behind them. I jumped from my horse as I rode through the gap in their line opened for us, and joined them in meeting the assault, leaving my horse to take care of himself.

I now felt safe, but my nerves were unstrung. I used my revolver, but I have a distinct recollection that it was elevated to nearly 45 degrees when it was discharged. Two chambers did not go off, and in attempting to reload I tried to put another cartridge into an already loaded barrel, although the bullet then in it was plain to be seen. My hands trembled as if palsied.

The affair was over in a minute. The rebels, repulsed,

TRIED TO RETREAT

through the woods, but the limbs tore off their hats, and sometimes the rider himself. Several were killed. All sorts of a cavalryman's paraphernalia were scattered through the woods—hats, canteens, haversacks, blankets, saddles were torn off by the limbs of the scrub-oaks through which they attempted to ride.

Thinking the rebels might return in force, our entire regiment began a deliberate retreat. Co. L was detailed again as rear-guard, with directions to hold our position until the column had straightened out and got into marching order. I had a few moments to look up Sholl. He had been shot through the abdomen. He was deathly sick. We were obliged to leave him for the time in the deserted house. He was afterward sent back in an ambulance. He lived only a few days afterward.

The Captain meantime made observations from the brow of the hill which overlooked Water Valley. He came back and reported the town full of rebel soldiers. A single horseman approached us. Some of our men were ready to fire upon him, but a single man could hardly approach us with hostile intent, so he was unmolested. He proved to be a Yankee soldier. Other forces moving by another road had entered the town, and it was full of Yankee soldiers instead of Southerners.

We sent word to our retreating column, and making a right-about we bivouacked on the battleground.

X.

The next day the bugles sounded early, and the whole cavalry column pressed forward. A hard day was before us. Our regiment was not in the lead, and did not come into action until near nightfall. We moved at irregular intervals, with long halts. Evidently our leaders were fighting their way. Prisoners were occasionally passed to the rear. A large force of cavalry, with several pieces of artillery, ambulances, and supply-wagons, was ahead of us. We heard the artillery at intervals, but were not in sound of the small-arms.

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon came a hasty summons. Van Dorn's entire infantry division had halted and turned about in support of their cavalry, and were preparing for an assault upon us. We must hold them until our wagon-train and artillery could be moved back.

We took position on the left, our line extending in a semicircle to the south and west. For a while there was an ominous silence. Our wagons had been turned about, and had started on the return. There came

A SHELL SCREAMING

over our heads. It was the rebel signal for attack. They had sent out a strong flanking column on either side of us, and now they were closing in upon us. It was an unequal encounter, but our cavalry, mostly dismounted, did not leave the ground without a contest. Driven in on both sides as well as in front, we were soon thrown into confusion. Every one was looking out for himself and flying to the rear for safety.

The rebels captured about 40 of our number only, for which they paid dearly with as many dead. (See Official Confederate Records.) Happily darkness covered our rout. Three times at least the officers tried to rally the men. "Form a line right here!" one cried, standing in the road to halt the rabble. "It is a duty you owe to yourselves, your comrades, and your country. No matter what your command, form a line right here. Don't let us lose everything!" etc.

Perhaps he rallied 50 or 100 men, but the line soon gave way, although no attack was made upon it. Those coming up rode through it, and carried the line along with it. All this time the command was moving at a walk, except, perhaps, the first mile of flight; but they were walking no one knew where, or knew where the stop was to be. No enemy was pursuing us; a hundred might have captured a thousand had they known our exact condition.

The 6th Ill., 3d Mich., 2d Iowa, 7th Ill. and 7th Kan., all cavalry, rode along promiscuously. At length the word was passed along to rally on the last night's camping-ground, and after marching well into the night some 10 or 15 miles we lay down, wearied by hard work and long hours, and our fatigue was greatly augmented by the depression of spirits which follows defeat.

The next day the several parts were reunited, and could again be relied upon for gallant and fearless conduct in the face of the enemy. We thought we had done well, under the circumstances, to get off with our train and with the loss of so few men.

But the cavalry were too far in advance of the infantry and from their base of supplies. Rest, also, was indispensable for both man and beast. Since the attack on Iuka, Sept. 19, to the present, Dec. 6, the date of the fight at Coffeeville, we had been kept very busy. We had driven the enemy from Corinth, and followed him via Grand Junction 150 miles. The Engineer Corps were repairing the railroad and bringing up supplies as fast as possible. It was Grant's intention to thus reach Vicksburg in the rear, cutting off supplies from it as he had from Columbus, Ky. The cars were running now to Oxford from the North, and thither we leisurely repaired, but only for a short rest.

On the 14th of December we were ordered out again with five days' rations. This time we took an easterly course, traveling across the State to the Ohio & Mobile Railroad. We met little or no opposition on this long scout. Destroying the bridges and trestlework on the Mobile & Ohio Railroad for 30 or 40 miles, we returned safe, but tired as dogs, for it was a ride of 125 miles or more, besides scouting and picketing our own camp.

As we were returning through Pontotoc we passed through the mounted forces of Gen. Van Dorn going north, bent on the same kind of work in the rear of Gen. Grant. Had we known his plans, and forced him into action there, the results of the campaign on Vicksburg by the way of Grenada might have been different; but our orders were to avoid any risks. As it was, neither party seemed to court hostilities, and we thought them very considerate to let us alone after tearing up so much of their railroad and destroying so much Confederate property.

We had not returned from this trip to Tupelo before Gen. Van Dorn appeared before Holly Springs and demanded its surrender. Col. Murphy, with 500 or 600 men and one company of cavalry, was holding the place, then used as the base of supplies for Grant's troops below. Apprized of the danger, Grant had telegraphed him to hold it at all hazards, and that help would be sent at once; but instead of trying to defend it, he surrendered without opposition; one company of the 6th Ill. Cav., it is said, showing some fight contrary to his orders. So fell Holly Springs, and with it $500,000 of Government property and Grant's plan of the capture of Vicksburg.

Not only were our supplies burned, but three engines by which the supplies were brought to the army were destroyed. Of course, this stopped all operations for the advance of the army on this line. The troops withdrew from below the Tallahatchie. The cavalry was put on the chase for Van Dorn, the infantry supporting and working their way back to Tennessee.

I was detailed in charge of a train of wagons going to Memphis. The train was delivered at its destination without molestation.

[*To be continued.*]

SHILOH.

Historical Facts About the Battle—What the Leaders Say.

The 32d anniversary of the battle of Shiloh will be observed by the old soldiers who fought there 32 years ago assembling on that famous battle-field in Reunion to view the scenes of their struggle there on April 6 and 7, 1862. The official records show that there was engaged in this battle on both sides 246 different organizations. There were under Gen. U. S. Grant on Sunday, in the first day's battle, 60 regiments of infantry and 50 pieces of artillery; under Gens. Albert Sidney Johnston and G. T. Beauregard, 81 regiments of infantry and 20 batteries of artillery. If they were full gun batteries there would be 120 pieces of artillery. Gen. Lew Wallace arrived with 7,564 men and 12 pieces of artillery, making in the army of Gen. Grant a total of 73 regiments of infantry and 62 pieces of artillery. Gen. D. C. Buell arrived with the Army of the Ohio, consisting of 34 regiments of infantry and three batteries of artillery, that took part in the battle. In all Gen. Buell had 43 organizations, making 246 organizations, including the cavalry, artillery and infantry, or 114,338 men who took part in this first great open field battle of the West, with a fearful loss on both sides.

Gen. U. S. Grant says of Shiloh: "No such contest ever took place on this continent; in importance of results, but few have taken place in the history of the world." Again, in his Memoirs, he says: "Shiloh was the most severe battle fought in the West during the war, and but few in the East have equaled it for hard, determined fighting."

Gallant old Gen. George H. Thomas said to Col. A. W. Willis: "Shiloh was the most decisive battle of the war." Gen. D. C. Buell, commander of the Army of the Ohio at Shiloh, says: "The battle of Shiloh was the most famous and to both sides the most interesting battle of the war, and I recognize no battlefield of the war, all things considered, the lessons which it teaches and its importance in the contest, as being more worthy to be preferred as a memorial park than Shiloh." Gen. John A. McClernand, who commanded the First Division under Gen. Grant at Shiloh, says: "Shiloh shielded the Northwest from invasion and turned back the tide of war upon the Atlantic Coast. That field deserves to be dedicated to the gallant men who fought and fell there, and your efforts to preserve this battlefield as a great National memorial park meets my hearty approval." Thousands of others, both North and South, have written letters urging that this forever-historic battlefield be preserved as a great memorial park.—E. T. LEE, Secretary Shiloh Battlefield Association, Monticello, Ill.

Mrs. Annie Schreiner

Raised from a Weak and Low Condition

To Perfect Health and Strength After Four Years Suffering.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"Gentlemen—I think Hood's Sarsaparilla is the grandest discovery yet made, and it fulfils even more than you claim for it. My wife has been sick for the past four years. For three years she was so bad that she was unable to do any of her housework. We had good physicians, but she did not recover her health. She was suffering from Bright's disease and

Lameness in the Back.

Her tongue was covered with blisters: had no appetite, and was very weak and low with general debility. I insisted on her taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and she has been improving ever since. She has taken five bottles, and is so well that for three months she has done her housework, and we have seven children." AUG. SCHREINER, Allentown, Pennsylvania. Get only Hood's.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion.

THE MAYOR'S CHAIN.

What It Had to Do With the Love of Two Fond Hearts.

I.

THE MOST VALUABLE OF all the Colborough municipal property is the Mayor's chain of office. This costly bauble is valued at about $30,000, and was the magnificent bequest of the first Mayor, an eccentric individual, who, being childless, had adopted the town—then quite a baby one—and left it the whole of his property, to be expended on certain specified objects, of which the chain was perhaps the most useless, and certainly the most expensive.

The Mayor, during his term of office, was, of course, the temporary owner of the chain, and before receiving possession of it he was required to sign a bond for the full amount of $30,000, which bond was returned to him when, at the close of his term, he returned the chain.

Now, six years ago the chain and chair were held by one Sir Thomas Wobbell, a very worthy bone-crusher, who had been knighted by his sovereign for some reason best known to her advisers.

Sir Thomas had got an idea that bone-crushing, a trade to which Mr. Wobbell had

"GRACIOUS! IT MUST BE PAPA!"

devoted himself enthusiastically for many years, was vulgar, and announced his intention of retiring from business at the end of the year.

Sir Thomas began to babble of trees and pedigrees—things which Mr. Wobbell had always described, in his homely way, as "tommy-rot," and Sir Thomas would not hear of his daughter marrying the young man whom Mr. Wobbell had considered by no means an undesirable son-in-law.

The young man in question was called Fred Johnson, and was a rising solicitor to whom Mr. Wobbell had intrusted a good deal of his legal business.

Mr. Wobbell did not object to their engagement.

But Sir Thomas suddenly discovered that "Laura might do better." The worthy knight thought of leaving Colborough and settling down somewhere in the country—"some place where there was plenty of tip-top society, to which his title would of course be a passport!" as poor Sir Thomas said to himself.

"Why, the girl might marry a baronet, or an earl, or—who knew—even a duke." (He called it a dook!)

And so Sir Thomas, who was a terrible domestic tyrant, put his foot down and insisted on breaking off the engagement.

But love laughs at locksmiths, and sometimes even at bone crushers, and though the lovers never wrote to each other, they met at a wicket gate in a corner of the Mayor's grounds nearly every evening throughout that Summer.

II.

Sir Thomas's house—the "Mayor's Nest," as it was called by certain of his friends, was "a handsome villa residence, standing in its own grounds," and distant some four miles by the highway from Colborough.

There was a shrubbery in a corner of the grounds, with a wicket gate opening on to a quiet side road, which was completely hidden from the view of the house.

There they met as usual one night early in October. Sir Thomas had had an "off day," and had been pottering about the grounds till dusk; but at 6:30 he had taken himself off to dine with the Ancient Society of Amalgamated Thingumbobs; and Laura had been able to steal out to meet her lover.

They had been talking for about half an hour when they were suddenly interrupted by the ominous sound of carriage wheels rolling up the gravel walk.

"Gracious! it must be papa!" cried Laura. "He's ever so much earlier than we expected. Heavens! Suppose he misses me?"

"That's just what I've been saying for the last 10 minutes," said Fred, triumphantly. "This can't go on forever. Some day luck will fail us and he'll catch us, and then we'll catch it."

"Well, well, come to-morrow at 3 o'clock. Papa has got to attend a public meeting, so we'll be able to have a private one. Good night; there, one's enough," and in another minute she was hastening back to the house.

III.

Laura gained her room in safety and unobserved; but a dreadful clamor that arose as she was taking off her wraps and smoothing her hair caused her to fear that her absence had been discovered and its cause guessed.

Summoning up all her courage, but with her heart in her mouth nevertheless, she opened her door, listened for a moment to the storm raging below, and then hurried down stairs.

After all, she need not have been so frightened. A terrible disaster had overtaken the house of Wobbell. The Mayor's chain of office—the pride of the Colborough Corporation—had been stolen.

The chain of office, when not in actual use, always reposed in a strong safe in a corner of Sir Thomas's dressing-room, and there it had been carefully deposited that evening, when Sir Thomas took his departure for the dinner of the Amalgamated Thingumbobs.

It was as a thingumbob, and not as Mayor, that he had been invited to fill the office of Chairman, and therefore he had gone forth in ordinary evening dress.

But, not feeling well, he relinquished his post as soon as the toast of the evening had been drunk, arriving at his home nearly two hours earlier than he had expected.

He was just 10 minutes too late to save the chain, however; for, on going to his room, he had found one of the windows wide open, the so-called burglar-proof safe forced, and the chain gone—not to mention a fair sum of money in gold and certain trinkets of value.

The thieves, it was true, might be caught, but the Mayor's chain was, in all likelihood, gone forever.

Of course the scoundrels would not keep it intact a moment longer than they could help; they would be certain to remove the jewels and melt the gold down as soon as they were safely housed, and the stones they would probably dispose of in installments to different dealers, so that they would quickly be scattered all over Europe.

And at this point of his reflections Sir Thomas ground his teeth savagely as he thought of the bond for $30,000. He would be unable to retire from business; he would have to go on bone-crushing till the end of the chapter. It was really terrible.

IV.

It is not surprising that the Mayor passed a very bad night. After many weary hours of restless tossing and hideous nightmare experiences, he suddenly awoke and heard some one knocking at the door.

It was the servant, who declared that it was past 9 o'clock, and that Mr. Johnson was waiting in the library for an interview.

"Johnson! What on earth brought him there?" was the question Sir Thomas naturally asked himself. "Well, it was like his impudence; and yet, perhaps, he had heard of the Mayor's misfortune, and had come to see if he could be of any use to his former client."

Well, well! Sir Thomas magnanimously declared, if the young man wished to let bygones be bygones, so would he.

If he (Sir Thomas) was doomed to remain at his bone-crushing, Laura's chances of securing a "dook" seemed very shadowy, and she might as well take what she could get.

Such were the thoughts that passed through the worthy knight's head, as he hastily dressed himself, and when, some 10 minutes later, he entered the library, he was quite disposed to be affable and condescending.

"Good morning, good morning," he began. "To what am I indebted for the favor of this early—why, man! what's the matter with your eye?" he broke off suddenly, as he became aware of the fact that Johnson was the proud possessor of a really splendid black eye, quite a masterpiece of its kind. "Have you been fighting?"

"Well, not exactly," reponded Johnson, with a smile, which showed that one of his front teeth had been knocked out. "I have been in a bit of a scrimmage; but never mind me, I didn' come up here to talk about myself. Tell me, Sir Thomas, is this true that I read in the papers?"

"Ah, of course they got hold of it. If they say that burglars have broken into my house and have walked off with the chain and a good many other things, it's all true enough."

"And, of course, you are responsible for the value"——

"Of course I am. I'll have to pay that $30,000, sir; and, whatever you may think, I'm not made of money. A sum like that is no trifle. So I must work on, sir. Stifle my regrets—and crush my bones."

"But the chain may be recovered."

"It may!" replied Sir Thomas, with withering sarcasm; "pigs may fly. But what real chance is there? No, sir, I'll never see that chain again. The day of fairy tales is past."

"How do you know, Sir Thomas? Now, suppose that, like the king in the fairy stories, you offer a reward to the young man who recovers the chain for you, and see what comes of it. The usual reward—and perhaps it would be as well to follow the precedents—is the hand of the king's daughter."

"What on earth are you driving at?"

"To come to the point, then, if I find your chain will you give me the hand of your daughter?"

"You can't do it," snorted Sir Thomas. "How would you manage that?"

"That's my business. Yours is to give your consent to our engagement."

"Oh, of course, if you did me such a service as that," said Sir Thomas, still incredulous, "I could refuse you nothing."

"Then you accept my conditions?"

"O, yes," replied Sir Thomas, thinking that probably his visitor had sustained some severe injury to his head in the scuffle of which he bore so many marks, and determining to humor him. "I accept your conditions, and now where is my chain?"

"On the table," said Johnson, pointing to a parcel he had laid down on the table on his entrance.

V.

Sir Thomas hurried to the parcel and tore it open; and there, sure enough, was the chain, with one link missing and two or three more twisted, but the chain, for all that.

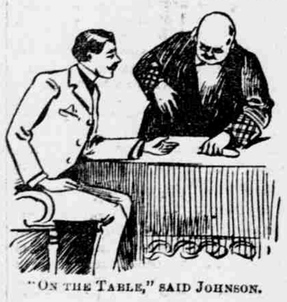
Why, man, where on earth did you get it? It seems like magic!" said the knight, after his first paroxysms of delight.

"I'll tell you in a minute," was his companion's reply. "But, first of all, let me ask if you remember your promise?"

"About my daughter?"

"Yes, about your daughter."

"I'm a man of my word, sir," said Sir



"ON THE TABLE," SAID JOHNSON.

Thomas (and he really was), "and you deserve her. As they say in the farces, 'take her, you dog, and be happy.'"

And then Johnson told the tale of the chain. First of all (much to Sir Thomas's disgust) he explained how he and Laura had disobeyed the mayoral mandates, and met constantly by the wicket gate; and how he and Laura had been together when Sir Thomas had returned so unexpectedly from the Amalgamated Thingumbobs' dinner.

After Laura had left him, Johnson went on, he had lingered about the gate, when, suddenly, there was a crashing of brushwood just ahead, and a huge body dashed up against him violently and hurled him to the ground.

The lawyer had not relished this performance at all; so the two rolled on the ground, pommeling each other viciously and inflicting injuries in divers places, Fred's share of which had been the black eye, the missing tooth, a battered ear, and a half-broken shin.

What his opponents were he could not say, for at last the gentleman had broken away from him and darted off, leaving a portion of his coat collar in the lawyer's grasp and the chain of office on the ground close beside him, where it had been dropped in the course of the struggle.

Johnson's hand had fallen on it as he was raising himself from the ground, and he had carried it home with him. There he had found out what it was and had recognized how important an influence it might have on his affairs.

Three months after the eventful night Laura and Fred were married. No doubt they lived happily ever afterwards, but whether they did or not is, after all, really nobody's business but their own.—*Boston Globe.*

Marry This Girl—Somebody!

MR. EDITOR:—

I stained a blue silk dress with lemon juice; what will restore the color? I am making lots of money selling the Climax Dish Washer. Have not made less than $10 any day I worked. Every family wants a Dish Washer, and pay $5 quickly when they see the dishes washed and dried perfectly in *one minute*. I generally sell at every house. It is easy selling what every family wants to buy. I sell as many Washers as my brother, and he is an old salesman. I will clear $3,000 this year. By addressing J. H. Nolen, 60 W. Third Ave., Columbus, Ohio, any one can get particulars about the Dish Washer, and can do as well as I am doing.

Talk about hard times; you can soon pay off a Mortgage, when making $10 a day, if you will *only work*; and why won't people try, when they have such good opportunities.

MAGGIE R.

WOMEN OF ALL AGES

And conditions in life, are liable at times, to need an Invigorating Tonic; a Regulator of the natural, periodical functions, and a Soothing and Bracing Nervine. For this purpose

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

is the only medicine so certain in its curative action that it can be *guaranteed*. Your money is returned if it does not **cure.**

In Maidenhood, Womanhood and Motherhood, it invigorates and braces up the exhausted, run-down, overworked and delicate; allays and banishes all Nervous Weakness, Spasms, Hysteria, Fits, Chorea, or St. Vitus's Dance; corrects all unnatural irregularities of monthly function and cures Periodical Pains, Weaknesses, Bearing Down Sensations, Backache, Catarrhal Inflammation, Ulceration and Kindred Maladies.

For those about to become mothers, it is a priceless boon, for it lessens the pains and perils of childbirth, shortens "labor" and the period of confinement, and promotes the secretion of an abundance of nourishment for the child.

What Others Say of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription:

IRREGULARITY AND UTERINE DEBILITY.

MISS L. M. HENDERSON, of *Springfield, South Dakota*, says: "I cannot say enough for Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. For years I suffered from irregularity and uterine debility, but now I feel as well as I ever did in my life. Thanks to you for your 'Favorite Prescription,' for it has performed a permanent cure."

THE "CHANGE OF LIFE."

MRS. HATTIE M. RHODES, of *Bath Alum, Bath Co., Va.*, aged 48, suffered from rush of blood to head, dizziness, hot flushes, palpitation of heart, and other distressing symptoms incident to the "change of life." She writes: "I am truly glad to say that I feel myself cured. I have used your 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery,' as you directed, and to them, with the aid of God, my cure is due."

"WAS THE PICTURE OF DEATH."

MRS. M. J. LOYD, of *Wesson, Copiah Co., Miss.*, says: "My daughter has been sick all her life, and the older she grew, the worse she was until she was the picture of death: the physicians could not do her any good. I gave her three bottles of 'Favorite Prescription,' and now she is a perfectly healthy girl.

Have recommended it to a great many sufferers from 'female complaints,' and it has cured them.

I think it is the greatest medicine in the world, and I have never found anything to compare with it."

SUFFERED FOR TWELVE YEARS.

MRS. MALVINA WILSON, of *Oreide (formerly Enterprise), Taylor Co., W. Va.*, writes: "A heart overflowing with gratitude prompts me to write you. Twelve long weary years I suffered greatly from Uterine Disease, and at last was given up by my physician to die, besides spending almost all we had. After five months' treatment with your Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, I now enjoy most excellent health. I would, to-day, have been in my grave, and my little children motherless, had it not been for you and your medicine. I will recommend your medicines as long as I live. If any one doubts this, give my name and address."

FAINTED AWAY.

MISS LIZZIE H. MURPHY, of *New Dorp, Staten Is., Richmond Co., N. Y.*, writes: "About two years ago I was so sick with womb trouble that I could not cross the room without fainting away. The doctors could do me no good and told me I must die, but my mother got me 'Favorite Prescription,' and in one week I began to feel stronger. After taking a dozen bottles I am as well as I ever was; free from all pains and aches and all due to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription."

FEMALE WEAKNESS.

MRS. CORA CUMMINGS, of *No. 74 E. Yates St., Ithaca, N. Y.*, writes: "I took your Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription when I was run down and through the warm weather. It worked like a charm on my system and I am a good deal heavier in flesh now. It is the best medicine in the world for 'female troubles,' for I took almost all kinds of Patent Medicines, and doctors' prescriptions without benefit."

A COLD CAUSED TROUBLE.

MISS MAMIE BURK, of *Everett, Bedford Co., Penna.*, writes: "When I was fourteen years old I took a bad cold and there resulted internal troubles. I was a great sufferer for four years. I had tried two Physicians but neither gave me any relief. After taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription I can't say enough for it. It cured me so I have no more pains. I am now nineteen years of age."

OUR ALASKA INDIANS.

Something About a Curious and Little-Known Tribe.

THE NAME OF STICK INdians is loosely applied to all those natives of interior Alsaka iving near the Coast Range of mountains. They are a people but little known to the whites, for but very few travelers have ever visited them, and hundreds of them to-day have never seen a white face. Living within 200 or 300 miles of the coast settlements, yet separated from them by lofty mountains, they pass their existence without meeting any white people, save when some curious explorer like Glave or Schwatka, or some intrepid hunter like Dalton, goes among them, or when a few of their leading men make an occasional visit to the coast under the guardianship and strict surveilance of their Chilcat business managers.

The industry most interesting to the outside world is hunting, and the quantity of furs sent out by them is not inconsiderable. They consist principally of marten, mink, beaver, otter, fox, and bear skins. These find their way to the trading posts along the coast from Tongas to the mouth of Copper River, or to traders along the Yukon.

The furs brought out by the Stickeen River find their way to Wrangel; those from the Takou, and a good many from Chilcat, reach the Juneau market; all those brought over the Chilcoot Pass are sold at Wilson's, on the Dyea. The stores at Yakutat and around the mouth of Copper River buy a good many, and every year the Simpsean Indians pay Chilcat a visit and carry away a good portion. Most of these furs sooner or later find their way to the Victoria market.

The fur trade of the Yukon Valley has been controlled by the Alaska Commercial Co., but the North American Transportation and Trading Co. expects to come in this year for a fair share of it.

Early in the Spring the Indians from the village of I-shi-ik and neighboring villages bring their furs down to the village of Weskut-i-heen, which is situated on one of the streams among the headwaters of the Alseck River. They go there because they are short of food, and there are their caches of fish, put up the preceding year. After remaining for a few weeks some of them go back for a few weeks' hunting, while others remain until the salmon begin to run, which is about the 1st of June.

The salmon are very plentiful and of fine quality, being the kind known as King salmon. These are taken in large numbers, sun-dried, and smoked. The weather is warm and they dry quickly. They are then smoked. To do this the Indians build a framework some seven or eight feet high, and roof it over tightly with cottonwood and quaking asp; the sides are left open. Close under this roof the salmon are hung and fires built on the ground.

The process of smoking is simple, but effective. After a sufficient quantity has been cured a cache is built for them. In the building of this considerable ingenuity is exercised to keep the store safe from the bears and other wild animals. The timber throughout this section is thick and the Indian cuts off four or five trees standing near together, some 25 feet from the ground; from these the bark is carefully peeled, and upon them he builds a little log house and roofs it over with bark. In this he stores away his smoked fish, takes away the ladder, hewn from a log, and there it remains safe and secure until the next Spring's migration brings him back once more. The bears will not climb the smooth timbers, and if the wolverines do get up they are not strong enough to break in.

From the time the salmon commence running it usually takes about six weeks to put up the stock of fish, and it is then time to begin laying in a stock of provisions for the Winter; for the salmon is used only in the Spring, and when the Indians leave their fishing-grounds they take no fish away with them more than a few days' supply. The hunters start off for the hunting-grounds by themselves, and the women follow with a camping outfit.

The country of the I-shi-ik Indians is quite open, and game can often be seen when several miles away. The game consists of bears, caribou, moose, mountain sheep, and ibex; and wherever the game is found there a camp is built and the meat cured. The softer parts of the animals, such as the liver and intestines, are eaten at once; but the flesh is dried and smoked for Winter use.

The atmosphere is so clear and dry in these higher altitudes that only a few days are required for the curing, and the game is so plentiful that often as many as 60 carcasses will be found in a camp at once. The meat is nice and sweet after it is dried, and is pronounced good by those who have eaten it.

This is more than can be said of their salmon, for along the rivers and lowlands the flies are so thick that it is almost impossible to put the fish up in good shape, and the Indians take no great pains to do so. The pelts are used for bedding and clothing, and many of the moose-skins find their way down by the Simpsean Indians to Victoria, where they are manufactured into moccasins.

While the men are bringing down the larger game, the women at the camp and the old men at the villages are snaring squirrels and groundhogs, catching trout, and drying roots. The vegetable diet of these Indians is more varied and abundant than one unacquainted with the country would expect to find in Alaska. Wild onions of good quality are plentiful, and among roots there is one which greatly resembles the carrot. A kind of wild rhubarb is abundant, and the bark from the young black birch and that from a kind of hemlock are also used.

These supplies are cached in the same manner as the fish if the Indians are in a timber country; if not, they build a cache from poles set in a circle, and their tops drawn together and firmly bound with a rope of twisted willow. More poles are laid on until there are several layers of them, then the earth is thrown up around them on the outside, and the meat is safe until the hunter comes for it in Winter.

A family may have several of these catches of meat, as they build them wherever they find any quantity of game. There are great numbers of rabbits, which can be caught at all seasons. There is very little suffering from hunger among these natives, and they have comfortable clothing of furs and skins.

When Winter comes and the hunting season begins the Indian hunters busy themselves hunting the valuable fur-bearing animals. The flesh of these, with the supply of dried meats and roots, keep them in food until the Winter is over and they go to their trading and fishing grounds again.

The return of the hunters to the villages is a season of rejoicing, and their coming is signalled when many miles away. The method of signaling is my fires built on prominent hills. As soon as a party of returning hunters halt for the night two or three of the young bucks start to climb the nearest hill. There is abundant dead timber still standing, and they select the tall hackmatack tree, place a bunch of lighted moss or twigs at its base and it takes fire almost instantly, and a huge column of flame shoots up to the heavens announcing their coming. Fire answers fire, and for many miles up and down these great valleys hunters signal to hunters, and, guided by these, one party joins another on the return until they enter the village together.

Some of these valleys contain acres upon acres covered with thick growths of greasewood, which grows to the hight of seven or eight feet, while in Arizona it is rarely found four feet tall. Everywhere throughout the timber sections of the Stick country are to be found traces of forest fires, huge blackened stumps alone marking where heavy growths of timber have stood.

They have many curious customs, one of which is leaving the bodies of those dying when upon the hunt or on the march just where they fall, never as much as changing the clothing or wrapping them up, while those dying in the villages are always burned. The bodies of those dying in the woods are sometimes burned after they have been picked clean by the wild animals and bleached by the elements.

These Indian villages never contain much property, neither food, clothing nor blankets; but the people have them all cached in various places for better security.

Corns cured by my remedy on 30 days' trial. If you are troubled with corns or tender feet it will cure you and give you relief. The highest of indorsements from those who have tried it. See Barlow's ad. in this issue.

This was in Georgia.

The other day, says the Valdosta (Ga.) *Telescope*, a young negro girl was met by an old negro woman, and the usual salutations, with by-questions as to the health and happiness of the families were passed.

"Does your mammy still take in washing?" asked the older.

"Yes'm," replied the younger; "she been doing washing for Mr. Blank down here at Mrs. —— boardinghouse, but he says times is too hard to have clothes washed; and I dunno what she gwine to do now."

and twenty-nine cents buys this watch. **Chain & charm free.** **Guaranteed for 20 Years.** Cut this Ad out and send to us and we will send you the watch by express C. O. D. Subject to Examination. If not found perfectly satisfactory and fully equal to watches advertised from $5.00 to $10.00 as **Gold, Gold Filled or 20 Year Gold Plated** DON'T PAY A CENT, but if satisfactory pay the agent **$1.29** and Express Charges and the watch is yours. Address, SILAS, Jewelers & Co., Chicago, Ill. or Minneapolis, Minn. Big Catalogue Free. **Guarantee.** I, P. W. McALLISTER, MEMBER OF THE CITY COUNCIL of Minneapolis, Minn., do hereby recommend this watch AND GUARANTEE every statement of the firm.

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J. S. Randall, Co. D, Western S. S., Covington, Tenn., writes: "It looks to me as though the comrade who says he threw away the bullets and fired blank cartridges in 13 battles, and Comrade Baldwin, who says it was all a picnic, and that we all would have been dead before this (or words to that effect) if we had not participated in said picnic, are only trying to hedge against their war record, and which, in all probability puts them in the coffee-cooling class, in the eyes of the present Administration."

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WANTED—ADDRESSES.

WANTED—By O. T. Lee, Greenville, Ill.—The address of Lewis Marsh, who belonged to Co. K, 39th Ill., in 1864.

WANTED—O. T. Lee, Greenville, Ill.—The address of Clinton Olmstead, who belonged to Co. K, 39th Ill., in 1864.

WANTED—The address of Serg't David Henderson, Privates Oscar E. Castor, John W. Cole, Jehu Cullers, James Davidson, Seth Dorsey, Oliver Kilgore, Alfred A. Knee, Jacob Summers, Elizur I. Thornburg, all of Co. A, 102d Ohio. Wanted soon to fill out company roster; by C. H. Crawford, Holmesville, Holmes County, O.

WANTED—Information, whether living or dead, concerning James Gildey. Enlisted August, 1861, in 47th N. Y. State Volunteers. Discharged on the expiration of term of service, Bermuda Hundred, Va., August, 1864. Was last heard from at Mobile, Ala., in 1875. Address William Gildey, Waupun, Wis.

WANTED—Information of Wm. Allen, a Scotchman; a baker by trade; fair complexion; hair almost flaxen; large, blue eyes; rather large nose; has first and third fingers of right hand off, and third finger of left hand; is about five feet eight or nine inches in hight, and would probably weigh 170 pounds. Is 70 years old, if living. Was last heard from at Dubuque, Iowa, in the Spring of 1862, at which time he left there to go into the Sutler's service with the army. At that time was 39 years old. Since 1862 has not been heard of. Any information concerning him, whether living or dead, will be most thankfully received by his cousin—Thomas D. Williams, Biggs, Sherman Co., Ore. 653-138