja bean to the cow pea, either as a fodder crop to be fed green, or to be put into the silo, for the following reasons:

The soja bean, a suitable variety being selected, will ripen in this locality, while the cow pea will not. This enables the farmer to produce his own seed, and, further, the plant can be allowed to reach a degree of maturity sufficiently advanced to make the fodder less watery, and richer in the most important constituents of plant-food than the cow pea in the immature condition in which it must be cut.

The soja bean is a considerable richer fodder than the cow pea.

The Medium Green variety, which I believe is the very best sort for this latitude, constitutes the better basis for comparison with the cow pea. It will be noticed that this variety gives us nearly twice as much fat, more than one and two-thirds times the amount of flesh-formers (protein), and about one and one-half times the amount of

heat producers (carbo-hydrates) as is given by the cow pea.

When, in the light of these facts, we consider further that the Medium Green soja bean has, upon an average, as much as twice the yield as the cow pea, its superiority becomes strikingly evident. The crops of both usually average from ten to twelve tons per acre, green weight. With a yield of ten tons, the cow pea will give us the following number of pounds of the several nutrients per acre: Fat, 140 pounds; flesh-formers, 620 pounds; heat-producers, 1,720 pounds. The soja bean with the same crop gives us: Fat, 240 pounds; flesh-formers, 1,110 pounds; heat-producers, 2,400 pounds. These facts make the apparent superiority of the soja bean as a fodder crop very clear.

These beans are edible, and are the richest known natural vegetable product. I do not believe, however, that they will be as well liked for table use as some of our older varieties of beans; they are too rich and oily to suit most tastes. They are not much used directly as food, even by the Japanese, but they are largely used in the manufacture of a table sauce known as soyu (soy), whence, probably, the names soja, soya, and soy. They are, also, largely used for the manufacture of a bean cheese, which is a favorite and largely used article as food for horses and cattle.

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## AMERICAN BUTTER IN CHINA.

J. C. Goodchild, late manager of the Hong Kong hotel, the largest hotel in the colony, imported last year from San Francisco over 1,200 pounds of American butter. He placed it on the table and his guests had to eat it. The result was that it was liked, and residents of the city fell into the habit of sending to him for rolls for their private use. He imported it in barrels of 100 rolls, each roll weighing one and three-fourths pounds, and it was laid down in Hong Kong for from 25 to 32 cents gold per pound.

## ALUMINIUM SHOES FOR HORSES.

Russia has tried experiments with aluminium shoes for cavalry horses. A number of horses in the Lintail dragons were shod with one aluminium shoe and three iron shoes each, the former being on the fore foot in some cases and on the hind foot in others. The experiment lasted six weeks and showed that the aluminium shoes lasted longer than the iron ones.

## POULTRY POINTERS.

It is said a good sign of the up-to-date farmer is his flock of poultry. The progressive farmer has no use for scrub stock of any kind.

It is well to feed a mash at all seasons.

Never throw soft feed on the ground.

When hot weather comes stop feeding corn.

Do not expect eggs from overcrowded flocks.

Underfed or overfed hens are poor layers.

Plans make an excellent food for the hens.

Fermented food will kill chicks, and does kill many.

Serious consequences will result from not supplying rick to confined flocks.

If you want eggs and meat, too, the Plymouth Rock will do the business.

Feed troughs should be large enough to give all the fowls opportunity to feed.

There is more in giving chicks good care than there is in the kind of feed.

Keep your dust box full of dry dust and keep it where the hens can get at it.

Clean the henhouse from top to bottom. Do it thoroughly, and do not put it off another day.

Early moulting makes early layers.

This is the advantage of saving the earliest hatched pullets.

Milk, skimmed, sour or sweet, is an excellent food for poultry, especially if you have no ground bone to feed them.

Have you a barrel of lime handy? If not, get one. Make you a good stiff wash and add a little carbolic acid, then exercise yourself.

## A Hasty Army Marriage.

The romance of young Lochivar, who came out of the west, and kidnapped his bride by horseback, has been revised and modernized, even to the present war with Spain, by Cecil Stanley Newberry, a soldier boy from Elizabeth, N. J.

Cecil was betrothed to petite and pretty Adeline Norton, one of the fairest daughters of the New Jersey town from which the gallant Cecil is descended.

Last week she visited him in camp. They had a drowsy happy half hour together, and when the last train rumbled down the track their tears mingled with their kisses.

"Hurry, Adie," said Mrs. Lake, Adie's sister and chaperon.

Cecil helped Mrs. Lake upon the platform of the car. It took his a marvelously long time to perform the same office for Adie.

The train started. The girl waved a tearful farewell to her lover, and was surprised to see him run toward the rear car.

"He's going to throw himself under the train," she screamed.

Instead he ran through the rear car, seized her by the waist and sprang from the train. Mrs. Lake, who had been protesting, looked from the car window to see the couple surrounded by cheering soldiers. Years of maternity had made Mrs. Lake too portly for the athletic feat young Newberry had accomplished. She simply did what another chaperon has done—nothing.

"I couldn't let you go," said Newberry, when they recovered their breath after their leap from the train.

They found the Rev. Mr. Glazebrook, the "fighting parson," of the Third regiment, and were wed with neatness and dispatch, in the presence of Major De Hart and Captain Bickel.

The next morning Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Norton, stern parents, arrived in camp.

"Oh, papa!" exclaimed Mrs. Cecil Newberry, before he could make any objection, "what do you suppose performed the ceremony? Guess? You never can. It was Dominic Glazebrook." The stern parents started.

Mr. Norton looked reminiscently at Mrs. Norton. Mrs. Norton gazed pleadingly at her spouse.

"It's a good omen that the same chaplain married them who joined us when you were leaving for the other war. Let's forgive them for being hasty, Charles."

And so they did.

Never borrow trouble. If the evil is not to come, it is useless, and as much waste of it as to some. Keep all your strength to meet it.—Tryon Edwards.

It is a kind of good deed to say well; and yet words are no deeds.—Shakespeare.

## THE CALL TO THE COLORS.

"Are you ready, O Virginia, Alabama, Tennessee?"  
People of the Southland, answer!  
For the land bath need of thee."  
Where? In the Texas hills,  
Where the hunters of Kentucky,  
Here! from Chatterbox's side,  
Every toiler in the cotton,  
Every rugged mountaineer,  
Velvet-voiced and iron-handed,  
Lifts his head to answer "Here!"  
Some of them whistled as they picked.  
Some survive who followed Lee?  
They shall lead their sons to battle  
For the flag if need there be."

"Are you ready, California, Arizona, Idaho?"  
"Come on, come on to the colors!"  
"Hear you not the bugle blow?"  
Falls a hush in San Francisco  
In the busy hives of trade;  
In the vineyards of Sonoma,  
In the plumes of Colorado  
Pick and drill are thrown aside;  
Idly in Seattle harbor  
Swing the merchants to the tide,  
And a million mighty voices  
Rolling from the rough Sierras,  
"You have called us and we come."

O'er Missouri sounds the challenge—  
"O'er the great lakes and the plain;  
"Are you ready, Minnesota?"  
"Are you ready, men of Maine?"  
From the woods of Ontonagon,  
From the farms of Illinois,  
From the forests of Massachusetts,  
"We are ready, man and boy."  
Axemen free, of Androscoggin,  
Clerks who trudge the cities' pave,  
Gloucester men who drag their plunder  
From the sulken, hungry waves,  
Big-boned Swede and large-limbed German,  
Celt and Saxon swell the call,  
And the Adirondacks echo:  
"We are ready, one and all."

True to feud and peace to faction!  
All forgot is party zeal  
When the bugle sounds for action,  
When the blue battalions wheel,  
Europe boasts her standing armies—  
Serfs who blindly fight by trade;  
We have seven million soldiers,  
And a soul guides every blade,  
Laborers with arm and mattock,  
Men of the sea and the land,  
Railroad prince and railroad brakeman,  
Build our line of fighting men.  
Flag of righteous war! close mustered  
Gleam the bayonets, row on row,  
Where thy stars are sternly clustered,  
With their daggers toward the foe.

## GENERAL ANTONIO MACEO.

One more characteristic incident in the life of General Antonio Maceo. As the years roll by he will undoubtedly loom up as the heroic figure in the long and bitter struggle for Cuban freedom. His patriotism was entirely unalloyed with selfishness. His heart beat for Cuba, and Cuba alone. His whole family perished in the war. No cruelty stains his record. Of unquestioned military genius, his ceaseless energy was second only to his tact and foresight. In recourse he was boundless; in bravery unsurpassed; in prudence a marvel. Obeying orders himself, he was a disciplinarian to others. Outrages upon non-combatants were remorselessly punished. The black soldiers of Flor Crombet quickly learned to fear and respect him. Two of them were charged with assaulting defenseless Cuban women on the outskirts of a town garrisoned by Spaniards. The evidence was clear and irrefutable. On the finding of a court martial they were sentenced to death. In vain did Crombet and Quintin Bandera urge Maceo to pardon them. The orders against such outrages were imperative, the strictest discipline must be maintained, and it was not a case where justice could be tempered with mercy. Both men were hanged in front of the camp, and henceforth Maceo's men were as orderly and as obedient as soldiers of Sparta. No order was accepted in camp regulations. Even the newspaper correspondents were held to as strict account in the line of march or elsewhere as the humblest soldier. Maceo was no respecter of persons when orders were disobeyed, he had few or no favorites. Always thoughtful and wary, he never slept unless he fancied himself in perfect security.

Any story that sheds light upon the character and career of this extraordinary man must prove of more than ordinary interest. This incident occurred during the campaign of Dos Rios, in which the gallant Cecil was killed, and Martinez Campos escaped to Bayamo, leaving his routed army behind him. Flor Crombet had fallen in battle several days before this fight, and Marti had been killed in an insignificant fight at Dos Rios. General Maceo, the gallant Cecil, and the fire to the insurrection in the province of Santiago. To him was Campos indebted for his defeat. He escaped capture as if by intuition. A new snare had been spread for him Maceo after the death of Santocildes, and he was already within the snare when he actively divined the situation, he came to an about face and fled to Bayamo by an unused road, covered by an impassable thicket in the rear of Maceo's victorious troops.

The Spaniards were rapidly reinforced after the escape to Bayamo, and Maceo and Quintin Bandera began to fall back to his impregnable mountain retreat at Jarahuica. This was in the heart of Santiago de Cuba, over a hundred miles northeast of the port of Santiago. His war-worn army needed rest, recruits, and supplies. Once in safety he invited the Spaniards to meet him in the rocky range. News of his movements had reached Santiago, and a tremendous effort was being made to head him off at San Luis, a railroad town fifteen miles northwest of that city. Nothing, however, escaped the observation of the Cuban general. With wonderful presence he anticipated the movements of the Spaniards. His troops were armed with machetes and the infantry with rifles and ammunition captured at Paralejo. Bandera commanded this band of blacks. The march had been terrific, and horses and men were nearly fagged. With sparse supplies the pace had been kept up for hours. The sun had gone down, and the moon was flooding the fronds of the palms with pale, silvery light. Maceo held a short conference with Quintin Bandera, and not long afterward the blacks wheeled in column and disappeared. Meantime the Cuban cavalry continued its course. By midnight it had reached Cemetery hill, overlooking the town of San Luis. The moon was half way down the sky. Maceo sat upon his horse surveying the scene below him long and silently. The little town was aglow with electric lights and the whistle of locomotives resounded in the valley. Over three thousand Spaniards in the other held that in the town, and their movements were plainly discernible. Trains were arriving hourly from Santiago bearing strong reinforcement. Through a field glass he watched the stirring scene. He turned the glass beyond the town and gazed through it patiently, betraying a trace

of anxiety. Finally he alighted and conferred with Colonel Milford, chief of staff. A moment afterward came the order to dismount. Three hundred troopers obeyed, when they were called to attention. A second order reached their ears. They were told to stand at ease with both feet on the ground and to await further orders, with their hands on their saddles. In the moonlight beneath the scattered palms they stood as silent as if petrified.

Among them was a newspaper correspondent, who had known Maceo many years, and who had parted with him at Port Limon in Central America a few months before. He had joined the column just after the battle of Paralejo. In obedience to orders he stood with his arm over the back of his horse, blinking at the enlivening scene below him. Exhausted by the day's march his eyes closed and he found it impossible to keep awake. A moment later he fastened the bridle to his foot, wrapped himself in his rubber coat and fell asleep in the wet grass. The adjutant soon awoke him, telling him that he had better get up as he was being called to have a fight. He thanked the adjutant, who told him there were 2,000 Spanish soldiers in San Luis, and that it was surrounded with fourteen block-houses. The correspondent soon curled himself on the grass a second time and in a sound slumber, when he was again aroused by the adjutant, who told him he was in positive danger if he persisted in disobeying the order of General Maceo. A third time his heavy eyelids closed and he was in a dead sleep when startled by a peremptory shake. Captain Mascome, Maceo's private secretary, stood over him, "Get up this instant," said he. "The general wants to see you immediately."

In a second that correspondent was on his feet. The whistles were still blowing in the valley and the moon was on the horizon. He went forward in some trepidation, fancying that the general was going to upbraid him for disobeying his orders. He was surprised to find him very pleasant. Maceo always spoke in a low tone, as he had been shot twice through the lungs.

"Are you not hungry?"  
"No," the correspondent replied, wondering what was in the wind.

"I thought possibly you might want something to eat," General Maceo said. "I have a boiled egg here and I want to share it with you." After he uttered these words he drew out his machete and cut the egg straight through the center. Passing half of it to the correspondent he said: "Share it; it will do you good." The newspaper man thanked the general and they ate the boiled egg with gusto. Afterward that the incident reminded him of General Marion's breakfast with a British officer. He had read the story in Peter Parley's History of the Revolution when a school boy. Marion raked a baked sweet potato out of the ashes of a camp fire and divided it with his British guest. The officer regretted the absence of salt, and the correspondent said he experienced the same regret when he ate his portion of General Maceo's egg.

After munching the egg both men sat for some time observing the stirring scene in the valley below them. The moon had gone down, but in the glow of the electric lights they could see that the activity among the Spaniards was as great as ever. Suddenly Maceo turned to the correspondent and said: "Were you asleep when Jesus called you?"  
"Oh, no," the correspondent replied. "I was not asleep; I was only just tired—that was all."

The general looked at him searchingly, and then said: "Don't worry, it is all right. We are going through that town in a few minutes. There may be a fierce fight and you will need a clear head. The egg will give you strength."

Within twenty minutes the little columns of 300 men were on the move. They led a reserve force down the hill, and an hour before daybreak with the general in the lead. Silently and stealthily they entered the outskirts of the town. The columns passed two blockhouses without being observed and at the break of day were beyond the town. The Spaniards had discovered the town while the Spaniards had discovered the town. The town was aroused and 150 Spanish cavalry headed the pursuit, the road wound through fields of cane. A strong column of Spanish infantry followed the cavalry. Maceo held him in reserve and continued to lead the Spanish troopers trailing after them like so many wildcats. Suddenly, to their astonishment, Quintin Bandera's infantry arose on either side of the road and almost annihilated the pursuing column. Those that escaped alarmed the column of cavalry, which returned to San Luis and began to fortify themselves. Maceo and Bandera camped on the estate of Mejorana, about six miles away. It was here that Marti, Gomez, the two Maceos, Crombet, Guerra and Habi met not long before the outbreak of the new war. Maceo and Bandera found plenty of provisions at the estate, but no bread. A small Cuban boy was sent to the Spanish commander at San Luis with a note requesting him to be so kind as to send some bread to visitors at the Mejorana plantation, which they held.

The Spanish commander asked him. Without a moment's hesitation he replied: "General Gomez." The Spanish official laughed and replied: "Very well. A supply of bread will be sent. It is not necessary for Maceo to come after it." What is more remarkable is the fact that Maceo told the correspondent before hand that the bread would be sent, as the Spaniards had been so frightened by Bandera on the previous day that they did not wish to invite another attack. That very evening the boy returned conveying many bags of bread. The Spaniards remained within the town until Maceo had rested his army and departed for Jarahuica.

"By George, that was a savage fight! What was the trouble?" the Cleveland Leader quotes one of them as saying.  
"Oh, it was about the war."  
"Ah! one of them is a Spaniard, I suppose?"  
"No; one of them claimed it was Sunday evening when Dewey took Manila, and the other held that it wasn't done until Monday morning, our time."

"What blamed fools to fight over a thing of that kind. Which do you think was right?"  
"I think it was Sunday evening. You see."

"I beg your pardon, sir, but you are away off there. It was Saturday, our time. Now let me explain."

"I've looked this matter up myself, and know just what I am talking about. If you'll just give me a chance I can show you in a minute. Suppose that it was—"

"Say, I want you to understand this, I know just as much about these things as the next man. You may think you have a copyright on human knowledge, but there are a few others. Now, if you're incapable of listening to argument, I can convince you in just a minute that it was—"

"Oh, who cares for your explanation? Let me tell you how it is. You see—"

"You're a blamed fool!"  
Bang! Thwack! Z-z-z-z-rip! |||

## RAPID FIRE GUNS.

Rapid fire guns are guns in which the manipulation of the piece is greatly facilitated by having the charge of powder and shot put together as one, quite after the manner of small arm ammunition. An essential to secure this rapidity of fire is dispatch in handling the ammunition—loading, firing, and reloading again. Hence it is at this point of the first importance to have the ammunition arranged with this object in view. Copper cylinders are usually the means employed. This employment of metallic cartridge cases to hold the shot and shell renders unnecessary the sponging of the gun after each round, as must be done with other systems of loading, for any hot residue would be of great danger in ordinary guns if not removed or cooled by sponging. Such burning fragments could do no harm in a powder charge sealed up in a metallic case; so the time usually given to sponging the gun is saved. Again, in ordinary guns considerable delay usually occurs from having to insert in the vent a primer, and from having to extract the old one. In the rapid fire gun the ammunition is already attached to the base of the cylinder, which is exploded by a firing pin just as it is, and in precisely the same manner as in a small arm, and hence all the time ordinarily needed to prime the charge is therefore saved.

The rapid fire gun was developed from the machine gun, the French mitrailleuse being the first successful piece of this nature. It gained great notoriety during the Franco-German war, and extraordinary results were expected from it. The mitrailleuse, however, was not a success, as it was unmanipulated, still it showed the way, which Gatling was not slow to follow, nor was Nordenfeldt far behind, and several other inventors were soon in the field.

THE TORPEDO BOAT.  
It was during this time—1875-78—that the torpedo boat shot into prominence, long, low, nearly invisible, as swift as an arrow, carrying a death dealing weapon to frighten the souls of fearful adversaries. Everything in the way of offensive sea warfare was expected of these craft, indeed they were thought by some capable men—notably Frenchmen—to be the one decisive naval element of strength of the future. Hebbels, a name synonymous with small caliber rapid fire guns, came to the assistance of those who were determined that some means must be found to annihilate these torpedo boats, bringing forward the revolving cannon of several sizes of bore. In pieces of this type each barrel, usually four in number, was revolved by a crank gear until it came opposite a stationary chamber, where the projectile was inserted and then fired, all by the turning of a crank. About an inch and a half diameter was found to be the largest size of barrel that could be advantageously operated by hand gearing; above that the weight was too heavy for the gun to be worked as a machine gun.

While the machine gun was growing in power and efficiency so was the torpedo boat; its size was increased and the boilers were arranged so as to be protected against these revolving cannon projectiles by coal; the coal was necessary to provide guns possessing not only the quality of rapidity of fire, but discharging heavier projectiles with higher velocity. The success attending using of metal cartridge cases for holding the ammunition of the large revolving cannon demonstrated the practicality of constructing heavier guns to fire the same description of ammunition, and it was also recognized that better results could be gained by giving up the mechanical loading—such as was common to guns of more than one barrel—and instead to design a piece with only one barrel. Again Hotchkiss and Nordenfeldt appear to have been the first to adopt this improvement, though other gun designers soon followed suit.

THE THREE AND SIX-POUNDEES.  
The results of the labors of these two inventors were the production of the first rapid fire guns using shot and shell three pounds and six pounds. Subsequently the one-pounder was manufactured. These callipers are the ones used today in our service. Latterly the six-pounder has been supplied alone to our new ships. From the three-pounder and one-pounder about thirty ships a minute can be fired by a trained crew, and from the six-pounder about twenty-five. This speed will not be considered too great when it is recollected that a torpedo boat has to be repelled or destroyed from say 1,000 yards to 400 yards, during an interval of less than a minute. Moreover, as torpedo attacks will probably be made by several boats at the same time and from different quarters, it is evident that a large number of quick firing guns must be included in the armament of all men-of-war.

They are therefore placed on board ship wherever there is room for them and in such positions that several guns can always be concentrated on any point. Thus they are found in the tops, on the poop, forecastle, superstructure, on bridges, in any spare port, on the main deck, and in the ports of the cabin, which they protect the stern and the propellers.

The Hotchkiss three and four-pounder guns mounted on board our ships are made at the Colt works, Hartford, Conn., entirely of steel, in two principal parts, the barrel and the jacket. The latter being shrunk on the former. The jacket carries the breech mechanism, which is on the falling breech principle, and is worked by a two handed lever on the right of the gun.

TO MAN THE GUN.  
To load the piece, point it, fire it, etc.—in other words, to man a three or six-pounder gun—requires a crew of four men. No. 1 is the captain of the gun. He does the aiming, pointing and firing, and he commands the crew of that gun. No. 2 attends at the breech, opening and closing it and wiping it off. No. 3 does the loading, inserting the cartridge, and generally sees to the ammunition at the gun. No. 4 carries the ammunition from the boxes where it is kept and hands it to No. 2. He also takes off the empty case and lays it aside out of the way. Usually there are two more men assigned to each gun. Their duties are to provide ammunition and keep the supply equal to the demand. One man, of course, can do everything himself, but not so quickly as two or three or four. More than four cannot be utilized to any advantage about the gun.

To have sufficient ammunition on hand is a most important matter, for if a torpedo boat be coming on Johnny will need to get his quick. The ammunition is stored in wooden boxes, each cartridge so that it cannot touch the adjoining one, and also so that neither the point of the projectile nor the base of the cartridge case carrying the primer shall be in contact with anything. Usually there are about a dozen six-pounder rounds in a box, about sixteen rounds in a three-pounder box and nearly twice as many in a one-pounder.

When the men returned from the mustering Captain Avery had a talk with Colonel Grant and Hecht was allowed to go home in peace. Miss Hecht told me as she left that she had never been so heartily treated in her life. She said she had tried several times to explain matters to Colonel Grant, but he had refused without giving her an opportunity to say a word.

It was at Portsmouth that Lieutenant Dewey first met the sweet-faced little woman who afterwards became his wife. She was Miss Susie Goodwin, a daughter of doughty old Ichabod Goodwin, the war governor of New Hampshire and known far and wide as "Fighting Governor Goodwin." In his way Governor Goodwin was a popular hero in the early days of the civil war, quite as much as is his distinguished son-in-law today. Like many another of the "war governors" of the north, Ichabod Goodwin was an old school democrat of the Jackson stripe. Nullification or secession he could not stand, and when President Lincoln's first call for volunteers came and found the New Hampshire legislature not in session, the loyal old governor put his hands deep into his pockets and at his personal expense fitted out a regiment of fighting men and sent them to the front, trusting to the patriotism of the people of New Hampshire to reimburse him at the proper time. "Fighting Governor Goodwin" was known far and wide in those days; village streets were named in his honor, likewise babies galore; and to this day the old Port, Saco and Presumpscot societies wondered what Goodwin, thirty years old or more, goes puffing and snorting along the shore road which connects Portsmouth with points east and west.

Two gallant naval officers were generally supposed to have been rivals for the hand and heart of Miss Goodwin. They were Lieutenant Dewey and Commander Rhind, the latter then preparing for a cruise in foreign waters as commander of the Narragansett. The calls of the one alternated with those of the other, and the dear old gossip in Portsmouth society wondered what would be the outcome of it all. The lieutenant, however, won his suit. Commander Rhind sailed away in his fine old ship and Lieutenant Dewey and Miss Goodwin were married. It is known now that the odds were against the old and the lieutenant won because, in addition to the greater favor which the young lieutenant had won in the eyes of the young woman, there was the aid which was thrown into the balance by her father, the "fighting governor."

George is sort of reckless sometimes," the old gentleman once remarked, "but hand me if I can help him. He's honest and full of grit, and he'll be heard from one of these days."

Lieutenant Dewey and Miss Susie Goodwin were married October 24, 1877, and following the wedding a reception was held in the fine old Goodwin home, which is still standing on one of the quiet, elm-shaded streets of Portsmouth, and occupied by members of the Goodwin family.

Shortly after the marriage the young couple were compelled to separate for a time, Lieutenant Dewey having been ordered to sea. For two years he was on the European station, his wife remaining in Portsmouth. Returning to America, he was, oddly enough, assigned to the command of the Narragansett, relieving his former rival, Commander Rhind. The one great sorrow of his life came a little later. This was in 1872. He had been promoted to be commander and luck seemed to be running strongly his way. The young wife had given birth to a son in Newport and preparations were being made for an event which it was hoped would crown with joy their wedded life. A son was born December 23, but a week later the mother died. The boy was christened George Goodwin, in honor of his proud grandfather.

He is now a splendid fellow of 28, a graduate of Princeton, and a "chip of the old block." This boy is George Goodwin Dewey, now well started on a mercantile career in New York, and whose alleged portrait has recently appeared in half the newspapers of the country. He is the lost son of his father, Commander Dewey faced the world bravely, but those who know him well say that his soul was sorely tried, while his sister is authority for the statement that he felt as if in no little measure his career had ended at the grave of his mother. Years ago he was entirely blotted out this feeling, but, according to a Washington story, our hero of Manila has not been entirely proof against Cupid's mischievous glances. As the story goes, it was not so very long ago that the gallant Dewey was captivated by a certain diplomat attached to one of the legations in Washington, and a Spanish diplomat at that. "Since then," says my informant, "Dewey has shown little if any love for the diplomat in question or for the Dons in general. The fact is, at least one may suspect, he had some other girl in Maine. I can remember when he lined up his ships before the Spanish fleet in Manila bay."

Is This Grant's Son.  
Colonel Grant, who has been the idol of his men, developed a streak of rigid discipline on receipt of orders to take his regiment south and it increased during the day. The fact that his battalions were not quartered in the city after the afternoon, though it had been intended to have the ceremony early in the morning, may have ruined him.