I have never recovered from the first, and never expect to."

Cannon to the right of us, cannon to the front of us, cannon to the left of us had "volleyed and thundered," and were now thundering to right, to front and to rear of our left, while the discharges of musketry were incessant. To our left rear it seemed a continuous, unbroken roll and roar, like the fall of waters at Niagara, broken only now and then by the heavier detonating thunders of artillery. The very air was in commotion from the constant roar of battle; the sun shone yellowish and ghastly through an atmosphere saturated with sulphur and darkened with smoke, both from burnt powder and burning twigs and leaves upon the ground. During a temporary lull another detail of men was sent after water, but the enemy was found in possession of the springs, and they were compelled to return to their thirst-suffering comrades with canteens empty—empty! None can better understand than the battle-thirst-parched soldier the ominous rattle, or in its full force the suffering in store because of the return of those canteens empty. Serg't John A. Jones, of Co. I, commenting on this portion of manuscript submitted to him for correction, said: "On Sunday evening my lips were parched, cracked and sore from thirst, the only such thing that happened to me during the war."

Presently—for we had no exact knowledge of the time—the enemy essayed to take the battery that was situated on an elevation to our right and slightly to our rear. The men at the battery prepared as best they could to meet the charge, serving their guns grandly, making each discharge do terrible execution as a triple line surged across the semi-open space, apparently determined to crush the men at the guns by the mere weight and impetus of their column.

By the right flank, on the double quick, we hastened to the battery's support. The battery's pieces, hot-throated and hoarse, were hurling their missiles against the assaulting columns; balls went crashing through and shells bursting among them. In vain the enemy threw themselves forward with an energy full of desperation, to seize the guns whose brazen mouths were belching into their midst

DESTRUCTION AND DEATH.

We struck the enemy in the flank when near where we started in upon our brilliant charge of yesterday. Here delivering an enfilading volley, our rifle-balls went tearing through their ranks, turning the tide of battle there and saving the battery. Pausing long enough to hurl after them a cheer of victory, the regiment about-faced and started back to the works on the double quick. The about-face did not occur an instant too soon, for the tide of battle was again pouring out upon us from the forest's depths along the creek; again their artillery opened and their iron hail came plunging and shrieking among us as by the left flank we moved rapidly in return to our line of logs and rails, which lay a short remove from the battery. In this movement we encountered a most trying ordeal. Our flank was receiving a perfect tornado of shot and shell. Some of the men were showing a disposition to scatter. They did not appear to comprehend just what was expected of them, and in this uncertain state of mind gave signs of breaking away.—a drifting, as it were, the line losing that condition of military compactness and form so essential to usefulness. At this moment someone called at the top of his voice, "For God's sake, men, keep together," and was answered with "What's the use? we can't stand this." Then another called in a clear, distinct voice, its modulation showing the collected control of its owner, "Back to the works, men; back to the works." Its tones gave confidence and strength, and with returning assurance came the morale of the soldier. The command was suspicious and at once taken up. "Back to the works" rang out on every hand, and resulted in bringing the men together in good shape, with not a second to spare; for the enemy, keenly smarting under the discomfitures of yesterday and to-day, was intensely alert to possess themselves of every vantage, observing our part of the works tenantless, had pushed close up to take possession, which they would have done, settling themselves therein with perfect ease, had they had less, even, than three minutes in which to have done so. No sooner were we behind the lines of our defense than pandemonium surcharged let loose and rioted supreme on our front. For a time there seemed no avenue of escape, no shelter from the merciless, pelting storm of lead and iron. What with the burning leaves, twigs and branches upon the ground about our feet, the flaming logs and rails of our works, the blazing guns of the enemy and our own, we were literally surrounded by fire.

On the Federal line to our right the fire had been held until the rebels had hurled themselves against our lines, and, as was evident to us, their efforts had been attended with better success than had attained on our front. In the early afternoon the Johnnies to the front of our brigade could be seen moving to our left. Soon after, the firing on our front fell off and presently ceased, except that from sharpshooters. The breastworks that had served so well to cover our front in our late desperate encounter had been set on fire by the enemy's artillery, and in spite of our efforts to put it out the fire increased. Some time after the rout on the right, at perhaps 2 p. m. or a little later, our brigade was moved back to the rear, where the timber somewhat hid us from the enemy's sharpshooters, formed by columns of regiments in mass, the 11th Ohio and 18th Ky. in front, the 36th and 92d Ohio in rear, and lay down in a little depression that also aided in shielding us from view. So close were the regiments to each other that, as they lay there, the lines were scarcely distinguishable. We remained here about two hours, no enemy in force appearing to confront us. The firing worked round to our right and rear, shout answering yell as the wage of battle drifted back and forth over ground toward our rear, leaving us nothing to do but lay there among the timber, undergrowth, logs and fallen trees and dodge the enemy's shells, which came over us from almost opposite directions. The situation became most critical,

THE SURROUNDINGS AT TIMES AWFULLY GRAND.

The woods appeared to echo and re-echo every shot, until the roar was simply appalling. Great shells went screaming through the forests. In the trees over our heads, on our right, on our left shot and shell and finally grape raged and roared. By the larger projectiles, and the perfect hailstorm of small balls, great branches were cut off and fell from the large trees, and in some instances lesser trees were cut down by this driving storm of metal and fell in our midst, the men and officers hugging the ground and the shelter afforded by the fallen trees and logs, where any of sufficient dimensions could be found to shield. On this part of the battleground many trees were killed, the very life pelted out of them.

Some few years ago there was on the stage in the Music Hall in Cincinnati during a large gathering of old soldiers, a mounted section of the trunk of a tree that was cut down there by bullets at that time. No doubt thousands of the comrades who were there at the hall remember this relic of that bloody field. It is now in the parlor of Maj. Thomas M. Turner, of the 36th Ohio, later of Gen. Hayes's staff, now a resident in Hartwell, a suburb of Cincinnati. A curiosity to the old veterans of that fight worth seeing is that ball-scarred, ball-severed tree-trunk.

To our left and rear there had been kept up a terrific roar of musketry. We could, in a measure, tell by the yell and redoubling roar when an assault was being made, and by answering cheer if it had been repulsed; over and over again, as the hours dragged leaden-footed, or "slow like noontide ghost," had we listened to those sounds through that, to us, long, anxious day. While, as observed, we were not confronted for an hour or so by any heavy force, yet not long after we had moved back from our burning defenses, the rebel sharpshooters searched us out and became very annoying. Once during the time they advanced their skirmish-line and made a little excitement for a few moments. I think the 11th Ohio was called up and drove them back. At possibly another time Co. D of the 11th and D of the 36th were sent to dislodge some sharpshooters that were beginning to swarm, or had already swarmed, judging by the numerous balls that were being tendered for our reception, on our front and flanks.

I believe it was at this time that a portion of the 11th Ohio was detached from its brigade and did not rejoin it for some hours, and the detachment had done some masterly work as an independent command before it was able to again rejoin its regiment.

Lieut.-Col. Devol directed Capt. James Stanley to take his company (D, 36th Ohio,) and deploy to the right and rear and dislodge the sharpshooters that were annoying us from that quarter. The order was promptly and skilfully executed. In this position the company was assailed with most fatal effect, losing most of its members and all of its Sergeants. Capt. Stanley was furious over his loss, expressing himself in most decided King's English thereat; and well he might be filled with mingled grief and fury at the loss of such gallant men; but to him and them it was duty's call; that was sufficient; it was obeyed with a ready willingness, a skilfulness, an intrepid bravery and heroism by each, singular and collectively, rarely displayed and seldom equaled.

While these events, irregularly narrated, were occurring, it was getting along into midafternoon, the sun appearing dim and dusky above the smoke of

THAT BATTLE-DARKENED FIELD.

We were, so to speak, in a hole; it seemed as if all to right and most to left had been forced from their positions, while we alone had maintained our position assigned us in the morning. As history has later shown, the Federal lines had been bent back on either wing until it had assumed the form of an immense horse-shoe, of which we formed the part representing the toe.

Col. Douglas Putnam, of the 92d Ohio, in a communication, says that while we were resting in this position Gen. Turchin called him to his tree and asked the hour. On receiving answer between 2 and 3, near 3, said he wished it was night, so that we could get out of there; and replying to the Colonel's query as to what he (the General) intended doing, said in his broken English: "Do! This brigade stays right here until we are all cut to pieces; that's what we'll do." Meaning that, unless ordered to quit the position, we would maintain it to the last. Lieut.-Col. Devol, Capt. Ford, of Co. E, Lieut. James Haddow and others had just been carefully reconnoitering our front, but could discover no enemy in force.

Pardon a moment's digression while I relate an incident in which we, as well as the entire army indirectly, were interested, and possibly affected by, in that it may have had much to do in saving the Federal army that day and possibly later. It occurred while we were lying as related. Mrs. Gen. Turchin was her husband's almost constant companion on his campaigns, and we boys used to say that she was the best General of the two, which, if a fact, was in no wise disparaging to the General himself. It appears that in this instance she proved herself justly entitled to the high opinion we entertained of her; for on the occasion, to say the least, she was by no means idle. Some time between 2 and 3 o'clock in the afternoon, while the Federal right was being driven back under the tremendous onslaughts of Longstreet's troops, there was a train, the wagons ladened with ammunition, strung out about three miles in length, moving along the Lafayette road toward Chattanooga, the drivers doing their utmost to get their precious and dangerous loads safe beyond the reach of the enemy, when in the hurry, hubbub and excitement incident to a rush of stragglers to the rear, it is said that a panic-stricken officer with a weight and power of shoulder-strap that must have far exceeded that of his brain, went flying along the train, ordering its immediate destruction. Be that as it may, there was no little hurry and confusion, and danger as well, both from the enemy and the rush of teams and men in panicky effort to get to places of safety. Mrs. Turchin, most fortunately for all concerned, was near at hand, and knowing how and when to do a good thing without being told, had kept her eye on that train and its movements from the first, aiding and directing where her exertions could be serviceable, comprehending the situation of affairs, gathered rein and took in the line of train, bringing confidence out of disorder, moving on the wagons that had been stopped in the wild panic of the few, and stragglers shamed to order, and not a few induced to return to the front. Mrs. Turchin had made up her mind to take that train to a place of safety, and she did. The result of her pluck and good common sense exercised on this occasion was that not a pound of ammunition was lost. This, I believe, is a scrap of history that has not before found its way into print.

It was probably after 3 o'clock; the works on our front had burned; to our right rear the fight was still raging; to our left at this time it was ominously, painfully quiet. For some time Longstreet had been endeavoring to place Thomas's command in the center of a hollow square. Ere long, as we lay there in the depression,

THE FIGHT BROKE OUT ANEW

to the left and rear. We lay there with feelings akin to awe, listening to the gathering roar of battle to the right rear, and to the nearer-approaching left rear; the minnie-balls, again coming from all directions, began to clip the bushes in our midst or hit the trees with spiteful slap, varying the monotony by plunging indiscriminately, with a thud, into some member of the brigade. This continued until it began to look like, notwithstanding our valorous efforts during the day, we were to be surrounded and as a brigade captured or annihilated.

It was late in the afternoon, probably about 4:30 o'clock, when Gen. Reynolds rode up to Gen. Turchin. As he rode up, Lieut.-Col. Devol remarked to Lieut. S. L. Grosvenor, "Something is going to be done." The commanders of the regiments were assembled near the head of the brigade for consultation or commands. Capt. E. P. Henry, of Co. B, 36th, left his place with his company for a few moments' conversation with an officer of the Signal Corps of his acquaintance on the General's staff. Shortly after the assembly of the officers, Gen. Turchin separated from the group, and as he did so was heard to say: "I not surrender; I take my brigade and charge right out of this." To which Gen. Reynolds replied: "All right, General; you can try it." The officers resumed their respective places. Gen. Turchin walked to and among his men as they lay there on the ground. Approaching the ——, he asked, "What regiment is this?" to which possibly a hundred answered, ——. The General replied, "That's good, ——. I know you will do what I tell you; I can depend on you." Substantially the same language was addressed to the other regiments. On approaching the ——, he said: "Now, when I say charge, you not charge in, then charge back again, but go right through them, —— —— 'em." This little speech raised a laugh that nearly approached a cheer. By the remark the brigade was given to understand there must be no recoil; it was to do or die or both, in the effort to cut our way out of our present position, in which the enemy with strong cordons of troops were surrounding us. Mounting his horse he commanded, "Attention—Brigade!" When at attention, Gen. Turchin indicated the manner of formation and movement and gave the command, "March!"

The 36th and the 11th Ohio were formed together, the 36th in advance; the 92d Ohio and 18th Ky. together, the 92d in advance.

Confronting us were two double lines of Confederate infantry with artillery between. These lines were much longer than were ours, and as we were now faced extended to our left some distance. Gen. Reynolds was on the extreme right of our lines, cheering the men on. We had not crossed the narrow space to where the advance lines of the Confederates had been formed before they broke in confusion, and without the slightest check we ran over them and their lines; those on the left (right), broke and ran for a piece of timber in which the left of their second line rested. It is doubtful whether the Confederate artillery had got fully into position at the time of the charge, and their first lines gave way; but whether it had or not matters not now. This we know, that both the first and second battle-lines of infantry took time by the forelock in their efforts to get out of the way of our line of bayonets, retreating to our right into the woods, leaving us two pieces of their artillery and several hundred prisoners. In pursuing the retreating enemy our lines became much lengthened, a number of our men following

THE RETREATING CONFEDERATES

into the woods on the right, and were quite roughly handled for their temerity, and John Hoffman, of Co. B, 36th Ohio, was taken prisoner. Upon routing these lines of gray, and capturing their cannon, there was no halt, neither any effort at reformation attempted. Gen. Turchin gave the command that directed the brigade to the left. A small portion of the brigade had borne off to the right with Gen. Reynolds, who did not understand Gen. Thomas's order or hear the command of Gen. Turchin, but much the larger part was now faced with Turchin's command, and was bearing to the left.

It was at this point that the right of the brigade, under Gen. Reynolds, among which was Co. B of the 36th, Capt. E. P. Henry, that had with it the colors of the 36th, several of its officers and men, a part of the 11th Ohio, with its ranking officer, and possibly a number of the members of the 92d Ohio and the 18th Ky., numbering in all 120 to 150, became detached, and for the time lost to the left or main body under Turchin, with whose fortunes let us continue.

As the left merged from the growth of sprouts, etc., which they had entered when they became separated from the right, they found themselves on a small plantation; an old log house stood a short distance to our front, the ground sloping down about halfway across the clearing, then ascending to an elevation, on which stood a rebel battery, supported by infantry claimed by some to have been Breckinridge's whole division, massed by brigades. Where the battery stood was a grove of large pines, and north of this cleared ground. To our left the grove only reached the foot of Mission Ridge. Nearer to us, on the left, the ground was bare of everything but weeds and a few dead trees, as it sloped up to the top of the ridge.

Serg't A. R. Phillips, of Summerfield, O., thus described the movements of that hour: "The line to our right had been pressed back. Steedman, Brannan, Wood, Hazen and Palmer had taken a position to the rear and hastily thrown up some defenses (except Steedman), preparatory to resisting the persistent assaults of Longstreet. This was when we were drawn back from the works, and the right of the division fell back also. Take the map of the battle in Van Horn's History of the Army of the Cumberland, (and the maps are worth the price of the book,) and follow what I say by that map. We started about the point indicated by the end of Stewart's name in that map, and moved west behind the line till we struck the road behind Palmer. It was here that we could distinctly see to our right as we moved—the left rear properly—the curved line of Baird's Division holding on by their eyelids, so to speak. Still follow the map. Reaching the road in the rear of Palmer, we were on the spot so covered with those dead when we struck the Lafayette road, about where Palmer's name stands on the map. Here we turned north along the road, still in plain view of Baird's desperate struggle. We moved north to about the point where the road crosses the Lafayette road in front of Breckinridge, and filed to the left in plain view of Breckinridge, massed by brigades, on our front, his last line just moving in on a run across our front (rear).

"Breckinridge completely overlapped Baird and Stanley. It was here Gen. Thomas rode down from about the direction of the cross-road from the right and spoke to Gen. Turchin in my hearing. We filed to the left right where Breckinridge's name is printed on the map at the edge of the timber. He undoubtedly met us where I say. The time must have been as late as 5 p. m. Gen. Reynolds, Col. Lane and their squad broke through Breckinridge and struck Forrest. Gen. Turchin, after the line was broken, commanded 'By the left flank—March,' but I and many others did not hear it. Most of the brigade moved by the left flank to a spot a little north of McFarland's Gap."

Brig.-Gen. E. C. Walthall (Confederate), in his report, says of this part of the battle: "* * * Met no opposition, even from the enemy's skirmishers, until I was in sight of the Chattanooga road, near McDonald's house. * * * I moved across the road and into an open field beyond, and was ordered by the Brigadier-General commanding to halt about 200 yards from the road and let the men lie down till he could put the batteries of his division in on my right, to which he gave his personal attention. * * * In the field in which my line was halted, Govan's Brigade also halted in extension of my line. * * * The enemy from the woods to the right soon appeared and occupied the road in time to cut off and capture most of the skirmishers, with several of their officers, who covered my front in the field."

Col. D. C. Govan, in referring to same in his report, says: "About 5 o'clock p. m. orders were received to advance. * * * The movement commenced, I, in obedience to orders, conforming my movements to those of Gen. Walthall's Brigade, next on my right. I passed on, moving square to the front, two of the regiments passing through an open field, through which I had executed the change of direction to the left in the engagements last mentioned. * * * Just before reaching the Chattanooga and Lafayette road, Capt. Stringfellow, 1st La., in command of the skirmishers, reported to me that he saw the enemy's batteries in position about 250 yards from my flank, on either side of the above-mentioned road, supported by a long line of infantry. * * * Upon examination I found the report of Capt. Stringfellow to be correct, discovering the enemy to be in position as he represented. It was impossible, from the disposition of the enemy's force, for me to extricate myself by changing front. Reaching a position just across the road, and on a line with Gen. Walthall's left, I ordered the men to lie down. The enemy immediately opened fire from the two batteries on my left, and also with small-arms. * * * Under this heavy and galling fire no alternative was left but to withdraw the brigade as speedily as possible to save it from annihilation or capture. The brigade retreated in considerable confusion, but was promptly rallied and reformed some 300 or 400 yards in rear."

(To be continued.)

All Watches Compasses.

[*London Truth.*]

A few days ago I was standing by an American gentleman, when I expressed a wish to know which point was the north. He at once pulled out his watch, looked at it, and pointed to the north. I asked him whether he had a compass attached to his watch. "All watches," he replied, "are compasses." Then he explained to me how this was. Point the hour hand to the sun and the south is exactly half-way between the hour and the figure XII on the watch. For instance, suppose, that it is 4 o'clock. Point the hand indicating 4 to the sun and II on the watch is exactly south. Suppose that it is 8 o'clock, point the hand indicating 8 to the sun, and the figure X on the watch is due south. My American friend was quite surprised that I did not know this. Thinking that very possibly I was ignorant of a thing that everyone else knew, and happening to meet Mr. Stanley, I asked that eminent traveler whether he was aware of this simple mode of discovering the points of the compass. He said that he had never heard of it. I presume, therefore, that the world is in the same state of ignorance. Amsfil is proud of having been the home of the inventor of the compass. I do not know what town boasts of my American friend as a citizen.

An Ambitious Young Man.

[*Munsey's Weekly.*]

Her Father—Mabel, I have been talking it over with your Uncle George, and he agrees with me that the engagement cannot be permitted. Remember that the young man is nothing more than a clerk in my office.

She—Oh, but papa, you don't know how smart Jack is. He told me the other day that he expected he would soon own more of the business than you do; but he told me not to tell you.

His Diagnosis.

[*Texas Siftings.*]

Pilltaker—Twenty dollars! Too much, Doctor, altogether too much. Why it was only a headache.

Dr. Pillgiver—I know it, but I diagnosed the case as incipient brain fever. My bills are made out according to my own judgment.

Johnnie Was Barred Out.

[*Epoch.*]

George (to Johnnie who is standing at the parlor door)—Why don't you come in Johnnie?

Johnnie—I dassent.

George—Why not.

Johnnie—'Cause sister says if I come in I'll say somethin' that'll drive you away, an' she don't want that to happen 'cause ma says if she loses you she'll be on the shelf sure pop.

His Way.

[*Good News.*]

Blinks—Been traveling in Europe, eh? How did you finds the hotels?

Jinks—Hired a cab.

Cards For Next June.

[*Puck.*]

Philadelphia girl—I feel lost here in all this noise and hurry of New York.

New York man—If "findings is keepings," Miss Fairmount, I'll head a search party.

What He Wanted.

[*Harper's Bazar.*]

"I see," said a man entering a caterer's establishment, "that you advertise weddings furnished?" "Yes, sir," replied the caterer briskly. "I wish you'd send a couple to my house right away. I've two daughters I'd like to get off my hands."

Wasted Time.

[*Elmira Gazette.*]

Consider the man who is always punctual—how much time he wastes waiting for other people.

For THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

HE CHANGED HIS VIEWS.

BY CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD—"THE POET SCOUT."

An' so you've bin to Boston, Dan, to that big 'campment thar;
An' since the hoodoo's over I suppose you want to sw'ar
Fur bein' sich a cussed fool a-wastin' of yer cash
To whoop an' yell, an' w'ar a badge, an' all sich useless trash.
It seems to me a man's an ass to squander sich a sum
To hear agin the squeakin' fife an' 'tarnal rattlin' drum,
An' see a big, hot, dusty crowd o' fellers sich as us,
An' speechify, an' sing ol' songs, and make a howlin' fuss.

They've bin a holdin' 'campments now fur—well, fur since the war,
An' I ain't been to ary one, an' w'at is more I swar'
That they kin keep on holdin' 'em till Gabriel's bugle blows,
But 'mong the foolish fellers thar' you won't see Uncle Mose.
I work an' toil mos' 'tarnal hard for all the cash I git,
An' I ain't idiot enough to go an' squander it
Fur these confounded yearly sprees o' men that wore the blue—
To put it plainly, Dan, I ain't as big a fool as you.
"Bill Thompson thar', an' sent his love?" Big S'argent Bill? O, no,
I got it purty straight he died a dozen years ago—
Thar' sure enough? Stop lyin', Dan, or you may feel this boot,
I swar' to gosh I'd give a cow to see that ol' galoot.
How did he look? The durned ol' cuss! Gray as a rat, I guess,
Big S'argent Bill, the jolliest boy we had in all our mess,
His heart in keepin' with his bulk, a brave ol' soldier, too,—
An' so you seed 'im? Wish to gosh I could a bin with you.
Who? O, shet up! Jack Allison? You didn't see ol' Jack?
If you don't stop yer lyin' Dan, I'll break yer cussed back!
God bless his ol' good-natered soul! Say, does he mind it much
A swoppin' off one o' his legs at Vicksburg for a crutch?
Poor Jack! That was a fearful shot! A piece o' screamin' shell
Come shriekin' like a demon from that blazin' line o' hell,
An' left the poor boy layin' thar' with one leg shattered bad,
An' swearin' like a trooper, too! Great guns, but wa'n't he mad!
You seed ol' Chaplain Stewart, too? an' Captain Doubleday?
Say, Dan, I honest don't believe a 'tarnal word yer say!
Who? Go to grass! Not little Tom! The same cute rascal still?
By jinks, I'd rather see that boy than find a dollar bill—
An' Simon Gregg? An' Mexico? An' lengthy Oscar Plumb,
Who used to sing that song about the gal he left to hum?
An' Frank Moran, the heartless cuss as stole the Colonel's ham,
An' swore it war a colored contraband? *Well-I-be-dam!*
Ed Bassett thar'? I've got you, Dan! That sort o' lie don't go,
Fur Ed's a cattle ranchin' now down in New Mexico—
Come all the way to see the boys? Wal, bless his lovin' eyes—
That's Ed, though—tackle anything, no matter what the size!
Who? Aleck Pierce, as toted me a mile or more one night
When I was wounded in the hip at that durned Shiloh fight?
An' he was thar'? An' said he come apurpose to see me?
Wal, by the gods o' war! *Say, Dan, whar'll the next 'un be?*

Boiling About the Bush.

[*Philadelphia Press.*]

"In some parts of the Southwest, regardless of the great growth of towns and the building of school-houses, it is still almost impossible to get a direct answer to a question. One evening about dusk a man rode up to a fence surrounding a lot near the roadside, and thus addressed a woman who was attempting to persuade a few drops of milk from a muly cow:

"Madam, I am lost."

"Wall, that's what the preacher says is the matter with the most of us, an' I reckon the best thing to do is to git 'ligion an' then do the best we kin under the sarcumstances," she replied, giving the cow an awful jerk.

"I mean that I have missed the road to Dabney's Ferry."

"Wall, I shouldn't wonder, fur it is a mighty matter fur some folks to foller these roads here; they are so crooked. You air travelin', I reckon."

"Yes, I wanted to go to Dabney's Ferry."

"Got folks livin' down thar, I reckon."

"No; I have no relatives living in this part of the country. Will this road lead me to the ferry?"

"Wall, you'll batter ax pap about that. He tromps roun' all over the neighborhood while I'm doin' the work, an' he oughter to know whar all the roads lead to. They don't lead me anywhere."

"Where is he?"

"Who, pap?"

"Yes."

"I don't know that, nuther. You'll batter ax one of the chillin."

"Where are the children?"

"Just wait a while an' mebbe one of 'em will holler, fur it's about time fur one of 'em to get snake bit."

"I haven't time to wait."

"Well, then, I reckon you'll have to jog along the best way you kin."

"I wish you would give me some information."

"Yas, I reckon so, fur I have hearn tell that information is a mighty fine thing when a passon is pushed right hard for it."

"Where does that road over there go to?"

"Right to Dabney's Ferry."

"Why, that's the road I want. Why didn't you tell me?"

"Wall, you didn't ax me about that road. You kep' on talkin' about suthin' else. Wall, good-day. Ef you travel round here much you'll l'arn to ax fur what you want without beatin' about the bush."

That Would be Awful.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"Wouldn't you like to be born again?" asked a Minneapolis clergyman of a Sunday-school scholar in that city.

"No, sir."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the minister, greatly surprised, "why not?"

"Because I might be born in St. Paul the next time.

Sunday Thoughts.

[*Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.*]

A Church Sensation—Drowiness.

Poisonous by Scrofula

Is the sad story of many lives made miserable through no fault of their own. Scrofula is more especially than any other a hereditary disease, and for this simple reason: Arising from impure and insufficient blood, the disease locates itself in the lymphatics, which are composed of white tissues; there is a period of fœtal life when the whole body consists of white tissues, and therefore the unborn child is especially susceptible to this dreadful disease. But there is a remedy for scrofula, whether hereditary or acquired. It is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which by its powerful effect upon the blood, expels every trace of the disease and gives to the vital fluid the quality and color of health. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not accept any substitute.

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

WILD DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

Islands Where Horses, Cattle, Goats and Pigs are Hunted.

ALMOST all of the domestic animals you have in this country," said an Hawaiian Islander the other day, "we have running wild in countless numbers over our plateaus and hillsides. Wild dogs and cats are innumerable. The cats, of every variety, from Maltese to tortoiseshell, are exceedingly fierce, while the dogs are mongrel, ferocious, and hunt other animals in packs for a living. Their original progenitors were tame specimens brought over in ships. So it is with the wild cattle that roam our mountains and forests. A good many years ago an enterprising man shipped to the Islands from San Francisco a bull and two cows, two or three calves, six sheep and three or four goats. Some of their descendants escaped into the comparatively uninhabited interior of Hawaii, Oahu, and others of the group, and now we have myriads of wild bulls and cows, sheep and goats traveling about on their own hook and affording game for the sportsman's rifle."

"Do you have any wild pigs?" the Hawaiian was asked.

"Thousands and thousands of them, and it is great fun hunting them, because the boars are exceedingly dangerous. Their lower tusks are perhaps eight or nine inches long and curved, and the upper tusks, curling about the lower one in a peculiar way, keep the lower tusks by mere friction sharpened to such an edge for about three inches from the point that they cut like razors literally, and would rip your flesh easily. They will not attack one if let alone, but when wounded they are demons. I remember very well a little experience I had about two years ago, while hunting wild cattle on the great interior plateau of Hawaii. We had killed seven cows and bulls, the party of us, had cut them in quarters and hung them up on trees, so that they might be sent for subsequently, and were just sitting down to some newly-cut slices of porterhouse steak when we heard a rustling in the bush and one of my companions sang out:

"'Jim, there's a pig! Give him a shot, quick, as he passes!'

"I picked up my gun and, seeing the beast in time as he tore by, I let fly at him and knocked him over. Supposing from its size that it was a sow, I dropped my rifle and sprang forward to secure the game. When I reached it the young boar—for such it was—had regained its feet and made for me, with tusks displayed. I had just time to make a frantic leap in the air as it passed beneath my feet, upon which it turned and made another rush, obliging me to jump again for safety. This it kept up for some time, making dash after dash, while I leaped and leaped, the other fellows simply lying back and almost splitting their sides with laughter, instead of helping me. Finally I picked up a big stone, and as the boar rushed at me viciously for the 16th time, I let him have it in the head. That stunned him, and I had no trouble in finishing him off."

"How did the pigs get to the islands?"

"That nobody knows. They were there when Capt. Cook discovered the Hawaiian group. But the supposition is that they came across, like the human population, from South Eastern Asia. You see, the islands are merely humps projecting out of the water and belonging to a great volcanic chain extending, mostly under water, from Asia. At one time there must have been other islands, or humps, out of water along the line between the present group and the Asiatic Archipelagoes, and from one to another animals, human and otherwise, made their way. Since then, however, these intermediate islands have been undermined by volcanic fires and have disappeared. It was in this way that only a few years ago, incidentally to the great Krakatoa eruption, a large part of Java vanished from view. I was going to say that the wild bulls of the Hawaiian Islands are most dangerous creatures to chase. If one of them be wounded you must kill him, for from that time forth he is looking for gore, and will, if left alive, attack every human being within reach."

Tin Plate in Virginia.

[*N. Y. Press.*]

The *Press* has referred more than once to the deposits of tin ore on Irish Creek, in Rockbridge County, Virginia. The industrial development of Virginia has brought capital to the neighborhood, a company of English, Philadelphia, Chicago and Virginia capitalists having determined to build a mill capable of producing 3,500 boxes of tin plate weekly, with the works so built as to admit of extension to a capacity of 8,000 boxes of tin plate weekly for the second year. "The new tariff," says a correspondent of the *Manufacturers' Record*, "makes this a certainty." The capital for the new enterprise was offered twice over, and "before the ink of the President's signature to the tariff bill was fairly dry, preparations for the tin plate industry at Savernake were begun." It is the canned goods of Virginia, with plenty of home made tin plate, that the Baltimore canneries fear, not the duty on tin plate.

Special Reduction.

[*Munsey's Weekly.*]

Mrs. Ronig—What did you pay a yard for that, Mrs. Rooney?

Mrs. Rooney—Nine cents.

"Why, they charged me 10 cents for the same goods on Wednesday."

"Yes; but Wednesday was bargain day."

Queer.

[*Cape Cod Item.*]

When a man bolts his food he swallows it. When a man bolts a nomination he bolts it because he can't swollow it. Queer.

See?

[*Philadelphia Sunday School Times.*]

Our eyes are not keen in all directions alike; but every one of us is sharp-eyed—for his neigbor's faults.

A Powerful Implement.

[*Munsey's Weekly.*]

Barber—What are you holding on to the chair with both hands that way for?

Victim—I'm afraid that razor will pull me out on the floor.

A Sermon Collector.

Mr. William H. Treadway, of the firm of R. G. Dun & Co., New York, began collecting sermons in 1856 and has now 16,000 by actual count. They are by ministers of all religious denominations.

Indorses Our Course.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I want to thank you in the name of the thousands of old soldiers on farms in the great West for your recent editorials on railroad rates.

In regard to the practice of railroad companies in the West and Northwest, you state a condition of things which has existed for years, and which has been the means of making it possible for the large grain-buying companies to deprive the producers of millions of dollars which, but for the advantages given by the railroad managers to the favored ones, would have lifted many a mortgage on the home or filled it with comforts.

You say well that the strong arm of Congress should strike down so infamous an outrage. The two Dakotas lost last year not less than $1,000,000 by want of a free market and kindred devilments. God be praised that some of the press are taking up the demand for justice, and can see that the demand is with good cause and not from "cranks." Let THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE strike for the right, and not only will thousands of men who wore the blue, and their wives and children, rise up and bless you, but the whole agricultural army from lake to gulf and from sea to sea.—E. D. WALLACE, Hope, N. D.

WORK OF THE PENSION OFFICE.

During the week ending Oct. 11, 1890, 24,349 claims were received, of which 332 were original invalid, 659 widows, 2 war of 1812, 8 bounty land, 20 navy, 0 old war, 47 on account of Mexican service, 90 accrued, and 2,591 applications for increase; act of June 27, 1890, 17,600 original invalid, 3,000 widows.

Number of rejected claims reopened, 376. The names and postoffice addresses of 2,096 comrades were furnished for the use of claimants. There were 73,732 pieces of mail matter received; 107,530 letters and blanks sent out.

The number of cases detailed to Special Examiners was 718; reports and cases from Special Examiners, 1,025; cases on hand for special examination, 7,503.

Report of certificates issued during the week: Original, 1,008; increase, 1,973; reissue, 268; restoration, 39; duplicate, 40; accrued, 97; of act March 4, 1890, 16; total, 3,441.

There are Fairs Elsewhere, Too.

[*Chicago Tribune.*]

"Fine day."

This was the remark addressed by the man who was waiting for a street-car to the lank individual leaning against a lamp-post.

"Um—so-so," replied the lank party, after taking a leisurely survey of the sky.

"If the wind keeps blowing in this direction for 24 hours longer there will be rain," ventured the first speaker.

"Um—I'm not so sure about that," said the other, cautiously.

"The wind, at least, is dead south now."

"Um—perhaps."

"It certainly isn't north."

The lean individual pursed up his lips as if about to whistle, looked at the sky again, shook his head slowly, and said:

"I'm not so blamed certain it isn't."

"At any rate, sir, it ain't raining now, is it? Hey?"

Another careful examination of the firmament, and the cautious remark:

"It may be raining and it may not. You can't always tell about these things."

"Great Jehosaphat! Can't you see there isn't a cloud in the sky?"

"Um—likely enough. Likely enough. It may appear that way to some folks. But it's best not to be too sure."

"May appear that way? Why, good gracious, man! Haven't you got any eyes?"

"Maybe I have and maybe I haven't," retorted the attenuated individual, passing his hand over his face as if to find out. "All that I know is that there's nothing certain in this world. You think there's a fair-ground out at the end of this street, perhaps."

"I certainly do."

"Just so. I was certain of it yesterday myself. I was certain that there was a man out there with two or three walnut shells he was moving about on the head of a barrel. I was certain I could tell which shell the little black ball was under. I was just as certain of it as you are that it isn't raining. It cost me every darned cent I had to find out that I didn't know anything about it. I am not going to be sure of anything again as long as I live."

He took a plug of tobacco from his pocket, looked at it as if he were not sure whether it was tobacco or not, but it back in his pocket, sighed a long, heavy, dismal sigh, and looked straight through the other man into the far-off depth of space.

A Victim to the Credit System.

[*Texas Siftings.*]

Beggar (to gentleman)—Can't you give a poor man a dime?

Gentleman—Haven't any change now. Will be back this way soon.

Beggar—Ah, sir, it's giving credit to men like you that keeps me poor.

The Verdict.

[*Chicago Times.*]

Judge—This verdict could not have been reached on law and evidence.

Foreman of jury—No, sir; we just used common sense.

Judge (promptly)—Overruled and set aside.

SCIENCE CHAT.

—The following method of making paper transparent for copying drawings has been found very serviceable: Place a blank sheet of paper over the drawing and rub it lightly with pure benzine. The tracing can then be readily made, and the benzine, upon evaporating, leaves the paper as opaque as before.

—An electric gyroscope has been devised in Paris and applied to show the rotation of the earth and to correct ships' compasses.

—A "lantern" fish was recently caught in the Columbia River, Ore., although its proper home is in the deep sea. Its peculiarity is its transparency. By holding it up to the light every bone can be easily counted.

—It is said that there has been discovered on the west coast of Africa a bush, the seeds of which yield a yellowish fat of a very agreeable nutty flavor, which might be used as butter. It contains no acids to become rancid.

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Mention The National Tribune.

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