

CAMPFIRE TALES



Our Growing Family.

"By crimony!" says Uncle Sam, "and how is that fer high? They may be other parents, but there's none more proud than I. My family's increasin' so I can't keep track—as near as I can count it's grown about a million souls a year."

"Now, talk about expansion. There is none but will agree Here's a natural expansion that is good enough for me. And there's room for all my fegglings to git big in, so it's clear That I won't be overcrowded by my million souls a year."

"For look at all the vast expanse of playgrounds that I've got: Hills and valleys, plains and mountains, where my kids may romp and trot. Arid lands they can develop, forests they can plant and clear; Yes, I reckon there's employment fer my million souls a year."

"Life blood of a hundred races in the bouncing million flows— Is ther' one of 'em to shame me fer his kindred as he grows? Yes, I know that growing families is difficult to rear, But I'm glad to take my chances on my million souls a year."

"Ther' may be wars in future—though I'm prayin' hard fer peace; But come what comes, I won't forget the blessing of increase; May our honor know no blemish and our flag receive no smear From the strong who lead the weaker of my million souls a year."
—Wallace Irwin.

Between the Lines at Kenesaw

"Charging an enemy in fortifications," said Lieut. John McGinnis of the Eighty-sixth Illinois, "is uphill business. Whenever I think of the Japs going up those fortified hills north of Port Arthur I am reminded of our own experience at Kenesaw. On the morning of June 27, 1864, our regiment was ordered to leave in camp all camp equipage and to march with rations, full canteens, and blankets. I was then a sergeant in Company K, Eighty-sixth Illinois, and I remember well the talk of the men as we moved forward.

"After a long march the regiment was halted and the captains went forward to receive their instructions. Each captain returned to his company with orders to charge the rebel works, go into them, and hold them. We moved forward until we could see the rebel works, and there the brigade was formed for the charge. We waited some time for the signal gun, and when it was fired went forward with bayonets fixed, in good order, and without excitement.

"After we crossed James D. Morgan's works and Noyes creek we started at a double quick. In spite of a galling fire, we kept going and were in pretty good order as we neared the rebel line. Gladfetter and Lair of our company had outrun the rest of us, and were within a few feet of the works, when the rebs let loose a volley, right in our faces. Lair and Gladfetter dropped to the ground unhurt, and the blue smoke from the rebel guns enveloped us.

"We fell back a few steps and lay down, and each man acted as his own commander. Lying flat on the ground, we were partially shielded from the rebel fire. The enemy's works were ten feet high, and to shoot at us the men had to raise their heads above their works. All our boys were quick to take in the situation, and by pouring a rain of bullets into the head logs opposite us kept rebel heads down.

"Our wounded, however, lay between the lines, in danger of being shot by both sides. Just as I realized this Coburn called to me: 'John, Andy Keller is out there, and he is calling you.' Leaving my gun, I crept out to Keller and lay down beside him. He said he was badly hurt, and as he could not move, he feared mortally. He asked me not to let him fall into the hands of the rebels, and to be sure and write his mother that he fell at the front, doing his duty. I called Coburn and his brother Billy, and they

crawled out to us. We three, hugging the ground all the time, placed a blanket on the ground, roled the helpless Keller on it, and then, the two Coburns taking him by the feet and I holding the blanket about his head, we dragged him down to the company.

"Stretcher bearers carried Keller to the rear and he died in the hospital and is buried in Chattanooga cemetery. Julius Bridegroom, a recruit who had been with us only two days caught three bullets that day, one through the shoulder and two through the arms. He recovered and is now president of a bank in Boston, Kan. As he went back that day I thought he wouldn't live an hour, and here he is, forty years later, with children and grandchildren, happy and prosperous. Many a poor fellow wounded in the charge, died between the lines. We, who held the advance line, stayed there until the morning of July 3, or until the rebels left their works, not more than eighty-five feet away."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

More Medal of Honor Men.

Privates Joseph E. Brandle, Seventeenth Michigan infantry, while color bearer of his regiment, "having been twice wounded and the sight of one eye destroyed, still held to the colors until ordered to the rear by his commander."

Jonathan C. Kirk, Twentieth Indiana infantry, at North Anna River, Va., in 1864, "volunteered for dangerous service, and, single-handed, captured thirteen armed Confederate soldiers and marched them to the rear."

During one of the Indiana campaigns in 1874, Corporal Edward C. Sharpless, Sixth cavalry, "while carrying dispatches, was attacked by 125 hostile Indians, whom he (and a comrade) fought throughout the day."

Medals of honor were bestowed upon those men.

Gen. Adalbert Ames received a medal for gallantry while a Lieutenant of the Fifth artillery at the battle of Bull run. The record says: "He remained upon the field in command of a section of Griffin's battery, directing its fire, after being severely wounded, and refusing to leave the field until too weak to sit upon the caisson, where he had been placed by the men of his command."

Samuel E. Eddy, a private in Company D, Thirty-seventh Massachusetts infantry, received a medal for having saved the life of the adjutant of his regiment by voluntarily going beyond the line and there killing one of the enemy, then in the act of firing upon the wounded officer. The record says that Eddy "was assailed by several of the enemy, run through the body with a bayonet and pinned to the ground, but while so situated he shot and killed his assailant."

Custis Lee Makes Correction.

Moved by fanciful stories that lately have been published, Gen. Custis Lee has addressed a letter to the Confederate Memorial Literary Society at Richmond, Va., saying that to the best of his knowledge and belief all the swords that his father, Gen. Robert E. Lee, ever possessed remain in the possession of the surviving members of his family. He also recalls that the oft-repeated story, "unobjectionable if true," of the tender and return of Gen. Lee's sword at Appomattox is emphatically denied by Gen. Grant in his memoirs.

Some People Knew.

Frank Bell, who presides at Locke's tells a conversation which occurred between him and a confederate prisoner at Normandy, Tenn.:

"Are you going to take the oath," asked Bell.

"No, I'll rot in prison first."

"What are you fighting for, anyhow?"

"Our rights."

"What in thunder are your rights?"

"Well, er—hem," hesitating and attempting to clear his throat. "Well, I can't exactly tell, Yank, the fact is, I—er—don't quite know, but there is them that does."—Boston Post.

BOYS AND GIRLS

What Counts.

Did you tackle that trouble that came your way

With a resolute heart and cheerful, Or hide your face from the light of day

With a craven soul and fearful? Oh, a trouble is a ton, or a trouble is an ounce.

Or a trouble is what you make it; And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts.

But only—how did you take it?

You are beaten to earth? Well, well, what's that?

Come up with a smiling face, It's nothing against you to fall down flat.

But to lie there—that's disgrace. The harder you're thrown, why, the higher you bounce;

Be proud of your blackened eye! It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts;

It's how did you fight—and why?

And though you be done to the death, what then?

If you battled the best you could, If you played your part in the world of men,

Why, The Critic will call it good. Death comes with a crawl, or comes with a pounce;

And whether he's slow or spry, It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts.

But only—how did you die?

—Edmund Vance Cooke.

Level Made in a Bottle.

A level is an instrument used in leveling things; or, rather, in determining whether they are level or not.

A carpenter's level is a straight wooden ruler, to which is attached a short and slightly curved glass tube, with its convex, or bulging, side up. This tube is nearly filled with alcohol, and hence the instrument is commonly called a spirit level.

The part of the tube which is not occupied by the alcohol is filled by a large bubble of air, which, of course, rises to the highest part of the curved tube. When the ruler is level, or horizontal, the middle of the tube is in its highest part, and there the bubble stands; but when the ruler is inclined the bubble moves toward its higher end.

There are other kinds of levels.

But the water level that we are going to make is much simpler.

Thrust a long pin through a flat cork, attach a short thread to the head of the pin, and, with the aid of a stick, fasten the other end of the thread with wax to the bottom of a wide-mouthed bottle, on the inside.

Pour in water until the thread is



Water Level at Work.

stretched tight by the floating cork. Close the mouth of the bottle with a well fitting cork, and through this thrust a long hatpin and push it down until its point nearly touched the point of the pin below.

Now set the bottle on a surface which you know to be exactly level, and, if necessary, adjust the cork in the neck so that one pin point is exactly over the other. Then fasten the cork securely in this position with sealing wax.

Now, if the bottle is placed on a table, one point will stand over the other if the table is level, but not if it is inclined. By raising it on one side or another until one point is over the other you can make it level and be sure that it is level in all directions. You can test any other surface in the same way.

A Surprise in Marbles.

This ingenious little trick may be done with a number of marbles of the same size.

Place several books upon a table



Marbles Ready for the Trials.

so that they form the angle with it shown in the drawing. Lay a dozen marbles in line in the angle, each touching the other, and ask some one to hold a hat at the edge of the table where the row of books terminates.

Now tell the onlookers that you are able to detach any number of the marbles they may name from the lot and drop them in the hat without touching a single marble of the group. After they have puzzled over the question for a second, of course some one will give you a number.

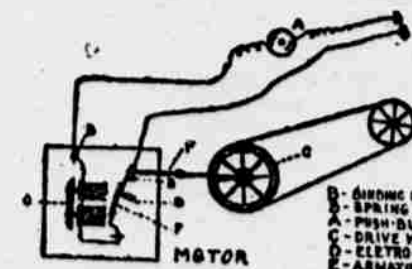
Say the given number is four. Extract from your pocket four marbles, the same size as the others. Lay them in line at about six inches from the group of twelve. Then suddenly roll them along the angle until they strike the first group. The spectators will be astonished to see four marbles fly off the end of the large group and drop into the hat.

They will probably test this trick several times by calling out different numbers, but for every number called use the same number of extra marbles to roll with, and the trick will succeed every time. The same result can be obtained by using billiard balls or any spherical objects all of the same size.

Home-Made Motor.

This motor goes very well if you have the magnet strong enough. You can either use wet or dry batteries. The wheel C can be either quite heavy or light.

The driving rod F is to be of two



pieces so that the wheel will turn easily. You can use No. 24 or 30 wire for the magnet. The rod that the armature is on is to be of brass, the size to be determined by the magnet. You can either make a wheel or get it anywhere at hardware store.

Did He Think They Were Cats?

"You office holders," sneered the man who was vainly trying to be one, "don't die very often, do you?"

"No," replied the man who was one, as he smiled benignly, "only once."—Stray Stories.