

HE FOUGHT ON THE OGUENDO

A Spanish Midshipman's Thrilling Account of What He Saw.

A RAIN OF PROJECTILES.

The Havoc Wrought by American Shells at the Time Cervera's Fleet Was Destroyed.

Behavior of Officers—Trying Adventures in Cuba After Swimming Ashore—Dodging the Canoes and Keeping Away from Hungry Sharks—Will Never Forget His Adventures.

The following account is given of the action in which Admiral Cervera's squadron was destroyed by Midshipman Navia, of the Oguendo, and of the subsequent adventure he and a few survivors encountered in their successful endeavors to make their way back to Santiago. His story reads more like a chapter out of James Grant's novels than a page of real life, and when relating his adventures Midshipman Navia doubted whether they would be believed, though he vouched for the truth of every word he said. The narrative of his story has been somewhat condensed below:

The flagship opened fire while we, being the last, were still some way from the harbor mouth, yet before we cleared the entrance we got struck by a few shells. I was in the forward central torpedo room, and as, according to orders, the portholes were shut, I could see but little of what was taking place outside. We did not at once use our torpedoes, for shortly after the action began a heavy projectile crashed through the upper deck and destroyed the shield, near which I was standing. I was knocked down by the force of the explosion, receiving a slight leg wound from a fragment of the shell, while a splinter of the starboard gangway was driven into my chest near the heart. On recovering my feet I found that the starboard torpedo tube was smashed and that the deck was strewn with dead and wounded, a few of whom were seeking to go up the gangway, which was also destroyed. Very shortly we all had to clear out of the room, as it became impossible to breathe there, owing to a lot of material taking fire. I sunk half choked in the upper deck near the starboard hatchway, but was revived by some one turning a hose on my head.

On rising again I found myself close to the second commander, Don Victor Eola, who was encouraging the crew, and Senior Nunos, who put his arm around me, exclaiming, "They are making a man of you today." At that moment a heavy shell burst behind me, small particles lodging in my neck and behind my ear. This shell killed Don Victor Eola, whom I saw fall on his face without uttering a word. Right across his body fell that of First Gunner Don Cristobal. When Capt. Lazaga heard that the forward magazines were ablaze he followed the lead of the Teresa, heading for land and running the vessel ashore. When this was being done I was in the forward cabin whence two torpedoes were launched at an enemy who sought to cut us off. We left the battery and went on deck, where several were stripping preparatory to swimming ashore. I went back to the torpedo room and stripped. When I got back on deck my companions were gone, so I got through the port-cannon embrasure and slipped down a chain to the water. Before going I noticed Capt. Lazaga standing on the bridge with folded arms, looking quite calm; near him were several wounded officers. I never saw him again. A quartermaster whom I met later told me he saw Lazaga lie down near the forward gun and shoot himself, being deaf to the entreaties of the officers that he should save himself. Many of the Oguendo's crew were swimming around me, and it took me twenty minutes to reach land, as I had to help some who could not swim.

When I was landed I was in my shirt and drawers. Twenty sailors gathered round me, and we went inland along a narrow path that led toward a hill. Observing a tree on which the fruit had been recently bitten, I concluded it was by the mambises (Spanish name for the natives), and suggested we should alter our route. Some, through not hearing me, went on, and I soon saw the first man squat down, crying to those behind: "Look out! I am covered by a gun, and we are told to halt." The man who held the gun ordered us to stop till he warned his party, and soon reappeared with a couple of negroes, armed with Mausers. We were then ordered to go forward, one by one, while the advance party hid so, we behind sided off into the jungle, feeling from the insurgents. Those who went forward were brainied by the insurgents, a great number of whom were close at hand. At midday I found myself accompanied only by an engineer and a marine of the Oguendo. We heard some terrific explosions, and on gaining a hilltop we saw American boats saving the shipwrecked crews. We were now overcome by thirst, and sought a rivulet, where we washed and ate. Fortunately we found some bread, and while drinking, we found a packer from the Vizcaya.

We followed the stream seaward and came on a mango tree, the fruit of which we ate, though it was still unripe. While so engaged we heard shouting, and saw a couple of dead men lying on the ground. They had not

to the bush and began to climb a hill, from the top of which we could see the ships still burning. One was taken to be an American, and my companions burst out cheering, but I quickly put a stop to that lest the enemy should hear us. Night fell, and we lay down to try to sleep, but the cold was terrible, and the noise of the bush, with the attacks of mosquitoes and land crabs, combined to drive away slumber. I was dozing off when a large crab bit one of my naked toes. I jumped up and crushed it with a stone. Next day, the sun giving us our direction, we continued our painful journey, all the morning having nothing to eat or drink. In the afternoon we came on a stagnant pool, and though the water stank, we drank it eagerly. The stoker, who had a bolina and blouse on, went through the bush, thus opening a way for us, who were next to naked. A native carrying a basket of food once crossed our path, though fortunately he did not see us. Had we only had a pistol among us we should have dined that day. Once we sat down to rest, and so weary were we that we fell asleep. Strokes of an axe against a tree awoke us, and we saw close by two mambises cutting wood. Climbing a tree to find out where we were we saw an arm of the sea ahead which we took to be Cabanas bay, and we made for it with the intention of crossing it in its narrowest part.

Hearing voices behind, we hid to let the speakers pass, and found they were some of ours, a quartermaster of the Teresa and two sailors of the Furor. They were in better conditions than we, for they had had the good luck to find some food; but one of the sailors had a piece of a shell in his leg and a severe head wound. As we neared the water we could occasionally see a shark rise to the surface. This made my companions hesitate about entering, but at last I persuaded them, two of us assisting one of the marines who could not swim. When we were half way across a big fish rose behind us and gave us a great fright, but we were all so desperate that we scarce cared if we lived or died. We got safely to the opposite shore, though how we escaped I know not, for I was afterward assured the bay was swarmed with sharks and calmans. A sailor now guided us, as he said he knew the way to Fort Socapa, but when night fell we were again lost in the bush. We lay down and slept in our wet clothes, but were awakened by the firing of heavy guns. This gave us our direction, for we took them to be the guns of Socapa. After a sleep we resumed our journey in the direction whence we had heard the firing during the night, and were again all the morning without solid food, though we did get some water. A sailor climbed a tree and made out distinctly Fort Morro. This news restored our sinking courage and we pushed on till we came to a small beach, but there our strength failed and we sank exhausted to the ground. Yet, just when we had finally given ourselves up for lost, help came in the shape of some Spanish guerrillas who discovered us and relieved our wants, afterward taking us off in a boat to the Mexico, where ended a journey I shall never forget.

How It Feels to Be Shot.

Lieutenant Hains, commanding an artillery platoon under Captain Potts in Porto Rico, was wounded on August 12, the day the war ended. Talking with his brother, Captain T. Rankin Hains, he said:

"On the morning of the 12th Captain Potts was ordered to proceed up the San Juan road with five guns for the purpose of sealing the Spanish trenches at Asomanta. "Soon after we slackened our fire the enemy took heart and began to return. General James H. Wilson sent me with a gun up the road in advance of the rest to try and enfilade the enemy. I went up the road on horseback about 200 yards and found a company of Wisconsin infantry on a bend of the road which formed a cover from the Spanish fire. I passed beyond them, and the gun was unlimbered in the next turn of the road in a somewhat sheltered position. My men lay down by the roadside to escape the Spanish volleys, the Mausers coming in a storm with each volley.

"I told the sergeant we would have a try at them for luck, anyhow. As I could see no Spaniards nearer than 500 or 600 yards, I had him run the gun out of the road a little. We had no sooner done this than the fire suddenly increased fiercely, so the gun could not be served. We hauled the gun back to the next turn in the road, where we were joined by the second gun, still unable to do any great execution owing to the sheltered position of the enemy. The fire continued with fierceness, but from our new position we brought a house into view. I had the gun instantly trained upon it, as I saw several Spaniards outside of it, and felt certain it was not empty. The very first shot landed fairly upon the side of the house and, penetrating, burst inside, sending things flying. The enemy broke cover and I turned to the sergeant, saying: "That was a good one; now give them—"

"As I turned something struck me through the body. I knew I was badly hit, but felt no pain after the first shock. It was like being struck over the shoulders with a club. I passed my hand to my side and brought it away full of blood.

"The sergeant saw me and ran to my side. 'They've got me this time,' I said. He put his arm around me and led me away and let me lie down."

Fortunate's Wheel Turned.

The Hoteliers, now one of the lowest species of mankind, were ages ago one of the most highly civilized.

A MAIDEN'S SONG.

"The love that is born in the early morn,
Will fade ere the day is spent;
Love given unthought with anguish is fraught;
Unrequited love must repent."
So a maiden sang, and the refrain rang.—
A maiden sang by my side,—
Still she seems to sing, the echoes to ring,
While I her fancy's deride.

"Pray tell me, fair maid, wherefore you have laid
Great stress on your precepts vain,
And tell me how you can believe them true,
And my love for you disdain."
"If I gave you my hand without my heart,
Would I then be truly thine?"
"Aye, my own sweetheart, till death do us part,
If you will only be mine."

"The love that is born in the golden morn,
Is not like the morning sheen.
It lasts through the morn, and it out-lives
Hues of the dawn."
"Though other loves come between."
Thus she changed her song, the echoes prolong.
Though she sang so long ago,
She gave me her heart till death do us part,
And our lives together flow.

WILL FARRAND FELCH.

ON THE SPANISH MAIN

Our mate in the Caspian, Mr. Barclay, used to tell of the following adventure. I have sometimes thought that he possessed a talent for embellishing, and I do not, therefore, vouch for its truth. But I have been careful to "nothing extenuate, nor ought set down to malice."

"When I was on my first voyage in the whaler Marlon, I got infected, like many other young fellows, with the desire to run away and try my luck elsewhere. And I listened to the seductive stories of Tom Babson, an adventurer, who had led a harum-scarum life, knocking about in the Pacific, and in the various ports on the Spanish Main, till I convinced myself that we were a mutinous ship's company, and that any change would be for the better.

"While lying in the port of Payta, in Peru, we got acquainted on shore with some seaman belonging to a tenuous brig, called the Tres Amigos. She was fitting out to go and fight somebody—I never knew exactly who, for these South American republics were always in a row—I think they hardly knew themselves what it was all about. But there was change and adventure in it, at any rate; and Tom and I laid a plan to desert from the Marlon, and get a couple of doubloons advance by enlisting in the cruiser.

"At various times during our stay we contrived to smuggle nearly all our clothes on shore, and left them with a shark called Scotch Jock, who kept a little pulgueria, or grog-shop, and the last liberty-day that we were to have left the ship in the morning, not intending to return to her.

"We went to the rendezvous where they shipped men for the brig, and found, much to our disappointment, that the wages were not so large as had been represented, and that only one doubloon would be advanced instead of two.

"I began to perceive that all that glittered in a beach-comber's story was not gold; but we had gone so far that we disliked to turn back; and we should

hardly be able to get our clothes back from Jock, for his object was to have us desert and spend our advance money in his tavern.

"So Tom Babson proposed that we should not ship immediately to the Peruvian man-of-war, but hide away until the Marlon had gone to sea, and then take our chance of something better. We could, at all events, take up with the offer of the rendezvous as a last resort.

"There was no occasion for us to hide away before nightfall, for our leave lasted until sundown. I took good care to keep sober, but my comrade drank so freely that he was stretched out in Scotch Jock's back room before the day's leave was up, quite oblivious of everything.

"When the boat came in for the libertines at sunset, I got out of sight, where I could reconnoiter, and saw one after another of my shipmates go down and take their places in her. I felt lonely to set my sober second-thought to work; and the result was I determined to stick by the Marlon, and let Tom Babson go his own reckless road.

"The boat was in the very act of pushing off when, obeying the voice of this better angel, I ran shouting down the pier. The officer waiting for me, and, as I jumped in said: 'All on hand but Tom Babson. Where is he? Does anybody know?'

"I alone knew; but though I had repented my own foolishness, I had no idea of turning informant. So Tom was left behind and the next morning a new hand was shipped in his stead.

"We were very lucky in taking whales; and in a year afterward we anchored at Tumbes, with a full ship, and, after taking in our water, went up to Payta, to enjoy our liberty and rest for the passage home. I had almost ceased to think about Tom, and had no thought of finding him there, more than in any other part of the world; knowing his life to be that of a mere adventurer.

"But one day, while strolling about, I passed what I took to be a prison or guard-house, where a sentry was pacing back and forth. When I heard my name called from a loophole.

"I stopped in astonishment and

stared at a face pressing up against the opening, which I did not at once recognize.

"Who is it that knows me? I asked. "Don't you remember your comrade, Tom Babson?"

"I walked up to the loop to push my hand in, but the sentinel interposed—a little, insignificant-looking Cholo, as the half-Spanish, half-Indian are called on the coast. I took his measure at a glance; a few Spanish words whispered, and, more yet, a few silver reales displayed to his avaricious gaze, and the coast was clear.

"He even hinted to me that if I would pass round to another pigeon hole on the other side I could talk with the prisoner without being observed. I was not slow to take the hint; and after a shake of the hand, Tom told me his sad story, peeping through the little loop like a postoffice clerk.

"He had, it seems, waited and searched in vain for me after he got over his revel, until he was satisfied that I must have gone to sea in the ship, when he took charge of the two stocks of clothing, which were transferred to Scotch Jock's hands for liquor and board.

"A few days were sufficient to wear out his welcome there.

"He was forewarned, after all, to ship in the Tres Amigos, man-of-war, and the landlord got the lion's share of the adventure's doubloon.

"Tom was soon convinced that the Peruvian naval service was not what it had been described, and he as well as several other English adventurers, were terribly sick of their bargain, and determined to back out of it as the first opportunity.

"So, having been sent ashore on some sort of spy service, under the command of a young rascal, they took charge of the boat themselves, put the officer on the beach, and started down the coast to leeward.

"After many strange adventures and dreadful sufferings they landed at the Galapagos Islands, and, as might be expected, they soon became scattered, joining different ships. Tom had been in half a dozen vessels during a year's time; and, feeling quite safe, had come ashore in Payta, a few days before, from a coasting craft in which he was employed. He had hardly landed when he was recognized by one of the former officers of the man-of-war. He was arrested and tried by a hasty court-martial, where the little middy himself was brought forward, and glad enough for this chance for revenge, swore to Tom's identity.

"He was at once found guilty of having mutined, deposed his superior officer, laid violent hands upon him, and turned him ashore in a hostile territory. He was sentenced to death.

"Next Monday," said he, "I am to be led out at sunrise, stood up in the corner there at the angle of the wall, and shot by a platoon of these Cholo scoundrels."

"You may imagine how I congratulated myself that I had been so suddenly led to think better of our mad scheme and to return to my duty on board the Marlon. But what could I say to comfort my misguided shipmate? In three days, for it was then Friday morning, he would be put to death; there was no hope of pardon or reprieve.

"But the second mate, after hearing my story, entered into the thing heart and soul. It was to be seen an old shipmate made a target of in that manner, he said, by a crowd of human monkeys, like these Cholos; and by a little management and a few dollars used in bribes, he thought he might save Tom from his fate and run him off the beach. He went ashore with me the same evening, and we managed another interview with the prisoner at his pigeon-hole, and cheered him up with a hope of deliverance, giving him some idea, too, of our plan of affecting it, that he might be prepared to act in co-operation.

"We smuggled a coil of rope ashore on Sunday, and concealed it in a pile of rubbish, convenient to the place where it was to be used. We were stirring early on the morning appointed for the execution, and landed with a picked crew before daylight. No particular notice was taken of our movements, as we were supposed to have been impelled by a natural curiosity to see the man shot; and we mingled with the other spectators without suspicion, keeping always near each other, however, and ready to communicate by signals previous agreed upon.

"We saw Tom led forth from the guardhouse by a file of the soldiers, and marched across the yard to the place of execution. Here he stood up like a man who had nerve enough to meet his death without flinching; and, as he braced himself against the mud wall in the corner, his calmness extorted admiration from his jailers.

"Sunrise was the time fixed for the execution to take place; but, with a refinement of cruelty worthy of Peruvians, he had been brought out and led to his post an hour before that time.

"This circumstance, however, was favorable for our project, as it was now just on the gray of the morning, between daybreak and full daylight.

"The Cholo officer and his file of men withdrew to the other side of the yard, after having a-ter having set poor Tom after having set poor Tom up for a target, as one might say. The firing party had not yet come on the ground and now was our time.

"The wall at the angle where the condemned man stood was about nine feet high, so that his guards had no fear of his being able to climb it, when they fell back and left him there; but they little dreamed what was going on the other side of it. We were able to communicate in low tones through a chink or crack, and Tom, watching a favorable opportunity, gave the word in a whisper, 'Now.'

"At the signal, the rope, with a bow-line knot of suitable size ready tied at the end, was tossed silently over the wall. In the dusky morning twilight, this operation could not be seen by the

soldiers, or by the spectators who had gathered on the opposite side of the enclosure. Tom, whose hands had been left free, in deference to his own respect, and sheer admiration of his supposed courage to meet his fate like a hero, slipped the bow line down over his body, and placing himself as in a 'boatswain's chair,' he gave the signal by a slight jerk.

"Our whole souls, as it may be supposed, were in the muscles of our arms, and his slight jerk was responded to by one which lifted him into the air as if he had been a child. His hands grasped the top of the wall, and quicker than a flash, he seemed, he was over, and dropped among his shipmates.

"Carambo! was the exclamation from the guards, as they caught a glimpse of his form against the sky, over the wall.

"Stupid had-breeds as they were, they rushed to the spot to assure themselves that he was really gone—and then rushed back again. But meanwhile, the word had sprung among the lookers-on, and many were ahead of the soldiers in the pursuit. As they had a considerable circuit to make before they could even see the scene of our operations, we had time for a good start, and made the most of it. We had made straight for our boat, which we had taken care to have all ready for a start on the instant, the oars being 'peaked' in the rowlocks, and a boy left in her to keep her off from the landing-place. He did his duty, like all the rest; and each man, dropping upon his own thwart as he arrived, a vigorous shove sent her well under headway before the howling crowd of pursuers reached the water's side.

"Give way, my lads!" said the second mate, wild with excitement.

"The captain will have to give me up again, if you take me aboard," said the condemned man.

"Not he! The foretop-sail is loosed now, and he got his clearance papers last night. We'll be under way for home before these Cholos get their eyes fairly open!"

"The firing platoon at this moment turned a corner, coming at a double-quick pace. They rushed, all out of breath, down the pier, and brought their muskets to a 'ready' at the order of a little bewhiskered officer, whose voice, jerking out Spanish oaths, seemed the most formidable part of him.

"But we had already a safe offing, and their bullets rattled harmlessly in the water on either side of us. Several other spattering shots followed, but equally impotent as the first ones, for we had not lost a stroke in our pulling, and the oars were doing their best in the nervous grasp of trained whalemen.

"The Marlon was already casting her head seaward when we shot alongside; and as the head-yards were braced full, she gathered rapid headway. Never was canvas handled quicker in making sail than it was that morning by us. Two or three boats were seen to push out in pursuit; but they might as well have saved their labor, and given up the chase as soon as the sun showed at what rate we were leaving them astern.

"That was the nearest that I ever came to running away from a ship; for, you may be sure, the lesson was not lost upon me. I think Tom Babson always gave the whole Spanish Main a wide berth afterward. He would not again venture round the Western Horn again, but shipped for an Indian voyage as soon as we arrived in England."

Dewey Day in Montpelier, Vt.

When Dewey day was celebrated in Montpelier, Vt., the birthplace of that hero, the staid old place took on an unaccustomed look of hilarity and liveliness.

"As the order had gone forth from 'headquarters' that no arrests for drunkenness were to be made that day, the inhabitants of the 'temperance town' felt that they could be 'real devilish' for once, and the drug stores sold dozens of bottles of Jamaica ginger, the favorite tippie in a state where the sale of anything stronger than cider three weeks old is prohibited by law.

The schoolhouse where Dewey went to school is still standing on one of the streets of Montpelier. It has been through many vicissitudes, has been a public school, a parochial school, and is now a tenement house.

On Dewey day every window had a flag in it, and the old building was covered with bunting and glory.

Early in the morning a man was seen coming down the principal street of the town carrying a long piece of canvas under his arm. Something in his manner, which was at once mysterious and important, roused the curiosity of the reporter, who asked him where he was going.

"To the Dewey schoolhouse," answered the man. "We're going to put this on the front."

He then unrolled the canvas, which bore this legend in huge black letters: "Here's where his young ideas were taught to shoot!"

Mr. Millsaps's Bill.

The traveling man who had been royally entertained by the prosperous farmer in the outskirts of the little town, where the only hotel had burned down a few days before, was a little uncertain when about to depart whether he should simply return his thanks or risk offending his host by offering pay.

"You have placed me under great obligations, Mr. Millsaps," he said. "When I come in from a trip of this kind I am accustomed to turning in an expense account, and it seems to me I ought to have put down in it something pretty handsome for the excellent entertainment I have had at your house."

"You can turn in what you darn please," replied Mr. Millsaps. "My bill will be \$16."—Chicago Tribune.

SOME NAVAL MYSTERIES.

War Vessels That Have Disappeared Without Leaving Any Explanation.

SOME QUEER INSTANCES.

A Gunboat That Went to the Bottom With All On Board Before She Was Named.

Extraordinary Accident Which Happened to the Corvette Monongahela—Strange Fate of the Sloop-of-War Wateries—Tidal Waves, Hurricanes and Collisions Responsible for Some.

Curious disappearances and accidents to our warships characterized the early history of our navy, and, in spite of all the efforts of the navy department to explain the cause of the disasters, many of them are as absolute mysteries today as when they happened.

When the government built ten new gunboats to prosecute the war against Tripoli, in 1805, they were sent out as soon as they were finished and before they were named. Each one was given a number and dispatched to the scene of the war. No. 7 sailed from New York, June 20, 1805, under command of Lieut. Ogilvie, and after she cleared Sandy Hook light she was never heard from again. She went down with all on board before she had ever been named.

A most extraordinary accident happened to the corvette Monongahela at Santa Cruz in 1867. While at anchor in the harbor a tremendous tidal wave lifted her upon its crest and carried her clear over the town of Fredericstadt and back again without injuring the town or the boat to any great extent. The receding wave landed her on the beach instead of in the deep waters of the harbor, and it cost our government \$100,000 to float her again. Fully as strange was the fate of the sloop-of-war Wateries.

She was anchored in the harbor of Arica, Peru, in 1868, when a huge tidal wave swept inland and flooded the whole city. The wave carried the sloop several miles inland, and finally landed her in the midst of a tropical forest. It was impossible to release her from such a peculiar position, and the government sold her for a nominal sum. The purchasers turned the vessel into a hotel, and the remains of the once formidable war vessel loom up in the tropical forest today as a monument to the power of tidal waves.

Among other cases of disaster which are attributed to the violence of the waves or weather there is none more interesting than that of the strange fate of the Saratoga. When she sailed from Philadelphia in October, 1780, under the command of Capt. James Young, there was no finer or handsomer warship afloat. That she was as formidable as she was attractive she soon demonstrated in a practical way. After cruising around a short time she captured three British vessels in succession, and then with her prizes she started to return to Philadelphia. But off the Delaware capes she encountered a British ship of line. As the Saratoga carried only eighteen guns and the Intrepid was a seventy-four-gun ship, Capt. Young considered it safer to run away. The enemy did not chase her far, but returned to protect and recapture the British prizes. The Saratoga sailed away in the very teeth of a storm, and she was never heard from again. Did she founder at sea in the gale or was she blown up by her own magazines?

There were some peculiar accidents to our naval vessels in the past that are accounted for, but, while the mystery of their loss is removed and explained, the strangeness of their mishaps is no less interesting. For instance, there is the sinking of the United States sloop-of-war Oneda in 1869. She was bound home from Yokohama, but when a short distance from port the British steamer Bombay ran into her and cut off her stern. The injury was so mortal that the Oneda immediately fired her gun of distress, but in the darkness the Bombay crew crept away instead of returning to assist her. In a short time the sloop went to the bottom, carrying all of her crew with her. When the news reached Yokohama the captain of the British steamer was mobbed by the indignant populace, and he was dismissed from the service in disgrace.

Hurricanes have been responsible for the wreckage of several of our naval vessels, other than those at Samoa in 1889. The brig-of-war Bainbridge was turned over by a hurricane off Cape Hatteras in 1863, and everybody on board was lost except a colored cook, who managed to cling to pieces of the wreck until picked up. Ninety-eight lives were lost by the wrecking of the sloop-of-war Huron in 1877. A small hurricane blew her on the shore of Norfolk, and she was pounded to pieces by the violent surf. The Saginaw was wrecked in the very middle of the Pacific in 1870—George Ethelbert Walsh in Leslie's Weekly.

He Bent the Bullet.

The doctors at the division hospital in Tampa are fairly mystified at the extraordinary nature of some wounds inflicted by Mauser rifle bullets. In the case of one man, the bullet penetrated his belt plate, ran around his body under the skin of the abdomen, took a downward course through the muscles of the right leg and came out at the back of the calf. The bullet was found in the man's clothing, slightly bent.

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