great advantage over Milroy's attacking party, but notwithstanding this the battle lasted several hours, when Milroy retired in good order to his camp.

I will temporarily turn from this engagement to give an account of another that occurred on the 3d of January. On this occasion it was an expedition sent from Elkwater to Huntersville, in Pocahontas County, the principal base of supplies for the enemy's force stationed at Allegheny Summit and Monterey. This expedition was designed to capture the enemy and to destroy the supplies stored there. The expedition was under the command of Maj. George Webster, and consisted of 400 of the Major's 25th Ohio; 300 of the 2d W. Va., Maj. Owens commanding, and 38 of Capt. Bracken's cavalry. Maj. Webster's march was 51 miles to Huntersville, where he found the enemy in force about one mile from town. The Major attacked them with vigor, and drove them from their first position to the second, and finally charged,

DRIVING THE ENEMY FROM THE TOWN,

capturing a large amount of Quartermaster and Commissary stores, as follows: 250 barrels of flour, 150,000 pounds salt beef, 20,000 pounds of salt, and a good supply of sugar, coffee, rice, bacon, clothing, etc.; estimated value $30,000.

Having no transportation, the captured stores were burned. Our command, returning at once, brought with them a large number of carbines, sabers, pistols, and army clothing.

Now, my object in turning so abruptly from the consideration of the engagement by Milroy at Camp Allegheny to refer to Maj. Webster's expedition is this: I wish to make a statement of the fact that the Confederate authorities from the beginning to the close of the rebellion did lastfully deceive their followers by misstatements of results of battles as to numbers engaged, numbers killed, wounded and missing on their side, and general annihilation of the Union forces. This is not a mere assertion—it rests upon my part; it is history, and I doubt not if those of the South who continually made these statements could have foreseen that at some future day their official (?) reports would become the common property of the Nation, they would have been very careful, and reported more truthfully. Would it not be charitable, though, to assume that they knew that their cause was a desperate one, and realizing that a large number of their own people had serious doubts and misgivings as to the justness of a cause that would attempt the destruction of the Constitution and flag, born and christened through and by the heroism and sacrifices of their forefathers, were not willing participants; hence, like the timid whistling in the dark to keep their courage up, they were compelled to manufacture glowing accounts of the prowess of their own deluded people in order to guard against desertions and to secure recruits.

In selecting the two aforementioned engagements to illustrate my point, I was not influenced in the selection of these two examples because they presented special inaccuracies, and it cannot be said they were extraordinary or isolated cases. Any two engagements, no matter when or where, would show precisely the same general results.

The accounts of the engagements at Camp Allegheny and Huntersville are taken from the official records of the Union and Confederate armies, and published pursuant to an act of Congress, and from this authority I quote:

Col. E. Johnson [Confederate], commanding at Camp Allegheny, reports this morning [Dec. 13], our pickets were driven in about 4 a. m. The enemy appeared in force not less than 5,000 men. I have only about 1,200. Four hundred of my men met the enemy on the right flank and defeated them. On the left the enemy attacked our intrenchments, but failed to carry them. The contest lasted seven hours. Our victory has been complete. The enemy left upon the field 35 dead and 13 wounded. Seven ambulances were seen carrying the dead and wounded from the field.

Col. Johnson's report of particulars, and his comments, is a long one—too long for this article—and would not interest the reader, but I have given sufficient, I trust, for the reader to interpret the facts. Let us for a moment look at the figures.

Milroy's force was:

9th Ind.	650
25th Ohio	400
2d W. Va.	250
3d Md.	300
32d Ohio	130

Total, 1,730 infantry; no artillery.

The casualties were:

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Aggregate.
9th Ind.	8	13	.....	21
25th Ohio	2	23	4	29
2d W. Va.	6	54	6	66
3d Md.	2	10	.....	12
32d Ohio	2	7	.....	9
Total	20	107	10	137

Col. Johnson does not state the numerical strength of each of his regiments engaged, but the following tabulated statement of casualties will show a greater loss than our own, as it will also show the regiments and batteries engaged, to wit:

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Aggregate.
Brigade Staff	.....	2	.....	2
12th Ga.	6	37	4	47
58th Va.	2	11	5	18
31st Va.	6	31	.....	37
52d Va.	.....	2	6	8
Hansbrough battalion	4	11	13	28
Lee's battery (guns 7)	1	.....	.....	1
Miller's battery (guns 4)	1	4	.....	5
Total	20	98	28	146

In the action at Huntersville Col. Geo. W. Hull (Confederate), commanding post at Monterey, reports (Jan. 4) the fall of Huntersville, and says the place was attacked by some 4,000 to 5,000 of the enemy, and that the Confederate force at same was 200. Now, the facts as to this engagement have previously been stated in this account. Maj. Webster had 730 men, and in reports the enemy at 400 cavalry, two companies of infantry, and a company of mounted militia. Therefore the results of these engagements, when condensed, will show that at Allegheny Mountain we had five regiments of infantry—numbering 1,730 men, no artillery, and were the attacking party.

The enemy had five regiments of infantry, also and two batteries—seven guns, and were strongly intrenched. Our list of casualties was 137 killed, wounded, and missing. The enemy's killed, wounded, and missing was 146. While at Huntersville our numbers were not 5,000, as reported by the enemy, but were 730. They numbered, say 650, and not 200, as reported. I have now made my argument, and submit it to the unprejudiced, intelligent jury of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE's readers for their verdict.

(To be continued.)

His Prize Scheme.

[San Francisco Examiner.]

"It's mighty hard work getting any free advertising out of you newspaper people nowadays," sighed the advance agent of a mammoth allied circus as he passed a stack of coin over the business office counter the other morning.

"Space is space," replied the affable cashier, as he made out a receipt.

"I don't know why it is," continued the A. A., retrospectively, "but somehow editors don't seem to bite as they used to. Same on the Eastern coast, too. I noticed it particularly on a little snap I worked way down at Galveston last Fall."

"How was that?"

"Well, you see, I was on my way to that city by steamer a week in advance of our show, when I struck a great scheme. I bought two dozen empty pop bottles and as many steaks from the steward. Then I got a lot of arsenic from the medical stores and rubbed it into the steaks. I put some of our bills in the bottles, tied a steak around each, and dropped 'em overboard as we entered the harbor. My calculation was that the sharks would swallow the meat, be poisoned, float ashore, would be cut open, the bills found and the whole thing be written up by the reporters in great shape."

"How did it work?"

"Like a charm—my part of it, I mean. Nine sharks altogether stood in with the show, but every time one came ashore I got a note from every editor in the place proposing to write the thing up, with a snap camera cut of the shark, at the regular rates."

"Pretty mean, that."

"Mean—those fellows could give *Shylock* cards and spades. The only paper that referred to it at all was one we gave 64 free passes to. The day we left town it remarked that our show was enough to kill a blind nigger, let alone sharks."

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Experiences AND Adventures

An Exciting Passage in Rafts Down Chinese Rapids.

BY T. DIX BOLLES, U. S. N.

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IN the country among the mountains some 20 miles west of the Chinese city of Ningpoo, a large river is forced through a rocky gorge, very narrow and full of rocks. Upon entering this valley one is at once struck by the peculiar white reflection from the foamy waters, and the Chinese, who are fond of symbolical names, call it the Snowy Valley.

The attraction of the scenery alone would have caused me to visit this, but an additional attraction was offered in the shape of a boat ride from the head of the ravine through the gorges down through the mountains to the plain below. That such a journey could be performed seemed well nigh impossible; but the very hazard was enough to make me determine upon a sight of the place and a trial of the trip if it could be accomplished.

Coaxing some friends to go with me, we started one morning bright and early, taking with us a Chinaman as guide and porter. Upon his

BRAWNY SHOULDERS

a substantial basket of provisions was placed, and with umbrellas and long canes we marched through the fertile plain, full of well-cultivated rice fields, to the foothills, and then clambered by zig-zag roads and bridle-paths up the mountain side, through the groves of bamboo, until noon, when we rested beside the road, where a little stream provided us with water.

Our march had been uneventful, as, being near a large city, foreigners were not unusual. From our vantage ground half way up the

BUILDING THE RAFT.

mountain we looked across the valley to the city, and could trace the wide river beyond to its entrance to the sea. Numerous villages dotted the plain, and huge junks, with their strange-shaped sails, were coming and going. Behind us the mountain rose barren and forbidding.

Resuming our ascent, we abruptly opened a traverse valley, and upon entering were

SWALLOWED UP

from the outside world. Here we found a little hamlet, and our guide informed us that at this place we were to make our bargains for the boatmen, who would take us back by the river.

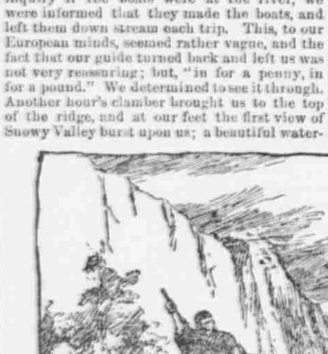
After some little talk we made an arrangement with six men, who joined our column, bringing with them three baskets, a coil of rough native rope, and an ax. To our anxious inquiry if the boats were at the river, we were informed that they made the boats, and left them down stream each trip. This, to our European minds, seemed rather vague, and the fact that our guide turned back and left us was not very reassuring; but, "in for a penny, in for a pound." We determined to see it through. Another hour's clamber brought us to the top of the ridge, and at our feet the first view of Snowy Valley burst upon us; a beautiful waterfall of nearly 100 feet at the head of the valley; closely-wooded hillsides of bamboo bigger than we had ever seen before, while at the bottom for three miles

A TORRENT RUSHED,

disappearing around a corner—to what? Judging from the noise, another fall.

Upon this roaring, seething surface and this unknown rendezvous around the corner we were about to trust ourselves. My friends inquired if I had insured their lives in some death-bounty association for my benefit. Assuring them that I intended leading the advance-guard, we scrambled down to the foot of the waterfall, where a pool offered the only place for an embarkation.

Now for the boats, of which not a sign was visible. But soon our six natives were hard at work with ax and rope. Ten bamboos, the



DOWN THE RAPIDS.

size of one's arm, were cut and laid side by side, the branches lopped off, and the poles left about 30 feet long. Two stout lashings were placed about 10 feet from either end, connecting the 10 poles to a cross-piece. These lashings were knotted tight to the pole and cross-piece, with quite a little loose line between. Then a basket was lashed near the center of the raft. Three such rafts were built and launched, and our party of five were directed to enter the baskets. This we did silently and with feelings

TOO DEEP FOR UTTERANCE.

I, as the leader, had my basket to myself, and as I squatted down upon my heels I was aware that the bottom was full of water. How the others, two in a basket, fared, I learned later.

Our men, two to a raft, took their places one on each cross-piece, having in their hands long bamboo poles. Then warning us not to stir, no matter what happened, my men pushed my raft out into the stream, and I saw no more of my comrades. With a whirl we went out of

THE RESCUE.

the basin and upon the roaring bosom of the torrent. My men, standing erect, used their poles to keep away from the larger rocks, which were out of water, but small ones or those submerged we passed over. But such a passing! The raft, purposely loosely put together, permitted any number of the poles to lift and slide over a rocky head. When such a one passed under it lifted basket and all.

For a few moments the motion of advance, the swaying and bumping of the basket, deterred me from looking at the shore and passing objects, but after passing safely over some places that had promised shipwreck, I looked about, satisfied that for the present, at least, I was safe.

MY HEAD FAIRLY SWAM

with the rapidity with which we flew by. The din of the waterfall behind was swallowed up in the more immediate roar of the incessant rapids through which we were passing, rocks rose before us to pass under the boat and disappear behind.

I could not but admire the cool, quiet way in which my men skipped from side to side, now pushing this way, now that, never missing their footing, always giving just sufficient force to their pushes to insure the avoidance of the obstacle. Any false step would have hurled them into the boiling current; and this bundle of bamboos called a raft was literally alive, the poles jumping up and down as they passed over rocks in a most crazy manner.

It was not over 10 minutes from the start until we approached the corner, and I was by no means reassured by the sounds that came upward through the gorge. I could see little before me, less behind; but the fact that did impress me was that as the raft rapidly swung to the right around the turn, my men dropped flat on the raft and, holding on with both hands, seemed expecting some new phase. There were no more rocky upheavals, but the angle of the boat suddenly changed, and I saw suddenly open before me a steep declivity,

DOWN WHICH THE WATER RACED,

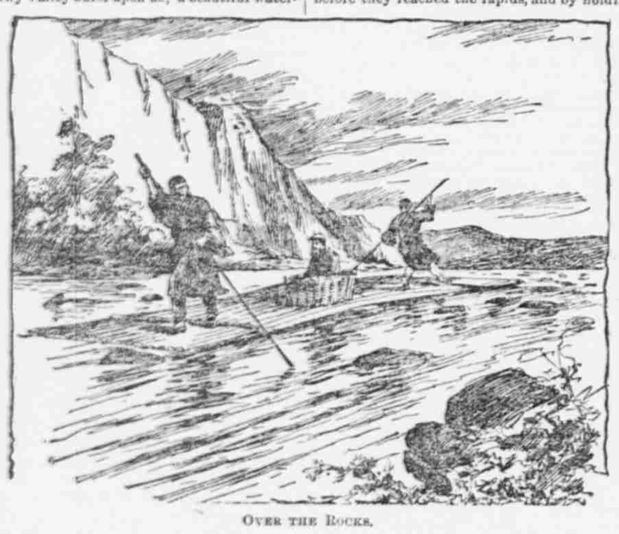
smooth and flat as ice. Down we spun; then just grazing a corner we swept away to the left, and seemed to fly through the air for minutes. With a plunge that buried the whole forward half of the raft right up to the basket we landed in a pool, deep but not quiet, for again we sprang forward. The violent rocking and shaking began anew. Two or three seconds more of rapids and gradually the motion decreased, and with a shout of approval the raft was poled to the bank, and wet, but delighted, I sprang from my basket and stood on solid rock again.

Hurrying back up the bank I reached a spot from which I could see the last rush and the jumping place over which we had flown. It did not seem much of a fall to look at, but I had so lately been over the place that I believed more than I could see.

Evidently the second raft had waited to give me a good start, for fully 10 minutes intervened before it appeared from around the corner. It fairly flew over the distance, and almost before I could believe it had gone over the fall, and, wet to their eyes, two of my comrades flew by me down the rapids. I pushed on to the very foot of the fall, and when there waited to see the third boat. It came at last, and then I saw that though the raft did not really jump at all the descent was so steep that the raft could not rise, but had to

PLUNGE INTO THE POOL.

The last party were not so lucky as the first. For some reason or other the raft came all to pieces when it struck the pool, and but for my help they might have come to grief. I was able to seize the ends of some of the poles just before they reached the rapids, and by holding



OVER THE ROCKS.

on the current swung the other ends, to which my friends were clinging, against the bank into as oddy, where they clambered out, minus hats and umbrellas. These were, however, afterward recovered below at the boats. One of the Chinamen went down the rapids, but by holding onto the loose poles got through all right.

The reunion of the party was not as dismal as might have been supposed, for each was full of just how they came down at this spot, and how they hit a rock and were nearly jumped out of the basket, etc., etc. Two in a basket fared worse than one, for their weight kept them waist-deep in the river and the ups and downs were more violent.

We rejoiced to find that we were only a short walk from our lodgings; so paying our men, who started back up the mountain with their three baskets, rope, and ax, we ambled home, and over our pipes and a hot fire went over our voyage in every phase, and concluded that, time admitting, we would the next hot day try it again.

(To be continued.)

Wanted it in Writing.

[Midsummer Puck.]

"Scaddsby is a suspicious fellow," said Brief, the lawyer. "I did some work for him a little while ago, and when he asked for the bill I told him it was all right, I wouldn't charge him anything. He thanked me cordially, but said he'd like to have a receipt."

The Present Time.

[Midsummer Puck.]

Jessie—Did you get the marriage license, dear? Let me see it.

Harry—You won't understand it.

Jessie—Yes, I will. "To whom these presents may come"—yes; that is all right!

To Remove Warts.

[N. Y. Medical Record.]

It is said that castor-oil applied for two to four or six weeks—that is, once a day—has not failed in any case.

Wanted.

A copy of the History of the Fifteenth Wisconsin Volunteers, printed in either English or Norwegian. Please address Editor of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, Washington, D. C.

RENEE.

A Pathetic Song, and How it was Heard for the Last Time.

BY KATHARINE VALITON.

THE moonlight bathed the quivering leaves in dim radiance. The river flowed, a broad silver path, between the dark sloping banks. A quiet, divine in its peacefulness, enfolded the spot. Then a sound stole on the silence, not marring the quiet, but into the peace came the loneliness of a young heart. It was a pure and sweet young heart that in singing found a relief to the loneliness that vaguely oppressed it. When she sang, Renee was happy. To sing had been her unfailing comfort through all the trials of her lonely little life. Yet she was 16 years old before she knew that she was lonely. She knew well that she was often sad. She knew, too, that she could not tell why she was so. Those with whom she had lived since her mother's death, her uncle and aunt, were always kind, kind as they knew how to be, but something was still wanting, ever wanting to the child who had come over the sea to the quiet country home, from the sunny vineyard lands of France.

The elderly couple, their own children being married and gone to homes of their own, received gladly the child of the sailor brother whose French wife they had never known.

"She is not pretty," they said, "but she has beautiful gray eyes, and she is a loving child." Her gray eyes were, perhaps, from her French mother. They were eyes not beautiful only, they were deep, wonderful, lovely. Hearing her voice, in singing, you saw Renee's eyes; in gazing at her eyes, you could hear her voice; in the voice and the eyes tremble and shine the mind and soul.

And now Renee stood in the shadow of the trees and sang low and sweetly, when, from the darkness a boat shot into the moonlight, and pausing there, as if the oarsman were listening, caused her song to cease. A full, soft voice took up the quaint old air and gently sang to the close. Then slowly the little bark floated from the silver path and was lost in the darkness beyond.

Renee hid her face in her hands, her eyes were full of tears, and for the first time she knew how very lonely she had always been. And to Renee in that Summer time came the "joy that is almost pain." Under the bending trees, in the long shady lanes, by the river in sunlight and shade, the sweetest of all idyls was told; yet, not told, but known without words, and Renee forgot that she had been lonely. But the Summer faded, and in the Winter snows Renee walked alone.

"You've not heard her yet? Your first opportunity to-night? I envy you, hearing her for the first time, and yet, that is nothing to the second, nor to the 22d! You'll be carried away like the rest of us, and Madame your bride will not be jealous. Such a voice is divine, and this opera is written expressly for her. Ah! to hear her sing that last air, which indeed runs through the whole opera. That last air carries one to Heaven!"

So, with the enthusiasm of a Frenchman and a lover of music, spoke one of the devotees of the wonderful singer to his friends, the newly-arrived bride and bridegroom. And that night, sitting in a front box, they heard the voice that was charming all Europe.

Never had the audience been so enthusiastic, as on that night; never had the singer won such laurels; and when, in the last scene, the prevailing air, quaint and full of pathos, was sung by her alone, the house was hushed into silence more rapturous than the storm of applause which followed.

Tears stood in the young bride's eyes. She said, "To-morrow we will send her beautiful flowers!"

"Yes," said the bridegroom, but he answered absently. He seemed to look at something far away, away where his thoughts were traveling—seven long years away, when, floating on a moonlit stream he had first heard that song, that voice. He had heard it, too, in words sweeter thanany song.

The next day he and his bride chose flowers, the most beautiful they could find, and sent them to the singer. But Renee lay still and white upon her bed, and knew not of the flowers. She knew not that on the heart that had broken for her lover his flowers were laid. For him, for him alone, had she sung her last song on that last night of her life.

And the city mourned for the rare singer, who was gone.

A GOOD LOCATION.

Where Comrades Can Find Good Homes in a Healthy Climate.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Any of the comrades that think of coming South in search of a place where they can spend their declining years in a mild and healthful climate, can find here, in the mountains of north Alabama, as desirable a place as can be found anywhere in the South.

On our mountain-tops the air is pure and invigorating both Summer and Winter. The temperature is agreeable the year round. Our mountain lands are not as rich as the fertile plains of the West, but they will produce fair crops of nearly everything than can be grown within the temperate zone. For the production of fruits and vegetables a better soil and climate cannot be found. Apples on the mountains grow to perfection.

We have but few insect pests, and no blizzards, no drouths, no floods.

Society is not all that could be desired, but is improving every day. Like all other places in the new South, society is in the formative stage. We have a few soldier-haters among us, but the greatest harm they now do is to make fools of themselves.

Many of the natives of this section were true to the Government during the war. About eight miles from where I live there is a G.A.R. Post of about 40 members. I have four old soldiers from four different States for near neighbors, and all of them are well pleased with the country, and but one of them has any desire or intention of ever leaving it. We would be glad to have more of the old boys come and settle among us.

Through the influence of a soldier's wife we have a schoolhouse in our settlement large enough to accommodate 100 pupils, and an excellent school established. The teachers—a lady and a gentleman—are from Minnesota. They have gained the unbounded confidence and esteem of the entire community. Even the most inveterate grumblers, and the hardest, thickest-shelled old mossbacks pronounce them the best teachers that have ever been in the country.

In closing I will say that there is no place in the South, not even the most favored parts of Florida, where fruit-growing can be made more profitable than on these mountains. Men of small means can now secure homes here, but this will not be the case much longer. For men entirely destitute of means it would not be a suitable place, because wages are low.—J. O. CLARK, Co. C, 70th Ill.

For the Equalization of Bounties.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: As a subscriber to your widely circulated and to soldiers very interesting journal, I ask permission for insertion of a subject which has been before the public at every session of Congress since the close of the rebellion. It is the equalization of bounties to soldiers of the late war.

In 1879 the House Committee on Appropriations sent a communication to the Hon. John Sherman, then Secretary of the Treasury, asking for an estimate to pay the additional bounty. His estimate in his reply was that it would take over $199,000,000, when he knew well enough, or should have known, that it would not take over $24,500,000 to pay all who would be entitled to it.

I will state the case as plainly as it can be made: Under President Lincoln's proclamation calling for 500,000 volunteers for three years, or during the war, it may easily be presumed that 200,000 soldiers re-enlisted and received the veteran bounty of $402, besides the State bounties of from $1,600 to $1,500, and they are therefore debarred from receiving any more; so that only 300,000 are entitled to it, and $1,000,000 will pay 10,000 men $100 each; $10,000,000 will pay 100,000 men $100 each, and $30,000,000 will pay 300,000 men $100 each. The other $4,500,000 I allow to the soldiers of the Regular Army, who served during the entire war without a dollar of bounty.

Suppose the strength of the United States Army was 15,000 at the beginning of the war, and all enlisted or re-enlisted in 1860, they would have served to the close of the war in 1865. They should at least be put on the same footing with the three-years' volunteers by allowing each Regular soldier $300, which would only make the whole bounty $4,500,000, or a grand total to volunteers and Regulars of $34,500,000 in all.

As this coming National Encampment is the last one before another Presidential nomination takes place, it is important to know by the old soldiers if the candidates for the Presidency of the two parties are not only promising, but paying friends of old debts to the soldiers of 1861, and so urge and recommend to the Houses of Congress the justice of our claim. We would like to see the cash, and deduct it from us by making shorter speeches at Reunions and Memorial Days, where the soldiers' deeds are embalmed in words that make the youth of the land wish for a war, to excel those who have met their last foe.—M. J. DEPONAL Private, Co. E, 80th N. Y., and of Garfield Post, 7, G.A.R., 722 Twentieth street, Washington, D. C.

"THE HOWLERS."

Pension Legislation Not the Cause of the Fall Election Results.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I desire to say that your recent editorial concerning the "attitude" of certain newspapers, politicians, etc., upon the subject of pensions is absolutely true. There is danger ahead. Never, since the close of the war, has this element appeared half so bold and aggressive.

It is true that their deductions regarding the causes of last Fall's elections are all wrong. The result was caused by a feeling of unrest. Pension legislation had very little to do with it. The solid, thinking, working element in the Republican party were persuaded that the party were "standing in" a little too much with certain "bosses," who were the henchmen of the millionaires of our country. They began to lose confidence in their leaders; they felt that the laborer, farmer, and artisan were being too much overlooked; they wanted to see some halting place ahead.

Thus it was.

Sensible men do not object to a liberality with those who set their bodies up as a target to be aimed at by those who sought by force of arms to destroy our Government. This is the sentiment of every patriotic American. This "howl" about $12 per month to a poor old soldier is not genuine anyway. If the "howlers" are conscientious upon the subject of "prodigality" why do they not dare to advocate the repeal of "internal revenue laws." No one is able to see that it benefits anyone except him who deals in such articles as it relates to. But no, that will never do. They vote with us—"you tickle me and I will tickle you"; but the soldier may starve. The real gist of the matter is this, "If the soldier gets any of it we can't so well go on with our stealing."

No party will dare to come out boldly and honorably and declare in their National platform against the pension laws now upon our statutes. The will of some is only too good to repeal them if they once had the reins in their own hands, but they will never attempt to get the reins by making that an issue.

Now, let me make a suggestion. Let your worthy paper find space in each number to quote "word by word" (literally I mean) the doctrines of leading publications as to this matter. Then, let each Grand Army Post in America take pains to read these "short clippings" before their respective lodges, and, my word for it, these "howlers" will soon play "oyster" in the game.

The writer of this note served three years in the war, enlisting in '61 when $13 per month was all the inducement, so far as money was concerned. He is, this day, a physical wreck, and nine-tenths of all the "three-years' men" are in the same sad condition. Most all of them are poor, too, simply because their physical condition denied them a fair share of energy to compete with those able-bodied "howlers" who never saw a "gray-coat"; and now they want to give him no remembrance for his sacrifices. If a foreign foe were to invade America this day we do not believe one of these very "growlers" would shoulder a gun to defend it. Patriotic metal can never be found in a man who will growl because his Government shows its gratitude toward those who stood by it in the day of its peril.—J. E. W., Montezuma, Ind.

A Grateful Comrade.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Will you please give space for a card of thanks? I have just received my pension, for which I am more than thankful. I thank the Government; I thank the Congress that made the pension laws; I thank the President for signing the bill; I thank the Commissioner; I thank the editors that contend for the pension laws, and I thank my attorney. May Heaven bless this great Government of ours, which is kind to its defenders.—JAS. R. YORS, Carthage, Mo.

Fishing With Cormorants.

An Austrian paper contains an interesting article upon the catching of fish in China by means of cormorants. The boats used are mostly large enough to hold three or four persons besides the birds. At the bow stands the Captain, who generally has a dozen trained cormorants under his charge. In the middle of the boat is stationed another fisherman, who has from four to six birds under him. Between these two men stands a third, armed with a long bamboo cane, with which he strikes and splashes the water in order to encourage the cormorants to work; while in the stern of the boat sits the man who steers and propels it. The cormorants are mostly bred in the houses of the fishermen, and trained from the time they are very young. They remain fit for work till the age of 15 to 20, and if well trained have a market value of 15s. to 25s. They are fed on bean-cakes and fish. The birds are placed in the gunwale of the boat, and, at a given signal, jump into the water in different directions, dive under, and bring the fish they catch on board their master's boat. Although there are often a number of boats close together in the fishing waters, the birds never make any mistake, but always return to their own boats. Each cormorant wears a metal ring around his neck, tight enough to prevent him from swallowing the large and saleable fish, but allowing him to eat the smaller fish, upon which he partly lives. A wide strap is generally fastened round the bird's body, which serves to haul it easily in the boat. All the cormorants in a boat have their own special places and numbers, to which they answer as dogs do to their names. No. 1 is the doyen of the corps, the oldest in years and the first in rank. He has the place of honor in the boat, nearest the Captain, and goes into the water last. He is drawn out first, is fed first, and put first into the basket in which the birds, when their day's work is done, are carried back to the fisherman's cottage. If the strict order of precedence is broken, and No. 6 sent into the water before No. 5, or No. 4 taken out before No. 3, the offended bird gives audible vent to his disapproval by loud screams and flapping of wings. They are obedient and intelligent, and it is said that if one of the crew gets hold of a fish too big and heavy for him, he is always immediately assisted by one or more of his comrades, who support him to the side of the boat and wait until he is pulled on board.

Same Large Advertisements.

[National Advertiser.]

The largest amount of money ever expended for a single advertisement is said to have been paid by a French manufacturer for a model of the Eiffel Tower, which was ordered to be executed in gold as an advertisement. The model was complete, including the monumental fountain under the tower. This golden marvel, wrought by one of the most celebrated Parisian goldsmiths, is 20 feet high, and the fountain, also of gold, seven to eight inches; the cost being a hundred thousand dollars. The proprietors of one of the great proprietary medicines offered a subscription of $25,000 toward the gigantic statue of "Liberty" at New York Harbor, provided they were allowed to affix an advertisement upon it for one year. A large soap firm have purchased pictures and statues from the most celebrated artists of the present day, to be used for advertising purposes, the sums given running into five figures. The largest advertisement in the world is that of the Glasgow (Scotland) *News*, cut in the shape of flower beds on the side of a hill back of Ardenlee, Scotland. The words Glasgow *News* can be seen and plainly read at a distance of four miles; the length of each letter is 40 feet, the total length of the line 323 feet, and the area covered by the letters 14,845 feet. The largest advertisement on record was that giving the signature to a Conservative address to the King of England, agreed to at a public meeting in London on the 23d of December, 1834. The words amounted to nearly 6,000, and occupied 24 columns of the London *Times*. On the 10th of October, 1860, the whole libretto of Macfarren's opera, "Robin Hood," was inserted in the same paper as an advertisement, and occupied four and a half columns.

Nervous

Dyspepsia in severe form, tired and languid, no ambition, sleep irregular, no appetite—this was my condition when I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. From the very first it seemed to be just what I needed. The nervous dyspepsia has now entirely gone, my appetite is excellent, I can eat heartily without distress afterwards; I sleep well, and am now go about my work without having that tired feeling so frequent before I began taking the medicine. I have taken six bottles of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and recommend it as the King of Medicines." J. J. SCULLY, President Seaman's Union, 256 Catharine street, Detroit, Mich.

N. B. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla

Little Things that Count.

[Aluminum Age.]

In every line of business, no matter whether conducted upon a large or small scale, it is the little things that count. The little expenses, the little wastes, the little economies, are the ones that turn the balance of accounts, either for profit or loss, and it is these things that need the closest attention.

The larger, more important details of every business are carefully looked after; there is very little chance for neglect, carelessness or oversight. The workman who spoils a costly piece of machinery, or causes a loss of any considerable account, is held responsible, and is generally very careful in this respect; but in the little things he is not as prompt in exercising care and economy, and these little things are looked upon as of no consequence and as having no real value.

We have it asserted by a man who, beginning on barely nothing, succeeded in building up a large and profitable business, and retiring with a considerable fortune, when asked how he managed, what was the secret of his success, replied:

"By saving what other people wasted, looking after the little things and seeing that not a thing was thrown away or cast aside as too small or insignificant to be of any value. A few cents here and a few cents there make up quite a sum in the course of a year, and it is by paying careful attention to the little details, by looking after the cent, that I have made my dollars."

There is a great deal more in this than most people would be willing to admit. They are in too much of a hurry to make dollars to look after cents.

Effects of Coffee.

[Boston Journal of Commerce.]

Coffee owes its stimulating and refreshing qualities to caffeine. It also contains gum and sugar, fat acids, casein and wood and fiber. Like tea, it powerfully increases the respiration, but, unlike it, does not affect its depth.

By its use the rate of the pulse is increased and the action of the skin diminished. It lessens the amount of blood sent to the organs of the body, distends the veins and contracts the capillaries, thus preventing the waste of tissue. It is a mental stimulus of a high order, and one that is liable to great abuse.

Carried to excess it produces abnormal wakefulness, indigestion, acidity, heartburn, irritability of temper, trembling, irregular pulse, a kind of intoxication ending in delirium and great injury to the spinal functions.

Unfortunately there are many coffee-tipplers who depend upon it as a drunkard upon his dram.

On the other hand, coffee is of sovereign efficacy in tiding over the nervous system in emergencies.

Coffee is also, in its place, an excellent medicine. In typhoid fever its action is frequently prompt and decisive. It is indicated in the early stages before the local complications arise.

Coffee dispels stupor and lethargy, is an antidote for many kinds of poisons, and is valuable in spasmodic asthma, whooping-cough, cholera infantum and Asiatic cholera.

It is also excellent as a preventive against infectious or epidemic diseases. In districts rife with malaria and fever the drinking of hot coffee before passing into the open air has enabled persons living in such places to escape contagion.

THEY LAUGHED TOO SOON.

Hanlan Tells How He First Astonished the Oarsmen.

My first great race was also my first great victory, writes Edward Hanlan, in *The Ladies' Home Journal*. When I arrived at Philadelphia, in 1876, there were assembled all the great oarsmen in the world. I became a laughing-stock for them because of my style of rowing and my rigging. The prevailing rigging for sculls then was the eight-inch sliding-seat; oars 10 feet three inches long, with blades five and a half inches wide, and foot-board having an angle of 20 degrees. I went there with 26-inch sliding-seat, nine-and-a-half foot oars, with six-and-a-half inch blades, and an angular foot-brace at a 40-degree angle. When the race came off I won by several lengths. Since then this rigging has advanced the speed of racing a minute a mile. I then went to England, and they laughed there; but I beat them out of sight. All England then used my rigging. I met Trickett in England, and won $500,000 for my friends on this race. Then I defeated Laycock in the same way. I then went to Australia and was defeated by Beach through a collision with a steamer. The Australian climate undermined my constitution, and I was defeated several times there, but I could never get the Australians to meet me in neutral waters.

A Hint to His Laundress.

Dundee (Scotland) News.

At home stations the private soldier's washing is usually done by the married soldiers' wives, who are expected to sew on missing buttons and do little repairs, for which a small sum is deducted from the private's pay. Private M'Ginnis had a great deal of trouble with his laundress. Saturday after Saturday had his shirt come back with the neck button off or else hanging by a single thread. He had spoken to her on the subject, and she had promised to see after it, but still the button was not on properly. He got out of patience on a Sunday, when the missing button had made him late for parade, and exclaimed: "Bad cess to the woman. I'll give her a hint this time, anyhow." He took the lid off his tin blacking-box, about three inches in diameter, punched two holes in it with his fork, and then tied it on the neck of the shirt that was next to be washed. Next Saturday, when his washing came back, he examined his shirt to see if the hint had been taken. It had; she had made a buttonhole to fit it.

Census Returns in France.

[St. James's Gazette.]

A population which is stationary, or nearly so, is an evil and a danger, as France is beginning to recognize; but although the census returns have largely falsified the Registrar-General's anticipations, there is no cause for alarm. The figures show that the increase of the population during the last 10 years has been smaller than during any previous decade this century, and not far short of 1,000,000 less than the official estimate. Nevertheless the increase has exceeded 3,000,000, which is quite enough. These figures prove once more, notwithstanding the changed conditions of life, how intimate is still the connection between the birth-rate and the price of wheat. Corn has been down at prices which have driven farmers by hundreds into the Bankruptcy Court, and naturally the marriage and birth rates have declined. But there is another and larger consideration with which the statisticians and men of science might usefully concern themselves. Does it not seem as though, when population begins to lie thick upon the land, nature automatically restricts its further increase?

FOR THE LADIES.

Some men are never happy unless they are opposed, and, oddly enough, such men are usually the husbands of weak, compliant wives.—*Somerville Journal.*

Ex-Empress Eugenie is now in her 65th year, having been born May 5, 1826.

Half Rates to Detroit via B. & O. R. R.

For the Annual Encampment, G.A.R., at Detroit Aug. 3 to 8, the B. & O. R. R. will sell round-trip tickets from stations on its lines east of the Ohio River at low rate of one fare for the round trip. Tickets will be sold July 31 to Aug. 3, inclusive, and will be valid, returning, until Aug. 18. An extension of limit until Sept. 30 can be secured by depositing return portion of the ticket with Railroad Agent at Detroit. Travelers via B. & O. pass through historic battlegrounds and cross the Alleghany Mountains, with the most picturesque scenery in America constantly in view.

The highest degree of success has been attained by *Pearline*. It gives the highest degree of satisfaction—it has reached the highest degree of efficiency. It washes with little work and without wear. It cleans with perfect safety and without trouble. Whatever *Pearline* does, it does well—you will do well to see what it does.

Send it Back

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, do the honest thing—*send it back.*

JAMES PYLE, New York.

WARRANTED 20 YEARS STEM WIND & STEM SET

FREE as WATER

To examine. This is a regular $25.00 Gold-Plated watch—the best watch advertised in any paper. One is beautiful hunting, full engraved, warranted. Movement a fine, full-jeweled, quick train, warranted 10 years; guarantee sent with each watch. Send us this advertisement and we will send the watch to your express office. You can examine it and if you do not find it even more than we claim for it, leave it. But if you feel it satisfactory, pay the express agent our special price of $5.50 and take the watch. A. C. Roebuck, Minneapolis, Minn.

Mention The National Tribune.

MARCHAL & SMITH PIANOS AND ORGANS.

Finest Quality—Elegant Designs.

We make it easy for you to buy of us no matter where you live.

THE MARCHAL & SMITH PIANO CO., New York.

Mention The National Tribune.

WANTED SOLDIERS' HOMESTEADS.

The addresses of all soldiers who homesteaded a less number of acres than 160 and made final proof on the same before June 22, 1874. W. E. Morris, P. O. Box 1795, Denver, Colorado.

Mention The National Tribune.

WANTED—AGENTS

To sell to families, the best agency article ever offered. Is new, light, convenient and pays big. Write for terms. LOVELL & BROWNE CO. 175th and State Sts., Chicago, Ill. Mention this paper.

Mention The National Tribune.

WELL DRILL.