

FAMOUS MILITARY ACTOR.

The Hero of Thousands of Bloody Stage Battles.

Mart Heisey, the Corporal in "Shenandoah," Has Acted the Part of a Soldier for 24 Years.

Corporal Mart Heisey is the hero of thousands of stage battles.

Corporal Mart Heisey of the T. R. A. (theatrical regular army) will be one of the many interesting features of Jacob Litt's revival of "Shenandoah" to hold the stage of the Columbia theater. He has put in a quarter of a century in the thick of the hottest battles, and he will probably die fighting. He is the Joe Wheeler of the stage. Managers won't let him be anything else than a fighter. Upon several occasions they have made him fight as an Indian, once as a gypsy, and once as a marine, but they have never allowed him to appear in any costume that wasn't appropriate to a scrimmage at Cedar creek or Wounded Knee. Think of it—twenty-five years an actor and always fighting.

This season Corporal Mart Heisey is whooping up things on the Yankee side in "Shenandoah." He is the man who yells that "Sheridan is coming," and rallies the Union army just as the Confederates are about to seize the victory. Three years ago he was blazing away at the boys in blue from the rebel side, trying to carry the day against Gen. Hooker in "The Heart of Maryland." Two years before that Heisey, while playing in "The Girl I Left Behind Me," had the pleasant pastime of trying to starve a garrison of United States soldiers. You never can tell what flag Heisey is going to support, nor can you tell whether he is going to show up as a private or as a captain.

Like all good soldiers, Corporal Heisey of "Shenandoah" began in the ranks. When a lad in his home at Upper Sandusky, O., he appeared, in an amateur performance of the "Drummer Boy of Shiloh," taking the title role. He made a hit, and decided to become an actor. He went to New York and succeeded in getting an engagement. His debut was made as Wan-a-Tee, the Indian in Boucault's "The Octoroon." He had no lines to speak. All he had to do was to look as much like an Indian as he could, and when anybody spoke to him to grunt.

It wasn't long before Heisey had the reputation of being the best Indian in the business. He next turned up as the gypsy in "Rosedale," and it took one captain and a regiment of British soldiers to wrest from his clutches a 6-year-old child whom he had stolen and hid. Managers Tompkins and Gilmore of Boston heard of Mart's dare-devil and soldierly qualities, and they enlisted him under the English flag, and for three seasons Mart wore a red coat in the Sudan. When his commission in the British army expired Mart turned surgeon, and in "Held by the Enemy" went about dressing wounds made by rebel bullets.

The first time Mart went out of the army was during one season while seeing service on a man-of-war in "The Ensign." He played bo's'n, and he had a speech which never failed to score as he blurted it out in hoarse tones: "We ain't got no manners, but we can fight like hell," was the line. The stage army is as slow of promotion as is the regular army. With all his constant service Mart Heisey has never got any higher than a captaincy. He was one of the Union spies in "Secret Service" for awhile, but he didn't get much fun and glory out of it, because he had to shoot himself in the leg after he had been on the stage about two minutes and be hauled off to Libby prison.

At present he is Corporal Dunn, U. S. A., in "Shenandoah." In speaking of it the other day, he said: "I want to tell you that if being a corporal for Uncle Sam is any harder work than being a corporal for Jake Litt, those fellows earn their money."

When questioned as to what were his duties, Heisey replied: "Oh, nothing much; I ride ten miles to let folks know that Sheridan is coming; then I go back and meet Sheridan; after that I drive a four-horse cannon through mud over a mountainous road, search a Confederate spy and then go off the stage, and, as assistant stage manager, keep the supers noisy and see that they don't shoot the eyes out of any actors in the careless handling of their guns." "I guess I'll always be a soldier," said the corporal in talking it over. "I'm afraid if they ever cast me for a dress-suit part I'd dust off my legs with

my crush hat. I should like get to be a general, though. I asked Mr. Litt to let me play Gen. Sheridan, if only for one night, but he wouldn't do it. I felt hurt about it until he explained that Sheridan was a little man, and I couldn't squeeze into the size of uniform he wore."—Ex.

Wounds Heal Soon.

The war is already yielding interesting results in the study of wounds inflicted by the various projectiles in use on both sides. The London Lancet's correspondent at Cape Town sends an important report, in which he says of the wounded there:

"A majority of the cases result from Mauser bullets with a few from Martini-Henrys, and the difference is extremely marked. The Mauser does not inflict so severe a wound, and the crushing power is distinctly less. In most cases it is difficult to determine the aperture of entry and that of exit from the appearance of the wound, both apertures in nearly all cases being identical in size. Of course I am referring to wounds of a fleshy nature where the bullet traverses the muscular structures only. In the case of perforation, grooving or tunnelling of bones, the aperture of exit is much enlarged.

"It is simply surprising to note how quickly and readily these wounds heal. In a great number of cases the ordinary field dressing is quite sufficient to bring about complete healing, and the smaller calibre rifle and the consequent size of the bullet tell most favorably. In fact, instead, as with the Martini-Henry or Remington bullet, of a wound resulting through which one can thread a large-sized drainage tube, the tissues are so little disturbed that they close immediately after the missile has passed, and the healing begins at once. In nearly all cases they are as aseptic as can be wished.

There are a few cases of shell wounds, and these naturally are more severe, the laceration of muscle and other soft tissues and the splintering of bone being the chief characteristics.

"The weather keeps rather cool in the morning and after sunset, and the men coming from Natal brace up wonderfully after a few days in the hospital here. The climate is exceptionally good for wounds. In fact, they heal in such a marvelous manner that unless a man is struck in a vital part, the probabilities are that he will be fit for fighting again in a few weeks, a fact which will be forcibly impressed upon the Boers before we are done with them. I cannot help thinking that if they had any experience with the wounds caused by their rifles, they would discard them in favor of their old friend, the Martini-Henry."

Cossacks Are Traders.

A few months ago a Russian veterinary surgeon was sent into the Ural district by the government to buy horses for the army, says the New York Press. He had been selected by his superiors because he was famous as a shrewd and sharp horse trader, who never had been beaten in a horse trade. But he returned from his experience with the Ural Cossacks in a chastened condition of mind, for they had cheated him frightfully.

He confessed that with all his cunning he had been perfectly helpless in their hands and he swore by all the saints in the Russian calendar that nothing should tempt him to try again. His grief was made the more poignant by the fact that at the time they were swindling him so cheerfully and successfully a Russian bucco steered struck their territory, filled them with a firm conviction that the world was coming to an end in short order and sold them tickets for paradise at enormous prices!—Victoria Times.

The Moose.

All wild animals are deceptive as to weight. They are thin and slab-sided, and never weigh as much as domestic animals of the same apparent size. Wherefore I disbelieve most strongly in the weight credited to some moose; though I think it possible that moose, especially in the Cook's Inlet country of Alaska, may reach 1200 pounds live weight. The ordinary "gigantic" bull, with a 44-inch head, does not exceed 800 pounds. Moose and fish always grow after death, in fact I have known a dead moose to put on 50 pounds a year regularly until his slayer also took the Styx canoe-route. Moreover, last winter I found that a certain grey timber-wolf slain in the Manitou region of western Ontario, grew just one foot for every score of miles I journeyed from the place of his undoing; eventually he will be worthy to rank beside the 14-foot tigers of the retired Anglo-Indian.

The bull moose is at his best when six or seven years old, but there can be little doubt he occasionally lives to twice that age. He has no foes to dread in the northern woods, and must frequently live out the full span of moose life. The cow, according to my

observation, always produces two young at a birth, though she is said to produce but one in the spring of her second year. The youngsters are born in the latter days of April, or early in May, and within three days can run faster than the old lady herself. The cow generally chooses some heavily wooded island as a lying-in ground, and it is no easy task to find her at that season. As for the bull, he is an exile from the bosom of his own family, and his presence is neither desired nor tolerated. It is said the bull will destroy the young calf during the first day or two of its existence, should he get the chance.—Charles A. Bramble, in Canadian Magazine.

UNCLE ANDY.

IN MEMORIAM.

The following lines were written by Capt. Jack "at the time of Uncle Andy's death and are now published for the first time.

In all the Klondike region round about No man was better known and none more loved Than this simple, child-like little man For whom all classes mourn. And children weep because they loved him, For his kindly face and sunny soul Attract to him every one Who feels the spark that makes the whole world kin And loves the pure and wholesome nature of the man Who knew no enmity, but loved his fellow-man With all the sweet simplicity of boyhood.

Cold in death. It seems incredulous That Uncle Andy is no more. No more his cheer and his warm smile, No more his hearty and hearty laugh, The echoes in the Klondike vale; No more will thousands greet his humorous darts On festive days as in the days gone by. While round his family we sit, The broad mantle of charity, And to his sorrowing wife and child We send our heart-felt sympathy.

Adieu, dear Uncle Andy, bon voyage, To brighter fields and warmer clime, Where merry sons with joy bells chime In sweet accord with Andy's voice. Where angels gather to rejoice That you have joined their happy throng; And Andy, when we rush along The heavenly trail some future day, If you should have a skookum lay, You'll take us in and let us share The heavenly Nuggets over there.

Items of Interest.

The great games of Venezuela are chess and checkers. Waiter girls in Munich restaurants work 14 to 16 hours a day without a single holiday all the year round.

If our southern states alone were as densely settled as Germany, they would have a population of over 190,000,000.

It is estimated that at the beginning of the new century England will have 82,000,000,000 tons of coal still unused and available.

Professor Mau, the profound student of Pompeian antiquities, proves conclusively that Pompeii was a well paved city 44 years before the birth of Christ.

A Hartford fire insurance company has purchased the house of William Inlay, in that city, which, in 1794, was the first in the country to be insured against destruction by fire.

Pig's milk is under discussion in the French chamber of deputies, a petition having been sent to it asking that its use may be permitted as nourishment for babies. Some doctors favor it.

Small tanks of pure oxygen, to be used for resuscitating persons overcome by smoke or gas, have been suggested as part of the desirable equipment of hook and ladder trucks going to fires.

American apples are peeled, sliced and dried and then sent to France, where they are converted into cider. With the addition of carbonic acid gas and a certain flavoring the cider becomes champagne, much of which is unsuspectingly drunk as the genuine article.

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All persons working for me on Monte Cristo house will be paid at the Melbourne Hotel and receive payment in full.

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