

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE. (ESTABLISHED 1877) PUBLISHED WEEKLY. ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR. INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT. Money sent us otherwise than by registered letter, postal money order, express order, or draft on New York, will be at the risk of the sender.

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

Address.—The National Tribune, Washington, D. C. Write on one side of the paper only. We do not return communications or manuscripts unless they are accompanied by a request to that effect and the necessary postage, and under no circumstances guarantee their publication at any special rate.

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, Washington, D. C. Entered at Washington Postoffice as second-class matter.

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE. JOHN McELROY, ROBERT W. SHOPPELL, BYRON ANDREWS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., JANUARY 19, 1899. Office: 339 Pennsylvania Avenue N. W.

AN OPINION OF THE DICTIONARY. Crescent City, Cal., Dec. 27, 1898.

Editor National Tribune: I have received the Dictionary that you sent me for getting one of the three largest clubs during the month of November. I want to thank you for such a splendid prize; it is one of the finest Dictionaries I ever saw.

OUR GIFT CONTEST.

Read the Offer and Begin Work at Once.

CLOSES JAN. 31.

Our readers should bear in mind the grand prize contest announced three weeks ago. The prize is a magnificent two-volume, unabridged Dictionary, bound in full morocco.

We give away three sets of this splendid work: one set to each of the three persons who will send us the largest number of yearly subscribers before Jan. 31, 1899, as determined by the postmark at the office where the letters are mailed.

THE Dutch have made a great success in governing Java, which belongs to the same archipelago as the Philippines, and is inhabited by much the same races, the Malays being predominant.

SENATOR HOAR'S RESOLUTION.

Senator Hoar is the first of the Anti-Expansionists to have the courage to make a definite proposition. He is entitled to that credit. The rest of them have confined themselves solely to protesting against Expansion, without venturing to make a suggestion as to what we should do with the territory taken from Spain, and particularly the Philippines.

But to return to Senator Hoar's proposition. We cannot scuttle out of the Philippines, for the following all-sufficient reasons: 1. We stand pledged to the people who represent whatever civilization there is in the islands to protect them in person and property.

2. If we do not give the necessary protection European powers will have to do it, and this will at once precipitate a struggle that will be disastrous to all, including the Filipinos. 3. The duty of protection naturally devolves on us, and we cannot shirk it without the greatest National shame and discredit.

4. The absolute incapacity for Government of the faction of the Filipinos represented by Aguinaldo is firmly believed in by every man, without exception, and without reference to country or nationality, that has had the slightest opportunity to inform himself upon the subject.

These reasons will be irresistibly presented to Senator Hoar when his resolution comes up for consideration.

THE PHILIPPINE COMMISSION.

The President has appointed a Commission to investigate the subject of the Philippines, and recommend a policy of Government for them. The names of the men carry instant confidence to every American, and from this moment people will have no farther solicitude on the subject, for they will be certain that the solution of the problem is in hands entirely capable of dealing with it in the most satisfactory way.

Admiral George Dewey, Commander of the Asiatic Squadron, the mention of whose name is sufficient. Maj.-Gen. E. S. Otis, Military Governor of the Philippines, a veteran volunteer, and a man who has shown the highest ability on every occasion.

Prof. J. G. Schurman, President of Cornell University, and a high authority on international law and political economy. Brig.-Gen. Chas. B. Whittier, of New York, and recently on duty in Manila.

COMMISSARY-GENERAL EAGAN had a bad attack of the mouth disease, when he went before the War Investigating Commission, and repeatedly and acrimoniously denounced the General commanding the army as a liar.

Ir will probably interest Kaiser Wilhelm to read that great applause greeted Representative Berry's assertion in the House that we stand ready to whip Germany, if she interferes in the Philippines.

The best demonstration of the great interest in Senator Foraker's speech was that the press gallery was crowded in anticipation of it, and remained so till the close.

The bill to provide for taking the 12th census is now before Congress. Comrades everywhere should bestir themselves to see that it contains a provision giving preference to honorably-discharged veterans as Enumerators, and other employment that they should have the preference.

THE friends of the Treaty of Peace in the Senate are so confident of its having the necessary two-thirds vote for its ratification that they are ready for a vote at any time, the sooner the better.

THERE is a very determined and resolute lobby in Washington, fighting the Nicaragua Canal. Its plan of campaign is to divide the friends of the measure over several different projects, and get them to fighting one another.



[Si Klegg and his chum Shorty, both of the 200th Ind., at Chickamauga engage in fierce battle. Si and Shorty capture a rebel flag, but both fall in the melee. They are taken off the field in bad condition. Deacon Klegg hears about it and hurries to the hospital. He fails to be able to buy some chickens for Si's broth on account of the owner's fear of taking U. S. money.

THE DEACON MAKES AN ATTEMPT TO RETURN THE HORSE TO HIS OWNER. Si and Shorty were on the anxious lookout for the Deacon when he arrived, and not a little worried lest something might have befallen him.

Si's weakness made him giddy and fretful, and Shorty was not a great deal better. "It's an awful risk to have an old man and a civilian come down here into camp," Si complained.

SHORTY WISELY KEPT HIS REPLY TO HIMSELF, but he thought how absurd it was to have men about the army who were too old and set in their ideas to learn army ways.



THE DEACON WAS FLUNG IN THE DITCH, WHILE THE HORSE GALLOPED OVER THE HILL.

"I'll drive him well outside our lines, and as near to the house as I think it prudent to go, and then turn him loose," he said to himself. "If he's got the sense of the horses up North he'll go straight home, and then my conscience will be clear. If he don't, I'll have done all I could. The Lord do 'em as will 'em."

"I mean Major," said the Deacon depreciatingly. "To thunder with your Majors, you ignorant fool. You!"

"What's the matter with you, you ignorant rascal?" roared the voice, more indignantly than ever. "Don't you know Brigade Headquarters when you see them? Don't you know your own officers when you hear their voices?"

"Excuse me, General," answered the Deacon hastily. "General! Who are you callin' General, you fool? Don't try to be funny with me. You know I'm no General."

"Major, I was tryin' to say 'I'll give my boots on and get out there. Don't think to shut my eye up on you big titles.'"

backbord. You infernal sneaks've pestered the life out of me stealin' my corn and my mules, even. I've bin watchin' you proutin' around in the dark for a long time. I'm going to stop this business if I've got to kill every infernal scoundrel in the Army of the Cumberland. Don't you dare move till I come out, or I'll put a bullet through you. Do you hear?"

"I don't believe I've got any more time to waste on this hellerin' bull-calf," said the Deacon to himself. He gathered up the lines, turned the horse's head toward the road, and gave him a lick with a switch, and he dashed off, followed by a couple of shots from Mr. Crimmins, to give color and confirmation to the story that worthy related later in the day.

"Here, who are you, and where are you going so early in the morning?" he inquired. "My name's Josiah Klegg, sir," said the Deacon, presently ignoring titles. "I'm from Injanny, and I'm down here 'feadin' my mule, who belongs to Co. Q, 200th Infantry Volunteers, and who was shot at Chickamauga. I borrowed this horse and wagon from a man out in the country to bring in some vittles for him and his partner, and some boughs for 'em to sleep on, and I'm takin' 'em back to him."

"Well, that story may be true, and it mayn't. Probably it aint. Men don't get up before daybreak to take back borrowed horses. You're up to some devilment; probably taking information or contraband out of the rebels. I haven't time now to investigate. I'll put you under guard until I have. As for the horse, we've got use for a thousand such as he. We're out lookin' for horses now. Unhitch him, boys."

The Deacon started to make an earnest protest, but at that moment the rebels on Lookout Mountain made their usual day-light salute to the camp. The size of the squad had attracted their attention, and a shell shrieked over and struck quite near. This was too much for the nervous horse. He made a convulsive leap, which scattered the rebels' hats and almost put him in the Deacon's out of the camp. When the latter recovered himself, and got the horse under control again the guards were far away, and he was at the approach to the pontoon bridge.

"I'll be plagued," mused the Deacon as the horse moved over the bridge at a slow walk, and gave him time to think, "the army's a terrible place. I had no sort of trouble when I was doin' something that maybe I oughtn't to have done, but the minute I start out to do a right thing I meet no end of difficulties. But these are the obstacles that Satan always puts in the way of the righteous. I'm going to get this horse back to his owner, or know the reason why. Git up, there."

He soon came to a piece of the road which was in full view of the rebels on Lookout Mountain. They had been preparing the day before to stop all travel by that route, and the Deacon's was the first vehicle that had appeared since they had got their guns planted. They waited until he was fairly out into the open, and sent a shell which struck a panel of fence off to the left, burst with crash, and sent rails, stumps, stones and pieces of brush flying through the air.

The horse became frantic, and tore up the hill at such a rate the buckboard and harness spedily went to pieces, and the Deacon was flung in the ditch, while the horse galloped wildly over the hill.

"Well, I'm dumber," muttered the Deacon, crawling out of the ditch, shaking himself together again, cleaning off the mud, and trying to comprehend what was happening. "Did anybody ever see such a commotion kicked up over one four-year-old horse, and not a particularly good boss at that? 'T'd take a mighty smart man to get as much as \$100 for him up in Posey County. Nobody but a Methodist Elder could do it. I've sold a better boss than that for \$50, and got all he was worth."

He stood for a few minutes and looked at the grand display until the Union batteries, impatient rebel, ceased firing, and then he looked around.

"Well, that buckboard's done for. I can't take it back. It's only good for kindlin' wood now. But I may catch the boss and take him back."

He went up on top of the hill, and saw the horse standing under a tree, apparently pondering over what had happened, and wondering whether he should run farther or remain where he was.

"You're a devil of a way from home, and in a bad neighborhood," said one of the men who had fired, as he slipped another cartridge into his Sharpe's.

horse can't go any farther. He's been in bad shape, and he fell and broke his knee coming up the hill." "Well, here, take that citizen's horse. Old man, get off, and let this man have that horse."

"The Deacon started to protest, but the man was in a hurry, and almost pulled him off, and slapped his own saddle on a flash. "But what am I to do?" asked the Deacon bewilderedly.

"Don't do what you please," laughed the Captain. "You are as well off here as any where. When a man's away from home one place's the same as another to him. Here, I'll tell you what you can do. See that cow back there? The boys have been trailing her along, in hopes to get her into Chattanooga and make beef of her. We've got to leave her now, for we are going on the jump. We'll make you a present of her and this broken-down horse. That'll start you in business. A horse and a cow's a big start for any man. Good-by. Attention, company! Forward, head of column right, March!"

"Well, I've done all I could," said the Deacon, going back and picking up the rope which was tied to the cow's horns. "The Lord knows I've tried hard enough to get that boss back. The cow looks as if she's a good mucker. A little milk'll do the boys good. That's all I can give 'em. Come along, Bos."

Late at night he tied the cow to the corral and went to his weary bed.

PERSONAL. Brig.-Gen. F. D. Grant is putting to good use the knowledge he obtained as Police Commissioner of New York. He is reorganizing the police of San Juan, Porto Rico, and hopes to make a model force of it.

At their own request, Brig.-Gen. Wm. W. Gordon and Brig.-Gen. W. C. Oates, of the volunteer army, have been honorably discharged from the military service of the United States on the ground that there is no further need of their services.

Gen. A. B. Nettleton filed a petition in bankruptcy in New York, Jan. 14, giving his liabilities as \$70,000, and nominal assets as \$99,000. Shrinkage in value of real estate in that city, it is thought, had induced or given rise to this.

Commodore Lewis C. Sartori died at Philadelphia, Jan. 14, aged 87. He was born in Trenton, N. J., and was appointed a Midshipman in 1824. He was First Assistant Secretary of the Treasury under President Harrison. Afterward he established himself in New York, and in the business of promoting.

Col. Bob Ingersoll has come out strongly for retaining the Philippines, and educating them up to the American standard of civilization. He thinks that comes in the nature of a National duty.

Senator Cullom is to introduce a bill to give a pension to Gen. J. M. Palmer. The General is now 82 years old, has lost the use of his right eye, and his hearing is very defective. He has been compelled to abandon the practice of the law, and has no property for his support.

He was born in Seely, Kentucky, Sept. 13, 1817, but was taken by his father to Illinois in 1831. He began life teaching school and studying law, and was elected to the Illinois Legislature as a Democrat. He took a strong stand against the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and became the leader of the "Anti-Nebraska" Democrats. He then joined the Republican party, and was one of the delegates who nominated Abraham Lincoln.

The War Department officials were very much encouraged upon the receipt of news from Gen. Sherman, which indicated a distinct improvement in the situation there. He has not, by any means, abandoned the conciliatory attitude he adopted toward the Illinois some time ago, and is earnestly seeking to impress upon the natives that their best interests will be served by following the sound advice laid down for their guidance in the President's proclamation.

Work of the Pension Office. The report of certificates issued for the week ending Jan. 7 shows— Army invalid: Original, 39; increase and additional, 255; reissue, 34; restoration and renewal, 12; duplicate, 3; accrued, 70; total, 435.

Army invalid (act. June 27, 1890): Original, 150; increase, 276; additional, 69; reissue, 55; restoration and renewal, 12; duplicate, 5; total, 963.