

## A WOMAN SOLDIER.

ROMANTIC EXPERIENCES OF KADY C. BROWNELL IN THE CIVIL WAR.

She Claimed That She Was Regularly Enlisted in the Union Army and That She Served Bravely Alongside of Her Husband—Some of Her Exploits.

It is not probable that any one of the hundred poor in the big barrack-like flat-house that stands in barren ugliness on the southwest corner of St. Nicholas avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-eighth street, New York city, ever gave more than a passing glance or thought to the stout, comfortable, motherly looking woman with the gentle, placid face and mild blue eyes who may be seen at dawn making her way along the street that leads to the Central Park gate.

Beyond the immaculate neatness of her dress, and perhaps an indefinable air of precision in her carriage, there is nothing in her appearance that would suggest anything but the humdrum struggle to live. And poor people, to whom life means the eternal fight for to-day's dinner and to-morrow's breakfast, cannot afford time for observation or inquiry.



DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT.

To her neighbors the old woman is known principally as the keeper of one of the kiosks in Central Park, and if you want to find her you must ask for her there, because few, if any, of her neighbors would ever recognize her by name.

Some are more observant. An army veteran once remarked as he saw her going along One Hundred and Twenty-eighth street: "If she weren't a woman I'd swear she'd been before the drill sergeant." And he was nearer the truth than he knew.

For this woman—gentle and submissive, patient, uncomplaining in trouble, sickness and all the sorrows of living against heavy odds—this humble servant of the park cottage has played her part in the history of the country and taken her share in the preservation of the Union.

She is Mrs. Robert C. Brownell. Speak of her as Kady Brownell and scarcely a veteran in all New England but will recognize the name and recall the deeds with which it is associated.

"Comrade" Brownell they call her down in Providence. That is because she is a member of Silas Howe Grand Army Post, No. 5. To be a member of a Grand Army post one must have served and fought in the civil war. Kady Brownell did both. She is the only woman ever regularly enlisted in the army of the Union; the only woman who ever marched to battle side by side with her brothers in arms.

In her life her recompense is \$8 a month pension money allowed her by the Government for her services in the field.

Neatly framed on the mantelpiece of her room is a modest little notice in the handwriting of Major-Gen. Burnside that "Kady Brownell, of the United States service," had, "through her devotion to the cause of the Union, fully earned the gratitude and respect of all officers under whose command she was placed," and that "she had saved many worthy officers and soldiers from death."

Locked carefully away in a bureau drawer in the front parlor of her flat is a piece of faded silk of red and white striped pattern, with a blue square in the left-hand corner and a design in stars covering the blue. The silk is torn this way and that. Little round holes dotted here and there show where Confederate bullets went through. This scrap of silk is all that remains of the flag carried by Mrs. Brownell in her official capacity as daughter of the regiment. Night and day for nearly four years that flag never left her hands. On the march or in battle she carried it; at night it covered her.

### The Retort Ready.

A bustling agent for a patent churn invaded the office of a busy merchant one day and proceeded to deliver his lecture.

"One moment, please," said the merchant. "May I ask to whom I am indebted for this visit?"

"The caller produced his card. It contained the inscription, Barton Zealander, Agent for Cosmopolitan Sewing Machine Company."

"The man of business studied the card for a moment. Then he looked up and said: 'By your card, sir, what would there be left? Speak out, or that all can hear.'"

"The plate!" shouted the boy.

## M'GIFFIN'S GREAT DESIRE.

The Hero of Yalu Longed to Fight Under the Stars and Stripes.

The war excitement made the men who knew Capt. Philo McGiffin well think of him regretfully in these days. He was a born fighter, as he proved in the battle of the Yalu; and all his life he longed for a chance to put up a good fight for the Stars and Stripes.

"I'm not fool enough to wish for a war," he said, "but if America's bound to have one, I hope it will come in my day, that's all. My idea of absolute happiness is to be on a good American man-of-war with a battle on hand and an enemy worth whipping."

For a few years he gave up naval life and tried to resign himself to stagnation in a little Western town; but the experiment went hard with him. The only water near the place was a miserable little stream that went sliding along in a disconsolate way. A foot bridge crossed it on the edge of the town; and there, leaning over the railing, staring in a homesick fashion at the strip of water and puffing at his cigar, the ex-navalman could be found at almost any hour of the day. Most of his matter-of-fact Western neighbors thought it was funny, but there were a few who called it pathetic.

When news of the Franco-Chinese trouble came the fighting blood in McGiffin's veins boiled and the West had to go by the board.

"I'm dying for the salt water, anyway," he said, "and spoiling for a fight, and I'm going to take a hand in this shindy. I may never have another chance, we're so blamed peaceable in this generation."

He started for China, but the trouble was ended before he had a chance to join in, and then fate dropped him into the place in the Chinese navy where at last he found the fight he had been looking for. The Yalu was hot enough to satisfy even him. Every one knows how he fought, and when, after it was all over, he came home a physical wreck and with death staring him in the face, he had only one regret.

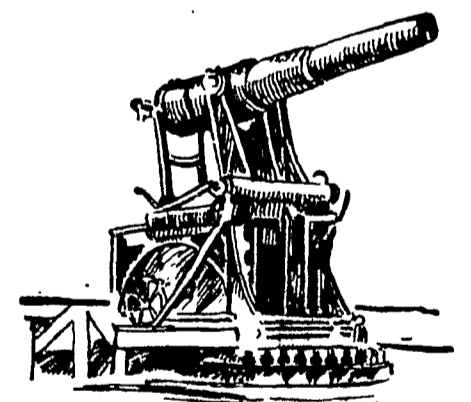
"It was a great fight," he said to an old friend, "but if I'd had a Yankee ship under me and Yankee sailors beside me, and a Yankee flag above me, we'd have shown the Japs what fighting means. I wish I could have been knocked to pieces under the Stars and Stripes, if it had to come. Still, it was a pretty fight."

We've others like him in the navy of which our Spanish friends speak so slightly; but it's a pity McGiffin couldn't have lived at least a year longer and have had his heart's desire.

### Coast Defence Gun.

Sticking above the parapet of the fort at Willet's Point, Long Island, is a big coast defence rifle. The muzzle points up Long Island Sound, and the position is significant. Back of the piece are a big derrick and a mass of ropes and pulley blocks. The exposed rifle is one of the new 8-inch battery recently put in position at the fort.

All of the new rifles are mounted on modern disappearing carriages, and when ready to be fired remain above the surface for so short a time that it would puzzle an enemy's ships to locate them. It takes only from three to four seconds to fire one of them, and the recoil from the discharge takes them out of sight. About three minutes is required to load one of the rifles and aim it for another shot. When in position the guns are deep in their emplacements, and in order to wreck them and kill the men operating them an enemy would have to get the range



COAST DEFENCE GUN AT WILLET'S POINT.

so accurately as to drop a shell into the emplacement. As it would be absolutely necessary for a hostile war ship to be continually on the move while fighting the fort, it would be difficult for the most expert gunners to accomplish this feat.

The system for aiming the big guns before they appear above the parapet for firing is such that a war ship would have little if any chance of escaping a shot. The entire Sound above the forts has been plotted off into squares and a chart made of the entire space.

This chart, it is asserted, is so marked and arranged that when the officer on watch reports the plot in which a hostile ship is located, and the rate of speed at which she is going the officer aiming the gun will be able in an instant to locate the ship at the moment of firing and quickly aim the gun to strike her.

The projectiles for the largest rifles at the forts weigh 575 pounds each and will penetrate steel armor fourteen inches thick at a distance of two miles. The 10-inch rifles are thirty feet long and weigh thirty tons each. They are operated by hydraulic power and can be raised and lowered quickly by one man.

### And Possibly the Examiner.

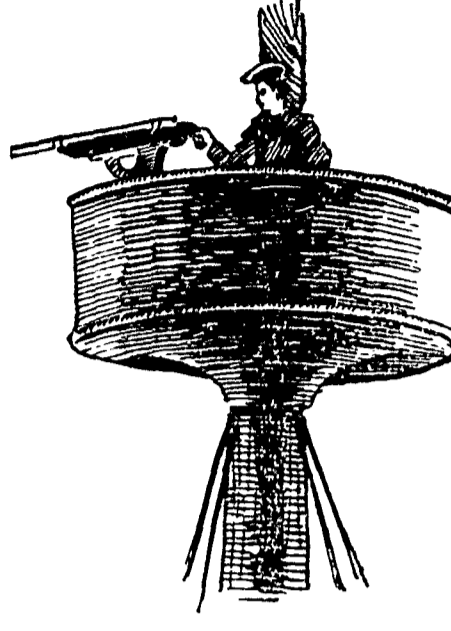
"Now, my boy," said the examiner, "if I had a mince pie and should give two-twelfths of it to John, two-twelfths to Isaac, and two-twelfths to Harry, and take half the pie myself, what would there be left? Speak out, or that all can hear."

## NEWEST MACHINE GUN.

Shoots a Shower of Bullets at Any Desired Mark.

The Navy Department has ordered fifty six-millimetre rapid-fire automatic guns from the Colts Company, of Hartford. Eight of these engines of destruction have arrived at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Two of them were mounted for the inspection of Gunner Gilmartin.

The gun is a new invention. It created more surprise and discussion at its tests some months ago than any of the guns that have been placed upon the market during recent years. Its



USED IN AN ARMORED TOP.

possibilities are unlimited. One of its great advantages is that it can be operated by one man and do more damage in an hour than a company of infantry could execute with the ordinary rifle in a day.

With the aid of this remarkable gun it is possible to continually fire a perfect shower of bullets at the desired mark for any length of time. Its capacity is 200 shots a minute.

So perfect is the mechanism that these balls can be distributed over any desired space.

During a recent test at the Brooklyn Navy Yard shots were passed through a wall of brick over a foot thick, two feet of oak and a half-inch steel plate. Experts estimate that one of these guns operating from a favorable point would be capable of sweeping the deck of a modern battle-ship in ten minutes.

The gun rests on a delicate steel tripod and when ready for action looks more like the oxidized telescope used by the signal corps than anything else. The shells are all set in a belt or "ribbon," as it is technically called. Each "ribbon" carries 1,000 shells. This necessitates the use of a new "ribbon" every five minutes when the gun is in action.

The "ribbon" passes into the breach of the gun through a narrow slit just large enough to admit the free passage of a shell. As soon as fired the empty shells are thrown from the opposite side of the barrel by an automatic device which is operated by the gas generated by the explosion of the shells.

At the base of the tripod there is a saddle such as is used for seats on bicycles. This is to enable the gunner to do his work of devastation with every possible comfort. All that is necessary to keep the gun in perpetual operation is a slight pressure on the trigger.

The guns will be used for arming cruisers and vessels of the merchant marine.

### Confirmation of a Fish Story.

While several Klondikers were buying dried salmon for food for their dog teams, several persons who are not going to Klondike stopped to discuss the value of dried salmon as food for dogs, and one of them brought up a story about three Jersey cows at a mission in Alaska being fed all winter on dried salmon and giving plenty of milk, which furnished an abundance of cream. Several of the crowd expressed doubts as to the truthfulness of the story, when one of the Klondikers said he knew it to be true. He had lived in Alaska for several years, and was there the winter when the hay and milked at the mission covey of gave out, and had seen the cows eating the dried fish and had drunk cream from their milk in his coffee.

Of course, no one could dispute such testimony as this, especially as the man, on being pressed, admitted that the coffee had a slightly fishy taste. He further stated that when the winter was over and the storms were passed, and the gentle sunshine came at last, and the grass grew and the flowers "blew," and the Jersey cows went out and gambled on the green they never failed to come up on Friday to eat fish, and nothing could persuade them to eat anything but fish on that day. The dealer laid out three large dog salmon, extra, as a sign of his appreciation of the truthfulness of his customer.

### Fire Furniture.

The record of fires in buildings professionally fireproof shows the need of drastic regulations of their furniture. Brick walls, iron beams and stone floors may be little better than nothing without restrictions regarding the inflammability of the property stored in them. There must be a regular fireproof-building "brand" of desks and chairs. They must be made of metal, or something that won't burn, to please the owner's taste. No common lath for plastering; no wood for casings, doors and windows. All must be made fireproof, or nothing will be fireproof. Private papers are the only things that can be permitted to remain liable to burn.

### The First Grand Opera.

It was 300 years ago in Florence, that the first grand opera was produced.

## NAVAL TERRORS.

TORPEDO BOAT DESTROYERS A LATE DEVELOPMENT IN WARFARE.

Every Navy is Building Them With Fervor. Small But Terrible Engines of Destruction—Various Ways in Which They Are Utilized.

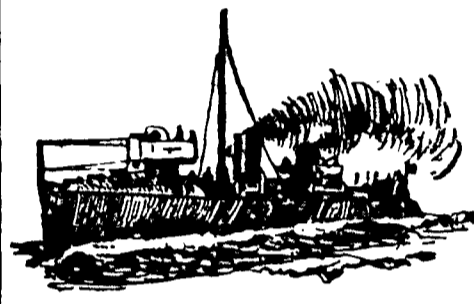
There seems to be a difference of opinion among the naval powers of the world as to the relative fighting value of the torpedo boat and what is called in England the torpedo boat destroyer. Mr. John Platt, who is the agent in this country for the great shipbuilding firm of John I. Thorncroft & Co., Chiswick, London, the largest builders of torpedo boats and destroyers in the world, said when interviewed on the subject:

"There are no torpedo boats building to-day in England, for it is considered by the naval authorities there that the destroyer type is a far more effective fighting machine. The destroyers can steam thirty-two knots, have two torpedo tubes, one fore and one aft, and have usually three guns.

"The Fame, which is the latest development of this type of craft is one of a group of eight built for the Admiralty. Her general dimensions are: Length, 208 feet on the water line, 210 feet over all, depth, 13 feet 6 inches, and she weighs with propelling machinery about 272 tons. The boat is fitted with one 12 pounder and five 6 pounder rapid-fire guns, and two revolving torpedo tubes, for 18-inch Whitehead torpedoes. She has no bow discharge.

"The boat's complement is fifty-six. Some of the crew are berthed forward under the turtle back and others aft of the machinery space. The officers' quarters are right aft, in the traditional though not the most comfortable position.

"A torpedo boat has to discharge its torpedo, to be effective, at about a distance of about 1,200 feet, and when it is



TORPEDO BOAT DESTROYER FAME.

considered that most naval battles are fought at a distance of two or three miles, and that the torpedo boats would have to steam this distance before becoming effective, the uses of the destroyer will be readily seen. The deck of a torpedo boat is only an eighth of an inch thick, of aluminum steel, and it is estimated that a one-pound shot would go clear through a torpedo boat, and yet she would go so fast through the water that no water could come in; but any shot taking effect near the machinery would instantly sink the boat."

In a recent article in a marine journal Assistant Naval Constructor H. S. Gilmore, U. S. N., has this to say on the subject:

"The torpedo as an offensive weapon made its first appearance during the war of the rebellion, and by its achievements established itself as a factor in naval warfare. The torpedo of that time was carried at the end of a spar twenty to twenty-five feet long. For success it was necessary to come alongside the enemy before discovery and disablement. The rapid-fire gun of small calibre and the searchlight were not then in existence, so the task of the torpedo in the hands of a fearless man on a dark or foggy night was less impossible than it might be thought.

"The object for which torpedo boats are constructed is the destruction of vessels of the enemy. It is intended that a vessel costing a few thousands of dollars and manned by a handful of men shall attempt the destruction of vessels costing hundreds of thousands of dollars, carrying hundreds of men."

The various ways in which a destroyer can be utilized in addition to her work against torpedo boats are to assist in the attack on a harbor or hostile fleet blockading, keeping blockaded ports open by running the blockade, and on dark nights letting drive her torpedoes as she flashes by, protecting narrow channels by lying perdu under some lee until the moment for making a bold dash arrives, and by accompanying and acting with the fleet.

The destroyer can go like the wind, and no ordinary sea can stop her, nor can a marksman wing her unless he can be accustomed to wing shooting. She can carry dispatches in the shortest possible space of time, and as a means of communication is the best. Then, too, it must not be forgotten she is in every sense a combatant, and on a dark night may shoot her bolt at such large game as even a battle ship. To a torpedo boat she is sure death.

In general appearance the torpedo boat destroyer closely resembles the torpedo boat—in fact, she is but a large torpedo boat, with all her armament equipment and fittings greatly improved.

### No Complaint.

"Who's dead?" inquired a man of the sexton, who was digging a grave in the church-yard. "Old Squire Thornback." "What complaint?" "Sexton, without looking up—"No complaint; everybody satisfied."

### A New Swindle.

Belgian swindlers have been pasting transparent paper over the postage stamps they put on letters. The paper took the postmarks, leaving the stamps worthless.

## STORY OF ENGLISH PLUCK.

Romantic Narrative of Lieutenant Henderson's Adventures in Africa. A romantic narrative of Lieutenant Henderson's adventures in the Gold Coast Hinterland, has just been published. Some of this British officer's exploits were, it seems, even more striking and daring than has as yet appeared.

When Lieutenant Henderson went alone into the Sofa camp at Wa, he was treated as a prisoner, and his captors discussed before and with him the manner in which he was to be put to death. The victim listened awhile till he was weary of it. "Oh, well," he said, "I can't be bothered with your arguments. I'm very sleepy; let me know when you have made up your minds," and off to sleep he went. The unexpected performance saved his life. His calm indifference persuaded Samory's men that they had to do with some one of immense importance. Unwilling to take on themselves the responsibility for his death, they sent him unarmed to Samory's court in the Jimini country.

Once again Lieutenant Henderson saved himself by a like exhibition of courage. He found Samory on a throne surrounded by 4,000 warriors; yet when motioned to do homage on his hands and knees he did nothing of the sort. He simply sat on the throne beside Samory, shaking that monarch warmly by the hand. Thanks to this, and to nothing else, he was accepted as the representative of a great sovereign, instead of a captive doomed to death. He talked to Samory of the Queen, and Samory talked of himself. Thus a mission which might have ended, in a terrible silence and a suspicion of unspeakable horrors, did in fact end in a valuable basis for future relations between Great Britain and a Mohammedan Power. Who shall say, asks The Outlook, that we have lost the dash and pluck of the Elizabethan adventurers?

### A Bicycle Ambulance.

Great progress has been made with the bicycle as an adjunct to military service both here and in European countries. Actual warfare, in which the value of the wheel could be thoroughly tested, has not prevailed since the adoption of the bicycle by the armies of the great Powers, but enough experience has been gained to warrant the belief that it will be of vital importance in the next conflict.

A folding wheel which can easily be put in rideable condition in less than thirty seconds is in use in the Austrian army. Ambulances also have been tried by the Austrians with every promise of satisfaction in actual service. Hereafter they will be used in all manoeuvres. A writer in the Rambler says that these ambulances are nothing more nor less than an or-



"NOW LET LOSE SPANIARDS THEM ON."

inary folding safety, furnished with two long parallel shafts joined together by a strong square of sacking. While not in use as an ambulance the vehicle can be employed to carry camp articles or necessities for the commissary department.

Lord Wolseley, commander-in-chief of the British army, recently predicted that the day will come, and that shortly, when large bodies of cyclists will be recognized as integral parts of every army in the field. This being the opinion of an officer occupying so high a position it is not surprising that England is well provided with military cyclists.

### "A Grand Country."

A travelling American made a visit to Greyfriars churchyard at Edinburgh. The sexton was a man of Aberdeen-shire, and his heart was in the Highlands, plainly. The visitor had been at Greyfriars before, and said to the sexton, as the old man pocketed his fee: "I have seen your Highlands since I was here last." "Oh!" said he, with inimitable Highland inflection, "and had ye never been there before?" "No, I have never been in Scotland before. I live in America." "Oh!" "Tis a grand country that." "America? It is, indeed!" The old man looked up in utter surprise. "Nay, nay," he said, impatiently, "the Highlands! A grand country!"

### Polyglot Russia.

Sixty languages are spoken in the empire governed by the Czar of Russia.

## JACK'S FIGHTING RIG.

A White Uniform That is Loose, Cool and Washable.

Our navy is gathering and filling up its ranks and the uniforms, and designations of grade used in the navy are a subject of interest to millions. And though we all dress our boys like sailors we know less about the genuine sailor's uniform than about the uniforms of our soldiers.

Jack Tar has two uniforms; his officers half a dozen. But Jack's fighting uniform is in warm weather and aboardship his suit of "whites," a canvas jumper, canvas trousers, knitted watch cap or white canvas hat, black necktie and lanyard with knife. The reason why he wears this for dirty or bloody work is obvious; it is loose, cool, comfortable and washable. A bloodstain shows upon the white instantly and indicates the location of a wound.

So while England's sailors fight in blue ours fight in white. Our naval officers, in the service blouse and



UNITED STATES SEAMAN.

trousers of dark blue and naval cap. On these naval uniforms, white or blue, are marks and devices much more explicit than those on military uniforms.

Seamen wear a number of marks, puzzling to landsmen, on their uniforms. A red or white line at the shoulder seam of the arm indicates whether they are seamen or firemen or engineers. Stripes of white around collar and cuffs show whether the wearer is a seaman or petty officer, the latter wearing the larger number. Numbers on red or blue cloth on the arm indicate the wearer's division, and their position on right or left arm his watch—whether port or starboard. Then he also wears rating marks, indicating whether he is first-class, second class or third-class, and his ship's name is on his cap ribbon.

Jack seldom carries arms when on his ship, unless drilling. But at "A way boarders!" he provides himself with pistol and cutlass. When landing "as infantry," he carries his Lee magazine rifle, or if "as artillery" his cutlass, and wears leggins, pack, haversack, canteen and cartridge belt.

Neither soldier nor sailor wears one unnecessary piece of clothing or equipment. When in fighting trim our soldiers and sailors are "business clear through." Uniforms, arms and equipments are meant for work, not display, and the best of their kind, and nowhere are the sailors or soldiers better equipped for the business of fighting than in the United States.

### The Pope and the Peasant's Wish.

It is now authoritatively stated that the consistory, which was to be held at the present epoch, will be put off to the beginning of March. It will thus harmonize with the twentieth anniversary of the Pope's nomination to the Pontificate. On this occasion important ceremonies will take place in St. Peter's. When talking of the coming event, the Pope recently told that once, in the presence of his mother and a peasant woman, he was straining to reach some object, when he fell to the ground. The countrywoman picked him up, and exclaimed, "May you become a monk!" Joachim Pecci was but an infant at the time, but he showed by signs that this augury filled him with indignation. "A cardinal, I mean," said the woman, correcting herself. "You should say a Pope," said the child's mother, and thereupon he manifested unmistakable joy. Ever afterwards the mother's best wish to her son was that he might live to be Pope. And Pope he is.

### An Explanation.

Dr. Liddell was a humorist in an academic way. "How long have you been a member of the university, my lord?" he said to a young man who had omitted to "cap him," when they met in the street. "A week, sir," the youth answered. "I understand," said the Dean; "puppies cannot see till they are eight days old."

### An Excessive Rate.

A countryman walked into a Western newspaper office to advertise the death of a relative. "What is your charge?" he asked of the clerk. "We charge two dollars an inch." "Oh!" said the countryman, "I can't afford that. My friend was six feet three inches."

### Judicial Spellings.

The following is a recent State paper from the Brierwell, Ky., Justice Court: "This here decision handed down by his honor, Justice Green, witnessed by his Bailiff, Thomas Jenkins and 3 attorneys, and may God have mercy on our souls."

Are ready; cure; The; Geo. Adair; G; Print; T; Fu; Not; Th; all; per; P; Wh; it; in; Cl; Made; and; C; M; John; Less; OFF; The; BU; CLEV; Elegar; City; will; w; April; above; Tick; at; low; Send; trated; Tim; be; obt; w.;