

BABY AT EL CANEY.

Story of the White Ridden by the Spanish General.

One of the many tragic incidents of the terrible fighting around El Caney was the death of General Vera del Rey, who, at the head of barely 1,500 men, had defended, first, the outposts, then the village, and finally, the series of blockhouses between El Caney and Santiago with great bravery and wonderful pertinacity.

When at last the enemy surrendered it was found that of 1,500 who had taken part in the first assault only 200 survived and were fit for action. One of the dead was General Vera del Rey. His body was discovered a few hundred yards distant from the place where most of the casualties had occurred, having been heavily removed thither by a few of the dead hero's faithful soldiers.

During most of the fighting around El Caney General del Rey had ridden a small white horse which had made him a good target for the Americans. From the back of this horse he was finally picked off by a sharpshooter.

A short time after the close of hostilities in Santiago province a surgeon of the Seventy-first New York, Dr. H. Eugene Stafford, was fortunate enough to receive this same little white horse in trade with a Spanish soldier. The animal was once led into camp, where he was given the name of "Baby," and soon became the friend and pet of all the poor fellows who were lying about sick and suffering. But in the surgeon the horse seemed to recognize his master and to him his devotion grew by degrees until it became almost human. Day and night the horse kept his eyes on the surgeon and wherever the latter hung his hammock, in the hope of getting a little rest and sleep, there "Baby" would be also. He followed the surgeon around as a child would his father.

When this friendship was first formed the surgeon had given up his tent to some of the boys who had been stricken with fever or killed by Spanish bullets, and he took his rest with the little white horse, always near him. When, finally, he was given another tent "Baby" was very much concerned and nearly demolished the tent in trying to force an entrance.

The horse seemed to try to show in all his actions how sorry he was to have begun his army career on the wrong side of the firing line, yet, though he bore many ugly wounds from American bullets, he bore other boys no malice. As the wounded and sick troops grew worse and the surgeon himself became weak to mount "Baby," the surgeon and the little white horse made the rounds of the camps together, "Baby" walking very carefully with the surgeon's arm over his neck, the surgeon carrying what cheer he could to the boys in the hospital and almost beside himself at the thought that his medicine chest was nearly empty. Owing to the intense heat the only covering the surgeon could bear was a very thin gauze undershirt of a yellowish color, but even so the sight of the yellow shirt and "Baby" coming up the hill put new life into the suffering soldier boys.

A few lessons in going to the river for water were enough for "Baby" to know what was wanted, and when the weakened men were unable to make the trip on account of the heat they would find improved water carriers to "Baby's" back and off he would go to the river, get a drink for himself and ask, in his own way, of course, someone to fill his bag for him; that done the horse would gallop back to camp, carrying life to some of those burning fever patients.

There was also a humorous side to "Baby's" nature. It is well known that to a pack of mules a white horse is a great attraction. When the boys of the Seventy-first were in great need of extra mules "Baby" would disappear for a time and presently come back to camp followed by one, two or three mules, which were put into immediate use and kept at work until their rightful owner came forward and claimed property. These flirtations between "Baby" and the mules were carried on

visited some of the Seventy-first's boys who are under treatment. One poor fellow, lying crippled from wounds received in battle, exclaimed: "I'm glad to see you, Doc, but if only I could see 'Baby' and the yellow shirt coming up the hill, I should feel better." "Let us step to the window and see what is there," said Surgeon Stafford, adding, "Maybe we shall see 'Baby.'" The poor fellow was incredulous, but, helped by the surgeon, he limped to the window. There, sure enough, was "Baby," whiter and slicker than ever. The soldier could hardly believe his eyes, but when assured that the little horse he saw hitched to the fence was indeed "Baby," the pet of the Seventy-first, he burst into tears. He was tenderly cared for now, but his

FOUNDING OF A FEAST DAY

Transition of the Puritan Festival to a National Holiday.

OBSERVANCE ORDAINED BY CONGRESS

Declarations of the Fathers During the Revolution—Proclamations of President Washington—Lincoln's Example.

Thanksgiving day brings a variety of emotions to the average American. Originally transplanted in this country as a day of prayerful thanks for the favors of Providence, it has broadened with the country, and is now observed more as a day of feasting and recreation than as a church holiday. The original intent was too restricted to survive the onrush of people to "the asylum of the oppressed." Hence, while the custom survived the revolution

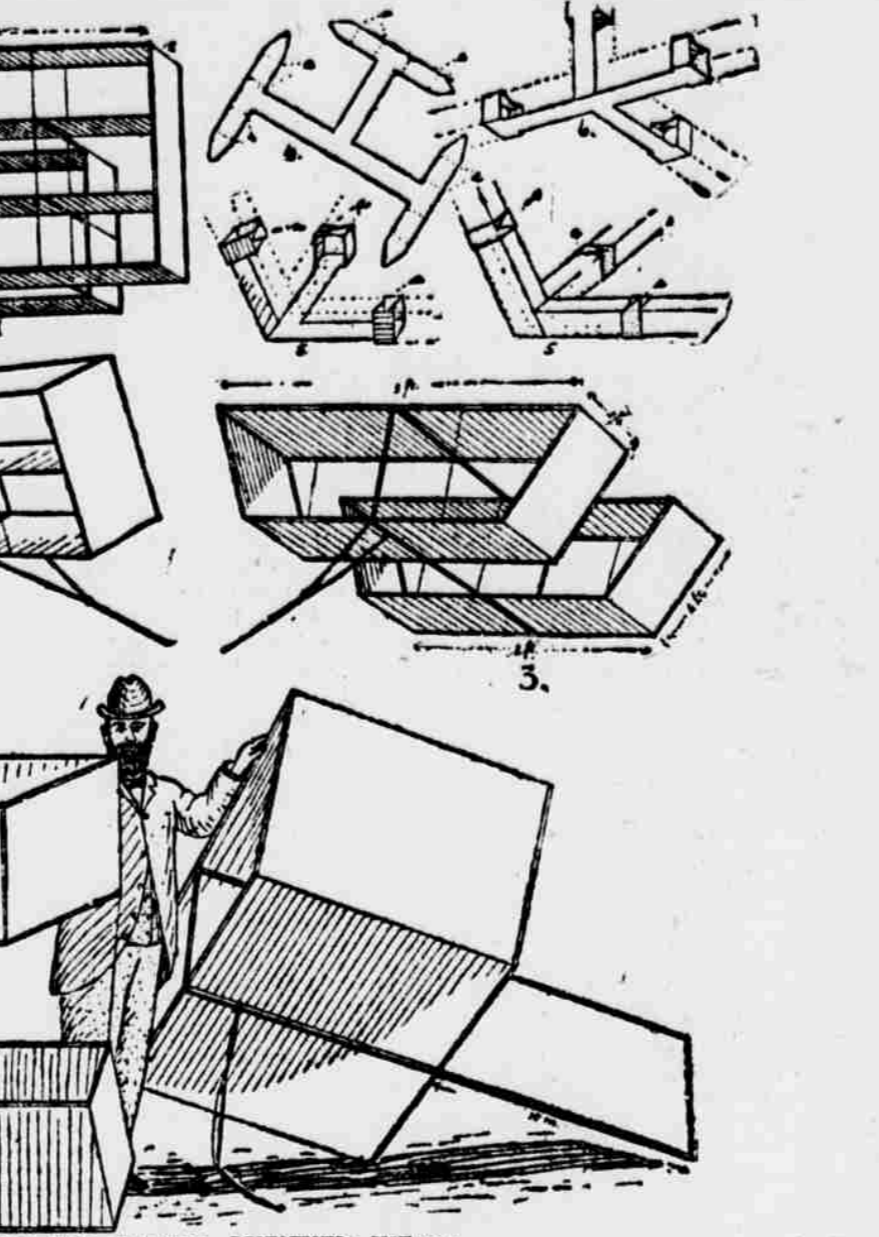


DIAGRAM FOR MAKING SCIENTIFIC KITES.

EXPERIMENTAL KITES.

thoughts reverted to Santiago and El Caney and to the angels of mercy who ministered to him there. He remembered "Baby" and the "yellow shirt."

AN AMUSING AND INSTRUCTIVE PASTIME

The increasing usefulness of kites has led scientific men throughout the world to experiment and make a special study of kite flying with a view to evolving more perfect models for military, scientific and other purposes. At the kite farms throughout the United States some remarkably successful results are being obtained with new kites of odd designs, very light of weight, but powerful in operation.



BABY AND HIS GROOM.

with great success on several occasions. The sympathy and help of "Baby" kept the surgeon from giving in to the fever, but one day when his temperature was about 106, and he had done all he could for the poor wretch about him, he seemed to lose his senses and wandered off, no one knew where. A search was made and "Baby" was most excited of all who had part in it. The horse found a trail almost at once and followed it as would a dog, after a time coming upon his master in a thicket, where in his delirium he had fallen. The faithful animal rubbed his nose against the surgeon's face and gave him the breath of air which brought him out of his stupor. Soon the surgeon's returning strength enabled him to put his arm around the neck of the horse and to hang on until gently but surely he was dragged back within sight of the camp.

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

Little Marjorie is by no means fond of going to church. She has to sit too still, and "the man" talks about things she cannot yet understand.

"What's it for, mamma?" she asked one day. "What do we go to church for?"

and subsequent wars, the manner of observance overlapped the Puritan boundary and became as varied as the tastes of a cosmopolitan people.

The annual observance of Thanksgiving as a national holiday began with the proclamation of President Lincoln, issued in 1863. While there had been Thanksgiving days before, they had occurred at irregular intervals and were held in recognition of some unusual event in the nation's life.

Address of the Continental Congress.

They prepared the following address, which was reported to congress on November 1, and at once agreed upon as follows:

Every visitor to Hawaii is expected to become acquainted with "Pop," the Kanaka's staff of life, says Leslie's Weekly. The taste for this national dish is undoubtedly acquired, and even after many trials often fails to come at all. This thick, paste-like mixture is made from the taro-plant (Colocasia antiquorum), from which originates the "oyster" cocktail, and is now offered merely for the name as sadly disappointed in finding that the only liquid it contains is milk.

Miss Ada Rehan.



ADA REHAN Writes: Vin Mariani is certainly unexcelled as the most effective and at the same time pleasant tonic. ADA REHAN.

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Cancer. Mrs. S. M. Idol, Winston, N. C. writes: "Cancer is hereditary in our family, my father, sister, and aunt having died from this dreadful disease. I was thoroughly alarmed, therefore, when a malignant Cancer appeared on my side, and at once sought the treatment of the best physicians. They were unable to do any good, however, as the Cancer continued to grow worse and spread. I then tried S. S. S., which forced the disease out and cured me permanently."

Are You Going East? LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD. UNRIVALLED SCENERY. BLACK DIAMOND EXPRESS. MEALS & IS CARTE.