WITHOUT AN EQUAL.

Splendid Showing Made by American Troops in China.

SUPERIOR TRANSPORT SERVICE.

Big U. S. Army Wagons on Schedule Time while Others Abandoned Efforts on Account of Mud.

Capt. Thomas Franklin, A. C. S., U. S. V., who while with the American troops in China during the recent Boxer uprising had abundant opportunity for observing the troops of different nations there assembled, in his report to Adj't-Gen. Corbin, says regarding food supplies: "In my mind there were none who had as excellent or abundant a supply of food as the Americans. The Japs had rice, bread, dried fish and tea, which they supplemented by the use of the sheep and cattle the country produced. They also had American canned meats, but they were not used with impunity and seemed to be more of the nature of a special or emergency article of their diet.

"The British white troops had a ration similar to ours in quality and quantity, but not so varied or flexible. They used tea instead of coffee. The British Indian troops had about three-quarters pound atta or flour, about one pound rice, one gill ghee or vegetable oil, salt, and once a week a pound of fresh meat, bone and all. The Sikhs only used mutton or goat, but the Mohammedans ate everything except pork.

"The Russians had little besides black-bread and soup. They were given a quarter pound can of some kind of meat preparation at intervals, much in the same manner as the Japs used American meats. They had the finest cooking arrangement, though, of any. Upon a springless carriage was mounted an iron furnace under a semi-spherical boiler, water-jacketed. The boiler was fitted with a tight-fitting cover and the whole was very strongly and compactly built. Into this they put all the materials for a soup or stew that they possessed, and nothing came amiss, screwed down the cover, lit the fire, and away went this perambulating soup tureen with its company.

"When they made camp, all they had to do was 'stack arms,' and then march past the soup machine, the cook opening a faucet, and each man received his ration of hot, well-cooked, thick soup; the assistant cook in the meantime was chopping up a loaf of black bread with an axe and each man got a liberal chunk. I tasted this bread several times, and it did not improve upon acquaintance. It seemed to have been made of equal parts of bran, sand, sawdust and was sour besides. This was an ideal and economical way to prepare soldiers' food, but I am afraid soup three times a day is too much of a steady diet for the American to adopt. The Russian thrived on this, for they looked hearty and strong."

POLICING OF CAMPS.

In cleanliness of camps the Americans were far ahead. Capt. Franklin states: "The Americans kept the best policed and cleanest camps, all garbage was religiously removed and buried in pits at some distance. I believe it is a second nature with the Regular soldier to be clean and to make others do the same. Anyway, they made life a burden to the Chinamen by insisting on 'John' cleaning out his streets and houses, which, judging from their condition, I don't believe had been done since the visit of Marco Polo, at least.

"The British kept fairly clean camps, but they seemed to do it by spasms. Let it get dirty and then turn out about a thousand coolies and do a week's cleaning in two hours.

"The Japs kept their immediate quarters clean but were not at all particular of their environs. The camps of the Russians and French were plainly perceptible by the olfactory nerves even at some distance. Little attention was paid to camp sanitation. Had it not been for the cool weather that came in September, I think they would have had trouble with sickness from this cause.

"The Germans kept their camps very clean and seemed to thoroughly understand the value of sanitation. They had stringent rules regarding the care of the health of their men, but had the biggest sick report, I believe, of any, mostly diarrhea, dysentery and some typhoid, I believe. This is surprising in view of the care they took."

TRANSPORTATION.

"In transportation none of the allies could touch the Americans. Our amount was limited at first, but this was soon supplied. Although we had only escort wagons, their size and the amount they hauled surprised the foreigners, and when we told them that these were our light wagons, sent because of the anticipated difficulty of Chinese roads, and that at home we habitually used a much larger, stronger wagon, hauled by six mules, and driven by one man with a single line, they listened politely but didn't believe it.

"Our wagons were habitually loaded with from 3,500 to 4,000 pounds, according to the condition of the road. But even on the days when the other nations stopped their trains because of the mud, ours went through on schedule time. With our system one man cared for four mules, and each mules hauled from 700 to 1,000 pounds of stores. With the cart systems of the others, this never exceeded 500 pounds per animal, and each animal required one man to care for him.

"Our pack trains also surprised them a great deal. The system of putting the loads on so that they stayed there until unlashed was something new, the "Diamond Hitch" being indeed a mystery to them. Then, too, the speed at which they traveled and the small number of men required to pack and drive the train was equally surprising. But the one thing that excited the most comment was the manner in which the mules followed the bellmare. How 50 mules could be turned loose and kept controlled, especially on herd, by a couple of men was remarkable, but when it came to driving them along a crowded road and through the labyrinthine streets of Chinese cities, without decreasing the speed, losing a mule, or stopping to adjust loads, they simply marveled.

"The Japs had a number of pack-horses with panniers, fierce little Japanese stallions with shaggy manes and bulging eyes, each one led by a little soldier, and horse and man were generally executing a sort of waltz in the dust. They were not much good. Their principal dependence were little, one-horse carts, consisting of a light platform and shafts mounted on two small wheels. They had neither sides nor ends, and, though of light construction, were strong. They carried about 500 pounds, maximum load. Each horse was led by a soldier, and they were well handled and very efficient, but not near so good as a four-wheeled vehicle like ours. However, they had plenty of them and kept themselves well supplied by their means and that is the main thing.

"The Russians used a two-wheeled cart, considerably larger than those of the Japs, with flaring sides and ends; it was very roomy and commodious and strong. They were drawn by shaggy Manchurian ponies of great strength and stamina. They moved much faster than the Japs' carts, which were always led. They carried as much as 800 pounds over very good roads and for short hauls, but 500 was the average. This cart seemed to me to be extremely serviceable, strong, handy and fairly light and well constructed.

BRITISH METHODS.

"The British had an immense number of pack-mules, small, active, vicious little beasts. They were led tandem, three in one bunch, the halter chains of the two rear ones running to a ring in the saddle of the one preceding. The coolie in charge of the three led the lead mule. He took care of all three. The pack saddles were of iron or steel, very strong, light and neat with breast end breech straps. They had curved lugs or hooks on each side on which the load was hung. The parcels to be carried were lashed around with a close-twisted rope which was provided with small loops or ears, leather-covered to prevent chafing. To load the mule, the cargo was simultaneously lifted to each side, and the loops hung over the hooks.

"This was quick, but the load did not stay on if the mule trotted or acted foolish, which they often did. In other words, they lashed the load to the saddle while we lash it to the mule. As they normally move at the gait of the coolie walking, the system works all right. They also had a number of carts with wooden axles and solid wooden wheels, which I noticed were abandoned all along the road with broken axles. As they were such a lumbering, self-evident failure, I will not dwell upon them. In September they got a large number of carts from India. All steel built, with lattice bottoms and sides, patent hubs, wood fellies and spokes. They had a pole and were drawn by two pack-mules, the pole being fitted with a swiveled cross-piece at its end. Each end of this cross-piece rested on the iron pack-saddle where it was engaged by a ring, the mule bridles were connected by a halter shank.

"These carts were exceedingly strong and well constructed, and larger than the Russians', but the method of attaching the draft animal did not permit of the full strength of the beast being utilized. There was also considerable play to the saddle, which caused sore backs. But they loaded them very lightly. They took excellent care of their stock; every animal was thoroughly groomed daily and blanketed at night. They not only picketed with a heavy iron pin by the halter shank, but had a heel rope or chain attached by a leather ring or collar. So they were moored fore and aft like a ship in a stream. They said that it was impossible to picket them any other way because of their fighting propensities, but as they also said they could not drive them in the same manner as our pack-mules, and then admitted they had not attempted to do either one, I believe that their mules would stand to a picket line like ours if given a show.

"The French, Italians and Austrians had no transport except what they picked up in the country.

GERMAN MILITARY BAGGAGE WAGONS.

"The Germans were in much the same fix, but late in the season got in a large number of their military baggage wagons. These wagons were quite narrow at the bottom and flared out considerably at the sides. The axles were of steel of rectangular section and had no sand-bars, or false bolsters; the wheels were of wood with patent hubs, the spokes placed very far apart, making too weak a wheel for a rough road. The absence of sand-bars, together with their very narrow bottoms, threw the load on the center of the axles too much, causing many to buckle, throwing wheels out of line and consequently increasing the draft on the team. The brake power was transmitted by a crank and rod fitted with worm gear. The harness was of fair leather and breast straps were used instead of collars and hames. The man on the box drove the wheel team only; the lead team was controlled by a driver mounted on the near horse. This wagon does not compare with our escort wagons, was not as capacious, was badly shaped, nor was it as strong, and their system of driving required two teamsters instead of one.

NATIVE CARTS.

"All nations utilized the native carts for transport purposes. These were of two kinds, the Pekin cart, used by the Chinese for passenger purposes, and the huge, lumbering freight cart. The Pekin cart consisted of a heavy pair of shafts, mounted on an extremely heavy pair of wooden wheels with huge hubs, and a strong hard-wood axle. Between the shafts was a light wooden platform; in some cases it is of woven rattan; this was surmounted by a lattice-work canopy covered with cloth and with a sunshade, which extended over the cart-mule. It was a heavy, ungainly vehicle and extremely top-heavy. The freight cart was of the same style but heavier, and had a solid wood bottom and no top. In addition to the shaft animal were three and sometimes four ponies or mules harnessed abreast, and with very long rope traces. These carried really enormous loads, and were a great assistance to those troops whose own transport was limited.

"The province of Chi-Li was rich in ponies and mules, many of the latter being splendid animals equal to our own, especially for packers, as they were short coupled with big barrels; in fact ideal pack-mules.

CAMEL TRANSPORTS.

"Near Pekin was obtained also a large number of camels of the two-humped or Bactrian breed. These ungainly brutes carried 500 pounds apiece and were the cheapest transport in China. They ate all kinds of refuse forage that a mule would not touch, and thrived upon it. The saddle was simplicity itself, consisting of two narrow wooden bars running at right angles to the ribs, and connected by a few pieces of old rope thrown loosely across the animal's back, these equalized the pressure of the load on the ribs. The cargo was simply tied together and hung on each side.

"One man cared for six animals, he led the first by a long cord passed through the gristle of the nose, the other five were tied to their leaders in the same manner, the cord being made fast to the saddle. The last camel carried a bell suspended from his neck and shaped like a section of stovepipe. As long as the bell sounded the camel driver knew his string was intact without looking around. We employed a number of these beasts to haul in coal from the mines to our camp at Pekin. They only made about two and a half miles an hour, but as this pace, like that of the British pack train, was regulated by their coolie drivers, who walked, I don't know if it is natural or not, but think it is. They have nasty tempers and are prone to kick and bite, many being muzzled. Having tried them, I do not think much of them as a saddle animal, the motion being similar to that of one of the Philippine coasting steamers in a typhoon.

"Although our wagons did splendid service and held up well under heavy loads and over rough roads, we were at times embarrassed by the fact that spare parts were not interchangeable on all the wagons. We had three different kinds of escort wagons, all differing slightly, and I think this is a mistake. These wagons should be built to standard specifications, no matter who is the maker; thus all parts would be interchangeable, a prime necessity in a campaign.

SOME COMPARISONS.

"All the foreigners were very partial to fair leather equipments, and the British and Germans kept theirs in a beautiful condition.

"The Japs marched with but little equipment, that is the weight was not great, but they seemed to have all they wanted. The British troops also were lightly loaded, but both of these nations had a coolie for every fighting man, or about that proportion. The Russians carried little, a rough blanket in a roll, the ends of which were tied together and slung in their soup cans. A wooden water bottle and a canvas haversack completed their outfits. The French and Italians had very heavy packs. The Germans were heavily loaded, seemed to have a belt and a pouch for everything from a pair of boots to a meerschaum pipe. I only saw them marching on the roads, but feel certain that if they went into action they would either have to strip and run the risk of losing their packs or else develop powers of endurance that men of no other nation possess.

"In the matter of dress our men are very sensibly clothed in comparison with the others, especially in the matter of foot and head gear. Our blue flannel shirts excited admiration.

"The Japs limped in heavy stiff brogans, which they wore apparently for the same reason a plantation negro wears shoes on Sunday—for show, as they moved around barefooted or in straw sandals with ease and comfort. Their Summer uniform was of coarse, white drill, made very tight fitting, extremely so—they seemed ready to burst at every seam. Their Winter uniform was of coarse woolen cloth varying in color and trimmings, according to organization, and most spectacular in these combinations. Indeed, all the armies except American reveled in color and gold lace on their Winter uniforms, and, although it is striking, its a nuisance, and requires much labor and care to keep it presentable. The American force was better fed, both in quantity and quality of the ration, better clothed, and for the Winter especially so, and had the best transportation, newspaper correspondents to the contrary notwithstanding.

"Where the Americans fell down in the eyes of the foreigners was in military appearance. Our men were slouchy in dress and rambled about clothed or half clothed or dressed any old way that their fancy dictated, but this was true of our officers also, I am sorry to say. We seemed to lack a proper pride in our personal appearance. The foreigners thought this go-as-you-please manner was due to lax discipline, whereas it's a national characteristic, though a bad one and one easy of correction if the proper means be adopted. Let the officer appear neat and uniformly clothed at all times and the enlisted man will quickly follow.

"This particular feature has been rampant in our Army since '98 and does not seem to improve at all. But the Americans' arms were always clean and in good order, and he can shoot and take care of himself better than his more neatly dressed brothers-in-arms, and he was animated by a spirit of humanity and regards for the rights of others that was in marked contrast to the actions of these same presumably disciplined troops. After all, these things are the true test of true discipline, and not perfect alignment and polished buttons. But both could go hand in hand.

"Regarding the feeling existing among the fractions of this cosmopolitan force, it was amusing and instructive to see the cordial dislikes and hatred of the different nations for each other. Of course, all official relations were nice and diplomatically cordial, but that sort of intercourse means nothing. The true feeling came out in the intercourse or rather lack of intercourse of the different forces. The Jap was smiling and polite to all and in evidence in all the camps, especially the British and American. The Russian flocked by himself and did not even seem to care for his friend, the French.

"The British and American troops were always together and constantly in each others camps. The German kept to himself and the French also, except when he was in the Russian camps. None of them were visitors to any extent in the English speaking camps (except the Japs), nor were they welcomed by the troops when they did come. The British were, in fact, the only real friends we had, and the only ones who were willing to help us if we needed it, and of course we returned with interest their courtesy and kindness. The Jap was pleasant and smiling and that was all—he just simply smiles, he smiled on the Russian as he smiled on the American, and if he had any thoughts he kept them private somewhere in his little round head."

Men of Broader Views Are Needed.

Arthur Twining Hadley in Success.

There is, at present, an unusual call for college bred men in the various trades and professions—a demand so great that we are hardly able to meet it. This is a thing which always happens in years of commercial expansion. If we compare the times of prosperity with those of depression, we find that the variation in the value of invested capital is greater than the variation in the value of current product. A college-bred man has invested anywhere from $2,000 to $10,000 in himself. The value of that investment follows nearly the same laws as the value of a steamboat or a furnace. When there is an exceptional demand for service, he is the one who feels its benefits most fully. When there is no special demand, and when everybody is striving simply to pay current expenses, he finds it impossible to make interest on the investment, unless possessed of special qualifications as a man.

Accommodating.

New Lippincott.

"Come back as soon as possible," said her mistress to Maggie, who was going home in response to a telegram saying her mother was ill.

"Yes, mum," promised Maggie.

A day or two later a letter came:

"Deer Mis Smith: i will be back nex week pleas kep my place, for me mother is dying as fast as she can

"To oblidg

"Maggie."

FORTY YEARS AGO.

By W. B. Gwathmey, Aitkin, Minn.

Well, boys, I've been out marching
With the G. A. R. today,
And it took me back to war times,
When I heard the fifer play
The good old tunes and marches,
And the dirges soft and low;
But we "Vets" don't step them off, boys,
As we did forty years ago.

The Captain's voice was not the same,
Yet he gave the old command,
And our Colonel's form was missing
From his place upon the stand,
When a year ago he spoke to us
Of our hardships, don't you know,
That we all endured together,
Just forty years ago.

You should have heard that fifer,
Why, it had the war-time sound,
And the old gray-headed drummer—
Great Scott, how he did pound—
For we used our veteran drum corps,
Though they marched a trifle slow;
But they took us back to Dixie,
Just forty years ago.

That lameness sorter quit me
In my Chickamagua knee,
When the gray old fifer started
"Sherman marching to the sea,"
When some old veteran sang it,
We all just let her go,
And marched and sung as once we did
Just forty years ago.

Of course, we did not sing as loud,
Or keep in step the same
As we did when down in Georgia,
For now we are old and stiff and lame;
Yet the music sorter caught us,
And our cheeks took on the glow,
While dim old eyes flashed loyal fire
They flashed forty years ago.

The speaking? Well, it was not much,
For, you see, we boys are old,
And the speaker was a youngster,
(Maybe just as good as gold),
But he undertook to tell us,
"We old soldiers," don't you know,
How we fought and bled and died down South,
Just forty years ago.

His speaking may have been good enough
For this new-fangled day,
But was more than amusing,
For the old and bent and gray,
Who was down in Dixie fighting,
At a rebel cannon's throttle,
While he was North a crying
Or nursing at a bottle.

What we old soldiers really want
On our Decoration Day,
Is a fife and drum and graveyard,
Some old Chaplain who can pray,
And to help some dear old comrade,
With a missing leg to go,
Strew tears and flowers upon the graves
Made forty years ago.

We all must join our comrades,
Every soldier brave and true,
Those who fell in Southern gray,
Or died in Northern blue;
For to that eternal bivouac,
All veterans soon must go,
But not to meet in deadly strife
Like forty years ago.

THE ROLL-CALL.

[This poem was sent to The National Tribune by A. E. Magoffin, Sergeant Major, 80th Ohio, Lyons, Kan., in reply to a request from a comrade for the words.]

When the roll is called in glory,
And earth's hosts shall muster there,
I will take my place among them,
And their love and triumphs share.

CHORUS.

Angels, call the roll in glory,
Muster-day for saints proclaim,
Call the roll, and at the summons
I will answer to my name.

Tho' my dust lie in the valley,
Or beneath the ocean deep,
Call the roll and I will waken
From my dark and dreamless sleep.

Chorus—Angels, etc.

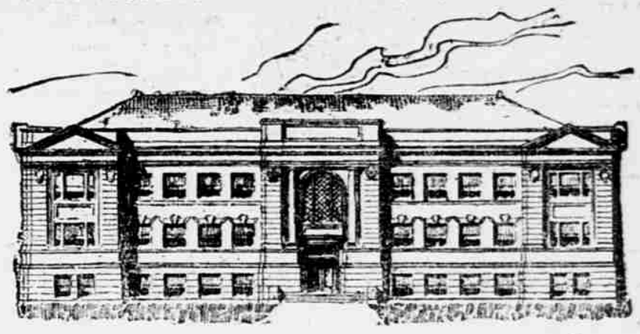
He who keeps the keys of Hades
Speaks, and lo! the vaulted door
Swings ajar—the chains are riven,
And His ransomed die no more.

Chorus—Angels, etc.

Born to life of endless beauty,
Satisfied, my weary soul,
I shall join the glad Hosannas,
When the angels call the roll.

Chorus—

COLLEGIATE BUILDING OF MEMORIAL UNIVERSITY, MASON CITY, IOWA.



The cornerstone of the Collegiate Building of the Memorial University, at Mason City, Iowa, will be laid June 26.

The Collegiate Building will be constructed in the most approved and modern style. Mason City granite will be used and the roof will be of tile, and heating and ventilation will be by the fan system. This structure will be the first of the three buildings to be erected this year.

The campus upon which the University is to be located consists of 40 acres of as beautiful land as can be found in America, and, aside from this tract, grounds have been secured for the location of heating and power plant, an athletic park and drill ground, rifle range and lake front site for naval reserve station. All of the buildings will be of the most substantial and permanent character in keeping with the importance of the institution they are calculated to house.

The dimensions of collegiate buildings are 155 by 79 feet, and provide for 25 commodious class rooms, offices, laboratories, a large assembly-room and a library. The scope and intents of this institution are well known, and in rearing a memorial to the men and women of war times, the Sons of Veterans have found that the American people will tolerate nothing short of the greatest university in the country.

The Collegian's Expenses.

June Century.

At first glance Yale seems an expensive place, but though a "son of Eli" can spend a great deal of money if he has it, the man with none to spare can go through on a surprisingly small amount. The remission of nearly all of his tuition lifts a great burden from the shoulders of the man struggling to earn his way, while the loan library (which supplies him with text-books), and other kindly contrivances, relieve him of expense in many small ways. The proportion of self-helping students at Yale is growing greater year by year. The number of those receiving degrees during the last 10 years who helped themselves through makes a total of 519 men, and of the 327 graduates last June 15 paid their way through college unassisted, and 69 earned a large part of their expenses.

Harvard, which has smarted, unjustly, perhaps, under the appellation of the rich man's college, has any number of graduates who will testify that it is the poor man's college as well, and that the working student, if he will, can bring his yearly expenses within $300. The same amount in a different college community might purchase luxury. At Harvard it means rigorous economy. But if the working student can accommodate himself to a quart-measure limit, probably he will be happy there on $300; if, however, he desires a bushel-basket horizon, he is bound to be hurt and bruised by beating against the limitations of his state. The prospective Harvard freshman does not always understand this after reading the letters collected by the late Mr. Bolles, Secretary of the college, from Harvard alumni, whose yearly expenses had ranged between $300 and $500. Self-support, from these letters, seems rather a simple matter, and the college has been trying to live down the effect of the pamphlet ever since. With the optimistic blindness of youth, hopeful boys have ignored the reading between the lines, and with the utmost trustfulness have made their penniless pilgrimage to Harvard, demanding of the first distracted college official they met, "A job, sir, if you please." Many of them seem to feel that desirable positions may be picked off like plums from a tree, and they are personally aggrieved to find that the utmost supply of lucrative employments matched the demand long before they appeared on the scene.

The Hard Part.

(Life.)

"Have you ever been perfectly happy?"

"Yes, but I never knew it at the time."

Abe Lincoln and the Bull.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: When I lived in Kansas I had for neighbors several old fellows from Sangamon Co., Ill., who claimed to be old-time chums of Lincoln, and there seemed to be no end to the fund of Lincoln stories, that they could tell. Not remembering to ever have seen the following anecdote in print, I will try to give it to you as Lincoln's old friend, "Uncle Billy" Brown, gave it to me:

"Near New Salem was a pasture field, in which there was a ferocious bull, that had the reputation of 'treeing' everything that invaded his domains. One day as young Lincoln was crossing this field, the bull came charging at him full tilt. Abe saw that his safety depended on the protection that a nearby haystack might afford him, but by the time he reached the stack the bull was at his heels, and he realized that if he halted to make an attempt to climb it might give the bull an opportunity to attack him in the rear, so Abe kept on around the stack, and soon realized that his salvation depended on those long legs reaching farther and gathering quicker than they had ever done in any of his previous foot-races.

"As they went 'swinging around the circle' the bull, because of his unwieldiness, had to give Abe the inside track, and Lincoln decided that in this instance the winning of the stakes depended not on his 'getting there' first, but on his bringing up the rear. Ere they had gone around that stack a half dozen times, Abe had the bull not "by the horns," but by the tail, and Abe's big number 12 boot was kicking the bull at every jump. Finally the bull, by lying down and bawling, acknowledged that he was whipped. As Abe started on his way, he said, 'Now, darn you, who commenced this fight?'"

Ever after that when that bull saw Abe entering his domains he would take to his heels and hie himself off to a thicket in a remote corner of the field, from which he would trembingly watch his conqueror till he had safely put a big, high fence between them.—W. H. A., Highlands, N. C.

Not Up to the Mark.

(Chicago Post.)

"I don't think that new man is going to be a success," said the head clerk in the book store.

"Why not?" asked the proprietor.

"I don't think he quite understands the business," explained the head clerk. "A man came in and asked for a book of quotations a little while ago, and he hunted up an old stock exchange report for him."

The last editions of these books are now offered. They will be withdrawn, positively, after the new contest. Get them now.

Keep on Club-Raising.

New contest, more liberal than ever, announced next week. Show this page and get subscriptions.

$4 worth for $1.25

And five guesses free.

The National Tribune one year $1
The Andersonville book, formerly sold for 3

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THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE is too well known to most of those who will see this announcement to need description. It is unique in its character and contents. It contains no "syndicate" matter, such as is used by weeklies generally, where six or even twenty publications print the same articles or serials.

It deals with war literature, historical stories, special foreign correspondence from all parts of the known world, Washington news, and subjects of paramount general interest; doings of Congress, and specially all subjects bearing upon various classes of claims and bounties where the people are interested. It is the organ of the people.

ANDERSONVILLE: A Story of Rebel Prisons. By John McElroy. Complete in one volume. Eighty-three brilliant chapters; 654 pages; 154 spirited illustrations. Substantially bound in Leatherette.

IT is impossible, briefly, to give an adequate description of the scope and character of this immortal chapter in the history of the civil war. It deals with a great subject, and one little understood, because it was a tragedy enacted behind the scenes, obscured by the smoke of battle in front. While the public was kept daily informed of march and siege and desperate attack and repulse, fixing the attention upon the ever-changing panorama of active warfare, the voice of heroes dying in prison pens was lost. No news came from the men herded like cattle beyond the mountains of the South. The Nation knew little of the horrors behind the stockade.

The author of Andersonville has told a thrilling story. If it has horrors they are not of his invention.

The book, however, will be found to treat not only of prison life, but to abound in incidents of the camp, the march, and the battlefield. In fact, there is no better narrative extant of the stirring experiences of a cavalryman than there is to be found in this story. The reader of these pages will go with the author into his life and see how the boy was transformed into a soldier; will march with him over mountains and across rivers; will camp on the hillside and stand guard in the moonlight and in the rainstorm; will be with him as a videt in the lonely forest, and again in the wild charge.

The humorous, the pathetic, the preposterous, the extravagant phases of war are all told with the pen of a master. Finally comes grim battle, the defeat, the surrender, the traveling through the South as a prisoner of war; the experiences in Richmond prisons and at ghastly Belle Isle; then comes the climax in the prison stockade at Andersonville itself, with its 40,000 men, its poverty, its starvation, its death. All these things are told with the dramatic power of truth, and they are told as only they can be told by one who was there.

THE PRIZE FIGHT FOR THE SKILLET.

The National Tribune one year, The Andersonville book complete, postpaid, and five guesses, all for $1.25

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And eight guesses free.

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