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THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

JOHN McELROY, ROBERT W. SHOPPELL, BYRON ANDREWS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., JULY 14, 1898.

SANTIAGO and Manila may both tumble on the same day.

FOR a vessel which had just made a 15,000 mile race, the Oregon showed up in remarkable form for a sprint with Cevera's crack goers.

EXAMINATION of the wrecks of the Spanish ships seem to confirm the belief that the 8-inch guns do the finest and most reliable work.

IF Germany finds that the feeling for her in this country is changing from warm friendship to active dislike, she has only herself to blame.

AT last there is no shadow of doubt as to where Cervera's fleet is. It is a bunkmate with the Lost Cause.

IT will take much more French froth about their valor, as well as doughty deeds, to cover up the record made by the Burgogne crew.

So far we have remembered the Maine just 16 to 1. We have destroyed exactly 16 Spanish war-vessels, ranging all the way from light gunboats to magnificent armored cruisers almost ranking with battleships.

THE Board of Survey reports that it will be possible to raise and rebuild the Cristobal Colon and the Maria Teresa. This should be done, even if it costs more money than to build entirely new ships. We can afford to spend a little money for sentiment over such a victory.

IN spite of the boasted thickness of armor the Vizcaya was riddled by eight-inch shells, the Oquendo was pierced 61 times, and the Maria Teresa 33 times. It could not have been pleasant anywhere on board those ships.

NOW that two of the Spanish fleets are extinguished, and the other is in the Red Sea, probably the Bostonians will bring back the valuables they sent up-country for safe-keeping, and the banks can resume business.

THE Ladrones may become as valuable a possession as Porto Rico. The climate and soil are wonderfully fine, and there are remains on the islands of some great prehistoric civilization. This makes them of the greatest interest to scientists, and a thorough exploration will soon be made of them.

THE jealous German press is of one mind in wishing that "the Yankees will get a thorough, wholesome licking," but the wish is not at present accompanied by any hopes that it will be done. This is a fine return to make for the American sympathy with Germany in her struggle with France—a sympathy born of the gallant services of our fellow-Americans of German birth in the war for the Union.

JUST now the Latin race is having a hard time keeping in the world's respectable society. The shameful defeat of an Italian army of 60,000 men, well armed with breech-loaders, by an African mob armed with spears, swords, and match-locks; the ineffable disgrace of women trampled to death by the "gentlemen of Paris" at the Charity Bazaar fire; only one woman saved out of 152 female passengers on La Burgogne, and the record of the Spaniards in Cuba and the Philippines make a very repulsive showing in the light of the last decade of the 19th century.

PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

Unexpectedly, the siege of Santiago has been protracted another week. There was scant military reason for this. It was an effort such as explains many incongruities in Spain's course—hopes to prevent the overthrow of the tottering dynasty.

If there had been any real soldiership in the Spaniards they would have begun by efforts to prevent a landing. Then they would have greatly embarrassed the march upon Santiago, and made raids upon our communications. After the line of investment was formed they still had great chances to find a weak spot in it at some place, pierce it, and throw our rear into confusion. They did nothing, but suffered the investment to be made with astonishly little resistance.

After the investment was made, and particularly after Cervera's squadron was destroyed, the defense of the city was hopeless. There was not food enough to support the people for more than a few days, and the garrison had but a scant supply of either provisions or ammunition. The people were provided for in a manner by allowing them to pass through the lines. They were allowed to take no food with them, though, and the feeding of some 15,000 hungry mouths was thrown upon the American commander.

Then the Spanish General began to treat for a conditional surrender. This was diplomatic and political rather than military. If he had been able to march out, as he proposed, with his flags flying, and the honors of war, the Spaniards could say to their people, and to Europe, that the Americans had been fought to a standstill; that the Spanish arms had been substantially victorious, and nothing settled by the capture of Santiago. The garrison would simply go elsewhere, and augment the Spanish forces. The treating went on for several days, which we employed in strengthening our lines, bringing up artillery, and in getting ready for assault.

The matter was referred to President McKinley, who very wisely ordered Gen. Shafter to accept nothing but an unconditional surrender, and in the event of this being refused, to proceed to reduce the place. The firing upon the defenses of Santiago began last Monday afternoon, and the unconditional surrender of the place can be expected at any hour. There may be an assault of some portion of the defenses by the army, to emphasize the bombardment, but it will be carefully planned beforehand, and result in success. The investment of the city is now believed to be so complete that the Spanish cannot escape with any considerable portion of their army. If they did it would not change the result. There are no roads leading from Santiago to any other Spanish stronghold; the retreating force could carry neither ammunition nor supplies, and it could not maintain itself until it could reach any other point.

In the meanwhile the feeling for peace is daily making stronger manifestations in Spain. The capture of Santiago will greatly strengthen it, and may lead to direct proposals to our Government. The Spanish Ministry has gone to pieces on the question, and the new Cabinet which will be formed will start in with the object of bringing the war to an end. The Spaniards find the whole of Europe strongly opposed to their continuance of a war which they have shown such monumental incapacity to conduct. The Spanish "honor" is seen every day to be too trumpery an affair for anything but ridicule. Saving the throne for the worthless Bourbon dynasty is a matter that really interests none of the Powers except Austria. If the boy King is forced to abdicate, French troops may enter the Kingdom to restore order, as they have done before, and set up some other kind of a Government, which certainly cannot be worse than the present one.

This, however, does not concern us. We shall go ahead, after Santiago falls, to capture Porto Rico, and threaten the Canaries and the coast of Spain with Commodore Watson's squadron. In the meanwhile, we shall have possession of Manila, and be reducing the Philippines to actual, physical possession. We shall not interrupt any military or naval operation to listen to Spanish parleyings. When they get ready to make a definite proposition we shall consider it. The President has sounded the key-note of our intentions in his order to Gen. Shafter. We want an unconditional surrender of the Philippines, Cuba and Porto Rico as the first step.

THE SENIOR FLAG.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In your editorial "One Hundred and Twenty-one Years of Old Glory," in your last issue, you say: "Our Flag, which, it may not be generally known, is the oldest in the world to-day." I must confess I am one of those ignorant of the fact, and a little enlightenment on this point would be fully appreciated, not only by myself, but by many other old Vets.—N. R. PEGG, Utica, N. Y.

We expected to astonish a good many of the veterans by our assertion that Old Glory is actually the oldest of modern National banners, and therefore Comrade Pegg's query was not unanticipated.

We are therefore ready with our demonstration. Our Flag was adopted June 14, 1777,—121 years ago. The only change in it is that it contains more stars now than then.

The next oldest flag is that of Great Britain. England has had a great variety of flags in the centuries that she has been a Nation. Very few of them pretended to be National flags in the sense now understood. The family standard of the King or Queen generally passed for the National banner. Finally a red cross on a white field came to be regarded as the English flag, and a white St. Andrews Cross on a blue field that of Scotland. In 1606, after the union of the kingdoms, their flags were combined, as a naval ensign only. In 1707 the same was prescribed for the land as well as naval forces. In 1801 the flag was again changed, to provide for the incorporation of Ireland. Another cross was added to the field, the colors were rearranged, and other changes made, and for the first time it was made a genuinely National banner, though there are still great differences in it, whether flown on land or sea, by merchant or war vessels, etc.

Therefore, as a National banner our Flag is at least 24 years older than the present British ensign.

The French had a similar variety of banners in their earlier history, but finally settled down to the white standard, with three lilies, of the Bourbon family. They did not really make a National ensign of these even while the Bourbons were on the throne. In 1794, during the Revolution, they adopted the tri-color of red, white and blue in perpendicular stripes. Then Napoleon substituted his flag with the crown and bees. Then the Bourbon flag came back again, to be succeeded in 1830 by the tri-color.

The German flag only dates, of course, from 1871.

The Austrian flag was for a long time the banner of the Hapsburg family. It and the Empire it represented went through many modifications during the Napoleonic wars. It was again radically changed in 1867, when the present "dual-empire" was formed.

The Italian flag dates from 1870.

Russia has no strictly National flag. The flag of the Romanoff family represents the Czar; a special banner designates the navy; another the merchant shipping, and so on through all the divisions and services of the Empire.

It is the same with Spain. There is no really National flag. There is a royal banner, containing a crown, the arms of Castile and Leon, and a number of other quarterings. The navy has a flag of a broad yellow stripe in the center, with a crown and shield embroidered on it. Above and below are narrower stripes of red. The merchant vessels fly a yellow flag with two red horizontal stripes. Each regiment carries its own special colors, and there have been many changes in all these on account of the innumerable revolutions of the past.

The like is true of Portugal. The nearest approach to a National ensign is the banner of the reigning family.

The Dutch flag has been repeatedly changed in the history of recent times.

The flag of Sweden and Norway was adopted in 1817.

China and Japan have only adopted National flags in recent years.

If there is a National banner in the world that is older than ours, it is that of Denmark, which the Danes claim dates from the 13th century. But the antiquity of the "Danebrog" has been questioned, and it never has been the emblem of the Danish Nation in the sense that the Star Spangled Banner has been of the American.

If our readers will remember that the Napoleonic wars—from 1789 to 1815—shook up every country in Europe, and radically changed the boundaries and territorial composition of nearly every one of them, and that remarkable changes have been made since, they can see that not only have we the oldest flag, but we come near being one of the oldest Nations.

There were between 600 and 800 independent Governments in Europe when we entered the family of Nations, July 4, 1776. There were 400 in Germany alone. The Napoleonic wars reduced the latter number to 39. Other wars and movements have reduced the whole number in Europe from 800 in 1776 to 23 in 1898. Of those in more or less prosperous existence at our birth hundreds have disappeared. Spain, Austria, Portugal, and Turkey have sunk enormously in power and importance, Denmark and Holland have lost much, France has passed through startling vicissitudes, Great Britain and Russia have grown enormously, and Germany and Italy have been born and developed into great powers.

We must cease talking about our "youth."

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF GOBIN HONORED.

Last Sunday Commander-in-Chief Gobin, who now commands the Third Brigade of the First Division of the Second Corps, at Camp Alger, was the center of a very pleasant little ceremony. His old brigade of the Pennsylvania National Guard have always held him in the highest esteem, and they sought the occasion of his re-entry into the service of the United States to testify this in some striking way. The result was a popular subscription in the brigade to present him with a fine sword. A beautiful weapon was purchased, suitably inscribed, and last Sunday presented to him in the presence of a large gathering at his Brigade Headquarters. The presentation was made by Maj. Egle, of the Pennsylvania National Guard. In accepting the sword Gen. Gobin said:

"I will try to bring back both sword and men, but if I cannot, with honor, neither sword nor men shall ever return to the Keystone State."

"GOING into the Army" has been quite as fashionable in Philadelphia's Four Hundred as in New York's, though the Quaker City has not been as shrewd as New York in "bunching her hits" in two or three special organizations, like the Rough Riders, or Troops A and C. Nor can she show such an array of society swells that have enlisted as private soldiers. Detroit lays away over her in this with her Naval Reserve of young millionaires. Still, Philadelphia has a goodly number of very bright social lights who are now grooming their own horses in the City Troop, there are others who are polishing the guns in Batteries A and C, and Gen. Morrell, who has been for years the acknowledged leader of Philadelphia society, now commands a brigade. Prof. John Bach McMaster and Henry Spangler, who have National reputations, have joined the Engineers.

THERE is just one disturbing thought about that expedition to Spain. We never know just what our naval boys are going to do when we turn them loose. They may startle us some fine morning with the announcement that they have Deweyised the whole of Spain, and there you are. We shall have on our hands the whole medieval outfit—Kings, Queens, grandees of the first class, Dukes of Ollapodrida, Marquises of Stewed Goats, toreadors, picadors, bull-fights, monks, nuns, cloisters, cathedrals, beggars, inquisitors, guitar-twangers, contrabandistas, and so on through the entire garlic-smelling inventory. Then would come the question what to do with them? There ought to be rigid instructions sent to Commodore Watson to confine himself strictly to bombarding the sea-coast forts and destroying the warships, and that at the first sign of surrendering the Kingdom to him he is to turn tail and come back home as quick as he can sail. We can take care of healthy savages in the Philippines, and of natural, ignorant negroes in Cuba and Porto Rico, but we want the scrofulous and septic aristocracy of Spain kept at the range of a 13-inch gun.

OUR gallant men are finding a good deal more work for their axes than their rifles, and the hot days are spent in toilsome chopping of the rank vegetation of the tropics. Nature is a much more formidable object than the Spaniards.

As a manipulator of the typewriter Gen. Shafter is not to be mentioned in the same day with Captain-General Blanco, but when it comes to getting over the ground and actually hunting the enemy to his holes he is great.

Si and Shorty Go Out to Visit Mrs. Bolster.

Shorty sauntered thoughtfully back to the tent, and on the way decided to tell Si the whole occurrence, not even omitting the deceit practiced.

He had to admit to himself that he was unaccountably shaken up by the affair.

Si was so deeply interested in the revelations that he forgot to blame Shorty's double-dealing.

"Never had my nerve so strained before," Shorty frankly admitted. "At their best, women are curiouser than transmogrified hullaloos, and when a real cute one sets out to lornswoggle a man he might as well lay down and give right up, for he haint no earthly show. She gits away with him every time, and one to spare. That there woman 's got the devil in her bigger'n a sheep, and she come nigher makin' putty o' your Uncle Ephraim than I ever dreamed of before. It makes me shivery to think about it."

"I don't care if she's more devils in her than the Gadarene swine, she must be stopped at once," said Si, his patriotic zeal flaming up. "She's doin' more mischief than a whole regiment o' rebels, and must be busted immediately. We've got to stop her."

"But just how are we goin' to stop her?" Shorty asked. There was a weak unreadiness in Shorty's tones that made Si look at him in surprise. Never before, in any emergency, had there been the slightest shade of such a thing in his bold, self-reliant partner's voice.

"I'd rather tackle any two men there are in the Southern Confederacy, than that woman," said Shorty. "I believe she put a spell on me."

"Le's go up and talk to Capt. McGillicuddy about it," said Si. Ordinarily, this was the last thing that either of them would have thought of doing. Their usual disposition was to go ahead and settle the problem before them in their own way, and report about it afterward. But Shorty was clearly demoralized.

Capt. McGillicuddy listened very gravely to their story.

"Evidently that old hen has a nest of bad, dangerous men, which has to be broken up," he said. "We can get the whole raft if we go about it in the right way, but we've got to be mighty smart in dealing with them, or they'll fly the coop, and leave the laugh on us. You say she's coming back to-morrow?"

"Yes," said Shorty, with a perceptible shiver.

"Well, I want you to fall right in with all her plans—both of you. Pretend to be anxious to desert, or anything else that she may propose. Go back home with her. I shall watch you carefully, but without seeming to, and follow you with a squad big enough to take care of anything that may be out there. Go back to your tent now, and think it all over, and arrange some signal to let me know when you want me to jump the outfit."

The boys went back to their tent, and spent an hour in anxious consideration of their plans. Si saw the opportunity to render a great service, and was eager to perform it, but he firmly refused to tell any lies to the woman, or those around her. He would not say that he was tired of the service and wanted to desert; he would not pretend liking for the Southern Confederacy or the rebels, nor hatred to his own people. He would do nothing but go along, share all the dangers with Shorty, and be ready at the moment to co-operate in breaking up the gang.

"Some folks's so durned straight that they lean over backwards," said Shorty, impatiently. "What in thunder does it amount to what you tell these ornery gallinippers? They'll lie to you as fast as a hoss kin trot. There's no devilment they won't do, and there kin be nothin' wrong in anything you kin do and say to them."

"Everybody settles some things for himself," said the unchangeable Si. "I believe them folks are as bad as they kin be made. I believe every one o' 'em ought to be killed, and if it waz orders to kill 'em I'd kill without turnin' a hair. But I jest simply won't lie to nobody, I don't care who he is. I'll stand

"SHE PLAYFULLY PINCHED HIS ARM."

by you until the last drop; you kin tell 'em what you please, but I won't tell 'em nothin', except that they're a pizen gang, that ought to've bin roastin' in brimstone long ago."

"But," expostulated Shorty, "if you only go along with me you're actin' a lie. If you go out of camp with me you'll pretend to be desertin' and j'inin' in with 'em. Seems to me that's jest as bad as tellin' a lie straight out."

"Well," said the immovable Si, "I draw the line there. I'll go along with you, and they kin think what they like. But if I say anything to 'em, they'll git it mighty straight."

"Well, I don't know but, after all, we kin better arrange it that way," said Shorty, after he had thought it over in silence for some time. "I'm sure that if you'd talk you'd give us dead away. That clumsy basswood tongue o' your'n hain't any suppleness, and you'd be sure to blurt out something that 'd jest rain us. An idee occurs to me. You jest go along, look sour and say nothing. I'll tell 'em you ketched cold the other night and lost your speech. It'll give me a turn o' extry dooty talkin' for two, but I guess I kin do it."

"All right," agreed Si. "Let it go that way."

"Now, look here, Si," said Shorty, in a low, mysterious tone, "I'm goin' to tell you somethin' that I hadn't intended to. I'm scared to death lest that old hag'll git the drop on me some way, and marry me right out of hand. I tell you, she jest frightens the life out o' me. That worries me more'n all the rest put together. I expect I ought tov' told you so at the very first."

"Nonsense," said Si, contemptuously. "The idee o' you're being afeared o' such a thing."

"It's all very well for you to snort and laugh, Si Klegg," persisted Shorty. "You don't know her. I sneered at her, too, at first, but when I was left alone with her she seemed to mesmerize me. I found myself talkin' about marryin' her before I knowed it, and the next thing I was on the point of actually marrying her. I believe that if she'd got me to walk a half-mile further with her she'd a run me up agin a Justice o' the Peace and married me in spite of all that I could do. I'd much rather have my head blowed off than married to that old catamount."

"Bah, you can't marry folks unless both are willin'," insisted Si. "A man can't have a marriage rung in on him willy-nilly."

"There's just where you're shootin' off your mouth without any sense. You don't know what you're talkin' about. Men are lassoed every day and married to women that they'd run away from like a dog from a porcupine, if they could. You jest look around among the married folks you know, and see how many there are that wouldn't have married one another if they'd bin in their senses."

"Well, I don't think o' many," said Si, whose remembrances were that the people in Posey County seemed generally well-mated.

"Well, there mayn't be many, but there's some, and I don't propose to be one of 'em. There's some spell or witchcraft about it. I've read in books about things that gave a woman power to marry any man she wanted to, and he couldn't help himself. That woman's got something o' that kind, and she's set her eye on me. I'm goin' to meet her, and I want to help break up her gang, but I'd a great deal rather tackle old Bragg and his entire army. I want you to stay right by me every minnit, and keep your eye on me, when she's near me."

"All right," said Si sleepily, as he crawled into bed.

The next morning, as they were discussing the question of signals, they happened to pass the Sutler's, and Si caught a glimpse of packages of fire-crackers, which the regimental purveyor had, for some inscrutable reason, thought he might sell. An idea occurred to Si, and he bought a couple of packages, and stowed them away in his blouse pocket and told the Captain that their firing would be the signal unless a musket shot should come first.

It was yet early in the forenoon as they walked on the less frequented side of the camp. Shorty gave a start, and gasped:

"Jewhillikins, there she is, already."

Si looked, and saw Mrs. Bolster striding toward them. Shorty hung back instinctively

"TAKE YOUR ARMS FROM THAT YANK'S NECK."

for an instant, and then braced up, and bade her good morning.

She grunted an acknowledgment, and said rather imperiously:

"Y're a-gwine, air yo'?"

"Certainly," answered Shorty.

"And yo'?" she inquired, looking at Si.

"He's a goin' too," answered Shorty. "Mustn't expect him to talk. He's short on tongue this mornin'. Ketched a bad cold night before last. Settled on his word-mill. Unjinted his clapper. Can't speak a word. Doctor says it will last several days. Not a great affliction. Couldn't 've lost anything o' less account."

"Must've bin an orful cold," said she, taking her pipe from her mouth, and eyeing Si suspiciously. "Never knowed a cold to shut off any one's gab afore. Seems t' me that hit makes most people talk more. But these Yankees air different. Whar air yer things?" Did you bring plenty o' coffee?"

"We've got 'em hid down here in the brush," said Shorty. "We'll git 'em when we're ready to start."

"We're ready now," she answered. "Come along."

"But we haint no passes," objected Shorty. "We must go to the Captain and git passes."

"Yo' won't need no passes," she said impatiently. "Foller me."

Shorty had expected to make the pretext about the passes serve for informing Capt. McGillicuddy of the presence of the woman in the camp. He looked quickly around and saw the Captain sauntering carelessly at a little distance, so that any notification was unnecessary. He turned and followed Mrs. Bolster's long strides, with Si bringing up the rear.

They went to the clump of brush where they had hidden their haversacks and guns. Mrs. Bolster eagerly examined the precious package of coffee.

"I'll take keer o' this myself," she said, stowing it away about her lank person. "I can't afford to take no resks as to hit."

Si and Shorty had thought themselves very familiar with the camp ground, but they were astonished to find themselves led outside the line without passing under the eye of a single guard. Si looked at Shorty in amazement, and Shorty remarked:

"Well, I'll be durned."

The woman noticed and understood. "Yo' Yanks," she said scornfully, "think yourselves moughty smart with all your book-larnin,' and yo'uns put on heaps o' airs over po' folks what haint no eddication, but what you don't know about Tennessee woods would make a bigger book than ever was printed."

"I believe you," said Shorty fervently. His superstition in regard to her was rapidly augmenting to that point where he believed her capable of anything. He was alarmed about Capt. McGillicuddy's being able to follow their mysterious movements. But they soon came to the road, and looking back from the top of a hill Shorty's heart lightened as he saw a squad moving out, which he was confident was led by Capt. McGillicuddy.

But little had been said so far. At a turn of the road they came upon a gray-bearded man, wearing a battered silk hat and spectacles, whom Mrs. Bolster greeted as "'Squire."

The word seemed to send all the blood from Shorty's face, and he looked appealingly to Si as if the crisis had come.

The newcomer looked them over sharply, and inquired:

"Who are these men, Mrs. Bolster?"

"They'uns 's all right. They'uns 's had enough o' Abolition doin's, and hev come over whar they'uns allers rayly belonged. This one is a partickler friend o' mine," and she leered at Shorty in a way that made his blood run cold.

"Hain't yo time t' stop a minute, 'Squire?" she asked appealingly, as the new comer turned his horse's head to renew his journey.

"Not now; not now," answered the 'Squire, digging his heels into his steed's side. "I want to talk t' yo' and these 'ere men 'bout what's gwine on in the Lincoln camps, but I must hurry on, now, to meet Capt. Solomon, at the Winding Blades." I'll come over to your house this evening," he called back.

"Don't fail, 'Squire," she answered, "fur I've got a little job for yo', an' I want hit partickerly done this very evenin'. Hit can't wait."

"I'll be there without fail," he assured her.

"Capting Solomon's the man what sent the letter to you," she explained, which somewhat raised Shorty's depressed heart, for he began to have hopes that Rosenbaum might rescue him if Capt. McGillicuddy should be behind time.

As they jogged onward farther from camp Mrs. Bolster's saturnine earnestness began to be succeeded by what were intended to be demonstrations of playful affection for her future husband, whom she now began to regard as securely hers. She would draw Shorty into the path a little ahead of Si, and walk alongside of him, pinching his arm, and jabbering incoherent words which were meant for terms of endearment. When the narrowness of the road made them walk in single file she would come up from time to time alongside with cuffs intended for playful love-taps.

At each of these Shorty would cast such a look of wretchedness at Si, that the latter had difficulty in preserving his steadfast silence and rigidity of countenance.

But the woman's chief affection seemed to be called forth by the package of coffee. She would stop in the midst of any demonstration to pull out the bag containing the fragrant berry, and lovingly inhale its odor.

It was long past noon when she announced: "Thar's my house right ahead." She followed this up with a ringing whoopee, which made the tumbledown cabin suddenly swarm with animation. A legion of loud-mouthed dogs charged down toward the road. Children of various ages, but of no variety in their rags and unkempt wildness followed the dogs, or perched upon the fence-corners and stumps, and three or four shambling, evil-faced mountaineers lunged forward, guns in hand, with eyes fiercer than the dogs, as they looked over the two armed soldiers.

"They'uns is all right, boys," exclaimed the woman. "They'uns's plum sick o' doggin' hit for Abe Lincoln an' quit."

"Let 'em gin up thar guns, then," said the foremost man, who had but one eye, reaching for Shorty's musket. "I'll take this one. I've been longin' for a good Yankee gun for a plum mouth to reach them Yankee pickets on Duck River."

Though Shorty and Si had schooled themselves in the part they were to play, the repugnant thought of giving up their arms to the rebels threatened to overset everything. Instinctively they threw up their guns to knock over the impudent guerrillas. The woman strode in between them and the others, and caught hold of their muskets.

"Don't be fools. Let 'em have your guns," she said, and she caught Si's with such quick unexpectedness that she wrenched it from his grasp and flung it to the man who wanted Shorty's. She threw one arm around Shorty's neck, with a hug so muscular that his breath failed, and she wrenched his gun away. She kept this in her hand, however.

"Now, I want these 'ere men treated right," she announced to the others, "and I'm agwine to have 'em treated right, or I'll bust somebody's skillet. They'uns is my takings, and I'm agwine to have all the say 'bout 'em. I've never interfered with any Yankees any o' yo'uns have brung in. Yo've done with them as you pleased, an' I'm agwine to do with these jest as I please, and yo'uns that don't like hit kin jest lump hit, that's all.

"Sal Bolster, I want you to take your arm from around that Yank's neck," said the man who had tried to take Shorty's gun. "I won't 'low you to put yer arm 'round another man's neck as long's I'm alive to stop hit."

"Ye won't, Jeff Hackberry," she sneered. "Jealous, air ye? You've got no bizniss o' bein'. Done tole ye 'long ago I'd never marry you, so long as I could find a man who has two good eyes and a spectable character. I've done found him. Here he is, and 'Squire Corson 'll splice us to-night."

How much of each of the emotions of jealousy, disappointment, hurt vanity, and rebel antagonism went into the howl that Mr. Jeff Hackberry set up at this announcement will never be known. He made a rush with clenched fists at Shorty.

A better description could be given of the operations of the center of a tornado than of the events of the next few minutes. Shorty and Hackberry grappled fiercely. Mrs. Bolster mixed in to stop the fight and save Shorty, Si and the other three rebels flung themselves into the whirlpool of strikes, kicks, and grapples. The delighted children came rushing in, and eagerly joined the fray, striking with charming impartiality at every opportunity to get a lick in anywhere, on anybody; and finally the legion of dogs, to whom such scenes seemed familiar and gladsome, rushed in with an ear-splitting clamor, and jumped and bit at the arms and legs that went flying around.

This was too violent to last long. Everybody and everything had to stop from sheer exhaustion. But when the stop came Mrs. Bolster was sitting on the prostrate form of Jeff Hackberry. The others were disentangling themselves from one another, the children and the dogs, and apparently trying to get themselves into relation with the points of the compass, and understand what had been happening.

"Have you had enough, Jeff Hackberry?" inquired Mrs. Bolster, "or will yo' obleege me to gouge yer other eye out afore yo' come to yer senses?"

"Le' me up, Sally," pleaded the man, "an' then we kin talk this thing over."

(To be continued.)

Work of the Pension Office.

The report of certificates issued for the week ending July 9 shows—

Army invalid: Original, 41; increase and additional, 136; reissue, 24; restoration and renewal, 29; duplicate, 16; accrued, 99; total, 348.

Army invalid (act June 27, 1890): Original, 324; increase, 146; additional, 30; reissue, 12; restoration and renewal, 38; supplementals, 2; duplicate, 34; accrued, 108; total, 694.

Army widow, etc.: Original, 70; increase and additional, 1; reissue, 2; restoration and renewal, 3; duplicate, 2; accrued, 2; total, 80.

Army widow, etc. (act June 27, 1890): Original, 201; increase and additional, 1; restoration and renewal, 1; supplementals, 1; duplicate, 1; accrued, 4; total, 209.

Navy invalid: Original, 3; increase and additional, 1; accrued, 1; total, 5.

Navy invalid (act June 27, 1890): Original, 12; increase and additional, 4; duplicate, 2; accrued, 1; total, 19.

Navy widow, etc.: Original, 1; duplicate, 1; accrued, 1; total, 3.

Navy widow, etc. (act June 27, 1890): Original, 1; duplicate, 1; accrued, 1; total, 3.

Army nurses: Original, 1.

Indian Wars—Survivors: Accrued, 3.

Indian Wars—Widows: Original, 3.

Mexican War—Survivors: Increase and additional, 3; duplicate, 4; accrued, 9; total, 16.

Mexican War—Widows: Original, 12.

Totals: Original, 672; increase and additional, 322; reissue, 38; restoration and renewal, 71; supplementals, 3; duplicate, 61; accrued, 229. Grand total, 1,396.

For the week ending July 2 the report of certificates was:

Totals: Original, 927; increase and additional, 597; reissue, 70; restoration and renewal, 109; supplementals, 5; duplicate, 66; accrued, 214. Grand total, 1,928.

Notes of the Magazines.

Outing for July is a seasonable and altogether satisfying number in text and illustrations. Prominent among an assortment of good things are: Canals for Summer Cruises, by E. W. Foster; Salmon of the Sou'west, by Frank H. Risteen; A Day on Georgian Bay, by Ed. W. Sandys; Sport's Place in the Nation's Wellbeing, by Price Collier, and Vignettes from the Wheel, by Charles Turner.

Herbert D. Ward has written for the July Century the first of two illustrated articles on Heroes of the Deep, mainly devoted to the Gloucester fishermen. This is a continuation of The Century's series of Heroes of Peace.

The complete novel in July issue of Lippincott's is Harold Bradley, Playwright, by Edward S. Van Zile. The scene is in New York, and the story is Mr. Van Zile's best work thus far