OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Maj. Romeyn Tells of the Departure of Gen. Shafter's Army for Cuba.

ON BOARD STEAMER OLIVETTE, TAMPA BAY, June 12, 1898.

Still waiting. But we are promised that, with no new complications, we shall leave in a day or two at the latest. It is now officially stated that the last delay was caused by the report that two Spanish cruisers had been seen by and had chased one or more of our blockaders, and it was not thought best to expose our transports to danger of capture or destruction from that source.

As water-ship, the Olivette has much to do.

St. Petersburg is a nice little hamlet lying on the west shore of the bay, and about eight miles from the end of the mole at Port Tampa. Not far back from the shore is a large spring of fine water, one of those for which Florida is celebrated, and which, like most of the things of value in southern Florida, is owned by The Plant System. From this, and an artisian well, all the water used by vessels in the harbor, except a very small proportion, which is produced by condensation on board, is supplied. For what is used by the Government, I am told, one cent per gallon is paid. Owing to shallowness of water near the shore a pier runs out nearly half a mile, and a six-inch pipe conveys the precious fluid to its termination, where a huge hose is attached and, through a port, is carried on board. About one hour and a half is the time required to fill the 70,000-gallon tanks.

For distribution to other vessels, after running alongside, three or four lines of hose are passed across, and then the steam pump is started. About 2,000 gallons per hour are thus transferred.

To prevent possible pollution of the spring, a guard is now stationed there. Many of the vessels are, notwithstanding their great capacity, very crowded, as many as 1,100 men being on some. But all keep well, and in very good spirits, though anxious to be off for somewhere. There is said by people familiar with the locality to be some danger from sharks, and a fisherman among "the gang" hooked one about four feet long this morning, but hundreds of the men are to be seen in the water almost any hour, and this no doubt helps to keep down the sick-report.

Most of the vessels are now out of the canal, and grouped, as closely as consistent with safety and ease of movement among them, not far from its mouth. As a measure of economy in the use of coal, they are towed out by a tug, which is constantly in use for that or other purposes. On board of each is a Sergeant and squad of men belonging to the signal service, and "wig-wagging" goes on at all hours of the day.

ON BOARD STEAMER OLIVETTE, TAMPA BAY, FLA., JUNE 13, 1898.

Some of the steamers of the much-talked-of expedition got off down the bay early this morning, and are now anchored near Egmont Key, waiting for the remainder of the fleet to join them.

But, at the risk of getting off an Irish bull, one might say that the water question was the burning question of the hour, and vessels cannot go to sea till this want is supplied. None of the fleet are calculated to carry as many passengers as are now assigned to them, and everything which can be utilized for storing the valuable fluid is being brought into use. This vessel and a tug towing tanks with a capacity of 120,000 gallons, have been delivering water all the morning, and now (4 p. m.) we are en route for another load, and leave three vessels with the "want water" signal flying.

The last of the flotilla cannot get off before to-morrow morning, as some of the horses and mules, which had to be taken off on account of the heat in the packed "between decks" where they were stowed, are not yet on board, and several of the fleet have not coal on board. The men are getting impatient, some of those from Mobile having been afloat for 10 days or more, with no opportunity to go ashore, though lying within a few hundred yards of land while in harbor; and the lower decks, while the vessel is at rest, are not cold-storage rooms.

I have at least been able to get a roster of troops and vessels of the expedition. The transports are known by numbers about four feet in length, painted in white on both sides of the smokestacks and bow and stern.

1. Miami—8th Cav., one battalion 6th Inf.
2. Santiago—9th Inf., one battalion 10th Inf., First Division Hospital, Brig.-Gen. Kent.
3. Gussie—50 packers and teamsters, 200 mules.
4. Cherokee—One battalion 7th Inf., one battalion 12th Inf., gatling battery.
5. Seneca—8th Inf.
6. Alamo—One battalion 10th Inf., two troops 10th Cav., Engineer Corps.
7. ——,—Two light batteries 1st Art., one squadron (two companies) 10th Cav., Field Hospital Corps.
8. Yucatan—Eight troops 1st U. S. Vol. Cav. ("Wood's Rough Riders"), one battalion 2d Inf.
9. Berkshire—Two light batteries 2d Art.
10. Whitney—Fifty packers and teamsters, 350 animals.
11. Olivette—Second Division Hospital Corps, 50 newspaper men, 80,000 gallons of water.
12. Siguranga—1st Inf., Headquarters Fifth Army Corps, Maj.-Gen. Shafter and staff.
13. Knickerbocker—2d Mass. Vol. Inf.
14. Concho—4th Inf., 25th Inf.
15. Florida—Damaged by collision; not taken.
16. City of Washington—One battalion 21st Inf., 24th Inf.
17. Alleghany—Detachment 6th Cav., Maj.-Gen. Wheeler and staff, 190 animals.
18. San Marcos—Gen. Hawkins and staff, 1st battalion, 2d inf., 16th Inf.
19. D. H. Miller—One battalion 7th Inf. 50 teamsters, 300 animals.
20. Saratoga—13th Inf., one battalion 21st Inf.
21. Leona—Brig.-Gen. Young and staff, 10th Cav., one squadron 1st Cav.
22. Rio Grande—Brig.-Gen. Sumner and staff, part of 6th Cav., 3d Cav.
23. Vigilancia—71st N. Y. Vol. Inf.
24. Orizaba—22d Inf., two batteries 2d Art., 125 mules.
25. Iroquois—Brig.-Gens. Lawton and Chaffee and staffs, one battalion 12th Inf., one battalion 17th Inf.
26. ——,—Brig.-Gen. Bates and staff, 20th Inf., two troops 2d Cav., 368 animals.
27. Aransas—Detachment 2d Cav., 173 animals.
28. Stillwater—Troop A, 2d Cav., 160 horses.
29. Breakwater—3d Inf.
30. Morgan—Troop C, 2d Cav., 100 animals.
31. Clinton—Two companies 2d Inf., 200 animals.
32. Resolute—Collier.
33. Mantis—Collier.
34. Kanawha—Water, capacity 180,000 gallons.
35. Laura—Steam barge, derrick.

Owing to lack of transportation, most of the cavalry goes dismounted, mounts to be forwarded later. Most of the recruits of all the regiments are left in charge of a commissioned officer, and heavy property is left with them, all indicating an active campaign, with expectation that it will not be lengthy.

Of course, it is impossible to specify what freight or munitions are carried, but rations for 30 days for such a command is not a small amount, neither are 500 rounds rifle ammunition per man "trifles light as air," any more than are field and siege artillery, projectiles for them, or army wagons and hay or grain.

STEAMER OLIVETTE, June 14, 1898.

Persons who have friends in the Fifth Army Corps will be pleased to know that arrangements have been made to have mails forwarded very promptly to that command. A special Inspector of the Postoffice Department now on board this ship is my authority for stating to the readers of The National Tribune that all mail for troops in Cuba should be addressed (after name of soldier) "—— Division, —— Corps, Military Station No. 1, Cuba, New York, N. Y.," as Cuba is now really a sub-station of New York City. Care should be taken to add the N. Y., as there is another Cuba, in Alleghany County, New York State.

There has been much complaint over the want of sufficient mail facilities at Tampa, a very provoking state of affairs, but one which could not be remedied off-hand. A large amount of Army mail which had accumulated there, has been sent to Port Tampa, and is to be brought on board this ship to-day, and will be assorted and distributed among the vessels as soon as we land, if not before.

I am told that an officer of a Michigan regiment, accompanied by some of the enlisted men, was allowed access to the mail at Port Tampa, and that they broke open packages that had been made up, and after handling it all over failed to retie it, and that, in consequence, the whole is in confusion. He should be called to account for it, as should also the man who allowed him access to it.

Our mess had some additions this morning. The Surgeon-General of the Army of Norway and a Lieutenant of cavalry from the same country came on board, as did also an Inspector of the Postoffice Department and three officers—two Surgeons and one sick Lieutenant. Most of the correspondents left on board are very pleasant fellows, the exceptions being some cockney specimens who would be disagreeable anywhere.

As a hospital ship, and flying the Red Cross flag, our vessel becomes a strictly non-combatant one under the rules of the International Red Cross Society, and everyone on board has been called upon to agree not to carry any arms while on board. I do not know, however, how the Spaniards would class me if they knew me to be an Army officer; but they would probably think me fish for their net.

We have been down to the mouth of the bay to-day, filling tanks of several vessels, and, after replenishing our supply, are now on our way back to Port Tampa, to fill coal bunkers, take on board the mail, and join the fleet.

STEAMER OLIVET, WHARF AT PORT TAMPA, 8 p. m., Tuesday, June 14, 1898.

The vessel reached the wharf at 5 p. m., and had no sooner touched it than a rush for the shore began, some with letters for the mail, more to get letters, if any were to be had, and the officers of the ship on business connected with its supplies. After finishing coaling, we expect to be off by midnight.

The place seems deserted. Only two vessels besides this one, the collier Resolute and the Red Cross State of Texas, are in the harbor, and the only soldiers to be seen are the few on guard on the wharves.

We do not know that any opportunity will be offered for sending back mail via Key West, but will have a description of our first day's sailing ready—if I am not sea-sick.

HENRY ROMEYN,
Brevet Major, U. S. A., Retired.

NAPOLEON AND HIS MARSHALS

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

Profusely Illustrated by Reproductions of the Best French Pictures.

MARSHAL MACDONALD.

(Continued.)

PASSAGE OF THE SPLUGEN—MACDONALD TAKES FIFTEEN THOUSAND MEN OVER THE MOUNTAINS IN MID-WINTER—PERILS OF THE ALPS.

The present pass over this mountain is a very different thing from the one which Macdonald and his 15,000 men traversed. There is now a carriageway across cut in 16 zig-zags along the breast of the mountain. But the road he was compelled to go was a mere bridlepath going through the gorge of the Cardinel.

To understand some of the difficulties that beset him and his army, imagine a gloomy defile leading up to the hight of 6,500 feet above the level of the sea, while the raging of an Alpine storm and the rapid sweep of avalanches across it add tenfold horror to the wintry scene. First comes the deep, dark defile called the Via Mala made by the Rhine, here a mere rivulet, and overhung by mountains often 3,000 feet high.

Along the precipices that stoop over this mad torrent the path is cut in the solid rock—now hugging the mountain wall like a mere thread, and now shooting in a

MARSHAL MACDONALD.

single arch over the gorge that sinks 300 feet below. Strangely silent snowpeaks pierce the heavens in every direction, while from the slender bridges that spring from precipice to precipice over the turbulent stream the roar of the vexed waters can scarcely be heard.

After leaving this defile the road passes through the valley of Schams, then winding up the pine-covered cliffs of La Raffla, strikes on to the bare face of the mountain—going sometimes at an angle of 45 degrees—and finally reaches the naked summit, standing bleak and cold in the wintry heavens. This was the Splugen pass Macdonald was commanded to lead his army of 15,000 men over in Midwinter.

It was on the 20th of November he commenced his preparations. A constant succession of snow-storms had filled up the entire path, so that a single man on foot would not have thought of making the attempt. But when Macdonald had made up his mind to do a thing, that was the end of all impossibilities. The cannon were dismounted and placed on sleds, to which oxen were attached—the ammunition divided about on the backs of mules, while every soldier had to carry, besides his usual arms, five packets of cartridges and five days' provisions.

The guides went in advance, and stuck down long, black poles to indicate the course of the path beneath, while behind them came the workmen clearing away the snow, and behind them still, the mounted dragoons, with the most powerful horses of the army, to beat down the track. The first company had advanced, in this manner, nearly half way to the summit, and were approaching the hospice, when a low moaning was heard among the hills, like the voice of the sea before a storm.

The guides understood too well its meaning, and gazed on each other in alarm. The ominous sound grew louder every moment, till suddenly the fierce Alpine blast swept in a cloud of snow over the breast of the mountain, and howled like an unchained demon through the gorge below. In an instant all was confusion, and blindness, and uncertainty. The very heavens were blotted out, and the frightened column stood and listened to the raving tempest, that threatened to lift the rock-rooted pines that shrieked above them from their places and bring down the very Alps themselves.

But suddenly another still more alarming sound was heard amid the storm—"An avalanche! An avalanche!" shrieked the guides, and the next moment an awful, white form came leaping down the mountain, and striking the column that was struggling along the path, passed straight through it into the gulf below, carrying 30 dragoons and their horses along with it in its wild plunge. The black forms of steeds and their riders were seen for one moment suspended in mid-heavens, and in the next disappeared among the ice and crags below.

The head of the column immediately pushed on and reached the hospice in safety, while the rear, separated from it by the avalanche, and struck dumb by this sudden apparition crossing their path with such lightninglike velocity, and bearing to such a fearful death their brave comrades, refused to proceed, and turned back to the village of Splugen.

For three days the storm raged amid the mountains, filling the heavens with snow, and hurling avalanches into the path, till it became so filled up that the guides declared it would take 15 days to open it again, as to make it at all passable. But 15 days Macdonald could not spare. Independent of the urgency of his commands, there was no way to provision his army in these savage solitudes, and he must proceed. He ordered four of the strongest oxen that could be found to be led in advance by the best guides. Forty peasants followed behind, clearing away and beating down the snow, and two companies of sappers came after to give still greater consistency to the track; while on their heels marched the remnant of the company of dragoons part of which had been borne away by the avalanche three days before. The post of danger was given them at their own request. They presented a strange sight amid those Alpine solitudes. Those oxen, with their horns just peering above the snow, toiled slowly on, pushing their unwieldy bodies through the drifts, while the soldiers, up to their arm-pits, struggled behind. Not a drum or bugle note cheered the solitude or awoke the echoes of those silent peaks. The footfall gave back no sound in the soft snow, and the words of command seemed smothered in the very atmosphere. Silently, noiselessly, the vast but disordered line stretched itself upward, with naught to break the deep stillness of the wintry noon save the fierce pantings of the horses and animals, as with reeking sides they strained up the ascent.

This day and the next being clear and frosty, the separate columns passed in safety, with the exception of those who sunk in their footsteps, overcome by the cold. The successful efforts of the columns, these two days, induced Macdonald to march all of the remaining troops over the next day; and so ordering the whole army to advance, commenced on the 5th of December the passage. But fresh snow had fallen the night previous, filling up the entire track, so that it had all to be made over again. The guides, expecting a wind and avalanches after this fresh fall of snow, refused to go, till they were compelled to by Macdonald. Breast-deep the army waded up the difficult and desolate path, making in six hours but six miles, or one mile an hour.

They had not advanced far, however, when they came upon a huge block of ice and a newly-fallen avalanche, that entirely filled up the way. The guides halted before these new obstacles and refused to proceed, and the head of the column wheeled about and began its march down the mountain. Macdonald immediately hastened forward, and placing himself at the head of his men, walked on foot, with a long pole in his hand, to sound the treacherous mass he was treading upon while he revived the drooping spirits of the soldiers with words of encouragement.

"Soldiers," said he, "your destinies call you into Italy; advance and conquer first the mountain and the snow—then the plains and the armies." Ashamed to see their General hazarding his life at every step where they had refused to go, they returned cheerfully to their toil. But before they could reflect the passage the voice of the hurricane was again heard on its march, and the next moment a cloud of driving snow obliterated everything from view. The path was filled up, and all traces of it swept utterly away. Amid the screams of the guides, the confused commands of the officers, and the howling of the storm was heard in rapid succession the thunder-crash of avalanches.

Then commenced again the stern struggle of the army for life. The foe they had to contend with was not one of flesh and blood. To sword-cut, bayonet-thrust and the blaze of artillery the strong Alpine storm was alike invulnerable. On the serried column and straggling line it thundered with the same reckless power, while over all the drifted snow lay like one vast winding-sheet.

No one who has not seen an Alpine storm can imagine the fearful energy with which it rages through the mountains. The light snow, borne aloft on its bosom, is whirled and scattered like an ocean of mist over all things. Such a storm now piled around them the drifts which seemed to form instantaneously, as by the touch of a magician's wand. All was mystery and darkness, gloom and affright. The storm had sounded its trumpet for the charge, but no note of defiance replied.

The heroes of so many battlefields stood in still terror before this new and mightier foe. Crowding together, as though proximity added to their safety, the frightened soldiers crouched and shivered to the blast that seemed to pierce their very bones with its chilling cold. But the piercing cold, and drifting snow, and raging storm, and concealed pitfalls, were not enough to complete this scene of terror.

Avalanches fell in rapid succession from the top of the Splugen. Scaling the breast of the mountain with a single leap, they came with a crash on the shivering column, bearing it away to the destruction that waited beneath. The extreme density of the atmosphere, filled as it was with snow, imparted infinite terror to these mysterious messengers of death, as they came down the mountain declivity. A low, rumbling sound would be heard amid the pauses of the storm; and as the next shriek of the blast swept by, a rushing as of a counterblast smote the ear, and before the thought had time to change a rolling, leaping, broken mass of snow burst through the thick atmosphere, and the next moment rushed with the sound of thunder, far, far below, bearing away a whole company of soldiers to its deep, dark resting place. One drummer, carried over the precipice, fell unhurt to the bottom of the gulf, and crawling out from the mass of the snow which had broken his fall, began to beat his drum for relief. Deep down, amid the crushed forms of his comrades, the poor fellow stood, and for a whole hour beat the rapid strains which had so often summoned his companions to arms. The muffled sound came ringing up the face of the precipice, the most touching appeal that could be made to a soldier's heart. But no hand could reach him there, and the rapid blows grew fainter and fainter, till they ceased altogether, and the poor drummer lay down to die. He had beaten his last reveille, and his companions passed mournfully on, leaving the Alpine storm to sing his dirge.

On the evening of the 6th of December, the greater part of the army had passed the mountains, and the van had pushed on as far as Lake Como. From the 26th of November to the 6th of December, or nearly two weeks, had Macdonald been engaged in this perilous pass. Nearly 200 men had perished in the undertaking, and as many more mules and horses.

And never can one in imagination see that long, straggling line, winding itself like a huge anaconda over the lofty snow-peak of the Splugen, with the indomitable Macdonald, feeling his way in front, covered with snow, while ever and anon huge avalanches sweep by him, and the blinding storm covers his men and the path from his sight, and hear his stern, calm, clear voice, directing the way, without feelings of supreme wonder.

There is nothing like it in modern history, unless it be Suwarrow's passage of the Glarus in the midst of a superior enemy. Bonaparte's passage over the St. Bernard—so world-renowned—was mere child's play compared to it. That pass was made in pleasant weather, with nothing but the ruggedness of the ascent to obstruct the progress. Suwarrow, on the contrary, led his mighty army over the Pragel, breast-deep in snow, with the enemy on every side of him, mowing down his ranks without resistance.

Macdonald had no enemy to contend with but nature—but it was nature alive and wild. The path by which he conducted his army over the Splugen was nearly as bad in Summer as the St. Bernard the time Napoleon crossed it. But in Midwinter to make a path, and lead an army of 15,000 men through hurricanes and avalanches, where the foot of the chamois scarce dared to tread, was an undertaking from which even Bonaparte himself would have shrunk.

But Macdonald's difficulties did not end with the passage of the Splugen. To fulfill the orders of Napoleon, to penetrate into the valley of the Adige, he had no sooner arrived at Lake Como, than he began the ascent of the Col Aprigra, which also was no sooner achieved than the bleak peak of Mount Tonal arose before him. A mere sheep-path led over this steep mountain, and the army was compelled to toil up it in single file through the deep snow. And when he arrived at the summit, which was a small flat about 50 rods across, he found the Austrians there, prepared to dispute the passage with him.

This narrow flat lay between two enormous glaciers that no human foot could scale, and across it the enemy had built three intrenchments, forming a triple line, and composed chiefly of huge blocks of ice, cut into regular shapes, and fitted to each other. Behind these walls of ice, the Austrians lay waiting the approach of the exhausted French. The grenadiers clambering up the slippery path formed in column and advanced with firm step on the strong intrenchments. A sheet of fire ran along their sides, strewing the rocks with the dead.

Pressing on, however, they carried the external palisades, but the fire here becoming so destructive, they were compelled to retreat, and brought word to Macdonald that the intrenchments could not be forced. Eight days after, however, he ordered a fresh column, under Vandamme, to attempt to carry them by assault. Under a terrible discharge the intrepid column moved up to the icy wall, and though a devouring fire mowed down the men, so fierce was the onset, that the two external forts were carried. But the fire from the inner intrenchment, and from a blockhouse that commanded the position of the French, was too terrific to withstand, and, after bravely struggling against such desperate odds, they were compelled to retreat.

On the snowy summit of the Tonal—among the glaciers, and scattered around on the huge blocks of ice, lay the brave dead, while the wintry sun flashed mournfully down on the bayonets of the retreating and wounded column. Nothing daunted, Macdonald, by a circuitous route over two other mountain ridges, at length reached the Adige and fulfilled the extraordinary commands of Napoleon.

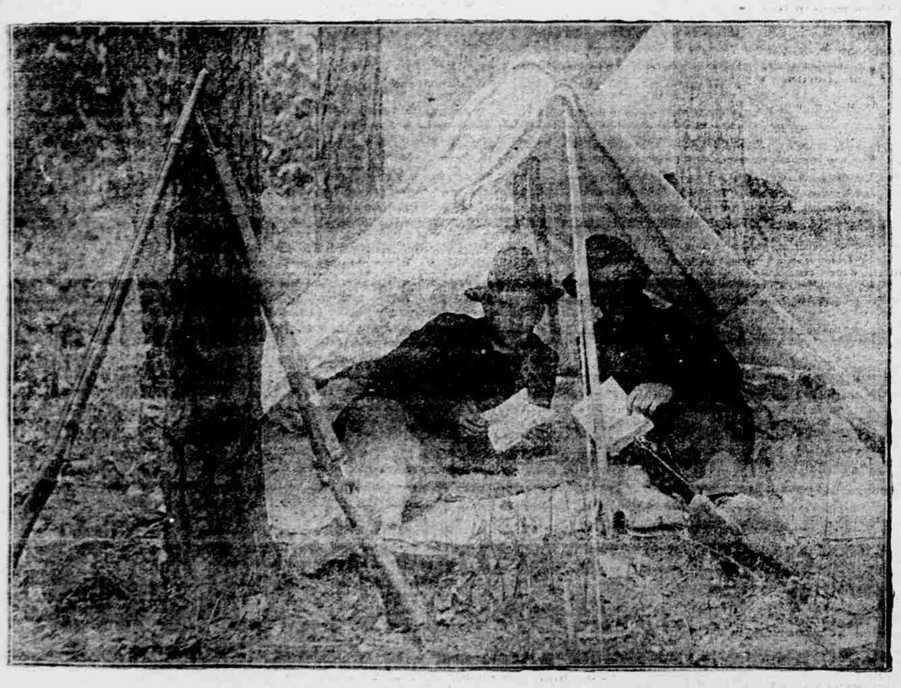
The passage of Napoleon over the St. Bernard was a magnificent feat, but the passage of the Splugen by Macdonald was a desperate one. One was attended with difficulties alone, the other with danger. One was executed in safety, the other with the loss of whole companies. This latter fact alone is sufficient to prove which was the most difficult and dangerous.

Suwarrow was driven up his pass by the cannon of the French, and led his bleeding thousands over the snow, while the enemy's muskets were continually thinning his defenseless ranks. Macdonald led his column through an awful gorge and up a naked Alpine peak when the tempest was raging and the snow flying and the avalanches falling in all the terror of a wintry hurricane.

Bonaparte led his army over the San Bernard in the delightful month of Summer, when the genial sun subdues the asperity of the Alps; and without an enemy to molest him. Which achievement of these three stands lowest in the scale it is not difficult to determine.

(*To be continued.*)

EDITORIAL NOTE.—Headley's magnificent description of Macdonald's wonderful charge with 16,000 men at Wagram—one of the most interesting events in Napoleon's history—is given in the next installment. Each sketch of Napoleon's Marshals is full of dramatic passages and powerful descriptions. Those who love to read of the deeds of true fighting men, or care for history for its own sake, will find in Headley's biographies pictures of the times of Napoleon that have not been surpassed elsewhere for power and accuracy.



COMFORT IN A SHELTER TENT.

Although most of the troops in the camps are in wall or Sibley tents, the old familiar "pup-tents" are beginning to be seen, and the boys take kindly to them. There's a world of comfort to be gotten out of a "pup-tent," when the boys "get on to their curves," and they are likely to be preferred by almost everybody to the bigger canopies. Two partners can go in together, arrange their household to suit themselves, and be "gentlemen at home" without interference from anybody else. The two boys shown in the picture illustrate this. After they have been a little longer in the army, their tent will show a good many little tricks that are yet absent, and a picture of them taken three months from now would show these plainly.

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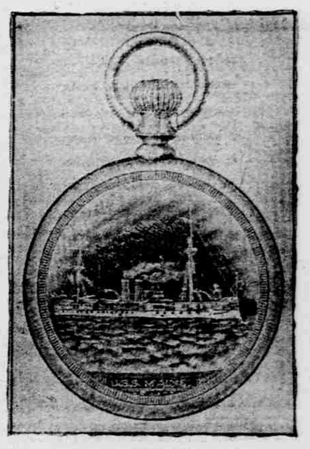

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WANTED SOLDIERS' HOMESTEADS The addresses of all Federal soldiers who made a HOMESTEAD filing on less than 160 acres before June 22, 1874, no matter whether FINAL PROOF was made or not. Will buy Land Warrants. Enclose stamp. Address W. E. MOSES, Box 867, Denver, Col.

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WANTED—ADDRESSES.

Subscribers to THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE may insert a three-line advertisement under this head at the rate of 50c. for one insertion three insertions for $1. This rate is less than one-quarter of the regular rates charged by the paper. The privilege of this column is strictly confined to our subscribers.

WANTED—By P. Y. Tonkinson, Geary, Okla., name of the Surgeon in charge of the convalescent camp near Alexandria, Va., in January, 1865, or the name and address of any comrade who knew of my being blind at the said camp at that time. I was a private in Co. C, 99th Pa. Vols.

WANTED—By J. H. Newcomb, East Bradford, McKean Co., Pa., the present postoffice address of John Scott, who served on the U. S. S. Nyphon in 1863 and '64.

WANTED—The address of all members of Co. M, 1st Ind. H. A. Address Box 41, Wray, Colo. 880-3t

WANTED—The address of Hilburn Zisler, Frank Begal, Jacob Weaver, Wm. Zisler, Webb Murray, and Lieut. Ingman, all of Co. I, 5th Iowa Cav. JULIA ROGERS, Cherry Box, Mo.

WANTED—John Dean, of Leeper, Mo., of Co. A, 25th Mo., desires to know the whereabouts of some of his comrades, and would be glad to hear from any of them at above address. 879-3t

WANTED—By Thomas A. Dishrow, late of Co. I, 61st N. Y., now of Kerwin, Kan.—The address of any comrade or nurse or doctor who was at the hospital at Point Lookout, Md., in the Summer of 1862, and who can remember anything about him having the fits and being capped for the same by Dr. Wagner or Dr. Stonelake. 878-3t

WANTED—Information of Owen Martin; born in Logansport, Ind.; enlisted in Co. K, 128th Ind. If anyone knows of his whereabouts please write to his sister, Mrs. Rose A. Feeley, Caledonia, Livingston County, N. Y. 878-3t

WANTED—By Thomas Day, Wing, Livingston County, Ill., information of George W. Day; if living, will be 30 years old March 3, 1898; fair complexion, light hair, blue eyes, hight near 5 feet 6 inches; was employed in the National Lead Mills in Spring of 1894, at St. Louis; last seen at 209 S. 7th street, St. Louis, Aug. 30, 1894. He belonged to the Sons of Veterans. I was a member of Co. K, 3d Ill. Cav. Information of him will be very thankfully received. 867-26t

WANTED—To sell—A set of the Official Records of the War of the Rebellion. Address Box 191, Arapahoe, Neb. 870-3t