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AGENTS.—THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE has many volunteer canvassers, and they are generally honest and faithful; but persons who consider their subscriptions to them must be their own judges of their responsibility.

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, Washington, D. C.

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

JOHN McELROY, ROBERT W. SHOPPELL, BYRON ANDREWS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., JUNE 23, 1908.

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

As we go to press—Tuesday, June 21—the army is landing around Santiago, and beginning operations for the reduction of that place.

The reduction of Porto Rico will follow rapidly. As soon as the army is fairly established around Santiago the major portion of Admiral Sampson's fleet can be drawn off to attend to Porto Rico, and by that time there will be enough transports gathered to follow him up with a competent landing force, and quickly reduce the whole of Porto Rico to possession.

If our army has not already reached Manila it is only a question of hours when it will be there, and the city in our possession. There will hardly be any resistance worthy of the name offered by the Spanish garrison, which has already been driven inside its last lines by the insurgents.

A UNIVERSITY has bestowed the title of LL.D. upon Admiral Dewey. He has certainly shown himself a past master of cannon law.

How governable and docile the Philippines are is well indicated by the fact that the usual garrison which Spain has maintained in the islands has not exceeded 1,500 soldiers.

SOONER or later the Kaiser's poking into the Philippines will give him the red-hot end of the poker.

We began to be "imperial" nearly a century and a half ago, when young George Washington pushed our boundaries over the Alleghany Mountains and took in Pittsburg, and Bishop Berkeley sang:

Westward the course of empire takes its way; The four first acts already past; A fifth shall close the drama with the day; Time's noblest offspring is the last.

THE District of Columbia gets along very well indeed under a Government of three Commissioners appointed by the President of the United States. One of them must be a Republican, one a Democrat, and the third an officer of the Army.

It is possible that, in a few years, Cuba may become the home of a large portion of the negroes now living in the United States. The day that the Spaniards are driven out immense numbers of Americans are going to swarm to the island to seize the wonderful opportunities which it affords.

Not only is the pay of common sailors higher than that of soldiers, but the chances of getting a higher "rating" or promotion are much greater. The warrant and petty officers and other men receiving increased pay form a large proportion of each ship's crew, while the Sergeants and Corporals are

REWARD FOR SAULTERS.

On the money side, the United States sailor has the advantage of the soldier every time. He starts in as a landsman at \$16 a month, where the army recruit gets but \$13. The discrepancy widens as he learns his business and gets promotion. Compare the monthly pay-tables of the enlisted men and non-commissioned officers for the two services:

Table comparing pay for Army and Navy ranks. Columns include Rank, First Year, Second Year, Third Year, Fourth Year, Fifth Year, Sixth Year, and Seventh Year and over.

NAVY.

Table for Warrant Officers, Yearly Pay, with columns for At sea, On shore duty, and On leave or waiting orders.

Table for Petty Officers, Enlisted Men, ETC., with columns for Classification and Pay.

SEAMAN BRANCH.

Table for Seaman Branch, including Master-at-Arms, Gunners, and other ranks with their respective pay.

ARTIFICEER BRANCH.

Table for Artificer Branch, including Machinists, Boilermakers, and other ranks with their respective pay.

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a very small percentage of the regiment. The best that a long-time soldier can hope for is an appointment as Post-Quartermaster, Commissary, or Ordnance-Sergeant, of which positions there are comparatively few in the Army. But a sailor can confidently look forward to becoming a Boatswain, Gunner, Carpenter, or Sailmaker, with sea pay running up to \$1,800 a year, and retirement, after 40 years' service or after disablement in line of duty, upon three-fourths of their highest pay.

Then, the sailors get prize-money, which has become a considerable addition to their pay in the present war.

THE MERRIMAC'S CREW.

The refusal of Spain to exchange the Merrimac's crew is a piece of Spanish barbarity. There is absolutely no military reason why those gallant men should not be returned to us at once, in exchange for an equal number of Spaniards of like rank. That would be in accordance with the laws of civilized warfare all over the world. They have done nothing deserving the punishment Spain is meting out to them. They were engaged in a perfectly legitimate act of warfare when they fell into the Spanish hands. They had done nothing more than military duty, but had done it with a gallantry that drew the applause of the civilized world.

The malignant, barbarous spirit of Spanish revenge wants to make them suffer all that men can be made to suffer. If the Spanish Government dared it would goad them to death in a bull-ring, in the midst of thousands of cheering spectators, as bulls are goaded to death, as the insurgent leaders have been executed in the Philippines, or as the Inquisition formerly tortured its victims. The only reason that this is not done is that the whole of Europe is now looking on.

In spite of Admiral Cervera's gush at first, there is too much reason to fear that those gallant men are suffering all the horrors of Spanish prisons. We got some idea of what that means from the revelations of the Habana prisons, just before the declaration of war. We are allowed to hear nothing from them, which argues for the worst. Civilized nations allow their prisoners of war to write freely inside of certain bounds imposed by the conditions of war. That Lieut. Hobson and his companions are not allowed to so much as send a message that they are alive and well gives basis for the gloomiest forebodings.

It is said that Admiral Sampson has informed Admiral Cervera that he will be held personally responsible for the treatment of the prisoners, and it is asserted that the President of the United States has even caused a similar communication to be made to the Spanish authorities. While this would be efficacious with a civilized power—while it would not be for an instant necessary if we were at war with England, Germany, or France—it is doubtful if it will serve with the Spaniards. They are crafty in their cowardly malignity. They know that, no matter what we may say or threaten, we could not bring ourselves to retaliate in kind for the cruelties that they practice. They may do as they did with Dr. Ruiz and other Cuban gentlemen—torture their unhappy prisoners to death, and then come to us afterward with a palaver of excuses and regrets and blame upon some guilty underlings, who cannot be found or punished.

We are dealing with a foe entirely without honor, truth, or civilization. We could trust Apaches or Comanches better than the bombastic Spaniard, and if Lieut. Hobson and his companions come out safe and well from the clutches of their jailors, it will be a more wonderful escape than that from death at the mouths of the guns defending the entrance to the harbor of Santiago.

The list of the Spanish vessels which sailed past Gibraltar is about as long as that of the King of Spain's titles, and means about as little. It will be remembered that His Most Christian Majesty calls himself "King of Spain, Old and New Castile, Leon, Murcia, Balearic Isles, Gibraltar, the Canaries, Navarre, the Two Sicilies, Jerusalem, the Americas, the Occidental and Oriental Indies," etc. He never was King of Jerusalem, he lost the Two Sicilies centuries ago, etc. If the Spaniards have really moved that collection of old junk in the harbor of Cadiz a few miles to Barcelona or some other port, it is as much astonishment to them as to everybody else to find that it can really move itself.

THE FIGHTING AT GUANTANAMO BAY.

The city papers have been a wild welter of whirling, hysterical, lumber-jointed words, set off with head-lines in poster-type, and pictures like those a boy draws with a nail on a fence. This was the result of an effort to tell what had taken place at Guantanamo Bay.

When this is run through the fanning-mill of common sense, and sifted down to the plain, every-day talk in which the events of the rebellion are recounted it turns out that the marines—about 600 in number, and no wiser than any troops are before their first fight—landed on Friday, at Caimanera, full of ardor for the fight. The Spaniards ran away from them, without hardly firing a shot. The elated marines rushed up the hill, and established themselves on its top. They kept a look-out for the enemy Friday night and Saturday morning, but all was quiet. They finally gave up expectation of any trouble, and set about fixing up their camp, cooking, etc. A number of them went in swimming.

Watching from the thickets the Spaniards saw their opportunity, and opened fire from their coverts in the chaparral. The natural result was a great deal of confusion and excitement. Bush fighting is always a trying experience for green troops, and most of all for marines, whose whole training is in different directions. There would have been an entirely different story to tell if the men on the hill had been from one of our old Regular regiments which had had experience in Indian fighting. The marines had a sore time of it for three days and nights. They lost four men, fired away an incredible quantity of ammunition without much damage to anything but the brush, and had a long succession of anxious, sleepless hours. Then they began to get on to the enemy's curves, their natural courage and daring asserted themselves, and they determined to hunt Spaniards awhile instead of being hunted. They carried out this purpose in a very gallant, soldierlike way, and effectually cleared their front of the enemy. It was a sharp lesson to them, but an effective one, and in the end they came out with a good deal of credit, which will have the happiest effect upon their esprit de corps.

An event of similar magnitude during the rebellion would be reported about this way: "The enemy attacked the 200th Ind. on outpost, and kept up a desultory fire for several days, but were finally driven. The 200th Ind. lost five men killed. Enemy's loss believed to be much heavier."

A VALUABLE ACCESSION.

The administration of the War Department has been greatly strengthened by the appointment of Comrade George H. Hopkins as Assistant Adjutant-General with the rank of Major, and his assignment to duty in the Secretary of War's office. Comrade Hopkins served as a private in the 17th Mich., and has won for himself a high rank there. He has fine executive and organizing ability, and succeeds in whatever he sets about. He will be remembered by comrades as the efficient Adjutant-General of the Grand Army of the Republic during Commander-in-Chief Alger's term. Gen. Alger, who is familiar with his abilities, greatly desired his assistance during the present stress, and Comrade Hopkins patriotically volunteered to give up his business for a few months, and devote himself to the interests of the country and to helping his old friend and chief. About his first stroke of business, and it was characteristic of his energy and thoroughness, was the selection of a new camp and rendezvous in Florida. He formed a board consisting of Col. Chas. R. Greenleaf, Surgeon-in-Chief; Maj. F. G. Hodgson, of the Quartermaster's Department, and Lieut. Edgar Jedwin of the Engineers. They traveled 2,700 miles in eight days, and thoroughly examined a large number of places, finally deciding upon Fernandina, which selection has met with general commendation. Maj. Hopkins's influence will be strongly felt for the better all through the War Department.

There need be no fear of trouble in ruling the Philippines. All that the people want is a small measure of justice that marks all the ways of Americans. This will be a thousand-fold better than anything they have ever received from the Spaniards, and the change will be so delightful that they cannot help being contented with it.



Si Klegg as a Veteran

SHORTY GETS A LETTER FROM BAD AX, WIS.

Shorty had always been conspicuously lacking in the general interest which his comrades had shown in the mail. Probably at some time in his life he had had a home like the rest of them, but for some reason he now played no part in his thoughts. The enlistment and muster-roll stated that he was born in Indiana, but he was a stranger in the neighborhood when he enrolled himself in Co. Q.

His revelations as to his past were confined to memories of things which happened "when I was cuttin' wood down the Mississippi, or 'when I was runnin' on an Ohio steam-wheel."

He wrote no letters, and received none. And when the joyful cry, "Mail's come," would send everybody else in the regiment on the run to the Chaplain's tent, in eager anticipation, to jostle one another in impatience, until the contents of the mail-pouch were distributed, Shorty would remain indifferent in his tent, without an instant's interruption in his gun-cleaning, mending, or whatever task he might have in hand.

A change came over him after he sent his letter to Bad Ax. The cry, "Mail's come," would make him start in spite of himself, and before he could think to maintain his old indifference. He was ashamed, lest he betray his heart's most secret thoughts.

The matter of the secure transmission of the mails between camp and home began to receive his earnest attention. He feared that the authorities were not taking sufficient precautions. The report that John Morgan's guerrillas had captured a train between Louisville and Nashville, rifled the mail, and carried off the letters, filled him with burning indignation, both against Morgan and his band and the Generals who had not long ago exterminated that pestiferous crowd.

He had some severe strictures on the slowness in which the mail was distributed to the Division and the Headquarters to the regiments. It was a matter, he said, which could not be done too carefully. It was a great deal more important than the distribution of rations. A man would much rather lose several days' rations than a letter from home. He could manage in some way to get enough to live on, but nothing would replace a lost letter.

Then, he would have fits of silent musing, sometimes when alone, sometimes when with Si in the company, over the personality of the fair-looking knitter of Wisconsin, and the letter he had sent her. He would try to recall the exact wording of each sentence he had laboriously penned, and wonder how it impressed her, think how it might have been improved, and blame himself for not having been more outspoken in his desire to hear from her again. He would steal off into the brush, pull out the socks and letter, which he kept carefully wrapped up in a sheet of the heavy letter paper, and read over the letter carefully again, although he knew every word of it by heart.

"I'm afraid," he confided to some cronies, "that rebel bullet hurt Shorty more'n he'll let on. He's not actin' like himself at all right. That bullet struck so near his thinking that it may have added it. It was an awful close shave."

"Glancing bullets sometimes hurt worse'n they seem to."

"No, the bullet didn't hurt Shorty any more than make a scratch," said the Surgeon cheerfully when Si laid the case before him. "I examined him carefully. That fellow's head is so hard that no more scraping is going to affect it. You'd have to bore straight through it, and I'd want at least a six-pounder to do it with if I was going to undertake the job. An Indiana head may not be particularly fine, but it is sure to be awfully solid and tough. No; his system's likely to be out of order. You rapallions will take no care of yourselves, in spite of all that I can say, but will eat and drink as if you were ostriches. He's probably a little off in his feed, and a good dose of blueness followed up with quinine will bring him around all right. Here, take these, and give them to him."

The Surgeon was famous for prescribing blueness and quinine for every ailment presented to him, from sore feet to "shell fever." Si received the medicines with a proper show of thankfulness, and, as he passed through the camp, saluted, and bushes he was tempted to add them to the collection of little white papers which marked the trail from the Surgeon's tent, but solicited by his comrade restrained him. The Surgeon was probably right, and it was Si's duty to do all that he could to bring Shorty around again to his normal condition. But how in the world was he going to get his partner to take the medicine? Shorty had the re-olute antipathy to drugs common to all healthy men.

It was so grave a problem that Si sat down one day to think about it. As was Si's way, the more he thought about it, the more determined he became to do it, and when Si Klegg determined to do a thing, that thing was pretty nearly as good as done.

"I kin git him to take the quinine easy enough," he mused. "All I've got to do is to put it in a bottle of whiskey, and he'd drink it if there wuz 40 doses of quinine in it. But the blueness 's a very different thing. He's got to swallow it in a lump, and what in the world kin I put in that he'll swallow?"

Si wandered over to the Suttler's in hopes of seeing something there that would help him. He was about despairing, when he noticed a boy open a can of large, yellow peaches.

pellet of blue mass in it, laid another slice of peach upon it, and then came around in front of Shorty, holding out the spoon.

"Open your mouth and shut your eyes, Shorty," he said. "I saw some of the nicest canned peaches down at the Suttler's, and I suddenly got hungry for some. I bought a can and brung 'em up to the tent. Jest try 'em."

He stuck the spoon out towards Shorty's mouth. The latter, with his gunlock in one hand and a greasy rag in the other, looked at the tempting morsel, opened his mouth, and the deed was done.

"Must've left the stone in that peach," he said, as he gulped it down.

"Maybe," said Si, with a guilty flush, and pretending to examine the others. "But I don't find none in the rest. Have another?"

Shorty swallowed two or three spoonfuls more, and then gasped:

"They're awful nice, Si, but I've got enough. Keep the rest for yourself."

Si went back to the tent and finished the can with mingled emotions of triumph at his own success, and of sympathy for Shorty.

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had a struggle with his burning desire to see the inside of the envelope, but he conquered, and put the letter back in his pocket until he was thoroughly sober.

But he knew what to do to fill up the time till he could conscientiously open the letter. He thought of going back and fulfilling his long-delayed purpose of thrashing Groundhog, but on reflection this scarcely commended itself as a fitting prelude.

He heard voices approaching—some sympathetic and encouraging, the other weak, pain-breathing, almost despairing. He looked out and saw the Chaplain helping back to the hospital a sick man who had over-estimated his strength and tried to reach his company. The man sat down on a rock, in utter exhaustion.

Shorty thrust the letter back into his blouse-pocket, sprang forward, carried the man up in his strong arms, and pried him bodily to the hospital. It taxed his strength to the utmost, but it sobered him, and cleared his brain.

He returned to his covert, took out his letter, and again scanned its exterior carefully. He actually feared to open it, but at last drew his knife, and carefully slit one side. He unfolded the inclosure as carefully as if it had been a rare flower, and with palpitating heart slowly spelled out the words, one after another:

"BAD AX, WISCONSIN. 'APRIL THE TWENTY-FIRST, 1903. 'MISTER DANIEL ELLIOTT, Company Q, 200th Indiana Volunteer Infantry. 'RESPECT'D SIR: I talk my pen in hand to inform you that I am well, and hope that you are enjoying the same blessing. For this, God be praised and magnified forever. 'Goodness, how religious she is," said he, stopping to mutinate. "How much nicer it makes a woman to be pious. It don't hurt a man much to be a cuss—at least while he's young; but I want to give you some religious. It sets her off more'n anything else."

He continued his spelling exercise: "I am very glad that my sox reached you all rite, that they fell into the hands of a brave, pious Union soldier, and he found them nice."

"Brave, pious Union soldier," he repeated to himself, with a whistle. "Jewhilleh, I'm glad Bad Ax, Wis., is so far away that she never heard he makin' remarks when a million-time's stalled. But I must git a bronc of myself, and clean up my langwidge for inspection-day."

He resumed the spelling: "I done the best I could on them, and moren than no one can do. Wimmen cant live in this cruel war, but they ought all to do what they can. I only wish I could do more. But the wimmen must stay at home and watch and wait, while the men go to the front."

"That's all rite, Miss Jerusha Ellen Briggs," said he, with more satisfaction. "You jest stay at home and watch and wait, and I'll try to do fightin' enough for both of us. I'll put in some extra licks in future on your account, and they won't miss you from the front."

The next paragraph read: "I should like to hear more of you and your regiment. The only time I ever heard of the 200th Indiana regiment was in a letter writ home by one of our Wisconsin boys and you published in the Bad Ax Grindstone, in which he said they wuz brigaded with the 200th Indiana, a good fighting regiment, but which would wear on the shoes of the brigade mules if they wuzent watched, and

smutimes when they wuz. I missy to hear that any Union soldier is a thief. I know that our boys from Wisconsin would rather die than steal."

"Steal! The 200th Injanny steal!" Shorty flamed out in a rage. "Them flabbergasted, knock-kneed, waxy-eyed Wisconsin whelp wuzn't come them the Injanny are thieves! The idea of them long-haired, spay-floated, lumbermen, their chuckle-headed, waxy-white-pine butchers talking about anybody else's honesty. Why, they wuz born stealin'! They never knowed anything else. They'd steal the salt out of your hard-tack. They'd steal the lids off the Bible. They talk about the 200th Injanny! I'd like to find the liar that writ that letter. I'd literally pound the head off him."

It was some time before he could calm himself down sufficiently to continue his literary exercise. Then he made out: "Spring's laid here, but things is looking very well. Wheat wintered good, and a big crop is expected. We had a fine singing-school during the winter, but the projected meeting drawed off a good many. We dont complain, however, for the revival brought a great many into the fold."

"No moor at present, but believe me. 'Sincerely Your Friend, 'Jerusha Ellen Briggs."

Shorty's heart almost choked him when he finished. It was the first time in his life that he had received a letter from a woman. It was the first time since his mother's days that any woman had shown the slightest interest in his personality. And, true man like him, his impulses were to exalt this particular woman into something above the mere mortal.

Then came a hot flush of indignation that the Wisconsin men should malign his regiment, which, of course, included him, to the mind of such a being. He burned to go over and thrash the first Wisconsin man he should meet.

"Call us thieves; say we'll steal," he muttered, as he walked toward the Wisconsin camp. "I'll learn 'em different."

He did not see anybody in the camp that he could properly administer this needed lesson to. All the Wisconsin able-bodied members seemed to be out on drill or some other duty, leaving only a few sick moping around the tents.

Shorty's attention was called to a spade lying temptingly behind one of the tents. He first thought of using it as a spear for service. He and Si had had an opportunity to acquire one. Shorty sauntered carelessly around to the rear of the tent, looked about to see that no one was observing, picked up the implement and walked off with it with that easy, innocent air that no one could assume with more success than he when on a predatory expedition.

(To be continued.)

Rainy Spring. [Chicago Tribune]—Ah, it's so delightful to have a fruit from the outskirts of a city! That smell of apple blossoms is particularly pleasant. His Western Entertainer—Yaw. Dat was a prewery.

Food's a sassafras buds up the tree! Food and gives a good appetite. Be sure to get it good.



SHORTY WANTS TO FIGHT GROUNDHOG.

making succeeded, and of contrition at playing a trick on his partner. He decided to make amends for the latter by giving Shorty an unusually large quantity of whiskey to take with his quinine.

Si was generally very rigid in his temperance ideas. He strongly disapproved of Shorty's drinking, and always interposed all the obstacles he could in the way. But this was an extraordinary case—it would be using liquor for a medicinal purpose, and his conscience was quieted.

Co. Q had one of those "men" to be found in every company—who can get whiskey under apparently any and all circumstances. In every company there is always one man who seemingly can find something to get drunk on in the midst of the Desert of Sahara. To Co. Q's representative of this class Si went, and was piloted to where, after solemn assurances against "giving away," he procured a half-pint of fairly good applejack, into which he put his dose of quinine.

In the middle of the night Shorty woke up with a yell.

"Great Caesar's ghost!" he howled, "what's the matter with me? I'm sickener a do. Must've bin them dog-gasted peaches. Si, don't you feel nothin'?"

"No," said Si sheepishly. "I'm all right. Didn't you eat nothin' else but them?"

"Naw," said Shorty disgustedly. "Nothin' but my usual load of hard-tack and pork. I chased a piece of sassafras root that one of the boys dug up."

"Must've bin the sassafras root," said Si. He hated to lie, and made a resolution that he would make a clean breast to Shorty—that he would not tell a lie to him. It was not opportune now. "The man's head's been a sociologist of a dose the Surgeon gave me," he muttered to himself.

Shorty continued to writhe and howl, and Si made a hypocritical offer of going for the Surgeon, but Shorty vetoed that emphatically.

"No; blast old Sawbones," he said. He won't do nothin' but give me blueness and quinine, and I never could nor would take blueness. It's only fit for horses and hogs."

Toward morning Shorty grew quite weak, and correspondingly depressed.

"Si," said he, "I may not git over this. This may be the breakin' out of the cholera that the folks around here say come every seven years and kills off the strangers. Si, I'll tell you a secret. A letter may come for me. If I don't git over this, and the letter comes now, then that's my last. I want you to read it, and write a letter to Miss Jerusha Ellen Briggs, Bad Ax, Wis., tellin' her that I died like a man and a soldier, and with her sox on, defendin' his country."

Si whisked sootily to himself. "I'll do it, Shorty," he said, and repeated the address to make sure.

The crisis soon passed, however, and the morning found Shorty bright and cheerful, though weak.

Si was puzzled how to get the whiskey to Shorty. It would never do to let him know that he had gotten it especially for him. That would have been so contrary to Si's past as to arouse suspicion. He finally decided to lay it where it would seem that someone passing had dropped it, and Shorty could not help finding it. The plan worked all right. Shorty picked it up in a few minutes after Si had deposited it, and made quite an ado over his treasure trove.

"Splendid applejack," he said, tasting it; "little better, but that probably comes from their using dogwood in the fires when they're stillin'." They knew that they would make the liquor bitter, but they'd not all-fired lazy to go after any other kind of wood."

He drank, and as he drank his spirits rose. After the first dram he thought he would clean around the tent, and make their grounds look neater than anybody else's. After the second he turned his attention to the arm-chairs and accoutrements. After the third he felt like going out on a scout and finding some rebels, to vary the monotony of the camp-life. After the fourth, "Groundhog," unthinkingly for himself, came along, and Shorty remembered that he had owed the Injanny mother's days that any woman had shown the slightest interest in his personality. And, true man like him, his impulses were to exalt