WHY SOLDIERS DESERT

LIGHT THROWN ON THE SUBJECT BY AN EX-PRIVATE, U. S. A.

TYRANNY AND BRUTALITY OF PETTY OFFICERS—INHUMAN PUNISHMENT ADMINISTERED TO A RECRUIT WHO REFUSED TO CLEAN A SPITTOON—HIS REVENGE.

It is an undisputed fact that the abuse of the power held by non-commissioned officers of our army tends in a great measure to cause men to desert who would otherwise be content to remain permanently in the service. The following short story will perhaps better illustrate my meaning: In the fall of 18— I was stationed at a western post garrisoned by cavalry and infantry. At the time I was acting post sergeant major, and my duties required me to verify the descriptive and transfer rolls of every recruit forwarded to our camp. In this way I became personally acquainted with every man in the post and his antecedents. I had been some eight months in the performance of this duty when a chap, whose real name I shall not mention, but who was at once nicknamed by the soldiers "Calamity," arrived from the West Point cavalry detachment and was assigned to duty with E troop of my regiment.

Calamity was a modest appearing young fellow, who had evidently seen better days, and who to my mind had unmistakably missed his vocation in becoming a soldier. The first sergeant of E troop was a deserter from a Prussian Uhlan regiment, and among the soldiers of "ours" was known as "Limburger." He was a fine appearing man and a fairly well drilled soldier. Owing, however, to his overbearing manner to enlisted men generally, he was regarded as a downright nuisance in the camp. No less than sixty men had deserted from his troop alone during the year, and such was his reputation as a tyrant at the St. Louis depot that recruits upon learning that they were to join his command jumped from the train or deserted at some one of the stopping places on their way west.

TIED UP BY THE THUMBS.

Calamity had been just two days in camp when he incurred the ill will of Limburger by objecting to clean out the latter's spittoon. There is no law or regulation in the army sanctioning the employment as a servant of any enlisted man save in the case of an officer, the latter usually paying for such services. A non-commissioned officer under no circumstances is allowed a servant.

The sergeant was furious over the refusal of Calamity to obey his unlawful order, and without further ado directed that Calamity be tied up by the thumbs. In those days the first sergeant and the sergeants of the guard could do pretty much as they pleased with privates who disobeyed their orders or who were in any way insubordinate. Such punishments as tying up by the thumbs, bucking and gagging, carrying and standing on a barrel were then recognized in the army and inflicted by subalterns at their pleasure.

There is no torture ever invented by man that can surpass in cruelty that of suspension by the thumbs. Calamity, after being seized by a corporal, was ordered to mount a box; his thumbs were crossed and securely lashed with a stout cord. The end of the latter was then thrown over a beam and he was hoisted up until his body rested upon his tip toes. The rope being now secured to a ring bolt in the wall the box was kicked from beneath the poor wretch and his form dangled in mid air slowly revolving with the twist of the rope, his entire weight resting on his thumbs. For some moments Calamity remained perfectly quiet when suddenly he gave vent to a most despairing yell. His unearthly shrieks could now be plainly heard at the distance of a mile.

Of a sudden the shrieks became fainter, and when the sergeant of the guard and officer of the day reached the guard house it was found that the prisoner had swooned. The body was immediately cut down, the surgeon hurriedly sent for and the man ordered to the hospital. Not one word of disapproval of Limburger's action in this affair was uttered by his troop commander, who dismissed the matter when reported to him by savagely remarking that it would be a fine lesson in discipline for the beggar, meaning Calamity.

THE WORM TURNS.

After his recovery he made a brave effort to spruce up and soon became a fairly expert horseman and quite proficient in drill. He admitted to me that he really liked soldering, and if permitted meant to thereafter make the army his home. In this I encouraged him, at the time promising to obtain him a clerkship at the first opportunity. The man was now trying his level best to please old Limburger, but the latter was too pig headed to understand his motives. Finally our regiment was ordered into the field against Indians. The night before leaving camp every man was supplied with a revolver and thirty rounds of cartridges. The company property was hastily packed in boxes and every man exerted himself to the utmost in his efforts to insure our speedy departure on the morrow. Calamity had been selected by Limburger to do the dirty work in the orderly room, the former uncomplainingly acting as he was told.

Just before taptoo a scuffling noise was heard in the first sergeant's room, accompanied by loud oaths, followed by the rapid discharge of two revolver shots. On repairing to the spot it was found that Limburger had been shot through the cheek and right hand. He was too frightened at first to make known the name of his assailant, and tremblingly asserted that his end had come. At the hospital he explained that he had ordered Calamity to make up his bed for the night, and upon the latter refusing to act as his valet de chambre he became angry and knocked the fellow down.

Regaining his feet, Calamity had drawn his revolver and after firing as described had fled the camp. Forty-eight hours afterwards he was retaken by an Indian scout sent in pursuit of him, and after being heavily ironed he was conducted back to camp and placed in the guard house for trial by general court martial.

After already serving six months at hard labor awaiting trial and sentence he was given five years imprisonment with loss of all pay due or to become due and dishonorably discharged the service.

This case is by no means an imaginary one. Hundreds of such cases have occurred in our army where men, driven to desperation by the downright cruelty of commissioned and non-commissioned officers, have attempted the lives of their persecutors before deserting. In regiments where soldiers are humanly treated there are comparatively few desertions reported.—*New York News.*

NO PAIN IN DEATH

A FAMOUS PHYSICIAN TALKS FREELY ON THE SUBJECT.

EDUCATED PERSONS FEAR DEATH LEAST—GOOD CHRISTIANS WHO ARE IN NO HURRY TO LEAVE THIS WORLD—WOMEN ARE BRAVER THAN MEN IN THE LAST MOMENTS.

One day a writer was sitting in the office of Dr. Shrady, editor of THE MEDICAL RECORD and the physician who attended General Grant in his illness. The death agonies of fiction writers came up in the course of conversation, and the question, is death painless? naturally suggested itself. Dr. Shrady is a man of commanding presence, of aggressive disposition, and positive in his tones.

"Speaking generally," said he, "the death agony is very rarely attended by pain, because the system is always prepared for death by a weakening of the vital forces, by the circulation of impure blood through the brain and by the obtunding of the nerves. Of course some people have more pain than others, and this is largely determined by temperament. A nervous man — all other things being equal—suffers more pain than a man who has enjoyed robust health, because the nervous man's sensibilities are stronger, but the pain of death is more in the anticipation of it than in the reality. The instinct for life is strong in man, and the teachings of the present day as well as the writings of our novelists do not make the majority of men any the more ready to die. Hell fire is not preached as much as formerly; it is an unpopular doctrine, but it is nevertheless taught, and often adds to the torture of dying people."

DO NOT WANT TO DIE.

"What people are the most afraid to die?"

"My own experience, strange as it may seem, has taught me that Christian people are, as a rule, the most afraid to die. My profession has brought me into contact with all sorts of men, and I have made a study of death from a psychological standpoint, and I have found that the best Christians are the most willing to stop out of Heaven as long as possible. They all want to get there, but they're in no hurry. The scientific philosopher who weighs the chances, who recognizes that there is no way of escape, since every one before him has had to meet the grim visitor, meets death as bravely as any. He knows that the necessity of dying is the penalty of living. He regards it from a purely matter of fact standpoint, and he is aware of the fact that no argument for theory will take off its edge.

"I am talking like an agnostic, am I not?" broke in the doctor, parenthetically, "but I am a believer in Christianity for all that, and what I have told you is the result of my experience as a physician and quite apart from my own preferences.

"Speaking generally," continued the doctor, "men of education face death with greater fortitude than men who are not educated. Philosophy has a great deal to do with the art of dying, although the Christian religion has been a great comfort to the human race in preparing the way for death, and in giving hope of life hereafter amounting in some cases almost to a realization of a better country beyond the line of time."

"Are men or women the braver in facing death?"

"Women are almost always pluckier than men. They endure pain much better. Have you ever observed how irritable a man is who is suffering from toothache or neuralgia, but a woman will often suffer without a murmur. All other things being equal a woman will face death with more calmness and fortitude than a man, which may be partly accounted for from the fact the instinct for life is stronger in man, and his habits and surroundings have trained him not to give in so easily."

QUICK DEATH THE EASIEST.

"Which is the easiest kind of death?"

"The quickest death is the easiest death. In one of the prayers of the common prayer book we pray to be delivered from sudden death, but in reality if a man is prepared to die, sudden death is the easiest. It is absolutely painless, such deaths as result from apoplexy, a stroke of lightning or heart disease. Death by electricity is easy, much easier than people suppose. The punishment of the criminal consists in the anticipation of his approaching end, which is displayed in anxious eye, the trembling gait, the quivering lip, and depressed condition generally. I most firmly believe that if a man were placed on the scaffold, and kept in suspense for five minutes he would have received all the punishment he required, and if liberated would never again lift his hand against his brother man as long as he lived. The agony in hanging occurs before death and not at death. In some diseases the moribund condition lasts for hours, and in cases like this, where there is no hope for recovery, death's door is opened and the patient passes away as quietly as if going asleep. Consumptives for an instance (who, strangely enough, have hope to the very last), very often die in this sleep or if inclined to sleep, just before death they will say, 'Doctor, please raise the pillow a little,' and as the head is being raised there is a faint gurgling sound in the throat and death takes place apparently without pain."

"What death do you consider to be the most painful?"

"I think death from suffocation is, because the struggle for breath and the intense desire to overcome the impediments to breathing is something terrible to contemplate and still more terrible to experience. When a student at college I was very nearly drowned. I was taken out of the water insensible, and so I can speak of this kind of death from experience, because I was virtually dead; that is to say, if I had remained in the water a few minutes longer the curtain that divides time from eternity would have simply come down, and—well, the world would have been spared another doctor, wouldn't it?" said he with a smile.

"I heard previous to this experience of mine," he went on, "that drowning was a very pleasant death, and that drowning persons saw beautiful visions as the result of the circulation of carbonized blood, and I was waiting for them to occur, but they did not. I had read that it was a very pleasant sort of death, but when I came to the scratch under the water I found it anything but pleasant, and the remembrance of that terrible struggle for life in the water is, as you may imagine, among my most vivid recollections.—*New York Mail and Express.*

In tackling whisky with renewed vigor since his recent victory, Sullivan seems determined to fight to a finish the only antagonist that in the end is sure to knock him out.

PROTECTION AND FREE TRADE.

COMPARATIVE EXPERIENCE OF THE TWO GREAT STATES OF AUSTRIA.

New South Wales and Victoria have furnished the world with a great lesson in the merits of the rival fiscal politics of freedom and restriction. Starting together as free trade colonies, Victoria, after twenty years of freedom, adopted a policy of commercial restriction. At the time she made the change in 1866 she had every advantage over the older colony. She was 200,000 ahead in population; she had £1,000,000 a year more revenue; her external trade was £8,000,000 a year larger; her area of cultivated land was larger by 150,000 acres; she was equal to New South Wales in shipping and far ahead of her in manufactures. Since 1866 the two colonies have pursued their courses along the same lines in nearly all respects, except as to their fiscal politics. If anything, the conditions have been more favorable to Victoria than to South Wales. Yet what is the result? Victoria, who when she was a free trade colony was in everything which indicates material progress ahead of New South Wales, has been steadily falling behind in the race since she adopted protection. In 1866 the Victoria revenue was one million more; in 1888 it was one million less than that of New South Wales; last year the imports into Victoria only exceeded those into New South Wales by one million. In 1866 the exports from Victoria were valued at three millions more than those from New South Wales; last year they were seven millions less. In 1866 under free trade Victoria had already a considerable manufacturing industry, whereas New South Wales could hardly be spoken of as a manufacturing colony. Yet in 1887 New South Wales employed in her manufacturing industries 45,873 hands out of a population of a million, with a machinery of 26,152 horse power, while Victoria employed 45,773, with a machinery of 21,018 horse-power, showing a surplus in favor of New South Wales—small it is true, but still a surplus. In only one respect has Victoria advanced more rapidly than New South Wales—namely in agriculture. In this respect she has increased the lead over New South Wales, which she possessed in 1866. She has increased her cultivation five fold, while New South Wales has increased hers barely threefold. But in the face of the protracted drought in the latter colony and the superior adaptability of Victorian soil to agriculture, increase in this respect cannot outweigh the testimonials of decline given by other facts. It is impossible, indeed, to resist the conclusion that the progress of one colony has been hampered by protection, while the progress of the other has been furthered by free trade.—*B. R. Wise in Macmillan's Magazine.*

Lieutenant Governor W. T. Davies was one of the very few people of this State at the reception given by the Lawyers' Club, of New York, to President Harrison, during the Washington Centennial. After the reception, a young gentleman who happened to be sitting beside Mr. Davies on a sofa, opened the conversation, said he was from Pennsylvania, and kindly entertained him with a long dissertation on the various qualities of the State. Mr. Davies listened as attentively as if he had never heard a word of the Commonwealth before, and even politely expressed his astonishment at some of the marvelous things that were told him.

"You ought to take a trip to Pennsylvania," said the young advocate, finally.

"I have been there," was the reply. "In fact, I have lived there."

"You don't say! well, if you will allow me, who are you?"

"I am Lieutenant Governor of Pennsylvania."

The young man ought to have been abashed, but he wasn't. He just said, "Oh, I say. That's pretty good. Come have some Apollinaris. I thought you were a New Yorker, and wasn't I standing up for old Pennsy?"

Mother (gazing at her daughter's dressing-cushion) — Why, where did you get so many gentlemen's scarf-pins?

Daughter—I don't know myself. I find one in my hair almost every night after Gus calls, and to save me I can't imagine how they get there.—*The Epoch.*

In the Police Court.

"Prisoner, your face seems familiar to me, I think you were here before I left on my vacation."

"Your Honor should be careful not to get me mixed up with my sister. We all bear the most striking resemblance to each other of any family you ever heard of."—*Judge.*

Mrs. Blinkers—Well did you go to the doctor to see about that bee sting on little Johnny?

Mr. Blinkers—Yes. He said we should put mud on it. He charged me $2 for the prescription, but he gave me the mud for nothing.

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My little girl, ten years of age, was taken sick in March, 1886, with scarlet fever. When recovering she took a severe cold, which developed Bright's Disease of the Kidneys. Her ankles, feet and eyes were terribly swollen; she had a burning fever, and all the symptoms of an aggravated case of Bright's Disease. Four of our best physicians attended her, but without success, and

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But a mother's love and prayers surmount all difficulties, and I determined to try Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, made at Rondout, N. Y. This was a last resort, and I hoped, although my little daughter's case was a very severe one, that the Favorite Remedy would do for her what it had done for others whose condition had not been, seemingly, as hopeless. How happy I am that I determined upon this course—for an improvement was at once perceptible. The fever left her—her appetite improved—she gained six pounds in a short time, and one by one the well known and dreaded symptoms of the disease left her. Words fail to express my gratitude, and I cannot too earnestly recommend the Favorite Remedy. It was

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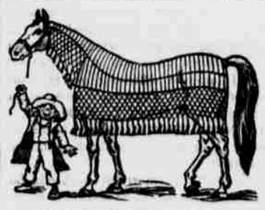

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