SULLY'S SIOUX CAMPAIGN.

Journal of a Member of Brackett's Battalion, Minnesota Cavalry.

By WILLIAM SEEGER.

July 6.—We are camped on the banks of Swan Lake Outlet, near the Missouri River. We met several boats here loaded with supplies; also some infantry. There is to be a fort established near here to form a reserve and base of supplies for our operations farther west and north.

July 10.—We have been paid off again. We are now camped on the west side of the Missouri River, near the new fort, called Fort Rice. We crossed on boats after the United States stores had been unloaded, but there is a ferry rigged up now. The infantry are busy building. All buildings are to be of logs. This is a good location for a fort; good water and grass, and plenty of timber.

We are about 750 miles from Sioux City, and about 10 miles above the mouth of the Cannon Ball River. I took part in a buffalo hunt the other day; had a fair shot, but missed in the excitement. Our party ran a buffalo bull right through camp the other day. He was wounded, and created a stampede among our mules and horses, and, finally, in his frenzy, jumped off a high bluff down to the river's edge, where some of the infantrymen finished him.

MARCHING ORDERS.

July 15.—We have marching orders, and will leave in a day or so. All the sick and disabled are to remain here; also, all our surplus baggage. We are to travel in the lightest marching order, carrying only what we have on our backs, 60 rounds of ammunition, and five days' rations. The number of teams is to be reduced to a minimum, and extra ammunition and rations are to be carried on pack-mules.

We are expected to strike the Indians in their stronghold, the Bad Lands, about 200 miles a little north of west from here. A detail of 50 soldiers is to be left here to pilot and escort another party of citizen miners, under command of Capt. Fisk, through to the gold mines of Idaho, and they are expected to follow our trail about two or three weeks later. Serg't Wells and Griff Lewis, of my company, are on this detail. Weather very warm. We have lots of grasshoppers.

July 18.—We are off; started yesterday early, going west; marched 67 miles in two days. Are camped on the north branch of Cannon Ball River. Fine country; good water and grass; very little timber. Saw some buffaloes, and signs of Indians are more numerous. Doolittle and I rode with the advance, but were very cautious. Grasshoppers very thick.

July 25.—We have crossed several branches of the Cannon Ball and Kiefe Rivers, and are now camped on Heart River. Good camp; water and grass plenty. There has no doubt been lots of hunting done by the hostile Indians hereabouts. We have seen several parties of hostile Indians. We also saw some signal smoke made by the hostiles. They have a way of communicating with one another by such means on clear days. We are about 190 miles from Fort Rice now. Some of our Indian scouts, with their leader, George McLeod, have just come in, and report that they have discovered the hostile Indian camp and village about 60 miles northwest of here. All is excitement. Orders are given to prepare for battle. All our wagons, the train of citizen miners, a strong guard, and four pieces of artillery are to remain here and await our return. About 2,000 picked men and horses, with four pieces of cannon, will start to-morrow morning, stripped to the lightest marching order, 60 rounds of ammunition, and three days' rations.

BATTLE WITH THE INDIANS.

July 30.—The big battle is over. Day before yesterday, about noon, we finally reached their village of about 800 lodges, and found about 6,000 Indians. They wanted to parley and make a treaty, but the fight started and lasted all the afternoon, until night. We routed and scattered them in all directions, killing a good many, and did not take a single one prisoner.

We are in possession of their village, and camp near a big spring at the foot of a high range of hills. This place is called Takakoota. The fight was a one-sided affair. They made no stand at all, and it was a running fight from start to finish.

Only about one-half of the Indians had firearms, and these were mostly shotguns; the rest had bows and arrows. They had no chance with us at all against our breech-loading, long-range guns. Brackett's battalion made a brilliant charge right through their ranks, and finally drove them over a high, steep bluff, where they scattered in all directions in the brush and ravines and canyons.

We lost two killed—George Northrup, of Co. C, and Austin, of Co. D—and had 22 wounded. Our Major, Brackett, was shot in the hand, and our Sergeant-Major, Eugene Marshall, of my mess, was shot twice with arrows. We also lost 27 horses killed and wounded. During the charge I became separated from the boys, and took after an Indian alone, and ran into a bunch of them in a thicket. They fired, killing my horse, and took after me on foot, and I ran for keeps as I had never run before; in fact, I did not know that I could run until I had to, and finally made my escape and joined the boys; but it was a close shave.

On our way back to join the rest of the command after our charge, I saw an Indian skulking through the brush. I headed him off, and when he came out I drew a good bead on him, and succeeded in bringing him down. I finished him with my hunting knife, and removed his topknot or scalp. Jim Edwards also killed a big, strapping buck that I recognized as the nephew of Little Six, the Chief. Jim also scalped him.

The State of Minnesota is paying a bounty of $100 for hostile Indian scalps and we can use this money to good advantage when we get back. We have been burning and destroying their lodges, tents, poles, robes, furs, meat supplies and cooking utensils since the battle, and have killed hundreds of their dogs that still loiter around. Since the battle we have also buried our dead,—a sad duty,—and taken care of our wounded. All are doing well. We start back to our trains to-morrow.

Aug. 3.—We are back to our camp at Heart River, resting. Found our train unmolested in our absence. On our return we were attacked by quite a large body of Indians. After we had gone into camp they tried to stampede our horses, but did not succeed, though we lost two men on picket that were caught. They were 6th Iowa boys. We start on the march again to-morrow. Orders from Gen. Sully were read complimenting men and officers for their bravery and conduct, and our (Brackett's) battalion was especially mentioned for their brilliant charge.

"BAD LANDS."

Aug. 6.—Since leaving camp on Heart River we have been marching in northwesterly direction; grass good, with plenty of good water; very little timber; game very scarce. This is a fine country for grazing and raising stock. Our men and horses are rested up and feel first rate. We are marching by easy stages, but in very compact formation, flankers on all sides and scouts out. We have seen Indians every day in small squads watching us. We also saw several smoke signals made by the hostiles that are interpreted by our friendly Indian scouts to mean orders to come in, or assemble, to all their outside roving bands.

Aug. 10.—We have reached a queer country called the "Bad Lands," about three hills to one hollow. When we first saw it from a steep bank Gen. Sully said, "That looks like hell with the fires out," for as far as the eye could reach the whole country looked black and charred and very rough. It looked as if the whole section of country, said to be some 20 to 30 miles wide and over 100 miles long, had at some prehistoric date been upheaved by some terrible volcanic disturbance, burned and charred and then sank down below the level of the surrounding country.

We found specimens of large trees petrified, some veins of coal and iron deposits and other ores, also found large chunks and slabs of isinglass or mica; altogether a very interesting but desolate country, very little grass and poor water. We are obliged to make roads for our trains and artillery, and in consequence travel is very slow.

Aug. 11.—We are now camped on the banks of the Little Missouri River. Good water, but grass poor and scarce. Our men are washing up and resting. Some of the citizen miners have been prospecting, and have been washing out sand from the bed of dry creeks and have found indications of gold dust, which caused great excitement.

Everybody was down at the river washing sand for gold with all kinds of vessels and utensils. In the hight of this excitement we were suddenly attacked by a large body of Indians. They wounded several citizens and soldiers, and we ran back to our camps, secured our guns and drove the Indians back, but fought nearly all night repelling attacks.

Aug. 15.—We are camped on the banks of the Yellowstone River; met two steamboats here just below the mouth of the Big Horn River, and have plenty of rations once more. We were nearly famished when we reached here. Our supplies were nearly exhausted before we left the Little Missouri River. For the last nine days we have lived, marched and fought on one cracker a day and very little else.

There was no game, very little and poor water and poor food, so that men and horses suffered terribly. Weather very hot. This has been the hardest experience of our whole military life. We have many boys sick that are to be left on the steamboats and sent down the river, also the wounded, who have not done so well lately, on account of rough roads and rougher fare and lack of proper food and nursing.

When we left the Little Missouri River we had to dig roads and build bridges, and consequently moved very slowly, so that our trains and artillery could keep up, and we were harried by Indians a good deal. We fought almost continuously for two days and nights until we got out of the Bad Land country and into open prairie once more; then they suddenly left us, going west up the Yellowstone River.

The first day out from our camp on the Little Missouri River Maj. Robert Rose, of the 24 Minn. Cav., had charge of its advance. Sol. Doolittle and I accompanied them and got right into the thick of the fight. Our guide, a Blackfoot Indian, the only one who knew the country, was shot, but was still able to point out our course while being carried on a stretcher.

Capt. P. B. Davey and one company of men were cut off and surrounded by the Indians in a bad place and had a red-hot fight until we came to their assistance and drove the redskins off. This company had many men and horses wounded.

EXPLORING THE YELLOWSTONE.

Aug. 20.—We are camped at a stockade trading-post called Fort Union, on the south bank of the Missouri River, a few miles above the mouth of the Yellowstone River, in Montana. I accompanied an exploring party up the Yellowstone River. We were commanded by Maj. Von Minden, our Topographical Engineer. Our party of about 50 men went up the river a long distance. We found a strange, wild, but very interesting country entirely unexplored and unnamed. We were the first whites that ever went through there. We found some boiling mineral springs and quite a lake and some strange spouting and spurting that discharged water, mud and steam straight up into the air in large quantities, some 60 to 80 feet high. We found lots of fish, a kind of trout in the creeks and streams, and the whole country fairly swarming with buffalo, elk, antelope, black-tail deer and sage-hens.

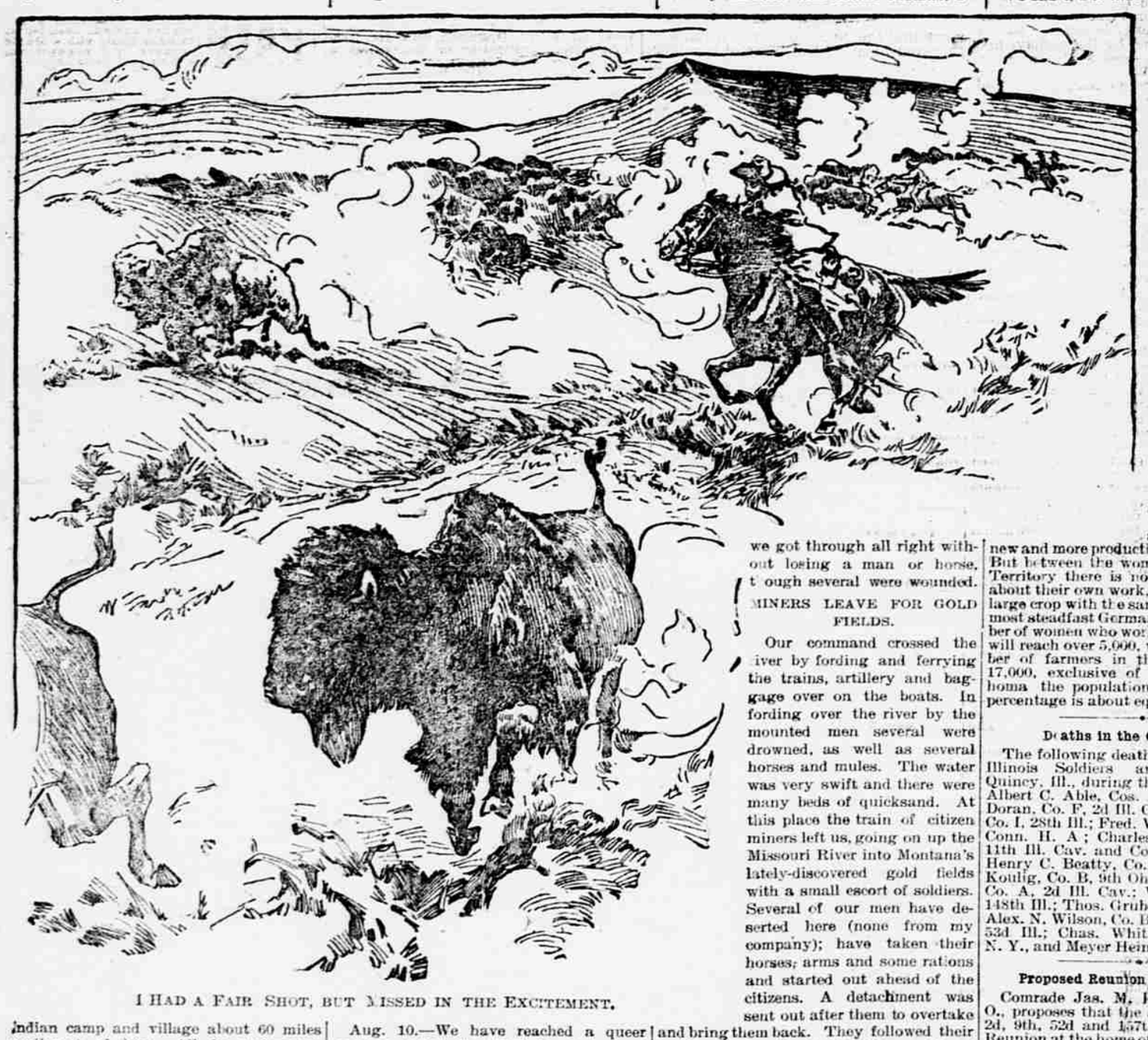
We also found beaver dams across streams. These were built by this cunning animal, damming up the water sometimes six to eight feet, and some of these dams were 100 to 150 feet long, built so strong that we rode over the entire length with our horses. The Indians commenced to bother us, and we turned around reluctantly and made haste to rejoin our command. It was a risky, foolhardy venture to send such a small party so far away in an unknown country infested with hostile Indians, but we got through all right without losing a man or horse, though several were wounded.

MINERS LEAVE FOR GOLD FIELDS.

Our command crossed the river by fording and ferrying the trains, artillery and baggage over on the boats. In fording over the river by the mounted men several were drowned, as well as several horses and mules. The water was very swift and there were many beds of quicksand. At this place the train of citizen miners left us, going on up the Missouri River into Montana's lately-discovered gold fields with a small escort of soldiers. Several of our men have deserted here (none from my company); have taken their horses, arms and some rations and started out ahead of the citizens. A detachment was sent out after them to overtake and bring them back. They followed their trail to the mouth of Milk River without overtaking them, and then came back.

Aug. 25.—In the march down the Missouri River going east we have passed several fords where the buffalo cross in their migrations in the Spring and Fall. We found plenty of Indian signs, and at one ford found indications that a large party had crossed lately, going north. A scouting party was detailed and sent out on their trail commanded by Col. Potter. They followed the trail several days without overtaking the Indians or getting in sight, and returned, reporting that the Indians had crossed the boundary into British territory about 60 miles north of here. This scouting party saw vast herds of buffalo congregating for their annual migration south. Have had lots of rain. Weather getting cool.

(To be continued.)



I HAD A FAIR SHOT, BUT MISSED IN THE EXCITEMENT.

Stamping Coins.

The principal reason that coins are struck and not cast is the well-known fact that molten metals contract on cooling. Thus counterfeit coins, which are always cast, show fatal variations in size, which authentic stamped coins do not. Secondly, it is impossible to get the same sharpness of delineation as in stamping, and, lastly, when the stamping machine is once set up the process of striking coins is infinitely cheaper and more rapid than that of casting ever could be.

LOSING OR GAINING A DAY.

It All Depends on Whether You Travel Eastward or Westward.

Century.

The difficulty that may lie in a matter apparently so simple is well shown in one of Poe's stories. The obdurate father of the maiden—evidently with the Greek calends in mind—promises to give her to the objectionable swain when three Sundays occur in one week. To his consternation and the joy of the lovers, this seemingly impossible event indubitably happens when two sea Captains appear together upon the scene who have circumnavigated the globe in opposite directions.

As a matter of fact, this bit of fiction represents what is taking place every day in the year, and must continue to occur as long as our present method of reckoning time is retained. And the reason for this is simple and familiar. The civil day begins and ends at midnight, but for convenience of explanation let us assume (as is the practice of astronomers) that the day begins at noon and ends at the following noon.

It is clear that the interval of time between two successive noons will be, for us, 24 hours (a day as measured by one complete rotation of the earth) only when we remain on the same meridian. For if at noon on the beginning of Monday we move, say, over a space of 15 degrees toward the east, it is obvious that when the sun again stands at noon, for us, only 23 hours will have elapsed since we shall have accomplished 1-24 of his journey for him; that is, Tuesday will begin, for us, one hour too soon, and so on until, when our starting point is reached, we shall, in count of days, be just 24 hours ahead of our reckoning. The result will be that, instead of ending the journey in 24 days (as we seem to do) and on a Wednesday, we shall actually complete it in 23 days and on Tuesday. On the other hand, if we move westward in this way, the reverse will happen; our days, as measured from noon to noon, will be 25 hours long, and we shall actually complete the trip in 25 days and on Thursday. For the stay-at-home, and for travelers returning thus from the east and from the west, there will, accordingly, if no correction is made in the reckoning, be for each day three distinct dates, each perfectly correct by diary or log; and each day of the week—not Sunday simply—will be repeated thrice.

The Dangerous Fly.

Not only is the common house-fly a curse to mankind, but it is the greatest disease-agent in the world, said one of the house physicians of a leading London hospital. After very careful study the greatest medical authorities have come to the conclusion that were it not for the fly the death-rate during the Summer months in our great cities and towns would be divided by half. Flies travel about from house to house to a much greater extent than most people are aware, taking with them any germs that may be in the air. In fact, it has been proved that the majority of disease germs use them, so to speak, as conveyances.

Women as Farmers.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

Women who own and run their farms, without any male assistance, constitute 30 per cent. of the farming population of Kansas and Oklahoma. Women and girls who are now engaged in farm work in Kansas constitute 50 per cent. of the farming population. This large percentage is partly caused by the absence of the 20th Kan. Vols. in the Philippines, all excepting a very few of whom are farmers, and who, upon going to war, left their farm work in the hands of their wives, sisters and sweethearts. To say that these women have failed to do their duty in cultivating the crops would meet with as much merited contradiction as to charge the 20th Kan. with having been afraid to charge the enemy.

In fact, Kansas will produce larger crops this year than any preceding season in the State's history. The wheat crop will be a little short, but that was caused by a very cold Winter. Of every other cereal and farm product there will be a superabundance. To the Kansas woman, with her usual daring, grit and obstinate resolve, is due these excellent crops. The labor they have performed merits all the honor and wealth these crops bring forth.

During times of peace 30 per cent. of the farmers in Kansas are women, while Oklahoma comes forward with about the same percentage. At present the Oklahoma women are slightly behind their Kansas sisters in numbers, but not in the amount of work. Oklahoma women, although they have not been as long engaged on farms, are more active and can do more work and get better results. That their crops yield a larger acreage is due, somewhat, to the fertile soil, which is also new and more productive than Kansas land. But between the women of the State and Territory there is no jealousy. Each go about their own work, bent upon making a large crop with the same earnest zeal as the most steadfast German farmer. The number of women who work on farms in Kansas will reach over 5,000, while the entire number of farmers in the State aggregates 17,000, exclusive of families. In Oklahoma the population is smaller, but the percentage is about equal.

Deaths in the Quincy Home.

The following deaths are reported in the Illinois Soldiers and Sailors' Home, Quincy, Ill., during the month of August: Albert C. Able, Cos. E and I, 8th Ill.; P. Doran, Co. F, 2d Ill. Cav.; Aug. Bergland, Co. I, 28th Ill.; Fred. W. Tooley, Co. G, 1st Conn. H. A.; Charles Lawrence, Co. M, 11th Ill. Cav. and Co. G, 14th Mo. Cav.; Henry C. Beatty, Co. E, 23d Ky.; Robert Koutlig, Co. B, 9th Ohio; Wm. F. Stillwell, Co. A, 2d Ill. Cav.; Wm. Hezlep, Co. B, 148th Ill.; Thos. Gruber, Co. G, 44th Wis.; Alex. N. Wilson, Co. B, 41st Ill., and Co. G, 53d Ill.; Chas. Whitnour, Co. D, 100th N. Y., and Meyer Heinrich, Co. K, 2d Mo.

Proposed Reunion at Steubenville.

Comrade Jas. M. Russell, Barnesville, O., proposes that the survivors of the 1st, 2d, 9th, 52d and 157th Ohio hold a joint Reunion at the home of the McCook family, Steubenville, O., in 1900. Members of those regiments are invited to correspond with Comrade Russell or Geo. W. McCook, jr., Steubenville, O.

MEN CURED FREE.

A most successful remedy has been found for Nervous weakness, such as impotency, varicocele, nervous debility, failing manhood, premature decay and all other results of excesses. It cures any case of the difficulty, never fails to restore to natural strength and vigor. The Doctor who made this wonderful discovery wants to let every man know about it. He will therefore send the receipt giving the various ingredients to be used so that all men at a trifling expense can cure themselves. He sends the receipt free, and all the reader need do is to send his name and address to L. W. Knapp, M. D., 1798 Hull Bldg., Detroit, Mich., requesting the free receipt as reported in this paper. It is a generous offer, and all men ought to be glad to have such an opportunity.

THEY HAVE LEFT US HERE TO DIE.

COMPOSED BY JAS. W. HYATT, SERGEANT, CO. K, 147TH PA.

Printed at Annapolis in 1864.

When our country called for men,
We came from forge and store and mill;
From workshop, farm and factory,
The broken ranks to fill.
We left our quiet homes,
And the ones we loved so well,
To vanquish all our Union's foes,
Or fall where others fell.
Now in prison drear we languish,
And it is our constant cry,
Both Faith and Love are dead at home,
They have left us here to die.

The voice of slander tells you
That our hearts are weak with fear,
That all or nearly all of us
Were captured in the rear.
The scars upon our bodies
From musket ball and shell,
The shattered limbs and shattered arms
A thousand tales will tell.
We have tried to do our duty
In sight of God on high.
Oh, you who yet can save us,
Will you leave us here to die?

There are hearts and hopes still beating
In our pleasant Northern homes,
Waiting, watching for their loved ones
Who may never more return.
In a Southern prison pining,
Meager, tattered, pale and gaunt,
Growing weaker, weaker daily
From pinching cold and want,
Brothers, sons and husbands,
Poor and hopeless, captured lie.
Both Faith and Love are dead at home,
They have left us here to die.

Just outside our prison gate
There is a graveyard, and close at hand
Where lie 17,000 Union men
Beneath the Georgia sand.
Scores and scores are laid beside them
As day succeeds each day,
And thus it shall be ever
Till the last shall pass away.
And the last can say when dying,
With uplifting, glazing eye,
Both Faith and Love are dead at home,
They have left us here to die.

Note.—Comrade Henry Bristol, Second Lieutenant, Co. A, 16th Conn., Westville, Conn., sends us the foregoing poem with a request that we republish. He states that the verses were published in Annapolis in 1864 or 1865, and were repeated to him by a comrade named Golden, who formerly lived in Westville, but later moved to Kansas. Before going West, Golden made a copy for Comrade Bristol, who placed it with other papers, and for 10 years could not find it, and only recently did it come to light again. This poem is of particular interest to the 16th Conn. survivors. At a recent regimental Reunion, Serg't Kellogg, author of "Life and Death in Rebel Prisons," gave some interesting facts regarding experiences of members of this command in rebel prison, and also referred to the 16th Conn. men refusing to vote to send a committee to Washington to get exchange on "any terms"; 52 out of a hundred had to crawl on the ground to their place in line to vote "No."

The Broom-Corn District.

The great broom-corn district of the world is in Illinois, and takes in Douglas, Coles, Moultrie and Edgar Counties. Arcola is in the heart of the district, and one may drive 20 miles in any direction and find broomcorn. It is the principal producing section in the United States, although some corn is raised near Chanute and McPherson, Kan.

Last year the district produced 14,000 tons. The product this year is estimated as high as 20,000 tons. All agree that the grade of brush is good.

The movement of the commodity has just commenced. Growers are delivering freely, and there will probably be a crowding of the market. The price, which commenced at $70 a ton, has slumped to $60.

Last year in a territory taking in Arcola, Arthur, Kemp and Hindsboro a train of 30 cars hauling 240 tons was hauled away in one day. At one warehouse 503 bales were handled in Arcola in one day.

Most of the broomcorn is shipped to the East, much of it going to Canada points. Some goes to California and not a little to Australia.

One man in the district has 230 acres in broomcorn, and it is said that at least one-third of the land in the district is sown to broomcorn.

Broomcorn was started in this section of Illinois by mere chance. A man from Kentucky, Col. Cofer, received a handful of seed from relatives in Tennessee. The plant flourished and the soil was found to be particularly adapted to its growth. From that small beginning the industry has grown until the four Illinois Counties produce the brush sufficient to sweep a large area of the earth.

American Energy.

The thing that most impressed Ian Maclaren during his visits to the United States was the ceaseless activity of the people, and their inventive resourcefulness in practical affairs. In an article in the October number of the *North American Review*, entitled "The Restless Energy of the American People," he gives a delightful account of his observations, and he suggests that in this feature of their character may be discovered the prophecy of the future primacy of America among the nations of the world. He says:

"No man goes slow if he has the chance of going fast, no man stops to talk if he can talk walking, no man walks if he can ride in a trolley car, no one goes in a trolley car if he can get a convenient steam car, and by and by no one will go in a steam car if he can be shot through a pneumatic tube. No one writes with his own hand if he can dictate to a stenographer, no one dictates if he can telegraph, no one telegraphs if he can telephone, and by and by when the spirit of American invention has brought wireless telegraphy into thorough condition, a man will simply sit with his mouth at one hole and his ear at another, and do business with the ends of the earth in a few seconds, which the same machine will copy and preserve in letter books and ledgers. It is the American regret that at present he can do nothing with his feet while he is listening at the telephone, but, doubtless, some employment will be found for them in the coming age."

FREE ON TRIAL

Every Sick and Despairing Man or Woman May Try at Their Own Homes Without Cost—The Marvelous Kellogg Sanitas Cabinet Bath.

To those who only demonstrate the fact that the Sanitas Cabinet Bath will overcome bodily disease, cure the invalid, promote beauty, preserve health, prevent disease and prolong life the makers will send it to every home on free trial. Write to the Kellogg Sanitas Co., 219 E. Main St., Battle Creek, Mich., and they will ship the cabinet by express giving the express agent of your place instructions to permit you to take the cabinet home to try it for several days and if at the end of that time you are not perfectly satisfied that it is a remarkable health maker and affords more relief by a single bath than can be derived from gallons of medicine, return it to the express agent and he will return to us at our expense. Those who have struggled for years, to find some remedy that will release them from the pain or torture of rheumatism, liver, kidney or bladder troubles, sciatica, neuralgia, catarrh, eczema, obesity, night sweats, or any other disease, are urged to write.

The entire cabinet is sanitary, safe and handsome, but it is unnecessary to explain all this as it is sent to you absolutely on free trial and you can then see that the Kellogg Sanitas Cabinet Bath is just as safe as it is certain to bring you perfect health and prolong your years. Write today without fail for a fine booklet on health and hygiene. Select the style you prefer and cabinet will be shipped at once for free use and trial.

HAYNER'S PURE WHISKEY

DIRECT FROM DISTILLER TO CONSUMER.

4 FULL QUARTS

EXPRESS CHARGES PREPAID

For $3.20

SAVES MIDDLEMENS PROFITS, PREVENTS ADULTERATION.

"JUST WHAT MY PATIENTS NEED, IT IS PURE."

SINCE 1866

Hayner's pure double copper distilled Rye Whiskey has been sold to consumers direct from our own distillery, known as "Hayner's Registered Distillery No. 2, Tenth District." No other distillers sell to consumers direct. Those who offer to sell you whiskey in this way are speculators who buy to sell again, by which plan they are compelled to add a profit which you can save by buying from us direct.

We will send four full quarts of Hayner's Seven-Year-Old Double Copper Distilled Rye Whiskey for $3.20, express prepaid. We ship on approval in plain, sealed boxes, with no marks to indicate contents. When you receive it and test it, if it is not satisfactory return it at our expense and we will return your $3.20.

Such whiskey as we offer you for $3.20 cannot be purchased elsewhere for less than $5.00, and the low price at which we offer it saves you the addition of middlemen's profits, besides you are guaranteed the certainty of **pure** whiskey absolutely free from adulteration.

REFERENCES:—Third National Bank, any business house in Dayton or Commercial Agencies.

THE HAYNER DISTILLING CO.
257-263 WEST FIFTH ST., DAYTON, OHIO.

N. B.—Orders for Ariz., Col., Cal., Idaho, Neb., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash., Wyo., must call for 20 qts. by freight, prepaid

The above offer is genuine. We guarantee the above firm will do as they agree.—Stack.

The Dewey Watches.

The center bands, as well as the stems and rings, are of gold. The backs of cases and the rims around the dials are of highly polished blue steel, presenting altogether a very rich appearence. The steel was procured from the wreck of our battleship Maine, and the watch is named after the Admiral of our Navy of whom we are all so proud.

This watch has been selling to the Magazine clubs for $15.

We have secured a few for our subscribers on terms that make it easy to own one.

This watch comes in two sizes—Men's and Ladies'. The works are American of the highest perfection.

Only 1,200 pounds of this steel was recovered, and the number of watch cases is limited to this supply.

Admiral Dewey carries one, and the following is what he says about it:

READ THIS.

GENTLEMEN:—I beg you to accept my hearty thanks for the beautiful watch you so kindly sent me. It reached me yesterday, and is the admiration of all who have seen it. I want, also, to express my appreciation of the kind sentiments contained in your note of September 3rd.

Very sincerely yours,
GEORGE DEWEY.

Capt. Sigsbee, who was on board the ill-fated Maine when she was blown up, has one too.

READ WHAT HE SAYS.

GENTLEMEN:—The watch is a beautiful and valuable souvenir of the "Maine." On its receipt, I transferred a plain steel-case watch that I had worn during the war to my son, Charles Dwight Sigsbee, Jr., and I am now wearing the watch made by you.

I have already shown it to many people, all of whom have admired it.

Thanking you for the watch and for your kind expressions, I am,

Yours, very respectfully, C. D. SIGSBEE.

Get up a small club for THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE and thus easily secure one of these splendid memorial timepieces. See terms below.

MEN'S SIZE. LADIES' SIZE.

CERTIFIED AS GENUINE.

Capt. W. A. Gibson, Commander U. S. N., writes as follows:

U. S. NAVY-YARD, NEW YORK, Feb. 17, 1899.

This is to certify that the U. S. Government, through their representative at the New York Navy-Yard, has delivered to the W. F. Doll Manufacturing Company the steel recovered from the wreck of the battleship "Maine," (about 1,200 pounds,) being the entire amount of steel saved.

W. A. GIBSON, Commander U. S. N., in charge General Delivery of Stores.

Do not fail to treat yourself or some friend or relative to this glorious souvenir. We will send the Dewey Souvenir Watch, either Men's or Ladies' size, prepaid, to any one who will send us a club of only **five** yearly subscribers and **$1.50** added money. This opportunity cannot last long.

P. S.—If you intend to raise the club and get one, you had better let us know at once, that a watch may be reserved for you.

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, Washington, D. C.

MANNING'S BOOK.

NEW EDITION.

Cattle, Sheep, Swine, Poultry, Bees, Dogs, Pigeons and Pets.

Giving all the facts concerning the Various Breeds of Cattle and Their Characteristics. Prepared, after a ripe experience of twenty-five years,

By J. RUSSELL MANNING, M. D., V. S.

TO WHICH HAS BEEN ADDED

ALSO A COMPLETE HISTORY OF BEES,

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