was able to give Mr. Covode seemed to justify these conclusions.

After breakfast Mr. Covode took me to the Capitol, and the first person I met was J. W. Forney, then editor of the Philadelphia *Press*, and also Secretary of the Senate, to whom I was introduced by Mr. Covode. Mr. Forney impressed me most favorably; in truth, I felt more at home with him than with my old friend Covode—probably because Mr. Forney had the acquired art of drawing out his subjects, and was more competent to practice the suave gentleman than was the sturdy, honest old John. I was, for a time, taken in charge by Mr. Forney, who in turn introduced me to several Senators, among the rest the Hon. Edgar Cowan, of Pennsylvania. I remember Mr. Forney saying in an aside to Senator Cowan and the others to whom I was introduced: "He is a capital subject." Mr. Forney did me another valuable service at this time. Of course I had no money. I had been depending upon the generous pocketbook of my good friend Barker. I soon made Mr. Covode acquainted with my circumstances by a request for some immediate and active service in the field in which I could earn my own support.

Mr. Forney had a clerk make out some sort of a "voucher," which I think must have been for mileage and witness fees; any way, another clerk cashed the paper for me, and in this way I was furnished at once with quite a nice little pile of crisp, new greenbacks from the Secretary of the Senate.

This was

THE FIRST AND ONLY CASH

that I have ever received for all those months of secret service—of trial, distress and danger—excepting that which THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE has paid me for my "recollections of those unforgotten days."

Among the other members of the Pennsylvania delegation to whom I was introduced that morning was the Hon. S. S. Blair, then and now a resident of Hollidaysburg. As Mr. Blair is the sole survivor of those who were with me at that time, I desire particularly that his testimony should be added to establish the correctness of this narrative, or to serve as a review notice if it ever attains to the distinction of a criticism or becomes the subject of a controversy.

The Hon. J. K. Moorehead, who represented Pittsburg, was another of the delegation in my interest. Thus it will be seen that through the management of Mr. Forney the entire Western Pennsylvania delegation, including the Democratic Senator, (Cowan, of Greensburg,) had been interested in my report.

As I have before stated I paid but little attention to these details at the time. I had but one request, and that was that I should be commissioned as a Second Lieutenant in the Regular cavalry service, and detailed on the General Staff in active field service. I wanted to go at once to the field, and cared but little for the "effect of my testimony" before the committee, or pecuniary reward for the service.

Mr. Forney said in his pleasant way, that was so grateful to me that I have not forgotten a word of it: "Why, certainly; you must have that at least, if not more." But, turning to Covode, he continued: "Curtin can do better than that for us."

Covode thought anything whatever that I wanted could be done; but he suggested kindly that it would be better for me not to take a commission in the volunteer regiments of my own State of Pennsylvania, because I should have to be put in over the heads of some others, and that would make it unpleasant for me personally.

I agreed with Mr. Covode heartily in that. I had been in the rebel service long enough to see that this sort of thing didn't work there; because Claiborne, the Mississippi Lieutenant, was really treated as a foreigner or outsider by the rest of us "refugees from Maryland." So it was arranged between them that I should have a commission in the Regular Army. In support of this Mr. Forney kindly talked to Senator Cowan in my behalf, who expressed some doubts about getting a Lieutenancy, saying in his plain way:

"Why, we may just as well ask the Secretary to make him a Brigadier-General; he can do that, because they are making Generals every day, but they are not making Lieutenants in the Regular Army."

But Mr. Forney insisted, in his agreeable way: "But, my dear sir, here is a young man from our State who has done the Government more service than some of our Generals. He has been all over Virginia, and knows all about the rebel army and all about Richmond, from personal visits; why"—with an expression of disgust—"his services are simply indispensable at this time. He should be sent down to the army, where the information he has gained will be of immediate use to us."

The only answer that Senator Cowan made to this appeal, as he looked me all over critically, as he would if buying horse:

"You have the right sort of grit in you, but I don't believe we can get it."

It was arranged between them all that I should first give my

TESTIMONY BEFORE THE JOINT COMMITTEE

on the Conduct of the War. While Mr. Covode and I walked together over to the committee room on the House side of the Capitol, he cautioned me in his fatherly way not to talk too much, and only to answer such questions as he would suggest.

On a certain page of the printed document containing the report of the Committee on the Conduct of the War, will be found only that portion of my testimony that Mr. Covode and Mr. Forney, as my managers, thought advisable to put on record at the time. The entire story was detailed at different times to Mr. Forney and Mr. Covode, but has never been made fully public until the present time.

It will be remembered by those who have read this story that my report, in substance, was that I had learned before the battle of Bull Run, by a scout into Joe Johnston's lines, on the Secretary of War's recommendation, that there was positively no rebel force in front of Gen. Patterson at the time he had declined to move forward. My report was not credited by Fitz-John Porter, who was then Gen. Patterson's Chief of Staff, and as a result Johnston reinforced Beauregard and Patterson failed to prevent it, and neglected to aid McDowell. I had after this gone to Beauregard's headquarters, and had been interviewed personally by him as a Maryland refugee. I was detailed about the rebel telegraph office at Manassas at his own request, and during the several days that I remained there I had learned from the messages I overheard passing over the wires to Richmond that the rebel army was reduced very much, and there was at no time any danger from an invasion of Maryland, as McClellan had reported to his Government.

I had, in fact, obtained the official report of this in the handwriting of the rebel Surgeon-General, Dr. Cartwright, that 30 per cent. of the rebel force was sick with an epidemic, and absent.

This important document, that I had nearly succeeded in smuggling out when I was captured at the house, nearly in sight of Washington, I had deposited under a porch out in Virginia.

I now proposed to Mr. Covode that I should go out to that same house, under the protection of an escort, and try to find that paper. Mr. Covode was anxious that this should be done, and agreed that the details should be arranged for me to make the attempt.

We will see hereafter how this resulted.

In addition to these important facts, I myself had seen the Quaker guns, and had reported their presence. I had, later on, communicated the

PROPOSED INVASION OF MARYLAND

via the Upper Potomac, as I heard of it in Richmond, late in October. It will be remembered that it was to learn something definite in regard to this rumored invasion that I decided to remain in Richmond after I had made my plans to return home via the James River.

This, in brief, was the result of my secret-service trip. Anyone can see its important bearing.

While it would be folly for me to claim that the Bull Run disaster would have been averted if my report of no enemy in front of Patterson had been acted upon, it will at least show that even so early as July, 1861, Gen. Fitz-John Porter, a native of my State, was, to say the least, responsible for advising the decrepit old Gen. Patterson against a movement that might have averted disaster. McClellan's army could have successfully advanced any time up to October.

It should be remembered that these facts were all reported, officially, 25 years ago, and that I am prepared to establish their correctness.

After I had finished my testimony to suit Mr. Covode, and had been severely cross-examined by some of the opposition members of the committee, I was told, through my friend Covode, that I should make myself perfectly comfortable; that he and the rest of the delegation would see that I was properly cared for.

I felt that a great load had been taken off my shoulders in this one day; that the secrets of my trip, which I had been carrying around with me among rebels and friends for months, had been safely deposited with the Government, and that I was at last free and could do as I pleased once more.

I had worn the rebel uniform to the Capitol and into the committee room, and given my testimony standing at "attention" in it.

In giving my full testimony to the Committee on the Conduct of the War, I had no thought of antagonizing the War Department. My secret service was, in a manner, "irregular," and instead of reporting direct to the War Office or to a General in the field, I was induced to give the story to a committee that was investigating both. In this way it was not "suppressed" in anybody's interest, but it afterwards had the effect of antagonizing certain War Department detectives against my subsequent services, as will be seen further on.

The first thing that I did with some of the money which had been given me was to trim myself out from head to foot in the best suit of clothes that I could find in Washington ready made. But I preserved the uniform for future use. The next number on the program was to take my brother and some of his friends to "Gautier's," which was then the celebrated French restaurant—or Chamberlain's of to-day—in Washington, where we indulged in a generous layout.

My return visit to Washington was some time in April or May, 1862. I cannot recall with any degree of certainty the length of time I spent in the city at the time. On one point I am safe enough—that is, that I was obliged to tarry longer than I wished. It was at a time when the Spring military operations were being started, slowly enough, by McClellan's great Army of the Potomac. I was most

ANXIOUS TO BE ON HAND

when he should get into Richmond, that I might be able to make good my words to Capitola, that I should return an officer. I didn't say what kind of a uniform I expected to wear, but I had lots of fun to myself over the long-hoped-for and expected "surprise" when I should ride into Richmond in a blue uniform, a staff officer of the Army of the Potomac.

While I remained in Washington waiting for an office, like the office-seekers that now hang about the Departments, I remember that I was continually worried with the dreadful thought that McClellan's great army of good-looking officers would get there while I was being tethered like a young steer in the Capital.

My case was "left entirely in the hands of my friends"—that is, I had nothing whatever to do with it but to wait, which was about the most difficult part of the job. As I recollect it, Mr. Covode was not on such particularly good terms with Mr. Stanton as he had been with the Pennsylvania Secretary, Gen. Simon Cameron.

It is likely, too, that Mr. Covode's disposition to be continually "investigating things" caused the new administration of the War Department some annoyance. Covode was naturally Cameron's champion because they were both Pennsylvania politicians, if for no other reason. On account of some such feeling as this, perhaps, it was thought advisable among my "managers" that Mr. Covode should not personally bother Mr. Stanton in my interest; that part of the contract was to be left to Senator Cowan and John W. Forney, while Covode was to see Mr. Lincoln.

I loitered about the Capitol a great deal during the session each day, and I suppose, in my persistence and restlessness, I bothered these statesmen a good bit. I had assurances from Mr. Covode every day "that it was all right"; but I remembered that this was the exact way in which he talked to me on the former visit, and I was blunt enough to remind him of this truth, when he promptly got it back on me by saying:

"It would have been all right, too, if you had come back here, but we all thought you were dead for so long."

He explained over and over again that the War Office was so crowded on account of the proposed Spring campaign that it was impossible to do anything there in a rush.

One day Senator Cowan handed me a very brief note, which read about as follows, at the same time bluntly directing me to go to the War Department and watch my chance to present it personally:

HON. E. M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

DEAR SIR: The bearer is the young man who has given important testimony to the committee, about whom papers have been filed for an appointment where he can do the most good.

It is suggested that you may be able to learn something of additional value from him.

Yours, truly, EDGAR COWAN.

The Senator didn't give me a chance to ask him any foolish questions, but left me abruptly to talk to a group of persons who were there waiting for him. I saw Mr. Forney and showed him the letter, which somehow or other was not satisfactory to me.

Mr. Forney folded it up and handed it back to me, saying in his elegant way:

"You just take that paper up to Stanton, and hang to him till he sees you." Then in a fatherly way he gave me the advice: "Let him do all the talking; you just answer his questions."

In an hour I was

AT THE OLD WAR DEPARTMENT

again. I first put on my gray jacket, but had covered it with a light Spring duster or overcoat at Covode's suggestion.

The War Department of 1862 was a desolate looking old affair, built in something after the architectural style of the four-story barracks we see in a well-kept arsenal reservation. On the second floor a long corridor extended from one end of the building to the other, running east and west, on each side of which were the rooms of the principal Chiefs. In the southeast corner, nearest to the White House, was the Secretary's apartments, with the location of which I was somewhat familiar because of some previous long "waits" and mighty short interviews with Mr. Cameron when he was Secretary.

On this visit, as before, I found in this corridor long rows of people seated along the wall. There were ladies and gentlemen of all kinds, blustering officers, and a few sick-looking soldiers, big fat contractors elbowing thin-faced Jewish sutlers, Congressmen, and in fact all sorts of people; and it is safe to say that every one of them had been there for hours, perhaps days, and, may be, in some cases, weeks previous, waiting their turn for an opportunity to get to talk to the Secretary on their own business, which, of course, was more important than anybody else's.

There was an Irish soldier of the Regular Army, in citizen's dress, on duty at the outside door as an Orderly or usher. When I saw all this gang there ahead of me I was, to say the least, stunned; but, profiting by past experience, I made a break for the Secretary's office, where I was stopped by the Orderly, who demanded my business. I was in a rebel uniform, but the Orderly didn't notice that; his orders were not to admit anybody at that time. I showed him my letter, saying with an assumption of importance that I was sent to the Secretary by Senator Cowan to present it personally. A Senator's, especially a Democratic Senator's, request was really of greater weight than half a dozen common Congressmen; because, you know, it was important just then that the Government should conciliate the loyal Democrats in Congress.

The fellow on duty took a card, wrote the Senator's name and my own on it, and invited me to a vacant chair inside of the Secretary's office. There were

ROWS OF PEOPLE

sitting alongside the wall in there also, just as there were out in the corridor. But I had gained one point; I was in the inner circle, at least.

I had never seen Secretary Stanton before, and was not nearly so anxious to see him after that as I had been before the visit. I need not describe Mr. Stanton. He looked just exactly as his pictures show him; in fact, his has always struck me as being one of the best likenesses that I have seen of all those great men. He was not so tall as one would judge from looking at a picture of his face. When I saw him, he stood at a small, high desk, located a little to one side of the room, and occupied, very much to my mind, the position of a school-teacher before an old-fashioned pulpit. The desk itself was a plain, square, long-legged affair, precisely such as we used to see our teachers stand behind, or more recently auctioneers at street sales. The sitters on the anxious-benches all around the front portion of this room, with their serious, watchful faces, helped the illusion that I was in the presence of a lecturer or Judge, awaiting my turn for sentence like the rest of the culprits.

After the attendant found me a chair alongside of a neat, natty-looking young officer in uniform on one hand, and a big, fat Congressman on the other, he laid my card, with the Senator's name, on Mr. Stanton's desk without speaking a word, and crept out of the room on his toes, as if he had been trying to steal something.

The Secretary was then standing beside his pulpit, talking in his earnest, positive way to some old gentleman; he was so intent on this business that he never once deigned to look at my card when it was left on his table. Of course we did not overhear the conversation between the Secretary and his visitor, and being at a loss for something to do, I turned to the young officer beside me and said something to him as to the prospect for a talk with the Secretary. He replied, in a very polite way, that he had been waiting for hours for a single word; that with him it was a question of life and death, but he couldn't get an audience until the Secretary called his name from the cards on his desk.

The young man had so impressed me by his serious manner that I became curious to know his errand, which he explained in a whispered conversation, to the effect that he was just from the bedside of a dying father, on his way to rejoin his command; his leave having expired he had stopped at Washington, and upon the indorsement of influential Congressmen he had called to ask the Secretary to extend his leave, so that he might be at his father's bedside, and perhaps bury him before finally leaving for the army. The officer told me all of this in a trembling voice, while his eyes were filled with tears. I felt so much sympathy for him that I offered to give him my time if my name should be called before his. At my urgent suggestion, and perhaps improperly, when the old gentleman was about to leave the Secretary, the young officer approached Mr. Stanton, who bluntly demanded his name. Then looking over his file of papers to see his indorsers, the young fellow, in the most genteel and effective way, stated his wishes to the Secretary. I shall never, never forget the harsh words Mr. Stanton spoke on that occasion; they "sank as deeply into my heart," perhaps, as they did also into that of the young officer.

"I cannot extend your leave, but

I WILL ACCEPT YOUR RESIGNATION!"

As he said this he handed back to the officer the papers he had filed, in a contemptuous sort of way, as if anxious to have him go away. Glancing him over briefly, the Secretary turned to look after the next victim on his list.

The officer mildly protested, saying: "Why, Mr. Secretary, I do not want to leave the service; I merely want to spend the last days——"

Here he was roughly interrupted by Mr. Stanton, who repeated in an angry tone, so that all could hear: "I'll accept your resignation, sir; that's all."

The poor fellow would not consent to be driven from the service in this way, even to attend his father's last wishes. When he returned to pick up his hat, which had been left on the chair beside me, his face was white and his hands trembled so that he could scarcely take hold of his hat. I assisted him, and together we left the Secretary's office in deep disgust. I had had enough for one day. On reporting the incident to Mr. Covode and others, they only mildly laughed at my indignation, while they expressed the cold-blooded opinion that it was only one of Stanton's ordinary jokes.

After this I was more than ever anxious to get out of Washington, and began to feel that I would be willing to take anything at all that savored of active service in the field, being perfectly content to leave my personal business with Mr. Stanton in the hands of my friends.

It was decided among them all that I should be taken to the White House to see Mr. Lincoln personally. All the arrangements for this visit were made, as nearly as I can recollect, without consulting me about it in any way at all. It was generally understood, I think, that I needed somebody to properly present my affairs, and that it was hardly worth while to bother with me about what was best for me. I only know now that I was told by Mr. Covode to get ready to accompany him to the White House.

"We are all going up in Gen. Moorehead's carriage, and want you to be on hand sure, as it is hard to get them all together."

I didn't know who "them" were until I came down to his room rigged out in a gray jacket. While we were waiting for the carriage to come around for us Mr. Covode explained further: "We're going to make a demand on the President for your pay out of the secret-service fund."

I had only heard in a general way that anything of this sort was contemplated. I can say here sincerely that my only desire and aim was for a commission in the Regular Army and a detail on the staff, where I should have a chance for active service in the field. While we waited Mr. Covode explained more fully: "You are entitled to this. The fund is being squandered shamefully by certain influences who are making the President believe that they are giving him valuable information. We all know that your service and experience has been of some practical use, and you are going to be paid for it, too, in cash as well as in promotion."

He had a way of saying things in a very emphatic style when he chose, and when I expressed my thanks for his interest and proffered a remuneration he began to talk bad grammar at me in such a way that I had to beg off.

The carriage called; in it were Senator Cowan, Gen. J. K. Moorehead, Member of Congress, of Pittsburg; Hon. S. S. Blair, of Hollidaysburg, and Hon. John Covode. I jumped up with the coachman, and we made a charge on the White House. Before we started off there was a short but pointed business consultation among them. Senator Cowan suggested:

"Now, we had better have an understanding before we go up there."

Gen. Moorehead agreed that this was necessary, and when I undertook to make a suggestion about getting Mr. Lincoln to give me a commission, Covode said in a fatherly way:

"Now, you've got to keep quiet."

The rest all thought this quite a funny remark. When Covode crawled into the carriage Mr. Moorehead said:

"WELL, WHAT'S THE PROGRAM?"

Covode explained that it was to be a demand for pay from the President's secret-service fund. No one had even suggested the amount, and I reckon Mr. Covode's idea was to leave this discretionary with the President; but Mr. Blair and Moorehead, who were business men as well as statesmen, insisted that it would be better to settle upon a sum in advance.

"Make it enough," said Mr. Blair.

"Yes; we may just as well make it $10,000," observed the Senator.

Mr. Moorehead shrewdly suggested, "We have to appropriate this secret-service money anyhow, and our votes will go for this amount."

Covode admitted that "We have given him hundreds of thousands of dollars for this use already, which McClellan's detectives are squandering in Washington."

This, in a general way, was the plan and purpose of the visit to Mr. Lincoln on that date.

It failed, not that the claim was rejected by the President; it was never presented to him or anybody else. When we reached the White House we were informed on the threshold that the President had that day gone to Fortress Monroe.

That ended it for that day and for all time. Soon after I left Washington for another wild trip. The same crowd was never again brought together in this interest. As I have said, I was not a good manager, and perhaps neglected my own interests in this respect.

I have to show my children, however, what is dearer to me than gold—a commission as a Second Lieutenant, signed by A. Lincoln and E. M. Stanton on parchment. That will remain for all time on the war records of my country.

A few days after this visit—the date of which may be fixed by a reference to the books, which will indicate the time of Mr. Lincoln's visit to Fortress Monroe—I saw Mr. Stanton personally, but only for a moment. I found that he was not such a dreadful person after all, as I expected to find him.

Before leaving Washington again for the Virginia front, I must tell of some other interviews with prominent officials, not that they were at all interesting in themselves, but principally because of their bearing on some of the events which followed.

As I have heretofore stated, my brother Spencer was employed in the War Department as a confidential telegraph operator.

Mr. T. T. Eckert, who is now the agent for Jay Gould in the management of his telegraph interests, and occupies the important position of First Vice-President and General Manager of all the Western Union Company's lines, was during the war the head or manager of the War Department telegraph at Washington. He was known as the "Major," in charge of the military telegraphs, though ostensibly Gen. Anson Stager, recently deceased in Chicago, was the officer who had the general control of all the military telegraphs throughout the United States. Mr. Eckert represented in Washington the interests of the Western Union stockholders.

Mr. D. Homer Bates, the school-fellow and companion of my boyhood, who had also been early pressed into the military service by Col. Thomas A. Scott, who was the first to reach Washington with the Telegraph and Railroad Corps on the call of Mr. Lincoln, was at this time, as well as during all the years of the war, the chief among the large force of operators then employed in Washington city.

"Homer," as we all familiarly knew the large-eyed, gentle boy of 1861-'62, was, till its sale to Gould, President of the B. & O. Telegraph System, with a salary equal to that of the best paid Presidents. He is still Homer to me, and remains the constant, true friend of my life, and though his hair is prematurely gray, his bright eyes and gentle manners are but slightly "improved" by years of success. He is known among telegraphers to-day, from a striking resemblance in appearance and manner, as the Oscar Wilde of the telegraph. As Mr. Bates, from his position in the War Office, was familiar with my wanderings, I am permitted to refer to him for the truth of my story.

He was the one special operator who was daily, even hourly, in the presence of Mr. Stanton and Mr. Lincoln, as it was his duty to deliver in person all important messages to these officers. What he could tell of hours and nights of anxiety, the agony and suspense, as well as the delights and surprises of Mr. Lincoln over the receipt of certain important dispatches from the Generals in the front during all these years of close intimacy, would make a large and interesting book in itself.

I have preserved in my own memory a few of these incidents and some of the "scenes" at the War Department between Stanton and others, on the occurrence of the receipt of the good and the bad news, which I obtained in a "professional way;" but as this matter would be foreign to this personal narrative I can only give that which referred to my own experience.

My brother and Homer, as well as my father and nearly all the sensible friends I had, were anxious that I should enter the service of the

MILITARY TELEGRAPH CORPS.

I wanted active service in the field, and though part of the Telegraph Corps was engaged in the front at headquarters, and some flattering inducements had been offered to me in this direction, I knew from personal observation that their work was necessarily of a clerical character, which was the one thing in war that I felt to be "incongruous"; therefore I fought shy of it.

Right here I may say that Maj. Eckert was at that time, as he has continued through the 25 years that have followed, rather stern. I do not mean to say that he was not gentlemanly or courteous with me; he was simply one of those positive, rather aggressive men in manner, that impressed one with the idea that he must have everything his own way.

That was my earliest impression, and the years that have followed have fully confirmed the correctness of this view. It has been my lot to subsequently serve in a subordinate capacity under Maj. Eckert since the war. I was a Manager and Superintendent of Telegraphs for him during a little rebellion we have had since,—the riots at Pittsburg,—when he was kind enough to make a special order commending my zeal and valuable service; so that there is nothing personal intended in the way of reflection.

My purpose is to relate now for THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE a little scrap of war history that has not yet been published. I refer to the jealousy and intrigues going on between the telegraph officials at the War Office and the Signal Corps, and also to give a little scrap of the inside or secret history of the censorship of the telegraph at the War Department, which may account for a great deal of the trouble—not to say cussedness—that came between President Lincoln and his Generals in the field.

[To be continued.]

A Bloody Affray

is often the result of "bad blood" in a family or community, but nowhere is bad blood more destructive of happiness and health than in the human system. When the life current is foul and sluggish with impurities, and is slowly distributing its poisons to every part of the body, the peril to health, and life even, is imminent. Early symptoms are dull and drowsy feelings, severe headaches, coated tongue, poor appetite, indigestion, and general lassitude. Delay in treatment may entail the most serious consequences. Don't let disease get a strong hold on your constitution, *but treat yourself* by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and be restored to the blessings of health. All druggists.

Eve's Question.

[Boston Herald.]

A little Chelsea girl of five years passed last Summer on a farm in Maine. Green-apple time was at hand, and her aunt, to whose care she had been confined, cautioned her against eating them. But little Eve could not resist the forbidden fruit. No particular harm resulted, but her aunt felt it her duty to again point out the danger. "I once knew a little girl," she said, "who eat two green apples one day. She was sick all night, and in the morning she was dead." Silence reigned, for the little one was very thoughtful. At last she looked up and said: "Do you think Dod would forgive me if I only eat one dreen apple and only took two or three bites out of another?"

His Luck.

[Boston Transcript.]

"I've had a hard time of it," murmured a gone-to-seed specimen of humanity. "The fact is, luck has always been against me. There's 'Tom' Jones and 'Bill' Smith, both of them well-to-do, while I'm poor as poverty. I don't see how it is. Neither 'Tom' nor 'Bill' was any kind of a fellow; never was ready for a spree, while I was always ready for anything, and willing to spend my last cent on a good time. And yet, see how luck has served me! I haven't got a cent to my name and they're both rich. I don't understand it! It's a hard world anyhow, unless a feller's got luck on his side."

"What ye sow, that shall ye also reap." If we sow good seed, we may confidently expect good results; hence, it behooves every man and woman to carefully consider where the best seed may be obtained. Seed that is warranted pure, fresh and raised on his own farms, is what the veteran seed grower, James J. H. Gregory, of Marblehead, Mass., offers the public, and his well-known integrity makes his warranty a valuable one. Send for his 1888 catalogue.

John Remained After School.

[Boston Commercial.]

Teacher—John, what are your boots made of?

Boy—Of leather.

"Where does the leather come from?"

"From the hide of the ox."

"What animal, therefore, supplies you with boots and gives you meat to eat?"

"My father."

Necessity the Mother of Propriety.

[St. Albans (Vt.) Messenger.]

A nine-year-old boy in a neighboring town in this County was thus addressed one day by his mother, after some visitors had left the house: "Why, how well you behaved my son, while the callers were here." Quoth the dutiful son: "I had to, mother; my trousers were ripped."

Juvenilia.

[Boston Globe.]

When Eddie was about three years old and Harry one, they each had a peach given them. Eddie ate his with great relish, then turned to Harry, who stood looking at his, and said: "Harry, I wouldn't eat that old woolly thing."

Puzzled.

[Boston Globe.]

Hattie Symonds, a little-four-year old, upon seeing a lady who, having a fever, was obliged to have her hair shingled like a man's, distinguished the lady from her husband by saying, "the Mr. Huntly that wears dresses and the Mr. Huntly that wears pants."

A Fair Trial

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla for scrofula, salt rheum, or any affection caused by impure blood, is sufficient to convince any one of the superior and peculiar curative powers of this medicine. The following statement is right to the point:

"My daughter Mary was afflicted with scrofulous sore neck from the time she was 22 months old till she became 6 years of age. Lumps formed in her neck, causing great annoyance, and two of them, after growing to the size of a pigeon's egg, broke and discharged. One became a running sore for more than three years. We thought we would give Hood's Sarsaparilla a thorough trial. We began with it in January, and in a few months, after she had taken five bottles, all suppuration had ceased. We then waited three months, when, as a new lump was beginning to form, we again gave her Hood's Sarsaparilla. After she had taken less than two bottles the lump and all indications of scrofula had entirely disappeared, and now she seems to be a healthy child."—J. S. CARLILE, Naught, N. J.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

He Knew All About It.

[Texas Siftings.]

A rather shabbily dressed man, with a large book under his arm, inserted his nose into the orifice through which railroad tickets at the Union depot at Austin are sold.

"What can I do for you?" asked Pete Lawless, the genial ticket agent.

"How much does a ticket to Dallas cost?"

"Seven dollars and fifty cents."

"Well, I've got all but the $7."

"That's hardly enough."

"Look here, my friend, I'm a book agent, and I got roped into a little game of poker, and I want to get out of town. Now, if I stay here I'll have to drum, and I'm a terror. I've talked lots of people into the lunatic asylum. You don't want me to talk you silly, do you!"

"Suppose you try."

"In the interests of the people of Austin you want to help me leave this town. My staying here a week will retard its growth 10 years."

"So you are really a book agent. What book are you selling?"

A galvanized smile spread over the man's face, like a lot of butter on a hot buttered-cake, and in a sing-song voice he remarked:

"I am offering the public, in 17 volumes, 'Dr. Bumblebee's Observations in Palestine,' a book that should be in every household, a book that not only contains the views of the learned savant on what he saw in the Holy Land, but numerous speculations and theories about what he did not see, altogether forming a complete library of deep research, pure theology and chaste imagery. I am not selling this incomparable encyclopedia, but am giving it away at a ridiculously low figure—"

The agent paused. He expected that the ticket agent would be bored, but he was not. On the contrary, he seemed to be amused and pleased.

"Hadn't you better give me a ticket, instead of having me talk you to death?"

"Talk me to death! Why, man alive, I like to hear it. Say it over."

"Say it over?" queried the bewildered book agent.

"Yes, I was a book agent myself before I went into the railroad business, and what you say is music to me. It calls back hallowed memories of the past and makes me want to go on the road again. Why, man alive, I could listen to you all day. I wouldn't have you leave Austin for any thing. Come around every day and we will swap experiences."

The book agent closed his book with a bang, and faded away like a beautiful dream, in the direction of a saloon where they set out a free lunch. He had met his match for once.

The Secret of His Success.

[Detroit Free Press.]

Burt was 12 years old. He came home from Sunday-school one day, and said he had taught a class of little boys.

"What possessed you to do such a thing?" asked his mother.

"O, I get along first rate. They began to giggle, and I told them if they didn't quit it I would kick every last one of them when Sunday-school was out. The Superintendent said it was the stillest class there was."

A Faithful Little Brother.

[Omaha World.]

Omaha Man—You naughty boy. Dick, don't you know better than to ask people how much money they have? I hope you will excuse the child, Mr. Nicefellow.

Mr. Nicefellow—Of course, of course. The little fellow didn't know what he was talking about.

Little Dick—Yes I did, too. Sis said she wished she knew and I wanted to tell her.

Mexican Joke.

Police Justice—How is this, prisoner? You are accused of having abstracted $50 from a pocketbook which you found in the street before returning it to its owner.

Prisoner—The charge is correct, Your Honor.

Police Justice—What! Have you the effrontery to acknowledge it without a blush?

Prisoner—It's all right, Your Honor; I only kept the money as a reward for my honesty.

Experience proves that nothing else so surely destroys scrofula, as Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

FOR THE LADIES.

—"Yes," he said, "I used to be troubled with cold feet at night, too; but that was some years ago."

"Then you never are now?"

"No, not since I've been a widower."

—Helen of Troy may have had bogus jewels in her ears and false diamonds around her neck when she raised such a fuss in ancient society circles, for it is said that even before Troy was built, emeralds and other jewels were imitated in glass.

—Mrs. Kerless—You seem greatly changed and improved since your return from Europe, Mr. Thompson.

Mr. Thompson—Oh, vastly, I assure you. Why, I'm a different man altogether.

Mrs. Kerless—Indeed! How pleasant that must be for Mrs. Thompson.—*Boston Beacon.*

—Yonkers *Statesman:* "What's the tariff to do with it, anyhow? Just look at ladies' bonnets, how high they are; and yet there is very little protection about them."

—Mrs. Letitia Bowce, who died recently in Sugar Loaf Valley, Minn., at the age of 99 years, had rather a romantic career. When young she was one of the most beautiful women in Pennsylvania. Her family name was Duncan, and her father was anxious that she should marry a young man by the name of James Buchanan, but she loved another, and not being able to marry him, decided to remain single. Young Buchanan afterward was President of the United States. Miss Duncan, with a married sister, settled in Minnesota 35 years ago. When she was 84, and really in her second childhood, she was inveigled into marrying a worthless, dissipated fellow much younger than herself, who got control of her property and deserted her.

—A woman of fine complexion has admitted that it is due to the milk in the cocoanut. Her formula is this: Take a fresh cocoanut, grate it, place it in a cloth and squeeze out the milk. Wash the face and hands with the liquid, rubbing a great deal, the more the better, and wipe with a soft cloth. The effect is wonderful and instantaneous.

—Modesty is regarded as chic in Paris now, and dresses are worn long.

—Seven years ago a merchant of Ellsworth, Me., added by mistake a door mat to the purchases which a lady had made. He didn't know anything about it, but she did, and after suffering the constant prickings of conscience for the seven years she sent him the price of the mat.

—The fashionable rage for turquoises this year has been a blessing to jewelers who happened to have a stock of the little blue stones. Gems that sold for $1 each a year ago now fetch from $12 to $15.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

—A man was tried at Muncie last week for disturbing a religious meeting. His offense consisted in reading a newspaper during the services. The court could not see the disturbance and the defendant was acquitted.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—A young preacher picked up Bishop Pierce's hat and put it on his own head, and it was exactly a fit.

"Why, Bishop," said he, "your head and mine are exactly the same size."

"Yes," replied the Bishop, "on the outside."—*Little Rock (Ark.) Methodist.*

—The 40-years-old man who will deliberately go down a toboggan slide the second time, has either led a very righteous life or he is making a big bluff.—*The Talk of the Day.*

—It is an easy thing to be a philosopher, but it is hard to make it pay.—*Boston Journal of Education.*

—Dar is one sho' way o' tellin' er wise man from er fool. Ef de bizness scheme o'er pusson turns out ter be money-makin', he's a wise man; ef not, he's er fool.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—"What is the last witness's reputation for truth and veracity, Mr. Blumker?"

"Very bad, sir, very bad."

"Did you personally ever know him to tell an untruth?"

"I know he owns a dog, of which he is very proud."

"That will do, sir. You can stand down."—*Boston Transcript.*

—Tramps are quitting the vicinity of Jacksonville, Fla., in great haste. This action is due to a Judge of the city who, taking advantage of an old State law, has ordered the Sheriff to lay 39 lashes on the bare back of each tramp that he catches.

—There has been a decrease in stealing among the bad negroes of Oglethorpe County, Ga., since a recent occurrence. A planter killed hogs, and left them hanging outdoors all night. The temptation was more than a neighbor, a colored man, could resist; he shouldered a big hog, not stopping to remove the stick which ran through its hind legs, and by which it hung. As he was climbing a fence the hog slipped and the stick caught in the thief's neck, which was broken by the weight, and the dead hog and the dead negro were found together next morning.

—An artist once gave a little supper at his studio, and he put in his invitations B. S. O. V. The letters puzzled some people, who found when they went to the supper that they meant: "Bring some cold victuals."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

"Do you intend to hear the new minister to-morrow?" inquired a member of the Deacon. "No, I don't. I'm not going to hear any new preacher until I know what folks think about him." "But you ought to use your own judgment." "I never work on Sunday."—*Hartford Times.*

—Some people see fun in coasting. Other people go down hill fast enough without getting on a sled.—*Somerville Journal.*

—The pen is a mighty engine, and it sometimes runs away with the engineer.—*Chicago Times.*

—The Episcopal Bishop Garret, of Texas, wants clergymen in his jurisdiction. "But they must be," he says, "men who know how to take care of themselves along the frontiers. Brave, sturdy fellows, not afraid of the open mouth of a revolver nor yell of a drunken cowboy. Men with muscles of steel, who can, any of them, throw a yearling steer over a wire fence as easily as he can jerk a lawless coyote out of a religious meeting if he attempts to make a disturbance." Such men are not picked up in the theological seminaries every day.

THE QUESTION SQUAD.

Comrades' Queries and Replies—Odds and Ends of Information.

[Comrades answering these inquiries are requested to write directly to the persons asking for the information, and not to THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.]

Wm. E. Hooper, 737 Spring Garden street, Philadelphia, Pa., wants the address of any officers or men of Co. K, 27th Me., who served with him while doing picket duty during the Winter of 1862 and 1863, south of Alexandria, Va., while at Camp Vermont, or Chantilly, Va.——Geo. W. Hilling, Maywood, Ill., wants to know the whereabouts of Emery and John C. Beard, who left Bozeman, Mont., in 1868, for Oregon.——Mrs. Maria L. Billings, Nora Springs, Iowa, would like the address of her brother, James Bates, of 1st Wis. H. A.——Milton Elsell, Co. D, 1st regiment, V. R. C., Hollansburg, O., wants the address of Hospital Steward Knapp, who had charge of Section 3 at the Navy-Yard, Annapolis, Md., in 1863; also, of Lewis S. Hibb and Henry C. Farmer, of same company and regiment.——Mrs. L. J. Stephens, Guelph, Ontario, wishes the names and addresses of the doctor and nurses on duty at the Judiciary Square Hospital, Washington, D. C., from May until December, 1862.——William Carr, Guerneville, Cal., would like to know the address of John F. Moran, Co. H, 2d Mass.; better known as "Tap Scott."——Oscar L. Cady, Co. K, 146th N. Y., Lincoln, Neb., desires the addresses of Serg't Broadwick, Battery D, 5th U. S. Art.; James Moran and Frank Ledlow, Assistant Surgeon of the Division Hospital, Fifth Corps.——L. W. David, Dolton, Wis., wishes the address of N. F. Craigue, Colonel, 4th Wis. Cav.——Isaac H. Gary, Monett, Mo., wants to know the whereabouts of John E. Merritt, 55th Ill.; last heard from was at New Holland, Ill.——N. H. Edwards, Co. E, 6th Ind. Cav., Harmony, Ark., would like to correspond with some member of his company.——Thomas Brady, Hunter, N. Y., would like to know the names of the Colonel, and Captains of Co's A and E, 15th N. Y. H. A., in 1865.——Samuel Warren, Co. K, 101st Iowa, Middle Spring, Iowa, wants the address of Elijah Warren, a teamster in Banks's Division.——J. R. Wilson, Co. C, 3d Pa., Mill Creek, Pa., would like the address of some member of his company who served under Capt. Miles G. Carter in 1864, '65.——Andrew Metzger, Brookville, Ind., wants to know the whereabouts of any comrade of Co. D, 2d Cal.——H. C. Green, North East,