ONE OF MANY.

A Touching Story of One of the Silent Sufferers.

BY MRS. BELLE HALL, TOPEKA, KAN.

There is no land so far and silent, that it has not its loves and graves.

"I read that only last night, and it has haunted me ever since. I wish I could drive it from my mind."

"Your thoughts are in unison with your work, then, Zilpha," said one of those to whom the remark seemed addressed.

"Yes, it was the work that kept the sentence running through my brain. I am almost through though; girls, isn't it just lovely?" and standing aside, Zilpha called a merry group about her to admire the fruits of her handiwork.

The long veranda, shaded by tall cottonwoods and clambering wistaria, was a veritable bower of bloom, in which were gathered all the beauties of the floral world; and in the midst of the fragrant loveliness a bevy of young girls were seated, their deft fingers fashioning leaf and bud and flower into emblems for the morrow's Memorial services.

The object to which Zilpha had drawn their attention was a cross some five feet high formed of box-elder leaves; on the broad, sloping base of green the word "Unknown" was traced with white daisies, and the only other ornamentation was a giant yucca which drooped its creamy bells above the outstretched arms and rested its waxen buds against the mass of tender green.

With many adjectives expressive of admiration in the superlative degree, the girls pressed about the beautiful symbol.

"If the poor boys to whose memory this cross will be dedicated to-morrow could but know the hero worship they inspire, no doubt they would feel that it is sweet to die for one's country; but, after all, I wonder, did it pay?" said one of the number musingly, as she stood with loosely clasped hands and a dreamy look in her dark eyes.

Her companions stared their amazement, and Zilpha in her abrupt way came to the point at once.

"Jessie Lane, what in the world do you mean? If it 'didn't pay,' as you term it, what are you here for?"

"My remark did sound treasonable, I'll admit," answered Jessie, with a faint smile; "but I didn't mean it that way; indeed, I don't know just what I did mean. But it is a terrible thing to me to think of the thousands who lie in unknown graves, whose homes are desolate and friends still mourning, though more than 20 years of sun and shadow have passed since death met them in the field of carnage. And all we can do to show your love for them and our appreciation of the noble sacrifices they made, is to shed a few tears, and once a year heap flowers on the cross we raise to the memory of the 'Unknown Dead.' It seems so little to do for our fallen heroes, when we count the fearful cost of the brave lives that purchased our peace and prosperity for us."

"Ah, yes," broke in Zilpha; "but when we remember that the great throbbing heart of the Nation is tenderest for those

Who rest where they wearied, and lie where they fell,

and that her love and veneration goes out more strongly to those who sleep in nameless graves, it is something, after all, isn't it, Aunty?" turning as she spoke to a lovely white-haired woman who at that moment paused in the doorway.

"I'm afraid, my dear, that you would hardly care to give your life in any cause just for the sake of having a few flowers dedicated each year to your memory, or even to know that the Nation's heart was aching at thought of your lonely resting place," answered the lady with a soft-breathed sigh, as she stood for an instant gazing on the pitiful word at the foot of the cross.

"O, Aunty, you know I didn't mean for the flowers and tears alone. Of course there is a great principle underlying it all, that we recognize when we garland their graves with our flowers. We girls are working to-day for the common love we bear for those who defended the Nation's honor, for there isn't one of us that had even a friend who lost his life in the war. I'm sure I couldn't love the soldier boys any more dearly if I had a lover lying among those whose graves we will decorate to-morrow," persisted Zilpha, who was determined to defend her position at all hazards. Her only answer was a look full of agonized reproach from her aunt, who turned and silently entered the house.

Zilpha gazed after her in a dazed manner for an instant, then turning to her companions impetuously burst out:

"There goes my unlucky tongue again. Now what on earth possessed me to say such horrid things, when I knew it would nearly break Aunt Hester's heart?"

"But what did you say," chorused the girls, rather amazed at the turn affairs had taken.

"Well, if you are bressed with ears you could certainly hear what I said; but, then, you didn't know how it would touch Aunt Hester, and perhaps I ought not to tell you," said Zilpha, hesitatingly, as she straightened some of the leaves in the great cross. "I don't believe that Aunty would care if I told you, though. It's a sad story of a saddened life, and I ought to have my ears boxed, old as I am, for bringing it up just now."

Catching up a lapful of flowers she seated herself on one of the broad steps, and the girls placed themselves in various attitudes about her.

"What I am going to tell you, or the principal part of it, happened before any of us were born, in fact almost a quarter of a century ago—so long ago that people have almost forgotten it, or you would have heard of it before this, even though we have only lived here six years, for people have a faculty of finding these things out whether you want them to or not.

"In 1862 Aunt Hester was visiting with friends at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., where she became acquainted with a young officer, Capt. Hayne. The acquaintance soon ripened into love, and when Aunty returned to her home in Dayton, O., to enter school, it was with the expectation of being married in June of the following year, just after graduating. She was then just 18, and mamma says she was very beautiful. She heard from Capt. Hayne quite often during the following year, but did not see him once, for the war was raging fiercely and he had to be at his post of duty. In June of '63 Aunty graduated with high honors, and at once began to prepare for her approaching wedding. They were to be married on the 23d and go immediately to Fort Leavenworth, for Capt. Hayne could not remain away longer; he wrote that he would reach Dayton on the 22d of June. The day came and went, and all the succeeding days, without his appearance. The wedding day, the most beautiful of all June's lovely days, passed by, and still no lover. Aunty made no moan, but she put away all her bridal finery, and day by day her face grew whiter and her step less light. She was not troubled by inquisitive friends, for on account of the war and the general feeling of depression the wedding was to have been private, and very few knew anything about it.

"At last there came a telegram, but it told only the bare fact that Capt. Paul Hayne was killed in a running fight with the Cheyenne Indians near the mouth of Pawnee Creek, in Western Kansas, on the 28th of June—and that was to have been their wedding day. The telegram was signed by a brother officer of Capt. Hayne's, and a few weeks later there came a long letter from him giving all the sad details.

"Just on the eve of starting for Ohio Capt. Hayne was ordered to report for duty at the front, a point near the middle of Kansas, where the Indians were terrorizing the whole country, but principally to defend the stages then running on the old Santa Fe trail between the Mississippi River and Santa Fe, N. M., and to which the Indians were particularly annoying. He had no time even for a hasty message, and trusting to an early settlement of the difficulty and a speedy return, he did not write till he was in the heart of the enemy's country, and as Aunty had not received the letter, it was thought that the mail-carrier was captured by the Indians and the mail destroyed, as was often the case in those days.

"The blow was a terrible one to Aunty, and for months she suffered in both mind and body till when she was about the house again her lovely brown hair had turned silver white, just as it is now. She went south to the hospitals in 1864, and staid till after the war closed, doing what she could to make life bright for the wounded boys and smoothing the way through the dark valley for many a poor soul that longed for mother's or sister's touch, and died happier because of Aunty's ministrations.

"One morning in the Spring of 1866 Aunt Hester went to the door to answer the postman's ring, when mamma hearing a heavy fall, ran into the hall and found Aunty lying on the floor in a dead faint, with an old yellow letter crushed in her hand. It was the one Capt. Hayne had written while on his way to certain death.

"A party of prospectors had found the mail carrier's remains in a ravine near the Great Bend in the Arkansas River, and a number of arrows lying about showed plainly that he had been killed by the Indians. The mail pouch was found some distance away, where it probably had been dragged by the wolves, and though it was somewhat torn and quite rotten, a good many of the letters were still decipherable, and such as the address could be made out were at once forwarded to their destination.

"The shock of getting the letter was almost as severe as when the news of Capt. Hayne's death was brought home to Aunty. It was short, there being only a few lines, and it told her no more than she already knew, but it seemed like a message from the dead.

"The officer who had written of Capt. Hayne's death told her that they buried him near where he fell, and gave an exact description of the spot. They were hundreds of miles from any place where they could bury him with military honors, and, being in the enemy's country, they could do nothing else than bury him on the spot where he met his death, hoping at no distant day to remove the body to Fort Leavenworth.

"After the receipt of the old letter Aunty became possessed with a desire to visit the place where he lay, but it was not till 1873 that she was able to do so. The railroad was then finished as far west as Colorado, and in the Fall of that year papa took Aunty, mamma and me—I was just seven years old—on a trip through Kansas. We stopped at a little town called Larned, the nearest point from which to reach the place where Capt. Hayne was buried.

"I remember it all just as well as though I had seen it but yesterday.

"His grave was just three miles from the town, on the brow of a high hill rising abruptly from Pawnee Creek. On the south, far below us, was a stretch of low-lying valley, through which the creek, with its tree-shaded banks, wound down to the Arkansas River, which trailed its sinuous length like a great yellow serpent between us and the distant sand hills. East through the soft blue haze we could see the historic cliff called Pawnee Rock; to the north of us the prairie lay in long undulating sweeps of rich golden brown reaching to the blue horizon, broken here and there by pictured lakes and ragged outlines of mountain peaks or forests, the fleeting, ever-changing mirage; while in the west, where the Pawnee found its rise in the hilly upland, we could see the National colors floating above a pretty fort of the same name as the town we had just left. I will always remember the view as I saw it first, for though I've been there often since—and there are many changes—I think of it as I saw it when the sun was just setting and long shadows were beginning to creep over the valley. The stone buildings of the fort inclosed a hollow square, from the center of which rose the tall flagstaff. Off to the northwest of the fort, its white fence gleaming in the mellow light, lay the military cemetery. Like a ball of fire submerged in a sea of blue the sun dipped below the horizon, and instantly we saw the puff of blue smoke and heard the boom of the sunset gun.

"At our feet, sunken and grass-grown, lay the grave of Aunt Hester's lover; and as the gray of the short twilight closed in upon us, obliterating all shapes, no sounds came to our ears, and we seemed to be far above the busy world, alone with the spirits of the past.

"Before we left Larned papa had the remains of Capt. Hayne placed in the military cemetery at the fort, but in 1875 Fort Larned was abandoned and the cemetery was no longer taken care of, so after we came to Kansas papa had the remains brought here, and now they rest in peace on the hill over there. You have noticed the monument often, no doubt. It's a soldier standing at 'parade rest.' And that is why it wounds Aunt Hester so cruelly to hear any one speak lightly of the boys who wore the blue, and who were mustered out of life's battles by the enemy's guns."

As Zilpha finished her story the sound of the evening gun at the distant fort came softly to the ears of the little group on the veranda step, who, with tear-wet eyes and idle hands, were thinking of that grave out on the hill and the kindred ones that lay on the hilltops and in the valleys of every state in the broad Union.

Jessie Lane broke the oppressive quiet by repeating in her soft, sweet way:

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well; nothing can harm them further."

The Morning Bath.

[*Health.*]

The morning bath, or tub, as it is often called, is eminently suited for the constitution of every one, young or old, unless exceedingly delicate. If you have not been in the habit of indulging in this luxury, I do not advise you to begin the habit of matutinal cold water bathing all at once. The tepid soap bath will in nine cases out of 10 suit young girls better and they will not have taken a dozen morning baths of this kind before they become sensible of an increase in the appetite, in strength and in good spirits, and in the capability of enjoying life and everything of good that is in this life. By the use of the soap bath, too, the complexion gradually becomes more clear and delicate, the roseate hues of health begin to bloom on the cheeks, and the skin is rendered as soft and pliant as that of a little child. This bath, too, causes the eye to become beautifully clear, and I know of nothing else that will do this.

Now, what is it you require in order to render this bath of mine quite a luxury as well as an invigorator of both mind and body? Why, the soap bath is simple in the extreme. In your dressing-room you have cold, soft water and a sponge, probably placed there over night, so that it is in the morning of the same temperature as the air; then you have a nice, soft Turkish washing glove and a piece of plain castile or ivory soap—not scented, that were dangerous to health; then, standing before a basin of hot water, the whole body is quickly lathered and rubbed thoroughly. This ought not to occupy more than say three minutes, and after this comes the cold sponge bath, which need not take more than a minute and a half. A moderately coarse towel should be used, and the skin should be thoroughly dried. Remember that the towel must not be rough enough to irritate the skin, but only to produce a pleasant glow; remember, too, that there must be no dawdling over the bath—dawdle as much as you please while dressing, but bathe with judicious celerity; and remember, thirdly, that you must never neglect to wet the head with cold water, else disagreeable sensations will be the result.

The bath is to be taken on an empty stomach, and immediately after getting out of bed. The slight shock caused by the cold water will be succeeded with feelings very delightful indeed—feelings which I might describe if I chose, but will not, as I want you to experience them.

There are sponge baths and plunge baths, and shower baths, all of which may be taken at home; but of all forms of household bathing commend me to the one I have just tried to describe. In cold weather, I may tell you, great advantage will be found from drying and dressing in front of a fire. Having dressed and had breakfast, eaten, I trust, leisurely, half an hour's brisk walking will do all the good in the world. The walk greatly aids the effect of the bath and tends to raise the spirits and cause everything to appear *couleur de rose* during the rest of the day.

Having "Fun With the Boys."

[*Altoona Tribune.*]

The young man who is going to be the successful business or professional man of the future does not spend his week-day nights in dissolute company or his Sundays in "club rooms," gambling and worse, nor is he a bar-room lounger or a guzzler of beer. There are scores of young fellows, upon whom advice is wasted, who think it a smart and manly thing to sow wild oats, and who are hard at it, believing that nobody knows how they spend their evenings and expecting to take a turn for the better after a while. They are deceived. Their present habits are known to more than they imagine, and nine out of ten of them are likely to go from bad to worse until, manhood gone, self-respect vanished, health ruined, they rush into the ranks of the criminal or pauper classes or fill untimely graves. How many generous-hearted fellows do you know who started out well, but at 40 are ruined and broken because they are "good fellows" who have had lots of "fun with the boys?"

Over five hundred new agents, located in almost every State and Territory, have been made for Tansill's Punch 5c. Cigar during the past three months. Live dealers are making their rent in this wonderful cigar. Apply at once to H. W. Tansill & Co., Chicago, and secure the agency for your town before it is too late.

EIGHT-DOLLAR PLAN.

Commander-in-Chief Burdett's Speech in Opposition.

[*Extract from the Official Report of the Proceedings of the Twentieth National Encampment.*]

Comrade Burdett, Commander-in-Chief, calling Junior Vice Commander-in-Chief Lewis to the chair, said:

COMRADES: It is perhaps unusual for the chair to take the floor for the purpose of participating in general debate, but I trespass, if so it is, under a very deep sense of duty and responsibility. I think that very much for our honor as individual veterans and that very much for the peace and prosperity of the Grand Army of the Republic depends on the issue of this debate. Whatever results must be accepted as the deliberate judgment after sufficient inquiry of this great representative body.

First of all let us have an honest statement of the case, and, if we may, a clear perception of the ends proposed. It will help to this if we refresh our knowledge as to the theories and facts of the present situation. Existing pension law, setting up as the standard capacity for the performance of manual labor, thereupon provides that such as have been so incapacitated by reason of their military service as not to be able to do a man's task shall be "evened up" or indemnified on account of that loss by receiving out of the National Treasury such a sum as, added to their remaining capacity for labor, will make them equal in earning power with their uninjured comrades. In other words, the sum of money paid out for pensions each year represents in theory the amount of strength and skill, if devoted to manual pursuits, which the incidents and fatalities of war have subtracted from the pensionable classes as thus far ascertained; and the pending unadjudicated cases represent a remaining number who allege that they have suffered such detriment.

Bearing this in mind, and turning now to the form of bill which the minority ask us to indorse and push to its enactment into law, we shall see that the naked proposition is that there shall be added $8 per month to every pension now paid, and $8 to the sum hereafter found due by existing law in any unadjudicated case now pending or to be hereafter presented, and a like sum per month to that great body of us who took no detriment by reason of our service. I have made this statement of the situation that it may, as the very truth is, appear—

First. That along the whole line the basis of this demand is good health.

Second. That since it is impossible to conceive that for the purpose of aiding the strong and vigorous to get their hand into the National Treasury any facility now provided to enable those actually disabled to obtain a compensating pension will ever be withdrawn, it follows of necessity that the machinery now in vogue for that purpose must and will remain in operation, and that the claim so persistently made by the eight-dollar advocates that the passage of their measure will put an end to expensive administration, to delays in execution of the law, and to the profits of claim agents is not only without foundation, but requires the exercise of a large charity to classify as aught else than a foundationless appeal to prejudice. No man acquainted with business methods will doubt that the passage of the bill of the minority would for years materially increase the present enormous expenses of the Pension Bureau, or that it would prove a veritable bonanza to the fraternity of claim agents. Among the millions and more of claimants for this annual bounty of more than one hundred millions of dollars that fraternity may safely be relied upon to get its accustomed share, and none but the hopelessly verdant will believe that this scheme has failed up to this point to win the earnest support of a due share of that class of patriots, or will in the future fail in the receipt of their most assiduous attentions. The picture drawn for us of the necessary millions piled up behind the barrier of the boxes of our thousands of postoffices ready to be handed out without expense to any applicant who may present a paper which he declares to be his honorable discharge is Acadian in simplicity, and testifies that somewhere in the ranks of the supporters of the bill there is an imagination which scorns all knowledge of sublunary things.

But I have affirmative complaints to make against the doing of this thing. You cannot wink it out by reference to the great wealth of our country that the addition of a hundred millions yearly to our present tax list is a vast burden to place on the shoulders of our people—Grand Army men as well as others, nor can it be disguised that by so much the available funds for the sick and disabled will by this bounty to the strong be curtailed and imperiled. That is neither charity nor fraternity, as I understand the import of those terms. Say what you may about our having earned it by our sacrifices, enlarge as much as may be on the assertion that it would bring present relief to some (and I grant it that there you have your penny's worth of bread against your shilling's worth of sack), in the end the deliberate judgment of our fellow-citizens will be that your bill sends patriotism to the auction block and measures it by a price as does the huckster his wares. I protest that if we must go upon the market the measure of compensation has been put at too low a figure. Eight dollars a month is not my price. I will not sell even the right to be proud above my fellows who never stood in ranks for so poor a sum. God help us to keep the time a long way off when by any act or omission of the National Encampment we shall give just cause to our fellow-citizens to hail the Grand Army not as the Legionaries but as the Mercenaries of the Republic. Only one more word. No such bill as this can pass. If the Grand Army were a unit for it, it would lag for many a year; with even a minority actively opposing it, it can never become law. It can become the means of making our Order the football of nasty politics. Why imperil our name and fame and honor by the advocacy of a cause foredoomed to defeat?

Eloping Twice With the Same Man.

[*Globe Democrat.*]

Two years ago Miss May Conway was one of the most attractive girls in the little village of Texas, Baltimore Co. She was not handsome, but bright and winsome, and the country beaus were drawn to her like bees to a honeysuckle. She appeared to be modest and good, and sang in the village church choir. She also taught a class in the Sunday school, and it was there she met her fate. Howard Poe, it is said, was a teacher in the same school. He was an industrious man, with no bad habits, and until he became too fond of his fair fellow teacher he was a devoted husband. He had been married some years, and his wife was an excellent lady. The conduct of Poe and Miss Conway soon became the talk of the village, and the discarded wife was terribly distressed. Finally, one Sunday after school, the couple disappeared. They came to Baltimore and put up at a hotel there. They then went to Washington, but in a few weeks they repented of their unholy love, and sought forgiveness of their relatives. He was received again by his wife, who forgave him and believed him thoroughly repentant. May was received into the bosom of her father's family as a prodigal daughter. From that time until about a month ago the exemplary conduct of Poe and Miss Conway silenced the tongues of the gossips. In all that time they were never seen in each other's company. They bowed whenever they met, but that was all. Recently, however, they were thrown into each other's society at several picnics, which Poe attended without his wife. The result was a revival of the old affections, which led to another elopement, and the couple are now living together near York, Pa. Mrs. Poe lives alone in Texas, supported by her own exertions and her husband's father.

Cutting a Fork Out of a Stomach.

[*London Standard.*]

A novel and dangerous operation has just been performed in Paris by Dr. Polaillon. The patient was a mountebank named Luchon, who, in the pursuit of his calling, swallowed a large fork, which stuck fast in his stomach. It was in vain that he tried to get his fingers down to the tips of the fork, so he had to leave it there, in the hope that no harm would ensue. In a few days, however, he felt acute pain particularly when his stomach was without food. Dr. Polaillon was unable to find the position of the fork by means of the ordinary sounding instrument, so he employed another, with which he contrived to touch the prongs. He then made an incision in the man's abdomen and extracted the fork. In his report to the Academy on the subject, Dr. Polaillon enumerates 14 cases of a similar kind, in seven of which the fork only formed an abscess in the stomach.

The Earthquake and the Telegraph Operators.

[*Chicago Mail.*]

There was a thrilling time up in the operating room of the Western Union when the earthquake shock was felt. Nearly a hundred operators sat there, each connected as if by a nerve with different places in the country. There were men on the Baltimore wire, on the Louisville, on the Savannah, on the Charleston. There was not a man in the room who did not have an experience of some sort or another. An acquaintance of mine had Baltimore, where the shock was felt decisively. The fellow at the other end was spinning along when "break" came. There was a sort of dull rattle at the key and then silence. In a minute the Baltimore fellow said that there was a panic in his operating room, and that all the men were on their feet. The Savannah wire was lost instantly, and without the preliminary of "break." There were three minutes of amazement in the Chicago office. Then a buzzing interchange of experiences. A thousand telegraphers from New Orleans to Chicago and from New York to San Francisco were in a dazed way trying to find out what was the trouble with their fellows in the South. Louisville finally struggled back to their tables and told in a frightened way how they had been shaken up and had fled from the building. The chief operator at Savannah, the only man who had stuck to his post, tried to give the hundred different wires who were calling Charleston that Charleston had suddenly been cut off, had apparently been swallowed up.

"It seemed to me," said my friend, who had been working the Baltimore wire that night, "as if somebody had jostled against my table. It was not until everybody was asking, 'What's that?' that I knew anything had happened."

The Sphinx and New Discoveries.

[*The Academy.*]

The Sphinx occupies a position where the encroachments of the desert are most conspicuous. At the present day nothing is to be seen of the animal except its head and its neck; but the old Egyptian monuments on which it is figured show not only the entire body down to the paws, but also a large square plinth beneath, covered with ornaments. Since the time of the Greeks, perhaps even since the reign of Thothemes IV, this plinth has disappeared beneath the sand, and its very existence had been forgotten. It is generally supposed that the Sphinx is hewn out of a large, isolated rock, which overlooked the plain. But M. Maspero's researches suggest that it is a work yet more stupendous. He has proved that the Sphinx occupies the center of an amphitheater, forming a kind of rocky basin, the upper rim of which is about on a level with the head of the animal. The walls of this amphitheater, whenever visible, are cut by the hand of man. It seems probable, therefore, that in the beginning there was a uniform surface of rock, in which an artificial valley has been excavated, so as to leave in the middle a block out of which the Sphinx was finally hewn. The excavations now being carried on will doubtless verify the existence of the plinth shown on the old paintings, and also furnish evidence, by the ornamentation of the plinth, of the true age of the monument. M. Maspero is inclined to assign to it a very great antiquity—possibly higher than the early dynasties, i. e., than the first period of Egyptian history. As the result of last Winter's work, the sand round the Sphinx has already been lowered by about 30 meters.

Napoleon's Meeting with Marie Louise.

[*Memoirs of Marie Louise.*]

Suddenly the noise of wheels was heard. A carriage, preceded by an outrider and followed by several other vehicles, arrived. Napoleon quivered with joy. It was she! Marie Louise, Archduchess of Austria, Empress of the French, Queen of Italy, the wife who would bear him a son and heir to his immense Empire! Pride and intoxication mingled with joy in the heart of the conqueror.

The carriage stopped. The horses were being taken out. Napoleon rushed to the door. He would fain have remained unnoticed for a few moments longer, but the Equerry d'Oudenarde, who could scarcely believe his eyes, at this juncture called out, "The Emperor." The happy husband threw himself into the arms of his young wife, who was overcome with emotion and surprise. He was enchanted with her at first sight. This superb child, all radiant with freshness and youth, with strength and health, with her pretty fair hair, her blue eyes, her innocence and candor. She is the companion whom he needed. She is the empress of his dreams! And how the first words she spoke to him flattered him, and touched him, and went direct to his heart. After having looked at him for a long time she said in a timid, sweet voice, "You are much better than your portrait."

He Returned His Pension.

Don R. Frazer, of Mt. Carroll, Ill., who served three years during the war, and was captured in October, 1864, and remained a prisoner until the close of the war, has just sent the following letter to the Commissioner of Pensions:

MT. CARROLL, ILL., Sept. 9, 1886.

Gen. JOHN C. BLACK, Washington, D. C.

DEAR SIR: Herewith I return for cancellation pension certificate No. 192,501, issued July 9, 1881, for $2 per month. The sum was too paltry originally. I made an application for an increase, and last July was before a Board of Examiners. A few days ago I received an official notice from your Bureau that the claim was "rejected." I decline to be a further pensioner on the pitiful bounty of a Government that allows its soldiers to suffer the torments of the damned in Andersonville prison. I decline to allow any Government to longer say that what I endured for it in that reeking hell can be balanced for $24 a year. I decline to allow a Government to rate my present health and my months of starvation and exposure in Cahaba and Millen, at Savannah, Blackshear and Andersonville at the sum of $2 per month.

I therefore return my certificate and ask that my name be stricken from the pension roll of the United States Government,

Yours, truly, DON R. FRAZER,
Late 92 Ill. M'f'd Inf.

Quinine at Six Cents an Ounce.

[*London Morning Post.*]

Dr. Creswell Hewett, of Lincoln-inn-fields, has discovered the synthetical or artificial mode of making quinine, by which the price of that drug will be reduced to something like 3d. per ounce. The importance of this discovery (which was made two or three weeks ago through the accidental breaking of a medicine bottle) is rendered greater by the fact that while hitherto we have been depending for our quinine on the cultivation of the cinchona tree, from whose bark only about two per cent. of good quinine can be extracted, 98 per cent. being valueless, the drug can now be manufactured without limit by a very simple process from an article which can always be got in abundance in any part of the world.

Soft Cushions in the Pews.

[*Richmond Religious Herald.*]

Not many months ago, in Eastern Massachusetts, where Unitarianism has its stronghold, some clergymen of that denomination were discussing the causes of the slim attendance in their churches on the Lord's Day. Some mentioned one cause and some another. At length one of them, a gentleman of vivid imagination and a philosophic insight worthy of an Emerson, broke forth in this wise: "I'll tell you what the trouble is. We've been teaching the people that they are all sitting on a greased rainbow, and whichever way they slide will slide into heaven."

An Uncanny Tumble of Two Lovers.

[*Portland (Me.) Press.*]

A young couple were strolling through a Portland graveyard the other day, when the woodwork over a tomb gave way and they fell 16 feet down among a lot of dead bodies. They were found wedged in between the coffins, and were rescued with slight injuries, but badly scared.

A Bad Break.

[*New York Sun.*]

"Yes," said the Chairman sadly, "our temperance meeting last night would have been more successful if the lecturer hadn't been so absent-minded."

"What did he do?"

"He tried to blow the foam from a glass of water."

A Trustworthy Animal.

[*New York Sun.*]

Liveryman (to customer)—There, sir, is as good a hoss as ever pulled a waggin. An' you needn't be afraid of him; he's puffeckly safe an' reliable.

Customer (eying the animal dubiously)—I don't know 'bout that. I'd hate to trust him with any oats.

CURE FOR THE DEAF.

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RELIEF CORPS NEWS.

Gleanings from National Headquarters--Notes from the Departments.

HEADQUARTERS WOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
ELIZABETH D'A. KINNE, National President.
NELLIE G. BACKUS, National Secretary.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Sept. 14, 1886.

Although a vast array of mail matter has been received at these Headquarters, there has been little that is of any general interest, being in their nature chiefly congratulatory of the various elections and general work of the recent Convention.

We learn from Mrs. Battels, Department President of Ohio, that she has under her supervision 149 Corps and an immediate prospect of many more.

Col. and Mrs. C. Mason Kinne, and Gen. and Mrs. S. W. Backus are enjoying a trip to Mount Shasta to rest and recuperate after the arduous labor attending their many duties during the recent visit of the G.A.R. and W.R.C.

FIRST GENERAL ORDERS.

NATIONAL H'DQUARTERS WOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS,
AUXILIARY TO THE G.A.R.,
419 CALIFORNIA STREET, ROOM 11,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

General Orders, No. 1.

I. Appreciating fully the distinguished honor conferred by the fourth National Convention in electing me President of the Woman's Relief Corps, and realizing the many responsibilities of the honorable position, I hereby assume command of the organization. My thanks are due to my companions for the confidence reposed in me, as shown in my election to the highest office in their gift, and I enter upon the duties of National President with the confident expectation that I shall have the hearty support and cordial co-operation of every officer and member of our Order.

II. The following officers were duly elected by the Convention, namely: Elizabeth D'Arcy Kinne, National President, San Francisco, Cal.; Sarah C. Nichols, National Senior Vice-President, Auburn, N. Y.; Mary E. Starkweather, National Junior Vice-President, St. Paul, Minn.; Lizabeth A. Turner, National Treasurer, Boston, Mass.; Mary Garard, National Chaplain, Clinton, Iowa. The following appointments are announced: Nellie G. Backus, National Secretary, San Francisco, Cal.; Margaret R. Wickens, National Inspector, Sabatha, Kan.; Eleanor B. Wheeler, National Counsellor, Boston, Mass. They will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

III. The Convention just closed was remarkable for harmony and strict attention to business, four entire days being devoted to the reading of the several officers' reports, to the discussion of many matters of interest to our Order, and the election of officers for the ensuing year. The decisions of the Convention, as well as some revisions to Rules and Regulations, will be published in General Orders as soon as it is possible for the Past National Secretary to properly compile and forward the same to these Headquarters. Changes have been made in the Ritual, and adhesive slips for correcting the same in the Rituals now in use will be supplied by requisition on the National Treasurer. All supplies, excepting blanks for Secretary's reports, must be ordered by Departments direct from the National Treasurer.

IV. National Headquarters have been established at Room 11, 419 California street, San Francisco, Cal., and all communications, except those pertaining to supplies, should be addressed to Nellie G. Backus, National Secretary.

V. Every member of our Order should realize the importance of the mission of the Auxiliary to the Grand Army, and individually and collectively strive to uphold the principles of our organization. It is now firmly established as a welcome adjunct to the G.A.R., and the annual reports of their officers show their appreciation of our labors. Having personal assurances that Commander-in-Chief Fairchild will bring the Woman's Relief Corps to the further attention of every Post of the Grand Army, it rests with us to continue the good work we have so earnestly begun, in order that the present year shall add new laurels to our efforts. I enjoin upon all a devotion to the principles of the Grand Army of the Republic, with the further injunction we specially should heed, that "the greatest of these is Charity."

ELIZABETH D'ARCY KINNE,
National President.
Official: NELLIE G. BACKUS,
National Secretary.

Department Gleanings.

DEPARTMENT OF CALIFORNIA.

Mrs. Victoria Neff, President of Corps 19, reports the loss of Corps charter in the fire at Tulare, but says all papers and records were saved and there will be no cessation in the good work in which the Corps is engaged.

Mrs. Jane B. Russell, Department President, had a royal reception at the institution of Col. Whipple Corps, Eureka. The following officers were installed: Pres., Diana M. Richardson; S. V.-P., Zaidee Axe; J. V.-P., Emma F. Brown; Treas., Caroline Pratt; Sec., Eliza Clark; Chap., Rosina Clark; Con., May Taylor; A. C., Bessie D. Monroe; G., Mary A. McDonald; A. G., Hattie McGonegal. In the evening Col. Whipple Post gave a Campfire to the Department President in celebration of the event. G.A.R. Hall was crowded and congratulatory speeches were made by Commander Richardson and Dr. Pratt, of Whipple Post; Comrade Russell, of Appomattox Post, Oakland, and others. There were songs and recitations and a bountiful collation, and the veterans were proud and happy.

At the last meeting of Lincoln Corps, No. 3, four candidates were initiated, six balloted for, and four applications received. The Relief Committee reported active service.

At a large meeting of Garfield Corps Mrs. Isabella Foster, of Bangor, Me., Past National Conductor and a member of the Department Council of Maine, was present, and expressed herself well pleased with the manner in which Garfield Corps was conducted by the presiding officer, Mrs. Mattie M. Thompson. Three new members were initiated. Communications from the National President, Mrs. Kinne, were read, asking the members of the Corps for responding so liberally in aiding a destitute comrade and family, and asking further aid in procuring German pupils for a soldier's widow.—Eureka.

DEPARTMENT OF KANSAS.

DEAR TRIBUNE: I was glad to see from THE TRIBUNE of Sept. 2 that Kansas work had been well reported by our Department Chaplain, while we at headquarters were in both the enjoyment and work of the National Convention. So in all our work in this Department our staff officers seem to move as one in the interest of the W.R.C. While one may be directing her efforts in one direction, another sees the need in another and attends to it. Mrs. Alrich says what the next active work for Kansas is will be known after the Encampment, and already it is before us. Upon our return home from our never-to-be-forgotten pleasure of the California trip, I found a most cordial invitation from Emporia to call a meeting of the Department, in connection with the State Reunion, G.A.R., to be held the 5th to 8th of October. So we are in the midst of active preparations and in making a grand success of this effort of our veterans, and none who participated and enjoyed the Reunion last Fall at Topeka, will miss this annual coming together of the old comrades, whose numbers are year by year growing less, as they answer one by one to the roll-call beyond.

Among the pleasant attentions paid me upon my homeward trip, was a reception tendered me as National Inspector by Joe Hooker Post, No. 16, Rosita, Colo., being planned as a surprise. During my visit to Mr. and Mrs. V. H. Holshaw, the former of whom is Assistant Department Inspector, G.A.R., Dr. Camp called to me that the comrades and wives were in waiting in Odd Fellows' Hall to extend their congratulations upon my appointment as National Inspector. I found the hall filled, and was most heartily welcomed in company with my sister, Mrs. H. Curtis, of Leola, Ill., in behalf of the Post by Commander Kellogg, and found here in the high altitude of the mountains of Colorado the same bond of Fraternity and warm welcome for the workers of the Woman's Relief Corps. Comrade Tuttle, editor of the *Index*, complimented the W.R.C. in his fine notice of the event, and we were placed under obligations to Adj't Daniels for some fine Colorado specimens.

A number of applications for new Corps were awaiting our return to Kansas. Our work in this Department is in most prosperous condition, and the growth during the Fall months will be large.—Margaret R. Wickens, Department President.

DEPARTMENT OF MICHIGAN.

DEAR TRIBUNE: Sheridan Relief Corps, No. 85, was organized Aug. 28 by Mrs. S. A. C. Plummer, S. V. C. of Department of Michigan, and the following officers were installed: Pres., Elizabeth Cunningham; S. V.-P., Abbie Bartholomew; J. V.-P., Jennie Shafer; Sec., Alice Strong; Treas., Dema Rogers; Chap., H. Cornelia Strong; Con., Celia Westfall; G., Linnie Bartholomew; A. C., Lizzie Bartholomew; A. G., Jennie Weaver. Date of meetings, the first and third Thursday of each month.—Alice Strong, Secretary, Phil Sheridan Corps, No. 85.

ALL ALONG THE LINE.

Comrade C. H. Fasnacht, Adjutant, George H. Thomas Post, No. 81, G.A.R., Lancaster, Pa., writes that their Post has strong hopes of organizing a Relief Corps. The Post numbers over 300 members, and is one of the oldest in the State, and has in its membership a large number of comrades prominent in State and National affairs. Among these are Comrades J. P. Wickersham, State Superintendent of Public Schools; A. C. Reinoehl, Delegate to National Encampment; Judge D. W. Patterson, Marcott Brosius, Wm. Atg, Alice and others. Mrs. Annie Wittenmyer, Department President of Pennsylvania, will undoubtedly visit Lancaster and personally organize the Corps, which will start out with bright prospects, as the ladies of Lancaster are as efficient in good works as they are patriotic in character.

Comrade Julian Czmanski: A candidate for membership in the W.R.C. cannot be rejected because she is poor. There must be some other reason for rejection in the case named, real or fancied.

Stanton Relief Corps, No. 16, Los Angeles, Cal., Mrs. Lucy D. More, President, has been warmly complimented by visiting comrades to and from the National Encampment. Stanton Corps kept open house, and expended hundreds of dollars and seas of patriotism in administering to the care and comfort of the G.A.R. and W.R.C.

The Kansas delegates in National Convention knew how to pay pretty compliments. They had nominated Mrs. Margaret A. Wickens for National President, but Mrs. Wickens withdrew her name, and upon the election of Mrs. Col. Kinne to the office they presented her, through Mrs. Julia A. Chase, Department Secretary, with a basket of beautiful flowers. Later, when Mrs. Wickens was named as National Inspector by Mrs. Kinne and duly installed, they presented her with a basket and bouquet, through Mrs. Chase and Mrs. Addie Allen, Department Inspector. The card of presentation bore the following: "Mrs. M. R. Wickens, Department President of Kansas: Please accept as a faint expression of the love and esteem in which you are held in Kansas, and the pleasure we feel in the honors you receive."

Circular Letter, No. 3, has been issued by Mrs. Sarah M. E. Battels, Department President of Ohio, W.R.C., reproducing the tabulated report of the National Secretary, Mrs. Eleanor B. Wheeler, made at fourth National Convention, which shows Ohio to be the banner Department in net gains of Corps and membership, money expended in relief, and veterans and their families assisted. The Circular concludes as follows: "By a comparison you will readily see Ohio stands far ahead in gains of members, relief work done, and in all other matters pertaining to the work of the Department. Of this record we may justly feel proud. Ohio having now been the banner Department for the last two National Conventions, let us by a united and earnest effort keep it up to its present high standard."

The Relief Corps and its prominent officials are under many obligations to Mr. Clarence Dresser