THE CAMDEN EXPEDITION.

A Narrative of the Advance of Gen. Steele in the Spring of 1864.

By A. V. KENDRICK.

The Spring of 1864 was one of great activity in each department of the Union army. The final stroke was to be given to the most gigantic rebellion known in history, and Grant, that matchless military genius, planned an advance movement all along the line. The Department of Arkansas, under command of Maj.-Gen. Frederick Steele, was not an exception, but, owing to the more important expeditions under the leadership of Meade, Sherman, and Banks, the part played in this great drama by Gen. Steele and his little army has never been fully or fairly treated in the history of those exciting times. It is my purpose at this time to give a brief account of Steele's march to Camden.

As the Spring of 1864 opened at Little Rock everything was bustle and activity in military circles. The different departments—Ordnance, Quartermaster, and Commissary—were busy equipping the army which as soon as Spring opened was to move out to form a junction with Banks, who was moving on Shreveport by way of the Red River.

Steele's line of march was southwest from Little Rock via Benton, Spoonville, Arkadelphia, and Prairie de Anne. At the latter point he would have choice of routes via Princeton, Washington, or Camden to a junction with Banks at or near Shreveport.

Early in the morning of March 23 reveille was sounded, breakfast hurriedly eaten, and, to the inspiring tune of "Yankee Doodle," Steele's army, about 12,000 strong, began one of the hardest marches made during the war. From the first, Gen. Sterling Price, with an army of equal size with our own, hung on our flanks and disputed every inch of ground. On the 1st day of April the daring rebel Gen. Fagan, in command of the Confederate cavalry, determined if possible to capture our train. All day long he kept up a succession of dashes, first in the front, then in the rear, and next in the center of the train, which kept the teamsters and the teams in almost a continued panic, and the troops having charge continually double-quicking from front to rear to save the train.

During this commotion a to me most ludicrous thing happened. A member of the 50th Ind., a tall, ungainly fellow, had met with the good fortune to capture a goose. He held to it in spite of the marching and counter-marching, the goose squawking and flopping. Late in the evening, during an engagement, he was wounded, with his foot on the goose.

As we advanced farther into the rebel country, the opposition grew more stubborn, and at the Little Missouri on April 4 the enemy made a determined stand. During this engagement, which was fought on our side by the lamented Gen. S. A. Rice, one of the "slickest" tricks was played on a Confederate Captain and a company of cavalry. The enemy had fallen back from the river, and a Captain with a company of men was sent up the river to reconnoiter, and the rebel Captain with a much larger company had been sent down the river on a similar errand.

The Captain of the Union troops saw the others coming, and quietly formed on the side of the road, as if to allow the others to pass. He ordered his men to hold their fire until he gave the word of command therefor, then each man to pick his man and fire. When the company came sufficiently near to be fully covered by their guns, the Captain rode out in front of the advancing column, and, drawing his sword, said:

"In the name of the United States of America, I order you to surrender."

The rebels seeing themselves covered by our boys' carbines could do nothing but give in. But when the rebel Captain saw that he had surrendered to an enemy so much inferior in numbers, he was greatly chagrined.

After the enemy was dislodged the entire army crossed the river on an improvised bridge, and went into camp near the river. While lying there the long-looked-for reinforcements, under Gen. Thayer, from Fort Smith, joined us, and a mixed multitude it was—Indians, colored troops from the North, and white troops, with a sprinkling of Arkansas volunteers of the peculiar Arkansas type. The train consisted of every conceivable style of vehicle, from a fine carriage to a creaking cart.

Gen. Steele soon toned this down. His army as now composed was about 15,000 strong, embracing two divisions of infantry, commanded by Gens. Solomon and Thayer, one division of cavalry under command of Brig.-Gen. Carr, and a number of batteries of field guns.

After a few days' rest, on April 10, we again took up the line of march, and at 4 o'clock p. m. reached the edge of the Prairie de Anne, a veritable gem in the surrounding pine barrens and cypress swamps. But, alas, there is no "rose without its thorns," and so we found this beautiful little prairie gem. As we neared the edge of the prairie every move indicated danger ahead. Orderlies were galloping to and fro, and heavy columns of infantry were coming into line on double quick. Batteries under full gallop were being massed, and the cavalry on either wing were drawn up in line, eager for the fray.

At last all was still, save the merry songsters as they flitted from bough to bough in utter unconsciousness of the storm of human passion gathering below. What did it all mean? We had reached the strategical point of the entire campaign. With Prairie de Anne in our hands Gen. Steele would have a choice of routes to Camden, the most strongly fortified town in southwestern Arkansas, lying immediately on our line of march to form a junction with Banks upon the Red River. Gen. Price knew this, and had thrown up a strong line of fortifications and massed his entire army at this point.

The silence was soon broken by the cavalry on the advance, who, at the word of command, dashed out of the woods at full speed. Immediately the rebels occupying a low ridge running lengthwise of the prairie opened fire, and the shell and shot came tearing through the trees and awed to silence the feathered songsters. Lieut. John F. Lacey, of Gen. Rice's staff, rode up to the front of our line, and cried out the word of command, "Forward—Double-quick—March!" and that whole line of infantry sprang forward as one man out from the cover of the woods out on the prairie in the face of a pitiless storm of iron and lead from the long line of gray just across a little ravine a few hundred yards away. One of the enemy's shells burst near our line, part of which cut a road through the ranks of my regiment, and another part of it struck Lieut. Lacey's horse.

On swept the line of blue through the thickets of thorns, over the ravine, up to the ridge on which the line of battle of the enemy was formed; but they had fled, leaving their dead and wounded in our hands. The enemy fell back to their fortifications at the farther edge of the prairie, and we camped for the night on the line of battle formerly occupied by the enemy.

During the night the enemy kept up a cannonade at intervals, and at the close of one of these, about 11 o'clock, they made a desperate charge upon one of our batteries, but were repulsed with considerable loss.

The next day we moved out on the high prairie in full force, but for some reason fell back again at night and went into camp on the same ground occupied the night before. I know of no reason for this manuver, unless it was to awe Gen. Price with a military display. Each arm of the service was in its proper place—artillery, infantry, and cavalry, in perfect order, with a heavy line of skirmishers thrown out, and slowly pressing back the line of gray, equally cool and daring. There was one rebel cavalryman of matchless daring, who would leave the skirmish line, and, riding closely up to our line, fire and ride off again. But he did this once too often, was severely wounded, and fell into our hands.

"GEN. FAGAN'S CAVALRY DETERMINED, IF POSSIBLE, TO CAPTURE OUR TRAIN."

While we were marching across the prairie in silence, expecting the enemy would open on us from the fortifications just ahead, an old cow with a bell on came running down the line between us and the rebs. A hundred or more of our boys took after her, whooping and yelling, in plain view of both armies, to the great merriment of both Johnny and Yank alike.

The next day at dawn we were in line of battle, and every man knew that Gen. Steele meant business that day, and Gen. Price knew it, too, for when we marched out again, in full view of him and his men he threw up his hands and said, "They are coming in clouds," and immediately ordered a retreat. This left the way open for us. We at once occupied the line of fortifications so recently held by the enemy.

That afternoon we took up our line of march for Camden, and were undisturbed by the enemy, except as they would attack our rear-guard or make a sudden dash, hoping to capture our supply-train. Our line of march lay across a dismal swamp, through which we had to literally wade.

Our portly Major was riding at the head of the regiment with his wonted dignity. He was not a great military genius, but was very polite when in command of the regiment, and when he wanted us to lie down he would say: "Lie down, gentlemen, lie down." As he was riding along, his horse stumbled and threw the Major headlong into the mud and water. The boys cried out: "Lie down, Major, lie down."

On the afternoon of the 14th of April orders came to Gen. Rice to take his brigade and make a forward march to the junction of two roads ahead of us, as the enemy was making every effort to reach it before we did. My regiment being in his brigade, we unslung knapsacks and hurried on as fast as we could, actually drawing rations as we marched along from blankets spread by the roadside, upon which crackers were placed, and each man permitted to take a certain number as he passed. We hurried on as fast as we could, but night came on and with it intense darkness. We were very weary, and the question "How far is it to camp?" was often asked. Finally a cavalryman came riding from the front and cried out, "Three miles to camp." This welcome fact so impressed one of our boys of a poetical turn of mind that he wrote a poem entitled, "Three Miles to Camp," and the following are the first lines:

"Onward marching, ever onward,
Through the forest lone and drear,
Now fatigue almost o'ercomes us,
Scarce our limbs their burdens bear;
Still the evening shadows deepen,
Yet no sign of rest appears.
But a horseman comes to greet us,
And his glad shouts greet our ears:
'Three miles to camp. Three miles to camp!'
Pass the word along the column.
Cheer the weary, cheer the solemn,
Soon now rest will come.
It's only three miles to camp."

Early the next morning we were on the move, but the enemy had beaten us, and at 8 o'clock we came upon their advance posts, and skirmishing began. As we were lying by the roadside about 9 o'clock a masked battery opened fire on us and the first battle of Poison Springs was begun. It was mostly an artillery engagement and lasted for two hours, at the close of which the enemy were routed and we moved on.

The place occupied by the rebel battery was plainly marked by the dead horses and dismounted cannon left behind. The dead and wounded, if any, were carried off by the retreating foe. All day long the enemy disputed with us every inch of ground, and from Poison Springs to Camden it was a running fight. Our men had to march in line-of-battle most of the time through dense woods and underbrush that the enemy had set on fire.

The dark columns of smoke at times would darken the sun and the raging flames threaten our ammunition train. A number of Johnnies stopped at a farmhouse where were quite a number of bee-hives, with the hope of getting some honey, but only had time to get the bees mad, when we rushed upon them, more intent on getting the honey than we were in catching the rebs. But we got neither; the bees were too mad and the rebs too swift.

At 6 o'clock p. m. on April 15, 1864, we marched into Camden at the one side while the enemy marched out at the other. And so ended the march to Camden.

A Just Decision of a Judge.

William J. Long, County Judge of Thayer County, Neb., gave the following as his decision on an important question of the day. The judge thus expressed his views: "I have used Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer in the family for about twenty years. We have raised thirteen children, and never paid a doctor bill, except for the setting of a broken limb, which the Vitalizer could not set. It meets, however, all other emergencies, and my wife says she can not keep house without it." So far for the learned judge. We also take pleasure in endorsing his statement, as we have heard frequent mention of the merits of this remedy.

WINGED MESSENGERS.

War News in South Africa Carried by Homer Pigeons.

Toronto Mail and Empire.

Presumably the pigeons that are serving as post boys in the Transvaal just now arrived out on the warship Powerful, unless, which is not improbable, certain Britishers in Natal or Durban had established lofts where homing birds were trained to the country. I am inclined to favor the former idea owing to the fact that a naval pigeon post has been for some time established and lofts have been built at Devonport, Gosport, and Sheerness at a cost of about £1,000. A couple of years ago the Admiralty bought a large number of one-month-old birds and placed them in the royal navy loft at Gosport, intending to use them for the conveyance of messages from warships to shore, with a view of rendering them serviceable in time of war. There are over 300 societies in England for the cultivation of homers, and many of the older birds have flown over 700 miles without showing signs of flagging.

A good pigeon will fly over 60 miles an hour over short distances. These times are kept with great care in Germany, and the apparatus for noting the time is most ingenious. The pigeon is taught to announce its arrival at its loft by knocking with its beak against the closed trap-door of the dovecote. This action sets in motion machinery which flings open the door, admits the bird, and at the same time rings a bell that hangs in the attendant's room. The greatest care and patience are necessary while training the birds. It might seem superfluous in these days of telephone, telegraph, and wireless telegraphy to go to the trouble of training birds to carry dispatches, but the wisdom of the action is made manifest to-day, when the whole world centers about the message a pigeon may be carrying among his feathers as he wings over kopje and veldt on his way to his dovecote on the waiting ship.

You may care to know the way the dispatches are carried—in times of peace at least. The message, if it be a long one, is reduced from the original by photographic process, by which eight octavo pages of writing or printing way be reduced to a mere nothing. The little photograph is then rolled and placed within a quill, which is introduced among the tail feathers of the pigeon and carefully bound there. The officer at the receiving station removes the dispatch, and with the aid of the powerful oxy-hydrogen microscope magnifies the writing to more than its first dimensions.

This process can hardly be in force just now at Ladysmith, therefore the dispatches are reduced to a few necessary words or lines, to which the reporter or correspondent applies the microscope of his imagination and we get the story magnified to more than seven times its first dimensions. The birds would fly direct from Ladysmith to the warship, where, no doubt, special provision has been made for them. There can be hardly any doubt that the marines brought the pigeons up with them when they went to reinforce Gen. White, and released, the birds would make for their dovecote.

To Italy belongs the credit of having first recognized the utility of training pigeons as messengers in war time, while now nearly every European Nation has its regiment of homers. These birds are better "stayers" than the carrier pigeon proper, and some advance the theory that they are more intelligent and easier to train. Commander Tufnell is the great English authority on pigeons, and the training of birds is his hobby. For a long time this gentleman and a few officers trained birds at their own expense, and so successful were their experiments that the intelligence department took hold of the matter officially, with the result that it was proposed—and may possibly be an accomplished fact by this time—to fit out a number of the armed cruisers with pigeon cotes.

The loft at Devonport is built so high that the birds can see it when a long way out at sea. The cotes, which were planned by Commander Tufnell, are cleverly constructed. The birds have general living and sleeping quarters, with "cells" provided where birds of a doubtful character are held over till their special sins are found out. Each cote has its hospital, where the sick post boys are carefully attended to. The officers at the stations are very earnest in their efforts to train the birds to long-distance flying, and they apparently have met with great success. As long ago as 1895 racing birds which were flown at Thurso, in Scotland, reached their English homes, a distance of 600 miles, in a single day, the fastest bird traveling at the speed of 1,400 yards a minute. I do not know the distance between Ladysmith and Durbon, but roughly guessing it from a close study of the map, it appears to be something less than 200 miles. If the pigeons on board of the Powerful—always supposing the ship came out equipped with a pigeon post—are worth their grain, they would be able to make the journey from Ladysmith to their post in three hours and a half. German military pigeons have the following records to their credit: Eighty-three miles in one hour, 32 minutes, 30 seconds. Four hundred and forty miles in seven hours, 43 minutes. Three hundred and fifty miles in six hours and 12 minutes.

THE COPPER BUTTON OF THE G.A.R.

BY GEO. W. COOTS, 1ST MASS. CAV., SALEM, MASS.

In the days of sixty-one and five,
When foul treason raised its gory head,
And the South in deadly hate did strive
'Gainst the Union great; when reason fled,
And passion ruled, and blood did flow,
"Twas then the boys in blue, heroes true,
Rose in their might to crush the foe;
Left their homes, and dear ones bade adieu;
These the veteran heroes are, from near and far,
Who wear the copper button of the G.A.R.

On many a bloody battlefield,
'Mid ping of bullets and burst of shell,
And groans and shrieks and the clash of steel;
There in the smoke of that living hell,
'Midst dead and dying who would not yield,
There, where hundreds of our heroes fell,
Under wheel and horses' iron heel
They won the right and won it well.
At cannon's mouth, 'midst roar and yell and loud hurrah!
To wear the copper button of the G.A.R.

'Twas the boys in blue on land and sea,
Who stood the test when the Nation called;
Two millions of our yoemen free
Suffered and fought, and bled and died
That not a star in our country's flag
Should be erased from its field of blue.
Then honor the boys who did not lag,—
Our veteran heroes stanch and true,—
Who fought the fight and earned the right that none should bar—
To wear the copper button of the G.A.R.

Send in your clubs now. You have a chance at that $500 for every name sent in. See Page 8.

EVERYDAY LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

(Continued from first page.)

untorn by usurpation—to the latest generation that fate shall permit the world to know. This task, gratitude to our fathers, justice to ourselves, duty to posterity, all imperatively require us faithfully to perform.

"How, then, shall we perform it? At what point shall we expect the approach of danger? Shall we expect some transatlantic military giant to step the ocean and crush us at a blow? Never! All the armies of Europe, Asia and Africa combined, with all the treasure of the earth (our own excepted) in their military chest, with a Bonaparte for a commander, could not, by force, take a drink from the Ohio, or make attack on the Blue Ridge, in a trial of a thousand years! At what point, then, is the approach of danger to be expected? I answer, if it ever reach us, it must spring up amongst ourselves. It cannot come from abroad. If destruction be our lot, we must ourselves be its author and finisher. As a Nation of free men, we must live through all time, or die by suicide. I hope I am not over-wary; but, if I am not, there is even now something of ill-omen amongst us. I mean the increasing disregard for law which pervades the country, the growing disposition to substitute the wild and furious passions in lieu of the sober judgment of the courts, and the worse than savage mobs for the executive ministers of justice. This disposition is awfully fearful in any community; and that it now exists in ours, though grating to our feelings to admit it, it would be a violation of truth and an insult to our intelligence to deny. Accounts of outrages committed by mobs form the every-day news of the times. They have pervaded the country from New England to Louisiana; they are neither peculiar to the eternal snows of the former, nor the burning sun of the latter. They are not the creature of climate; neither are they confined to the slave-holding or non-slave-holding States. Alike they spring up among the pleasure-hunting masters of Southern slaves and the order-loving citizens of the land of steady habits. Whatever their course may be, it is common to the whole country. Here, then, is one point at which danger may be expected. The question recurs, How shall we fortify against it? The answer is simple. Let every American, every lover of liberty, every well-wisher to his posterity, swear by the blood of the Revolution, never to violate in the least particular the laws of the country, and never to tolerate their violation by others. As the patriots of '76' did to the support of the Declaration of Independence, so to the support of the Constitution and the Laws, let every American pledge his life, his property, and his sacred honor; let every man remember that to violate the law is to trample on the blood of his father, and to tear the charter of his own and his children's liberty. Let reverence for the laws be breathed by every American mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap. Let it be taught in schools, in seminaries, and in colleges. Let it be written in primers, spelling-books, and in almanacs. Let it be preached from the pulpit, proclaimed in legislative halls, and enforced in courts of justice. And, in short, let it become the political religion of the Nation."

PRO-SLAVERY SENTIMENT IN ILLINOIS.

During the years of Lincoln's service in the Legislature of Illinois, the Democratic party was strongly dominant throughout the State. The feeling on the subject of slavery was decidedly in sympathy with the South. A large percentage of the settlers in the southern and middle portions of Illinois were from the States in which slave labor was sustained, and although the determination not to permit the institution to obtain a foothold in the new Commonwealth was general, the people were opposed to any action which should affect its condition where it was already established. During the sessions of 1836-37 resolutions of an extreme pro-slavery character were carried through the Legislature by the Democratic party. The aim of the measure was to prevent the Abolitionists from obtaining a foothold in the State. Mr. Lincoln could not conscientiously support the resolutions, nor hold his peace concerning them. He did not shrink from the issue, but at the hazard of losing his political popularity and the gratifying prospects that were opening before him, he drew up a protest against the unjust enactment and had it entered upon the Journal of the House. Only one of the hundred Representatives in the House at this time had the courage to sign it with him. The presentation of this document was one of the many honest acts of Mr. Lincoln's course. The protest was as follows:

"MARCH 3, 1837.

"The following protest was presented to the House, which was read, and ordered to be spread on the journals, to wit:

"Resolutions upon the subject of domestic slavery having passed both branches of the General Assembly at its present session, the undersigned hereby protest against the passage of the same.

"They believe that the institution of slavery is founded on both injustice and bad policy; but that the promulgation of abolition doctrines tends rather to increase than abate its evils.

"They believe that the Congress of the United States has no power, under the Constitution, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the different States.

"They believe that the Congress of the United States has the power, under the Constitution, to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, but that the power ought not to be exercised, unless at the request of the people of the District.

"The difference between these opinions and those contained in the said resolutions, is their reason for entering this protest.

"(Signed) "DAN STONE,
"A. LINCOLN,
"Representatives from the County of Sangamon."

CONTEST WITH GEN. EWING.

The great financial panic which swept over the country in 1837, rendered expedient an extra session of the Legislature, which was called together in July. Gen. Lee D. Ewing had been elected to this session from Fayette County, for the express purpose of repealing the law removing the Capital from Vandalia to Springfield. "Gen. Ewing was," says Mr. Linder, "a man of considerable notoriety, popularity, and talents. He had been a member of Congress from Illinois, and had filled various State offices in his time. He was a man of elegant manners, great personal courage, and would grace either the salons of fashion or the Senate Chamber at Washington. The Legislature opened its special session (I was there as a spectator), and Gen. Ewing sounded the tocsin of war. He said that "the arrogance of Springfield, its presumption in claiming the seat of Government, was not to be endured; that the law had been passed by chicanery and trickery; that the Springfield delegation had sold out to the internal improvement men, and had promised their support to every measure that would gain them a vote to the law removing the seat of Government.' He said many other things, cutting and sarcastic. Lincoln was chosen by his colleagues as their champion, to reply to Ewing; and I want to say here that this was the first time that I began to conceive a very high opinion of the talents and personal courage of Abraham Lincoln. He retorted upon Ewing with great severity, denouncing his insinuations imputing corruption to him and his colleagues, and paying back with usury all that Ewing had said, when everybody thought and believed that he was digging his own grave; for it was known that Ewing would not quietly pocket any insinuations that would degrade him personally. I recollect his reply to Lincoln well. After addressing the Speaker, he turned to the Sangamon delegation, who all sat in the same portion of the House, and said: 'Gentlemen, have you no other champion than this coarse and vulgar fellow to bring into the lists against me? Do you suppose that I will condescend to break a lance with your low and obscure colleague?' We were all very much alarmed for fear there would be a personal conflict between Ewing and Lincoln. It was confidently believed that a challenge must pass between them; but friends on both sides took it in hand, and it was settled without anything serious growing out of it."

LINCOLN LAYS OUT A TOWN—THE TITLE "HONEST ABE."

In January, 1836, an old friend of Mr. Lincoln's, Mr. John Bennett, took up his residence in the little village of Petersburg, just north of Salem. "My earliest acquaintance with Mr. Lincoln," he says, "commenced in February of that year, on his return from Vandalia, where he had spent the Winter as a member of the Legislature from Sangamon County. Mr. Lincoln spent most of the month of March in Petersburg, finishing up the survey and planning of the town he had commenced the year before. I was a great deal in his company, and formed a high estimate of his worth and social qualities, which was strengthened by many years of subsequent social intercourse and business transactions, finding him always strictly honest; in fact, he was universally spoken of in this region as 'Honest Abe.' After Menard County was formed out of a portion of Sangamon County, and the County seat established at Petersburg, Mr. Lincoln was a regular attendant at the courts, and as I was then keeping a hotel, he was one of my regular customers, where he met many of his old cronies of his early days at Salem, and they uniformly spent the most of the nights in telling stories, or spinning long yarns, of which Mr. Lincoln was particularly fond."

(To be continued.)

This Will Interest Many.

F. W. Parkhurst, the Boston publisher, says that if any one who is afflicted with rheumatism in any form or neuralgia, will send their address to him at box 1501, Boston, Mass., he will direct them to a perfect cure. He has nothing to sell or give, only tells you how he was cured. Hundreds have tested it with success.

FROM GEN. PATTEE.

A Distinguished Old Soldier Forced to Accept the Hospitalities of a Soldiers' Home.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Inclosed I send you an editorial cut from the Chicago *Tribune*. The vicious cruelty and disregard of truth manifested far exceed anything that I have before seen. After the first paragraph there is not a word of truth in it. His comments on pension attorneys and pension ring are peculiarly false and unjust. The old soldier by himself, as a general thing, could do but little towards securing a pension without the aid of an attorney. The number of pension attorneys has been reduced within a few years almost one-half. And they do not all live in Washington, and are usually as honest as political editors. The veterans only ask the laws to be executed as they exist or repealed.

They are just as honest as any other class of men. Congress made the laws for a purpose after due deliberation and all we ask is that they be executed or repealed. We protest against them being misconstrued or abrogated. That the Commissioner has mistaken the law no man dare deny, for he has been called down frequently by the Assistant Secretary of the Interior, who decides all cases appealed.

I am at present enjoying the hospitality of the Soldiers' Home in South Dakota, and there are about 180 veterans in it at the present time. About 90 per cent. of them are completely broken down and disabled. Several of them are helpless and move about in wheel-chairs. One gets no pension at all, and others only $12 per month under the law of 1890, with old law claim pending. There are others, many of them, too, who are totally disabled and getting from $6 to $12 per month, with old law claims pending for six to 12 years, who are entitled to from $30 to $50 per month.

I filed my claim under the old law June 4, 1890, and under the new law Aug. 22, 1890. I am getting $12 per month. I served in the volunteer army from Oct. 23, 1861, to June 22, 1866; about 10 months as Captain, eight months as Major and three years and 10 months as Lieutenant-Colonel. I have 23 affidavits filed to prove my claim, and two of them would be sufficient to prove my claim before any court on earth, except perhaps before the high court of the Pension Bureau or a French court-martial. I have been examined by three medical boards at an expense of $21 cash, and I have just been informed by my attorney that my claim has been rejected by the Board of Review because there is no hospital record, and that my claim will be referred to Special Examiners, which means a delay of from one to three years.

The editorial I send you from the Chicago *Tribune* says: "Censure of Commissioner Evans is in direct censure of the President." It does not require any great wisdom or acuteness to discover that, nor do the veterans dodge the conclusion or the responsibility. We claim the right to criticize even the President, and no man can deny us the right. There are at least two old veterans this Home—myself and one other—that expended time and money to attend State Conventions in two different States to help to organize the Republican party before Mr. McKinley was 13 years old.—JOHN PATTEE, Brevet Brigadier-General, U. S. A.; late Captain, Co. A, 14th Iowa; late Major, 41st Iowa; late Lieutenant-Colonel, 7th Iowa Cav., Hot Springs, S. D.

"Lost Atlantis."

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Please give me through your valuable paper a short history of the "Atlantis."—W. J. LETALLEY, Starr, Fla.

[The Lost Atlantis is an old myth or tradition, and related to a vast island in the Atlantic Ocean, which was supposed to have been well populated and quite advanced in civilization, but had been sunk by some convulsion of the earth. Some have thought that the Canary Islands are portions of this Island. The matter was first mentioned by Plato. The subject has been a favorite one with many writers, down to Ignatius Donnelly.—EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE.]

Cape Nome Gold District.

Special Agent Samuel C. Dunham, who is engaged in taking the census in Alaska, in a report to the Director of the Census, says of the Cape Nome gold field that there are now probably 5,000 persons in the district, which will be increased to 25,000 at least by the 1st of July. He says it is quite safe to predict a greater movement of population to this section of Alaska next year than that to the Klondike last year. The creek claims have produced during the short Summer season, he says, more than $1,500,000, and the beach has probably exceeded this. Building operations have been very active and lumber has sold as high as $500 per 1,000 feet, and coal is $140 a ton. The supply of both is now exhausted. Two-thirds of the population are living in tents, and provisions are scarce. It costs now $4 for a meal, as against $1 a month ago, and famine prices are sure to prevail before the middle of Winter.

An Obliging Son-in-Law.

"Oh, Tom," exclaimed the bride of six months, "what do you think! Mother says she wants her body cremated."

"She does, eh?" said the husband. "Well, tell her to get ready and I'll take her over to the crematory the first thing in the morning."

BLOOD POISON

Primary, Secondary or Tertiary Blood Poison Permanently Cured. You can be treated at home under same guaranty. If you have taken mercury, iodide potash, and still have aches and pains, Mucus Patches in Mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, write

COOK REMEDY CO.

1435 Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill., for proofs of cures. Capital $500,000. We solicit the most obstinate cases. We have cured the worst cases in 15 to 35 days. 100-page Book Free.

ALWAYS MENTION THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE when writing to advertisers in this paper. They want you to do so, and it will insure prompt attention and just treatment. We endeavor to keep our columns free from deception and fraud.

Whiskey bearing the name "Schweyer" is guarantee of the best—none so delicious—money can hardly buy its equal.

No Marks on Boxes to Indicate contents. Return charges paid and money back if goods don't suit.

4 FULL QUARTS WHISKEY

We are the only Distillers in America shipping Pennsylvania Pure Rye to consumers direct. Bear this in mind.

SCHWEYER'S PURE 8 YEAR OLD PENNSYLVANIA RYE $3.60 Express Prepaid

The prime old whiskey prescribed for medicinal and general use.

The famous Pennsylvania Rye, for 27 years double copper distilled and aged in wood under personal direction of Mr. John Schweyer himself. Never less than 8 years old, most of it to and 12 years old when first bottled. Sold direct to the consumer from our distillery at the low price of $3.60 for four full quarts that cannot be bought elsewhere for less than $6.00.

We also offer our SEVEN YEAR OLD CABINET PENNSYLVANIA RYE at $3.00 Express Prepaid

$3.00 for four full quarts. This is the finest 7 year old rye ever drank and cannot be duplicated for less than $5.00.

We save you all middlemen's profits and guarantee absolutely pure whiskey without adulteration.

We refer to any Commercial Agency, Bank or Express Company in United States.

JOHN SCHWEYER & CO., DISTILLERS,

Address all orders to Warehouse 1 609, 611, 613 W. 12th St., CHICAGO.

Orders for Ariz., Col., Cal., Idaho, Mont., New Mex., Nev., Ore., Utah, Wash., Wyo., must call for 20 quarts freight prepaid, or write for particulars before remitting.

Pension Law a Specialty! Reliable Services Proffered!

A MANUAL OF USEFUL INFORMATION by Edgar T. Gaddis, L. L. M., containing a Clear Exposition of the Pension Laws, and other Matters of Interest to the Soldier Fraternity. Mailed free upon request. Extra pay and allowances of whatever kind due collected for Spanish and Philippine War soldiers and sailors.

I keep informed as to all new legislation and decisions and rulings, and am ever qualified to take the action that is most advisable. No fee until successful. Intelligent advice free. Percentage of success unexcelled.

EDGAR T. GADDIS Attorney-at-Law, Washington, D. C.

SENT FREE

Solid GOLD Dated Bracelet sent free to any one for selling 3 sets of our LADIES' GOLD plated Dress Pins at 25c. a set (each pin worth a quarter). Simply send us your name & address & we will send you the pins postpaid. When sold, send us the money & we will send you the beautifully engraved bracelet. The chain is solid gold plated and will last a lifetime. The lock opens with a dainty little key. We trust you & will take back all the pins you cannot sell. Write to-day. The Maxwell Co., Box 523, St. Louis, Mo.

MANUAL OF HEALTH.

THE GRAEFENBERG MANUAL OF HEALTH has proved its great value and popularity in the number of copies used in American homes. The 45th Edition is now ready. It contains 219 pages of invaluable medical and household information. Every family needs such a book; why not have the best? Sent at once: 25 cents; coin or stamps.

THE GRAEFENBERG CO., Room 14, 111 Chambers St., New York.

NO CASH REQUIRED. 30 DAYS FREE TRIAL. WE TRUST YOU. WE PAY FREIGHT. $9.00 Buys a Victor Sewing Machine with full set of latest attachments. Adapted to light or heavy work. Guaranteed for 20 years. We make 35 Different Styles at all prices. $22.00 Buys a Fine Victor Organ. Church or Parlor. Guaranteed for 25 years. Free Trial. We make 30 styles at all prices. $120.00 Buys a Fine Victor Upright Piano. We make no mistake in all kinds of Musical Instruments. ALL CATALOGUES FREE. VICTOR MFG. CO., Dept. F64, 161-167 Plymouth Pl., Chicago, Ill.

Boys & Girls

We are giving away watches, cameras, solid gold rings, sporting goods, musical instruments & many other valuable premiums to boys and girls for selling 15 packages of Royal English Ink Powder at 10c each. Every package makes 50c worth of fine ink. We ask no money—send your name and address, and we will forward you 15 packages with premium list and full instructions. When you sell the Ink Powder send the money to us and select your premium. This is an honest offer. We trust you. Don't lose this grand opportunity. Write for the outfit today. Address all orders to Imperial Ink Concern, 65 Adams St. Oak Park, Ill.

MONEY MADE BY SMALL INVESTORS

WRITE US immediately for particulars of how to make profits on small amounts invested in Stocks, Grain, Cotton, Provisions.

IS YOUR MONEY WORKING?

Get your name on our mailing list for advice regarding the coming BOOM IN WALL STREET. Enclose this clipping in your letter.

JNO. H. KERR & CO., Rooms 47-48, 50, Broadway, N. Y.

$3 a Day Sure

Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure, write at once. ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 16, DETROIT, MICH.

10,000 BICYCLES

Closing out Overstock. Shipped on trial without deposit. Order Today. STANDARD '99 Models, $10 to $20. '98 and '97 Models, $6 to $12. Second Hand, good as new $3 to $10. EARN A BICYCLE on our new plan. PRICE LIST of wheels to Rider Agents & Write for Special Offer. Mead Cycle Co., Dept. 123 N Chicago.

TEN WEEKS FOR 10 CENTS.

That big family paper, *The Illustrated Weekly* of Denver, Colo. (founded 1890) will be sent ten weeks on trial for 10c; clubs of 6, 50c; 12 for $1. Special offer solely to introduce it. Latest mining news and illustrations of scenery, true stories of love and adventure. Address as above and mention National Tribune; stamps taken.

AGENTS Ours is the progressive way it causes a sale at each house. Exclusive territory. Liberal terms. Quick and large profits. Guaranteed article. 18 Cash Prizes to New Agents for 1899. Address The Washington Herb Co., 1006 P St. N. W., Wash., D. C.

PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS. JOHN R. THOMAS & CO., Solicitors of American and Foreign Patents, Atlantic Building, Washington, D. C. Patent business exclusively. Send for pamphlet.

$600 TO $900 Per Year and all Expenses Guaranteed to our General Agents who travel and appoint local agents on our popular books. We need a few more now. Ladies or gentlemen. If interested in traveling employment, send stamp for Application Blank and circulars. Local agents also wanted. C. W. Stanton Co., 904 Monon Block, Chicago.

$5 FOR AN INCUBATOR To meet the popular demand for a low priced incubator we have put out Reliable SO EGG BABY LING SPECIAL. The equal of any hatching machine made, only smaller. Works perfectly. Results guaranteed if instructions are followed. Send 10c for our 20th Century Catalogue and Poultry Book. Reliable Inc. & Brdr. Co. Box B 78 Quincy, Ill.

Brass Band Instruments, Drums, Uniforms & Supplies. Write for catalog, 445 illustrations. FREE: it gives Music and Instructions for New Bands. LYON & HEALY, 8 Adams St., CHICAGO.

FAT FOLKS reduced 20 lbs. a month. Full diet. No starving. No sickness. Anyone can make it at home. Full particulars and a page of remedy mailed (sealed) FREE for four cts. to pay postage. Hall Chem. Co., D. H. Box, St. Louis, Mo.

My Mamma Wants to Tell You Something is the title of a book that should be read by all expectant mothers; it tells how she can find relief from all the ills incident to motherhood and secure health for both mother and child, sent free by Dr. J. H. Dye Sanitarium, Buffalo, N.Y.

ALWAYS MENTION THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE when writing to advertisers in this paper. They want you to do so, and it will insure prompt attention and just treatment. We endeavor to keep our columns free from deception and fraud.

ATTENTION, COMRADES.

YOUR UNCLE SAM DON'T YET wear a truss; but he gives a Rorick Air Cushion Truss free of cost, to all who are pensioned for hernia under the old law. No other truss like the Rorick Air Pad truss to retain hernia. Comfortable, durable, cures rupture. Write for instructions. Free catalogue and prices. THE RORICK AIR CUSHION TRUSS CO. 1224 F street Northwest, Washington, D. C.

SOUVENIR G. A. R. ENCAMPMENT CARDS.

We will furnish 250 personal cards, with reproduction of photograph, name, address and military data for exchange with comrades at the G.A.R. Encampment at Philadelphia, delivered, postpaid, for only $2.75.

Address, with photograph for copy,

NATIONAL ENGRAVING COMPANY, Times Building, Washington, D. C.

Perfect Manhood Restored. Impotency, Varicocele, exhaustion, drains, and all forms of weakness, quickly and permanently cured or no pay. We challenge the world for a case our treatment will not cure. No deception. No disappointment. Valuable information, absolute proofs, etc., sealed free. Address, STATE MEDICAL CO., 306 DeGraaf Bld., Albany, N. Y.

WEAK MEN! Instant Relief. Cure in 15 Days. Never returns. I will gladly send to any sufferer in a plain sealed envelope FREE a prescription with full directions for a quick, private cure for Failing Manhood and Vigor, Nervous Debility, Weakness, Varicocele, etc. Address G. B. Wright, Music Dealer, Box 1445, Marshall, Mich.

Afflicted & unfortunate, after all others fail, consult Prof. G. A. FITHEL, M. D., 604 North Sixth St., Philadelphia, Pa. He challenges the world in curing Blood Poison, Nervous Debility, Loss of Memory, Ulcers, Swellings, Melancholia, Varicocele, Blotches, etc. Send for Secret Testimonials and book exposing every medical and electrical fraud. Hours 9 2 6 8. Sun. 9-12. Mail treatment.

CANCER Its scientific treatment and cure. Book of valuable information, free. Dr. C. Weber, 121 W. 9th St. Cin'ti, O.

ELECTROBOLE CURES PILES, gives instant relief. Final cure in a few days; never returns; no purge, no salve, no knife. Remedy Mailed Free. Address, J. H. REEVES, Box 693, New York, N. Y.

POULTRY PAPER, illust'd, 30 pages, 25 cents per year. 4 months' trial 10 cents. Sample Free. 64-page practical poultry book free to yearly subscribers. Book al