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SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

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JOHN McELROY, ROBERT W. SHOPPELL, BYRON ANDREWS.

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Office: 339 Pennsylvania Avenue N. W.

THOS. B. REED clearly meant what he said when he announced his determination to retire to private life.

WASHINGTON'S hatchet is in some sense the property of the Nation, but the one which has been doing such wild work in Kansas is the property of Mrs. Nation.

SEVERAL other Confederate Camps have joined with that of New Orleans in protesting against the invitation of President McKinley to the Confederate Reunion at Memphis. They are so loyal.

WHILE they are eulogizing Chief Justice Marshall no one mentioned how bitterly he was abused during his lifetime. He was the original Imperialist. Because he insisted that this was a Nation, and not a loose aggregation of States, all the Calhounites denounced him as a man who was trying to erect a despotism on the ruins of the liberty of the States, and even President Jackson refused the Executive power to enforce his decisions, which to-day are recognized as eminently righteous and sound.

GREAT BRITAIN has decided to reject the amended Hay-Pauncefote treaty. She has an idea that by doing so she can gain some advantages in Alaska in a future deal.

KING EDWARD VII. has waited too long for his present job, and likes it too well, to risk the slightest danger of losing it by being at all bumptious about having his own way.

IF some of the editors who are giving advice to King Edward VII. would only read a little English history, and know something of what they are talking about, their advice would have more sense, if not value.

Jas. R. Garrison, who was a coal-heaver on board the Hartford, when she entered Mobile Bay, and is now an inmate of the Soldiers' Home at Hampton, was last week given a medal for meritorious conduct. He was severely wounded in the foot and Admiral Farragut, noticing him, ordered him below. He declined to go, and stuck to his post until the action was over. Admiral Farragut recommended him for a medal.

Senator Thurston absolutely declines to allow his name to be used in the Nebraska Senatorial contest. He says that he cannot afford to remain in politics.

DEATH OF B. M. PRENTISS.

Gen. Benj. M. Prentiss, one of the striking figures of the war, passed away at his home in Bethany, Mo., Feb. 8, aged 81. He was born in Virginia, but like a large portion of the pioneers of Illinois, his parents preferred a home on free soil to life in the slavery-ridden Old Dominion. He came to early manhood about the time of the Mexican War, and at once volunteered for it as Adjutant of the 1st Ill. He came home a Captain. He was an unconditional Unionist, and among the very first to begin raising troops under President Lincoln's first call. He organized a company and led it to Cairo, which was then a point of highest importance, as its possession involved the control of the Mississippi, Ohio, Tennessee and Cumberland Rivers. His company was the nucleus of the 10th Ill., of which he became Colonel. The rebels advanced to Columbus, Ky., 20 miles below Cairo, and for a while it seemed that the first great collision would occur in that neighborhood. Prentiss was made Brigadier-General, and placed in command, while Gideon J. Pillow, who had attained some fame in the Mexican War, commanded the rebels at Columbus. Pillow was a master-hand at sounding proclamations and appeals, and Prentiss fully his equal. It was a day of proclamations and appeals, especially in the theater of war immediately around the mouth of the Ohio. In spite of their fondness for sonorous rhetoric, both Generals were very brave and obstinate fighters.

Gen. Prentiss had the first opportunity to show his real mettle in the battle of Shiloh, when he commanded a division. Among the many representatives of Shiloh his reputation for awhile suffered worst. There was some prejudice against him on account of his effusive proclamation habit, and this lent credence to the charge that his division had been surprised and captured. When the facts became known it was found that he had been at least as ready as Sherman and the other Division Commanders; that he had fought his division with unsurpassed skill and courage all that bitter 6th of April, 1862, and only surrendered a fragment of it at sundown, when further resistance was useless, and all retreat cut off. The obstinacy with which he maintained his position was an important factor in giving time for reforming the line on the banks of the Tennessee and inflicting the final repulse on the rebels. After being exchanged, Gen. Prentiss was given command at Helena, Ark., and there, July 4, 1863, severely defeated the attempt of Sterling Price to capture the place and cut Gen. Grant's communications on the Mississippi River. Gen. Prentiss was commissioned a Major-General of Volunteers from Nov. 29, 1862. This made him senior to a great many other pushing, ambitious Major-Generals, who wanted him out of their way, and prevented his being properly employed, so that he resigned from the army in the Fall of 1863. He was always deeply interested in politics, was a prominent figure in Republican National Conventions, and was a welcome speaker at veteran gatherings, which he dearly loved to attend.

The General died poor. President Harrison appointed him Postmaster at Bethany, Mo., and at the time of his death a bill to give him a pension of $50 a month was pending in Congress.

DEATH OF A PAST COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

The veterans and the people of Washington were inexpressibly startled last Sunday morning by the announcement that Past Commander-in-Chief and Representative Albert D. Shaw, of New York, had been found dead in his room at the Riggs House. Comrade Shaw had apparently been in the best of health ever since he came on to take his seat at the opening of Congress. Recently he had been deeply interested in the Court of Pension Appeals Bill, which had been prepared and presented under his administration, and as a member of the House Committee on Invalid Pensions he had done heroic work for it. The Chairman of the Committee, Mr. Sulloway, was opposed to the bill, and none-too-nice in his methods of opposition, and Comrade Shaw had struggled with him at every step. Saturday evening he was one of the guests of the Department of the Potomac at the banquet given at the Ebbitt House to Commander-in-Chief Rassieur, and appeared in excellent health and spirits. Many comrades thought the speech he made was the very best they had ever heard from him. He went to his hotel about midnight, and shortly after rang for a bell-boy, and asked for hot water, complaining of indigestion. His secretary had an appointment with him for 10 o'clock Sunday morning, but was surprised not to find him up. A bell-boy was called, who climbed up and looked over the transom, and discovered the sad fact. A physician and the Coroner were summoned. The physician decided that the death was due to apoplexy, and had come suddenly and painlessly. Speaker Henderson was notified, and he directed the Sergeant-at-Arms to take charge of the remains. Commander-in-Chief Rassieur directed a detail of G. A. R. comrades to accompany them to New York.

A. D. Shaw was born in Jefferson Co., N. Y., 59 years ago last December, and in June, 1861, enlisted in the 35th N. Y., a two-years regiment, in which he served his full term, and was then connected with the army in various capacities until the close of the war. He was elected to the New York Senate shortly after the close of the war, and was also Colonel of the 36th N. Y. N. G. He resigned to become Consul to Toronto, and was subsequently, for efficiency, promoted to the important Consulship of Manchester, England, and remained there until removed by Cleveland, as an offensive partisan. He returned to his home in Watertown, N. Y., and was elected Commander of the Department of New York, G. A. R., and at the Philadelphia National Encampment was elected Commander-in-Chief. After his retirement from this office he was elected Representative from the 24th District of New York—Jefferson, Lewis and Oswego Counties—by the largest Republican vote ever cast for a candidate. He was serving out the unexpired term of Representative Chickering, who was found dead in a New York hotel Feb. 13 of last year. The full term for which he was elected would have begun March 5. His dearly-beloved wife died Feb. 9, 1900, or within a few hours of a year before. Comrade Shaw was a warm-hearted, zealous comrade, a cultivated, genial man, of imposing personal appearance, and a very eloquent, forceful speaker.

THE VICIOUS SUBSTITUTE.

Certain publications in the press and assertions by the Secretary of the Interior in regard to the attitude of the Commander-in-Chief and G. A. R. National Pension Committee toward the Court of Pension Appeals Bill, and toward the substitute prepared by Mr. Evans, and introduced to head off that bill, and known as "The Secretary's Bill," induced the Commander-in-Chief to request a hearing by the House Committee on Invalid Pensions for himself and Chairman Brown. This was given last Friday. The Commander-in-Chief was present, but Chairman Brown did not come on.

The hearing took place last Friday. The Commander-in-Chief asserted in the most positive terms the loyalty of himself and the Committee to the bill indorsed by the National Encampment, denied emphatically the allegations to the contrary, and opposed vigorously the "Secretary's Bill," which it was claimed they favored. He said that bill would satisfy nobody; it was vicious and un-American in principle, because it gave the Commissioner of Pensions the right to select the cases submitted, and not the claimant who considered himself aggrieved. It gave the Secretary the right to certify five bills to the Court of Claims, where now he has the right to certify any number he pleases. It gave the veterans nothing that they asked for, and did not approach the principle of the bill for the Court of Pension Appeals, which granted to veterans the common American rights in regard to their pension claims which every citizen enjoyed in respect to the most trifling pieces of property. So far as the ability of the proposed Court of Appeals to transact business was concerned, he would say that as a Probate Judge he had disposed of 5,000 cases, more or less complicated, in a year, many of which had been hanging on for a number of years. He felt that the Appeal Judges could dispose of cases with equal facility. There were in reality but few principles of law in controversy, and one decision would carry with it thousands of cases. The immense accumulation could be quickly disposed of, by reasonable industry, and proper relief given to tens of thousands of long-waiting veterans and their widows.

Judge Calderhead, of Kansas, made a lengthy explanation of his opposition to the Court of Appeals Bill. He said that in 1792 a similar bill had been passed by Congress, and seven out of the eight Circuit Judges at that time in the United States had decided the bill unconstitutional, inasmuch as it was not a court in the Constitutional sense, but merely an Auditing Board, which heard ex parte evidence. Forty years later Chief Justice Taney had reaffirmed that decision. Allusion had been made to the Court of Claims. He had never believed in that Court, did not think that it was a legal body, and his only consolation was that it could not give a final decision.

Capt. Geo. H. Patrick, Special Aid in charge of Pension Legislation, replied to this that the Committee were entirely familiar with the decisions referred to, and had given them careful consideration. The matter referred to was not an attempt to create a new Court, but to refer claims growing out of the war to the Judges of the United States Circuit Courts then established, and it was rightfully held that the act, as drawn, required the exercise of no judicial power by the Judges, and they declined to act as Commissioners. The G. A. R. Bill proposed a Court in the real sense, and against which those objections could not be made.

Judge Calderhead asked if the claimants were dissatisfied with the decisions of the Court and wanted to appeal, where the litigation would end?

Capt. Patrick reminded him that the right of appeal existed in every judicial determination in the country, yet a very small fraction of the litigants appealed.

Judge Calderhead said that he could not vote for the G. A. R. Bill, neither could he for the "Secretary's Bill."

The Committee decided that the Secretary of the Interior should be heard again in regard to his bill, and the Commander-in-Chief decided that, in view of the importance of the subject, he would stay over until Monday, in order to be present when the Secretary was heard.

A REASONABLE DOUBT.

Commissioner Evans fared very badly at the hands of his fellow-townsman, Representative H. R. Gibson, of Tennessee, in a speech the latter made in the House Jan. 31.

In a previous speech Representative Gibson had shown up very thoroughly the Commissioner's absolutely indefensible exactions in the matter of evidence. Mr. Evans attempted to defend himself in a letter which was read by Gen. C. H. Grosvenor, and which contained the following:

> In reply to a question by Hon. Mr. Gibson, as follows: "Is there any law that requires the Pension Bureau to be satisfied beyond reasonable doubt?" I answered as follows: "I do not know that there is. It is customary in all courts."

After dissecting some of the Commissioner's previous evasions and tergiversations Mr. Gibson said:

> The Commissioner's letter shows on its face that I twice propounded to him the question whether proof beyond a reasonable doubt was not required by the Pension Bureau, and on his own showing he evaded an answer to my first question, and when I pressed him for answer he says he answered that he did not know whether such was the rule or not, but that such a rule was "customary in all courts."
>
> So I am abundantly content to let this issue be determined by the Commissioner's own letter. I will add, however, that it would not be safe for the honorable Commissioner to appeal to the Invalid Pension Committee on this question.
>
> I take it, Mr. Chairman, that Commissioner Evans either did not know what the rule of evidence was in his Bureau, or else did not consider the full effect of the rule. This is a charitable view of the matter.

It is very clear from this that not only Mr. Gibson, but all the members of the Invalid Pensions Committee have become tiresomely familiar with Mr. Evans's general trickiness and absolute unreliability.

Continuing, Mr. Gibson said:

> The honorable Commissioner insists that the reasonable-doubt rule is "customary in all courts." I beg leave to say, Mr. Chairman, the Commissioner is grievously mistaken in this matter. Instead of such a rule being "customary in all courts," there is not a court in the United States or in the British Empire where such a rule prevails in civil cases. The rule of reasonable doubt is applied only in criminal cases. I hope the honorable Commissioner does not mean to insist, or to even insinuate, that a pension claim is in the nature of a criminal suit against the Government!

That is the gist of the whole matter. Mr. Evans insists that a pension claim is in the nature of a criminal proceeding, with the conditions reversed, and the claimant being required to produce stronger proof than the State would to hang him.

As to what "is customary in all courts," Mr. Gibson said:

> In note b to section 13a of Greenleaf on Evidence (15th ed., p. 25) the rule as to the quantity of proof required is stated thus:
>
> "There seems to be at the present time no exception in the United States to the two rules (1) that in criminal cases the jury must be satisfied beyond a reasonable doubt by the proof, and (2) that in civil cases they may decide upon the mere preponderance of evidence."
>
> That is the rule that is "customary in all courts." "No exception to it in the United States," says Greenleaf, a standard authority on questions of evidence. A mere preponderance of evidence is all that is necessary in a civil case, and yet the Pension Bureau for years has been enforcing the rule applicable to criminal cases. Right here, Mr. Chairman, I believe is the secret of the unpopularity of the Pension Bureau and the cause of the injustice it has done.
>
> In the courts of the United States a claimant can recover a judgment of a million dollars on a mere preponderance of proof in his favor, but in the Pension Bureau, in order to get a pension of $6 a month, you must prove your case beyond a reasonable doubt; that is, you must make the same quantity of proof you would be required to make to convict a man of murder in the first degree. In short, the claimant in a pension case is treated as though he was proving a criminal case against the Government instead of a civil case. No wonder so many old soldiers and widows have failed to prove their claims to the satisfaction of the Pension Bureau!

TEXAS CONTRIBUTIONS.

We have received the following additional contribution for the relief of Texas sufferers:

Previously acknowledged	$754.53
A. B. Haskins Post, Bigota, Ill..	2.00

Grand Army of the Republic,
Women's Relief Corps,
Relief Department.
205 Main Street,
Houston, Jan. 29, 1901.

Mrs. Ada C. Work, Custodian.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: The Department Commander of the G. A. R. directs me to acknowledge with thanks your favor of the 26th inst., with enclosure of $55.65 to be applied to relief of G. A. R. storm sufferers.

Yours very truly,
ADA C. WORK,
Custodian.

Snator Hanna has been elected a member of Memorial Post, Cleveland, O., but has not yet been mustered in.

The President has appointed a son of Rear-Admiral Thos. O. Selfridge, Jr., to Annapolis. This makes three generations of Thos. O. Selfridges on the naval rolls at one time. Rear-Admiral Thos. O. Selfridge, Sr., was retired in 1866, and is now nearly 100 years old.

THE marine engineers have been doing marvels in the way of getting the most power out of a given quantity of coal. For a long time they strove to get a full horse-power per hour out of each pound of coal, and now they are passing that point, and getting it out of small percentages less than that a pound. The heat passing out from under the boilers is utilized to warm the water that goes into the boilers, and the air for the furnaces, and also to help superheat the steam. The water now enters the boilers at 209 degrees, and when the steam starts for the cylinders it measures 469½ degrees, or hot enough to readily melt tin. The air goes into the furnace at 290 degrees. It is estimated that in this way, with coal costing $4 a ton, a ton of freight can be carried 275 miles, at a cost for fuel of one cent.

Si Klegg and Shorty

On the March to the Sea

Copyrighted, 1899, by the publishers of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

The reader starts now with the beginning of the story of the haps and mishaps to "our boys"—Si, Shorty and the squad—throughout the memorable march of Sherman's army from Atlanta to the sea.

BEGINNING OF THE MARCH TO THE SEA

The Boys Revisit the Town Where They So Narrowly Escaped Hanging—They Meet and Recognize a Number of Old Acquaintances—They Give the Georgians an Unlooked-for and Very Important Lesson.

[EDITORIAL NOTE.—For the benefit of new readers of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE we will say that Si Klegg, Shorty and the rest of the boys, in trying to escape from Andersonville to the Union lines the previous August, had been recaptured and put in a noisome jail in a little Georgia village, where a mob, instigated by "Harp-of-a-thousand-strings" Elder, tried to hang them.—EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE.]

Si and his squad soon came to the top of a hill which overlooked the straggling, squalid little village of Hang-Town, as Shorty and the rest persisted in calling it. Without showing themselves out in the road, they halted for a few minutes to study it, and recall their miserable experiences there the previous August. That was only a little over two months away, but it seemed a century. Such an infinity of things had happened since. Then they were hungry and haggard, unutterably sore in every limb, hunted down by day and night, in the midst of a community where every white man was more dangerous than a wild beast, and their brightest hopes were merely to escape with life and limb from perils which beset every step. It seemed that there was not a drop in sorrow's cup left untasted by them. The vicious rabble into whose hands they had fallen were confident, impudent and defiant—heaping hatred, contumely and derision on the sacred cause which was dearer to them than life itself. After having cost 10,000 Union lives, Atlanta still mocked and defied the Union army. The boys had only been rescued from an ignominious death by a fortuitous chance.

Since then they had been home, and drunk new and greater drafts from the fountain of the Beauty and Glory of Life. Si had had the crowning joy of union with the beloved of his heart; Shorty had felt that some measure of the same happiness was vouchsafed him. Each of the others had had something come in to greatly vivify and broaden life. Atlanta was now but a heap of smoldering ruins—a thing of so little moment that they could march off and leave it without further care or thought. The Union army was sweeping resistlessly over Georgia. It seemed as if the world had turned clear around since those dreadful August days, but that miserable little village had not changed a particle. It lay there in the bright November sunshine, just as they remembered it in the glare of August. There was the same gang of long-haired, unkempt, shabbily-attired loafers hanging around the rambling, shacking, weather-beaten old tavern; the same ragged, gnarled locusts in front, suiting with the dilapidation of men and building; the same forlorn meeting-house, the same villainous "grocery," with emptied whisky barrels in front; the same evil-looking little jail. The boys even made out the eight scrub oaks, which had been trimmed up for their gallows. And as they looked, they saw a sour-visaged man, with a broad hat, and riding a fine horse, pace dignifiedly up to the tavern, where he was received with marked distinction by some of the more respectable-looking men, who had apparently gathered there to meet him.

"I declare, if there isn't Elder Hornblower, even," exclaimed Si. "I wonder if he has come to preach his famous sermon about the 'spoilers coming upon all the high places through the wilderness?' His sermon's coming truer than he dreamed of."

"We're playing in great luck to find him here," said Shorty, with a grim significance, that boded no good to that sand-hill Boanerges. "There'll be some spoiling now that he can preach about with feeling—if he lives to preach any more. I'm glad those trees are still standing, and all ready. They'll come handy now."

Si noticed to the right a creek flowing from the hills, with a deep, willow-vailed ravine, which would enable them to get quite near the tavern without being discovered.

"They've got some very good horses there, Shorty," he said, "which they've saved from the rebel's pressing agents, and which our army needs. I want that one myself which the Elder is riding."

"Confound it, I wanted that one myself," grumbled Shorty. "Trust you to pick out the best hoss on sight. You ain't the son of a Baptist Deacon for nothing."

"We'll argue that at some future time," said Si. "The main thing now's not to let any o' them get away, nor their hosses. I think I recognize several gents there that we've an account to settle with. Let's skirt along through the woods until we come to the head o' that holler, and then foller the crick down to the road. Don't anybody make the least noise. Pete, you and Sandy can stay back here, keeping under cover, until you see us raise the bank, and then you gallop down, yelling at the top o' your voices."

The crowd about the taven were so engrossed by the arrival of the Elder, with his budget of news of the war, that it was easy for Si and his squad to make their way unsuspected to the point aimed at.

Apparently, the Elder's message was so important that it had to be communicated in the form of a public speech. He was not reluctant to this. He was one of those old-time Gospelers, who felt it their duty to "improve every occasion with a few remarks." He suffered himself to be led to the horse-block, which he mounted, flourished his red bandanna like a signal flag, and blew his nose with a trumpet sound, to give his hearers time to settle around, and get in a properly expectant frame of mind.

"Friends—ah, feller-citizens—ah, beloved brethren—ah," he began. "I've binapreachin' t' yo' the Word fer many years—ah, and I've fr-kwently took as my text—ah, the 12th verse—ah, o' the 12th chapter—ah, of the Prophecies of Jeremiah—ah, which says—ah:

"'The spoilers are come upon all high places through the wilderness—ah. The sword shall devour—ah, from one eend of the land—ah, even to the other eend of the land—ah. No flesh shall have peace—ah.'"

"Same old string—same old hurdy-gurdy," said Si, looking at the cap of his gun.

"I declare, there's that weazened, knock-kneed, little sardine, Tite Brown," said Shorty, "the orneriest little whelp in the gang, that'd picked me out to hang, because I was the biggest in the squad. I won't do nothing to him but naturally break him in two, and throw each half to the dogs."

"Hist! not so loud," warned Si. "Yes, and there's that pot-bellied old loafer, Tim Scads, who got my rope ready for me. I'll bring him down here to the crick and souse his face in it. That rum-blossom nose o' his'll make the water so hot that it'll kill all the fishes."

"Belov-ed hearers—ah," continued the Elder, with his most effective croon, "the prophecies in the Holy Book always come true—ah, and this one has come tru—ah, but not in the way we expected—ah. Instid of our soldiers carrying the sword o' the Lord from the widerness to the high places of the Abolitionists, and spoiling from one eend of their land even to the other eend of the land, the Lord has saw fit to chasten us fer our slackness and lukewarmness—ah. We hain't laid our hands to the plow as we should—ah, but 've looked back to our own selfish interests—ah—to our farms an' homes—ah; to our ease and safety—ah. So, the hosts o' Belial have for a space prevailed—ah. They've done took Atlanty—ah, an' burned hit to the ground—ah, and air now spreading over the land—ah, devouring hit from one eend—ah, even to the other eend—ah. Now, I come among you to-day—ah, not with the Word, but with the sword—ah; not to preach peace—ah, but fer war—ah. You have not went to war before—ah, bekase that meant leavin' yer homes—ah, which yo' claimed you couldn't well do—ah. Now, the sons of Beelzebub have come to yer homes—ah, and you will not have to go away to fight them—ah. They're right over the hill thar—ah.'

Tim Scads, Tite Brown and some of the rest showed very evident signs of alarm at this announcement. They lost interest in the speech, and began to shamble off.

"Now, belov-ed friends and brethern—ah," continued the Elder, after wiping his face with his bandana, "rouse yerselves to battle fer yer freedom and yer firesides—ah. March at once to attack the brutal invader—ah. Rush upon him wherever you kin find him—ah; shoot him down whenever you kin see him—ah. Do hit at once—ah. Within this very hour—ah. He's right over thar, and you kin not help finding him, ah. Show him no quarter—

"FORWARD, DOUBLE-QUICK, LEFT INTO LINE MARCH!" SHOUTED SI.

ah. Smite him, hip-and-thigh, as Joshua done the Amalekites—ah. I'd be glad to go with you, belov-ed brethren, and die leading you in defense of yer homes—ah, but I must go on, and rouse the people elsewhere—ah. I long to put myself at yer head—ah, and"——

"Forward, double-quick, left into line—MARCH!" shouted Si. They all dashed up in front of the tavern, and came to a halt with guns leveled.

"Halt, there. Throw up your hands, every one of you. Don't one of you move, on your lives," sternly commanded Si, bringing his Springfield to bear on the Elder.

"O, for the Lord's sake, don't shoot, Mister," begged the Elder. "Don't shoot. I'm a minister o' the Gospel. I'm a man o peace. I hain't never had nothing t' do with the army."

"Purty preacher you are," said Shorty. "You old whangdoodle hyena. Hell's full of a mighty sight better men than you are."

Pete and Sandy charged up with shrill yells, catching Tite Brown and Tim Scads in the midst of a hasty retreat, and whipping them back to the crowd with hickory switches. The boys had their guns, with their bridles, in their left hands, and long withes in their right.

"Ouch, that hurts," whined Tite. "You ortent t' hit a man that-a-way what never done nothing t' yo'uns."

"Say, my good young friend," pleaded the red-nosed Tim Scads, "you orter be keerful 'bout striking a white man and a gentleman. I'm an older man'n yo' air, and father of a family."

"Nice father you are, you old swill-tub," said Sandy, giving him another vicious cut. "If I had a yaller dog that'd own you for a father I'd kill him. Get back to the rest, before I do worse to you. Get, I say."

"Say," implored Tim, "you rayly ortent t' strike a white man with a whip afore niggers. Tain't decent. 'Twill take away all their respect."

Pete and Sandy looked around. They had been so absorbed in watching Si's movements that they had not noticed that Uncle Ephraim and Aunt Minerva, followed by the rest of Mr. Benjamin Small's negroes, had come up close behind and were eager spectators of events.

"Strike you with a whip, you worthless old soak," shouted Sandy. "Lose the respect of the niggers! You were crazy to hang a white man, whose finger nail was worth more than your rum-pickled old carcass. Hustle. Don't waste time talking, or I won't leave a well place on you."

"Glory to God," shouted Aunt Minerva Ann. "dat I've libbed long enough t' see ole Tim Scads walloped. He de meanest pup dat ebber sucked aigs. He meaner'n ary nigger dat ebber wore wool. He purtend t' be a gemmen, and steal de coppers offen a daid nigger's eyes. He lay 'wake nights t' t'ink ob cussedness t' do t' a pore nigger. De only wuk he'd ebber do would be t' jine de patterole, jist fo' de fun ob lickin' niggers. He lick me w'en I wuz a leetle gal, just fo' de fun ob hearin' me holler. Hit him again, young mas'r."

"There's a welt for the sake of Aunt Minerva Ann, and there's another for Uncle Ephraim," said Sandy, bringing down his withe with all his strength.

"Hit him a few for me, Sandy," said Si, "and don't let 'em be love taps, neither. Then you might add a few for the neighborhood. He's bin a bore and a nuisance to it all his worthless life."

"He ain't gittin' a lick amiss," remarked the Elder, in an undertone to the man next to him. He was beginning to recover a little from his fright, for Si's attention had been directed away from him, and the dreadful muzzle of that Springfield rifle was pointed elsewhere than toward his head. "Though I hate t' see hit done by Yankees, an' afore the niggers. The way I've wrastled t' no effect with that onregenerate, desartless, guzzlin' ole sinner, an' tried t' win him from his evil ways. He's mocked at me, fer a chicken-eatin' hoss-tradin' ole hypocrite, an' now a judgment has come onto him fer his railin' ag'in a minister o' the Lord."

"Now," said Si, addressing the crowd, "I want you all to mosey over there to them trees that you fixed up to hang us last August, and set down flat on the ground. Forward—March!"

The crowd looked at one another, but the boys were in a hurry, and hustled them along in no gentle way. The Elder brought up the rear as slowly and dignifiedly as he could, with the muzzle of Harry Joslyn's gun punching him in the back.

"Do be keerful with that there gun, my young friend," remonstrated the Elder. "Guns air orful things. You never know when they're goin' off."

"You needn't be so blamed particular about a few minutes, you old hunter of fried chicken and wheat biscuits," Harry answered. "Or whether you're shot accidentally or on purpose. You're going to be pretty soon, anyway."

"You don't mean t' say that you think o' shootin' a reggerly ordained minister o' the Gospel?" gasped the Elder. "That'd be wuss'n heathenism."

"Well, mebbe, being a minister will make the Sergeant change it to hanging, instead," Harry consoled him. "Being shot's a soldier's death. Mebbe he won't think you deserve it. Sit down there."

"But the ground's cold and wet. I'll ketch my death o' cold," expostulated the Elder.

"Do as he tells you, and at once," said Shorty, bringing his heavy hand down upon the Elder's shoulder. "You needn't bother about cold. In 15 minutes you'll be where it's warm enough."

The Elder's knees bent under Shorty's grip, and he sat down violently, but he raised himself a little, pulled out his bandana and a wallet of papers, and carefully placed them under him, to shield him from the chill, wet soil, groaning:

"This's one of the trials o' the Lord's follerers. I must endure hit."

"Now, Shorty," said Si, after he had got the crowd settled down, and he and his companions had picked out the rest of the would-be hangmen, "you take these eight gents, who was so anxious to string us up, and make 'em do one job of honest work in their lives. Make 'em gather up them empty whisky barrels, and all the truck around here, and pile it in and around that calaboose, so that it'll be sure to burn to the ground. Then set it and that grocery a-fire. Hurry up, for we've no time to waste."

The eight loafers had never done so much hard work in a day as they did in the next 10 minutes, with Shorty, a long switch in his hand, moving among them delivering swishing cuts to animate them to greater swiftness in gathering logs, rails, barrels, boxes, and other fuel to heap in and around the old jail.

"Another judgment on the wicked," said the Elder, as he saw the flames roll up from the groggery. "Hit supports me in my trials t' see that evil place destroyed. I've preached ag'in hit fer years an' prophesied hits destruction. I never could git a cent out o' anybody who went thar fer the support o' the Gospel."

His scare was disappearing. He felt that the men would sate their vengeance otherwise, and let him go.

"Glory to God!" shouted the negroes, who were watching the amazing conflagration of two places so full of dire associations in their minds. "The Day of Judgment hab come, sartin."

"Alf, come here," said Si grimly, as, having finished their work, the eight panting loafers were again hauled up before him by Shorty. "This gent. here, whose name I learned some months ago, is Mr. Timothy Scads, a free and independent citizen of Georgia, and an ornament to its Society, haint drunk nearly as much water in the course of his life as a decent man should. You go and get that hoss bucket full of water and a gourd, and administer to him as much water as you think his system needs, to make up for lost time."

The negroes roared, and even the whites would have laughed, but that Si's set, stern face forbade.

Tim Scads took the first two gourdfuls with avidity, for he was very hot and dry from his labor. He swallowed the third with some effort, but pushed the fourth away. "I've got all I kin hold," he said.

"O, no; you're mistaken," said Alf. "You haven't hardly begun. This is only the first bucketful, it ain't half empty, and there's lots more in the well. If that gives out, we'll got to the creek. Down with it at once."

Tim gulped it down, and another one with more difficulty. Then he begged:

"O, mister, I can't drink no more. I rayly can't. I feel my liver floatin' 'round, and tanglin' up with my gizzard."

"O, yes, you can," said Alf. "Let me feel your pulse. Gracious, you ain't half full yet. Down with this at once."

Two more gourdfuls were forced down, and Tim begged again:

"O, Lord, don't make me drink no more. I kin feel the water runnin' inter my lights now, an' drownin' out my heart. I can't drink another mouthful."

"O, yes, you can," said the obdurate Alf. "Let me see your tongue. Just as I thought. You ain't half full. The water ain't up to your waist yet. You've got to drink until it's level with your teeth. What you think is water is only steam from your hot coppers that hain't had any water for years. You'll feel better after you've drunk this bucketful and another. Open your mouth and down with this gourdful at once."

"Ef I drink another mouthful I'll either bust or be water-logged for life," whined Tim. But Alf called Gid and Monty to hold him and his nose, and forced a couple more gourdfuls down him.

"I think he's got all he can hold for the present, sir," said Alf, turning and gravely saluting Si. "It's beginning to run out of his ears."

"Very good," said Si, as gravely, returning the salute. "Take him and the other seven over to those trees, where they were going to hang us, and tie each of them to a tree. Got those hickories ready, Corporal Elliott?"

"Yes, sir," said Shorty, saluting, and showing eight substantial hickory withes, which he had in the meanwhile cut from the neighboring second growth.

"Very good," said Si. "Now, whipping such trash as that is too dirty work for Yankee soldiers and gentlemen. You will select eight able-bodied negroes from this crowd, and let them do it. Let them give 40 stripes, save one, as the Bible directs. You will superintend the job, and see that they are well laid on."

Shorty selected a bow-legged, squatty negro, with thick lips and a flat nose, but strong arms, to devote himself to Tite Brown.

The loafers yelled with pain as each blow descended, and the negro women shouted with excitement, sang snatches of hymns and prayed.

"More desarved punishment I never knowed," commented the Elder, who now felt comfortably certain that this would exhaust the vengeance of the Yankees, and leave him unmolested and free. "Hit's a righteous judgment on them scalawags, every one o' which has bin itchin' fer jest sich a skinnin' all their lives. They haint got hit a minnit too soon, or a lick too many. More owdacious vagabonds never drawed the breath of a worthless life."

While this was going on Si moved around, getting ready to start. He found eight good horses in the lot, which he put in charge of Pete, Sandy, Alf and Gid, with instructions to start off down the road with them. He wanted Pete to take one of the horses for himself, but Pete would not give up Abednego, the mule, for any horse.

As the whippers came from their task they were mounted on some of the horses, and Uncle Ephraim was directed to follow, and, conducted by Monty and Harry, disappeared behind the curtain of bushes at the bend of the road, leaving Si and Shorty alone with the crowd, leaning on their muskets, in front of the heavy curtain of bushes.

"Elder Hornblower," said Si, gravely, "we've now tended to the lesser villains, and it comes your turn."

"Don't call me a villain, young man," said the Elder, hotly. "I'm a mister o' the Gospel, an' a Magistrate under the laws o' Georgy. You haint got nothin' t' do with me. I'm a peaceable citizen, an' never had nothin' t' do with the army. Hit's ag'in the law t' molest me in any way."

"Just now we're engaged in making new laws, Elder," said Si, with an air of patient explanation, "which same will apply to your case."

"But I wasn't gwine t' hang you," expostulated the Elder. "Hit was them fellers that you've done licked."

"Elder Hornblower," continued Si, with the same patient air, and repeating as well as he could remember the turgid fulness of the sonorous old indictments under the criminal law of Indiana, "you have, being instigated by the devil, and not having the fear of God before your eyes, been for years wickedly, maliciously, and with malice prepense and aforethought, rampaging up and down the country, preaching treason, sedition, murder, arson, and other things against the peace and dignity of the United States of America, and the statutes in those cases made and provided. You deserve the doom of all traitors, which is death, and it has become our duty to shoot you dead, dead, dead, as the law directs, and may God have mercy on your sinful soul. Have you anything to say, before sentence is executed?"

Si stopped and wiped his face, for the prodigious mental effort had made him sweat.

"But you can't shoot me. You dassent shoot me. I'm a minister of the Gospel, I done tole you," shouted the Elder, struggling to his feet.

"You're not speaking to the question, Elder," said Shorty, examining the lock of his gun. "We said we were going to shoot you. That's settled, and no longer debatable. Any other remarks?"

"Elder," said Si, "we are in a great hurry, and have no time to waste. We've heard you, with our own ears, preaching treason in its worst form. We've also listened twice to your great sermon on the spoilers from the wilderness. We're them, just as the Bible describes. Now, having done your preaching, you can pray. We'll give you five minutes by the watch, counting from now, to do the best praying you ever done in your life, for it will be your last. Go over and kneel down by one of them trees, where you were going to hang us, and do your praying. You other men go over and kneel down with him. Now, at the end of five minutes I'll count three, and at three we'll shoot. Hurry up now. Your five minutes is passing."

The Elder gave a despairing look at the stern, set faces of Si and Shorty, without finding in them a ray of mercy. Groaning audibly, he went over, kneeled down behind Tim Scads, and began praying in a tone that echoed from the hills. The others knelt down in line with him, and Si and Shorty exchanged covert grins at noticing that they all carefully assumed positions that would take them out of range of an ill-aimed shot at the Elder. They were certain not to get behind him, or very near on either side.

Unconsciously, the Elder drifted into one of his regular, thunderous prayers, which were so effective in his meetings. He prayed for the success of the Southern Confederacy and the utter destruction of the Abolition hordes; for more blessings and strength to Jeff Davis, and confusion and distress to Abraham Lincoln; for a sweeping away of the "Yankee mercenaries," as Senacherib's hosts had been swept away, and for victories for Lee and Hood, like those which had blessed Joshua and Gideon.

"One!" called out Si, when he had got as much of this as he could stand.

The Elder whirled about with hands upraised, and shouted:

"O, Mister, for God's sake, spare my life. Remember my holy calling; remember my peaceful character; remember my wife and family; remember"——

"Turn around, there, and go ahead praying," said Shorty, sighting at him; "you didn't remember our holy calling, our peaceful character, our wives and children, when you were egging on that crowd to hang us. Turn around, there, or I'll shoot you at once."

The Elder resumed his devotions, and those on either side of him began groaning, shouting and praying in sympathy. The crackling of the burning groggery, and the crash of the falling roof and walls of the jail mingled with their voices.

The Elder began mingling with his invocations for Heavenly mercy, solicitations for blighting curses on those soulless vandals who were to do him to death.

"Two!" called out Si. "Next to last call for eternity. Next station, the grave," added Shorty.

The Elder whirled about again, but immediately whirled back, for he saw the two guns at the boys' faces, ready to fire, and his voice was tremulous with fearful emotion. His companions were now simply howling with agonized suspense.

Si and Shorty stepped noiselessly around the screen of bushes and disappeared. The precautions were needless. The men were all in such nervous terror that they could not have heard the march of a regiment. A hundred rods away the boys could still hear them groaning, shouting and praying. Then the partners ran forward to the horses, which they mounted, and led their procession onward.

"We certainly gave them a bad half hour," said Si, as they jogged along. "But I doubt whether we made 'em as much misery as they made us. I guess they know now that there's a God in Israel. I wonder how long the Elder will keep up his praying? One thing I'm sure of: he's lost a mighty nice horse, and, I declare, I believe this is the same one I took from him before. It is, as sure's I'm alive. The next thing is as to what we're going to do with Uncle Ephraim and Aunt Minerva Ann. You know the orders are strict against negroes following the army."

"Well, orders or no orders, we've got to take care of them, since they would come along," answered Shorty. "I believe Col. McGillicuddy'll help us out."

"He certainly will if he can. Anyway, we can't let 'em go back there. Old Hornblower and his crowd would whip every one o' them to death, if he could get the chance."

(To be continued.)

The comrades of Western New York are enthusiastically in favor of Col. Chas. A. Orr, of Buffalo, for Commander of the Department of New York. They claim that his deserving is quite unusual. He was born in 1848, and made two unsuccessful attempts at enlisting, before he finally got in, in 1864, in the 187th N. Y. He was then only 16. Within a month his regiment was in the fight at Hatcher's Run, and he has received a medal of honor for "distinguished gallantry." He was in all the fighting thenceforward until Lee surrendered. He returned to Buffalo after being mustered out, and has been a successful business man ever since, and is now Pension Agent there. He is a member of Chapin Post, and has been its Commander eight years. He was active in organizing the Memorial and Executive Committee of Buffalo, and has always been a hard worker in its ranks. He was Senior Vice Commander of New York in 1886. Western New York has had but one Department Commander, and the Buffalo comrades think that it is now time to have another, and Comrade Orr is their unanimous choice.

Gen. Jas. H. Ruggles, one of the founders of the Republican party, and who drafted the first Republican platform, died, Feb. 9, in a sanitarium near Springfield, Ill., aged 81. He went into the army as First Lieutenant in the 1st Ill. Cav., and was mustered out in 1864 as Lieutenant-Colonel of the 3d Ill. Cav.