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 have many adventures. O'Neil is captured and escapes with Stock, who fell at Chickasaw Bayou and was left for dead. The assault on Vicksburg is repulsed, and the Union army falls back after sustaining heavy losses. O'Neil loses an arm in attempting to save the colors. He receives his commission as Lieutenant, and is recommended as Captain for Co. A by the Colonel.

To the eager men on the line of investment the siege advanced with most wearisome slowness. They had not learned the patience that might have been expected from their long tarrying in the swamps. This rather seemed to render them the more feverishly anxious to bring the campaign to a close and attain at once to the goal of their long cherished hopes.

They had driven the men before them backward for 500 miles, and through four States. Two years before this now-beleaguered horde was insolently threatening them at Cairo, and its leaders were arrogantly talking of capturing that post at the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi, and of dictating a humiliating peace in the streets of Chicago. Since then the Union forces had gone ever forward, and the rebels ever backward—back, through Missouri, back through Kentucky, back through Tennessee; still farther back through Mississippi and Arkansas, until now they were brought to bay, with less than 200 yards of ground between them and utter overthrow.

Is it any wonder that the Army of the Tennessee, having wrested a whole empire of territory—an area equal to that of any of the principal European monarchies—from its insulting enemy, should chafe angrily at its retention of the slender strip it still clung to?

But there seemed no help for it. The disastrous experience of the 22d of May showed there was no alternative to a regular siege save the terrible slaughter that would result from storming the place. Even that slaughter might prove unavailing, because such were the peculiarities of the position that only a limited number of men could force their way across the narrow space in the rebel front, and in doing so they must contend against the ascent of rugged and precipitous hights, rendered infinitely more difficult by every device that human ingenuity could suggest, and swept by the fire of the entire garrison of 30,000 men standing in position and shooting their assailants down at leisure.

So now the sap must take the place of the swift march or the wild rush of the charge, and a day's progress must be measured by inches, instead of miles.

Thus the siege went on. Each night the heads of the zig-zag ditches leading toward the rebel works were due a few inches nearer the batteries that frowned down from the hills above. Each night parties of skirmishers pressed the rebel pickets back a little ways, to gain more room for the working parties, who, protecting themselves by rolling before them a large roller made of canes fastened together with grape and bittersweet vines, plied picks and shovels industriously, until the short night passed away, and made them the marks of the enemy's artillery. All the time the mortars thundered on the river above, and rained down upon the devoted city an incessant storm of huge shells, that tore up the earth, crushed in buildings, and spread havoc everywhere.

Co. A took its regular turns of duty, and every third day found itself in the trenches, digging them forward as long as darkness lasted, and when daylight came searching every point of the rebel line in front with well-aimed shots from their rifles, to annoy and distress their defenders. Though the hills occupied by the enemy were generally so high as to command our works, the superior courage and determination of our men allowed the rebels little profit from this. They would lie almost motionless for hours behind their works, watching through the sights of their rifles, like hunters stalking game, for the first glimpse of a rebel's head or any portion of his body, exposed above the protecting banks, or near a piece of artillery in the embrasures.

Alas for the unlucky "Johnny" who forgot for an instant the presence of these ever alert sharpshooters. A bullet through his brain, coming as quick and sudden as the lightning, and there was one less mouth to feed upon the constantly-diminishing rations of the pent-up garrison.

Bronson's wound luckily missed the bones, and as he obstinately refused to go to the rear on account of it, he was put in command of Co. A until O'Neil was sufficiently recovered to return to duty. The rebels were so overmastered by the superiority of the Union sharpshooting, that they at last almost wholly refrained from attempting to reply, but cowered closely down behind their works, awaiting their time for revenge when some assailing party should leave cover and attempt a charge.

May was gone, and June was rapidly burning itself out in days whose hot sun threatened to scorch out all animated life. But instead of relaxing their efforts, his fierce beams seemed to infuse a more savage energy into the veins of the besiegers, and they pressed more and more relentlessly up to the very foot of the rebel works. Though continual practice had made every one of Co. A deadly marksmen, the File continued to be by far the best shots in the company, and were assigned to positions where there was the best chance of picking off any of the rebel sharpshooters who might attempt to reply.

At night, when the sharpshooting ceased, the marksmen on both sides, would frequently come out of their holes and mingling together in the most friendly manner on the little strip of ground between the two lines, laugh together, and discuss the events of the day and the progress of the siege. There was a well of very pure water on this neutral ground, near to Co. A's position, to which both sides resorted to fill their canteens for the next day, and this became a spot like the old Delphic temple, where the Grecian warriors laid aside all their enmities, and met in assured peace. One night at this place a tall Arkansan inquired:

"Who o' yo'uns hez bin puttin' in sich party shots all day on that gabion in the bastion to the left o' that ar' big gun o' our'n?"

Walter and Karl looked significantly at Stock, who drawled out:

"Well, I've bin sorter keepin' watch for things 'round that old barker. You see, it looks right over at me, an' I've been afeerd there might be an accident if you fellers were allowed to be 'round it."

"Yer mouty right thar'd been an accident, ez you call it. We'uns hev bin tryin' all day to git a chance to fill her up with railroad spikes, an' sorter hist yo'uns outen yer nests, but we hed to git it up after we lost three men. I crep' up close to the muzzle with the swab, but jest ez I riz a leetle mite, to put the swab in, a bullet struck the end, an' the pole cotch me on the nose an' lifted me 'bout a rod."

"Yes, I saw the end come up above the bank, an' I guessed what you were after, an' I let drive mighty quick."

"Wall, I kem back to the bank, and ez mad ez a hornet, an' reckoned ez how I'd settle the feller that wuz drawin' sich a fine bead on things in our corner, an' I've been a layin' for him all day under the kivver o' that gabion that sticks up higher'n the rest."

"That wuz you, wuz it?"

"Yes, but durn my skin, ef the fust o' my sorrel locks that stuck up 'bove the bank wuzn't sure to bring a bullet, every blasted time. See thar."

And he pointed to four bullet holes through his hat.

"Every one o' them scraped cross the top o' my skull, and tuk away a power o' skin an' red ha'."

"Kinder reached for you every time, didn't I?"

"You kin jest bet ye did. The bullets skeeted offen my ole pate like throwin' stones on the ice. If you could've got down an inch lower I'd never a' strained my jaws over another ration o' mule meat."

"I intend gittin' my gun bar'l bent tomorrer so that I can shoot over down behind them blasted breastworks."

"Now, you think you're an awful peart sort of a shooter, don't ye? Wall, I think the same 'bout myself. In the Boston Mountains, whar I live when I'm at home, they've ruled me outen the shootin' matches long ago, bekase when I shoot nobody else hez no show. An' I jest believe I kin shoot all 'round you."

"Mebbe you can and then agin mebbe you can't."

"Wall, durn my everlastin' skin, ef I wouldn't jest like to try a whack with you, ef I had a fair show. Will you gin it to me?"

"You never knowed a more accommodatin' man than I am in sich things."

The conversation had attracted quite a little crowd of both sides around, who joined in the discussion of which side had the best marksman, and the upshot was that it was agreed that the two men should make a trial of their abilities the next morning, while all the rest stood by and saw fair play. With this understanding they parted.

About 9 o'clock the next morning a red bandanna handkerchief attached to a ramrod waved from the rebel bastion. At this all firing on that part of the line ceased, and the men, rising up out of the holes and ditches, stood upon the works, to see the contest. A space a rod or so wide was left clear for the Arkansan's position, and Stock stood in a similar unoccupied space on the Union works. Both the opponents appeared on top of the works about the same moment, and courteously saluted each other by presenting arms. The conditions were that each should appear with his gun empty, and load and fire as soon as he could. They began loading according to the manual of arms, and though neither showed any signs of haste, neither made a false motion. Both rammed their cartridges home at the same instant, but Stock "returned rammer" according to regulations, while the rebel simply dropped his ramrod from his hand and it fell to the bottom of the bank. He capped and raised his gun to his face, while Stock was feeling in his cap-box. The rebel took quick aim and fired just as Stock brought his rifle up. The next instant the latter's piece cracked sharply. Thousands of eyes were bent eagerly on the contestants. Both still stood strongly erect.

"Did I tech ye, Yank?" shouted the rebel.

"Yes; good line shot; scraped my left shoulder. Where'd I hit you?"

"Sculpt my ole topknot again. Let's try it over."

"Agreed."

Stock brought the butt of his gun down between his feet, and began, without the slightest indication of flurry, the regular "load in nine times." Again he carefully "returned rammer," "cast about," capped, raised his gun to his shoulder, when a murmur of mingled sympathy and expostulation from the spectators made him look up, and he saw his opponent returning up the bank, down which he had run to recover his ramrod. Stock lowered his gun to a "ready," at which there was a shout of applause, and quietly waited for the other to load. The rebel had evidently lost some of his composure, but he hurriedly forced down the cartridge, again flung his rammer away, and capping his gun, waited Stock's motion.

"Ready?" called out the latter.

"Ready," answered the rebel.

Both guns came up together, and both puffed out the same instant. The rebel fell, with a bullet through his heart, and Stock put his hand to his cheek, which had been deeply furrowed by his enemy's ball. A great, joyous shout rose from the exultant Union watchers, everyone sprang down into the ditches, the artillery belched out, and the rattle of sharpshooting began again.

In a few days the head of Co. A's sap was so near the rebel works, that as the File sat at meals they would occasionally flip a few hardtack over the bank into the ranks of the rebels on the other side, saying as they did so:

"Here, Johnnies, is a little grub. We know you need it awful bad."

And the reply would come back:

"Thank you. That's good. The best we've had for many a long day. Send us over some more."

But the exchange did not long remain of this friendly nature. The rebels found out that a very effective way of injuring their besiegers was to toss shells, with the fuse lighted, over the bank into the groups of men at work below. If the fuses were cut so that the shells would explode just at the desired time, these would frequently produce fearful havoc. But it was a common mistake of the rebels to cut the fuses too long, when their destined victims would quietly pick the shells up on a long-handled shovel, and toss them back whence they came, in time to have them explode among those who sent them.

An attempt was made to return the compliments in kind by throwing shells over the bank into the rebel lines, but the latter had the advantage of occupying higher ground; it required no strength nor exposure of body to put the shells on the top of the bank and let them roll downwards, while it was all that any of the Union men could do to throw a shell back, and to do so the thrower must stand clear of the works and offer his whole body as a target to the sharpshooters.

Then Yankee ingenuity came to the assistance of the besiegers. They made little wooden mortars by hollowing out a section of a small log, which the camp blacksmiths hooped with iron bands. Emptying a couple of rifle cartridges into this, they would lay a 6 or 12-pound shell on the mouth, and fire the charge. There was just force enough in this to send the shell sailing gracefully over the top of the bank, and permit it to drop directly down into the groups behind it.

But another species of tactics was resorted to. Instead of digging above ground, mines were started, which after a few days' hard work brought the besiegers directly under one of the largest forts in the rebel line. The enemy became aware of what was intended, and started countermines, which came so near that the workers in each could hear the sound of the other's picks. When the galleries were completed nearly a ton of cannon-and blasting-powder was packed in them.

"We'll give them fellers a homemade earthquake that'll hist the hull bilin' on 'em into kingdom come afore they know what hurts 'em," said Stock to Walter, as they laid down the last bags of powder they had carried in and stood for a moment contemplating the awful preparations.

"Yes," replied Walter, "that'll make a gap that'll let us march right into Vicksburg. They can never get over that."

"It'll pay 'em back for a heap of the little games they've played off on us."

"I only vish te whole tamt Gonfederacy vas on top dere, dat ve might ket rid of it all at once," joined in Karl.

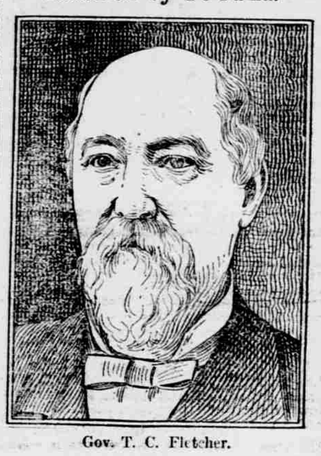
It became known that the mine was to be fired on the next day, the 25th of June, and every hour was filled with busy preparations for what it was hoped would end the siege. Every man fit for duty was put in line early the next morning, and the regiments moved up to where they would be in readiness to do effective service. Great piles of fixed ammunition were placed by each gun on the line, and an extra force of artillerists stood in readiness to make sure that there should be no slackening of the fire at the critical moment because of the disablement of those working the guns. Two regiments of infantry lay under the trenches near the fated rebel fort, to rush through the gap at the first available moment. Co. A was near these, busily employed in keeping the rebels down behind their works, that they might not see what was going on.

(To be continued.)

"THEY WOULD PICK THEM UP ON A LONG-HANDLED SHOVEL, AND TOSS THEM BACK."

MISSOURI'S WAR GOVERNOR

Restored by Pe-ru-na.



Gov. T. C. Fletcher.

Hon. Thomas C. Fletcher, the noted war Governor of the State of Missouri, is a great friend of Pe-ru-na. He writes:

The Pe-ru-na Drug M'f'g Co., Columbus, Ohio.

Gentlemen—For years I have been afflicted with chronic catarrh, which has gone through my whole system, and no one knows the torture and misery I have passed through. My doctor has prescribed various remedies, and I have never found any relief until I was persuaded by a friend to use Dr. Hartman's Pe-ru-na. After the use of one bottle I feel like a new man. It also cured me of a dropping I had in the throat, and built my system up generally. To those who are suffering with catarrh I take pleasure in recommending your great medicine.

Very respectfully,

Thomas C. Fletcher.

Everything that affects the welfare of the people is a legitimate subject of comment to the real statesman. The statesman is not a narrow man. It is the politician who is narrow. The true statesman looks out on the world as it is, and seeks, as far as is in his power, to remedy evils and encourage the good.

Catarrh in its various forms is rapidly becoming a national curse. An undoubted remedy has been discovered by Dr. Hartman. This remedy has been thoroughly tested during the past forty years. Prominent men have come to know of its virtues, and are making public utterances on the subject. To save the country we must save the people. To save the people we must protect them from disease. The disease that is at once the most prevalent and stubborn of cure is catarrh.

CHAT OF THE CORRIDORS.

The Engineer Commissioner of the District of Columbia makes a complaint against the churches of Washington about the excessive quantity of water they use. As might be expected, the First Baptist Church uses the most. It is not for baptising, however, but for blowing its organ.

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The work of organizing the Twelfth Census is proceeding rapidly. In addition to the appointment of Director Merriam and Assistant Director Wines, Col A. F. Childs, who was Chief Clerk for the Eleventh Census, has been appointed. Edward McCauley, of the District of Columbia, has been appointed Disbursing Officer, and Wm. A. King, of Colorado, one of the Statisticians.

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A sensation was created in religious circles last week by the resignation of Rev. Dr. Talmage from the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church. This church, which has always been a leading one in Washington, has a very large, plain edifice on Four-and-a-half street, near the office of The National Tribune. There have been more fashionable churches established farther west, but this has retained its congregation of solid, plain, steady-going Presbyterians. Its Pastor for several decades has been the Rev. Dr. Byron Sunderland, a man of the highest ability, and who was and is very popular in the congregation and the city. But he was growing old, and needed help. Four years ago Dr. Talmage was without a congregation, owing to the troubles which had come upon the Tabernacle in Brooklyn, N. Y., and after a warm discussion in the church it was decided to call him. The majority thought that he would bring new life into the church. From the first there was some feeling, for Talmage wanted to be the main attraction, while a large element were determined that he should not shelve Dr. Sunderland. Dr. Talmage justified expectations in drawing large congregations, but it was urged that these were transients, and did not contribute to the solid up-building of the church. Further, the Doctor was so engaged in outside preaching and lecturing and literary work that he did not have time to devote to pastoral duties. The result was the tendering of his resignation, which will take effect April 3.

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There is no mistaking the fact that there is a very determined effort being made to prevent the re-election of Thos. B. Reed, of Maine, as Speaker of the next House. His open hostility to the Administration, his efforts to embarrass it, his antagonism to Expansion, to the Nicaragua Canal, to the Pacific cable, reorganization of the Army, and to the great measures of public progress have made a decided feeling against re-electing him to a position where he can have so much power. Last week the proposition was broached to unite all the elements antagonistic to Reed upon Representative J. S. Sherman, of New York. Mr. Sherman was recently appointed General Appraiser of Merchandize, but he has not yet resigned from the House. He has served 10 years, is a very able parliamentarian, and unusually popular. If he wishes to enter the race he can decline the Appraisership, upon the duties of which he has not entered. If he does not wish to do this, another candidate will be found.

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The Adjutant General reports that up to Feb. 28 the total deaths in the Army from the beginning of the Spanish war was 5,731. Of these 329 were killed in action, 125 died from wounds, and 5,277 of disease.

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Mr. Sherman is said to be embarrassed in becoming a candidate against Speaker Reed by the fact that he was one of those who presented him with a loving cup at the close of the session.

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Many of the opponents of Speaker Reed think that their chances would be better if a Western man were the candidate, and this leads them to consider Col. W. P. Hepburn, of Iowa, and J. W. Babcock, of Wisconsin.

* * *

Mrs. J. Warren Keifer, wife of Maj. Gen. Keifer, died at her home at Springfield, O., last Sunday morning, of pneumonia. The General and his son, Capt. H. C. Keifer, had been summoned home from Cuba to her bedside. She was married in 1860, and during the General's service as Speaker she was a leading figure in Washington society, and is remembered very pleasantly by the people here.

* * *

Washington has always been pretty dry on Sunday, but there has been much complaint that brewers sold beer in kegs to parties who dispensed it in various places to the rough element, and made a great deal of trouble. To stop this, a new and more stringent law was passed in the closing hours of Congress, which has been interpreted as preventing hotel-keepers and club-houses from serving their patrons and members with any sort of alcoholic drinks, and there was much complaint last Sunday about its enforcement. The courts will be asked to pass upon the law.

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The immense amount of hard and responsible work devolving upon Gen. Grosvenor during the closing part of the session invited an attack of the grip which prostrated him immediately after adjournment. He is now confined to his room, but his physician is very hopeful.

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It is announced that Senator Wolcott, of Colorado, and his wife have agreed to separate. Mrs. Wolcott will return to Colorado, and begin suit for divorce, on the grounds of incompatibility of temper. The Senator will not offer any opposition. Mrs. Wolcott was the widow of Lyman K. Bass, Representative from Buffalo, when she married the Senator, in 1890. The wedding was a grand social function.

Exemption of Soldiers' Homes in Iowa.

In response to several inquiries we wrote to Comrade Henry A. Dyer, Assistant Adjutant-General, Department of Iowa, for information as to the exemption from taxation of soldiers' homes in Iowa. In reply he sends us the opinion of Milton Remley, Attorney-General of Iowa, rendered Dec. 31, 1898. From this we gather:

1. All homesteads, not exceeding $800 in value, of Union soldiers or sailors, who are dependent upon their manual labor for support, and are unable to perform that labor, are exempt from taxation.

2. This does not apply to assessments made for 1897 and 1898, which were made before the adoption of the code. They are entitled however to the exemption of $500 previously provided.

3. If a veteran, fulfilling other conditions, should have a homestead worth more than $800, he is entitled to have that much deducted from the assessment on his homestead, but not upon other property he may own.

4. A veteran's widow is entitled to the exemption on her homestead, no matter what her financial condition is.—Editor National Tribune.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE IRON BRIGADE. And Other Poems suitable for Memorial Days, Campfires and Private Reading. By Rev. B. H. Tripp, Gallatin, Me.

Comrade Tripp was a member of the grand old Iron Brigade and served in its ranks throughout its history. He has a fine imagination and an enviable command of the art of versification. Consequently his poems are spirited and of a high order of merit. Several of them have made the rounds of the press, and met with unusual favor. This is particularly the case with a "Song in the Night."

HISTORY OF THE 149TH PA. By Rob't S. Westbrook, Sergeant, Co. B. Published at Altoona, Pa., by the author.

This is one of the kind of histories that we cannot have too many of. It is a loving, faithful, painstaking story of one of the great regiments of the glorious old Sixth Corps. The author has spent years in gathering up information for it, and he has presented his collection in the most interesting way. It would be a great thing for the country if every regiment had a historian who would follow his example. He does not attempt to tell the history of the war, or even of the Army of the Potomac. His own regiment is ample for him, and his own comrades of more interest than the big Generals, except those immediately over him. It is a book which will be a mine of interest to the future historian, and we congratulate Comrade Westbrook upon his success.

Notes of the Magazines.

It is hard to say whether the 55th volume of the Century is more notable for the permanent value of text and illustrations, or for the timeliness of its contents. Notable descriptive papers on the Spanish-American war, and essays, editorials and historical articles on questions involved therein, such as the acquisition of Porto Rico and the Philippines, appeal to the reader to whom the present is second in importance only to the future; and those who love to study the past, either for its own sake or to obtain new light upon the problems of to-day, will find in this handsome volume (May-October, 1898) much that is helpful. But these are only a few of many large and smaller subjects on which the resources of the Century have been lavished.

The two bound volumes of St. Nicholas for young folks for the year ended October, 1898, show a successful effort on the part of Mary Mapes Dodge and her associates to mingle instruction with amusement. Rudyard Kipling's Just So Stories alternate with illustrated articles on American warships and guns and armor, and Frank R. Stockton's Buccaneers and Pirates jostle Tudor Jenks's Boys in Armor, and emphasize the peaceful tone of the verses of Miss Edith Thomas and Miss Mildred Howells. It was in these numbers of St. Nicholas that such of this season's favorite books appeared.

The "North American Review" for March contains the first portion of an exceedingly interesting paper on "British Rule in India," from the pen of the Rev. J. P. Jones, D. D., missionary of the American Board at Madura, South India.

An important discussion of the problems of politics, by Franklin Smith, will appear in Appletons' Popular Science Monthly for March, under the title "Politics as a Form of Civil War."

Andre Castaigne, whose brilliant pictures illustrating the "Life of Alexander the Great" are now appearing in The Century Magazine, has just been created a "Chevalier de la Legion d'Honeur" through the personal interest and action of M. Faure, President of the French Republic.

New Music.

"God Bless Our Boys in Blue." By Miss Theresa Riffle, Le Mars, Iowa. This is a very bright, spirited melody, and will become very popular. The authoress is a soldier's daughter.

The Prize Dictionary.

Do not fail to go in for a set of the splendid two volume Unabridged Dictionary offered on page 4 of this issue. A small club will get it. Read what winners last month think about it. The indications are so far that a club of less than half the size will win this month.

The Size of Texas.

Editor Edmonds, of the Manufacturers' Record, writes: "How big is Texas, did you ask? Well, I won't try to tell, but when you are in the northern end of the State you are closer to St. Paul, Minn., than to the southern end of the State. They tell a story of a man down there who had a reasonably large ranch—not one of the big ones, just a moderate-sized one—on which the front gate was 20 miles from the house—a very convenient evening walk for lovers who want to swing on the gate before saying good-night."

FREE KIDNEY CURE

Cures Every Disorder of the Kidneys Lame Back, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Bladder Troubles and Even the Hopeless Cases of Bright's Disease and Diabetes.

A Trial Bottle of this Remarkable Remedy Mailed Free to Every Sufferer Sending Name and Address.

To the thousands of unfortunate people who are sick and despairing with weak kidneys, weak back, rheumatic pains, irritated bladder, Bright's disease or diabetes, a free trial bottle of Peruviana, a new and wonderful remedy, will be sent by mail absolutely free as a trial.

MRS. REV. B. TRESENRIDER.

It cured the Rev. Mrs. Tresenrider, and she writes us as follows: "Dear Sirs: I have been badly afflicted with kidney and bladder trouble, which our family physician failed to cure after almost three months' treatment. I then sent for Peruviana, have taken one and a half bottles, and I feel that I am cured of the terrible disease. I haven't had a symptom for five weeks. Am truly thankful to you for your kindness; will recommend it to the afflicted, do all I can for the sale of the Peruviana. Very respectfully yours, Mrs. Rev. B. Tresenrider, 208 S. Grand Ave., Columbus, Ohio."

Hundreds of cases given up as hopeless have been quickly cured. Don't waste valuable time wondering if the remedy cures, but send your name and address to the Peruviana Herbal Remedy Co., 547 Second National Bank Bld'g., Cincinnati, Ohio, and by return mail, prepaid, they will forward a free trial bottle, enough to show the action on the kidneys and afford a most comfortable feeling that here is a remedy that promises restoration for diseases heretofore declared hopeless and necessarily fatal.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

Fire Started With Ice.

Philadelphia Record.

Although you may happen to have nothing but a bit of paper and a pocket knife out in the woods some cold winter day, you may soon have a good fire. Select the clearest ice you can fine. In frozen ponds you will often find a little hillock of ice caused by an eddy in the water beneath. Knock off a piece of this clear ice and whittle it into the shape of a double convex lens, leaving a long sliver on one side to serve as a handle. As you proceed with your whittling, put the round piece into your mouth every now and then, to smooth away the rough places caused by the knife, which might otherwise interfere with the concentration of the light. Continue the whittling and smoothing process until your lens is about the size of a silver dollar with bulges out on both sides. By holding it a proper distance from a piece of paper, say about an inch, it will presently set the paper on fire.

MODERN MIRACLES.

Prof. S. A. Weltmer, the Great Nevada Healer, Continues to Startle the World by His Miraculous Performances—Cripples are Made to Walk, the Blind to See and the Deaf to Hear.

Impossibilities of Yesterday Realities of To-day

Hundreds of People with Chronic Ailments That Have for Years Baffled the Skill of Leading Physicians Are Readily and Permanently Relieved by this Wonderful Performer of Latter-Day Miracles.

PROF. WELTMER.

The way of curing diseases without medicine has been sought after for centuries, but it has remained for Professor Weltmer, the great Nevada (Mo.) scientist, to discover this astounding secret. That he is performing the cures is abundantly substantiated by the many thousands he has so happily restored to perfect and permanent health. Many of his cures are little short of miracles, a few instances of which are mentioned below.

Miss Phoebe W. Couzins (the noted woman lawyer, ex-United States Marshal and secretary board of lady managers of the World's Fair) had not walked or even stood on her feet for nearly three years, having been afflicted with rheumatoid arthritis. She tried hospitals and all kinds of treatment, without any relief whatever. After being treated a few weeks by Professor Weltmer her left limb is straightened and knee restored to its original condition, and she is now walking to her meals on crutches. Before coming to Nevada she was told that amputation of her limbs or breaking the knee joints was the only salvation.

Mr. E. W. Drummond, Garland, Kan., came to Professor Weltmer in March, 1898, totally blind, and had not distinguished night from day for six months. Four physicians told him he would never see again. After taking three treatments from Professor Weltmer his sight was restored.

Mr. John S. Small, Colfax, Ill., was deaf in his left ear for seven years; could not hear a watch tick when placed against his ear. Was permanently cured in three days by Professor Weltmer.

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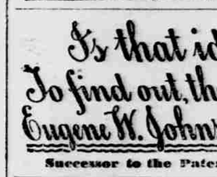

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