WITH GENERAL SCOTT.

A Battalion-Marker's Experience in the Mexican War.

BY C. E. RUTHERFORD, 66TH ILL., PERU, IND.

IN the Winter of 1847, '48 the 5th Ohio, afterward known as the 24, Col. Morgan's old regiment, re-enlisted for the Mexican war, its depleted ranks having been filled with recruits. The regiment under its new organization was commanded by Col. W. W. Irwin, from Lancaster, O., Col. Morgan having been promoted to Brigadier-General.

The regiment was employed in keeping open Gen. Winfield Scott's communication between the City of Mexico and the sea at Vera Cruz. I was in my 14th year, serving as regimental battalion-marker.

The scenery was magnificent in the vicinity of our camp. A beautiful little stream, the Rio Frio, meaning cold river, burst from the side of the cliff, until its crystal waters, sparkling in the bright sunlight as it formed into vail-like spray in its descent into the pool at the base of the rocky precipice, and from there breaking into cascades and whirlpools in its course through the glen. At the head of the pretty little valley is the weird, somber, and

QUAINT INDIAN VILLAGE,

with its huts made of hewn planks, while nestling down on the banks of the river lies the small town of Rio Frio, with its church, inn, and custom- or toll-house.

This place has an elevation of 1,000 feet above the sea level, and is surrounded by the tall ranges of the Cordillera Mountains, their sides clad with an evergreen forest of pine. Far back of the range, where it towers above all and rises in majestic grandeur, is Mount Popocatepetl.

In the early morning it was a magnificent view to watch the first gleams of the sun's rays on the snow-capped summit, the ice acting as a prism reflecting back all the colors of the rainbow.

There is a small gap to the east and west, forming a pass in the mountain range, through which that great thoroughfare, the National Road, passes, connecting the City of Mexico with the sea at Vera Cruz. Through this mountain defile was transported, on the backs of mules and asses, the commerce that supplied two-thirds of the people of Mexico for over 300 years, and also through this gorge passed the Spanish invaders under Cortez, together with his allied Indian army, when they made their first descent into the great plain of Anahuac, on which was located the

CAPITAL OF THE AZTECS,

with its great temple, floating gardens, and Montezuman halls. Through the defile our own gallant little army under Scott made their conquering descent on to the army of Mexico, under the command of their famous chieftain, Gen. Santa Anna. As a military position it possesses very great strength, but it can be flanked either to the north or south. The French, with their Austrian allies, under Marshal Bazaine, entered the valley of Anahuac, by the way of Orizaba, flanking the mountain-stronghold some miles to the left.

It was while in the valley, after having taken the capital, that Bazaine issued his infamous order to murder all prisoners without a trial, and that pretender, Emperor Maxmillian, sanctioned the barbarous mandate. I have no sympathy with that fawning, sickly sentiment that condones the acts of the Pretender. He simply received justice at Queretaro at the hands of the patriots under Escobedo, whom he sought to rob of their liberty, and set up an autocratic personal Government on the ruins of the Republic.

The roving bands of outlaws, who infested the mountain gorges, foothills, and adjacent plains, had become so daring in their marauding exploits that Gen. Scott gave orders to all the commanders occupying military districts in the vicinity of the country exposed to the lawless depredations of these men to scour the woods, ravines, and plains, and

BREAK UP THEIR HAUNTS.

In pursuance of these orders Col. Irwin detailed a detachment composed of dragoons and infantry, the latter under command of Capt. Joseph Smith, of Co. H, and Capt. W. H. Lytle, of the Queen City Guards. Capt. Lytle is the author of the beautiful poem, entitled—

"I am dying, Egypt, dying."

During the war of the rebellion he raised the 10th Ohio, was made its Colonel, and rapidly rose to the rank of General. He received a mortal wound at the battle of Chickamauga, at the head of his brigade, while gallantly repelling a charge of the enemy.

The mounted troops were commanded by Lieut. Green, of the Illinois Dragoons, all under the immediate supervision of Maj. W. H. Link, of Circleville, O., who raised the 12th Ind., at Fort Wayne, Ind., to serve during the rebellion, and received a commission as its Colonel. He fell on the battlefield of Richmond, Ky., while heroically leading a charge of the brigade.

The troops moved out from the post one day just at dusk, taking the National road that leads west through the gap, passing over the level summit, and descending the wooded mountains. In the Valley of Mexico, nine miles from the post, was located

THE HACIENDA OF CORDOVA,

just at the edge of the timber overlooking the beautiful plain, built in the usual Moorish style, one-story high.

When the detachment arrived at the gate of the hacienda, they found it closed and securely fastened. A light was seen through the cracks, and the Major rapped vigorously on the gate. After a considerable time had elapsed, and no attention being paid to his knocks, the Major ordered the gate forced in, which was done.

Upon entering we were surprised to find that a mounted band of brigands, who had been inside, had made their escape in the darkness, by passing over the roof and letting themselves down over the back wall, taking their arms and accoutrements with them, but leaving their mustangs, 18 in number, which we confiscated. The troop resumed its march, taking along the captured mustangs, the infantry riding them in turn.

We left the main road, and followed the mule path that led off to the southeast. Passing along the base of the mountain, we arrived, late at night, at the village of Merifloris. There the infantry was left in charge of Capt. Jos. Smith, and the mounted party continued on.

Near morning, in the vicinity of a small town, we met a man and woman on horseback. As soon as they saw who we were the two turned their horses, and putting spurs to them, dashed off, taking no notice of our orders to halt. Some of our party fired a few shots at the man, one of which hit him, but did not dismount him. Maj. Link ordered Capt. Lytle, who was in charge of the mounted infantry, to select a detail of five and pursue them.

A lively chase ensued in the direction of the town, upon entering which the soldiers discovered a company of bandits, just mounting, preparatory to starting on a raid. Then

THE PURSUERS BECAME THE PURSUED.

Capt. Lytle ordered his men to fall back, and passing out of the town he wheeled them to the left. The Mexicans, not observing this movement, passed down the causeway and ran into the main column of soldiers. The Captain closed in on their rear, cutting off their retreat, and placing them between the two fires. Then ensued a lively little brush in the early morning light, for the sun had not yet risen.

Finally, the enemy seeing themselves overpowered by superior numbers, and hemmed in on the narrow road, made a dash for the river, and, as the water was shallow, a majority of them succeeded in making their escape, but not until two of the number had been killed and eight or 10 captured.

After this little skirmish, the troops moved on into town, where breakfast was obtained. This over, the man who had been wounded on horseback before the fight was captured, and he proved to be a commissioned officer in the Mexican army. Placing him on a litter, and securing laborers to carry it, the party returned and joined the infantry at Merifloris.

The entire force then retraced their steps. When near the encampment, one of the prisoners made a dash for freedom, and was killed by the guards.

During the early Spring a scouting expedition was sent out to scour the country lying on the east side of the mountain range, and the inclined plain that overlooked

THE GREAT VALLEY OF PUEBLA.

The foot-hills and adjacent wooded ravines were infested with lawless guerrillas and roaming bands of robbers, who took advantage of the state of war to rob and pillage friend and foe.

The detachment consisted of two companies of infantry, one company commanded by Capt. Hughes, of Cincinnati, O., Captain of Co. I, and the other was led by Capt. Geo. W. McGinnis, Captain of the Chillicothe, O., company. This latter officer also served through the war of the rebellion, going in as Lieutenant-Colonel of the famous 11th Ind., passing through the entire war, and participating in most of the great battles in the West. He returned home a Brigadier-General, and is now a distinguished attorney-at-law of Indianapolis, Ind., and an honored and esteemed citizen.

The mounted troops consisted of a detail from Capt. Little's company of Illinois dragoons, the rest of the detachment being made up from the famous Jack Hays' regiment of Texas Rangers, a battalion of the Rangers having been stationed with us. The entire detail was under the command of the renowned Maj. Ben. McCulloch, of the Rangers, who afterward became a distinguished Confederate General, and who was

KILLED AT THE BATTLE OF PEA RIDGE, ARK.

My compeer as battalion marker was a stray lad from England, of Irish parentage, a wanderer of the seas, who had drifted into Cincinnati. Capt. Hughes had picked him up and initiated him into the mysteries of a soldier's life. His name was John Rease, and he was brimful of romance, with a love for daring exploits. We both solicited the privilege of accompanying the expedition. He was fortunate enough to secure permission to go, but I had to stay behind. The refusal almost broke my heart. I never had my circulating apparatus so thoroughly stirred up but once and that was caused by the whack a gay and dashing widow gave it in more recent times. Well, I have recovered from both and still live to relate John's romantic exploits with the brigands.

As the command was moving through the foot-hills and roaming in the adjacent valley, in search of the

THIEVISH BANDS OF MARAUDERS,

they came to a hacienda, where some peons, under their major-domos, were thrashing in the primitive, antiquated form of the Egyptians. On the better class of ranches they lay down a circular foundation of solid masonwork, something like 80 feet in width. On the outer edge of the foundation they run up a wall some three-and-a-half feet high, leaving an opening or gateway for an entrance to the inclosure, using a siliceous cement as mortar in its construction, which, when it becomes dry, unites the whole structure into a solid, rocky-like mass that is fully as durable and strong as stone itself.

On one of these floors the thrashers were at work with their horses and mules, treading out the grain, the unthrashed barley having first been strewn on the rocky floor.

Our friend John, being weary and footsore, concluded he would ride, so he constituted himself a foraging party of one to secure the necessary transportation. He left the column, marshaled all his latent power, and made a dash for the corral for the purpose of procuring a mustang. The ponies, not being accustomed to his wild Irish brogue, became frightened and were not easily caught.

While he was trying to capture one of the animals the command moved on. He was some distance in the rear

WHEN THREE GUERRILLAS,

who had been hovering in the distance, swept down upon him and took him prisoner.

The next day there was some brisk firing and skirmishing, but the enemy managed to keep well out of any serious engagement. A number of the Rangers managed to surprise a young armed ranchero and capture him. In that part of Mexico there are no fences in the rural districts, the fields being inclosed with ditches some four-and-a-half feet deep and with sufficient width at the top to prevent any domestic animals from jumping over them.

After being disarmed the prisoner was turned over to an Orderly and taken to the head of the column. Maj. McCulloch was some little distance in advance of the troops, and on being informed of the capture by the Orderly, beckoned the prisoner to him. The Major could speak the Spanish language fluently, and as they rode along he questioned the young man.

Suddenly the Mexican grabbed the Major's saber, jerked it from the scabbard and struck at him, at the same time putting spurs to his horse.

MAJ. M'CULLOCH DODGED THE STROKE,

but the whole thing was done so quickly the Mexican had a good start before our men recovered. Although a number of shots were fired at him he made good his escape by jumping one of the ditches and seeking cover behind a cactus hedge. The heavy horses of our force were unable to jump the ditch and pursue him.

We afterward learned that it was not the first time he had been a prisoner. He was a cadet at the Mexican National Military Academy at Chapultepec, and was one of the defenders of the castle when it was assaulted by the storming party of our army at the time of the invasion of the city. When the fortress was carried he was made a prisoner, but during the confusion that followed he made his escape and joined his fleeing countrymen.

The little army, under McCulloch, returned to the post without any further incident of note, but poor John was not with them. He had not been seen after his capture, and we did not know whether we would ever see him again, but we did.

Some weeks later, toward evening, a Government train arrived from the City of Puebla,

AND TO OUR SURPRISE

John came with it, sound, hale and hearty. He related his experience to eager listeners, and as near as I remember, this is it:

He was taken by the bandits who captured him into a thicket, where they bound and gagged him and then tied him to a small tree. He was in the bushes at the time our troops were skirmishing with the band that took him prisoner and some of the shots came uncomfortably near him. A number of his own company came near enough for him to recognize them, but he was so thoroughly gagged that he could not let his presence be known.

He was kept in his uncomfortable position for many hours until the Government forces left the neighborhood. He was then taken by his captors to their camp and guards placed over him.

He had been reared a Catholic and always carried a rosary. Deeming his condition critical he concluded to tell his beads, which he did in the usual manner of persons of his faith. His devotion had a wonderful effect on his captors. They no longer looked upon him as one of the despised heathen, but as a member of their own faith who was unfortunate, and from that time on treated him with kindness. In their eyes he was no longer the half civilized barbarian from the North, and his little mustang forage awakened a feeling of

"HAIL FELLOW, WELL MET."

He seemed to take kindly to the free and easy ways of his new-made friends, and had been in captivity some weeks when the priest from the neighboring village, hearing of him, came to his rescue and succeeded in getting him released, after which he took him to his own house and dressed him in female attire. Both men then mounted horses which had been procured for their use and rode off in the direction of Puebla, passing several hostile bands on the way.

Upon nearing the town the kind Father disrobed John of his woman's drapery, knowing that the distance to the city was so short there was no further danger. He gave him his blessing and bid him a kind farewell.

When John returned to us he was not the fierce, warlike raider that he had formerly been, but seemed to have a kind feeling for all mankind. Whether it was the benign influence of the woman's dress that he wore that wrought the change I know not. This I do know, that all his future raids were confined strictly to hen-roosts.

The young man who had so boldly captured Maj. McCulloch's saber came into Rio Frio during the armistice that preceded the close of the war, and proposed to the Major that

THEY SHOULD DRAW LOTS

to decide who should have both the sword and scabbard, as one was worthless without the other. The Major declined to do this, stating that the young man was entitled to both, and he thereupon presented him with the scabbard. That young man is known to history as Gen. Miramon, and he became one of Mexico's most distinguished men. Unfortunately for himself and his country, he united his fortunes with Maxamilian and was captured with the Emperor, both dying at the hands of their countrymen.

Col. Irwin was a very strict and thorough drill-master. He took great pride in drilling the regiment, especially when he had other officers as visitors. During the Winter he was visited by Dr. Solomon Langdon, Surgeon of the 4th Ohio, which was quartered at Puebla, and Capt. George W. Pugh, who commanded the Queen City Cadets, of the same regiment. Capt. Pugh later on represented Ohio in the United States Senate.

The Colonel ordered the regiment out to drill, and John still being absent (he had not returned from his mustang raid), master Veach, a member of Capt. Ferguson's company, was acting with me

AS BATTALION MARKER.

It was a beautiful sight to see the regiment drill, the arms glistening in the sunlight, flags flying and drums beating.

After the drill was over and we had returned our flags to the Adjutant's office, young Veach by some means procured a small brass cannon, about a foot long and of sufficient caliber to carry a musket-ball. Veach, averring that I had a few cartridges, suggested that we should go down the creek to the little rocky dell, about half a mile from the camp.

We were accompanied by a spectator, in the person of a little drummer, the son of Capt. Stratton, of the Columbus company. We selected as a target a large stone, and opened fire with our little gun, but had not fired more than three rounds when we saw Col. Irwin, accompanied by Adj't Tucker, Dr. Langdon, and Capt. Pugh, who were enjoying a horseback ride.

Upon arriving on our firing-ground the Colonel, in a peremptory manner, ordered Veach and myself to the guardhouse and young Stratton to his quarters. Well knowing by the merry twinkle in his eye, and also by past experience, that he was not half

THE MILITARY MARTINET

that he thought himself to be, and, knowing that his severity was only assumed to entertain his visitors and impress them with the idea that he was an austere and strict disciplinarian, we had no fears, but went to the guardhouse and staid there until dark, and then went to our quarters, thinking the Colonel would have forgotten all about us in the morning; but we were mistaken. He was still posing and amusing his visitors.

Upon examining the guard report the next morning, and failing to see our names upon it, he sent the Sergeant of the Guard after us. We were brought to the Adjutant's office under guard. When we entered the room the Colonel was furious, and, with his voice husky with wrath, demanded why we did not go to the guardhouse. We meekly answered that we did. The Colonel, still very wrathy, wanted to know why we did not stay there. We told him because he had not told us to. He then very mildly ordered us to our quarters, and passed the decanter amid a roar of laughter from the assembled officers.

I now seem to see the indentations, mildewed and moss-covered, made by the shots that we fired against the boulder in those olden times, and my heart returns to the scenes of the past, while Hope, with her rosy tints and bright hues, alluringly beckons me on with her sweet, bewitching smile. Yet I linger, spell-bound in enchanted revery, over amusing memories.

PRISONERS OF ANDERSONVILLE.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In the year 1867, shortly after my discharge from the 5th U. S. Cav., at Nashville, Tenn., a friend asked me if I would like to go with him to call on some loyal ladies and spend the evening. I told him yes, and we called. In the course of the evening the topic of the war was brought up. I remarked about being in Andersonville. One of the ladies remarked: "Mr. Vance, if you were an Andersonville prisoner, I can sing you a song." She sat down at the piano, played and sang this song, which I think is the most sympathetic of any song I ever heard. The lady, at my request, gave me the words. I always sang the song to suit myself, but my wife lately set it to music that suits me better. I have never seen the song or heard it; can't tell where it originated. I left Nashville shortly afterward, and paid no attention to it for years afterward.—JAMES W. VANCE, Co. B, 4th Ohio Cav., and Co. M, 5th U. S. Cav., Newport, Ky.

Oh, we never can forget it,
In all the years to come,
How we lingered, starved and waited
In the prison far from home;
How at night we longed for morning
And the morning brought despair,
As we breathed the poisonous vapor
Of the vile and stagnant air.

Chorus—Freezing, starving, living death;
Father, can they know at home?
Oh, we never can forget it
In all the years to come.

How we suffered in our weakness,
Freezing, starving, none can tell,
Staggering near the fatal dead-line,
Where so many gladly fell;
Gazing into ghastly faces,
When all hope and joy had fled,
Longing, dying for the firelight,
Without shelter, clothes or bed.

Oh, we never can forget it,
No, that prison-pen so bare,
When we watched in weary silence
For the wretched, scanty fare—
For the loathsome, rancid bacon
And the bitter, moldy bread,
That we clutched with bloodless fingers,
Like the fingers of the dead.

How we wondered in our anguish
If our kindred were no more,
And if that starry banner floated
Now as proudly as before;
If fathers, sisters, mothers
Prayed for us when they did kneel;
Thus when thinking of our home scenes
How the giddy brain would reel.

Oh, we never can forget it,
When the gates were open wide,
And we saw the Union banners
And our friends were at our side;
How we laughed and cried like children
As we tried to feel like men,
And we shouted in our gladness,
Home, yes, home, sweet home, again.

The Largest Pair of Shoes.

[*St. Louis Republic.*]

A Georgia shoemaker has finished the largest pair of shoes ever made for actual use.

It took a piece of leather containing 1,040 square inches to make the uppers, and one of 1,960 square inches to make the soles, or exactly 3,000 square inches of leather all together. If the leather contained in that pair of shoes were cut into strips an eighth of an inch wide, it would make a string 24,000 inches long.

The soles of this gigantic pair of shoes are 14 inches long and 5½ inches wide. The two combined tipped the scales at exactly 8½ pounds.

An Unpaid Debt.

[*Detroit Free Press.*]

As a pleasant-faced woman passed the corner, Jones touched his hat to her and remarked feelingly to his companion:

"Ah, my! I owe a great deal to that woman."

"Your mother?" was the query.

"No; my landlady."

All ages, and all conditions of womanhood will find just the help that woman needs, in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. That's a matter that's *guaranteed*. If it can't be done, then the medicine costs you nothing—its makers don't want your money.

Get it, if you're a tired or suffering woman, and get well. It builds up and invigorates the entire system, regulates and promotes the proper functions, and restores health and strength. At the two critical periods in a woman's life—the change from girlhood to womanhood, and later, the "change of life"—it is a perfectly safe and an especially valuable remedial agent, that can produce only good results.

For all the derangements, irregularities and weaknesses peculiar to the sex, "Favorite Prescription" is the *only* remedy so certain that it can be *guaranteed*. If it fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

You pay only for the good you get. Can you ask more?

HEALTH HINTS

For Old and Young.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD, M. D.

CHAPTER CXXXIX.

GRIPPE PHENOMENA.

It has often been observed that the penalties of intemperance are visited upon the weakest part of every human organism: the lungs in one case, the liver or the stomach in another. Similar after-effects seem frequently to follow an attack of that mysterious disorder known as the Russian grippe, or contagious lung-fever.

"Influenza" (another synonym of the grippe), says a French physician, "is a word nowadays applied to almost any form of catarrh. There are people who talk about having caught a fit of influenza if they are troubled with a common cold in the head. It would make some of them stare if they should happen to make the personal acquaintance of the genuine article."

The first stage of the grippe, indeed, somewhat resembles a bad cold, but may generally be distinguished by one characteristic symptom, viz., the strange lassitude, a feeling of general weariness which in some cases may oblige the patient to keep his bed after the second day. Even children in the most active period of their teens, complain of a tired feeling, varying from a slight apathy to a drowsiness that makes it difficult for them to keep their eyes open. Then come the catarrh symptoms: sore throat, pain in the lungs, cough, and frequent expectorations, repeated for days at ever-shorter intervals, as if the entire pulmonary apparatus had become congested with ulcers. The fever, which more or less attends every severe catarrh, may rise to an alarming hight, with pulse at triple speed and confusion of mind amounting to delirium. Robust adults may fight those symptoms down, but complain of ominous aches of the head, resembling the sudden throbbing pains preceding a stroke of apoplexy.

The patient's appetite may have failed before the affection reaches its crisis, and the mistaken kindness of forcing food on the sick is apt to result in ugly fits of colic. The sufferer at the same time complains of chills, continuing under any amount of additional bed-clothing, and I remember a case where both symptoms became so aggravated that the attending physician sent for an alcoholic solution of cantharides. But while the messenger was still on the way the patient's mother bethought herself of a plan that had answered in a similar case. A pet terrier, that had often shared its little master's bed on cold nights, was wrapped up in a clean, warm sheet, and huddled up alongside of the shivering youngster's stomach. Both then went to sleep, and when the boy woke up, two hours after, his chills as well as his colic had permanently subsided.

There used to be an old belief that a catarrh lasts nine days, though 19 would in a plurality of cases come nearer the truth, and the grip rarely runs its course in less than four weeks. The catarrh symptoms proper may seem to abate before the end of the second week, but expectoration continues and the feeling of exhaustion may not reach its maximum before the third week. In aggravated cases the patient (though now past the crisis of his lung-fever) becomes so weak that he cannot rise from his chair without holding on to a table or the arm of an attendant, and if a feeling of momentary improvement should tempt him to leave the house, his imprudence may avenge itself by a fit of what physicians call a spinal deliquium—a cramp in the lower part of the backbone brings attempts at locomotion to a sudden stop, the patient doubles up as if in a fit of gastric spasms and is glad to drag himself home by laying hold of fences and wayside trees. The suddenness of these seizures may alarm incidental witnesses. A stout man walking along with a heavy basket or satchel will all at once drop his burden and stagger to the next lamp-post as if a rifle-ball had "taken the spring out of him," as hunters describe the effect of a shot through the spine.

One attack of that sort, however unprecedented, is likely to be followed by others, and should be taken as a warning against all predisposing fatigues. The patient should keep his arm-chair, relieving the pressure on his spine by supporting part of his weight on his feet and elbows, and just before retiring apply some warm ointment; hot mutton-tallow will serve the purpose quite as well as expensive liniments. The throbbing pains in the spinal column will become less perceptible in the course of two or three days, and in the meantime the patient should give Nature a chance by confining himself to a light but nutritious and digestible diet, such as boiled rice with a little butter and sugar, sago soup, or oatmeal gruel with milk and a sprinkling of boiled currants. "Stimulants," so called, entirely miss their purpose in such cases. For a couple of hours the effect of the drug may simulate a feeling of returned vigor, but the ensuing reaction leaves the patient weaker and more despondent than before.

A still more serious complication may arise if the virus of the grippe should attack the brain. Delirium results in about four out of 10 cases, and in one of those four the mental disturbance will take the form of alarming visions, followed by a dejection that may tempt to suicide. In the course of the last three weeks it was, indeed, not easy to take up a metropolitan newspaper without coming across an account of some grippe victim, who, in a fit of mental aberration had tried, or actually contrived, to take his own life. The absence of such extreme symptons as incoherent speech or outbreaks of violence may deceive the patient's friends in regard to the seriousness of his condition. The sufferer may appear rather reticent and abstain from superfluous complaints, as in a characteristic case reported from a town in the lower Mississippi Valley, where a young man in comfortable circumstances committed suicide a week after his apparent recovery from an attack of influenza. The patient, after the usual lung-fever, had been confined to his bed on account of far-gone exhaustion, till a spell of cool weather seemed to brace him up a little. He groped his way about the house, but during a relapse of sultry heat subsided into an arm-chair, listless and gloomy, but with a word of thanks for all who administered to his incidental wants. He never complained, though he now and then put his hand to his temple in a way that suggested a twinge of headache. "Wouldn't you like us to carry you down in the garden?" asked his physician one sunny morning. The patient sighed. "What's the use; I'm near the end of my tether," said he at last, when the doctor repeated his question. "Why, what's the matter? Do you mean to say that you feel any worse to-day?" But the sick man had relapsed into his moody silence. Two days after he was found dead in a stone-paved yard directly under his third-story bedroom. His fall from that hight was at first ascribed to some unlucky accident, but a closer search of his room revealed a number of little farewell presents, folded up neatly, with various inscriptions: "To Willie," "To Cousin Charley," "To Little Loo," etc. Barring the dejecting effects of his malady he could have had no imaginable cause for suicide, as his income considerably exceeded his modest wants, and he was not known to have an enemy in the world. Another week, or at latest a month, might have restored him to perfect health, but the temporary vail that clouded his mind made him view all things through a medium of gloom and probably made life appear an intolerable burden. The interaction of body and mind presents no stranger facts, but very similar symptoms have been observed among the after-effects of typhoid fever and the abuse of certain drugs—quinine, for instance, and belladonna. Like typhoid fever, contagious influenza is undoubtedly a germ-disease, and the risk of mental aberration has been explained on the theory that the blood gets surcharged with microbes, which, like over-doses of the above-named drugs, tend to affect the functions of the brain.

In a former chapter we have called attention to the suggestive fact that grippe epidemics are by no means confined to the Winter season. On two different occasions the disease attained its maximum of virulence and contagiousness in the dogdays, and sultry weather is always apt to retard the chance of recovery. As in other febrile affections, the best plan of treatment may be summed up in the rule to keep the patient as quiet and as cool as possible. Avoid stimulants, avoid an excess of warm bed-clothes, keep the bedroom cool and airy by night as well as by day, and do not think it necessary to tempt the patient's appetite by special tidbits. The digestive organs, as well as the rest of the body, may require temporary rest, and as soon as food can be utilized nature will not fail to announce the need in the usual way. Precaution should also be taken against the risk of abusing the first sign of returning vigor. A premature resumption of fatiguing labor may avenge itself by a sudden relapse, and it is a safe rule to keep the patient at home at least a week after the crisis of the lung-fever has been safely passed.

(*To be continued.*)

MEDAL OF HONOR.

Story of a Gallant Michigan Soldier Whose Valor has been at Last Rewarded.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

GEORGE D. SIDMAN, a Special Examiner of the U. S. Pension Bureau, now located at Philadelphia, Pa., was the recipient of a medal of honor last week which is inscribed as follows: "The Congress to George D. Sidman, late of Co. C, 16th Mich., for distinguished bravery at the battle of Gaines's Mills, Va., June 27, 1862."

Mr. Sidman was born at Rochester, N. Y., November 25, 1844, and was therefore but a little more than 16 years of age when he enlisted at Owosso, Mich., April 19, 1861, in a local company, organized under President Lincoln's first call for troops, and known as the "Owosso Grays." This company was never called into active service, but immediately after its disbandment, in July, 1861, Sidman went to Flint and enlisted as drummer in Co. C, Stockton's Independent Regiment, afterwards known as the 16th Mich. He was mustered into service, as drummer, at Detroit, Mich., August 1, 1861. At the first regular muster of the regiment at Hall's Hill, Va., in October following, it was discovered that Co. C had more than its quota of musicians, and Sidman was then given the choice of being discharged and sent home or of mustering as a private. He chose the latter alternative, and being not only the youngest, but the shortest man in the company, was assigned to the extreme left, shoulder to shoulder with the color-guard (Co. C being the color company). He participated with his regiment in the siege of Yorktown, Va., April and May, 1862, and at the battle of Hanover C. H., Va., May 27, 1862. It was, however, at the battle of Gaines's Mills, Va., the second of the seven days' battle in front of Richmond under McClellan, that Sidman won his laurels.

Dan Butterfield's Light Brigade, composed of the 12th and 17th N. Y. Militia, 44th N. Y. (Ellsworth's Avengers), 83d Pa., and 16th Mich., had the extreme left of the line that day, with the left flank resting on the Chickahominy Swamp. This, therefore, was the last brigade to give way under the pressure of Stonewall Jackson's Corps, that had broken the line on the right, and by an oblique movement enfiladed the line in both directions. Driven almost into the Chickahominy by overpowering numbers in the stampede, this brigade rallied, and with yells and cheers rushed back over the ground now covered with its dead and wounded comrades, and regained its old position, which it held against many odds until night. Sidman was with the colors of his regiment in this forlorn-hope rally, and was severely wounded in the hip in the almost hand-to-hand engagement that followed upon reaching their old position. Being disabled, and expecting to be captured on the field, he clubbed his musket over a stump to destroy its usefulness to the enemy, and threw his accouterments in a near-by ditch. Under cover of darkness, that soon followed, he crawled off the field and through Chickahominy Swamp on his hands and knees; reached Savage Station the next day, where, on the day following, he was captured in hospital with 3,000 other Union soldiers left there by McClellan; was taken to Richmond and imprisoned in Libby, Castle Thunder and Belle Isle; was exchanged August 18, sent to Point Lookout Hospital, and subsequently rejoined his regiment while his wound was yet an open sore; made the Antietam campaign with the regiment through Maryland, unable to march, but aided by a condemned horse picked up by the wayside, and through Virginia to Fredericksburg, where on Dec. 11 he volunteered to carry the brigade colors, and was chosen for that honorable place by the Brigade Commander, Col. T. B. W. Stockton.

In the battle of Fredericksburg he was again wounded, but so slightly as not to prevent him from bearing the colors promptly and proudly at the front, planting them in the final charge upon that bloody field within 150 yards of the sunken road at the base of Marye's Hights under as terrific and destructive fire from front and flank as soldiers ever endured, and there they remained with the brigade until the battle ended three days later, when Private Sidman, with the broken staff and colors pierced with more than a half score balls, at the brigade front bore them across the Rappahannock.

His comrades also recall with admiration his humanity as well as valor displayed in running the gantlet through the railway cutting for canteens of water for the suffering and wounded; at a time, too, when a change from a prostrate to an upright position, as the brigade lay hugging the cold earth for 30 hours on those December days, meant death from the enemy's flying bullets. Immediately after this battle he was promoted to Corporal, and served with his company in the battle of Chancellorsville, May 1-3, 1863, and subsequently in the skirmish at Kelley's Ford. Again at Middleburg, on June 21, 1863, Private Sidman was severely wounded through his right foot while in the front rank of the regimental color-guard, in charging and driving the enemy from their strong position behind stone walls. His wounds now so afflicted him that he was unable to march and perform the duties of an infantry soldier, whereupon, after his re-enlistment in 1864, he was transferred to the Invalid Corps, where he served faithfully until after the close of the war, and his old regiment in the field lost in his leaving it the further service of as brave and patriotic a soldier's name as was ever borne upon its rolls.

While a member of the Invalid Corps, at Washington, in the Spring and Summer of 1865, he served as an Orderly at the trial of the conspirators for the assassination of President Lincoln, and was present when Mrs. Surratt and her co-conspirators were convicted and hung.

He also served in the guard, and was present when the brutal Andersonville keeper, Wirz, was hung at Old Capitol Prison in May, 1865. He was finally mustered out of service Nov. 14, 1865.

Since the war Mr. Sidman has held a number of important positions. In 1866 he was an Assistant Assessor of Internal Revenue at Bay City, Mich., under his old Colonel, B. F. Partridge. In 1867 he was appointed U. S. Consul to Schwerin, Germany, which position he soon afterwards resigned. In 1877 he went to South Africa on an exploring and prospecting expedition, and was in that country during the Zulu war, where the Prince Imperial of France was killed. He was both a diamond and gold digger, and penetrated that country as far north as the Zambesi River in search of gold. He returned to this country in 1880, since which time he has been connected with the Pension Bureau. He is a prominent member of the G.A.R., having served in 1889 as an Aid-de-Camp on Commander-in-Chief Warner's Staff. His legal residence is Bay City, Mich.—COMRADE.

The Peanut Plant.

[*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*]

The peanut plant has one peculiarity possessed by no other shrub or plant in the world. The flower of the plant grows downward, and after it falls the pod which contains the embryo nut is literally forced down into the ground by the sudden and rapid growth of the rigid stalk from which it depends.

The phenomenon may be watched by anyone who from curiosity plants peanuts in his yard, and he will also notice that if from any cause the plant is unable to push the pod into the earth, the peanut will at once cease to grow, and remain undeveloped.

A New Form of Proposal.

[*Somerville Journal.*]

He—Do you ever mean to marry?

She—Perhaps I may some time.

He—Have you made up your mind who the man will be?

She—Mercy, no!

He—Still you think you will marry somebody some time?

She—I may.

He (desperately)—Well, what's the matter with me?

PURE WINES AND LIQUORS.

Price per Case of 12 Large Bottles, 5 to a Gallon.

STORM KING RYE WHISKEY	$10.00	RYE WHISKEY, No. 3	$4.00
MONITOR BLEND RYE WHISKEY	8.50	RYE WHISKEY, No. 4	5.00
OLD RIP RYE WHISKEY	8.00	SHERWOOD RYE	6.00
WILD CHERRY BRANDY	$4, $5, 6.00	GOLDEN WEDDING RYE	7.00

Price Per Keg, Containing 4 and 1-2 Gallons.

Storm King Rye Whiskey	$15.00	Rye Whiskey, No. 3	$7.00
Monitor Blend Rye Whiskey	11.00	Rye Whiskey, No. 4	8.00
Old Rip Rye Whiskey	12.00	Sherwood Rye	9.00
Wild Cherry Brandy	$7, $8, 9.00	Golden Wedding Rye	12.00

Half Case, containing six bottles, at half price of full Case. Persons wishing goods sent C. O. D. must remit $1 with order to insure good faith. Complete price list free. 25 good cigars by mail, postpaid, $1.

J. C. CHILDS & CO., 346 Eighth Ave., N.Y. City.

"MURRAY" $55.95 BUGGIES AND $55.95 HARNESS

THE BEST IN THE WORLD

All goods sold direct to the consumer. No "Pools" or "Trusts" for us. We stand on our own footing, and sell the "Murray" goods solely on their world-renowned merits and low prices.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD

More "Murray" Buggies and Harness sold last year than any other two makes combined, which proves that their superior qualities are appreciated.

BUY OF THE MANUFACTURERS AND SAVE THE AGENT'S AND MIDDLEMAN'S PROFITS.

Write for catalogue and Net Cash Prices. WILBER H. MURRAY MFG. CO. CINCINNATI, O.

Mention The National Tribune.

"WELL BRED, SOON WED." GIRLS WHO USE

SAPOLIO

ARE QUICKLY MARRIED. TRY IT IN YOUR NEXT HOUSE-CLEANING.

SOLDIERS! DO YOU KNOW YOU

ARE ENTITLED TO A TRUSS FREE OF COST?

If not, write for the greatest discovery of the age. A soft, pliable, comfortable and durable AIR PAD, for all kinds of TRUSSES. Write for illustrated catalogue, free. Address—

THE RORICK AIR CUSHION TRUSS CO., 637 MASS. AVE., N. E., WASHINGTON, D. C.

Mention The National Tribune.

FLOWER-GARDENING.

A Profitable and Healthy Pursuit in which Women May Engage.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

AFTER the long indoor confinement of Winter, it is pleasant to think that the season is now at hand when out-door employments and recreations can be resumed with new zest and benefit. For women especially, the months of April and May bring opportunity for that exercise in the open air which has been so greatly interfered with by cold weather, storms, snow and slush.

Confined to the house all Winter much more closely than the male members of the family, women particularly need the bracing effects of Spring sunshine and air. But the exercise in which they may indulge should not be too violent or fatiguing. Something which provides at the same time gentle and varied activity for the muscles and pleasant employment for the mind will be found most healthful and beneficial. Particularly for women who have household and social duties to perform, it is important that outdoor exercise should not make too much of a draft upon the common stock of muscular and nervous energy.

With this consideration in view, perhaps no outdoor employment or recreation affords better physical and mental exercise for women, at this season of the year, than flower-gardening. It has many points of advantage. First, it is a distinctively feminine employment, ministering to the delicate love of beauty, the fine sensibilities, the taste and refinement so characteristic of woman.

Then, too, it is an employment which can be carried on at odd moments, a little now and a little then, as time can be snatched from the regular work of the household. It does not call one away from home; requires no waste of time or strength getting at it or getting away from it; is not expensive; provides a gentle and varied kind of exercise most beneficial to nerves and muscles; is a constant joy to the eye, and a constant source of instruction to the mind.

Further, it is possible under almost any conditions, except the most squalid and confined. So long as there is a little patch of dooryard, even in the heart of a great city, that bit of brick-surrounded desert may be made