

MULLIGAN'S BRIGADE.

The Gallant Chicago Regiment Composed of Irishmen.

"Rally! All Irishmen in favor of forming a regiment of Irish volunteers to sustain the government of the United States in and through the war will rally at North Market Hall this evening, April 20, at 7:30 o'clock. For the honor of the old land, rally! Rally for the defense of the new!"

This notice appeared in all the Chicago newspapers on April 20, 1861. Five days before Gov. Yates had issued a call for troops, and the patriotic fervor of the people was at a white heat. Enlistment had already commenced, Capt. Joseph Kellogg having begun the work of recruiting a company on April 18.

Those whose knowledge of war and war times is limited to the present conflict with Spain have small conception of the excitement that swept over the

land, rising nowhere to a higher pitch than at Chicago when Fort Sumter was fired upon and the President issued a call for 75,000 troops.

The call for a meeting of the loyal Irishmen of the city, which was signed by James A. Mulligan, M. C. McDonald and eleven other Irish citizens, was royally responded to, North Market Hall being thronged to the doors. James A. Mulligan, an eloquent young Irish-American lawyer, delivered a ringing speech, as did several others, and the work of recruiting—the real business of the evening—was begun. No urging was required, men presenting themselves faster than they could sign the roll. In an hour and a half 325 names had been enrolled.

This meeting was but the beginning of the patriotic enthusiasm which speedily seized upon the people, and applications for admission to the Irish brigade, as the prospective regiment had been already named, continued to pour in, not from Chicago only, but from all portions of northern Illinois, one body of Detroit Irishmen offering their services. Within a week 1,200 names were signed and the regiment was complete.

The Confederates were bent on taking Lexington, and Gen. Sterling Price soon appeared with 25,000 men. Out-

of a shaft twenty feet below the sea, men toll amid fierce fires whose flames in that confined space lick out at them with every movement of the long steel slice bars that are used to feed the gaping furnaces, as savage caged beasts are fed, and, like the beasts, the fires are raging to kill the men who master

Sunk in a shaft twenty feet below the sea, men toll amid fierce fires whose flames in that confined space lick out at them with every movement of the long steel slice bars that are used to feed the gaping furnaces, as savage caged beasts are fed, and, like the beasts, the fires are raging to kill the men who master

the furnace twenty feet below the surface of the sea.

If a landsman wants an experience that he will not forget soon let him go down into the stokehole of a warship. Then he will realize, indeed, what it means to be in the bowels of a vessel, and, to an extent, what it means to be buried alive. If he can face the roaring furnaces without shrinking and stand in the steel walled pit without fearing dread, he will be a man of rare nerve.

Sunk in a shaft twenty feet below

the sea, men toll amid fierce fires whose flames in that confined space lick out at them with every movement of the long steel slice bars that are used to feed the gaping furnaces, as savage caged beasts are fed, and, like the beasts, the fires are raging to kill the men who master

the furnace twenty feet below the surface of the sea.

What She Is Doing for Soldiers and Their Families.

Patriotic New York women, under the leadership of Mrs. Ellen Hardin Walworth, have organized the "Women's National War Relief Association" for the purpose of aiding in the comfort of the soldiers and sailors who are fighting for their flag. The woman who is not a member of a war relief association of some sort is the exception. The meetings of these organizations have almost entirely taken the place of such gatherings as pink teas, literary afternoons and ethical culture sessions. Scores of societies, little and big, are either running along smoothly, but busily, or are yet in the throes of organization.

All have the same general purpose, to provide a channel through which the patriotic enthusiasm of the American woman may be directed. Each member wants to do something, be it ever so little, toward the work of waging war. Some of the societies are merely village organizations, entirely local in character and interested only in the welfare of the little company of home soldiers who are away at the front. Others are branches of associations which are national in scope.

The chief executive officer of the Women's National War Relief Association is Mrs. Ellen Hardin Walworth, whose official title is that of director general.

Mrs. Walworth is quite capable of directing the affairs of an organization as large as this one promises to be.

She is one of the three original founders of the national society of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

She ranks as one of the feminine pioneers in chronicling American history and genealogy. She was also among the first of her sex to make a thorough and systematic study of parliamentary law and practice, her classes for considering parliamentary procedure being well known in New York City, as is also the Post Parliament Club, of which she is President. Associated with her are such women as Mrs. Russell Sage, Miss Helen Gould, Mrs. Dan

WOMAN'S WORK IN WAR.

What She Is Doing for Soldiers and Their Families.

Patriotic New York women, under the leadership of Mrs. Ellen Hardin Walworth, have organized the "Women's National War Relief Association" for the purpose of aiding in the comfort of the soldiers and sailors who are fighting for their flag. The woman who is not a member of a war relief association of some sort is the exception. The meetings of these organizations have almost entirely taken the place of such gatherings as pink teas, literary afternoons and ethical culture sessions. Scores of societies, little and big, are either running along smoothly, but busily, or are yet in the throes of organization.

All have the same general purpose, to provide a channel through which the patriotic enthusiasm of the American woman may be directed. Each member wants to do something, be it ever so little, toward the work of waging war. Some of the societies are merely village organizations, entirely local in character and interested only in the welfare of the little company of home soldiers who are away at the front. Others are branches of associations which are national in scope.

The chief executive officer of the Women's National War Relief Association is Mrs. Ellen Hardin Walworth, whose official title is that of director general.

Mrs. Walworth is quite capable of directing the affairs of an organization as large as this one promises to be.

She is one of the three original founders of the national society of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

She ranks as one of the feminine pioneers in chronicling American history and genealogy. She was also among the first of her sex to make a thorough and systematic study of parliamentary law and practice, her classes for considering parliamentary procedure being well known in New York City, as is also the Post Parliament Club, of which she is President. Associated with her are such women as Mrs. Russell Sage, Miss Helen Gould, Mrs. Dan

FIGHT TO THE DEATH.

TWO KENTUCKY FAMILIES EXTERMINATING EACH OTHER.

The Bakers and Howards Have Been Setting an Old Quarrel by Shedding Each Other's Blood—State Troops Were Called to Subdue Them.

Mountain Feud.

The history of the Baker-Howard feud, which assumed such large and dangerous proportions as to cause State troops to be sent to Manchester, Ky., for the protection of the court, is one of the most interesting in the annals of mountain wars. The men engaged in this feud are descendants of the same pioneers. Their ancestors have lived there for more than 100 years. Many of the families have intermarried, until nearly everybody in Clay County is related by blood lines to everybody else.

The Howards are members of the fighting Howards of Harlan County, who led by Wilson Howard, killed about thirty of the Turner faction in Harlan and Bell Counties. Wilson was afterward legally hanged after he had boasted of killing ten men with his own hand. There is a Wilson Howard in the Clay County family, but he was so unfortunate as to fall early in the fight. Old man A. B. or "Bal" Howard, who is the leader of the faction that bears his name, is 52 years old and has tried to lead a correct life. He has been a member of the Christian Church for many years, is a Free Mason, and has served his county one term as Sheriff and two terms as Deputy Sheriff. While Sheriff he lost all his wealth and went into voluntary liquidation. He has tried hard to keep down the inherited fighting blood, but now that he has been drawn into the fight he is anxious to win as any other mountain fighter. He recently said he could go into Harlan County and get 500 fighting men to come back and clean out the Bakers root and branch. When he made this declaration his eyes flashed fire, and although he is bent from suffering from the wounds the Bakers gave him in the fight when his son Will

came about a week later old man Howard, his sons Israel and Carter and Burch Store went to the log pit and took the undivided raft out of the mouth of Crane creek, and Israel and Carter remained on it and floated it down the Kentucky river to Frankfort.

A. B. Howard and Burch Store started back home with the five horses that had been used in pulling out the logs. They overtook Israel and Harlan Shadeford and invited them to ride two of the horses. A little further on they came upon Wilson Howard and Will York, and they were invited to ride the remaining horse. The party was riding slowly through the deep mountain mud, little dreaming what was in store for them.

They were cracking jokes, and those who had been walking were congratul-

ing the latter could claim the reward of \$250. The Bakers were charged with killing Wilson Howard and Burch Store, and with shooting old man Howard, but they were acquitted on the examining trial, on April 17. The next day Sid Baker, a son-in-law of A. B. Howard, and no kin to the other Bakers, met Charles Wooton on the road. After watching each other for several minutes, they both drew their weapons at the same time. A shooting followed in which Wooton was so badly shot in the back that he has never been able to walk, and the physician who attends him says that he will die before very long. June 2 Tom Baker met Will White on the road near White's house and shot him to death with an explosive bullet. Nobody has been punished for any of



COLONEL MULLIGAN AND STAFF.

them only by desperate labor. There is no room to spare on a modern ship. Therefore the mighty furnaces are so crowded together that the men who serve them have barely space to move to and fro before them. So near them are the stokers and the firemen that until their skins are hardened to it they blister and crack with the heat. The chance visitor can bear it only a few minutes.

That is a stokehole when the ship is going at ordinary speed and there are no especial demands on the stokers and the firemen. When there comes the time that a ship must fight for her life, chase or run, the stokehole becomes a place of torment. When the warship goes into action she calls on every one of her hundred and more firemen to be in readiness, and the boilers must furnish every pound of steam that they can give her. The more they give her the louder are the demands of the engines for more, and the men must work at the fires till they fall. Forced draught is the order then, and the stokehole is practically sealed up so that no air may escape from it except through the furnaces. The fires grow fiercer and fiercer, and soon there is no spot in the steel pit that is not unbearably hot. Men watch the indicators and shout for more steam. The limp heaps are drag-



MRS. ELLEN HARDIN WALWORTH.

Iel Butterfield, Mrs. Seth Low, Mrs. W. C. Choate and others whose names are known far and wide. Mrs. U. S. Grant has recently accepted the national presidency of the organization.

Facts About Cuba's Climate.

The weather bureau at Washington has completed a valuable treatise on the climate of Cuba, which furnishes definite figures in support of the contention that the bugaboo of the rainy season in Cuba is largely imaginary. The average temperature at Havana during June, July, and August is only 82 degrees—the same as that at New Orleans, and only seven degrees more than at Washington. In fact, Washington has hotter days than Havana ever has. Havana's hottest is 100 degrees, while Washington's is 104 degrees. The average yearly rainfall at Havana is considerably less than at New Orleans, being 51.73 inches, against the Louisiana city's 60.32 inches. Even in the so-called rainy season, which began with May and will end with September, the rainfall at Havana is only 32.37 inches, as against New Orleans' 27 inches. As much rain frequently falls in the dry season as in the so-called rainy period. The relative humidity of the atmosphere appears to be fairly constant and averages only about 75 per cent of saturation.—Chicago Tribune.

A Feat of Memory.

The geographer Maretus narrates an instance of memory probably unequalled. He actually witnessed the feat and had it attested by four Venetian nobles. He met in Padua a young Corsican who had so powerful a memory that he could repeat as many as 36,000 words read over to him only once. Maretus, desiring to test this extraordinary youth in the presence of his friends, read over to him an almost interminable list of words strung together anyhow, in every language and some mere gibberish. The audience was exhausted before the list—which had been written down for the sake of accuracy—was completed, and at the end of it the young Corsican smilingly began and repeated the entire list without a break and without a mistake. Then to show his remarkable power he went over it backward, then every alternate word, first, third and fifth, and so on, until his hearers were thoroughly exhausted and had no hesitation in certifying that the memory of this individual was without a rival in the world, ancient or modern.

Off the Newfoundland banks the ship was assailed by a terrible tempest which threatened destruction, and Lafayette was very seasick. His aide-camp, the Chevalier de Pontgibaud, who relates the incident in his memoirs, heard him soliloquizing thus on the hopelessness of the situation and the emptiness of glory:

"Diable! I have done well certainly. At my time of life—barely twenty years of age—with my name, rank and fortune, and after having married Mademoiselle de Nantes, to leave everything and serve as a breakfast for codfish!"—*Youth's Companion*.

"Lay me down and save the flag," he said to those who were bearing him mortally wounded from the field.

The Irish brigade fought nobly for their country; they did more—they raised an enthusiasm that recruited many thousands of troops and imparted boldness to timid hearts. Their glory—not yet faded—will never fade. To

Drinking never hurt a stingy man.

Mountain Feud.

The history of the Baker-Howard feud, which assumed such large and dangerous proportions as to cause State troops to be sent to Manchester, Ky., for the protection of the court, is one of the most interesting in the annals of mountain wars. The men engaged in this feud are descendants of the same pioneers. Their ancestors have lived there for more than 100 years. Many of the families have intermarried, until nearly everybody in Clay County is related by blood lines to everybody else.

The Howards are members of the fighting Howards of Harlan County, who led by Wilson Howard, killed about thirty of the Turner faction in Harlan and Bell Counties. Wilson was afterward legally hanged after he had boasted of killing ten men with his own hand. There is a Wilson Howard in the Clay County family, but he was so unfortunate as to fall early in the fight. Old man A. B. or "Bal" Howard, who is the leader of the faction that bears his name, is 52 years old and has tried to lead a correct life. He has been a member of the Christian Church for many years, is a Free Mason, and has served his county one term as Sheriff and two terms as Deputy Sheriff.

While Sheriff he lost all his wealth and went into voluntary liquidation. He has tried hard to keep down the inherited fighting blood, but now that he has been drawn into the fight he is anxious to win as any other mountain fighter. He recently said he could go into Harlan County and get 500 fighting men to come back and clean out the Bakers root and branch. When he made this declaration his eyes flashed fire, and although he is bent from suffering from the wounds the Bakers gave him in the fight when his son Will

came about a week later old man Howard, his sons Israel and Carter and Burch Store went to the log pit and took the undivided raft out of the mouth of Crane creek, and Israel and Carter remained on it and floated it down the Kentucky river to Frankfort.

A. B. Howard and Burch Store started back home with the five horses that had been used in pulling out the logs. They overtook Israel and Harlan Shadeford and invited them to ride two of the horses. A little further on they came upon Wilson Howard and Will York, and they were invited to ride the remaining horse.

They were cracking jokes, and those who had been walking were congratul-

ating themselves on having a chance to ride, although to one of them it proved a ride to death. When they reached the house of John Baker they say Baker's wife ran to the large farm bell and rang it violently, although it was much too early in the morning for dinner.

They had scarcely passed Baker's house when a volley was fired at the cavalcade from ambush. Old man Howard was struck in the back, but he managed to stay on his young horse, which carried him out of range around a point in the road. The second volley struck Burch Store, killing him instantly, the bullets striking him in the neck and in the breast. The third volley came almost as Store fell from his horse, and Wilson Howard rolled off his horse with a bullet in his back that paralyzed his limbs. The other horsemen rode away as fast as possible. When they got out of sight Wilson Howard said Tom Baker and Charles Wooton came to them and fired an explosive bullet into the abdomen of the two wounded men. Wilson Howard died shortly after telling the story of the shooting.

When James B. Howard, who was in town, heard of the shooting he was almost crazy with excitement, and, although his friends begged him not to go to the scene of the killing, some six miles away, he got his horse and galloped toward the place. When nearly there he stopped at Murray's store, where persons were buying grave clothes for Store and Howard, and for the first time heard that his father was not dead, but he was told by the doctor who attended him that he could not get well. Rushing out of the store, intent on going to the side of his fat-

ther.

Modest people should have a care. If carried to an extreme, modesty is liable to become ridiculous, as in a case reported by the St. Louis Globe-Democrat: Years ago a member of the Indiana Legislature, in a brand-new suit of broadcloth and a silk hat, gold-headed cane and white lawn tie, wandered up into the sanctum of the Courier-Journal, stood around in a listless way, looked over the papers, went down-stairs and came back several times. He was asked to take a seat, which he declined elaborately, and ended by drawing his chair in a confidential way up to the "Roundabout" man's desk.

"Couldn't you," he said, "put in the paper that I am at the Galt House with my bride, and just fill in something about my being a prominent Indianian? I don't care anything about this sort of thing myself, but you know how the women are. I want fifty copies of the paper sent to this address." He laid down two dollars and a half, grinned, got red in the face, said "Good morning," and vanished.

Next morning he read that "Mr. John Huckleberry requests us to say that he is at the Galt House with his bride; that he is a prominent member of the Indiana Legislature and that he himself, personally, cares nothing for newspaper notoriety, but that a society note would be very gratifying to Mrs. Huckleberry. He added that he wanted fifty copies of the paper for distribution to his constituents."

Paper.

Paper horseshoes are now being used by some of the Chicago blacksmiths. The horseshoers themselves are not responsible for the innovation, but it is due to some of the owners of fine horseflesh. After being saturated with oil or turpentine the paper is glued together in thin layers with a cement which does not become brittle when drying, being a mixture of Venetian turpentine, powdered chalk, linseed oil and lacquer. The holes through which nails are driven to fasten the shoe to the hoof are stamped through the paper when moist. Then the shoe is placed under a hydraulic press and subjected to a strong pressure.

When fitting the shoe to the hoof it can be filed or planed to fit as snugly as may be necessary. The shoes made of paper are said to be stronger and better than those of iron, just as car wheels of paper are superior to those of iron. Another advantage claimed is that a horse wearing paper shoes is not likely to slip when traveling on slippery roads.

Coral Flower Gardens.

No gardens on earth can match the gardens of the sea that encircle the northern part of Australia. As the tide ebbs in the azure of sunset, coral reefs peer out, symmetrically arranged in beds and intersected by emerald channels as if they were the colossal flower beds of some great sea king. Corals of all hues and tints can be seen fathoms deep in the channels. The coral polyps, although they build islands and help to extend continents, are most delicate organisms, and die on the least exposure, and leave behind them their skeletons, but even their skeletons are things of beauty.

River Bank Protection Wanted.

From Great Britain comes a call for a method of preventing the current of a river from wearing away the banks. The claim is set forth that the present system is unsatisfactory because, while the banks may be strengthened, nothing is done to deflect the current from weak points nor to diminish its force.

One of the worst things about friends is the manner in which they abuse each other.

About all some people do is to follow other men around complaining of the way they do their work.

BARRICADE OF THE HOWARD FACTION.

Not paying for it, suit was brought and judgment rendered. Before Baker bought the judgment he had gone into partnership with A. B. Howard, through his sons Israel and Carter, who were made parties to the contract, in order that none of Howard's creditors could rely on his logs. Thus, when his own partner tried to get the better of him, as he considered it, old man Howard became very angry, and there were some sharp words between Tom Baker and the Howards. Howard refused point blank to pay the judgment and Baker levied on the logs, as the partnership papers had not been made out. Howard fought him in a magistrate's court, but through the influence of Baker's father a compromise was effected, and it looked as if