

The Creedmoor Meeting.

THE scores in the last three matches were not included in our summary, given two weeks ago. We now give the principal prize winners in them.

No. 16. General Sheridan's skirmishers' match—Open to teams of six from the regular army, navy, marine corps, national guard, volunteers or militia of any country, state or territory, 600 to 200 yards and return, second class targets, adopted military rifle.

U.S. ENGINEER BATTALION.

	Shots fired.	Hits.	Score.	Penalty.	Total.
Lieut. Hale.....	39	39	164		164
Lieut. Gillette.....	40	36	148		148
Sergt. Doyle.....	40	36	148		148
Corpl. Boyle.....	36	35	128	5	123
Sergt. Barrett.....	30	27	112	5	107
Pte. Cavanagh.....	29	17	58		58
	214	190	758	10	748
5th artillery.....	236	193	606	5	601
4th artillery.....	236	198	704	15	689
13th regiment, N.G.....	170	86	287	30	257

No. 17. Steward match—All comers, 200 yards, sitting, kneeling or standing, any military or special military rifle, an allowance of 2 points will be given to competitors who use the Remington rifle, state model, the allowance to be added to the aggregate of three scores, aggregate of three scores to count.

F. J. Rabbeth, Sharp.....	25	25	25	75
J. F. Klein, Remington State.....	25	24	23	+2 73
Geo. Joiner, Remington State.....	23	23	25	+2 73
Geo. W. Lotz, Remington State.....	24	24	23	+2 73
W. M. Farrow, Farrow.....	25	24	23	72

No. 18. Revolver match—25 yards, all comers, Hinman target, 8 prizes.

C. E. Gillette, Colt.....	48	48	47	143
C. E. Taynter, S & W.....	48	47	45	140
P. U. Rower, M & H.....	47	45	43	135
G. Doyle, Colt.....	46	42	42	130
T. Hall, Colt.....				44
Lieut. Anderson, U.S.A., Colt.....				44
Rabbeth, Colt.....				44
Farrow, S & W.....				43

Lieut. Zalinski, the executive officer has been analyzing the results of the meeting, with a view to profiting by this year's experience in the future. Amongst other things interesting to all riflemen he says:

"The encouraging feature at this meeting has been the special interest shown by the men in the competitions, the increased readiness to take part in matches arranged on the ground, to take part in the pool firing, and in general to show an active appreciation of all means adopted to give them a chance to exercise and improve themselves with the rifle and also with the pistol. With regard to the latter weapon, now that non-commissioned officers are armed with the revolver, it is most important that opportunities should be generally provided for them to perfect themselves in its use.

"There is an important and very striking lesson to be drawn from the result of the newly arranged skirmishing competition. This was entered by four team, of six men in each, three for the army and one from the national guard. They started at 600 yards, with 40 rounds each in their pouches. Having gone a short distance, they were halted by bugle and began firing, fifteen seconds being allowed. They were then advanced again, halted, and so on down to 200 yards. They then retreated in like manner. The result is rather startling. The national guard is usually supposed to be equally skilled in the use of the rifle with the army. But the scores stood: engineer battalion, 748 points; 5th artillery, 601; 4th artillery, 689; 13th New York regiment of the national guard, 278. The reason for this inferiority on the part of the militia is obvious. They are as good marksmen as the others, but they never had any practice in firing at uncertain distances. As in real warfare almost all of their work would have to be done under just these conditions, the moral is plain, and I hope the result of this match will be to stir up the militia organization to give their members opportunities to practice in this mode of firing.

"To render this meeting a real success and get out of it all the benefit that should be obtained, it will be necessary to increase the prize fund very largely. The amount given in prizes at the National rifle association meeting at Wimbledon is \$60,000, and the highest individual money prize, the Queen's, is \$1,000. We have hard work to collect \$1,600 for prizes once a year, and the highest money prize is \$50. What is really needed is a series of prizes, the opportunity to win which will make it worth a man's while to do his utmost to perfect himself with the rifle."

Massachusetts has determined to do full honor to the team which has honored the old commonwealth. Adj.-Gen. Samuel Dalton, by a general order, "directs that, as a suitable recognition of the achievements of the Massachusetts militia rifle team at Creedmoor during the past week, a commemorative medal be given to each member of the team. The winning of the several trophies in competition with the trained and tried troops of other states and of the regular army is an event in which the entire militia may take pride, as it marks conspicuously the rapid advance which they have made during the past three years in that most important part of militia instruction, the effective use of the rifle." The team members have been the recipients of special attention since their return home.

Mess Room Yarns.

"That reminds me."

The Colors.

Col. S— of the —th Foot was a peculiar man; he had quite peculiar ideas on the subject of his profession; when in camp at night he never took his boots off; his sword was always close to hand, and he used to pride himself that he was always ready for any emergency; but the real reason of this was, that he had "colors" on the brain! Since he was promoted, consequent on the death of his late commanding officer and dear old friend in India, the regiment was presented with new colors by royalty, and in that royal presence he was called upon, to keep them safe and guard them as he would his own life; he had, of course, spoken for himself and his regiment, and in his remarks had proudly declared that those colors should be his daily, nay, hourly care, that he would defend them, that his officers would defend them, that his men would defend them, and that the honor of his Queen, country, and regiment, were embodied in the emblems; he had no wife, no, he was a bachelor, his regiment was his wife and its colors her honor, and never should it be said of him that he was careless of it!!

Since that time the colors had always been taken into his own quarters, and when he woke in the morning his colors were his first thought, and his last at night.

One day orders came that he was to march by route to another garrison town, the distance was about 80 miles, so that it would take about six days before they reached their destination.

The day came, and the regiment marched, the proud old colonel at its head; it was of course accompanied several miles beyond the suburbs by boys, girls and sweethearts.

Nothing eventful occurred until the evening of the day before they reached their destination, but on this evening they were obliged to halt at a small village, boasting only two meagre public houses. There were, however, plenty of barns available, so that with the help of fresh straw the men were made very comfortable, but the officers had to put up at the two public houses.

The colonel had met a gentleman on the road with whom he was slightly acquainted, and, on his asking him as to their probable accommodation, had been told that only one of the public houses was available; as the other was infested by the "pestilence that walketh in darkness," so that the colonel, naturally shunned the Red Lion, as it was called, and prepared to put up at the Bull.

The regiment did not arrive at this village till dark, so that by the time the colonel got to his quarters it was pretty late. The colors were escorted to the Bull, and the colonel, of course, wanted them in his bedroom, but the staircase in the house was crooked, so crooked that it was like a dog's hind leg, and the headway so low, that the colonel could hardly get up it, and the colors would come up in no way; though he himself tried for fully a quarter of an hour, it was no good, so consequently he was obliged to have them placed in the passage, with a sentry over them. He took a last look at them before turning in, and sighed to think that they would have to be outside his own room for one night; however, there was no help for it, so he retired to sleep.

At first he could not sleep, but finally dropped off, and fitfully dreamt that he was defending his colors in a desperate hand to hand *melee*, with four gigantic negroes. He awoke with a start, but he could not get the colors out of his mind; he tried to sleep, but no, he felt he must go and see that they were safe; he got out of bed, opened the door, narrowly escaping braining himself against a huge beam just outside; he crept down stairs, and horror! saw the sentry to whom he had entrusted his sacred charge seated on the ground, his rifle leaning against the wall, discussing a game of cards and a bottle of whiskey, with, as he supposed, a native of the village. The colonel rubbed his eyes; could he be dreaming? no! he saw the stranger raise the bottle to his lips, and as he did so the colonel's anger overcame him and he roared out, "What are you doing, you blackguard?" Down dropped the bottle, away ran the friend, only returning to pick up the bottle and cards. Up jumped the sentry, who, seizing his rifle, turned on his colonel and literally drove the old gentleman up to his room at the point of the bayonet, pricking him behind to make him go faster. No sooner was the colonel up stairs than the sentry resumed his place by the colors, and when the other officers and household, being aroused, came down, they found him stolidly standing on duty. The colonel in a rage ordered the man to be confined and another sentry to take his place.

The next morning he was brought up before the colonel and charged with neglect of duty, but all he said when asked was, "I see'd nobody; the kennal must 'ave bin dreamin'; there war'nt no whisky, wuss luck," and as he stuck to this, and there were no witnesses, he escaped court martial; but the colonel declares to this day, that HE WAS NOT dreaming.—R.V.

Queries and Replies.

Will A. B. C., Erin, please read the very first paragraph in every issue of the GAZETTE, under the head "Correspondence," and if he wants to be attended to "act accordin'."

The Target.

THE MOUNTED INFANTRY SCHOOL'S FIELD FIRING PRACTICE.

The mounted infantry school at Winnipeg have just begun their monthly field firing practice, in accordance with the regulations for mounted infantry. The sections of four men gallop from a starting point 1,000 yards from the target (which is a first-class one), are halted by their section leader at the first flag, distance unknown, dismount, run 15 yards to the front (No. 3 holding the horses of the 3 dismounted men), fire 3 rounds per man in any position, run back to their horses and mount, and gallop to the next flag, where they again dismount and fire 3 rounds per man, and the same at the third flag; after firing the 3 rounds per man at each of the 3 flags, they again mount and gallop to a halting point about 150 yards from the target. Time is taken from the moment they start from 1,000 yards until they arrive at the halting point, and six minutes is laid down as a fair average time; one point is added to the score for every 15 seconds under the 6 minutes, and one point is deducted for every 15 seconds over the 6 minutes. Points from 1 to 5 are also given by the supervising officer for good riding in sections, and keeping together.

The target was placed on the prairie some three miles from Winnipeg, two mounted men being sent out to keep the cattle away from the range.

The distances of the three flags were about 750, 500 and 300 yards from the target (but were unknown to the men); the men used the short Snider, which is not