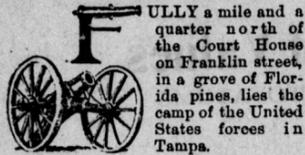


TENT LIFE AT TAMPA.

SNAP SHOTS DESCRIBING THE DOMESTIC SIDE OF CAMPING.



FULLY a mile and a quarter north of the Court House on Franklin street, in a grove of Florida pines, lies the camp of the United States forces in Tampa.

The Northerner reaching Tampa at night now can hardly realize that he left New York or Washington so short a time before. The real color of this first impression is given by the brown-faced, roughly clothed troops, who tramp up and down, and gossip in the doorways—men who show in their faces the grit and daring that have led to victory since Caesar's time, and in their bodies the endurance of Indians and the strength of a 'Varsity rush-line. At first the carelessness of their attire creates an unfavorable impression. Half of them parade the streets in their shirts. Every man seems to have an individual way of wearing his hat. Some stick the top straight up, others jam it flat, and the rest wear it as some people always thought it should be worn. Their leggings are of undressed leather, neat and serviceable. For the most part their chins are covered with the fuzzy beginnings of campaign beards.

Electric cars run from the camp. Once on the camping-ground the visitor finds the soft shade of the pines in place of the white glare of the open he has left. He sees the new Krag-Jorgensen rifles stacked down the company streets, and the ammunition belts, each carrying two hundred cartridges, hung over them. The new bayonet is a knife-like weapon several inches shorter than those of the old triangular form, and furnished with a haft.

Most of the men, when at leisure, go into town, the others lounge in their tents, reading and talking. A reasonable amount of good-natured horseplay is seen among them. Among the men nothing but words of praise are to be heard for their officers, and among the officers nothing but good things of their men.

The officers know that in battle the troops under them will do as they are ordered, to the letter; and the men know that they will be told to do the right thing at the right time.

Outside fatigue duties, their regular routine consists of drill at six in the morning, half an hour's march in full kit at noon, and "guard mount" in the evening, followed by "retreat."

At all times of the day troop-trains with artillery-men, and pack-trains with their guns and horses, pass through Tampa on their way to Port Tampa; white and colored fly through, followed by cheers and blessings. Then the last car swings out of sight, and we know that in half an hour another battery will be under canvas in the neighboring camp, and that another



SOUNDING THE REVILLE.

other pawn is moved to help in the checkmating of Spain.

In the camp there is drill every morning at seven; regimental drill and brigade drill. As an instance of how regiments are scattered among the cramped army posts of the United States, it is to be noted that many officers have now seen regimental drill for the first time. Brigade drill is a still greater novelty. After morning drill the men are allowed and expected to loaf. In this hot weather loafing is, in fact, a part of the regimen. The camps look like very sleepy places by noonday, though all as they should be.

On Sundays there is still greater relaxation. Many go to the long railway piles and docks at Port Tampa, where a breeze may be had if waited for long enough. One excursion is to Battery Point, on the other shore of the stubby peninsula which

supports Port Tampa. In the foreground is the high hulk of a vessel left to strand there several years ago under yellow fever quarantine, and since used for storage purposes by a phosphate company. The vessel is or was the Osceola, of Buenos Ayres. Blue-shirted soldiers fishing for suckers and occasional pompano from her



EVERY SOLDIER HIS OWN "WASHERWOMAN."

rotting decks or stripping and swimming in the shade of her uplifted bilge are among the exotic sights in Tampa these days.

The camp of a regiment is laid out like a little village and is a model of neatness and order. Not a scrap of paper or vestige of debris of any sort is seen through its length and breadth.



STORY-TELLING AROUND THE CAMP-FIRE.

and the men who "police," or clean, go over the field as a New England housewife picks threads from her carpet. All the work of this sort in a regiment is done by its prisoners—men who are under short arrest for misdemeanors or for some breach of military regulations; and, clad in brown, they go about in detachments of two or three under guard of a sentry, who bears a loaded rifle and who is responsible for the prisoners he is in charge of.

When a regiment is going into camp the busiest and most harassed person in it is the quartermaster. He it is who has charge of all camp equipment and who is responsible for the transportation of it. Also he must stand ready to supply any deficiency, from feed for horses or mules to a coat for some private who is suddenly minus his; and he and the commissary sergeant, his right hand man, think not of themselves until the regiment is in-

night are patrolled by sentries who have two hours on and four off alternately. Near the company street are the kitchens—the tents where the "grub" is cooked for the men, and for the officers as well, who have theirs served in the "mess tent," where two or three have gathered together to be served as one set instead of eating separately. Not only do the officers thus have one another's society, but clubbing together cuts down expenses, for whatever an officer has in mess outside of the commissary provision he pays for from his own pocket.

There are always several "messee" (the work strikes civilian ears most unpleasantly) through the regiment, and those officers who are known to be bons viveurs under all conditions are eagerly besought to take into their tents those who are not so expert in providing the goods of life even when they have the money and inclination. The officers' "line" is always a little away from the men's tents, which are

under the immediate charge of the first sergeant and corporals of each company, and at the top of the "line" is "headquarters," where the colonel and his staff are established.

The men in camp usually smuggle in some kind of a pet or "mascot," which is not always left behind when the order comes to move, unless it may be into action.

The Sailors' Hen Coop. A sailorman is fond of pets, but a ship is no place for animal life. However, there are few ships, sail or steam, that do not carry out of port a coop of hens and a rooster. These seem to be for company, or association, or something of that sort, for the oldest mariner never heard of one of the hens being killed for the mess, and a hen at sea absolutely refuses to lay eggs, and small blame to them.

The hen coop is generally placed on the forward deck, near the fore'st'le, in which the sailors live. They have a box of sand in which to roll and are made as comfortable as possible. After one or two voyages the hens become excellent sailors, and it is a queer sight to see them balance themselves on their sea-legs when the ship tosses and rolls.

When the ship is in dock the fowls are always driven into their coop and kept there until the ship is at sea, when they are released and given the freedom of the deck. At night they seek the shelter of their coop of their own accord.—Kansas City (Mo.) Star.

A Runaway Star. There is in the constellation of the Great Bear a famous little star which has been called a "runaway," because of the extraordinary speed with which it is moving. But it is so far away that the effect of its motion can only be noted by careful astronomical observations.

Professor Simon Newcomb has said of this star, which bears the name "1830 Groombridge," that the united attractions of the entire known universe could not have set it going with such velocity and would be unable to arrest it. Now Professor Kapteyn announces the discovery of a telescopic star in the southern hemisphere, in the constellation Pictor, which appear to be moving considerably faster yet. What its real velocity is, however, can only be told when its distance is known.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Elastic Shoestrings. Our English cousins have added a great convenience to the toilet in the form of elastic shoestrings, elastic corset laces and other similar articles. They are far superior to the old styles of elastic cords, which are made both there and here. They are remarkably strong and durable, and give a play to the muscles and joints, which prevents stiffness and discomforts. For low shoes they are simply delightful, as they enable one to have a laced shoe, which is the neatest and trimmest of all footwear, and at the same time to have the give and yielding quality which is the chief charm of elastic gaiters.—San Francisco Chronicle.

ALL THE WAY ROUND!

How the Publisher Made One Illustration Answer For Four Chapters of the Novel.



CHAPTER I. "Projected by her father's boot Claud pitched headfirst down the stairs and through the portieres."

FIRM HATERS OF SPAIN.

FOR FIVE CENTURIES THE PORTUGUESE HAVE LOATHED SPANIARDS.

Public Sentiment in Portugal Consists Chiefly of Detestation of Their Next Door Neighbors—The Ill-Feeling Is Kept Alive Principally by the Women.

"I was astounded when I saw that bulletin about Portugal hesitating to turn the Spanish fleet away from the Cape Verde Islands," said a cosmopolitan looker-on in New York to a Sun man. "What struck me as so impossible about it was the hint of an alliance between Spain and Portugal. 'Why, I have lived in Portugal and mixed with the people, and I know that they could stand almost anything better than that. Portuguese sentiment—the sentiment of the people at large, of 'Antonio e Maria'—consists chiefly of hatred to the Spaniards. They may be indifferent about other matters, or divided in feeling. Some of them are Miguelistas, or Legitimists, some are heartily attached to the actual dynasty; many in the cities—most of all in Lisbon—are republicans, but the one unifying sentiment of the people is the anti-Spanish sentiment."

"When you come to consider what their history has been I don't see how they could have been otherwise. They have altogether five great national heroes, Dom Enrique, who was pioneer of all European exploration in the Atlantic; Vasco da Gama, Dom Sebastian, 'the Faithful Prince,' who is the centre of various poetical legends; Dom Joao, and Gil Eannes Pereira. It is safe to say that most of the plain people of the whole country know little or nothing of the first two of these beyond their names. As for the Faithful Prince, many of them, probably, are not quite sure whether he was a real historical personage or only mythical. But every Portuguese 'lavrador,' from the Minho to St. Vincent, knows Dom Joao, who in 1385 drove the Spaniards all the way from Aljubarrota, in Portugal, to Burgos, in the middle of Spain, and Gil Eannes, who beat them at Valverde in the same year. Those two are the Bruce and the Wallace of the Portuguese, but there is this difference between the Scottish and the Portuguese hero-worship, that the one is a mere matter of historical pride, while the other is part of a living, active, political force.

"The fact is that since she lost Brazil and fell into a state of general decline the people of Portugal have become intensely retrospective. They nourish their pride on national memories, and the fundamental national fact for them is their independence of Spain. They began to be a nation when they broke loose from the kingdom of Castile and Leon in the eleventh century, and ever since then, except for a couple of generations in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, they have existed as a nation under the continual threat of absorption into Spain. The house of Braganza stands to the Portuguese people for no good thing but the revolt of 1640, by which their country was redeemed into independence. And the people feel that the price of independence is perpetual hatred of Spaniards. We can understand the feeling only by imagining what it would have been in our country if the original thirteen states had been collectively much smaller than Great Britain and separated geographically from that country only by a line on the map.

"Nobody who has lived in Portugal can fail to have noticed the signs of this undying hatred on all hands. Do you know, for instance, the true meaning of the saying, 'A bad Spaniard makes a good Portuguese?' Of course, there is the Spanish interpretation, which is the obvious one. But there is also the deeper Portuguese interpretation, and that is, that any bad friend to Spain is by that very fact a good friend to Portugal.

"You can see evidences of the feeling, too, in the very language of Portugal, which its speakers seem to have purposely developed in such a way as to make it as unlike Spanish as possible. Written, it looks like Spanish, but spoken it sounds much more like Polish or Czech. It is a curious fact that no self-respecting Portuguese woman would be seen wearing a mantilla, for the mantilla is the Spanish woman's headgear. And during the last reign it used to be remarked in Lisbon that only two ladies there ever smoked, the queen, Maria Pia, mother of the present king—an Italian—and the Duchess of Palmella—this, again, because the habit of smoking had long been distinctive of the Spanish among all other womankind.

"I believe this anti-Spanish feeling has been kept alive all these centuries very largely through the perseverance of the Portuguese women. Perhaps they remember that it was a woman who cast the die for the anti-Spanish revolt in 1640 by pronouncing the memorable sentence, 'As for me, I would rather have death as Queen of Portugal than a long life as Duchess of Braganza'—although, it is true, that woman was a Spaniard.

"Once I asked a Portuguese girl if she really hated all Spaniards. She said of course she did. I reminded her that the Christian religion commanded us to love all men. 'Yes,' she said, 'but that was a long time ago, before there were any Spaniards.'"

His Gentle Grief. Ella—I see that Bella got married yesterday. I wonder why she had such a quiet wedding.

Stella—It was on account of a recent death in the family of the man she married.

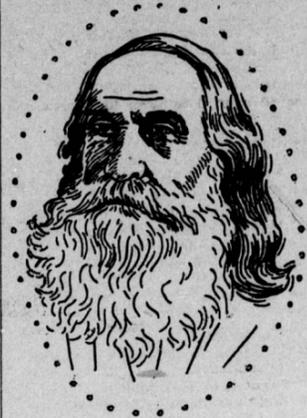
Ella—Who died?

Stella—His first wife.—Town Topics.

CUBA'S OLDEST PATRIOT.

Juan Arnao Chosen to Raise the Flag of the Republic Over Havana.

In Tampa, Fla., lives a Cuban, nearly ninety years of age, who was the first man to shed his blood in the field for the freedom of his country when the first uprising against Spain took place in 1850. His name is Juan



JUAN ARNAO.

Arnao, and he is respected by all Cubans as the oldest of their patriots. He played a prominent part in all the previous revolts against the Spanish rule in Cuba. Now he has been selected to raise the Cuban flag over Havana when the new Government of Cuba is established after the downfall of the Spaniards.

In spite of his age he is full of patriotism and eager to go to the front. He walks erect, with a firm tread. At Ibor City, the suburb, where his house is, he is the most popular of all the residents.

It was in 1843 that he first conspired against the Spanish Government in an anti-slavery movement. He was prosecuted and imprisoned. In 1848 he conspired again with General Narciso Lopez, and was the controlling spirit of an uprising which was attempted in that year at the city of Matanzas. On May 19, 1850, Lopez attacked and seized, with a handful of Americans, the city of Cardenas. Arnao was the only conspirator in the island who gathered a body of patriots to help him. But Lopez suddenly departed, and Arnao had to dismiss his men.

On August 12, 1851, he took the field once more with Lopez, and narrowly escaped death upon the defeat of the patriots. He conspired again in 1852, in 1855, and loaded with chains was sent to Spain by the Captain-General. Escaping from his Spanish prison, he arrived at New York in 1866 to assist in the preparations for the war of 1868. During the ten years' war he took to Cuba several expeditions, and when the peace of Zanjon was signed in 1878 he protested against it and was engaged in riot against Spain until the revolution of 1895 broke out. Then, on account of his advanced age, the Cubans refused to let him take an active part in the war.

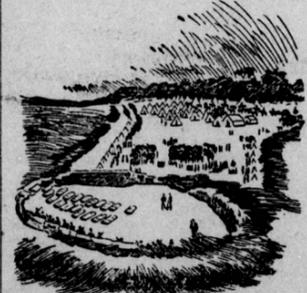
Juan Arnao says he is the happiest man on earth because God has permitted him to see the realization of the hope of all his life. He says to all the young Cubans:

"My children, we have won, because this great and noble nation has interfered in our favor. Now let us prove when peace reigns in Cuba that we deserve the friendship and protection of the American people. We have been brave; now we must be wise."

The Art of Tenting.

Soldiers made rheumatics for life by your tentless first night in camp, look on this picture, and admit that the English do these things better.

Here is a one night's camp. Having decided to stop on the banks of the Abara River, in the Soudan, Tommy Atkins and his officers lost no time in building their white city. A part was built of stone and brush. A canvas town was up "while they waited." The



HOW BRITISH SOLDIERS BUILD IMPROMPTU FORTIFICATIONS.

preparations for defence and for shelter were made with the skill and swiftness of men who are accustomed to a life on the march.

Of course, the American militiamen would not greatly care for the experience which gives the English soldier his speed as a camp constructor, but it is safe to say that there were some thousand men in the various camps throughout May who wished that they had some training in the art of being comfortable in a damp plain on a chilly day.

Instantly Killed by a Hose Stream. Thomas H. Hobson, while piping at the Horseshoe Bar Mine, on the American River, below Michigan Bluff, Cal., lost control of the monitor and was thrown some distance. He attempted to rise, and the stream of water struck him in the back, killing him instantly.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

The average amount of sickness in human life is nine days out of the year.

It is a noteworthy fact that sheep thrive best in a pasture infested with moles. This is because of the better drainage of the land.

The discovery has been made at McGill university that metal filings of any kind can be compressed into bars which will stand as severe tests as the original bars which supplied the filings.

A case of disease of the jaw bones due to inhaling phosphorus vapor from matches has been reported by a French physician. The patient frequently used more than 100 matches a day in lighting and relighting the cigars he smoked.

Electric transmission of water power is now in operation in over 200 places in the United States, according to Mr. William Baxter, Jr. The horse power transmitted ranges from less than 100 to 12,000, the distance, from one mile to thirty-five.

To determine the effect of the vapors of melted asphalt on plant life, experiments have been made by Professor Sorauer with various plants, shrubs, etc., by subjecting them for a few hours to the action of the vapor. No immediate injury was noticeable, but after a few days changes took place which varied with different plants.

The use of graphite as a lubricant is now recommended even by the organ of the Prussian steam boiler inspection society. An important condition, however, is that the graphite must not only be free from all hard foreign bodies, such as quartz, but also be in the shape of flakes, which cling to the rough surface of the metal and fill up all irregularities left in the manufacturing.

A new viper has been discovered in the sandy portions of the desert between Muskhik and Persia, where it is almost impossible to detect its presence, owing to its habit of lying buried in the sand with only its head visible. This is another instance of burrowing habits in snakes, a trait which probably originally led to the atrophy by disuse of the limbs with footed ancestors of snakes.

Violets Chemically Perfumed.

As violets are much in evidence along the London thoroughfares, writes a correspondent, the following incident may be of interest. I was in a chemist's shop when a coster girl entered with a large basket of violets and set it on the floor. I bought a bunch and then noticed the chemist's assistant pass a small glass vial to the girl, the contents of which she emptied into the basket. "Tricks of trade," said the chemist with a smile, while the merchant gave him a look of sly humor from under her hat. "What was that she bought?" I asked. "A penn'orth of wood violet," he replied. "Those French violets don't smell. They rest on moist moss in the basket, and the moist moss absorbs the perfume." That penn'orth will sell the basket. "Then he told me that a 'penn'orth' of musk perfume was used to improve the selling quality of pots of musk, and that he had had a hawk similarly ask: 'A penn'orth of white rose, Guv'nor.' As I went away I figured to my mind an old lady bending ever that basket in response to the merchant's observation: 'Fresh, ma'am? Just smell for yourself.'—London News.

A Two-Handled Hammer.

People who stood around looking at men clearing up debris of a torn-down building were interested in the manner of wielding a two-handled hammer which they saw in use there, and in the hammer itself, which was bigger than any one man could have handled. Its two handles were inserted in it like the spokes of a wheel in a hub, and they spread out like them. The handles were held each by a man, the two men standing side by side.

The big hammer was used here in breaking up stone so that it could be handled. When the hammer had been let fall two men standing by the stone lifted it and bore it back by the handles as two men might raise a ladder by bearing back against the side stripes while two men held the foot of the ladder on the other side. Here the two men were each holding a handle of the hammer.

When by the united labor of all the big hammer had again been poised in the air, the men in front stood aside and it was again let fall upon the stone.—New York Sun.

Artificial Stone.

A firm in Scotland is engaged in the manufacture of artificial stone, which is, it is claimed, quite the equal of the natural product in durability, hardness and in its ability to stand weather tests. The ingredients are principally lime and sand, with water at a very high temperature. After being thoroughly incorporated the mass is placed in molds and subjected to a temperature of about 400 degrees Fahrenheit. Superheated steam is the heat employed for this purpose. It is a fact well understood by those who have made the subject a study that artificial stone may be made successfully from the materials mentioned. Mortar and stucco are in existence in some parts of the world that were made centuries ago.

Naming the Triplets.

Mrs. Paul Hetrick of Burlingame is the mother of triplets. She calls them Cora Dell, Dora Bell and Nora Nell. To distinguish one from the other she has tied a blue ribbon on the wrist of Cora Dell, a red ribbon on the wrist of Dora Bell and a white ribbon on the wrist of Nora Nell.—Kansas City Journal.