signal stations, sometimes many miles away. There was always some one at the glass day and night. At night a flag could not be seen and a torch was used. The motions with the torch were the same as with the flag. Signal men were supposed to be mounted, though quite a number of them in the Department of Western Virginia had no horses, and no arms except sabers, and they were so dull that you could not draw blood with them. The duty of the Signal men in active service was no childs' play by any means, and they were often put to other duty not in their line of service. Often in exposed positions under fire while waving their flag they shared the dangers of battle as well as the weary wear of the march. There was no chance for promotion in the Signal Corps. It had been made a branch of the Regular Army by act of Congress, and the commissioned officers were appointed by the Secretary of War. The

HUNTER'S RETREAT.

enlisted men consisted of two grades—first and second-class privates. They were nearly all second-class privates, and the position of first-class private was the first step in the line of promotion, and few had this honor. That an enlisted man was a second-class private was nothing against him as a soldier. A first-class private drew $10 a month more pay than the second-class, and the pay of the second-class private was the same as the other soldiers of the army. A great many officers of volunteer regiments were transferred to the Signal Corps as Acting Signal officers.

Capt. F. E. Town, of the Signal Corps, U. S. A., commanded the Signal detachment in the Department of Western Virginia.

CODE OF SIGNALS.

The following is the Signal Code used in the Army: A, 11; B, 1423; C, 234; D, 111; E, 23; F, 1114; G, 1142; H, 231; I, 2; J, 2231; K, 1434; L, 114; M, 2314; N, 22; O, 14; P, 2343; Q, 2342; R, 142; S, 143; T, 1; U, 223; V, 2311; W, 2234; X, 1431; Y, 222; Z, 1111; &, 2222; ing, 1143; tion, 2223. Code signals—5, end of a word; 55, end of sentence; 555, end of message; 11-11-11-5, I understand; 11-11-11-555, cease signaling; 234-234-234-5, repeat; 143434-5, error; 142-142-142-5, move to right; 114-114-114-5, move to left. Numerals—1-14223, wait a moment; 2-23114, are you ready? 3-11431, I am ready; 4-11143, use short pole and small flag; 5-11114, use long pole and large flag; 6-23111, work faster; 7-22311, did you understand? 8-22223, use white flag; 9-22342, use black flag; 0-11111, use red flag.

Early in the Spring of 1864 Gen. Sigel, commanding the Department of Western Virginia, had collected his available force in two columns, the one under his own command near Winchester, the other, under Gens. Crook and Averell, at Charleston, on the Kanawha, their objective being Lynchburg. Gens. Crook and Averell had about 7,000 men of all arms, and Gen. Sigel about 7,000. Considering the long line of railroad to guard and the territory to protect, these forces were much too small for offensive operations, as events afterward proved. About the 1st of May the conjoint movement began, but the army, divided as it was, and moving in two columns not within supporting distance, was

PLACED AT A DISADVANTAGE,

and gave the enemy, who held the interior line, the chance to fall upon each column separately and defeat it in detail. Gen. Crook, commanding the western column, divided his forces and sent Gen. Averell, with about 2,000 cavalry, to march to Wytheville and destroy the works there, but when he got to within about eight miles of that place the notorious guerrilla Morgan, with some 3,000 rebel cavalry, met and defeated him; while Gen. Crook moved to the left against the Virginia & Tennesse Railroad. At Dublin Station he engaged the enemy sharply and drove him back, with quite a severe loss to himself, and began to destroy the railroad, when Morgan's rebel cavalry came up and joined the enemy's forces. Gen. Crook, being now greatly outnumbered, had to retreat. It is here seen that Gen. Crook's forces divided are too weak to meet the enemy, and he, like a good General, proceeds to unite them. But as Comrade Howe in his interesting statement already published gives a detailed account of Gen. Crook's movements, I will now return to the eastern column in the Valley.

On or about the 10th of May Gen. Sigel broke camp at Cedar Creek and began his march. Orders had been given to officers and men to cut down their baggage to the lowest possible point, the intention being to move light and to

LIVE UPON THE COUNTRY,

and destroy as much as possible of the enemy's supplies. The people were bitterly hostile to our cause, and while claiming our protection as peaceable citizens secretly aided the enemy. The fertile Valley must be touched with the scourge of war and made untenable as a harbor for the rebel army.

Such was the spirit of our instructions. The rebel Col. Moseby, with his "Partisan Rangers," operated upon our flanks and rear, interfered with our trains, picked up stragglers, and gobbled about everything he could get his hands on. Several Signal stations sent out were never heard of again.

Gen. Sigel met with little opposition until he struck New Market, where on May 15 he waked the enemy up in force ably commanded by Gen. Breckinridge. Here a sharp engagement ensued. Sigel rushed his men up and prepared for battle, and the enemy were ready to receive him. Sigel's attack was repulsed and the rebels in return attacked with vigor and drove Sigel back, capturing six guns and some 800 prisoners. Sigel, surprised at the warm reception he had received, ordered a retreat, and fell back in good order to Cedar Creek. The enemy did not care to press their advantage, or they might have handled us more roughly than they did. They followed, but soon gave it up. Sigel's rear-guard was an ugly thing for them to tackle. They had paid for their victory and were satisfied to let Sigel alone.

SIGEL WAS STRONGLY CRITICIZED

for his defeat at New Market by the "powers behind the throne." Would any soldier of that army, present on the field, say this criticism was just?

Sigel's effective force was about 6,000 men; that of the enemy estimated at 8,000. In a few days Gen. Sigel got his "walking papers." The practice of relieving commanders after every defeat had become chronic.

Fortunately, about this time Lee was so hard pushed by Grant that the former ordered Breckinridge out of the Valley to join him. This made it possible for the little Union force above named, under a proper commander, to cut its way through to Staunton, where the other wing of the army, under Crook, could join it.

Upon Gen. Sigel being relieved, Gen. Hunter, a quick, clear-headed, daring officer, was appointed to the command. Gen. W. E. Jones had been appointed to command the rebel forces in the Valley on the withdrawal of Gen. Breckinridge to go to the relief of Lee; to the former had been given a part of the latter's command, probably about 5,000 men. This force, with what other forces that could be collected, comprised the rebel army for the defense of the Valley. To them was given the work to defeat Hunter's columns in detail before they could unite at Staunton, to which point they were marching in separate columns, not within supporting distance of each other. Gen. Jones, having collected all the forces possible, took a well-chosen position at Piedmont, near Staunton, and intrenched.

GEN. HUNTER HAVING ASSUMED COMMAND,

broke camp at Cedar Creek, and began his march up the Valley, moving with great promptness and living on the country. At Harrisonburg a halt was made to gather in supplies. The Valley had been the scene of hostile armies so long that there was not much to get. We carried little with us in the way of baggage, rations, and even ordnance stores, and our wagon-train was purposely made conveniently small. On June 5 we struck the rebel army in its position at Piedmont, under Gen. Jones. Gen. Hunter, upon being informed that the enemy had at last been waked up in force, replied: "D—n them, I would just as soon fight them here as anywhere," and rode to the front, placed his men in position, and attacked with vigor. The enemy had taken a strong position in a strip of woods, and thrown up temporary breastworks of logs and rails in front. The Union force had to advance over an open field swept by the enemy's guns. The rebels had prepared themselves well to receive us, and their force was about equal to ours.

I cannot speak in detail of parts taken by certain companies, regiments or brigades, in the fight, but every man did his work well, and there was glory enough to go around. The gallantry of the commander and that of his men won a decided victory. After a hot engagement of 10 hours, the enemy fled in utter rout, leaving 1,500 prisoners, three guns, and 300 stand of small-arms in our hands. Gen. Jones, commanding the rebel army, in

TRYING TO RALLY HIS MEN,

exposed himself and was killed. However mistaken in the cause, his manhood had inspired his men to repeated efforts of valor, and rather than lose the field he decided to lie upon it.

The fight over, the army went into camp for the night. Capt. Town, commanding the Signal Corps, an eminently busy officer, believing in making his signal men turn a hand for the cause in more ways than one, made a detail to assist in burying the dead. I was on the detail. We had just got into camp and began to make us a cup of coffee, when we were ordered to fall in. We supposed we were being ordered out on a Signal station, but was treated to a surprise when we were marched to the battlefield a short distance away, and ordered to bury the dead. Cheerfully and sadly we went to work—cheerful in the performance of duty; sad for the poor fellows that lay dead before us. They had answered the last roll-call, and we were there to extend to them a last duty. Death levels all distinctions, and we bury the blue and the gray side by side, officer and private. A long trench was dug, not very deep, the dead tenderly handled and carefully laid in, and covered over. Of course we furnished no coffins. Not knowing who they were we could not mark their graves. Nearly all the dead we buried were Confederates; only a few of the Union dead were found upon the field within the limit of our line of works.

IF MANY MORE WENT DOWN

they had been taken care of before we got there. We came to a dead Union soldier; near him was a great pool of blood, that flowed from a stab in his side. Beside him lay his Bible, a picture, and letters from friends. In the agony of death his last thoughts were of Heaven and home. A typo, a mere boy, from a printing office in Staunton, was found lying badly wounded. He was told not to worry, as he would be taken care of. A large number of the enemy's dead had bayonet stabs, and their loss in killed must have been very heavy, judging from their dead being buried. I think we worked about all night at this disagreeable job, and had had no supper.

The dead being buried and the wounded taken care of, the march was continued the next morning, and Staunton captured the same day, June 6. The old flag floated proudly over the hostile city. The people hated the flag of the Union with a bitterness born of treason and oppression, and had become insanely devoted to the emblem of the cause that represented their hope and inspiration. How they disliked to see the Stars and Bars go down and the Stars and Stripes go up.

On the 8th Crook's and Averell's Divisions from the Kanawha joined us at Staunton, and Gen. Hunter's forces were united, and, all told, in round numbers of all arms were not over 15,000 men, if there were that many, after deducting for losses that had already occurred in engagements with the enemy. Details were sent out to gather in forage and supplies of food for the army. Only a half-ration or less was issued to the men, and preparations for the army to move having been concluded, the march was continued on to Lexington. The clearheaded General-in-Chief, sitting in his Headquarters at the Army of the Potomac, had dispatched orders for Gen. Hunter, through Gen. Halleck as Chief of Staff,

TO MARCH TO CHARLOTTESVILLE,

and there join Gen. Sheridan, and go with him to the Army of the Potomac; but Halleck's bump of caution and military genius suggested something different. The orders were so long delayed, and when they did come Gen. Hunter was well on to Lynchburg. It was then too late to make the movement to Charlottesville, even if his instructions had not been changed in Washington. If there was anyone to blame for the repulse at Lynchburg and the eccentric retreat that followed, the fault was not with Gen. Hunter.

We believed the enemy would make a stand at Lexington, as that place was a valuable capture for us; but he was too weak, and after some lively shelling from Gen. Crook's and Gen. Averell's artillery, he precipitately retreated. The fine-haired cadets left in a hurry. Probably the enemy could not muster over 3,000 men to defend the city. Lexington was captured on the 11th, and the army went into camp and got a much-needed rest. The Virginia Military Institute—the West Point of the South—was burned; also, the residence of Gov. Letcher, and some other public property. We Signal men were camped in town at Headquarters, and some of the boys, including myself, visited the grounds of the great military school, where rebel officers had been educated by the wholesale. The barracks or quarters of the cadets were not destroyed, and passing through the rooms we

FOUND PILES OF OLD LETTERS

that the cadets in their hurry to leave had not taken care of. I considered I had the right to seize these letters as "contraband of war," and crammed my pockets full of them. When we got back to camp we amused ourselves by reading them. One cadet said: "I wish my beard was not so strong; the people will say I ought to be in the army." Another stated that a certain cadet "had abandoned his military studies and gone into the millinery business under peculiar circumstances." Another said he "heard a rumor this morning that the Yanks were at Harrisonburg; if they come to Lexington, the cadets will take a hand." The above quotations are taken from copies of letters which the cadets had written. Sure enough, they did take a hand; that is to say, they left in such a hurry that they forgot the sweet epistles of "the girl they left behind them."

At Lexington some of the Signal Corps boys who had been dismounted, and who had footed it all the way from Cedar Creek, drew horses; of whom I was one. The next day the horse that I drew was claimed by a comrade as his, and I was just fool enough to let him have it.

There was some unavoidable delay at Lexington before the army could move on, and perhaps too long for the success of our object,

TO CAPTURE LYNCHBURG.

The success of the campaign depended upon rapid movements as well as good fighting. We had with us two divisions of foot, and also artillery, and were now operating far from our base without supplies other than what we could gather from the country. Our ordnance stores were also running low, as we had none except what we carried with us. We would soon be without rations for the men, without forage for the animals, and without ammunition, and "then the devil would be to pay and no money to do it with." Our own safety depended on our getting to Lynchburg as soon as possible, capture the town, destroy the railroad and canal, and then find our way back to our base as speedily as possible. If the enemy shall be in force when we get there, and our little army, wornout from hard marching, and starved for the lack of food, shall not be able to capture the place by direct attack, we cannot stand to invest it and begin siege operations. It is a forlorn hope, but we go on.

Leaving Lexington behind in our track of conquest, we march for Buchanan. Here the James River had to be crossed, which was done at a ford, and Buchanan was captured. The enemy greatly over estimated our forces,

AND WOULD NOT STAND.

Passing on we crossed the Blue Ridge, and dropped down into the Valley above Lynchburg and fought our way to that city, the objective point of our march. We arrived at Lynchburg the 16th of June. Up to this time Gen. Hunter had been very successful. Overcoming all difficulties with a comparatively small force, he had cut his way into Lynchburg, destroying an immense amount of the enemy's supplies and manufactories.

On the 16th Gen. Hunter attacked the rebels in their strong position and the fight continued until late at night, and, as I then understood, we had driven the enemy back, but during the night he received reinforcements—as we knew from the noise of the in-coming trains to Lynchburg, which we heard during all hours of the night—and in the morning he opened on us in very heavy force with fresh troops from Richmond. Lynchburg, with its railroad and canal to carry supplies from the Valley to the rebel army defending Richmond, was of such importance that Gen. Lee sent his entire Second Corps, commanded by Gen. Early, over 20,000 muskets strong, to the defense of the former place, and the larger part of these troops arrived there before Gen. Hunter did, and the balance came while he was there. This corps of reinforcements added to the rebel force already there must have made the enemy at least 25,000 strong. They were right on their base, fresh, with plenty of supplies. We, with but little more than half their number, were

STRIPPED OF ABOUT EVERYTHING,

except, perhaps, our courage. We were far from our base, without forage for our animals, without rations for our men, and were without ammunition to fight and hold at bay the powerful enemy that was confronting us. It was no longer a question to capture Lynchburg, but how to get away from there with a whole skin. I know whereof I speak. Our Signal officers discovered the movement of the heavy rebel reinforcements Gen. Lee had sent to the defense of Lynchburg and the Valley, and of course Gen. Hunter knew of it. It was known that the enemy was also moving to a position to get in our rear to cut off our retreat. The condition of our army was critical. The animals, at least a great number of them, are dead and dying; large numbers of the men, unable to march further, are ready to drop down by the roadside. Hard marching and starvation had injured the army more than rebel bullets. There is an end to human endurance, and the end had come to hundreds of poor fellows.

Relative to the rumor mentioned by Comrade Mart Howe, "that Gen. Crook asked permission of Gen. Hunter to take his division and proceed and capture Lynchburg by night attack," it was not practicable and might have led to disaster, and

DISASTER THERE WOULD HAVE RUINED US.

If Gen. Crook ever made such a request, Gen. Hunter in refusing to permit such rashness only evinced the proper prudence of an able commander. The men defending the rebel works at Lynchburg were veterans from Lee's army, and they had won renown upon many a bloody field. They could not be surprised and stampeded by a night attack. They were too many, in their well-chosen position, for Gen. Crook with his little division of some 6,000 men to assail, even in daylight. Gen. Crook was needed to cover the retreat. Not only that, Gen. Hunter had already burned all the powder before Lynchburg that he could spare. The little that remained had to be kept for fighting that might become necessary on the retreat in falling back to our base. "If's" prevented us from capturing Lynchburg. If we had had men enough and sufficient ammunition, we could have captured the place. Being out of ordnance stores, there was no route of return open to us but by way of the Kanawha.

The morning of June 17 looked gloomy enough to the army. During the forenoon there was some heavy fighting to the left and center of the line. The enemy must be taken care of and deceived as to our intention until we could get ready to leave. In the afternoon the Headquarter wagons were turned, and Gen. Hunter began to withdraw from the front of Lynchburg by his transportation moving off first.

THE RETREAT WAS CONTINUED

for four consecutive days and nights, if I remember correctly, without even making a halt to eat, sleep or rest. The sufferings of the men can be better imagined than described. Those who could get corn parched it and lived on that, but even corn was about as scarce as everything else. That route had been gone over so often by troops that it was eminently bare of supplies, and if a crow had undertaken to fly from Lynchburg to the mouth of the Gauley he would have had to carry his rations with him.

No rations were obtained until the 28th. It was a long march to the Kanawha River, and two large mountain ranges, the Blue Ridge and Alleganies, had to be crossed. The enemy followed sharply as far as Salem. They had found the rear-guard ugly, and decided not to molest it further, but moved northward to the Valley. It was a masterly retreat, under the circumstances, though disastrous in result.

Having reached the Kanawha River, Gen. Hunter moved his troops by river and railroad to Harper's Ferry. The difficulty of navigation by reason of low water and breaks in the railroad caused some delay, but the army got there in time to take part in the brilliant campaign in the Valley under Gen. Sheridan (Gen. Hunter having been relieved at his own request) wherein the rebel army was destroyed.

RELATIVE TO THE RUMOR

mentioned by Comrade Mart Howe that Gen. Hunter "had room" for his refugeee negroes but no room for his men, there is absolutely nothing in it. If Gen. Hunter carried with him on the march an army of refugee negroes no one in the Signal Corps saw them, and our positions for observation were supposed to be as good as any. The truth is that the negroes with the army belonged there as servants and cooks of the officers, and they were not in very large numbers.

Gen. Grant, the greatest soldier of modern times, heartily approves in his "Personal Memoirs" of the military operations of Gen. Hunter, his way of retreat, under the circumstance, and commends him to the country for gallantry. This high authority, together with Gen. Hunter's success, ought to be an answer to all criticism.

If you come to the Encampment without a supply of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE Portrait Cards it will be a great disappointment to your comrades. They all want your picture to take home with them to look at in after years when they are thinking and talking about you.

Had Done His Part.

[Youth's Companion.]

Some years ago there lived in the western part of Pennsylvania an old circuit preacher known as Father West. His good-humor and great kindheartedness had made him a special favorite with the young people of his district, and his services in tying the knot were in request.

On one occasion, so the story goes, upon his arrival at a certain town, after a long journey, he found several couples awaiting his blessing. The poor old man was tired, and wished to make the ceremony as short as possible; so he said, wtth the promptness for which he was noted: "Stand up and jine hands."

This request having been complied with, he went rapidly through a marriage service which was the product of his own originality, and had at least the advantage of brevity.

"There," he said, when he finished the ceremony, "ye can go now; ye're man and wife, everyone o' ye."

Two of the couples did not at once avail themselves of this permission, and presently it came out that the sudden command to "jine" had confused them and they had taken the hands of the wrong persons.

The old preacher's eyes twinkled with amusement as he took in the situation. But he recollected himself and dispersed the company with a gracious wave of the hand.

"I married ye all," said he, reassuringly; "now sort yourselves!"

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

RECENT LITERATURE.

A DAUGHTER'S HEART. A Novel. By Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron. Published by J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. Price 50 cents.

THE SCRIPTURES OF BENJAMIN THE GIANT KILLER. Revised Version. Published by the Detroit *Journal* Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich. Price 25 cents.

We believe this publication well calculated to arouse wide interest in the great tariff question of the campaign, describing as it does in the quaint language of Scripture the attempt of Great Britain to force its manufactures and its free-trade system upon the people of the United States and other nations.

A DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN POLITICS. By Everit Brown and Albert Strauss. Published by A. L. Burt, New York City. Price 50 cents.

The book is for those who are more or less interested in the politics of the United States, but who have neither time nor opportunity for seeking information in various and out-of-the-way places. The main facts in the political history of the Federal Government from its foundation to the present moment are given under appropriate headings and in alphabetical order. The formation of the Constitution, its growth and interpretation, have been explained. The rise and fall of parties have been recounted. Famous measures, National movements and foreign relations have received full attention. Especial care has been exercised in describing the practical workings of the Government in various branches, and numerous lists of the more prominent officials are furnished. There will also be found accounts of the origin and meaning of political slang expressions, familiar names of persons and localities, famous phrases, and the like.

Magazines and Notes.

The August *Century* has a handsome new white-and-green cover marked "Midsummer Holiday Number." It is notable not only for its Midsummer characteristics, but as celebrating the centenary of the poet Shelley by a frontispiece portrait and a striking essay by the poet George E. Woodberry, who is one of the chief Shelley scholars of America. The number is gay with pictures and with stories, both serial and short. The first article is a fresh account of the ascent of Japan's sacred mountain. The ascent was made to ascertain the availability of the peak as an astronomical station, but the interesting description of the journey, with its beautiful illustrations, makes the article delightful Summer reading.

A vigorous statement of the scientific principles upon which the treatment of criminals should be based opens *The Popular Science Monthly* for August. It is by Prof. Edward S. Morse, who takes as his title "Natural Selection and Crime." "The Warfare of Science Papers," by Dr. Andrew D. White, will be continued with a chapter on "Geography," in which are given the various mythological and theological ideas concerning the form of the earth and the proper mode of representing it that have prevailed in ancient and mediæval time. "The Manufacture of Boots and Shoes" will be described by George A. Rich. An ethical study on "Veracity," by Herbert Spencer, will be among the contents.

The August number of *Scribner's Magazine* is the annual "Fiction Number" (there is no continued matter in it,) and contains this year seven complete short stories—four of them illustrated, each by a single artist. Among the writers we note such popular names as H. C. Bunner, T. R. Sullivan, Mrs. Burton Harrison, Octave Thanet, and Duncan Campbell Scott.

The August number of *Food* presents a noticeable change in its make-up—a change in the direction of improvement—the larger part of the magazine being divided up into departments, with attractive headings characteristic of the features discussed. The contents for August include Our Cooking Club (Part IV), by Florence Morse; Food and War (Part II), by William O. Stoddard; Food in Health and Disease, by Charles Good, M. D., M. Ch.; Dainty Breakfast Dishes, by Carrie May Ashton; What to do with Clams, by David A. Curtis; Food for the Sick—Liquid Diet, by Elizabeth Robinson Scovil; Nutritious and Palatable Dishes—Prepared from a Vegetarian Standpoint; August Menus. The Glover Publishing Co., 71-73 Park Place, New York.

Babyland for August is a pretty, dainty number, as the Summer issue of the babies' magazine should be. Nurse Karen tells a charming story, Sweetheart has a good time at the seashore, and the Tiptoe Twins enjoy a garden full of flowers. There are pretty stories and pretty verse and pretty pictures. Price 50 cents a year; five cents a number. D. Lothrop Co., publishers, Boston.

Pansy for August contains a comprehensive paper on Jean Ingelow, which will be read with pleasure and profit. It also gives a bright bit of American history under the title of About St. Augustine, and has likewise a number of short stories, poems, sketches, and verse. Pansy and Margaret Sidney furnish excellent chapters for the two principal stories. The illustrations are many and good. Price $1 a year; 10 cents a number. D. Lothrop Co., publishers, Boston.

The Cosmopolitan for August is just the sort of reading matter for a Midsummer afternoon; full of attractive illustrations; scenes and life in the far-off Philippine Islands, with an experience of an earthquake; photographs on the Atlantic Beach accompanying a charming sketch of Jersey's Salt Water Day, by Hamlin Garland; Spanish bits by the artist Chase; lovely vistas and enticing groves illustrating a California Farm Village. Of the fiction, Henry James's Jersey Villas makes delightful Midsummer reading, and there is an odd story of Southern Life, while Curiosities of Musical Literature will furnish a half hours' entertainment for every lover of music. Murat Halstead's description of the Convention at Minneapolis is breezy and bright, and the beautiful photographs which illustrate an article on Bridges and Bridge Building would attract a very unscientific reader.

Every comrade wants his portrait on his card, that his friends and comrades may have it as a memento of him. See NATIONAL TRIBUNE'S portrait-card advertisement i another column.

Merely Inconvenienced.

The author of "The American Siberia" tells the following story of a one-armed convict in the South, whose duty it was to couple cars on the railroad: "One evening he was standing on the end of the first flat-car, pin in hand, ready to make a coupling when the engine should approach closely enough. He was holding some oranges, and his attention was somewhat divided between his duty and the safety of his fruit. The engine was not backing in, but coming pilot first, and when the coupling-bar struck the socket, the shock threw him off his feet. He fell between the two, and before the engine could be stopped, it struck him, doubled him together and ran over his body, lifting the truck-wheels quite off the track.

"There he was, wedged into a ball sustaining the whole enormous weight, and the pilot was canted over him at an angle of 45 degrees. The Captain of the gang supposed the man to be dead, and it was with no hope of saving him that he shouted to the convicts to pry up the engine at once. They ran at the word. Beams were thrust under, the great mass of metal was raised by main force, and the man was pulled out. To the amazement of everyone, he stretched himself, felt his limbs and body, slowly regained his feet, and said: 'Whar's my oranges?'"

He was Truthful Enough.

[From the Pittsburgh Chronicle.]

The fair Miss Gaswell looked troubled. Perplexity sat on her brow.

"What ails you, daughter? asked her observant papa.

"Pa," she replied, "you wouldn't suspect Mr. Lunnon of untruthfulness, would you?"

"No; I would not."

"Well, pa, he told me the other day that he hadn't a relative in this country."

"I think that is correct. They are all in England."

"Just so. But I overheard him telling Mr. Dinwiddie that he had taken his overcoat to his uncle. How do you reconcile the two statements?"

"O, that's all right. The uncle he referred to is merely a trade relation."

Suspicious.

[New York Herald.]

Carrathers—I'm afraid she's been engaged before.

Waite—What makes you think so?

Carruthers—Because I gave her the ring a week ago and she hasn't tried to write her name on a pane of glass with it yet.

Have you asked all your acquaintances to subscribe for THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE? If not, do so at once, to give the paper more power in championing the cause of the veterans.

HIS LAST BULL FIGHT.

By Edgar D. [illegible]

A SWARMING crowd was in the Plaza de Toros. The town had been well billed, and every man, woman and child in the City of Guatemala knew that Macelrano, the great matador, at one time the particular star of the bull-ring of old Madrid, was to battle with the bulls on Sunday, Oct. 3, 1889, at 4 o'clock p. m. The rainy season was just over, and this was the first bull-fight in four months. The Guatemaltece was thirsting for gory sights.

But he was doomed to disappointment. The bulls were tame and slow. Maceirano was drunk, and the toreadores and picadores timid. Hisses and howls of scorn were heard on all sides as the disgusted crowd passed out after the performance.

The papers the next day devoted several columns to Macelrano and his company of fakirs. They told how at one time he had been the pet of Madrid, and how his eagle eye and steady hand had sent the sword into the hearts of hundreds of fierce bulls. For, of a truth, Macelrano had been the John L. Sullivan of the Plaza de Toros de Madrid.

But that was passed. Too much aguardiente and cognac had unsteadied his nerves and his courage had left him. He had been hissed out of Madrid, and, with a band of third-rate bull-baiters, had dropped in on Guatemala. This was too much, for every native of the city prided himself on knowing a good bull-fighter when he saw one. The papers warned Macelrano against giving another unsatisfactory exhibition, and explained to him what he might expect if he did.

Notwithstanding all this, the next day's handbills announced that this once-proud matador would on the following Sunday again, with his famous toreadores and world-renowned picadores, fight the fiercest bulls ever seen in Guatemala—bulls brought especially from the wild mountain district of Conan.

For the next few days, in the saloons and hotels, they talked of nothing else but the coming bull-fight, and everyone told everyone else to be sure to attend.

"Is he going to redeem himself?" I asked of a crowd of native bloods.

"No! No! No!" They all laughed at the idea, and again I was advised not to miss it. But why, I at that time did not understand.

On the appointed Sunday I made my way to the place, and, although I was early, the place was already crowded and many more people were pushing their way in. I forced myself to the "Gringo" corner and there found about 30 Americans, all expectant, but expecting what? No one seemed to know. The Government band of 120 musicians was playing martial airs. The boxes were crowded with senoras and senoritas, all looking their prettiest, and fully 8,000 people were crowded around the ring.

At last the gates to the ring were opened, and the procession of participants marched in—the matador, six toreadores, two picadores, the miko (clown) and the mozos, "supes," of the ring. They went through the very pretty preliminary business of saluting the officials present and receiving the key to the bull-pen. Then each man took his place.

The crowd was silent. There was no cheer of welcome. Macelrano, his arms folded and his capa thrown over his shoulder, stood near the center of the ring. With his tall, spare figure, and refined, clean-shaven face, he looked more like a priest than a matador, save that he wore a magnificent embroidered costume, a relic of his past glory.

The bugle sounds, the gate to the bull-pen is thrown open and out dashes a big brown bull. The band plays a lively tune, and everyone cheers the brute. In about one minute he has driven every man out of the ring; one poor horse is kicking his last in the dust, while another, riderless, is hobbling about with his entrails trailing. The bull, with his head lowered, and pawing up clouds of dirt, bellows his defiance at the pale fighters, perched in safe places on the fence. But none of them seem to care to come near this particular Mr. Cow, and the angry people hiss menacingly and howl themselves hoarse. Loud are the cries of "Matalto!" (Kill him!)

At last the matador comes down from his safe seat, and announces that the authorities will allow him to kill but one out of the six bulls that are to appear. This announcement is the signal for more yells from the crowd. Many uncomplimentary remarks and insulting oaths are hurled at Macelrano from all directions. By this time it is plain to see that the people had not come to see him kill the bull, but to see the bull kill him. After a few banderillas were stuck in the shoulders of the bull in a very clumsy and timid manner he was allowed to depart.

The next bull and the next came in and went out, and so on until five had passed through the ring victorious.

Poor matador! I think some one had played a trick on him, for of all these bulls he had not found one tame enough to kill.

The man who has never seen a Spanish crowd excited cannot imagine the scene at this stage of the exhibition. Thought seemed benumbed by the noise. I expected a riot at any time, and the arrival of 100 special policemen only seemed to make things worse. Rage, disappointment, hate, mingled in the shrieks and frantic exclamations.

Amidst the wildest commotion the sixth bull rushed into the ring—an ugly black animal with long horns and wild eyes. The handbills had not lied about this bull, for he was fierce enough to please the most cultured Guatemalteco present.

The toreadores seemed to have made up their minds that it was safer to fight the bull than to incur the further anger of the threatening crowd, and they managed to make it very lively for this last animal. Many were the hairbreadth escapes, but, to the disgust of the crowd, none of the leaping tormentors were killed. When they fell back from their share of the work they left the bull's shoulders decorated with six gaudy banderillas, and his lordship was the picture of anger and defiance as he stood pawing the earth to dust with a torn capa hanging on one horn.

Now was the matador's last chance. As Macelrano stepped into the ring with the red death-flag in his left hand and his sword in his right, it could be seen at a glance that he had gone too far into the black bottle for his courage. The multitude greeted him with hisses and groans. He braced himself, shook his sword at the insulting populace and cursed them with all the eloquence of the Spanish tongue.

Still cursing, he walked toward the bull, and when within about 20 yards from him stopped, carelessly drew a small ring in the dust with his sword and stepped inside of it.

The bull was interested. He seemed to smile with angry cynicism at the impudence of the man. For a moment he stood still. The red flag was waved, inviting him to do battle. He did not send his regrets. With a bellow he made a rush that shook the bull-ring.

Macelrano's body swayed to one side, but his feet did not leave the little circle in the dust. The red flag flashed over the angry horns and the bull passed on. For a moment the crowd forgot themselves and shouted "Bravo! bravo! bravo!"

In an instant the bull turned and made another rush. Again there was the same graceful sway of Macelrano's body, and again the sharp horns passed harmlessly by him. Again and again, and yet again, the infuriated brute rushed to the attack. He came like the swishing whirlwind, but, like the swaying reed, the graceful matador bent from him.

The crowd was now cheering the bull-fighter to the echo. The band was playing a lively tune. Hats and handkerchiefs were waving. Macelrano was himself again! He was back in old Madrid, the pet of the women, the idol of the men. The plaudits of the people made sweet music in his ear.

The bull pauses for a moment and gathers himself for another charge. The man's eyes flash fire as he tightens his grip upon his sword and looks along its blade to see that it is straight. Everyone knows that in an instant the matador will attempt the death-thrust. The crowd is still. You can hear the panting of the bull and the breathing of the excited Gringoes on the upper seats.

The rush is made! The sword flashes and the thrust is given.

A shout of horror goes up from 30 Gringoes. Macelrano has missed! The sword struck the steel point of a banderilla and the force of his thrust threw him right upon the bull's eager horns. In a second he was tossed, spinning like a pin-wheel, seven or eight feet in the air. He came down in a breatliless heap on the bloody ground. A howl of pleasure, mingled with regret, went up from the excited, fickle crowd.

But the bull loses no time. He has charged the helpless body. One of his sharp horns seems to pass through the unlucky matador's breast. The wild beast drops to his knees, and, roaring like a lion all the time, is pushing the limp body before him, at intervals lifting it off the ground with a powerful shake of his head.

The other bull-fighters and mozos rush to the assistance of their fallen chief. Three or four grasp the victorious animal by the tail, twist it, and pull with all their might. Another beats and prods him with a picador's pole. Still another is jabbing him full of banderillas, while the rest are dancing and shouting around his head, waving their capas in front of his eyes.

For a minute or two all these little attentions have no effect whatever on the bull. His business is strictly with the matador and not with his underlings. Many and varied are the shouts of advice from the crowd, and at last the bull is forced to turn on its tormentors. There is a wild scattering, but one toreador, braver than the rest, shaking his capa valiantly, induces the bull to chase him across the ring.

And while the bull is spending his time tearing that capa into shreds and keeping one eye on the toreador, captive behind a bulkhead, the other fighters rush out to bring in the body of the fallen matador. They have no time to handle him gently. He is despised clay now. They pick him up like a bundle of rags. His arms and legs hang limp. But, strange to say, his right hand tightly clasps his sword.

"Merely the death grip!" some one remarks behind me.

The bearers are about to pass the body over the fence, when with a sudden start Macelrano is alive again. He breaks away from those who are holding him and staggers to his feet. Playing his flashing sword about him, he drives every one back. His eyes are wild, his face defiant. His embroidered costume is almost torn off, and he is covered with blood and dust. He is mad as the bull now. Like a drunken man he staggers out into the ring.

With one voice the whole crowd shouts, "No! No! Stop him! Stop him!"

His maniacal bravery had won them again, and they did not like to see him commit suicide, for he has lost his capa—his main defense. But he turns upon the sympathizing crowd. Now it is his turn to hiss, and the curses come hot and hissing through his teeth. He shakes his clinched hand at them and then his sword. All the anger stirred by their insults and his overthrow comes bursting from his tongue. It is a torrent of profanity and of filth. O, he cursed grandly, that bedraggled matador!

The people are silent. They take the sting of his bitter taunts without a reply. At last he seems disgusted and turns to nobler game. Far on the other side of the ring the bull has not seemed to notice the crazy matador.

Macelrano starts for him with a wild run. The bull sees him coming, and in turn rushes forward bellowing, to meet him.

Ah, how quiet it is now! Not even a fan flutters. Men choke with their own breath. Two maddened, magnificent animals are about to meet. The shock will be terrible. Poor Macelrano! For all his insane bravery he will be tossed and torn again. The Gringoes hide their faces.

Running at top speed, Macelrano raised his sword to the level of his eye. On comes the bull with the rush of a storm. They meet in the center of the ring.

The light gleams upon a sword. Then that sword is buried to the hilt. It has gone straight to the mark through the narrow space between the shoulder-blades. Almost without a quiver the great black beast drops in his tracks—stone dead.

Macelrano, a hero, shrieks one more curse at the wildly clamorous crowd, attempts to plant a victor's foot upon the bull's head, totters, and falls across the horns of his vanquished foe.—*The Wasp.*

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Wind Her up Once.

[San Francisco Post.]

A shrewd-looking old man stood in front of one of the leading jeweler's gazing at a queer-looking clock. One of the affable clerks was standing in the doorway.

"That's an all-fired funny clock," said the old man. "What do you call it?"

"That's a swing lever chronometer," replied the clerk. "It will run for 400 days without winding."

"So! That's a long time. But say, how long do you suppose it would run if you should wind it up once?"

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Her Idea of It.

[Judge.]

Maudie's papa is night editor of a newspaper—a fact which Maudie apparently hasn't learned. When some one asked her a few days ago what her father did for a living she replied: "I div it up. I dess he's a burglar, 'tause he's out all night.

No White Ribbon for Him.

[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

Tipsley—There goes a man that I bet disposes of more cases than any justice in the town.

Topsley—What kind of cases does he try?

Tipsley—Cases of beer, altogether.

A Lacking Element.

[Indianapolis Journal.]

"I cannot see why you call tennis a degenerate game, Uncle Hiram. There is much more exercise in it than there was in the old-fashioned croquet."

"Mebbe they is, son; but just think what dandy fights we used to have with the mallets for clubs!"

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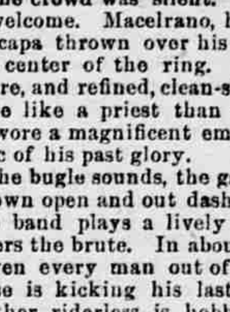
A Veteran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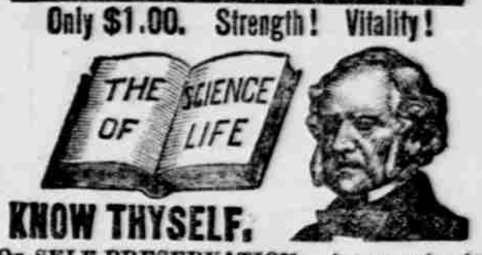

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