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JOHN McELROY, ROBERT W. SHOPPELL, BYRON ANDREWS.

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Office: 339 Pennsylvania Avenue N. W.

To Club-Raisers and Subscribers:

Special attention is called to the announcement on the lower part of page 8.

"Andersonville," one of the greatest books of the war period, is now to be given to every subscriber at the time the subscription is received, when chosen from among the long list of valuable premium books.

Notice above all things that these books are to be withdrawn from the premium list at a certain date. Subscribe now.

IF Mr. Evans could point out a single improvement he has made on Lochren's harsh rule in the Pension Bureau it would go farther to convince fair-minded people than anything he has ever said.

OF the $10,000,000,000 worth of gold produced in the world since the discovery of America, more than one-half has been taken out since 1860, and more than one-fourth since 1885. It is expected that the production of gold this year will amount to the enormous sum of $325,000,000, after allowing a loss of $25,000,000 for the stoppage on account of the war in South Africa.

LET us have in Washington the grandest monument to the rank and file of the army and navy ever erected in any country to any man or men. The men who saved this country deserve it, and deserve to have it in the National Capital. Let the G.A.R. and W.R.C. begin a public agitation of this great work.

THE Higgins family of Kimble County, Tex., grandparents, parents, and children, some 35 or 40 in all, have six toes on each foot, and some of them seven. As they run barefoot mostly, they do not improve their full corn-producing ability, but probably make up in the extra number of splinters they catch in their toes.

FLORIDA begins to comprehend her important position as the Italy of the 20th century, when the Nicaragua Canal shall make her peninsula the meeting-point of the Old World with the people and products of North and South America, and a Rome, a Venice, a Genoa, or a Naples shall rise on her coral sands.

GEN. LUDLOW makes the sensible recommendation that our regiments leave one battalion at home for six months to take care of the regimental depot and gather recruits. Then it will be relieved by one of the other battalions, which will give in turn each battalion 12 months on foreign service and six at home.

HOW much better than the English is our system of naming our war-ships. Take for example the following item from an English paper:

Ten ships of the Mediterranean Squadron—viz, the Revenge, Illustrious, Empress of India, Cesar, Anson, Venus, Dido, Isis, Thetis, and Hood—have arrived at Malta from Aranci Bay.

There is not an appropriate name in the lot.

JUST how, we wonder, did Oom Paul Kruger come to pass over all his Dutch brethren, the Van's, and his cousins-German, the Von's, in New York, to pick out a man by the name of O'Beirne to represent the Boers in this country? Of course, our good comrade, Gen. James O'Beirne, is just the man for the place, as he has been the man for every many difficult and responsible places assigned to him during his active life, but the name sounds a little odd.

GOV. LEE, of South Dakota, does not seem to have much sympathy for the yellow journal stomach-achers. He went to San Francisco to meet the 1st S. D., and has this to say about the camp at the Presidio:

"The camp is a model of neatness and convenience, and the troops are being cared for so well that so far as I could observe no complaints whatever are being made by the soldiers or the public."

IT may be mentioned for the benefit and emulation of the Sons of Veterans that the Order of Rechabites, which met in this city last week, has an active membership of 153,048, an increase of 5,976 over last year. There is no reason why the Sons of Veterans should not grow the same way. It has a better basis on which to build. The Rechabites have a beneficial feature.

A GREAT AID TO PROSPERITY.

The plethora of money in the Treasury of the United States is occasioning the financiers and bankers great concern. According to the official statement there was in the vaults Oct. 31:

Gold coin	$221,271,988
Silver dollars	413,367,133
Subsidiary silver	2,477,571
Treasury notes	1,210,105
Greenbacks	31,726,416
National bank notes	3,640,442
Gold bullion	131,730,392
Silver bullion	83,783,745
Total	$889,207,792

During the preceding 30 days the gold coin had increased $31,285,228; the Treasury notes, $344,457; National bank notes, $8,034; gold bullion, $4,270,191; making a gross increase of $35,907,910. From this must be deducted a decrease of $2,997,862 in silver dollars; $1,652,621 in subsidiary silver; $4,824,179 in greenbacks, and $780,882 in silver bullion, or a total decrease of $10,255,544, leaving a net increase of $25,652,366, or substantialy $1,000,000 a day for every working day in the month. The official statement for the month of October is now due, and will probably show a like if not greater increase. Therefore, there is now in the Treasury over $900,000,000.

The official estimate of the amount of money "in circulation," in the hands of the people, Oct. 1, 1899, was $1,948,703,186.

Therefore, nearly one-third of the entire money stock of the country is now lying idle and unproductive in the Treasury, at a time when there is the most urgent need of money with which to move the abundant crops of the interior. At a time when the largest harvest that this country has ever seen calls loudly for an unusual amount of money to carry it to market, nearly one dollar out of every three of our whole stock of money is lying inert, unavailable, and, for the purposes of the hour, practically worthless, in the strong boxes of the Government.

If we add to this the great reserves which the law compels the banks to hold, and the thousand other ways in which money is kept in cold storage, so to speak, we are astonished at the smallness of the remainder upon which must be done the enormous business of this Fall and Winter.

Among the measures attempted to relieve this plethora, and afford relief to the business situation, was anticipating the payment of the January interest to the bondholders, which would put some $27,000,000 into the hands of Wall street. But the bondholders, with their customary insistence upon the last penny, refused to make any reduction for having their interest sooner, and the scheme fell through.

This grave situation sharply accentuates what we have previously taught about the immense usefulness of pension payments in promoting the prosperity of the country. It is not merely that they diminish the congestion in the Treasury by periodical returns to the people of their money, but that they make an evenness of distribution over the whole country, and a wholesome impetus to circulation, such as characterize no other form of Government expenditures.

For example, if the bondholders had been paid the $27,000,000 it would not have brought anything like the relief to the business situation that the same amount paid in pensions would have done.

The receivers would have generally locked it up in their vaults, and waited for opportunities to lend it to advantage. It would have been weeks, possibly months before a large portion of it would have gotten away from them. Much would have been actually hoarded, and not thrown into circulation until misfortune, sickness or death called for it. When it came out it would have done so in the neighborhood of the congested money centers, where its effect would be merely like that of adding water to the ocean.

Contrast this with the about $35,000,000 paid out every three months for pensions. This goes at once to 987,213 different men and women, scattered over the whole country, in tens of thousands of different places. There are very few of the 75,000 towns, cities, villages, hamlets, and other places named in the United States Postal Guide, which do not receive a share of this. Each man or woman gets from $18 to $216, the average being $33.

Not for a week is this money hoarded. Not for a day is there doubt or debate what to do with it. Probably its payment has been anticipated by debts contracted to be paid "after pension day." At all events it is quickly in the hands of the doctor, the druggist, the grocer, the dry goods merchant, the butcher, the baker, the house-owner. The whole town at once gets immediate and direct benefit from every dollar which passes from hand to hand after it leaves the pensioner's, and within a short time every dollar may pay $100 of indebtedness. The doctor, the druggist, the butcher, the grocer, the baker, the house-owner pay one another with it, and finally the merchant gathers up all the dollars paid the pensioners in his neighborhood, and sends them to New York to pay his bills, and from there they are started out again "to move the crops."

Can anyone conceive a more perfectly working plan for promoting a regular and healthful circulation of money among the common people than this has proved itself to be? Can anyone suggest a more potent factor in the development and maintenance of prosperity than this periodic distribution of millions of dollars directly to the common people in every part of the country? It is money that is absolutely beyond the manipulation and control of the corner, runners and crisis-makers of Wall street from the time it leaves the Treasury in Washington until after it has done its work in the remote towns and villages, and is gathered up into the Eastern banks. It is to the business body like the blood is to the human body. It pulses out of the Treasury at regular intervals, and is carried by a million minute arteries to the farthest extremities, carrying life, health and vigor, and after doing its healthful work pulses back to its source.

The official estimate for Oct. 1 made the circulation per capita $25.45. At least half of this is stagnated in banks and other places of permanent deposit, where it is only of negative benefit. Of the remaining $12 or $13 per capita, the pension system keeps $2, or say one-sixth the whole—in constant, healthful circulation to the pensioners, and by them to the people generally. It is this constant, regular circulation which has helped beyond description to make the present prosperity solid and stable and prevent any interference with it by intriguers, and architects of "Black Fridays."

MELONS RAISED ON THE BOTTLE.

The temperature gets away down below zero on that day in Kansas when a new idea does not develop, and this rarely happens.

From Sterling, away over in the Arid Belt, where in Summer the windmills pump water from the bowels of the earth to keep the dust down and the catfish alive in the bed of the Arkansas River, comes a story of up-to-date raisers of watermelons. The Sterling *Bulletin* says, and the *Bulletin* won't lie—at least not about any little old non-partisan thing before the campaign opens—that these *fin-de-siecle* melonists cut a hole in the vine and draw a strand of candle-wicking through it. The wound heals up, and as the melons begin to develop the end of the strand is put in a bottle of sweetened water. The melon does just as the baby does—it takes all that the maternal fount will supply, and as much as it can get outside; and the *Bulletin* says—we will again remark that there being no politics in this, the *Bulletin* may be telling the truth—that one melon will consume as high as a pint of sweetened water a day, and in a surprisingly short time attain a weight of fully 75 pounds of melting lusciousness—raw brown No. 1 coffee, or fine granulated, according to the grade of sugar used.

There is just one little discrepancy here, for which probably the political editor is responsible. "A pint's a pound the world round," and if the melon only drinks a pint a day it would take it 75 days to gain the weight named, which would carry it beyond the frost line, and into the period when men want something with more nerve in it than watermelon juice.

There is another thought, which doubtless the way-forward melonist has long ago thought out. If the melon be made to drink up sweetened water it can other and more seductive liquids, even the deftly compounded cocktail, and next year we may have the spectacle of some farmer driving into a rigidly "dry" town with a load of innocent-looking watermelons, which will go off like hot cakes at $1 apiece, as soon as the boys tumble to the racket, and by nightfall the calaboose will not be big enough to hold all the lively fellows who "haven't had nothin' but a slice o' watermelon."

DEATH OF GEN. GUY V. HENRY.

The veterans are called upon to mourn the death of another one of their number, whose career reflected the greatest credit upon them as a class.

Brig.-Gen. Guy V. Henry, U. S. A., late Military Governor of Porto Rico, died at his home in New York City, Oct. 27, of pneumonia, at the age of 60.

Gen. Henry was born at Fort Smith, and was the son of Maj. Wm. Seton Henry, U. S. A., and the grandson of Hon. Dan. D. Tompkins, Governor of New York, and Vice-President of the United States. He graduated in 1861, in the same class with O. E. Babcock, Adelbert Ames, Emory Upton, S. N. Benjamin, Judson Kilpatrck, and other dashing youngsters, who speedily made a reputation for themselves in the war. He was appointed in the artillery, and sent at once to the front, where he won the brevets of Captain at Pocataligo, Major at Oolustee, Lieutenant-Colonel in front of Petersburg, and Colonel for meritorious service during the war. He became Colonel of the 40th Mass. in November, 1863, and was brevetted a Brigadier-General for gallantry. He commanded a brigade during the closing operations around Petersburg.

He was a Captain in the artillery at the close of the rebellion, but in 1870 was transferred to the cavalry, where he distinguished himself in fighting the Indians, was brevetted twice, and at the outbreak of the Spanish war was Colonel of the 10th U. S. Cav. He was immediately made Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and arrived at Santiago just in time to be assigned to command the attack which was to be made on the west side of the river. Gen. Miles took him with him to Porto Rico, and at the conclusion of the war he was appointed Military Governor of the Island. His energy, firmness and justice speedily won him the confidence and affection of the people. His administration was a success, but his failing health compelled him to ask for relief. He had been visibly succumbing to disease and wounds for six years prior to his death.

He was appointed Brigadier-General U. S. A., Oct. 11, 1898.

The remains were given a military funeral in New York and at Washington. In the latter city Guy V. Henry Garrison, of the Regular Army and Navy, took charge of the remains, which were buried in Arlington.

MR. A. J. VANLANDINGHAM, of the St. Louis Traffic Bureau, an organization composed of 22,000 members, mostly wholesale merchants, gave important testimony before the Industrial Commission last week. He is strongly opposed to Government ownership of railroads, and says that where the Government owns the roads merchants have the worst service in the world. He says that the Inter-State Commerce Commission, while a valuable institution, has been shorn of much of its power for good, which should be restored to it and strengthened. Now, it can not remedy evils, because the railroads do not have to obey its orders unless they wish to, and because of the delays in rendering its decisions amount to a practical denial of justice. He would have the decisions of the Commission enforced as decisions of courts are, and some provision made for expediting the decisions.

IT is gravely feared that Vice-President Hobart is dying. He suffered a relapse last Monday evening, and at the time of going to press—Tuesday noon—was in a very critical condition.

"A SCATHING."

Of course, Commissioner Evans had himself interviewed at every stopping-place on his Western tour, and secured the publication of his picture in a number of papers. He scattered misinformation everywhere, and only was correct at any time by accident. One of these inadvertent truths slipped out in his interview with the reporter of the Chicago *Inter Ocean:*

"Have you anything to say about the criticism made of your administration of the Pension Department by some of the members of the Grand Army of the Republic?" was asked.

"No," said Mr. Evans. "I am glad to say that I am on the most friendly terms with the great majority of the leaders of the G.A.R., and with the rank and file, also. The scathing I received at the last Encampment was from a few men, and did not have any weight with the mass of the old soldiers. Not long before the Encampment a committee from the G.A.R. visited my office and investigated the workings thereof, and that committee was perfectly satisfied with affairs."

He admits that he did receive a "scathing" at the National Encampment. This is quite different from his return to Washington, when he had his desk covered with flowers, and a reception by his clerks to celebrate his "victory" at Philadelphia.

He says the scathing was "from a few men, and did not have any weight with the mass of the old soldiers." Could anything be more untrue? There never was a more emphatic act of the National Encampment. It was felt that the most important duty before the Encampment was to pass upon his maladministration; everybody was eager for it, and it was made the first act after the routine business of opening the Encampment was disposed of. This was to prevent Evans saying, as he did after the Cincinnati Encampment, that the action against him was pushed through by a few pension attorneys after the Encampment had thinned out toward adjournment. At Philadelphia every member was present, and eagerly awaiting the report of the Committee on Pensions, which was made the special business immediately after hearing the Commander-in-Chief's address. That report, which arraigned Evans from start to finish, met with unanimous acceptance by the entire Encampment. The only criticism was that it did not embody its conclusions in the form of a resolution. This the committee was unanimously instructed to do, and the resolutions were passed by acclamation, and the Commander-in-Chief directed to appoint a committee to lay them before the President.

It requires the very acme of hardihood to say that this "scathing was from only a few men." Nowhere, and at no time in the Encampment, did any man raise his voice in defense of Evans. Nor did he find a defender at any time nor anywhere in the corridors of the hotels, and in the thousands of meetings of veterans in various places throughout the city. If he had a friend outside of the little circle of officials surrounding him he did not manifest himself. Never have we seen the old soldiers so entirely unanimous on any question as they were at Philadelphia against Evans.

THE fighting in South Africa goes on sharply. It was the strategy of the Boers to force the fighting before the mass of British troops could arrive. Their aim was to attack the scattered British detachments pushed forward on all sides of the Republic, capture or drive them back, seize their supplies, and occupy points of vantage. They have not been so successful in this as they had reason to hope, and their ill-success will go far toward ending the war. If they could not, by suddenly hurling their masses on the British, overpower them, they can not hope to long withstand the mass of troops which the British are pouring into the country. The Boers will also suffer the customary disadvantage of thinly-scattered, pastoral people in making organized war. Their commissariat is wretched, their transportation is very poor and unorganized, and they have no home industries to supply a great army's needs. They will be struck on all sides by heavy, crushing columns, and must go to pieces if the campaign against them is managed with ability.

IT will be pleasant news to all of the comrades to hear that Admiral Dewey is to instal, as mistress of his new home, Mrs. Gen. Hazen, widow of the gallant old division commander of the Army of the Cumberland, and at the time of his death Chief Signal Officer of the United States Army. Mrs. Hazen is a sister of John R. McLean. Gen. Wm. B. Hazen died in 1887, and Mrs. Dewey in 1872, so both have had a long period of lonely singleness. Mrs. Hazen is a very charming woman, and a great favorite in Washington society.

THE advantage of the British in "localizing" their regiments is now apparent. The cities and Counties for which the regiments are named, and where they are recruited, take a vivid pride in what their particular regiment does. We shall come to a similar system in time.

IT is very singular that in all these years Evans has never announced the discovery of a single worthy pensioner, man nor woman.

Commendations from Texas.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Your article under the heading of "The Selfish and Unpatriotic Cowardice of the Money Power," was so appreciated by myself and several other comrades for the force of the thrust given to the cowardly rascals, that we resolved to jointly thank you for the same, each of us being parties to the loan of $20,000,000 to the Government, although we did not fully understand how or why it was at the time.

I am instructed to add that you omitted to state that a great many of those poor soldiers who so generously loaned their pittance, while fighting the battles for the preservation of the Union, fell, and thousands were wounded and disabled, who likely never received a cent in return for their loans, nor could their widows get compensated. It is an established fact that the officials never look up creditors, but pay enormous salaries to men to collect revenues, etc. Why is it that the cormorants do not ask for officials to see to the paying of the Nation's debt?

It occurs to us that one is as much essential as the other.

For the many good things said through THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE'S columns you may rest assured that you can count on our support in your manly efforts to assist the comrades at large. In conclusion I will say that I have to hear the first old soldier in this State say that he has been fairly treated by H. Clay Evans.—W. M. DIXON, 1189 Pac. Ave., Dallas, Tex.

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SYNOPSIS.

Si and Shorty return to their regiment, which they find encamped on the side of Mission Ridge, near Chattanooga. They were ordered to bring with them a batch of boyish recruits, whom they succeed in getting through, after some lively experiences on the road. The recruits are divided up among the companies—Co. Q receiving seven.

Si and Shorty are Put Under Arrest.

The next morning the rebels were found to be gone from the position in front of the 200th Ind., and after breakfast the regiment marched leisurely by a road around the dreaded abatis, to the ground which had been scarred and mangled by our terrible artillery fire.

It was an appalling scene that the eyes of the boys rested upon. Every horrid form of mutilation and death which could be inflicted by the jagged shards of fiendish shells, or the even more demon-like shrapnel-balls, was visible.

Everything was torn, rent, and ragged, as if some mighy giant, insane to destroy, had spent his fury there. Nothing had escaped the iron flail of devastation. Trees shattered or cut entirely down; limber-chests and cannon-wheels merely bunches of blackened splinters; frightfully mangled horses, dead, or yet living in agony that filled their great plaintive eyes; legless, armless, headless human bodies, lying in ghastly pools of blood, which filmed and clotted under the bright rays of the May morning sun.

"Looks like Judgment morn or the fall of Babylon," muttered the religious-minded Alf Russell, the first to break their awed silence.

"Or the destruction of Sennacherib," suggested Monty Scruggs—

"For the angel of death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed."

"I should say he had a mighty strong breath, Monty," Shorty interrupted. He liked to break in on Monty's heroics. "Excuse me from havin' a 12-pounder breathin' around me."

"And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still,"

continued Monty.

"I'll bet there wasn't much sleepin' around here while that shellin' was goin' on," broke in Shorty again. "Except the sleep that has the sod for a coverlet and Gabriel's trumpet for a breakfast bell."

Monty continued impressively:

"And there lay the steed, with his nostrils all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf."

"Poor horses," murmured Shorty. "I always feel mighty sorry for them. They hadn't nothin' to do with gittin' up this rebellion. We must go around and kill such as is alive, and put them out o' their misery."

Monty resumed:

"And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances uplifted, the trumpets unblown."

"Serves 'em right, the yaller-bellied, clay-eatin' yowlers," said Shorty savagely, looking over the mangled corpses. "Pays 'em up for their murderin' abatis. We got it in this time worse on them than they did on us, though it'd take as much of this as'd make up several Counties to pay up for any one o' the good boys we lost yesterday. I hope they are all where they kin look down and see how we got it in on the secesh hell-hounds. We'll do 'em up worse yit before we're through with 'em."

"Our batteries are improvin' wonderfully," commented the more practical Si, studying the field. "They seem to've socked every shell in just where it'd do the most good. No shootin' at the State o' Georgy generally and trustin' to luck to hit a rebel. Every shell seems to've landed just where it was needed, and then 'tended to its business and busted. You don't see no signs of any strikin' a quarter of a mile away, nor a whole one layin' around anywhere. That's good gunnin', and I'm glad our old six-hoss thrashin'-machine done the biggest share of it. Our brigade has the best battery in the whole army."

"The regiment will go on," reported the Orderly-Sergeant, "but Co. Q will stay behind to bury the dead, gather up the arms and things, and then bring up the brigade ammunition train."

"Stay behind to bury the dead," grumbled Shorty. "Nice business that! Sextons to the Southern Confederacy. Hain't they got any niggers around here that they kin set at the work?"

Nor did Si like the job. "The artillery made the muss, and now the infantry's got to stay and clean up after it. That don't seem right."

"Well, orders is orders, and got to be obeyed," said the Orderly-Sergeant, cutting short the discussion with the usual formulary of his class. An Orderly-Sergeant is robbed of one of the cherished privileges of the other enlisted men. He can not criticise or grumble, but must stop the others from doing so beyond a certain point, and his refuge must be the prompt assumption that the orders are all right, and must be executed cheerfully. And he has not the satisfaction of the officers above him in knowing the why and wherefore of the orders, and perhaps advising as to them. He is "betwixt and between," as they say out West.

"The quicker we get at it," continued the Orderly, "the sooner it'll be over. Serg't Klegg, take eight or 10 men and hunt around for some picks and shovels. I think that deep trench over there behind the works 'll do for a grave. You can shovel the bank right down on them and save hard work. Serg't Wilson, you take eight or 10 men and gather up these pieces o' men and lay them in there. Corp'l Jones, you take another man or two and go around and kill those horses. Be careful how you shoot, now. Don't hurt anybody with glancing bullets. Corp'l Elliott, you take the rest and go round and gather the guns and other things, and pile them up there by that tree to turn over to the ordnance officer. Hustle, now, all of you."

"They didn't think they were digging their own graves," philosophized Monty Scruggs, as he stood shovel in hand watching the remains being gathered into the trench.

"He digged a ditch, he digged it deep;
He digged it for his brother,
But for his great sin he fell in
The ditch he'd digged for t'other."

"Good, good, Monty," said Si. "That's the best thing I've heard you spout yit. Give us some more of it."

"There isn't any more of it. The only thing I can think of is:

"The rebel Solomon Grundy;
Born in Georgia on Monday;
Become a rebel on Tuesday;
Run off from Buzzard's Roost on Wednesday;
Got licked at Dalton on Thursday;
Worse whipped at Resaca on Friday;
Blown up by a shell on Saturday;
Died and buried on Sunday;
And this was the end of Solomon Grundy."

Alf Russell's interest in anatomy had led him to join Serg't Wilson's party in gathering up the ghastly fragments of bodies, but the sights were too much for his nerves, and as he perceived that he was growing sick at the stomach he went over to Shorty's squad.

It was astonishing what things they found, besides guns and equipments. Evidently, the rebels had left quite hurriedly, and many personal belongings were either forgotten or could not be found in the darkness. Samples of about everything that soldiers carry, and a good many that they are not supposed to, were found lying around. There were cooking utensils, some on the fire, with corn-pone and meat in them; some where the imperative orders to march found their owners with their breakfasts half-devoured; there were hats clumsily fashioned of wisps of long-leaved pine sewed together; there were caps which had been jaunty red-and-blue "Zouaves" when their owners had mustered around Nashville in 1861, but had been faded and tarnished and frayed by the mud and rain at Donelson, Shiloh and Stone River, and by the dust and grime of Perryville and Chickamauga, until they had as little semblance to their former perkiness as the grim-visaged war had to the picnic of capturing ungarrisoned forts and lolling in pleasant Summer camps on the banks of the Cumberland. There were coats of many patterns and stages of dilapidation, telling the same story of former finery, draggled through the injurious grime of a thousand camps and marches. There were patched and threadbare blankets, tramped-out boots and shoes, an occasional book, many decks of cards, and so on.

"NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS HOW I GOT," SAID SHORTY.

Shorty came across a new cedar canteen with bright brass hoops. He slung it over his shoulder, with the thought that it would be a nice thing to send back to Maria, as a souvenir of the battle. She might hang it up in her room, or make a pin-cushion or a work-basket out of it.

Presently he came to a box of shells, which he picked up and carried back to the tree. It was quite heavy, and when he set it down again he felt thirsty. The canteen occurred to him. It was full. He raised it to his lips and took a long swig.

"Great Jehosephat," he gasped, his eyes starting out with astonishment. "That ain't water. It's prime old applejack, smoother'n butter, and smellin' sweeter'n a rose. Best I ever tasted."

Shorty had been strictly abstinent since his return from Indiana. The rigid views of the Klegg family as to liquor-drinking had sunk deep into his heart, and somehow whenever temptation came his way the clear, far-seeing eyes of Maria would intervene with such a reproachful glance that the thought of yielding became repugnant.

But the smooth, creamy applejack had slipped past his lips so unexpectedly that it possessed him, before principle could raise an objection. Shorty was the kind of a man to whom the first drink is the greatest danger. After he had one almost anything was likely to happen.

Still, though his blood was already warming with the exhilarating thrill, there were some twinges of conscience.

"Now, I mustn't take no more o' that," he said to himself. "That one drink was good and all right enough, because I really thought I was goin' to take a drink o' water when I put the canteen to my lips. I could swear that to Maria on a stack o' Bibles high as her dear head. God bless her!"

He began bustling about with more activity, and giving his orders in a louder voice. He saw Pete Skidmore pick up what had been once a militia officer's gaudy coat, and examine it curiously. He shouted at him:

"Here, drop that, drop that, you little brat. What 'd I tell you? That you mustn't tetch a rag of anything you see in here, except with the point o' your bayonet and with your bayonet on your gun. Drop it, I tell you."

"Why, what's the matter with that old coat?" asked Pete in an injured tone, astonished at Shorty's vehemence.

"Everything's the matter with it, and every stitch o' cloth you find. They're swarmin' with rebel bugs. I've trouble enough to keep the Yankee graybacks off you. If you git the rebel kind on you angwintum won't save you."

Pete dropped the coat in affright.

"And you, Sandy Baker," continued Shorty in a yell, "don't you walk through them piles o' brush and leaves, where the rebels has bin sleepin'. You'll git covered with rebel bugs, too, and we'll never git 'em out o' the company. How often 've I got to tell you that?"

Yelling so much made him dry, and the canteen hung so invitingly near his hand.

"I don't think another pull at that old applejack 'll hurt me a mite. I really didn't git a square drink the first time, because I was choked off by astonishment at findin' it wasn't water. I'll just take enough of a swig to finish up that drink."

"Jerusalem crickets," he exclaimed, wiping his mouth, "but that's good stuff. Wonder if bein' in cedar makes it taste so bang-up? If I thought so I'd never drink out o' anything but cedar as long's I lived. Guess I'll keep this canteen to carry water in. I kin send Maria"——

He stopped. He was not so far gone as to forget that any thought of Maria was very inappropriate to his present condition. He started to blustering at the boys who were carrying in guns:

"Here, how often have I got to caution you galoots about bein' careful with them guns? Don't let the muzzles pint at yourselves, nor anybody else. They're all likely to be loaded, and go off any minute, and blow some o' your cussed heads offen you. Don't slam 'em down that way. Be careful with 'em, I tell you. I'll come over there and larrup some o' you, if you don't mind me."

"What's excitin' Shorty so, to make him yell that way? wondered Si, stopping in his shoveling down the embankment upon the rebel dead, and wiping his hot face.

"O, he's tryin' to keep them fresh young kids from blowin' themselves into Kingdom come with the rebel guns," answered one of the veterans indifferently, and they resumed their shoveling.

Shorty started over to where some of the boys were trying to extricate a rebel limber abandoned in a ravine. He spied a pair of fine field glasses lying on the ground, and picked them up with an exclamation of delight.

"Great Jehosephat," he said, turning them over for careful inspection. "Ain't this a puddin'? Just the thing to give the Cap. He got his smashed with a bullet comin' through the abatis, and's bin mournin' about 'em ever since. These is better'n his was, and he'll be tickled to death to git 'em."

He put them to his eyes and scanned the landscape.

"Ain't they just daisies, though. Bring that teamster over there so close that I kin hear him cussin' his mules. Cap'll have a better pair o' glasses than the Colonel or the General has. He deserves 'em, too. Cap McGillicuddy's good all the way through, from skin to bone, and as brave as they make 'em. He'll be tickleder than a boy with a new pair o' red-topped boots. He'll invite me to take a drink with him, but he won't have nothin' so good as this old apple-jack. I guess I'll give the rest to him, too, for his friends at headquarters. They don't often smack their lips over stuff like that. But I'll treat myself once more, just as Cap McGillicuddy'd do."

The last drink was a settler. He was then in a frame of mind for anything—to tear down a mountain, or lift a hill, or to fight anybody, with or without cause. He looked over at the boys struggling with the limber, and yelled, as he laid his coat, hat, canteen, and cartridge-box down on the stump upon which he had been sitting, and placed the field-glass upon them:

"Hoopee! Yank her out o' there, boys. Yank her out, and don't be all day about it, either. Let me git at her and I'll fetch her out. Stand by, you kids, and see your uncle Eph snatch her."

He bolted in to the ravine, swung the limber-tongue about, and with aid of the rest, stirred to united effort by much profane vociferation on his part, disengaged the limber and trundled it up the bank.

The tall, very stiff young Aid, with whom Si and Shorty had had the previous affair, came stalking on to the ground, viewing everything with his usual cold, superior, critical gaze.

"You are doing well, my man," he remarked to Shorty, "but too much noise. A non-commissioned officer must not swear at his men. It's strictly against regulations."

"Go to blazes," said Shorty, scarcely under his breath. The Aid picked up the field-glasses, looked at them a minute, scanned the field with them, and then looked around for the case, as if to appropriate them himself.

"Here, drop them," said Shorty roughly. "Them's mine."

"How did they come to be yours, sir?" said the Aid sternly. "Picked them up, didn't you?"

"None o' your business how I got 'em. They're mine, I tell you. Give 'em to me."

"You picked them up on the battlefield, sir. They are military equipments which you must turn over to the proper officer. I'll take charge of them myself."

"You'll do nothin' o' the kind," roared Shorty, striding up to him. "Give me them glasses."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," said the Aid sternly. "Don't you dare approach me in that way. Go back to your duties at once. I shall punish you for disrespect to me and threatening an officer. Fall back, sir, I tell you."

Shorty made a grab for the glasses, which the Aid tried to evade, but Shorty fixed his firm clutch upon them. The Aid held on tightly, but Shorty wrenched them from his grasp.

"You bob-tailed brevet West Pointer," said Shorty savagely, raising his fist, "I've a notion to break you in two for tryin' to beat me out o' what's mine. Git out o' here, or I'll"——

"Shorty! Shorty! Stop that!" shouted Si, rushing over to his partner, and catching his back-drawn fist. He had been suspicious as to the cause of his partner's noisiness, and ran up as soon as the disturbance began. "Stop it, I say. Are you crazy?"

Poor little Pete, badly excited as to what was happening to his best friend, was nervously fumbling his gun and eyeing the Aid.

"Si Klegg, go off and mind your own business, and let me attend to mine," yelled Shorty, struggling to free himself from his partner's iron grasp. "Am I goin' to be run over by every pin-feather snipe from West Point? I'll break him in two."

"Sergeant," commanded the Aid, reaching to take the field-glasses from Shorty's hand; "buck and gag that man at once. Knock him down if he resists. Knock him down, I say."

"You tend to your own business and I'll 'tend to mine. Go away from here, and don't say anything to make him madder, you wasp-waisted errand boy," said Si savagely, as he thrust himself in between the Aid and Shorty. "I've got enough to do to take care of him. Go off, if you don't want him to mash you."

Little Pete had an idea. He wriggled in between, snatched the glasses, and made off with them.

The Brigade Provost-Marshal rode up and sternly demanded what the disturbance was about. Shorty began a hot harrangue against young staff officers generally, and this particular offender, but Si got his arm across his mouth and muffled his speech. The Provost listened to the Aid's bitter indictment against both Si and Shorty.

"Put both those men under arrest," he said to the Orderly-Sergeant, "and make a list of the witnesses. I'll court-martial them at the first halting-place."

(To be continued.)

PERSONAL.

First Lieut. Ralph Ingalls, of Co. C, 44th Vols., has resigned his commission on account of defective hearing. Ingalls is a son of ex-United States Senator John J. Ingalls, and was an officer in a Missouri regiment during the Spanish war. The 44th is booked to sail for Manila at an early date.

Capt. C. O. Howard, son of Gen. O. O. Howard, formerly of the Nebraska National Guard, at present living in Philadelphia, has written to Secretary of War Root volunteering his services to take the place of his brother, the late Capt. Guy Howard, who was recently killed during an engagement with the Filipino insurgents.

Col. Harry T. Moore, Commander of the Division of California, Sons of Veterans, was the guest of honor of Phil Kearny Camp at Pasadena, Cal., Oct. 5, and the Camp and its auxiliary society was out in great force, and all the proceedings were of unusual interest. Among other things, a brick taken from Fort Sumter at the time the flag was re-raised upon it, was presented to the Camp by Mr. C. D. Tyng, a prominent citizen of Pasadena, who was at one time Secretary of Legation at Madrid, and was a guest of Assistant Secretary Fox at the time of the ceremonies alluded to. The brick has "Ft. Sumter" neatly carved on it by one of the sailors of the fleet.

How Some Men Like It.

Chicago Times-Herald.

"Do you believe in the observance of the golden rule?"

"Yes. I always like to have other people keep it in mind when they are dealing with me."

He Was Lonesome.

Indianapolis News.

"So you are the only surviving participant in the feud?" asked the Northerner. "Do you not feel lonely?"

"Lonely ain't no name fer it, Mister," said the Kentuckian. "I allow to marry into another feud as quick as I can."