A FILE OF INFANTRYMEN.

"For Three Years, or During the War"—At Home in a Shelter-Tent, and Abroad with "Three Days' Rations and Forty Rounds of Ammunition."

By JOHN McELROY.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Walter Armitage and David Bronson, Chicago newspaper compositors; Patrick O'Neil, an ex-Sergeant of Regulars, given to apt remarks and brave deeds; Karl Brentman, a lovable German youth, all enlist after the Fall of Fort Sumter. One Stock, a phlegmatic young man, who, despite his stupid appearance, is quick-witted and an excellent marksman, is in the regiment, and becomes one of the group of friends. A set of toughs, one "Peory" among them, also enlist and prove cowards from the first. "Inky," an office boy, becomes an artilleryman, whose dashing work secures him speedy promotion. Dick Morgan, a compositor, who enters the rebel army, is met by the comrades at various times. The File soon get promotion, O'Neil becoming a Lieutenant. Karl falls madly in love with a bewitching, fiery, contrary rebel girl. They are with the army operating against Vicksburg, and in the preceding chapter participate at Chickasaw Bayou, where Stock is shot, and the File do not see him again when the army falls back. When Col. Ellet, commanding the Queen of the West ram, runs among the rebel boats in the river to sink the vessel City of Vicksburg, O'Neil, fearing for the fate of his comrades, who are on board, sets off to find them as the Queen steams back, and is captured by several rebels. He recognizes a former Regular Army officer in the General commanding the rebel forces into whose camp he is taken. The General tries to win O'Neil over to the rebel side. O'Neil agrees, insincerely, of course, to change his allegiance, and listens to a plan by which a Union force may be captured. O'Neil finds Stock a prisoner, and at the rebel hospital. They plan to escape.

CHAPTER LVII.

The night was moonless, and speedily became very dark. This was increased by the sky becoming overcast with rain-clouds, that hid the stars.

On his part, O'Neil went to his cabin, and apparently followed his usual custom of sinking at once into a profound slumber that lasted till daylight. His snores soon reached the guard's ears, who was evidently watching for them, for after listening to them some minutes, until he satisfied himself that probably any future watching before the door would be purely perfunctory, he stood his musket up by the door and betook himself to where a social game of poker in a warm tent offered more attractions than standing on post in a chilly rain.

O'Neil listened until the sound of the shambling footfalls was lost in the distance and the sough of the rising wind. Then he arose, quickly resumed his clothes, and hastened off toward the hospital. As he came near, a figure detached itself from the wall against which it was leaning, and stepped forward.

O'Neil whispered:

"Is that you, Stock?" and the two comrades were instantly side by side, grasping hands. So intent were they upon this that they did not hear the sound of approaching footsteps until they were recalled by the voice of a Wardmaster saying:

"Here, you fellers! what are you doing out at this time o' night? Git back afore I have ye sent to the guardhouse."

Obedient to a nudge from O'Neil, Stock replied:

"All right; we're just about going in."

But the Wardmaster had been losing smartly in the little game from which he had just risen in disgust, and was in that humor which leads men to find relief for their feelings by petty annoyance of others. He replied surlily:

"But jes' a-gwine in won't do. We've hed entirely too much in this slippin' out of the horsepittle at all hours o' the night lately, an' the doctors air all raisin' the very devil about it, an' I'm ketchin' fits from all sides. I'll stop it now or know the reason why. You'll jes' mosey right into yer cots an' stay dah. I'll give the guards orders that ye don't git out again."

He caught O'Neil, who was nearest to him, by the shoulder roughly, as if to shove him into the building. Before the latter's always too tardy prudence could whisper caution to him he had struck a back-handed blow which sent the Wardmaster howling and sprawling a yard away.

"Dom the luck! Oi didn't mane to do that, at all, at all," said O'Neil in dismayed contemplation of the interference this promised to make with his plans. "But me hand was always enuf sight readier than me tongue wid an answer, an'" (with a chuckle that he could not wholly repress) "Howley Pathrick, but he did stand fair for it, an' ketch it nately."

The Wardmaster's exclamations brought a crowd of nurses out of the Steward's room, who gave chase to O'Neil and Stock. They were soon eluded by the pursued making an adroit turn, which placed them in the deep shadow of a large commissary building, while the pursuers ran on a little distance, and then, giving up the chase as hopeless, returned to the enraged Wardmaster, who vowed he would ransack the camp in the morning, to find the rascals who had insulted and maltreated him.

The two comrades remained in the friendly shadow of the commissary building while they exchanged hurried explanations as to how each had come to where they had met. What O'Neil's was we already know. Stock's was simple. His terrible wound through the breast was not necessarily fatal, even when there was added to it the exposure of the fearful night after the attack on Chickasaw Bayou. When the rebels came out in the morning to gather up the dead and wounded he showed such signs of life that they sent him to the hospital, where he had been slowly recovering ever since. Some blunder of the hospital authorities had caused his transfer from the general hospital at Vicksburg to this place. Then O'Neil briefly outlined his plan, which was in effect that he found all the river side of the camp too carefully guarded to give any hopes of success in that direction; that they must first make their way through the guard in the rear of the camp, and then try to work around behind the City of Vicksburg, until they reached the Yazoo above Haines's Bluff, when they would capture a skiff and float down to our army. At best, and with everything in their favor, it involved a very long and dangerous journey, with many chances against success; but it was the best they could do. Stock but dimly comprehended the scope of the plan, but he had that confidence in O'Neil and that anxiety to get out of the rebels' hands that made him quite ready to enter into it. He would go anywhere and do anything that O'Neil would advise.

The first problem was to get some food for the beginning of the journey, and the next to get outside of the camp and picket guards.

O'Neil had expected to supply themselves from the hospital kitchen, but his unlucky encounter with the Wardmaster had waked them up there until this was now too hazardous. Something else must be done.

A drizzling rain set in while they talked, which, though it made them very uncomfortable, aided their scheme by rendering detection less likely. While O'Neil debated over several plans of slipping out through the camp guard lines, he heard the Sergeant of the guard call out:

"Second relief, fall in!"

And he instantly decided on a bold line of action. He had noticed and derided their slovenly manner of performing guard duty, and especially of assembling reliefs that were to go on duty. Instead of making all those in the reliefs not on duty stay at the guard house, so as to be ready when wanted, they allowed many of them to go to their own quarters to sleep, under the promise to appear promptly when called. Of course, some would forget this promise, in the depths of their slumber, and the Sergeant of the guard would have much trouble in assembling enough to relieve all his posts.

Leaving their places of concealment, O'Neil and Stock walked cautiously up to a point in rear of where the relief was slowly assembling. At length they heard the Sergeant say angrily:

"D—— it, there's two men lackin' yit! I wonder where I kin find 'em?"

They stepped out, picked up two guns and belts from the stack and took their places on the left of the line, which stretched so far out into the darkness that the Sergeant, standing by the fire, could not distinguish their faces. They said not a word, but slipped up silently, as tardy soldiers are in the habit of doing. Those next to them sang out:

"Here they are, Sergeant."

And that officer, after relieving his mind of some sulphurous denunciation of "lazy hounds who always keep the reliefs a waitin'," commanded:

"In whole numbers from the right—count off!"

When O'Neil and Stock called off their numbers the Sergeant turned his head as if the voices sounded strangely to him, but this passed from his mind, and he ordered:

"Yes, it seems yer all heah, at last. By twos—count off."

O'Neil and Stock counted this time in carefully-modulated tones that did not attract the Sergeant's attention, and he commanded:

"Right face!—Forward by file left!—March!"

And away they went on the round to relieve the posts. O'Neil and Stock could hardly restrain their risibles as they came up to the cabin where O'Neil had been confined, to find the guard there industriously pacing his beat, without the least suspicion that he was sentineling a vacant hut. He had evidently just run out from his game when he heard the call for the second relief, and upon being relieved, instead of falling in behind, as he should have done, he slipped away, probably hastened by the fact that the betting was now pretty lively, and the cards were running in his favor.

Those in front of O'Neil and Stock had been stationed—one by one—until they were the only two left, and the Sergeant, who was lagging a little behind, called out:

"Now, you two fellers, go over there to the gate, and relieve them two there. I'll take the old relief back."

"The gate," in camp parlance, is the place where all the exits and entrances must be made, and is the most important post in the chain. The two tired men on duty there did not wait for any formalities, but as O'Neil and Stock came up, they shouldered their muskets, picked up their blankets, and hastily departed, saying:

"STOCK PUT A FRESH CAP ON THE RIFLE AND WATCHED THE PICKET INTENTLY."

"It's a devil of a time to git around. Why in the world didn't ye keep us out here all night? When you fellers git to snoozin' ye forgit that there's anybody else in the world wants any sleep. Ye'll find that bag of bread an' meat under the boards behind ye, whar we put hit to keep hit from gittin' wet."

"Sure, the saints are wid us," said O'Neil, crossing himself reverently, as they took post. "There nivver could be such good luck without their help. Here, we've not only got where we want to be, wid a fair start on our journey, but we're almost miraculously furnished with provisions enough to last us two or three days with care," and he drew from its concealment the bag of bread and meat belonging to the rebel guards.

Stock's old propensity for the things that are good for the stomach's sake began to assert itself, and he would have made a meal then and there but for O'Neil's setting before him the necessity of reserving the food for the journey. While this conversation was going on there came the sound of approaching horsemen, who had evidently been dining so well somewhere as to be rendered independent of the mere accidents of weather and surroundings; for, though the melancholy, uncomfortable drizzle still kept up, they laughed and sang, and shouted cheerfully as they rode along. The sound of one voice startled O'Neil as it fell upon his ear. He listened intently for an instant, and then said to Stock:

"Heaven help us! that's the General coming back from Vicksburg. We must lave immejitely. It will not do for him to see me on post."

Seizing their muskets and the bag of provisions, they ran hastily down the side of the bank into a thicket, just before the General and his party arrived at where they reined up in expectation of a halt. None came. Said the General with an oath:

"—— those fellows! They'll not stop sleeping on their posts until I've had two or three of 'em shot. Capt. Dalrymple, you and Lieut. Billings dismount and slip forward and try to get the guns out of their hands without waking them."

The two officers did as ordered, but on cautiously gaining the posts they found them deserted, and so reported to the General, who went off in a paroxysm of rage, in which he vowed, with much superfluous profanity, that he would certainly have the derelict sentries shot in the presence of the brigade, and the officer of the guard court-martialed for not keeping up a better inspection. O'Neil and Stock heard the party ride away in the direction of the guardhouse, the General still swearing savagely. Then they emerged from their concealment, and made all speed in the direction of the pickets, which they hoped to reach and pass before daybreak.

Their progress was slow and laborious, and O'Neil was much concerned lest he overtask Stock's strength. The mud, the rain, the pitchlike darkness and their entire ignorance of the country all hampered them exceedingly, and they made distance with great slowness. At length they gained a little elevation from which they could make out the picket line as it was marked by a little chain of fires, stretching away on either hand. They crept forward cautiously to this, stopping frequently to reconnoiter and consider as to the route to take. Coming at last to within 100 yards of the line, they lay down and studied it long and anxiously. O'Neil decided to attempt to go through directly ahead of him. The pickets at the post on either side of the path he proposed to take were crouching over their little fires, with their backs turned toward each other. O'Neil took the provision bag, which he had been carrying, in one hand and his gun in the other and began crawling slowly forward on his hands and knees, enjoining Stock before he started to lie perfectly quiet, but if he (O'Neil) was detected to endeavor to slip out in the confusion that might follow. But Stock put a fresh cap on the rifle he carried, and watched the pickets intently with the design of shooting down either of them that attempted to fire on O'Neil.

Though the twigs and dry branches cracked under him with what seemed to be reports like those of muskets, O'Neil gained a safe distance beyond the line without either of the guards so much as turning his head. Then Stock followed, and after a half hour of anxious effort he gained O'Neil's side. They rested awhile, and then began a search for a hiding place in which to spend the day. The first rays of dawn helped show them a dense thicket, into which they crawled, numb, chill, their clothing soaked with the cold rain, and their limbs unutterably weary, but their hearts elated with their success in getting so far on their journey.

(To be continued.)

The Potomac G.A.R.

The 31st annual Encampment of the Department of the Potomac, G.A.R., was held last week at Grand Army Hall, Washington, D. C.

In his address as Department Commander Arthur Hendricks recounted the events of the last twelvemonth, and in sketching the Spanish-American war graphically pictured the President in the lead, carrying aloft the standard of his country. "Back of him, with him, and sustaining him to the end," exclaimed Commander Hendricks, "were 70,000,000 of his countrymen, united as never before!

"This patriotic exhibition of unity and strength," he continued, "did not come of itself. As a basis, first had been the saving of the Nation. Then the patience, forbearance, loyalty and patriotism of those who had saved it. Then the teaching of the young, and the precept and example in the daily lives of those who were 'defenders of the Republic.' All this bore its legitimate fruit."

Ass't Adj't-Gen. L. Vanderhoeff submitted a tabulated statement showing 2,713 active members, 754 suspended, 72 dropped, and $1,478 expended in charity during 1898.

The election of officers resulted: Department Commander, Caleb Farnsworth; S.V.C., G. A. Slaybaugh; J. V. C., A. B. Grunwell; M. D., Dr. J. R. Hayes; Council, G. W. McElfresh, J. E. Thornton, James Wells, J. H. Dony and Peter McGirr; Representatives to National Encampment, Fred Fowler, Conors Parker, B. F. Bingham, J. C. Burgher; Alternates, W. E. Post, H. C. Saunders, J. M. Cutts, and J. S. Hoover.

Potomac W.R.C.

Coincidentally with the annual Encampment of Department of Potomac, G.A.R., each year the Woman's Relief Corps of that organization holds its annual Convention, and the 10th repetition of that event occurred last week in G.A.R. Hall. Mrs. Anna Peck, Department President, called the Convention to order, and 112 accredited delegates were announced as being qualified to vote. Mrs. Peck's annual report admirably reviewed the work of the year. The sessions were held for three nights.

The election of officers resulted in the unanimous choice of Mrs. C. A. Kibbey as President; Mrs. Matilda B. Sprague, Senior Vice-President, and Mrs. Kitty Waggaman, Junior Vice-President. The other officers chosen were: Mrs. Annie B. Frost, Treasurer; Mrs. Mary Fletcher, Chaplain; Mrs. Jane S. McLean, Chairman of the Executive Board; Mrs. Sarah J. Van Doren, second member of the Executive Board, and Mrs. Taft, third member of the Executive Board.

FREE TO MILLIONS OF SUFFERERS.

The New Cure for Kidney, Bladder and Uric Acid Troubles.

Almost everybody who reads the newspapers is sure to know of Swamp-Root.

It is the great medical triumph of the nineteenth century; discovered by the eminent kidney and bladder specialist, Dr. Kilmer, and has truly wonderful powers in curing kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid diseases.

Kidney trouble is responsible for more sickness and sudden deaths than any other disease, and is so deceptive that thousands have it without knowing it.

Thousands owe their health and even life to Swamp-Root, and thousands more who to-day think themselves beyond help, can be made well by the use of this great remedy.

Swamp-Root has been tested in so many ways, in hospital work, in private practice, among the helpless too poor to purchase relief, and has proved so successful that a special arrangement has been made by which all readers of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, who have not already tried it, may have a sample bottle sent absolutely free by mail. Also a book telling more about Swamp-Root, and containing some of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women who owe their good health, in fact, their very lives, to the wonderful curative properties of Swamp-Root. Be sure and mention THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE when sending your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar bottles at drug stores.

BROWN'S Bronchial Troches of Boston

Relieve Hoarseness Immediately.

"I recommend their use to public speakers."—REV. C. H. CHAPIN, New York.

The Genuine has the Fac-Simile Signature of [illegible] on every box.

CHAT OF THE CORRIDORS.

A favorite line for the old copy books was "Time is money." Just now a very little of it means some hundreds of thousands dollars to certain importers in New York and elsewhere. The Treasury Department has held that the Dingley act went into effect at midnight of July 23, 1897. The General Board of Appraisers, at its meeting in October of that year, decided that the law became operative only when President McKinley completed the legislative act by affixing his signature, which was at 4:06 p. m., July 24, or 16 hours and six minutes later than the Treasury date, and the United States Circuit Court has affirmed the decision of the General Appraisers, so that the Treasury will have to repay all the increased duties exacted between 12 p. m., July 23, and 4:06 p. m., July 24.

* * *

I met Gen. H. V. Boynton on the street, and inquired of him as to the condition in which the great encampment had left Chickamauga Park. "Most excellent," he replied. "If any thing it was a great benefit, and the Park is now in finer shape than ever. The regulations were strict, and there was no destruction of any kind beyond the barking of a few trees where horses were hitched. The roads stood the test of heavy hauling over them by six-mule teams, and with very slight repairs were put in excellent condition. Nearly the whole extent of the Park has been given a good top-dressing of fine fertilizer, and when the Spring comes it will bloom in beauty. New York, Kentucky, Wisconsin, Georgia and Illinois have put up, or are putting up, splendid monuments, which will be dedicated next May, when we expect a grand time."

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Some years ago the Postoffice Department created a "Board of Geographic Names," with the object of simplifying the names of postoffices and bringing about more uniformity in their spelling.

One of the rules adopted by this Board was that where a postoffice consisted of two names they were to be consolidated. Several attempts have been made recently to carry this rule into operation, but each attempt has been met with such storms of disapproval on the part of the residents of the place that the Department has been sorely troubled as to just what to do. As a matter of fact in many cases such changes were not only without reason, but ridiculous. In recent years the compilation of the Postal Guide shows many changes in line with this rule. There is much contention over the matter, and it may be that another Board will shortly be appointed to adjust the subject.

* * *

Representative-elect R. J. Gamble, of South Dakota, says that no State is flourishing to the extent of his. The farmers and cattlemen are happy over abundance and big prices, and the output of gold last year was only second to that of California.

* * *

All the paper money of the United States is handled by one man—John Brown, a negro—who receives a salary of $1,200 a year. It is his business after the notes have been received from the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, and red seal affixed to them, in the Treasury Department, to put them up in packages of 100 each and seal them. He works in a wire cage in one end of the room of the Issue Division. After he seals up the packages they are put away in the vault until needed. He is not under bond, nor are any of his fellow-employees, but the Treasurer, Ellis H. Roberts, is under a perpetual bond of $500,000, and if, a quarter of a century hence, one of the packages were found to contain only waste paper, or be even a bill short, Mr. Roberts's bondsmen would be called upon to make the loss good. Mr. Brown is the second man to hold the position. The first was John T. Barnes, a delegate to the Convention which nominated Abraham Lincoln, who held the place from 1861 until his death in 1894. Mr. Brown became an assistant messenger in 1872, and was promoted a clerk through competitive examination, and gradually promoted to his present position.

* * *

Another multi-millionaire has been added to the Senate by the election of Wm. A. Clark, Democrat, from Montana, to succeed Lee Mantle. If the reports of his wealth be correct he will far overtop all the rich men in the Senate. He is reported to have an annual income of nearly $10,000,000, derived from a 32,000-acre plantation in Mexico, upon which he raises coffee, tea, tobacco and rubber, big copper mines and smelters in Montana and Arizona, extensive beet sugar interests in California, copper wire works in Elizabethport, N. J., etc. He has made all this since 1882, when he crossed the plains to Colorado, driving an ox-team.

* * *

In accordance with the promise made by the President in his recent tour in the South that the Government would assist in the care of the Confederate dead, the Secretary of War has instituted an inquiry in regard to the location of such graves in all parts of the South. The collection of this data has been intrusted to Gen. Wright, of the War Records Office, who has special charge of the compilation of the records of the so-called Confederacy. When this information has been collated it will probably be made the subject of a communication to Congress.

* * *

H. D. Andrews, of Salt Lake City, says that it was an unfortunate thing for Utah that Roberts was elected to Congress, since it gives the people of the country the impression that Utah is relapsing into polygamy, which is not the case. It has been abandoned by all but a few, and the Mormon Church has renounced it.

* * *

Mrs. Senator Davis has received from the Sultan of Turkey the unusual distinction of the Order of the Chefakat, of the third class. The badge is a beautiful jewel, intended to be worn upon the breast.

* * *

Representative Tawney, of Minnesota, has introduced a resolution directing that on Feb. 15 the flags on all Government buildings shall be displayed at half mast, in memory of the destruction of the Maine and the loss of 266 American lives.

* * *

It is believed that the Anglo-American High Joint Commission is rapidly approaching an agreement. At present it is occupied with the Alaskan boundary and the question of reciprocity.

* * *

Col. Wm. P. Hepburn always makes a good speech, particularly when he is attacking the jobs in the Rivers and Harbors bill. His fellow Representatives, who are trying to get appropriations for creeks where, as Jerry Simpson would say, the fish have to be lightered over the bars, refer to this slightingly as his "annual speech." But it is a very good speech for the United States Treasury, all the same. In the course of his speech last Friday he told of the vagaries of the Missouri River. There is in his District the town of Hamburg, which used to be a harbor and port of entry, until one day the river chose to wander over into the rich prairies of Nebraska, and to-day Hamburg is eight miles inland.

* * *

The Navy Department is puzzled what to do with Admiral Schley. He ought to be on duty, but there is none that can be assigned to him compatible with his rank. It is not deemed advisable at present to reduce the North Atlantic Squadron, under the command of Admiral Sampson, and Admiral Dewey needs all the vessels that he has. This is inconvenient, as it is desired to revive the European Squadron, put Schley in command, and send it on a mission of friendly greeting to England.

* * *

Cold water champions may congratulate themselves that ample provision is being made at the Capitol that no thirsty Senator or Representative shall be driven to the use of "cold tea" on account of an insufficiency of pure cold water. The bill to establish a filtration plant for the Capitol provides that it shall supply to each House not less than 300,000 gallons a day of pure, clear, bright water. This will give to each of the 90 grave Senators a daily supply of 3,333 gallons, and to each of the 357 Representatives 840 gallons. Of course, many of them have to wash their hands every day, and it is rumored that some of them occasionally take a bath, but still there would seem to be an ample supply for drinking purposes, even though a Senator or Representative had been out with the boys the night before.

PERSONAL.

Those well acquainted with Joseph V. Quarles, Senator-elect from Wisconsin, speak in the highest terms of him. He is a man of the people, and belongs to the people, a fine orator, of splendid personal appearance, polished manners, and highly cultured.

Maj. Chas. K. Darling, Past Commander-in-Chief of the Sons of Veterans, and Major of the 6th Mass. in the war with Spain, has been confirmed as United States Marshal for Massachusetts. This is a well-deserved appointment. Maj. Darling succeeded to the command of his regiment after the troubles which resulted in the displacement of his superior officers, and acquitted himself in a way to reflect credit upon himself and the Order of which he was recently the head.

John S. Duss, the present head of the "Rappites" of Harmony, Pa., is a son of a veteran. His father was killed at Gettysburg, and his widowed mother went to the community to seek employment as a nurse, when he was but two years old. She was finally adopted into the community, and he grew up there. He secured a fair education, and became a teacher in the Harmony schools. Then he went West, and taught in the Reform School at Topeka, Kan., and married. He returned with his wife to the community, and they became members, in spite of the fact that celibacy is the rigid rule. The remnant of venerable men and women finally elected him patriarch, after "Father" Henrici's death, and he has since been administering the immense property of the community. Suits have been begun against Duss by former members of the community, who are reluctant to see the immense property pass into his hands, as it will in the course of a few years, since besides himself and wife there are but six venerable women and one very old man now in the community. He is accused of mismanaging the property, and a receiver is asked for. Duss replies that he has carefully managed the property, which he found in a tangled condition, and has paid off about $1,500,000 of its indebtedness. The progress of the suit will be watched with much interest.

The other day Brig.-Gen. J. P. S. Gobin, United States Volunteers, was honorably discharged the service. Gen. Gobin is Past Commander-in-Chief of the G.A.R.

Mrs. Emma Stark Hampton, Past National President, W.R.C., of Detroit, Mich., is contemplating a trip to Cuba, Porto Rico and perhaps Jamaica. She will visit all the camps and stations of our troops, and expects to be in Habana Feb. 15, the anniversary of the blowing up of the Maine.

The Monitor Wyandotte Sold.

The history of another veteran of the war is ended. The monitor Wyandotte, one of the best of that type of ships, and which did good service in many fights, was last week sold at auction for $12,531.-52. She originally cost $633,327.84. She will be torn up, her engines and whatever else is available, used on merchant ships, and the rest sold as old junk.

Cure Constipation

and you cure its

Consequences

These are some of the

Consequences of Constipation:

biliousness
loss of appetite
pimples
sour stomach
depression
coated tongue
nightmare
palpitation
cold feet
debility
dizziness
weakness
backache
vomiting
jaundice

piles
pallor
stitch
irritability
nervousness
headache
water brash
torpid liver
heartburn
foul breath
sleeplessness
drowsiness
hot skin
cramps
throbbing head

AYER'S Pills

are a Sure Cure for Constipation.

Dr. J. C. Ayer's Pills are a specific for all diseases of the liver, stomach, and bowels. These testimonials are from the thousands received:

The Pill That Will

"I suffered from constipation which assumed such an obstinate form that I feared it would cause a stoppage of the bowels. After vainly trying various remedies, I began to take Ayer's Pills. Two boxes effected a complete cure." D. BURKE, Saco, Maine.

"For eight years I was afflicted with constipation, which at last became so bad that the doctors could do no more for me. Then I began to take Ayer's Pills, and soon the bowels recovered their natural and regular action."
WM. H. DELAUCETT, Dorset, Ont.

"Ayer's Pills are the best in the world. I used to be annoyed with constipation until I began using them; now I have no trouble of that kind any more, and I attribute my recovery to the use of your valuable Cathartic Pills."
H. PLOWMAN, Portland, Ore.

The Pill That Will

Ayer's Pills are 25 cents a box. For sale by all druggists and general dealers.

Free—The New Cure for Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Rheumatism, etc.

Mrs. Castle, Poestenkill, N.Y.

Disorders of the Kidneys and Bladder cause Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Gravel, Pain in the Back, Bladder Disorders, difficult or too frequent passing water, Dropsy, etc. For these diseases a Positive Specific Cure is found in a new botanical discovery, the wonderful Kava-Kava Shrub, called by botanists, the *piper methysticum*, from the Ganges River, East India. It has the extraordinary record of 1,200 hospital cures in 30 days. It acts directly on the Kidneys, and cures by draining out of the Blood the poisonous Uric Acid, Lithates, etc., which cause the disease.

Rev. W. B. Moore of Washington, D. C., testifies in the *Christian Advocate* that it completely cured him of Rheumatism and Kidney and Bladder Disease of many years' standing. Hon. W. A. Spearman, of Bartlett, Tenn., describes his terrible suffering from Uric Acid, Gravel and Urinary difficulty, being four months confined to his bed, and his complete cure by the Kava-Kava Shrub. Many ladies, including Mrs. Sarah Castle, of Poestenkill, N. Y., and Mrs. L. D. Fegeley, Lancaster, Pa., also testify to its wonderful curative powers in Kidney and other disorders peculiar to womanhood.

That you may judge of the value of this Great Discovery for yourself, we will send you one Large Case by mail FREE only asking that when cured yourself you will recommend it to others. It is a Sure Specific and cannot fail. Address, The Church Kidney Cure Company, No. 409 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

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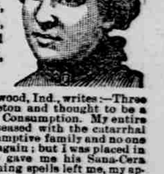

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