Yankee ear-marks by which Colonel Cauldwell supposed he had detected her affinity, and showed that her supposed parsimony was only a wise economy of what food there was in the house, the whole family, except her husband, having come home from a distance unexpectedly and found an empty larder.

And so this was a reunion of Unionists and former disunionists, brought together by consanguinity, cemented by marriage, and permanently united by community of interests.

And the next day Professor Lemuel Adams and Jane Waterbury were duly united in holy wedlock and the double bridal party started together for Niagara, echoing in their hearts the well-known words:

No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding river be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day—
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

MARKS' MILLS.

An Iowa Veteran's Description of the Fight and Subsequent Adventures.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

I noticed in your paper quite recently a request for a description of the battle of Marks' Mills, and here it is: On the 23d of April, 1864, an empty train of some two hundred wagons left Camden for Pine Bluffs to get supplies for our beleaguered troops. This train was placed in charge of the available force of a brigade that Colonel McLean commanded in General Salomon's division. There were comprised in it the 43d Indiana volunteers, in charge of Major Norris; the 36th Iowa, Major Hamilton, and the 77th Ohio, led by Captain McCormick. These regiments had been depleted greatly. With them were dispatched about two hundred of the 1st Indiana and 1st Missouri cavalry, under Majors McCauley and Spellman, the whole commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Drake, of the 36th Iowa. They encamped, after being one day out, on Bayou Mars, and the next morning as the train advanced they found the enemy drawn up in line of battle on the road near Marks' Mills, five miles on the Pine Bluff road and six miles from the Saline River. This river Colonel Drake had received orders to cross before going into camp the night before, but, from some cause which we never could learn, he disobeyed General Steele's orders. Our Indiana boys were in front and speedily became engaged, assisted by a small detachment of the 5th Kansas cavalry, just coming up from Pine Bluff. Six thousand rebels thundered at our little guard, but more than once it drove the enemy's center, and, reenforced by the 36th Iowa, comprising scarcely four hundred men, who soon dashed up, our brave front withstood unshrinkingly the heavy fire of rifles and cannon concentrated upon it for more than an hour, until at last, after two pieces of Stenge's 2d Missouri artillery had been literally overrun and captured and retaken by our rallying boys several times, they began to give ground reluctantly before their foes, though not, however, till every horse attached to the battery had been killed and the gunners shot down at their pieces. Then, and not till then, did our glorious Western soldiers, bleeding and exhausted, give up their portion of the train. In the meantime Captain McCormick, who, with the 77th Ohio, was guarding the rearmost wagons, had been ordered by Colonel Drake to hasten forward with all speed, and he at once started his regiment at double-quick, passing impeded trains and a section of artillery which had become mired in the boggy Mars bottom. The woods were open all around the battle-ground; the rebel sharpshooters could screen themselves on either flank; heavy lines were massing about the train, and at length, to their dismay, the Ohio boys found themselves sacked with the rest of us and were all compelled to surrender. We lost 250 in killed and wounded and about 1,000 prisoners, with 200 wagons and 100 teamsters. The enemy's loss could not have been less than 1,000 killed and wounded, as our skirmishers, deployed in the timber, did fearful execution on rebel masses during the protracted engagement. Beyond mules, wagons, and arms (and many of these were damaged) the enemy obtained nothing but prisoners, for the train was an empty one. Our brave boys, robbed and maltreated, were then marched to Red River, and soon afterwards arrived, weary and worn, at the populated prison-pen at Camp Ford, Tyler, Texas, which then numbered about 4,500 inmates.

AN ESCAPE FROM CAMP FORD.

I remained at Camp Ford until September following, when I thought it best to take a furlough, and in order to get out of prison I persuaded a guard to let me exchange haversacks across the stockade with one of our boys who was staying at the hospital. In his sack I found a pass for two to pass out to the hospital; so, taking Comrade Campbell with me, I walked out about sundown to the hospital. We remained at the hospital till after dark, when it commenced to rain, and then struck for the woods, taking a northeast course as near as we could judge by the lay of the country in so dark a night. It cleared off by and by and we discovered the North star, which was our guide for the twenty-one nights we were together in the woods. We had swamps to wade, rivers and creeks to swim, and had to subsist on green corn, wild grapes and sassafras sprouts, and occasionally a corn pone from some colored friend. A few nights after our escape we came to a church in the woods, where colored and white people were congregated together, singing an old revival hymn. I walked up to the door and viewed the congregation within, my comrade waiting and watching the enemy. We thought now was our chance to rest our weary limbs, so, untying a couple of horses, we mounted and let them walk leisurely away for about half a mile, when we struck out on the gallop for Red River in hopes of reaching there by the dawn of day. Unfortunately, we got on the wrong road and went down the valley towards Shreveport. We turned the horses loose at dawn of day, and, starting north again, kept in the woods most of the time and struck the river at the mouth of Sulphur Creek (where negroes told us afterwards they had seen alligators large enough to swallow a man without breaking his bones) about noon. We lay there until after dark, and then, tying our little bundle of clothes on a small log, we shoved it into the red, muddy stream, which was then even with its banks, and, plunging in after it, swam to the other shore. A night and a part of a day's travel brought us out in Arkansas. We suffered greatly from thirst. Some warm days, in the morning, we would lick the leaves on the bushes, and one day I got down and licked the mud where two wild hogs had been lying. I expect we looked about as wild as those hogs, with so little clothing to cover our bodies. Mother earth was our only bed and the blue sky of heaven our sole covering. One bright morning, just after sunrise, as we were crossing the Washington and Camden road we came in contact with a rebel colonel and captain.

TAKEN IN, AFTER ALL.

They thought they would take us in, but they did not have any arms, and consequently they were not big enough to capture two Western Yanks who had traveled more than two hundred and fifty miles, mostly by starlight, with no road or guide but the North star. These brave officers said they would go to Camden and get a pack of hounds and catch us; and as soon as we got out of their sight, you may be sure we "lit" out pretty lively. After a hard march of forty-eight hours, worn out and nearly starved, I went to a house to get something to eat, leaving my comrade in the woods, with instructions not to wait over one hour in case I did not return. When I got to the house there was a rebel soldier there, and he was well armed and "took me in." About 8 o'clock that night seven rebs rode up to the house where I was under guard. They had a pack of hounds with them and had been on our track all day. Some of those fellows were in favor of hanging me, but others prevailed on them to take me to Camden. The next morning they put me on an old mule and sent two guards with me, and I was turned over to the provost marshal at Camden and confined in a dungeon with a lot of wounded prisoners. My comrade made his way through to Little Rock alone, but suffered almost death by starvation. I staid at Camden thirty-five days, and was then marched back to Tyler with the wounded prisoners. There I spent the winter, and in the spring following was exchanged, at the mouth of Red River, for the prisoners we helped to capture on the 4th of July, 1863. Thence we were sent down to New Orleans to a camp of distribution and furloughed home for thirty days to see our dear friends, who supposed we must be dead, as they had not heard from us for nearly eleven long months. Comrade Cambell is still living, but a total wreck physically, and I am not much better.

B. F. GORDON,
Company D, 36th Iowa.

EDDYSVILLE, IOWA.

LOYAL WOMAN'S WORK

Little Maud's Story---Experience Meeting---Relief Corps Work.

[*Conducted by Kate B. Sherwood.*]

Would the little boys and girls of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE like to hear the story of little Maud Carly? And would they like to know how she traveled all the way from the Soldiers' Orphans' Home in Ohio to her new home at Olney, Ill., hundreds of miles, with only a card put upon her breast telling where she was going? And would they like to know how little Maud came to make that journey, and what a nice, happy home she has found, and what a dear little sunbeam she is in a far away home, where there were no children to bless and brighten?

Now, we know that every little boy and girl is holding up his hand and saying, "Yes, tell us all about little Maud." And many a grown boy and girl, too, and many a boy and girl who have boys and girls of their own. And we would not be in the least surprised if the grandfather and grandmother boys and girls wanted to hear all about little Maud, too, since Maud's father was a Union veteran, and everybody wants the children of the Nation's heroes to be glad and happy. And, now, I will tell you the whole story.

Out in Illinois there lives a good, kind lady, whose husband was a soldier. They have a pleasant, happy home, but God never sent them any children to love and care for. They had plenty of food and money and clothing and comforts. And they had hearts full of love for the dear little children they saw all about them. So God put it into their hearts to look somewhere for a little child that would take the place of one He did not see fit to send them.

As the kind man was a soldier, and the sweet lady a true soldier's wife, they thought of the hundreds and thousands of orphan boys and girls all over the land, whose fathers, broken down by hard service in the army, had gone to their last long home before their little ones were old enough to help their poor mother, or so much as earn a morsel of bread. But how to get just the right little boy or girl, that was the question.

Well, one day, when the good lady was thinking what she should do, she took up THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, which tells so much about the soldiers' sons and daughters, and has tried to make good the words of the martyred Lincoln, "To care for those who have born the battle, and for their widows and orphans." And while she was reading she came to where there was a mention of the Ohio Orphans' Home at Xenia, Ohio, and she thought: "I will write to the editor, and maybe I can learn how I can get one of the little girls at the Home to be my very own."

So, without waiting for her warm heart to get cold and forgetful, the good lady wrote to the editor. And she said: "Can you tell me how I can get a little girl whom I can love and cherish—a soldier's child, that we may honor the veterans and our country at the same time by bringing her up just as our own child?"

And the editor was so glad when the letter came, and only wishes that every day some one would call for a like service. For if all those who live alone in great big houses, childless and forsaken, would open their doors to the boys and girls who have no homes of their own, it would not be long until there would not be a soldier's orphan uncared for in the land.

The letter no sooner came than the editor wrote to one of the dear teachers at the Home, Mrs. Julia Hill, widow of a gallant Ohio general, and said: "The lady who writes this will take good care of one of your little ones. I am sure of it from her sweet, loving letter. Can you send her a little girl?"

Now, among the more than 600 orphan children at the Home, dear little Maud Carly was one. Her father was a brave soldier, who died when Maud was a very little child, and now she was only four. Her mother is a nurse in the boys' and girls' hospital at the Home, and has other little children to rear and no pension to help to do it. So when Mrs. Hill got the editor's letter and had talked with the superintendent, Major Shaw, they thought of little Maud Carly—if only her mother would let her go.

At first it seemed hard for Mrs. Carly to give up her dear little girl, but when she thought of the kind, loving care she would have and how much better it would be when she grew to be a girl of sixteen to have a steady home, instead of going out, as the orphans at the Home have to do at that age, to make their way among strangers, she thought it would be better that she should go.

A CARD ON HER BREAST.

And now came the trip, for it is a long way from Xenia, O., to Olney, Ill., and there was no one who had the money to spend on such a long journey with a little girl only four years old and the orphan of a soldier who left his family nothing but a good name.

So it was agreed that Mrs. Hardesty, the matron of the Home, should take Maud to Cincinnati, which she did. At Cincinnati the little girl was put on the train, and on her breast was placed the card bearing the following:

Maud Carly, O. S. & S. O. Home, Xenia, O.
Going to Mrs. G. W. Sager, Olney, Ill.

Little Maud went safely through, and found her new mamma waiting for her at the depot. Very shy she seemed at first and very dusty from her long journey. But when she was washed and dressed in fresh, clean clothes and had slept sweetly all night, carefully watched by loving hearts, she was soon at home and playing contentedly. And this is what her second mamma writes and why the editor's heart is proud and happy:

A LITTLE SUNBEAM.

Maud is a bright, lovable little creature, and I think will prove a joy to us. You have our thanks in aiding us to find her. Maud will plant pansies and mignonette for Mrs. Sherwood next spring. Many kind wishes for THE TRIBUNE.—Mrs. G. W. Sager, Olney, Ill.

Women in the War.

SHALL NO HONORS BE PAID THEM—A SKETCH BY LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

The number of women who served in the ranks of the army during the war will never be known. One authority places it as high as 600, and as the sex of these feminine soldiers was only discovered when they were killed or badly wounded, and not always then, it must, of course, be difficult to make any correct estimate of their number. Beside me as I write lies a book containing the names and stories of many such women. Elizabeth Compton served over a year in the 25th Michigan cavalry, and was badly wounded at Greenbier Bridge. Sophie Thompson served three years in the 49th Ohio. A soldier belonging to the 14th Iowa was suspected of being a woman, and, on investigation, discharged, but "Charlie," as she was called, rather than face this, placed the muzzle of her revolver to her head and blew her brains out, leaving no clue to her name or home. One of the most famous of these modern Amazons was Frances Hood—"Frank Miller," as she was called during her soldier life. She first enlisted with her brother in the 65th Home Guards, then served in the 19th Illinois.

IN REBEL PRISONS.

While in the rebel prison she was given a separate room after the discovery of her sex, and at once, on her release, she enlisted in the 2d East Tennessee. She was severely wounded at Murfreesboro', and honorably discharged. But as soon as her wound healed she again enlisted in the 8th Michigan, in which regiment she remained till the close of the war. She said that she had discovered many women disguised as soldiers, one of them holding a lieutenant's commission, and had at different times assisted in burying three women soldiers, whose sex was unknown to any one but herself.

IN THE HOSPITALS.

The grandest, the most heroic, and the most essentially and appropriately feminine military service was performed by women in the hospitals of the Nation, and whole volumes are filled with the stories of their labors and their devotion. Some of the names of these noble women are familiar to us all. Dorothea Dix, who held a commission as major, and was appointed superintendent of nurses. She is an aunt, by the way, of that curious antideluvian, Dr. Morgan Dix, who thinks women should not appear in public life. Clara Barton gave her services especially on the battlefield. She was not in hospital service, but for nearly four years she endured the exposure and rigors of soldier life side by side with the surgeons. She was present at Cedar Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg and a host of other battles, often under fire, her clothing pierced with bullets many times. She was not wounded, but her health was seriously impaired by the hardships.

IN THE FREEDMAN'S BUREAU.

Josephine S. Griffing was active in the Freedman's Bureau, though never given a commission or any pay for her services. But the names crowd on us so rapidly that only a mere mention is possible. There were Mary A. Livermore, whose great services on the Mississippi are still remembered by many a soldier; Mary Moons Husband, who for three years was present at many of the worst battles of the war; Mary E. Beedy and Amy M. Bradley, Georgiana Willets, Mother Bickerdyke and a host of others, the story of whose services displays the highest heroism. Many of these noble women perished in their devotion to the Nation, dying of wounds or disease contracted in their labors, and sacrificing their lives to their country as truly as any soldier who was buried with military display, the long wail of martial music and the firing of minute guns. Shall there be no honors for them because they are women?

LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE.

The Household.

ROAST BEEF AND YORKSHIRE PUDDING—THE FAVORITE DISHES OF OUR BRITISH COUSINS.

The prime dish of our British cousins for the dinner hour is roast beef and Yorkshire pudding. And, certainly, prepared with true English skill, nothing is more savory or solid. Only it is well to consider that if not properly prepared it is simply an abomination. There must be no slop work about it; the dish is a work of culinary art. It requires close attention, and so secure the brownest of gravies and the crispest of crust.

The cutting for the roast may be from the sirloin, the ribs, the rump or the round; but in any case the pudding must be light and served as soon as done. To have a nice gravy, never put any water in the pan until the flour with which the meat is dredged is nicely browned, and never then if the pudding is baked in the same pan with the beef, as is the old English style. But watch the oven carefully, for if the fat burns in the pan, both the meat and the pudding will be spoiled. When the pudding is baked in a separate pan, thus securing a better crust, it must still be basted with the drippings of the beef. When the beef lacks sufficient fat to roast itself, it should be nicely covered with strips of suet. Remember that frequent basting is the beauty of the beef, making it tender, juicy and delicious.

SIRLOIN ROAST.

Six or eight pounds from the tip or second cut of the tenderloin. Wipe, trim or skewer into shape. If you choose, the long piece of the flank may be cut off for soups or stews. Lay the meat in the pan, on a rack if you have one, and dredge all over with salt, pepper and flour. Place some bits of beef fat in the pan, or two or three spoonfuls of drippings, to give it a start. Do not have the bottom of the oven too hot. Put the skin side down at first, that the heat may harden the juices in the lean part and keep them from running away, as a roast to be good must be full of juice when it is cut. When the meat is seared and the flour brown in the pan, begin to baste; turn the heat off a little and dredge twice with salt and flour. When seared all over, turn the skin side up for a final browning. If liked rare, it will be done in about an hour; while an hour and a quarter should be allowed if it is preferred well done. Should you fail to control your oven and the fat be in danger of burning, add a small quantity of water, but not so much that it will become sloppy, and so spoil the gravy, should you want to make it in the pan. If the meat is well grained, it is better roasted with the skin side up and easier to carve if placed thus on the platter. Carve a sirloin roast by removing several thin slices parallel with the ribs, then cut down near the backbone and separate the slices. Cut out the tenderloin from under the bone and slice it in the same manner, serving a little of the crisp flank with it to those who like it.

RIB ROAST.

Remove the backbone and ribs for soup. Skewer or tie into a round shape and roast like sirloin, allowing longer time, as it is more compact. Place it skin side up on the platter and carve from the flesh side.

THE BACK OF THE RUMP.

This is the best and cheapest for roasting, as the meat is all good, and there is not as much bone as in other pieces. If your family is small, cut stakes from the thickest end, as it makes a pretty large roast, and use the bones for soup. When the bones are not removed, make a deep cut in carving to loosen the meat. Cut the slices lengthwise, and save the tougher parts for a stew.

ROAST FROM THE ROUND.

A slice three inches thick. Spread with a stuffing of bread crumbs, seasoned dry with pepper and salt. Roll, tie with a string, cover with strips of fat, and roast as for sirloin. It is rather tough, but juicy and well-flavored.

YORKSHIRE PUDDING.

Beat three eggs very light. Add one scant teaspoonful of salt and one pint of milk. Pour half a cup of the mixture on two-thirds of a cup of flour. Stir to a smooth paste, add the remainder of the mixture, and beat thoroughly. Bake three-quarters of an hour, and baste with the drippings of the beef. If baked in gem pans, the crust is very nice, and it makes a prettier dish. Place around the beef in the platter as a garnish, and serve with the meat.

GRAVY FOR ROAST BEEF.

Pour off nearly all the fat into a dish, to be saved for frying purposes. Into the remainder stir a tablespoonful of fresh flour, mixing it thoroughly with the brown sediment. Then turn on slowly, stirring all the time, about a pint of boiling water. Simmer well, and serve in a gravy boat. If the sediment in the pan is in the least burned, then turn off some of the brown fat in a frying pan, make it hot, add a little flour, and proceed as before.

Our Weekly Experience Meeting.

LET THEM COME IN—FOREVER AND FOREVER—THE LESSON OF LOYALTY.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

We are so pleased with your paper that I feel it my duty to express in words our appreciation of your efforts and success in furnishing us with a paper both interesting and instructive. For its historical value alone it merits a place in the household literature of every family in our Union. It also affords us much that history has denied us in thrilling incidents or laughable adventures connected with our late rebellion which are highly prized by our soldiers and their friends. The columns devoted to Loyal Woman's Work are read with great satisfaction. We are glad of the opportunity given to wives and daughters of soldiers of thus encouraging each other in their good work, which, according to the old adage, "In unity there is strength," ought surely to be prospering, and we have abundant evidence that it is on the high road to success. And let us unite all loyal women who will aid and contribute toward the furtherance of all good works which add to the happiness and prosperity of our Union, and so honor those brave soldiers who went to the rescue in time of danger. Remember, great was their suffering and sacrifice in defense of our Nation's liberty. May we ever give them our kindest consideration and attention. I am a soldier's daughter and also a soldier's wife, which may account for my enthusiasm. But I am certainly most anxious and desirous that all should be done that can be done for the good of our American people. Permit me to add my mite by this answer in verse to the questions asked Decoration Day by our little ones.

THE LESSON OF MEMORIAL DAY.

Child.

Tell them over again to me,
Valiant deeds of the brave;
How this noble land so free
They fought and bled to save.
'Twas, you say, polluted
By slavery deep-rooted,
The native land of a hero band,
Home of the free and brave.

State rights, you say, the South did crave,
That they much gold might win;
But, then, to buy and sell a slave
The North said was a sin;
That when the South seceded
Then the soldiers needed
With sword in hand to firmly stand
And Freedom's cause to win.

Mother.

Oh, yes, they rallied to the call,
Those loyal boys in blue;
Many of them were doomed to fall
Before the war was through.
When the war was ended
No slavery was blended
With our fair name to cause it shame,
Though mourned we heroes true.

And this is why we deck with flowers
Our fallen heroes' graves,
'Tis thus this grateful land of ours
Honors her soldier braves.
The sweet May flowers
We bring in showers,
For many stand with loving hand
To deck the soldier graves.

MRS. F. M. FREICHTER.

CEDAR BLUFF, IOWA.

LET THEM COME IN.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

I would like to say a word in favor of loyal women not mothers, wives, sisters or daughters of soldiers. I will take, for instance, my own mother. My father was in feeble health at the breaking out of the war. My only brother was but twelve years old. He tried to enlist, but was rejected. My mother's father was a broken down veteran of 1812; her only brother a veteran of the Mexican war, and also rejected.

The first company that enlisted from our vicinity was organized before Uncle Sam had any uniforms. So the people bought materials and made uniforms; and mother worked with the others, and by her zeal and patriotism induced many hitherto indifferent ones to enlist. In the fall of '62 there was not an able-bodied man left in our neighborhood (we lived in the country). All through the war she worked with untiring zeal to collect and manufacture supplies for needy soldiers and helped to care for their families at home. She wrote hundreds of letters to soldiers, many of them to boys who had no home-friends to write to them; many others to be read to the "mess" or the company. Well do I remember how she used to ride an unbroken colt four miles to the post-office to bring the mail for the whole neighborhood when men and teams were busy. Yet some would claim that she is not as interested in the welfare of the soldiers to-day as those who were not old enough to understand the meaning of war in 1861.

I was but ten years old at the breaking out of the war, yet, as fate will have it, I am a soldier's wife. They would admit me and reject my mother. She is not a solitary example. There were thousands all over the land who had no lives to give, but it was not their fault. They were none the less loyal. The great majority of the wives of soldiers at the present time were not married until after the close of the war; for many of Uncle Sam's helpers in his time of need were mere lads who, but for the service rendered, would be in the prime of early manhood, but who are now broken-down, gray-haired men. Their wives knew nothing of the hardships of war, but, for all that, they have warm hearts and true, and so have their mothers. And now let me cite one more example, and then see if there is justice in excluding any loyal woman of good moral character.

There is a soldier in our midst who is loyal and true and a member of the Grand Army. He is generous and charitable, especially to old soldiers, and is the soul of Camp-fires, Reunions and the like. His wife is a lovely little woman—the best of neighbors, and, with one exception, all heart could wish. She is the rankest little rebel that ever walked. What would you do in such a case? Where will you draw the line? I say, at all loyal women!

S.

FOREVER AND FOREVER.*

May 30, 1877.

[*By Kate Brownlee Sherwood.*]

When men forsook their shops and homes and stood with troubled faces
From morn till night, from night till morn, in dusty market places;
When women watched beside their babes in anguish half resisted,
Until the husky message came: "God keep you, I've enlisted!"
When all day long the long-roll called in hateful exultation,
And fife and bugle stung with pain the pulses of the nation;
When woman's hands formed every star upon its field of glory,
And woman's tears were stitched along each stripe in jeweled story—
What said we then? "Go forth, brave hearts! Go, where the bullets rattle!
For us to plan, for us to pray; for you, to toil and battle!
Ours to uphold, yours to defend; the compact none can sever!
And honored be your name and fame, forever and forever!"

When charge and trench gave up their dead, and loathsome rebel prison;
When on the march the hidden shot took aim with dread precision;
When every whitewashed ward put out the light of some far dwelling,
And every lumbering ambulance some dying plaint was telling;
When fathers took their papers up with sense of evil presage,
And mothers tore with stifling sobs the wrap of some swift message;
When prone the Nation lay before its God with sins uncovered,
And with o'ershadowing awfulness the black-winged angel hovered—
What said we then? "Stand firm, brave hearts! Stand where the bullets crashing
Cut down your comrades as the sheaves go down before the thrashing!
A Nation pleads with lifted hands, 'Give up the Union never!'
And yours the glory that abides forever and forever!"

When bronzed and scarred and tattered the ranks of dusty blue
Came up from Appomattox with their banners riddled through,
An hundred for a thousand and by tens where fifties went,
With their armless sleeves and crutches showing where the balls were spent;
When they stacked their good old rifles and their knapsacks flung aside,
Yielding up their comrades' messages bequeathed them when they died;
When the Nation breathed more freely than for ten long years before,
Though the crepe hung, freshly knotted, upon many a muffled door—
What said we then? "O tried and true, who live to rise and rally!
O tried and true, who sleep so well by storied stream and valley!
We bind this debt upon our hearts, which time cannot dissever,
To guard your name and shield your fame, forever and forever!"

When fort and rifle-pit are brought unto a common level,
And where the soldier's blood ran red the wild, long grasses revel;
When year by year the ranks go down that thrilled to deeds of glory,
And year by year the ear grows dead to patriotic story;
When men forget in stock and trade and fevered speculation
That any smote and any saved the honor of the Nation;
When policy would blot the name of hero and of battle,
And swear we never saw a foe nor heard a musket rattle—
What say we now? "O, comrade hearts, that still are strongly bounding!
And comrade hearts that wake no more to hear the bugles sounding!
As when you fought, as when you fell, your memory brightens ever,
Our faith is wedded to your fame, forever and forever!"

No more the cartridge answers in the rifle true and trusty,
And the good sword lays neglected in its scabbard dim and rusty,
The Blue and Gray no longer are the colors of division,
And "Yank" and "Reb" are heard no more, the nick-names of derision;
The malice of the combat is, thank God, no longer cherished,
The vengeance that relents not in the breasts of all has perished,
And an infinite compassion in each loyal heart is swelling
For the vanquished in the shadows of their desolated dwelling.

Yet say we now, as in the days of our humiliation,
As in the days when triumph crowned the armies of the Nation:
"The men who fought, the men who fell, the old flag none can sever,
Shall all be shrined in loyal hearts, forever and forever."

O, shadow armies, bending where the roses shed to-day
Their gentle fragrance typical of all our hearts would say,
From the spires of the Atlantic to the Golden Gate sublime,
Where Thomas waits his old reserves, who're serving out their time;
O, shadow armies, bending where the scattered lilies lay
With tears of recollection kissing tender bud and spray!
O, shadow armies, bending from the summits of the stars,
Holding up the flying pennons of the dear old Stripes and Stars!
Bear witness that we keep to-day the vows that we have spoken
In our Iliads, our anthems, in our prayers weak and broken;
In the statue proudly rising, in the statutes none can sever
From the records of a Union sealed forever and forever!

* Republished by request.

Our Young Recruits.

BRIGHT LETTERS FROM THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF OUR VETERANS.

My papa was a soldier in the war of the rebellion. He was a private in the 6th regiment of Massachusetts volunteers, which went through Baltimore April 19, 1861, and was the first regiment to reach Washington. He was afterwards a captain in the 7th Connecticut regiment, which had for its commanding officer, at one time, General Alfred H. Terry, the hero of Fort Fisher, and afterwards fighting General Joe R. Hawley, since Governor of Connecticut, President of the Centennial Exposition, and now U. S. Senator from Connecticut. Papa was made a paymaster and afterwards brevetted brigadier-general. My uncle—my mamma's brother—was killed at the battle of Drury's Bluff, Va., May 16, 1864, and her other and only brother left was badly wounded, near Pittsburg, about the same time. There is a Grand Army Post here, and a Post of Sons of Veterans, which I shall join when I am old enough. I am fourteen.—Louis R. Dennis, Yankton, Dak.

A CALIFORNIA BOY POET.

My father is an old soldier of the 141st Pennsylvania volunteers. He was wounded at the battles of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, and now receives a pension. He is a comrade of Ellsworth Post, No. 20. Please publish this little poem. I was only twelve May the 19th.

THE CHARGE.

The day was lost—the Gray had won,
And proudly marched in at set of sun.

When from the cliffs, far over them,
There rose a cry that none could stem.

The boys in Blue sprang into line,
A phalanx strong from their confine.

And still they fought and still fought well,
With bayonets charged that living hell.

Many went down as brave men do,
But the day was won by the boys in Blue.

—Willie Loring, Santa Rosa, Cal.

LOST UNCLE FOUND.

In THE TRIBUNE of May 22 Eddie Ward, Urbana, Ohio, says his uncle, Phillip Game, company C, 15th United States infantry, lost his arm at Jonesboro, Ga., and died of the wound. I am happy to inform Eddie that his Uncle Phillip is alive, and living at Canal Winchester, Ohio. My papa lost his arm at the same battle, and says that the surgeon of the 15th regiment amputated his arm and also Mr. Game's, and papa and Mr. Game were great friends in the hospital. Papa received a letter from Mr. Game this week, and is very proud to know his friend is living and well. Papa was a soldier from the 18th of April, 1861, to the 25th of January, 1865, and, although he has only one arm, he is enjoying good health. I would advise Eddie Ward to write to his uncle. Papa is commander of Kilpatrick Post, No. 212.—Flora V. Cordes, Millersburg, Pa.

I am a little girl ten, and I read all the boys' and girls' letters every week, and would tell my story, too. Papa was wounded in the breast while serving his country. The bullet is there yet, and troubles him all the time. He served in the 12th Pennsylvania cavalry. I have a brother, Willie, sixteen, and a sister, Fannie, six. We all love THE TRIBUNE.—Nellie M. Swepeniser, Newfoundland, Wayne county, Pa.

A NAME FOR THE BABY.

Papa served three years in company H, 19th Michigan, and was nearly starved to death in Libby prison. He is a member of Butterworth Post. I would like a name for my little brother, three weeks old.—Lula Fetterly, Coldwater, Mich.

I would like to hear from some little girl whose papa was in the 8th Iowa. My papa served four years and eight months in company E, of that regiment. He was in many battles, taken prisoner at Shiloh, and sent to Tuscaloosa, Ala., where he was nearly starved, and wounded at Spanish Fort.—Lillie Jessup, Cherokee, Crawford county, Kan.

A man came here to work who took THE TRIBUNE, and lent papa a few copies. We liked it so well he became a subscriber, and we would not be without it. I would like to see all the old soldiers pensioned. Papa served three years and eight months in company H, 2d New York heavy artillery, enlisted when only seventeen. He was captured three days before Lee surrendered, and having nothing to eat, traded his pocket-knife for a pint of meal.—Eddie Ames, New York.

We like THE TRIBUNE better than all other papers. Papa belongs to the G. A. R. He served in the 43d Indiana, and was in a rebel prison ten months in Texas. I am twelve.—Gracie Jackson, Greencastle, Ind.

I am eleven years old. I am a soldier's boy. My papa was in the 48th Illinois, company B, and lost his right leg at the battle of Fort Donelson. We take THE TRIBUNE all the time. Mamma says we could not do without it and the good stories it contains.—Stephen A. Burton, Flora, Ill.

My father served three years in company A, 9th Vermont volunteers, and was taken prisoner at Harper's Ferry, September 15, 1862, and kept six months. He was wounded at Richmond, September 29, 1864. He wants some one to write about the surrender of Harper's Ferry. We cannot keep house without THE TRIBUNE.—Hobart Parker, Bethel, Vt.

My father served in company A, 5th Iowa cavalry. I have a little sister, Clara Josephine. I want to tell you how we all like THE TRIBUNE.—Kittie Lawrence, Lee Valley, Tenn.

Father served in the 136th New York, and was in twenty-three battles in two years and nine months. The battle of Gettysburg was the most important. We take ten or twelve papers, but THE TRIBUNE is best of all. I am fourteen, and the son of a true veteran.—Wesley R. Childs, Geneva, Kan.

We all love THE TRIBUNE. Pa served over three years in the 92d. He draws a pension of $4 a month and is sick most of the time. Ma had a brother in the 126th Pennsylvania volunteers. He was killed in the battle of the Wilderness, November 8.—Maggie Loughridge, Angus, Minn.

A FAR-AWAY HOMESTEAD.

We live away off in Washington Territory. Papa has taken up a claim and we have quite a little land cleared. Papa was a soldier; served four years; belonged to company B, 15th O. V. V. I. 1st brigade, 3d division, 4th army corps. We all like THE TRIBUNE, and I know papa wouldn't do without it. If any of the girls will write to me I will answer and tell them about our new home.—Lula I. Thompson, Snoqualmie, King county, Wash. Ter.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S TELEPHONE.

Will some one send me the song entitled "Mother, is the Battle Over?" I am the ten year old boy of a veteran of the 82d Indiana.—Harry E. Black, North Vernon, Ind.

Cousins of THE TRIBUNE: In response to my request for the song "When this Cruel War is Over," I received copies from Missouri, New York, Illinois, Nebraska, Kansas and Ohio. I sincerely thank one and all, especially Wilbur G. Thomas, who sent me a book containing the words and several other nice songs.—Frankie Cornell, Cass' Creek, New York.

We have a letter from Valley Center, Kan., but the writer's name cannot be out. The writer is a son or daughter of a veteran of the 44th Illinois.

I am a soldier's son, and I hope some of the older boys and girls will write to me, for I live off in the country and it is very lonesome here. My father was a private in company G, 84th Pennsylvania volunteers. I am nineteen, and a son of a soldier.—Wm. Anderson, Emporium, Pa.

WOULDN'T TRADE WITH HIS FATHER.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

I am a boy thirteen years of age, and mean to join the Sons of Veterans as soon as I am old enough. I think I am entitled to that honor, as my great-great-grandfather was in the war of the Revolution, my great-grandfather was in the war of 1812, and my father was in the war of the rebellion. He enlisted in company B, 32d Massachusetts regiment, November, 1861, and served until July, 1865; was wounded once and slightly injured several times. The best time I ever had in my life was at a soldiers' Reunion at Weirs, N. H., where I went last year with my father. They had a sham battle and my father was in it, and I had lots of fun looking on. There are four boys of us, and we love to hear father tell about the war. I have lately received THE TRIBUNE Waterbury watch, and wouldn't trade with my father, whose watch cost a good deal more.—Willie James, New Bedford, Mass.

Conversation Club.

SWEET SIXTEEN, MORE OR LESS.

Here comes another soldier's daughter to take a chair in the growing circle of sixteen and over, and if there are no empty chairs I would just as soon sit on a footstool in the corner until I get a little better acquainted. I see that the "big boys" are beginning to be afraid that the girls are going to get ahead of them in soldier affairs. Why, of course we will get ahead of them! Just as though girls are not always ahead in everything that takes thought! But I had better be a little careful or my "style" will not make a favorable impression on the "one" young man who did get up courage enough to write to THE TRIBUNE. I do wonder what he wants to open up a correspondence with some of us girls for, anyway? If he ever writes for our circle again please to tell us what for, and it may be that some of us girls will take up with his condescending offer. I refer to the letter of Charles C. Walsh, of Monticello, Ill.

I want to thank the editor for giving us older ones a corner in the dear old TRIBUNE. It is of no use for me to try to tell how well we like THE TRIBUNE, and how we could not get along without it, and so on, for every one knows all about it.—A. M. G., Box 90, Cherokee, Kan.

STORY OF THE SACRIFICE.

I was four months old when father enlisted—August 16, 1862. He served until Lee's surrender. I had five uncles in the army. Uncle Charles Turner was killed in the battle of the Wilderness; uncle Abial at Gettysburg, and uncle John died at home, in 1866, having been entirely helpless for some time from the effects of injuries received in the army. These were all father's brothers. Another uncle was in the navy; he gets a pension for a broken leg. My mother had one brother—W. W. Thomas, now living in Colorado—who went to the war. Father's name is Jewett Turner. He was in company B, 8th Maine regiment. He would be very much pleased to hear from any of his old comrades.—Clara E. Turner, North Haven, Knox county, Me.

TAKEN THE TRIBUNE FIVE YEARS.

I would like to join "The Sweet Sixteen Circle," as my sixteenth birthday occurred the 22d of May. Papa's health is very poor; he served four years in the army, belonging to company H, 42d Illinois V. V. I. He draws a small pension, but not as much as he deserves. He is a member of Dewey Post. We have taken THE TRIBUNE five years and would be lost without it; I think every old soldier ought to take it.—Ella M. Flansburgh, Leslie, Mich.

CAN'T GET ALONG WITHOUT IT.

I would like to correspond with a member of the Sweet Sixteen Circle. My father was in the 177th Ohio volunter infantry, and served one year. He belongs to Robert H. Caldwell Post, No. 439. We have only been taking THE TRIBUNE about six months, but I don't believe we could get along without it now.—Myra A. Baldwin, Elmore, Ohio.

I am always glad when Saturday comes, as I get THE TRIBUNE Saturday evening. I see one of the young recruits lives in Washington, D. C., and gets THE TRIBUNE on Wednesdays, but still I get it as often as she does. If any old soldier has the song, "In Richmond's Fair City where Traitors Do Stand," I would like to hear from him through our glorious paper. I was one year old when father went into the army, but I am old enough to give John A. Logan a lift this fall, and, perhaps, be on hand for the next unpleasantness.—W. T. McDonald, Beaver Creek, Ill.

Relief Corps Work.

HONORING THE LIVING—ALL ALONG THE LINE.

WORCESTER, MASS., June 3, 1884.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

George H. Ward Woman's Relief Corps, No. 11, Worcester, Mass., met at G. A. R. Hall two afternoons and evenings previous to Memorial Day and made of evergreen and laurel 500 wreaths with which to decorate the graves of fallen comrades. Wishing to honor the living as well as the dead soldiers, they provided a collation for them on their return from the cemeteries. This was spread in Grand Army Hall, consisting of cold meats, baked beans, white and brown bread, pickles, doughnuts and cheese and hot coffee. The coffee was the gift of Mr. J. Todd, a wholesale dealer in the place, who had heard what the Corps proposed to do and sent fifteen pounds of coffee as a donation to them. It was pronounced splendid by the boys, as was also the entire spread, and if one had any doubts as to whether the efforts of the Corps were appreciated by the Post they need only to hear the kindly words of approval on every side from the members and the rousing cheers that made the old hall ring for the women of Corps 11.

Let me whisper to you, sister Corps, right here, that these things help you wonderfully in the Post you are auxiliary to. Don't say "It's so much work." Why, we never stopped to think of that, and even if a little tired that night, we all felt more than repaid for what we did, and felt we had made several new converts in Post 10. Not a sister but responded to our call. That you can judge for yourselves when I tell you we seated nearly 400 at our tables. Then over forty of the Corps who had assisted in kitchen or at table (for even our coffee was made by Corps ladies) were fed, after which twelve large baskets of nice food left were packed and sent to the homes of those whose husbands, fathers and brothers were lying low under the early flowers of spring. This was done by a Corps of eighty-six members. Try it next Memorial Day and you will feel well repaid.

CORPS CORRESPONDENT.

ALL ALONG THE LINE.

Dakota has now five Corps fully formed, with several applications pending. A Department will be formed before Minneapolis.

California has more than enough Corps for the formation of a Department, but John A. Dix, No. 4, San Jose; Appomattox, No. 5, Oakland, and Lyon, No. 6, Oakland have not reported organization. It is hoped they will all be in on time.

Many of the new Corps in the various Departments have sent no reports of organization to THE TRIBUNE. Where is the Corps correspondent?

C. C. Washburn Post, Minneapolis, has taken out application for Relief Corps charter. It is to be hoped the Minneapolis ladies will be in line for the Encampment.

In response to many inquiries, we may say that members of the Order having the national password may be present at the meetings. Only regular delegates will have any voice in the deliberations.

Mrs. President Shank of Michigan is providing special badges for her delegation.

Corps organizations should close up their charters and report as soon as possible to recognized headquarters. In no other way can the Department Secretaries close their reports to the National Secretary promptly, and so assure a proper showing at Minneapolis.

Mrs. Isabella C. Foster, secretary of B. B. Beale Corps, of Bangor, assisted by Mrs. Hilliker, installed the officers of Knowles Relief Corps, No. 7, at Dexter, Me., as follows: President, Mrs. Maria Hill; senior vice-president, Mrs. Sarah Curtis; junior vice-president, Mrs. Sarah Lowell; secretary, Mrs. Clara Shepherd; treasurer, Mrs. Eliza Copeland; chaplain, Mrs. Ann E. McCrillis; conductor, Mrs. Lydia Bridges; guard, Mrs. Mattie Sturtevant. The comrades and the press were very complimentary to both the ladies named. Of Mrs. Knowles' services as conductor, a paper before us says: "We would suggest that it might be well if some of the officers of the Post would pattern somewhat after her method of going about the Post room. It might be an improvement, as it is not best to always knock off the corners, for they are all right even in the Post room." And of the installing officer and the Corps the same paper says: "Mrs. Foster made a few well-chosen remarks, which seemed to be right to the point. We hope she may be called on to organize several more Relief Corps, for in our opinion they are just what are needed to give inspiration to the G. A. R. boys who are struggling for an existence. May it long live to do good."

Miss Allie Myers, Secretary Department of Kansas, reports the work progressing finely, with thirty-eight Corps fully organized. The good done by the Corps is evinced by the fact that Memorial Day was never so generally or appropriately celebrated. Miss Myers says that the reports of Kansas at Minneapolis will be grand for the Relief Corps.

Old Geauga county is patriotic as of old. The comrades of Patchin Post, Burton, Ohio, were ably second by the enthusiastic and efficient workers of the Corps on Memorial Day. The Post attended memorial service at Parkman a few days previous, the entire country turning out, and dinner being served by the ladies to several hundred present at the exercises. At Middlefield the decoration ceremony was under direction of Mrs. Hattie Goff, the comrades halting in line. Patchin Corps made a great success of their strawberry festival, when $52.42 was cleared on strawberries, cream and cake.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mansfield Irving, senior vice-president of Forsyth Relief Corps, Toledo, visited Portsmouth, Ohio, June 11, where she instituted Bailey Relief Corps, with forty-four charter members present. In the evening a public installation was held, and the following officers installed: President, Minerva F. Ewing; senior vice-president, Cornelia Duke; junior vice-president, Tillie T. Wells; secretary, Lida E. Kline; treasurer, Thamasin H. Purcell; chaplain, Martha A. Titus; guard, Emily L. Kendall; conductor, Mary R. Johnson.

The following are the officers of Nelson Relief Corps, Kendalville, Ind.: President, Mrs. J. D. Wall; senior vice-president, Mrs. M. A. Cassel; junior vice-president, C. A. Floyd; secretary, F. J. Cox; treasurer, M. J. Browand; chaplain, J. Brown; conductor, Jennie Wilcox; guard, Mrs. Miles.

The newly-installed officers of McClenahan Relief Corps, No. 6, Monmouth, Ill., are: President, Mrs. Ruth Ray; senior vice-president, Mrs. Emma J. Herdman; Junior vice-president, Mrs. Sarah E. Dunkle; secretary, Anna C. Eby; treasurer, Mrs. Sarah J. Hogue; chaplain, Mrs. Sarah A. Eby; inspector, Mrs Susan F. Chapman; conductor, Mrs. Mary C. Piper; guard, Mrs. Emma Bain.

The Woman's Relief Corps, Department of Illinois, have issued a neat little circular, addressed to the Posts throughout the State, setting forth the advantages of a Relief Corps. These are kindly circulated with G. A. R. circulars by Comrade J. L. Bennett, A. A. G., Department of Illinois, who is warmly interested in woman's work.

Comrade A. L. Burnell, Pattersonville, Iowa, writes that the ladies of that place have organized a Relief Corps, with the following officers: Pesident, M. J. Gardner; senior vice-president, H. H. Wyatt; junior vice-president, M. E. Burnell; treasurer, N. Romburgh; secretary, G. Espey; chaplain, J. S. Croper; conductor, L. L. Okey.

Mrs. Kimball, Charlestown, Mass., writes us that Geo. L. Stearns Relief Corps, No. 9, (of which she is secretary,) held its fifth annual strawberry and ice-cream festival on Thursday evening, June 12, which was well patronized and a success financially. The entertainment was presided over by its very able president, Mrs. H. F. Johnson. This Corps is doing a good work in Charlestown, and is considered one of the best in the State. It numbers nearly seventy members.

Mrs. K. M. Dicks, Utica, N. Y., sends us the following roster of the officers of Bacon Relief Corps, No. 24, which was recently organized at that place: President, Mrs. K. M. Dicks; senior vice-president, Mrs. J. S. Atkens; junior vice-president, Mrs. Geo. McLean; secretary, Miss May Z. Ductin; treasurer, Miss Mary Ferris; chaplain, Mrs. Brown; conductor, Mrs. W. H. Goodale; guard, Mrs. Henry.

The president of Farragut Relief Corps, Denver, Colo., is Henrietta F. Mills, not Miller, as inaccurately printed in our issue of the 12th. She had the honor of being the first president of the first Corps organized under the National Order, and has been complimented with a re-election.

A Rare Chance.

The most valuable of military works is undoubtedly the *Rebellion Record*, the official publication of the War Department. Volumes one, two, three and five of this work are now out of print, but THE TRIBUNE has managed to secure several complete sets (eleven volumes each) and will send a set to any address on receipt of $17. Address simply THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, Washington, D. C.

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Every lady knows that correct styles and the newest fabrics are more difficult to obtain in small cities and towns than in Philadelphia and New York, where the great dry goods establishments are offering tempting bargains every day. With a view, therefore, to supplying the wants of shoppers who are unable to visit these famous bazaars in person and make their own selections, the undersigned has arranged to give her immediate attention to the purchase of silks, laces, millinery, dress goods, trimmings, gloves, carpets, and all goods intended for personal wear or household use, for all who may intrust her with their commissions.

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IT WILL CURE ENTIRELY THE WORST FORM OF FEMALE COMPLAINTS, ALL OVARIAN TROUBLES, INFLAMMATION AND ULCERATION, FALLING AND DISPLACEMENTS, AND THE CONSEQUENT SPINAL WEAKNESS, AND IS PARTICULARLY ADAPTED TO THE CHANGE OF LIFE.

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THAT FEELING OF BEARING DOWN, CAUSING PAIN, WEIGHT AND BACKACHE, IS ALWAYS PERMANENTLY CURED BY ITS USE.

IT WILL AT ALL TIMES AND UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES ACT IN HARMONY WITH THE LAWS THAT GOVERN THE FEMALE SYSTEM.

ITS PURPOSE IS SOLELY FOR THE LEGITIMATE HEALING OF DISEASE AND THE RELIEF OF PAIN, AND THAT IT DOES ALL IT CLAIMS TO DO, THOUSANDS OF LADIES CAN GLADLY TESTIFY.

FOR THE CURE OF KIDNEY COMPLAINTS IN EITHER SEX THIS REMEDY IS UNSURPASSED.

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No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents per box.

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40 Beautiful Satin Fringe Gilt Edge, Hidden Name, etc., Cards, name on all and elegant prize, 12 cts. 9 packs, the Little Beauty Combination Knife and Button Hook, also Floral Auto. Album with 100 Album Verses only $1.00. CLINTON BROS. & CO., Clintonville, Ct. Mention The National Tribune.

50 G. A. R. Cards with name, address, company and regiment, and name of Post, for 45c. 100 for 70c. Agents Wanted. JOHN M. HORTON, Whitesville, N. Y. Mention The National Tribune.

50 New Chromo Cards, name on, 10c., 13 packs $1. List Free. CENTRAL CARD CO., Centerbrook, Conn. Mention The National Tribune.

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New Pack of 50 Chromo Cards for 1884. Seaview, Landscape, Summer and Winter Scenes, Mottoes, &c. with name, only 10 cents, 6 packs and this Ring for 60 cents. Sample Book, 25 cts. LINSLY & CO., Northford, Conn. Mention The National Tribune.

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50 Satin Enameled Chromos with name, 10 cents, 10 packs and Stereoscope with two dozen Views, $1.00. (Name this paper.) F. H. VANN, New Haven, Ct. Mention The National Tribune.

This Elegant Solid Plain Ring, made of Heavy 18k. Rolled Gold plate, packed in Velvet Casket, warranted 5 years, post-paid, 45c., 3 for $1.25. 50 Cards, "Beauties," all Gold, Silver, Roses, Lilies, Mottoes, &c., with name on, 10c., 11 packs for a $1.00 bill and this Gold Ring FREE. U. S. CARD CO., CENTERBROOK, CONN. Mention The National Tribune.

50 New Enameled Chromo Cards for 1884, name on, 10c. Prize with 3 packs. POTTER & CO., Montowese, Ct. Mention The National Tribune.

50 Large, New, Embossed border Chromo Cards, all gold, silver, motto and hand, name on, 10c., 13 pks. $1. Agts' latest samples, 10 cts. L. JONES & CO., Nassau, N. Y. Mention The National Tribune.

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The experience in the treatment of Cancer with Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) would seem to warrant us in saying that it will cure this much dreaded scourge. Persons so afflicted are invited to correspond with us.

I believe Swift's Specific has saved my life. I had virtually lost use of the upper part of my body and my arms from the poisonous effects of a large cancer on my neck, from which I had suffered for 20 years. S. S. S. has relieved me of all soreness, and the poison is being forced out of my system. I will soon be well.
W. R. ROBISON, Davisboro, Ga.

Two months ago my attention was called to the case of a woman afflicted with a cancer on her shoulder at least 5 inches in circumference, angry, painful, and giving the patient no rest day or night for 6 months. I obtained a supply of Swift's Specific for her. She has taken 5 bottles, and the ulcer is entirely healed up, only a very small scab remaining and her health is better than for 5 years past; seems to be perfectly cured.
REV. JESSE H. CAMPBELL, Columbus, Ga.

I have seen remarkable results from the use of Swift's Specific on a cancer. A young man near here has been afflicted five years with the most angry looking eating cancer I ever saw, and was nearly dead. The first bottle made a wonderful change, and after five bottles were taken, he is nearly or quite well. It is truly wonderful.
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