Where The Laurel Blooms

.....And Men and Women Live Near Nature's Heart.....

By JOHN McELROY.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The scene of this story of the war period is laid in the Southern Alleganv Mountains. The hero, Henry Clay Pollock, is a sturdy young mountaineer; the heroine, Miriam Inrule, the daughter of Robert Inrule, one of the descendants of the honest, hardy men who penetrated into the mountains, and amid pioneer hardships and dangers, located rude but comfortable homesteads. Mrs. Inrule is an invalid. Inrule and his family are intensely loyal and religious. Secession has already startled the country, and Fort Sumter has fallen.

The narrative opens with young Miriam engaged in spinning on the veranda of her father's house. She is interrupted by the arrival of Elder Stormont, a Methodist circuit-rider. Later, Miriam's sweetheart, Pollock, arrives. The two expect to be married in a few months.

Col. Rhea, a bitter Secessionist and slave-owner, also comes, with his overseer, Sam Griggs, a man of low instincts and ruffianly appearance. A political discussion follows between Inrule, Stormont, and Pollock on the one side, and Rhea on the other. Rhea goes off enraged at the loyal expressions of the others, and vows to teach them their duty.

After his departure, Elder Stormont, in a solemn way, predicts a period of dread civil strife. When evening comes, a band of Secessionists, of the class known as Sang diggers, led by Jim Hoskins, dash by the house and fire a shower of bullets over it, the while hooting and yelling. Pollock dashes out and unhorses two of the men and the rest run away.

That night as the Inrules sit around the great fireplace, Sally Hoskins appears with her babe in her arms, and says she has left her husband, Jim, because of his continual ill-treatment, and begs to be allowed to stay and work out her living with the Inrules; otherwise she will drown herself and child. She eventually is allowed to stay indefinitely.

Next morning Inrule's sons and plucky Miriam escort Pollock over the mountains homeward. As they anticipate, Big Jim Hoskins and his brothers attempt to ambush Pollock, but are scared away. Col. Rhea and the Jeff Davis Guards try to disperse a mass meeting of the mountaineers at Mt. Gilboa the following Sunday, and fail.

Sol Blenker, an old man, keeps a 'stillery, and is one of the leaders among the Sang-diggers of Chinkapin Cove. Jim Hoskins and others are gathered one morning at his place. Hoskins threatens to thrash Elder Stormont. The Elder suddenly appears, and when Jim attacks him settles the affair by one powerful blow.

After the Elder's departure Griggs, as a rebel Captain, enlists the whole party willy-nilly. Next day they try to arrest young Pollock, who is with the Inrule boys and Miriam. Griggs gets a bullet in the ribs, and his crowd flees.

Pid Pancake and Wils Cluke, two of the Sang-diggers, set fire to Inrule's stable, and are captured. Inrule lets them go. Disgusted at the failure of Griggs and his men to capture Pollock, Rhea leads his men in two parties to attack Pollock's home; the detachments fire into each other in the darkness, and several are hurt. Rhea vents his wrath by burning Pollock's property. Pollock and the men, who are going to join the army in the nighttime, fire into the headquarters of a rebel regiment at Cumberland Gap. They pass over the border into Kentucky, and reach Camp Dick Robinson.

They meet the famous Gen. Nelson. His abuse and epithets infuriate Pollock, who threatens the General with a thrashing. At that moment a note is handed Nelson, who announces that a certain force of rebels is within striking distance, and he will give the Tennesseans a chance to show their mettle. He straightway moves out to attack, leading the way himself. The Tennesseans respond with an admiration for the General that obliterates their hot anger. They capture, among others, one whom they believe is Bill Stanwood, a notorious rebel.

The Secessionists prepare to deal severely with the loyalists, whom they call Tories; they are especially incensed at Elder Stormont, who is too active for their comfort. The Inrule boys and Miriam, on their way to burn an important bridge, encounter a squad of rebel cavalry. The Lieutenant in command becomes too attentive to Miriam, but before the boys and he came to blows about it she turns her horse into the woods. They set fire to the bridge.

Gen. George H. Thomas takes command of Camp Dick Robinson. He captivates the Tennesseans by his manner. The rebel Gen. Zollicoffer makes an advance, and Pollock and his comrades are sent out to secure information as to his movements.

Elder Stormont several times narrowly escapes capture by the rebels. Robert Inrule and his sons are arrested for burning the bridge over Red Bud Creek. The Elder, in a note to Col. Rhea, declares he is responsible for the work, and offers to give himself up upon release of the Inrules. Rhea accepts the proposition.

A rumor that the Elder was about to make his appearance, and in some way save the Inrules, ran through the crowd of rebel soldiers and Union men gathered about the court-room. Both were deeply stirred by it. The rebels were excited as to what new device their resourceful enemy was about to practice. The Union men were fearful of they knew not what. They had had so many fearful blows that they dreaded everything.

Esau Warner was closely watched as he left the court-room with the Colonel's note in his hand. He walked straight to where a tongue of woods projected down from the forest clothing the mountain side, and in a few minutes reappeared riding the Elder's horse, while the Elder walked alongside.

More calmly resolute than ever looked the Elder's face as he strode toward the door, exchanging greetings with those of his anxious-eyed flock who stood around, and regarding the rebels with a cold glance of disdain.

He walked directly into the court-room, the guards raising their crossed bayonets instinctively to let him pass. He called out in the authoritative tone in which he was wont to direct meetings:

"Col. Rhea, I am here. Release the Inrules at once."

An exultant flush burned in Col. Rhea's face. He looked at the Elder for an instant, as if to satisfy himself that it was really he, and then commanded:

"Capt. Griggs, take Elder Stormont into custody, and guard him with the utmost closeness. Take Robert Inrule and his two sons outside the court-room and let them go."

Capt. Sam Griggs put his large, coarse hand roughly on the Elder's shoulder, whose face reddened at the rude touch, and he involuntarily clenched his fist. Then he remembered himself, and submitted in silence. Griggs called to two men, who picked up their bayoneted guns and placed themselves on either side of the minister.

"Now," ordered Griggs, in a loud, rough voice, "I want yo' t' stay with that cantin' old devil every minute till I relieve yo'. Don't take yer eyes offen him, or let him git outen arm's length of yo'. Ef yo' do I'll break both yer necks."

"Col. Rhea," called out the Elder, "I demand of you that the Inrules be set at liberty at once."

"What air yo' gwine t' do about hit ef we don't, I'd like t' know?" sneered Sam Griggs.

"I'll keep my word, Elder, even to as great a scoundrel as you are," answered the Colonel. "The Inrules richly deserve to be hanged, and they will be if they don't mend their ways. But I shall let them go now. Capt. Griggs, take the Inrules outside of the court-room, and release them."

More dazed than by his own danger, Robert Inrule had looked wonderingly on, trying to comprehend what was happening. Now he began to understand that the Elder was offering himself as a sacrifice for him and his sons.

He raised quickly to his feet, and called out firmly and distinctly, but still in his usual slow, musical drawl:

"Cunnel Rhea! Cunnel Rhea! I'm jest beginnin' t' onderstand that Elder Stormmont's give hisself up t' save me an' my sons. I won't have hit. My sons won't have hit so. We'uns have done nothin' t' desarve death. God is our judge. But ef your hell born Suthern Confed'risy thirsts fur blood—ef hit will be satisfied with nothin' but blood of honesty an' innocence, take our'n rather than his'un. I'm ready t' die fur my country; I've taught my sons t' be ready t' die whenever the time comes. Our lives air of little value compared t' his'un. The country needs him—hit doesn't need us. I'll not consent t' his sacrifice."

"Remove the prisoners from the court," commanded Col. Rhea coldly.

"Come, git outen this," said Griggs, catching hold of Robert Inrule and dragging him toward the door, while two of his men did the same with Bildad and Reuben. "Be monty thankful that yer not hung, ez yo' sartinly desarve," continued Griggs. "But yo' won't go fur long. The rope's already twisted t' swing yo'."

The mountaineers gathered around the Inrules in excited discussion of the event. This gave Capt. Sam Griggs another opportunity of displaying his brutality. Putting himself at the head of a squad of his men, he charged down upon them, yelling:

"Git out, yo' infernal Tories! Scatter, yo' white-livered Lincolnites! Vamose the ranche, yo' scalawag Yankees! Cl'ar the camp, every one of yo', or I'll lock yo' up! Bob Inrule, I wuz only t' let yo' go outside the court-room. I ain't bound t' keep my hands offen yo' an' yer brats a minnit longer, an' I won't ef I ketch sight o' yo' five minnits later. Hunt yer holes, yo traitors, ef yo' valley yo' lives."

Several of the Union men were struck in the face with fists or knocked down by gun-barrels.

Accompanied by a few of their nearest friends the Inrules walked off sadly toward home. Before they separated it was agreed that they meet the following evening in Blue Racer Cove, a sequestered spot hardly known to the rebels. It was no longer safe for the Union men to gather at the house of one of their number, for all these were watched more or less.

An hour or two after the removal of the Inrules Col. Rhea ordered the Elder to be brought before him. The Elder confronted the severe glance that the Colonel turned upon him with a look as bold and haughty as his own. After a painful silence of a minute or more the Colonel said, in cold, measured tones:

"Elder Stormont, it would be a cruelty to you for me to conceal the truth from you, or even delay in making it known to you. You know better than I can tell you the depth of your treason toward your country, and the enormity of your offenses against her laws. Your wrong-doing has been the more flagrant because of your greater knowledge and influence. You are the spiritual guide of these people, and you have abused your sacred office to mislead them into ways of pernicious wickedness.

"It is very necessary for the good of the whole people and for the peace and well-being of the Southern Confederacy that you should die. Numerous grave crimes, clearly proved, make you deserving of the extreme penalty of the law. The safety of the Southern Confederacy demands that you suffer that penalty with the least possible delay.

"It is therefore the sentence of the court that you be hanged at this place one week from to-day. May you employ the time that the court mercifully allows you in preparing for death, in repenting of your evil course, and in exhorting your deluded followers to desist from their wicked ways, and become loyal citizens of the State of Tennessee and the Southern Confederacy.

"In the meantime you will be closely confined in the guardhouse of this camp, and every precaution taken to prevent your escape."

"But, Col. Rhea," expostulated the Elder, "I have had no trial such as the laws of my country provide for even the meanest of men. I do not know the charges against me. I have not been confronted by my accusers. I have not been heard in my own defense."

"In time of war," replied the Colonel, "the ordinary safeguards and technicalities must be dispensed with. The public safety is the supreme law. Everything must bend before that. All the evidence against you has been carefully considered by the court, and you have been given the benefit of every doubt and excuse. The court is unanimously of the opinion that you have lived entirely too long. In allowing you a week more of life the court has gone to the limit of mercy. It is far better than you deserve. Do not suffer yourself to be deluded with the thought that it can be further extended."

"But I appeal from your decision," said the Elder. "I appeal from you to your superiors. As there are grades of devils in hell, so are there in the Southern Confederacy those who are higher than others. They may be more merciful. I appeal from you to Gen. Smith, at Knoxville, or to headquarters, at Richmond."

"It is useless," replied the Colonel, in the same cold, measured way. "My superiors are occupied with much more momentous things than the complaints of a pestilent traitor and bridge-burner. The orders expressly direct the commanding officer on the spot to deal with these matters according to his own discretion, and carry out the general orders to the letter in regard to the suppression of treason in East Tennessee and the punishment of its instigators.

"Much as you may think of your life, it is of little account in comparison with those of hundreds of gallant, devoted men who are almost daily dying in conflict with the invaders of our homes, whom you are abetting. For your own sake, I urge you not to deceive yourself with the hope that there is anyone above me who will reverse my decision. The matter is entirely in my hands, and you will die the day I have set."

"I defy you to do your worst. God will save me from you.

"Son of Satan! High Priest of Moloch! slave of Beelzebub!" said the Elder, in a tone as deliberate and emphatic as that of the Colonel, but burning with intensity; "vile creature of that power whose breath is blasphemy and whose mandates are murders, you may slay me, but you do it more at your peril than my own. My poor life is but a little offering for a holy cause, but it will be enough to curse you and yours in this world and damn you through all eternity.

"You are laying up wrath against the day of wrath. God gives me light to see the quick on-coming of the time when the whole foul brood of rebels and Secessionists will be weeping and wailing and gnashing their teeth and praying for these eternal rocks of the mountains hereabouts to fall on them and hide them from the vengeance of God."

"Take him away to guardhouse," commanded the Colonel, and the Elder was led away between his two guards.

The meeting at Blue Racer Cove the next evening was characteristic of the many held by the persecuted and hunted Unionists of East Tennessee during the reign of terror inaugurated in the Summer of 1861, which continued until Gen. Burnside led his army of deliverance across the mountains in the early Fall of 1863.

Before the sun had fairly started to sink behind the tall mountains, the men and boys began to arrive from all directions. Some rode boldly down the main roads to within a mile or more of the cove, and then cut across to it through the woods, but the greater part came by winding paths and dim trails known only to themselves. All that came were boys under 18, or married men of 30 and upwards. The younger and unmarried had all been either forced into the rebel army or had escaped across the mountains to the Union lines.

The habitual sadness of the mountaineers' faces had taken a much deeper tone. In many of the eyes was the rising fever of desperation. They had been goaded to the limit where they were ready to throw away their lives if in doing so they could inflict some injury upon their persecutors.

The place where they met was a rocky glen, at the upper end of which bubbled a cool spring of limpid water. The rugged rocks rose high all around, and screened from outside sight a blazing fire of pitch-pine logs which had been rolled down by the Inrule and Westcott boys. The flaring, leaping, yellow flames illumined with a weird, unearthly light the forms and faces of the gaunt, bearded men who stood around, leaning on their rifles, or who sat on the rocks with their guns across their legs. But little was said after the first neighborly greetings. Scant of speech at all times, as earnest men usually are, they felt little disposed to words that were not full of the meaning that swelled in their hearts. They wanted only enough words to indicate the course of action.

The central figure was Robert Inrule, who, with his heavy rifle across his lap, sat on a moss covered rock and gazed steadily into the fire.

On the smooth, perpendicular surface of a rock on which the fullest rays of light fell, Bildad and Reuben had spread an American Flag, which the skilled fingers of Miriam had constructed as best she could out of linen which she had spun, woven and dyed. It was a rude effort, but it represented more resolute loyalty than a thousand more skillfully-wrought banners. For a long while no one spoke, but all eyes were fixed on Robert Inrule. Presently he seemed to notice this, and rising to his feet he let his gun slip through his left hand, until its breech rested on the ground, and he grasped it near the muzzle.

"Friends and neighbors," he began in his soft drawl, "you seem t' be waitin' fur me t' say something. Thar's no need o' sayin' much. The time fur words is past. We only want enough now t' agree upon what we shall do. Esau Warner brings us news that the Elder's t' be hung next Friday. Will we allow hit?"

"No, indeed," came from every mouth.

"So I say. I'd a heap rather die than see him hung. I'll die foutin' t' prevent hit."

"So will we'uns all," said they.

"I had expected ez much," said Robert Inrule, quietly. "But whether you'uns jined with me or not, me an' my boys wuz determined t' do whatever lay in our power t' prevent the hangin'. Ef we could do no more we could die foutin' his enemies, an' ef we had t' go t' heaven with the Elder we'd at least send ez many t' the other place t' keep the balance even."

"I want t' call Brother Inrule to order," said Abner Westcott. "He's no right t' lay the shadder of an imputation on the rest o' we'uns, by assumin' that we'uns could possibly let him an' his'un font fur the Elder alone. 'Taint kind t' we'uns, and there's nothin' t' jestify hit."

"I beg Brother Westcott's parding, an' the parding of all you'uns," said Inrule hastily. "Sich a thing wuz furtherest from my thoughts. We'uns 've all stood together in the past, an' I know no man under the shining sun that's quicker t' start an' more determined t' stay fur what is right than Brother Westcott. I've done seed him tried often, an' he never wuz found wantin'. But I could only resolve fur me an' my sons. We'uns air ready fur anything except any more knucklin' down t' the rebels. Sich a life ez we'uns 've bin made t' lead fur the last few months can't be ended some way too soon. Go many or go few with we'uns, we-'uns air gwine down t' Camp Isham Harris Wednesday night, attack the rebels thar, an' try t' git the Elder out. Ef we'uns succeed in runnin' the gyards back, an' rescuin' the Elder, we'uns 've done God's own work. Ef we'uns fail an' air killed, ez we'uns shall be ef we'uns don't succeed, why, we'uns 've died ez men should die, tryin' t' do right."

"Everyone o' we'uns 'll go with yo'," said the rest very quietly, but with an earnestness that left no doubt of them.

It only remained to settle the details of the expedition, and agree on time and place of meeting. Robert Inrule was to lead and command.

Wednesday afternoon some of the rebels noticed the frequent appearances of men flitting by the openings in the misty sky-line of the mountain-tops, but they thought these to be Union refugees making their way to Kentucky, and expected them to be intercepted by the guards in the passes of the Cumberlands.

When Robert Inrule with his sons rode into the deep beech woods which were the rendezvous, he was astonished at the number gathered there. As he passed from group to group he found every one of his neighbors who had met him at Blue Racer Cove, and each one had brought some reliable neighbor with him. Not a man was missing. There was but one expression among them:

"We'uns 'll fout the rebels, no matter how many there be o' they'uns, an' we'uns 'll either rescue the Elder or git killed a-tryin'."

There remained only to make the arrangements for the march and the fight. They were to time their march so as to reach Camp Isham Harris just before daylight. Robert Inrule was to lead the center, and push on directly to the tobacco-house in which the Elder was confined, and release him. Then the Elder was to take command.

They had scarcely finished these arrangements when there was a new arrival, around whom all gathered. It was Esau Warner, straight from Camp Isham Harris.

"Kunnel Rhea's got an idee that something's in the wind," he explained, "though he don't know just what hit is. He had the hull regiment turned out this arternoon, an' an inspection of arms an' cat'idges. The men air t' fall in at the fust tap o' the drum, an' the gyards've bin doubled."

"We're a-gwine all the same," said Robert Inrule, determinedly, as Warner finished his recital.

"That we'uns air," echoed the rest.

The weather had been threatening for the last few hours, but none was prepared for the appalling storm which suddenly burst upon them. Such thunder had never before been heard, the lightnings seemed to be burning up the mountain-tops, the wind became a tornado, and then the rain fell in blinding sheets.

"Hit's fallin' on they'uns same ez we'uns," said Robert Inrule, as he resolutely set out from the shelter of the thick-topped beeches, and entered the main road. "Keep your powder and caps and gun-locks dry ez yo' kin, men."

They pressed on determinedly, though at one time the wind seemed about to sweep them from the road, at another the rain would threaten to beat them into the earth, and the thunder and lightning were appalling.

From the moment the Elder had been thrust into the old tobacco-house, he began to think about plans of escape before the fatal day. He was a true Methodist. He believed firmly in the interposition of the Lord to save men from deadly peril, but he believed no less firmly that men should do everything possible to save themselves. Therefore, while he prayed fervently for the Lord to save him, his mind was active in suggestions for escape. But one set had to be abandoned on Saturday, another on Sunday. Monday wrecked another; Tuesday seemed to exhaust every hope, and Wednesday he confessed to himself that unless the Lord intervened he had but one day more to live. He prayed the live-long day, though the rebels flung taunts and jeers at him through the cracks in the tobacco-house, and the men who brought in his food did not spare him insulting reminders of the nearness of his end. He watched the sun go down with straining eyes for some sign that he could feel was meant for him. Weatherwise beyond most men, he saw that a terrible storm was gathering on the mountains, and his heart rose with the thought that this was in answer to his prayers.

When the wind, the thunder and the lightning came he could not forbear hurling taunts back at his captors, and exulting in their terror. The camp lay in the path of the tornado, and it tore through, uprooting trees, demolishing even the solid log cabins and prostrating the tents. All was wild confusion and terror. A large shellbark hickory standing to the left and rear of the tobacco-house struggled gallantly with all its iron sinews against the overmastering fury of the storm, and then fell across the rear end of the tobacco-house with a deafening crash. Two of the most brutal of the guards were caught beneath its giant trunk and crushed into pulp. The Elder was in the front of the house looking out on the ruin in the camp, and singing loudly a hymn of thanksgiving and praise. He turned as the crash came, and his quick mind instantly interpreted that here was the deliverance the Lord had sent. He sprang over the trunk almost before it quit quivering, and made his way through the camp to the road.

An hour before daylight Robert Inrule, drenched to the skin, but still unshaken in purpose, stopped with his sons on a little bridge to wait for the others to close up. They had yet a couple of miles to go to reach the camp. They were looking with the utmost intentness at the road they had to go for some revelation by the lightning of what might be before them. There came a crash of thunder, and the whole landscape was illumined with a vivid light. Apparently, in the very center of it they saw the Elder coming toward them over a knoll not 100 yards away.

Then all was pitchy darkness again.

"Pap," shouted the excited Reuben, "did you see the Elder?"

"I thought I did, my son," replied Robert Inrule, "but I wuz afeared t' believe hit. I thought mebbe my mind wuz givin' way."

"Hit sartinly wuz the Elder or the Elder's sperit," said Bildad.

"I'm a-gwine t' find out whether hit air a man or a ghost," shouted Reuben, running forward and calling, "Elder Stormont! Elder Stormont!"

"Here I am, Reuben," replied the Elder, in a voice which rang out clear and distinct above the roar of the rain.

[*To be continued.*]

Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer

It is a *renewer*, because it makes new again. Old hair is made new; the gray changed to the color of youth.

FIBROID TUMOR

Expelled by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Interview With Mrs. B. A. Lombard.

I have reason to think that I would not be here now if it had not been for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It cured me of a fibroid tumor in my womb.

Doctors could do nothing for me, and they could not cure me at the hospital. I will tell you about it:

I had been in my usual health, but had worked quite hard. When my monthly period came on, I flowed very badly. The doctor gave me medicine, but it did me no good. He said the flow must be stopped if possible, and he must find the cause of my trouble.

Upon examination, he found there was a Fibroid Tumor in my womb, and gave me treatment without any benefit whatever. About that time a lady called on me, and recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, said she owed her life to it. I said I would try it, and did. Soon after the flow became more natural and regular. I still continued taking the Compound for some time. Then the doctor made an examination again, and found everything all right. The tumor had passed away and that dull ache was gone.—MRS. B. A. LOMBARD, Box 71, Westdale, Mass.

EXAMINING BOARDS

Some Under Civil Service Complain of Lack of Business.

Say the Appointment of Additional Boards Materially Decreases Their Income. What Pension Officials Say—A Pension Decision by Mr. Davis.

Some of the advocates of Civil Service have been manifesting a desire lately to get up an investigation solely for the benefit (?) of Commissioner of Pensions Evans, who they claim has failed to treat respectfully the rules, etc., in the matter of appointments of Examining Surgeons. The Pension Bureau officials pooh-pooh all this, and declare the law has been neither evaded nor disobeyed.

It is claimed that Commissioner Evans's establishment of a new Board, for instance, in addition to one under Civil Service, at a point where it is deemed necessary for the proper conduct of business and justice to the veterans to have the new one, is not right, and that the Commissioner has no business to take from the Board under the Civil Service its income, or most of it, by appointing an additional Board. It ought to be patent that if the mere appointment of an additional Board at a place does affect materially the income of the first appointed Board, then something wrong must be the matter with that first Board. The truth is, that hundreds of these Boards now under the protection of the Civil Service have been so manifestly unjust to the veterans that applicants will not go before them if they can help it. A Pension Bureau official said in effect that there were continual protests from veterans against going before many of the Boards that are notoriously unjust. If examination was held by one of them, if a favorable report was not rendered, it was but natural that the examinee should feel as hundreds of others before him had felt and found out, that he had been unfairly treated. Then he wanted another examination by some other Board. Hence, the cost to the Government is much less in the establishment of a new Board than in doing with but one of the kind referred to, and the examinations are justly made.

There was a time when these Boards were regarded as non-partisan, but since Mr. Cleveland's first term, when he made room for those of his political faith by ousting so many who were not, the non-partisanship idea has not been adhered to so closely. As a matter of fact, there is no way to tell before a year after the appointment of an additional Board whether the income of the first Board has allen below the Civil Service requirements for not. As yet, no Presidential order has been issued regarding the abolishment of any Civil Service Board.

Assistant Secretary Davis, in passing upon the reduction case of Alva H. Hall, Co I, 8th Ind. Cav., (Docket No. 21,437.) sets forth the following: "Where the question involved on appeal is whether claimant had due notice of the proposed action [reduction or suspension] as required by section 3 of the act of June 21, 1879, or the act of Dec. 21, 1893, the report from the Commissioner of Pensions in response to the appeal should fully and clearly state whether notice was served on the claimant; and if so, the form of the notice, or its substance, and the date and manner of service, should be stated.

"The notice specified in the act of June 21, 1879, and the 30 days' notice specified in the act of Dec. 21, 1893, are essential prerequisites without which the reduction or suspension of a pension is not authorized. Due statutory notice is necessary to confer jurisdiction to reduce or suspend pensions once issued.

"Where the record shows that the statutory notice was duly issued and mailed to claimant's address, and is not returned to your Bureau, the presumption is that the notice was duly received by claimant, and this presumption is not outweighed by the affidavit of claimant first made in his appeal, but in such a case the Department will, on its own motion, examine into the merits of the claim, to ascertain if any injustice has been done claimant in the action complained of."

In this particular case the evidence showed, the decision says, that claimant was improperly pensioned at $12 a month, under the act of June 27, 1890, that his disability did not entitle him to a rate in excess of the minimum under said act.

WEEK IN WASHINGTON.

Events of General Interest in the National Capital.

TUESDAY, Nov. 2.—The monthly statement of the public debt shows that at the close of business Oct. 30 the debt, less cash in the Treasury, amounted to $1,020,563,901, an increase for the month of $8,441,188. This increase is principally accounted for by a decrease in the amount of cash on hand. The debt is recapitulated: Interest bearing debt, $847,365,500; debt on which interest has ceased since maturity, $1,331,540; debt bearing no interest, $379,623,590. Total, $1,228,320,690. This amount, however, does not include $589,456,953 in certificates and Treasury notes outstanding, which are offset by an equal amount of cash in the Treasury. The cash in the Treasury is classified as follows: Gold, $180,387,256; silver, $509,351,913; paper, $113,441,000; bonds, disbursing officers' balances, etc., $18,489,756. Total, $831,669,957, against which there are demand liabilities amounting to $623,913,857, leaving the net cash balance in the Treasury, $207,756,099.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 3.—The report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue for the fiscal year ended June 30 shows receipts from all sources of $146,619,593, a decrease, as compared with the fiscal year 1896, of $211,022. The important changes are an increase of $1,338,472 in the receipts from distilled spirits as compared with 1896, and a decrease of practically the same amount in the receipts from fermented liquors. The cost of collection for the last fiscal year was $3,848,469, a decrease from 1896 of $237,822. The total production of distilled spirits, exclusive of fruit brandies, in the last fiscal year, was 62,465,648 taxable gallons, a decrease, as compared with 1896, of $24,123,055.——The full text of the Spanish reply to the note of United States Minister Woodford reached the State Department, and is now under examination by the officials. So far as can be learned, it is not the intention of the Administration to give it publicity now, so that the interest of the people must be satisfied at present with the more or less official statements emanating from Madrid as to the character of the Spanish note.

THURSDAY, Nov. 4.—The President and Mrs. McKinley returned to Washington to-day, arriving at 9 o'clock. The President immediately resumed his work at the White House. The President will now devote considerable time to his annual message to Congress. The preparation of the message will take so much time that unofficial callers at the White House will find a hard road to travel in seeing the President. A week or so before the assembling of Congress many Congressmen will have reached the city, and will be wanting to see the President. Unless the Chief Executive gives some time now to his message he will not get much chance to work on it for a good while previous to the assembling of Congress.

FRIDAY, Nov. 5.—Secretary Bliss issued an order as to the removal of employes in the classified service, and calling attention to the President's order of last July providing against removals without due charges and prior hearing. The Secretary directs a rigid enforcement of this, and allows employes complained of three days within which to submit, through the proper officer, to the Department a defense in writing, failure to do which will be held to be a waiver of defense.——The State Department was advised that Sir Wilfred Laurier, Premier of Canada, and Sir Louis Davies, Minister of Marine and Fisheries in the Laurier Cabinet, would come here early next week to take part in the Bering Sea negotiations for the protection of seals. Up to this time the British authorities had strenuously insisted that the Bering Sea meeting was to be confined strictly to an exchange of technical information between "experts," and they have resisted any larger consideration of the subject which would involve general principles. Notwithstanding this strict limitation adopted at London, the two chief officials of Canada will come to Washington prepared to discuss the subject from a much broader standpoint than any thus far conceded in London. How far they will be able to treat concerning Bering Sea, reciprocity or other subjects is a matter of conjecture.

SATURDAY, Nov. 6.—A convention between the United States, Russia, and Japan for the joint protection of the seals was signed at the State Department. It will require the ratification of the Senate to become effective. The text of the treaty will not be given out by the State Department until final ratifications are exchanged.

SUNDAY, Nov. 7.—It was learned here that the delegation of native Hawaiians who are coming to oppose annexation will arrive about Dec. 1. It is stated that the delegation will not urge the restoration of the former Queen or of any other representative of royalty, but will confine their efforts to having the present status of Hawaii as a republic maintained.

CHAT OF THE CORRIDORS.

It is reported that a society of 15 young Southern women has been organized to secure the restoration of the name of Jefferson Davis to the place it once occupied on the great bridge at Cabin John. Davis was Secretary of War at the time the aqueduct was built, and his name was carved on the tablet bearing the names of the men responsible for the work.

The name was stricken from the tablet after he became a traitor to his country. There will doubtless be considerable opposition to the proposition.

The bronze statue of Gen. Logan, which is to stand in Iowa Circle, this city, is now being cast at Rome. It is hardly probable that the statue will be unvailed amid military pomp and ceremony until the Spring of 1899. The bronze casting is to be an exceptionally fine one, and consequently the work will not be hurried. The appropriation for the statue was voted by Congress, and the contract was awarded to Franklin Simmons. When completed, the heroic bronze, portraying the great General, will be a most valuable addition to the city's statuary. The unvailing will be one of the most elaborate exercises yet held in Washington. Military and civil organizations and men of prominence will unite to do honor to the occasion.

ARMY AND NAVY GOSSIP.

Secretary Long has added two members, Commander Hemphill and Chief Engineer Kearney, to the Board named by him to devise, if possible, some plan of legislation to adjust the relations between the line and staff, and break up stagnation in promotion. The board now consists of 10 members, six line officers and four engineer officers.

Capt. Lovering is to be tried by court-martial. He is charged with having exceeded his authority in the case of a soldier named Hammond at Fort Sheridan. Hammond having refused to go to the Commandant's office when ordered, it is alleged he was dragged there by order of Capt. Lovering, who prodded him several times with his sword in order to make him walk. The action of the War Department is based upon the recommendation of the court of inquiry which investigated the case. Gen. Miles, as Acting Secretary of War, ordered a court-martial and designated Brig.-Gen. J. F. Wade, commanding the Department of Dakota, to act as President.

The two most powerful battle-ships designed for the Navy are fast approaching the stage when they will be ready to be launched, and if weather conditions are favorable for active work in the next two months both will leave the ways sometime in January next. These ships are the Kearsarge and Kentucky, sister vessels in design and equipment, and the only battle-ships having the superposed turrets.

An Inventor's Mistake.

[*Boston Transcript.*]

A few years ago an inventor who had devised a new sleeping-car took his plans to Mr. Pullman. The latter, after looking over them, said: "There is an idea there. I will give you $100,000 cash for your patents." The inventor was a poor man, and he would not accept the terms. He said that if the idea was worth $100,000 to Pullman it was worth millions to him. The car was built and proved a financial failure, and it is believed that even to this day the inventor does not know where the "idea" was whose presence Mr. Pullman discerned in the working plans.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

A THRILLING RESCUE.

A Young Life Saved in a Remarkable Manner.

Florence Sturdivant, of Grindstone Island, Saved from an Untimely Death—Her Dangerous Predicament.

From "On The St. Lawrence," Clayton, N. Y.

Among the Thousand Islands is one called Grindstone. It is seven miles long and three wide. The inhabitants of this island are a well-informed class of people who devote their energies to farming and quarrying for a livelihood. In the home of one of these islanders resides Florence J. Sturdivant, the four-year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Sturdivant. She had a remarkable experience recently.

FLORENCE J. STURDIVANT.

In an interview with a reporter Mr. Sturdivant said: "Florence was taken sick in February, 1896, with scarlet fever and we immediately called a physician. After two weeks the fever subsided but Florence was left with a very weak back. Severe pains were constantly in the back and stomach. The difficulty seemed to baffle the efforts of the physician.

"Finally, at the end of four months of treatment, we found our patient completely prostrated. At this time we called an eminent physician, who agreed with the diagnosis of our physician. He prescribed a course of treatment and we followed it faithfully for three months, but instead of improving, Florence failed.

"A brother of my wife, who resided in Canada, but was visiting us, advised us to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and I purchased a box of the pills and began to give them to Florence. This was in October, 1896. After using the pills a short time we could see an improvement. Her strength began to return, and her appetite was restored. When she had taken one box the pains in her back and stomach ceased, and her recovery seemed certain.

"We eagerly purchased a second box of pills and watched with delight the change for the better that was being wrought daily. Florence finally became strong enough to walk a little. She gained in flesh and strength rapidly. By the time she had used three boxes of the pills she was evidently well. We continued the treatment, using another box, the fourth, to prevent the possibility of a recurrence of the difficulty.

"We cannot praise too highly the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I am positive that without their use our child would have been a confirmed invalid."

(Signed) WILLIAM H. STURDIVANT.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this sixth day of April, 1897.

H. W. MORSE, *Notary Public.*

An attractive book of sixteen pages, entitled "To the Veteran," containing interviews with prominent ex-soldiers, and beautifully illustrated, will be sent to any address by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., on receipt of a two-cent stamp for postage.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

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