TWICE A PRISONER.

The Lieutenant's Escape, and His Capture by a Woman.

BY A. HAVEN, STAR VALLEY, KAN.

There was considerable excitement among a small detachment of Confederates that had been sent out by Van Dorn to reconnoiter the enemy's position. The excitement of the little band of graycoats was of a jubilant nature. They had surprised and captured a gallant young Union officer, who had been riding along rather carelessly through a dense Arkansas canebrake, a short distance from the Federal lines. The young officer, Lieut. Arthur Hartwell, was off duty. He was just recovering from a wound received in an engagement between two skirmishing parties which had surprised each other on the banks of the White River.

Lieut. Hartwell spent much of his time while convalescing in the saddle, hoping that frequent exercise on his superb horse would soon put him in military trim again. The Union spies had reported no Confederates within 12 miles of camp that morning. The Lieutenant had ridden off carelessly in the afternoon, wandering farther from the Union lines than he had intended. Some fine wild fruit on a distant mountain slope had beguiled him away. After regaling himself freely on the luscious fruits of the wildwood, he turned his horse's head in the direction of the Federal camp.

Midway of the extensive canebrake through which he had to pass in order to gain the camp, the young officer found himself surrounded by a little band of heavily-booted rebels, and in a moment was a prisoner, deprived of his revolvers, his arms pinioned by brawny hands, and his horse securely held by a gruff specimen of the South.

"Johnny Reb too smart for young Yank this time," jeeringly remarked the one who held, like a remorseless vice, the captive's bridle-rein.

"Well, gentlemen, you have a decided advantage over me; so I'll endeavor to make a virtue of necessity by surrendering as gracefully as possible," replied the young officer with all the coolness he could summon.

"Gosh! we never gin yer a chance to surrender; we gobbled yer up like a hen does a grub-worm," said one of the more facetious of the Confederates, who had been making merry over the capture.

"That's jist what we done," assented the one who had bestowed the title of "Johnny Reb" on himself, and who still grasped Hartwell's bridle-rein.

"Well, boys," spoke the jubilant rebel, "we haven't scart up nary thing for supper yit. Suppose we build a fire and roast this infernal Yank."

For answer the others feigned to scent a bad smell and hold their noses.

"Oh, I understand! Yer don't like skunk meat. All right, we'll take him down to camp and let Van Dorn have him for dessert on toast," and a loud laugh greeted this announcement."

Lieut. Hartwell sat on his horse, apparently calm. But to be the sole butt of such uncouth jests was galling to his proud, manly spirit. Try as he would he could not repress all the indignation he felt. It flamed on his handsome, fair face and in his clear, blue eyes. His well-formed white teeth held the lips firmly together under a sweeping blonde mustache. After his first speech he determined to control his tongue, knowing that silence in his case would prove the better part of valor.

Before more could be said the tramp of near horsemen, coming directly toward them through the thick cane, put every man on his guard. Each grasped his carbine, ready for an emergency. Lieut. Hartwell for the time being was forgotten. The rebel who held his reign, on the first intimation of danger, relaxed his firm hold and turned his attention to the coming horsemen. Every eye of the rebel band was glued, as it were, in that direction. Were they friends or foes? The tall, dense canes prevented an immediate answer to the mute question formed in the mind of each brawny Confederate. In the momentary excitement which prevailed Lieut. Hartwell, quick as thought, slipped from his saddle and darted off through the towering canes.

His captors, too fixedly occupied in awaiting a glimpse of the yet invisible horsemen, did not at once discover the disappearance of their prisoner. When "Johnny Reb" shot a swift glance backward and saw the empty saddle a smothered oath broke forth. He was so irate that he gave Hartwell's horse a stinging blow with his whip, and the high-spirited animal bounded away toward the Union lines. A second oath fell from the rebel's lips. At the same time the horsemen came in sight, and an exclamation of delight burst from each man as he loosened his grip on his carbine. The gray attire of the new comers quieted their alarm. It was soon ascertained that they also belonged to Van Dorn's force.

Greetings were exchanged and intelligence of the capture and escape was given. They held a hasty consultation. It was decided to leave the horses in an adjacent grove under guard of three of the party. It was impossible for a horse to penetrate the canebrake on account of the density of its vegetation and numerous bogs. The rest would set off without further delay in pursuit of the escaping Union officer. Striking into the thicket where Hartwell had commenced his flight, the pursuers were soon deep in the intricacies of the Arkansas canebrake. They were sanguine of overtaking the prisoner. He could not be far ahead.

In the meantime the young Lieutenant was making gigantic strides through the bosky brake, stumbling over clinging vines which had rankly tangled themselves around the canes, splashing and dashing into little pools of hidden, stagnant water; then out again and on with more precipitation than before, and into another worse than the last, freckling his boots and blue uniform with clayey splashes. His physical condition was not adequate to the demand which the effort enforced. He knew his pursuers were not far behind. The taking of a Union officer was too great an honor to be lightly given up. He must increase his speed.

The Autumn day was intensely close. The sun seemed to have a special spite at that particular locality, pouring down its rays without intermission. The huge cane defied the admission of a single breeze.

Ere the Lieutenant had gained the southern margin of the brake great beads of perspiration stood all over his face and trickled down his fever-flamed cheeks, while his limbs trembled from the fatigue of his hasty flight.

The canebrake terminated abruptly. When Hartwell reached the edge he paused a moment, irresolute what step to take next. He dared not conceal himself in the canes. Behind him, in swift pursuit, he could hear the heavy hoofs of the rebels breaking down the canes and brambles, leaving no nook unsearched. There was no safety for him there.

Just before him, through a picturesque grove of stately cottonwood and hickory trees, Hartwell saw a beautiful Southern home, surrounded by a world of flowers of almost tropical magnificence. Through a network of green a grand old stone house could be seen with a lovely flowering vine clambering to the very eaves and wailing one entire side. It was the home of refinement and Southern ease, and doubtless owned by some abettor of the rebel cause. Should he seek refuge there he would in all likelihood be turned over to his late Confederate captors. Besides, it was humiliating to his proud spirit to ask protection at the hands of a Southern family who believed their rights had been trampled under the iron feet of the North.

But the Lieutenant was not given long to decide which way he should fly. His pursuers had approached so near that he could hear them cursing their ill-luck. He realized that they would very soon reach the limit of the brake, and then detection and recapture would be the immediate result.

Discarding the thought that it might prove "out of the frying-pan into the fire," Hartwell dashed forward toward the house. His limbs were weak, but he managed to leap the well-trimmed hedge that hemmed in the attractive ground around the house. In the yard he stood motionless and gazed at the loveliest picture his eyes had ever feasted upon.

A beautiful girl, plump and graceful, with wondrous waves of dusky golden tresses flowing in ripples all over her well-shaped little head, and wine-dark eyes, starry with mirth [illegible] before him. She was [illegible] and intelligent, [illegible] singing in a clear, sweet soprano voice a stanza of "The Bonny Blue Flag." Her deft, snowy fingers were occupied in unpinning various articles from a long clothes-line. She deposited each piece in a large, old-fashioned clothes-basket, which rested on the grassy lawn at her feet.

Only a moment did the young Lieutenant stand staring at the lovely girl in that spell-bound manner. He soon recovered himself, and removing his hat, he bowed to her with the urbanity of a well-bred gentleman.

The song had died on the girl's lips the moment she caught sight of the strange officer, but she betrayed no signs of surprise or alarm. Doubtless she had become accustomed to see their private grounds intruded upon by soldiers and officers of both sides. Elma Starleton, the handsome Southern girl, returned Lieut. Hartwell's polite bow with the grace of a true lady.

Time was precious. The Lieutenant realized that if anything were done toward his concealment it must be done at once. He resolved to make one last effort to escape through the Southern girl's mercy. Curbing his pride Hartwell gave her a rapid outline of his capture and escape, and begged permission to hide on her premises till the search should be over. Would she pardon him and grant him her tender, womanly mercy, and conduct him to a safe hiding place?

Elma Starleton was a true daughter to the South. She had two brothers and a proud old father in the Confederate service. She believed the South to be in the right and hoped prayerfully for its ultimate triumph. Should she attempt to screen this enemy to her dear cause? Ought she not rather to do all she could to aid it? Elma hated anything that looked like treason. And to her it certainly assumed a treasonable appearance, this question of hiding the Federal officer. But, then, had he not thrown himself on her mercy? It was his last hope. One minute Elma stood wrapped in self-debate. One lovely hand rested on the clothes-line while the other clasped a handful of clothespins. Hartwell noted the hands, fraught with peril as each moment was for him, and wondered if they would mercifully direct him to a hiding place or the reverse.

The Autumn breeze lifted the sheets on the line, giving the Southern girl a momentary glimpse of several men in gray dress. They were halted in the neighboring grove, evidently debating which way to turn to lend them to the retreat of the hunted Yankee. Then Elma Starleton's dark eyes swept the face of Hartwell. He was pale, but firm. He stood awaiting doom or protection at her fair hands. Ah! it is too late to aid him now. Five burly Confederates have started toward the house. In a few minutes they will have seen the hunted Lieutenant, screened at present from their view by the snowy sheets suspended from the line.

Will Elma make no effort in his behalf? He is so handsome! She sees that his exhaustion is owing more to recent illness than the exertion of his vigorous flight. There would be no honor in giving up a sick officer. Her sympathy is aroused for the young Lieutenant. She will save him if it is not too late. She feels an assurance of right in the act.

"I will try to conceal you," she said in low, silvery tones. "Here," and she quickly lifted a snowy mass of muslins from the huge clothes-basket, "if you will try to accommodate yourself to the dimensions of my clothes-basket you can safely escape observation."

"A thousand thanks," breathed Hartwell; and in the twinkling of an eye he had coiled himself up in the big receptacle for clothes. Then Elma covered him carefully with the articles which she had taken out. She then broke into a merry song and went on removing clothes from the line and flinging them carelessly on the basket. She saw one of the Confederates jump the hedge and make his way toward her. With a well-feigned fright she greeted him:

"Ike Carter! where did you spring from? You gave me a fearful start. If you do so again, I shall report you to headquarters as putting in your time scaring defenseless women."

"Don't do it, Miss Elma; Van Dorn would have us all court-martialed if he heard we'd scart *you*," said the man.

"No compliments, please," returned the girl. "I thought you were encamped 12 miles from here."

"So our force is," replied the man. "A party of us were detailed to hunt up eggs and butter for the General's supper. As we were riding through Skeeter Brake we pinned a Yankee Lieutenant, who seemed to be taking an airing quite a piece from the Federal lines. But he made his escape while we were waiting the approach of some horsemen, whom we could not ascertain to be friends or foes till they got in sight. They proved to be some of our own crowd. We then told them of the capture and escape of our prisoner. So we all joined in the search, which has proved vain. He cannot be in the brake. As we stood consulting in the grove yonder, Jarvis thought he caught sight of a blue uniform over here. We concluded he had run here to hide," repeated the Confederate rapidly.

A musical laugh floated out upon the breeze from the roseate lips of the Southern girl.

"An optical illusion!" she replied. "I presume he saw mother's blue muslin curtains, and took them for a Federal uniform. "Look!" and she pointed to the azure curtains yet dangling from the line.

Ike Carter glanced at the curtains as Elma pointed, and passed his eyes over the ungainly old clothes-basket, which she kept partly screened by standing between it and the rebel.

"Well, Jarvis is a clever one to sight Yanks, I must say," remarked Carter, laughing contemptuously. Then saying good day to Elma, he strode away and joined his companions, who were busy searching the barn and orchard. They soon gave up and returned to the brake with darkening brows. As soon as the coast was clear Elma allowed Lieut. Hartwell to leave his strange hiding place. Hartwell was none the worse for the odd quarters he had occupied. He had heard the conversation between the girl and his late captor. He had listened with the keenest interest to the skillful manner in which she had warded off suspicion. In an unused parlor, stored with old furniture, Hartwell found a safe retreat for the rest of the day. Here a pitcher of milk, some cake and fruit found their way to the grateful Lieutenant.

When the Confederates returned on their horses shortly after Hartwell's removal from the basket, Elma supplied them with a basket of eggs and butter, and other substantials, and saw them depart for their lines, having relinquished the pursuit as futile.

Under cover of the moonless night brave Elma Starleton conducted the Union officer through the woods by an unfrequented path to within easy distance of his own lines.

As they were parting, Lieut. Hartwell said: "Miss Starleton, brave daughter of the South, you have won my undying gratitude. Accept this ring as a pledge of my deep respect for you. May I return to express what words fail now to do when this war is closed?" "You will be welcome," she replied sweetly. "But I promise not to entertain you again in our old clothes-basket," she added mischievously.

When peace was restored at last and hundreds of brave men slept on

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day,

Hartwell, occupying an honorable position in public life, did not forget Elma Starleton. He returned to Arkansas, wooed and won the warm-hearted Southern girl, who had not forgotten his promise. The Southern home lost its dark-eyed fairy, but Hartwell's Northern home gained a treasure.

In case of sudden colds, and for coughs of long standing, take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

A Rumor from Shiloh.

[*The Century for October.*]

"Endurin' of the war" it was not safe in Kentucky for Southern sympathizers to rejoice over Southern successes. A certain old "Secesh," from the hills of Tate's Creek, in Madison County, had been frequently admonished by Judge Turner, of Richmond, Ky., that if he was not more cautious he would land in Camp Chase or some other Northern prison. One day the Judge observed his old friend glancing anxiously into his office as he passed and repassed the door. Calling him in, the Judge asked him what was the matter. "Well," said the old man, "Jedge, if you'll lock yer door I'll tell you." After assuring himself that there were no listeners he proceeded:

"Jedge,—I heard as the rebels an' the Yankees has had a master fight. As I heard it, the rebels and the Yankees they met away down on the Mass-is-sippi River, an' they fit three days in and three days out, an' the cen uv the third day cum John C. Brackenridge, Kentucky's noble son, an' axed fur the priverlige uv the fel' fur 15 minits, an'—Jedge—they *do* say he slew er hundred thousand uv'm."

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PEN SKETCHES

From the Register of Encampment No. 2, Union Veteran Legion, Philadelphia, Pa.

MAJ. MOSES VEALE.

Comrade Veale was born in Bridgeton, N. J., Nov. 9, 1832. He received an education in the Quaker Seminary, at Philadelphia, Pa., and was for three years an instructor in the same, at the conclusion of which he was admitted to the Supreme Court. Soon after the breaking out of the war he was mustered into the service of the United States as Second Lieutenant, Co. F, 109th Pa., Nov. 8, 1861. During the Spring and Summer of 1862 he served upon the staff of Gen. C. C. Augur as Assistant Provost Marshal, and later upon the staff of Gen. Jno. W. Geary as Assistant Commmissary of Musters and Aid-de-Camp, with the several ranks of Second Lieutenant, Captain and Major. He was commissioned Captain April 4, 1863, and Major May 4, 1864, and has the record of having mustered the first veteran volunteer regiment ever sworn into the service of the United States, the 29th Pa.

Comrade Veale was discharged from the service by Special Order of the War Department, June 8, 1865, and has a commission dated Jan. 16th, 1865, as Brevet Colonel for gallant and meritorious services at the battles of Cedar Mountain, Antietam, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Wauhatchie, Lookout Mountain, Mission-

ary Ridge, Ringgold, Resaca, New Hope Church, Pine Knob, siege of Savannah, and Gen. Sherman's campaign through the Carolinas. In evidence that the above commission for great gallantry is not overstated, but a clean, earned proof of service rendered, the writer appends herewith an extract from a letter written by Gen. Jno. W. Geary when Comrade Veale was a candidate for Recorder of Deeds of Philadelphia, in which he says Maj. Veale "was the bravest of the brave"; and the writer copies entire a letter written at the same time by that splendid soldier, Fighting Joe Hooker:

It gives me great pleasure to state for the information of all concerned that I knew Maj. Veale well during the late war, and that I regarded his services on the staff of Gen. Geary as being the most able and distinguished of all his officers, among whom were many of brilliant reputations and of prominent standing. I am conscious of no political excitement that will justify the impeachment of his military record or private character.

To be the recipient of such a letter as the above from Gen. Hooker was almost worth dying for. Comrade Veale was appointed Adjutant-General, with the rank of Brigadier-General, for the Territory of Montana, Jan. 8, 1868.

Maj. Veale was a participant in 20 pitched battles beside the sieges of and capture of Atlanta and Savannah. He was wounded in the action at Wauhatchie by a ball passing through his right shoulder. He narrowly escaped death from a ball passing through his hat and a second through the shirt collar, while still another penetrated his uniform coat and a fourth wounded his horse. At Kenesaw Mountain he was shot through the right lung, and his horse was shot from under him and mortally wounded.

Comrade Veale was commissioned United States Attorney for the Territory of Montana, and was Clerk of Indian Affairs for the Territory of Montana. Returning to Philadelphia he was chosen for Common Council from the 29th Ward at the February election in 1876, and for State Senator, Fifth Senatorial District, at the November election of 1876, and is at present the Health Officer of the City of Philadelphia.

He is a member of Post 2, and has been a member of Encampment No. 2, Union Veteran Legion, almost since its organization, and is held in the highest esteem not only for his splendid military service, but for his high character as a private citizen. He is one of the few who hold official obligations as sacredly as private trusts.

It may be repeated here that when Comrade Veale was directed by Gen. Geary to carry an order of attack to a regiment at Missionary Ridge, its Colonel, fearing to lead his men to the attack, was forced to go into the fight by Comrade Veale leading the regiment in and compelling thereby the success of the attack upon the enemy.

There have sprung up many heroes since the war, but among the many who wear the badge of veterans none can get companionship in the Union Veteran Legion unless his record as a soldier is, among his surviving comrades of those other days, beyond suspicion, and his character as a citizen is fair to all mankind. In other words, we believe a Union defender in arms is a better citizen from the fact of that service, and, banded together as we now are in this Legion, it will be demonstrated that laws enacted for the protection and care of those clearly and justly entitled thereto will and must be carried out as expressed in the several acts of Congress. In the observation of the writer he has found much that indicated a forgetfulness of the great service these men rendered, and many in those other days who were ready to make any promise of help, are now among the readiest to help along the cry that the old soldier business is played out. The writer thinks not. Wherever injustice has been done these men, when placed in a just and dignified manner before the proper authority, and supported by the influence of the loyal men and women of the land, wrong has been exposed and the measure of full justification meted out to the worthy old soldier.

The writer has reviewed with much satisfaction the efforts of a few comrades banded together as the Veteran Rights Union. He recognizes the great difficulties it has had to contend with in its progress. He knows something of the helpful hand they have given to many a worthy old soldier, and he bespeaks for them the hearty support of each and every one to the end that they are striving to attain. He knows that the Union Veteran Legion will at any time turn in for assistance as an organized body to help in the prosecution of all statute laws passed by Congress in aid of the old soldier when his case is a clear one for their assistance.

Push ahead, my comrades of the Veteran Rights Union. You have back of you the influence and power in this Union Veteran Legion that will demonstrate that the comradeship born in battle is as dear to us in its helpful aid to the survivors of this class of our people as when we marched elbow to elbow in serried ranks toward the enemy of our beloved and cherished Union of States. Fraternity among soldiers indeed does mean something.—COMRADE, Philadelphia.

A Sham Battle Utterly Ruined.

[*Omaha Bee.*]

A good story is told of Col. Daggett, who led the "Greasers" in the sham battle at Grand Island. When the fight was getting tolerably warm Gen. Morrow ordered a retreat, fearing somebody would get hurt. The program had it settled that the Mexicans would be whipped, but the doughty Daggett threw regulations to the winds and determined to fight it out. Morrow rushed up to the Colonel, shouting at the top of his voice: "You're licked and the battle is over; why in thunder don't you stop firing?" We're not licked!" yelled the Colonel, fairly livid with excitement; "I'll be blankety blanked if we're licked," and gathering himself for the bloody encounter, his face assumed an expression which meant victory or death. Gen. Morrow and two or three other officers, seeing the predicament, rushed in and headed him off, and after a desperate effort succeeded in explaining to him that it was all a sham battle and that he must submit gracefully to the licking on the program. He realized the situation, but too late. The Americans, terrified by his earnest demeanor, had fled from the field, leaving the Mexicans in full possession.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, sending the clean pure blood, makes sound both mind and body.

EX-PRISONERS OF WAR.

They are Waking Up All Over the Country.

The appeal of the newly-elected President of the National Association of Ex-Union Prisoners of War for that class of comrades to arouse themselves, organize and get into shape for action, has met with a most gratifying response from all parts of the country.

A large number of the letters that come in are from comrades who are remote from any association, and who ask what steps they must take to comply with the President's request. To all of these we would say: "Put yourself into communication with other comrades residing in your County or neighborhood, and if there are 10 or more of you form an association under the Association of your State if there be one. If there is no State Association, report your organization directly to the National Headquarters, until there shall be enough associations formed in your State to organize a State Association. Call through your local papers and THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE for all comrades in your County to meet at your County seat on Saturday, Oct. 23, for the purpose of organizing, and if 10 of you come together elect a President, Secretary and Treasurer, and sign an application for a charter. If there are less than 10 organize by electing a Secretary, who will report the names of the members to State or National Headquarters. In most of the loyal States there are active associations, which should include every prisoner of war in their localities, but which do not as yet. We published a list of these State and local associations in our issue of Sept. 9, and those interested can turn to that number and find there the addresses of the officers of the same, so they can correspond with them direct.

Below we give a roster of some of the States and Territories heard from, with the names of those reporting, so that other comrades may communicate directly with them and begin the work of organization. The correspondence coming from States where there are associations has generally been referred to the officers of such associations:

ARKANSAS.

V. D. Sackett, G, 46th Pa., reports from Malvern, and Peter Lininger, C, 7th Pa. Res., from Huntsville.

DAKOTA.

There should be strong associations formed among the tens of thousands of soldiers who have flocked to Dakota in the past few years, but so far we have heard from but one—Judson Andrews, G, 75th N. Y., Roswell. Comrades of Dakota, rouse up and organize.

ILLINOIS.

Gen. C. W. Pavey, President of the Illinois State Association, has issued the following call for a Reunion:

The next annual Reunion of the Association will be held at Centralia, Ill., Oct. 27 and 28, to which we invite every Union ex-prisoner of war and every ex-soldier.

The citizens of this beautiful city will use every effort to make this annual gathering of these honored veterans of the late war one long to be remembered.

Inasmuch as this will be the first meeting of this Association held in Southern Illinois, and their former annual meetings at Decatur, Springfield and Bloomington were so successful and pleasant, it is earnestly desired that every ex-prisoner of war, every soldier, every citizen, the press and the pulpit use every honorable means to make this meeting a grand success. To this end let every man and woman serve as a committee of one to urge their neighbors to attend this meeting and give to these survivors of rebel prisons a hearty welcome. Let every ex-prisoner of war in Illinois who is not already a member of this association forward his name, residence, regiment and company, and prison or prisons in which he was held during the war, where captured and when released, to the Secretary of this association and secure a certificate of membership. We must organize and see to it that these men who suffered untold horrors in Southern prisons receive special pensions.

The Illinois Central Railroad has promised reduced rates to those attending this meeting, and we hope to have other roads favor us in like manner. Expenses while there need not be heavy.

In closing this communication let me urge the membership of this organization to attend this meeting. Good speakers will be in attendance to address you. The exercises will be interspersed with recitations and good music. Come and let us enjoy one more happy Reunion and take by the hand those who yet live to tell the story of suffering, misery and wretchedness endured that this Nation might continue to exist.

KENTUCKY.

There is no organization in Kentucky, but there should be one by all means. There must be hundreds yet residing in the State who suffered long terms of imprisonment. We have received communications from the following comrades residing in the State, and earnestly recommend them to correspond with one another and take steps to organize local societies: William Webb, A, 19th Ky., Williamsburg; Andrew Lawson, B, 5th Ky., Williamsburg; Jas. O. Barnett, K, 4th Ky., Josephine; Wm. O. Outten, B, 3d Tenn. Cav., Maysville; Thos. F. Jones, A, 59th Ohio, Maysville; Geo. M. Clinger, E, 16th Ky., Maysville; H. L. Whitehouse, B, 19th Ky., Mitchellsburg; William Carver, B, 3d Tenn. Cav., Maysville.

LOUISIANA.

Frederick Schleicker, 53d Ind., reports from Rivers, Concordia Parish.

MAINE.

Maine has no association, but should have. A. H. Hutchinson, of Sprague's Mills, Aroostook Co., is moving actively in the work of organizing, and all ex-prisoners residing in Maine should write him at once.

Francis W. Bridges, A, 14th Me., reports to us from Bucksport.

MINNESOTA.

Minnesota is as yet without any association, which fault should be repaired at once. We have heard from E. P. Gleason, G, 22d Wis., Appleton; E. Erickson, Albert Lea; Joseph Mueller, 9th Wis., Minneapolis.

MISSOURI.

John Griffith, Box 80, Appleton City; Geo. W. McLain, Dry Glaize; Lewis Fisher, Geo. W. Griffin, John A. Malone, Salem, have reported to us. Jacob G. Mattick, Granger, has begun the work of organization and all comrades in Missouri should put themselves in communication with him.

MONTANA.

Alonzo J. Young, 1st Minn., Billings, Yellowstone County, is the first comrade to report from Montana.

NEBRASKA.

In such a soldier State as Nebraska there should be a number of strong associations, but so far none have been reported. Marion McDonald, of Wilsonville, Furnas County, has written to us. If comrades in his neighborhood will communicate with him, steps may be taken to begin organizing.

NEW MEXICO.

C. L. Hubbs, 1st Minn., reports from Albuquerque.

NEW YORK.

The State Association holds its meetings the second Wednesday of each month at the Armory Battery, corner of Broadway and Forty-fifth street. A general revival of interest is manifested, and the comrades expect to have the name of every ex-prisoner of war in New York on the Association rolls before long. All comrades in that part who are not now enrolled in any association are requested to communicate at once with the Association. Comrade A. T. Decker, foot of Bethune street, New York, is President, and Geo. W. Farr, 231 Clinton street, Brooklyn, is Secretary.

OREGON.

Robert W. Hill, Salem, and Thos. Purcell, Weston, are anxious to begin the work of organizing in Oregon. Write to them, comrades.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Comrade Howard F. Andrews, Co A, 87th Pa., York, Pa., thinks there are eight or ten ex-prisoners there who will form an association. We are sure that if the matter is canvassed a little there will be found enough comrades in York County to form as vigorous associations as now exist in Lackawanna and other Counties.

TENNESSEE.

Ulrich Heim, Springhouse, and Alexander Eckle, Dandridge, are the first to report from Tennessee.

TEXAS.

W. H. Graham, 5th Iowa, is now located at Cuero. Comrades residing in Texas should place themselves in communication with him, with a view to organizing, if enough can be found.

UTAH.

Comrade Isaac J. Ross, 130th Ill., writes us from Payson, Utah County. Let other comrades in the Territory write to him or to us, so that it can be known who of our old associates are living out there, and how many there are of them.

VERMONT.

There is no association of ex-prisoners in Vermont, but there should be local associations in all the Counties, as Vermont had quite a number of her gallant sons captured. The following names are furnished us of comrades residing in Stowe, Lamoille Co., and we recommend comrades in their neighborhood to communicate with them and see what can be done toward getting enough together to form a local association in the northern part of the State: Charles W. Pillsbury, Co. A, 8th Me.; J. A. Stafford, G, 19th Mich.; Peter Quinn, F, 5th N. H.

VIRGINIA.

The only report so far from Virginia is from Arthur McDonald, 176th N. Y., now living at Norfolk.

WEST VIRGINIA.

Fred. A. Lang, 18th Pa. Cav., Clarksburg, W. Va., is moving in the matter of organizing a local association during the Reunion of the 12th W. Va., which takes place at Clarksburg this week.

There was a Tri-State Prisoners' Association formed at Wheeling during the recent Reunion there, but we have not received a list of the officers or a report of the proceedings.

NEW YORK AT GETTYSBURG

Marking the Positions of the Regiments.

The Board of Commissioners appointed by the last Legislature of New York met at the residence of the Chairman, Gen. Sickles, in New York on Oct. 5, at 11 o'clock a. m., to mark the positions and movements of New York State troops during the three days' battle at Gettysburg. Gen. Charles K. Graham, engineer of the Commission, has made thorough surveys of the whole battlefield, from which he has prepared maps and diagrams.

The following regiments and batteries have not yet reported to the Commissioners or the Secretary at his office, No. 31 Cooper Union: Cavalry, 2d, 4th, 6th, 8th and 9th regiments; artillery, 3d, 5th, 10th and 15th independent batteries, and B, C, E, G, I, K, M light batteries; infantry, 43d, 62d, 95th, 102d, 119th and 145th regiments.

Retired Soldiers, Notice.

All retired soldiers and marines who have not corresponded with Gen. B. F. Butler's Private Secretary, W. Penn Clark, 202 South Capitol street, Washington, are requested by the Soldiers and Marines' Committee to do so at once. All who have not contributed the one dollar assessed to meet present expenses are requested to remit before November next. Direct to Timothy Casey, Secretary, Soldiers and Marines' Committee, 1323 Four-and-a-half St. S. W., Washington, D. C.

Advice to a Young Man.

[*R. J. Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.*]

Don't worry, my son, don't worry. Don't worry about something that you think may happen to-morrow, because you may die to-night, and to-morrow will find you beyond the reach of worry. Don't worry over a thing that happened yesterday, because yesterday is a hundred years away. If you don't believe it, just try to reach after it and bring it back. Don't worry about anything that is happening to-day, because to-day will only last 15 or 20 minutes. If you don't believe it, tell your creditors you'll be ready to settle in full with them at sunset. Don't worry about things you can't help, because worry only makes them worse. Don't worry about things you can help, because then there's no need to worry. Don't worry at all. If you want to be penitent now and then, it wont hurt you a bit to go into the sackcloth and ashes business a little. It will do you good. If you want to cry a little once in a long while, that isn't a bad thing. If you feel like going out and clubbing yourself occasionally, I think you need it, and will lend you a helping hand at it, and put a plaster on you afterward. All these things will do you good. But worry, worry, worry, fret, fret, fret—why, there's neither sorrow, penitence, strength, penance, reformation, hope nor resolution in it. It's just worry.

The Champion Grand Army Story Teller.

[*San Francisco Wasp.*]

"I suppose you were in the war, comrade?" said a prominent speaker as he sat down again at a "Post" banquet, after telling a few dozen of select "war incidents," with great applause.

"Oh, yes," remarked his neighbor, who had industriously been putting away the shrimp salad and champagne during the speech making. "I was a member of the Michigan 'Big Foots.'"

"What regiment was that?"

"Why, the Forty-fourth Michigan, you know. The men were selected exclusively on account of their big feet. I wear No. 26's myself."

"Do, eh?"

"Yes. You see the peculiarity of our fellows was they had such big feet they couldn't fall down when they were shot. After an action the officers went round calling the roll. When a man didn't answer they knew he had been promoted to a happier land than ours; so they just dug a grave right behind him, and flopped him over and filled him in."

And solemnly handing their badges over to the champion incidenter the members put out the campfire and went home.

Peon and German.

[*Mexican Financier.*]

The condition of the peon laborer of this country, much as it needs to be improved, compares favorably with hundreds of thousands of European toilers. A German twig broom maker, by constant labor, earns a daily wage of fifteen cents, of which thirteen must go for food, the items being bread, three cents; coffee and sugar, two cents; beer, two cents; potatoes and sauerkraut, three cents, and all other food, three cents. His yearly expenditure for clothing is a trifle over $7. And this man, it should be borne in mind, works in a climate of rigorous Winters, necessitating warm clothing and secure shelter. Comparing his lot with that of a peon in the hot country States, we can see no reason for lamenting the condition of the Mexican laborer.

He Knew Her.

"Homely women up here in Minnesota," remarked a guest at one of the White Bear Lake hotels to a fellow occupant of the shady porch. "Now, just look at that woman, going down to the boat house!" "Don't like her looks, I suppose?" queried the second occupant. "Red-headed and wearing a gown! Why, she hasn't got any taste." "She's freckled, too," continued the second speaker. "And pigeon-toed. Why nature owes that woman an apology for her looks." "And yet I once thought she was a very attractive girl." "Do you know her?" asked the first speaker. "Oh, yes," replied the second, "she's my wife."

Portraits of Two Famous Women.

[*Philadelphia Telegraph.*]

When Mr. F. E. Spinner was Treasurer he used to honor some of the prettiest young lady clerks in his office by having their features given to some of the goddesses that grace our currency. But the head of Martha Washington which adorns the new $1 certificate and an idealized head of Dolly Madison are the only accredited portraits of distinguished women I can learn of being used in this way.

It Makes a Difference.

Banker—"What a very illegible signature old Moneybags has! I had one of his checks today and the name was scarcely decipherable." Baker—"I never saw his signature but once. Then it was always plain enough for a blind man to read it." Banker—"Where did you see it?" Baker—"Opposite the sum of ten dollars on a subscription list."

She Agreed With Him.

"It's meat and drink to me to meet a jolly good fellow like Smith," said Jones.

"Well, judging from the condition you come home in when you have been with Smith," said Mrs. Jones, with asperity, "I should say it was meet and drink."

A Wise Girl.

[*New York Sun.*]

Miss Ethel—Have you and George had a quarrel, Clara?

Miss Clara—No, indeed. It is getting too near Christmas for me to quarrel with George, dear fellow.

Dead in All But the Name.

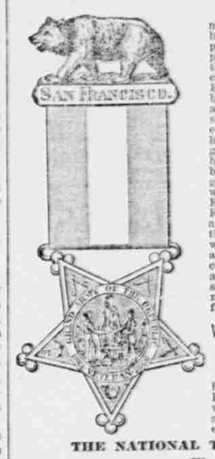
William and Mary College, at Williamsburg, Va. (the ancient capital of the State), is dead in all but the name, yet it still retains its privileges by a curious custom. Every morning the aged President rings the college bell, though not one student responds. The college is open and the charter is not forfeited.

An Awful Doom

of any nature is usually avoided by those who have foresight. Those who read this who have foresight will lose no time in writing to Hallett & Co., Portland, Me., to learn about work which they can do at a profit of from $5 to $25 and upwards per day and live at home, wherever they are located. Some have earned over $50 in a day. All is new. Capital not required. You are started free. Both sexes. All ages. Particulars free. A great reward awaits every worker.

SOUVENIR OF SAN FRANCISCO.

A Beautiful Remembrance of the 20th Encampment.



We have secured a number of the superb badges which were prepared at great expense for souvenirs of the 20th National Encampment at San Francisco. The G.A.R. badges, the appearance of which is shown by the cut, are elegantly engraved, heavily plated with gold, and suspended by a red, white and blue ribbon from a golden bar. These were sold during the Encampment at San Francisco at $2 each, and actually cost more than that amount. We will send one to any address upon the receipt of $1, and guarantee it to be entirely satisfactory or the money will be refunded.

WOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS BADGES.

We have also a number of the Woman's Relief Corps badges, which we will send to any address at 50 cents each. Address

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE,
Washington, D. C.

FAGOTS FROM THE CAMP-FIRE,

A THRILLING ACCOUNT OF

SCOUTING IN EAST TENNESSEE,

by Confederate soldiers. This is a moving story of the experience of soldiers and people of the South; how they loved and hated, starved and died; and abounds in fun, constantly intermingled with the tenderest pathos. Its descriptions of scenery and people and modes of life in East Tennessee, Northern Georgia and Alabama, and of the morals and manner of thinking of the people and soldiers of the South, and of the relations of these to the negroes, are indescribably attractive.

The book, which is bound in paper, has heretofore sold at 75 cents; but THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE has secured a small lot, which it will furnish to its subscribers in any part of the country, *postage paid*, for 50 cents; or we will send a free copy to whoever sends us in a *Club of five*.

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE,
Washington, D. C.

OFFICERS, ATTENTION!

The Act of June 5, 1884, granting pay to officers who were commissioned but not mustered, and who failed to receive pay in accordance with the rank their commission entitled them to, expires by limitation June 5, 1887. It is important that all such claims should be filed before the limitation, or they will be forever barred.

Officers' Pensions that are rated at a lower grade than that to which they are entitled can now be rated according to the rank they bore by virtue of their commissions held at date of contraction of disability.

Persons entitled should address

GEORGE E. LEMON,
Attorney-at-Law,
615 Fifteenth Street, Washington, D. C.

Refer to the CITIZENS' NATIONAL BANK, Washington, D. C.

Rejected Claims

Of Officers and Enlisted Men for value of

HORSES LOST

while in the service, can often be **Reopened and Reconsidered** under more liberal laws and rulings, which provide for losses resulting from *any* exigency of the service.

Claims of this character not filed in the Department prior to Jan. 9, 1884, are barred by limitation, but in view of the probable extension of the law at some future date, I advise those interested to correspond with me at once.

GEORGE E. LEMON, Attorney, etc.
615 Fifteenth St. N. W.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Mention The National Tribune.

LANDS!

I will prosecute before the General Land Office and Department of the Interior, contested and *ex-parte* cases arising under the homestead, pre-emption, timber culture, desert and mineral land laws. Special attention given to cases suspended upon reports of Special Agents, or for any other cause, and to repayment on canceled entries.

GEORGE E. LEMON,
615 15th St. N. W., Washington, D. C.