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IN BATTLE LINE.

By CAPT. FREE S. BOWLEY.

Our readers will look forward with lively anticipation to the appearance of a new story from Capt. Free S. Bowley, the gallant and talented author of "The Boy Lieutenant."

Capt. Bowley's new story, which will begin in an early issue of The National Tribune, is entitled "In Battle Line," and tells in the author's thrilling style the trials and achievements of certain comrades of a Massachusetts regiment in the war of the rebellion.

Its climax is at Gettysburg in the line that stood so manfully and hurled back Pickett's valiant charge at the "high-water mark of the rebellion."

AFIELD WITH CROCKER'S BRIGADE.

By David M. Strain, Co. B, 15th Iowa.

This is a simple narrative of the everyday doings of this famous brigade, which was composed of some of the best fighting regiments in the magnificent Army of the Tennessee.

PORT HUDSON:

A Reminiscence of the Civil War.

By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.

This is a tribute by a gallant Confederate officer, who was among the defenders of Port Hudson, to the brave boys in blue who besieged that place, and particularly to those who formed the celebrated Forlorn Hope. It will appear in an early number of The National Tribune.

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF RASSIEUR concluded at Cleveland a most satisfactory administration of the affairs of the Grand Army of the Republic. He was all that his most ardent friends had promised for him. He showed himself earnestly in sympathy with all the aims, objects, and feelings of the Order; he went everywhere, got thoroughly in touch with the veterans, and spoke their minds with force, eloquence, and freedom. His highest ambition was to be their true representative and spokesman. He produced the best impression on all, wherever he went, and left the fires burning brighter than when he entered upon his high position. His management of the business affairs of the Order was wisely economical and prudent, and altogether the year was one for which he, his friends, and the veterans can be justly proud.

IT is proposed to divide the locomotive, by putting the boiler and fire-box on two six-wheeled trucks in front, and the engine in the tender. This will give the whole 10 feet in width for the boiler, and by making it of the water-tube type used for torpedo boats, give fully three times the present heating surface of the largest locomotives. It is also proposed to make the engines independent, like steamer engines. The locomotive has to make lively progress to compete with the marine engines, but it seems to be in the humor to do it.

COMRADE F. M. STERRETT, of St. Louis, proved an admirable selection for Adjutant-General. A good business man to start with, he is an old-time Grand Army man, and from long service in various responsible positions, was well acquainted with the rules, practices, and the comrades of the great Order. He was an invaluable assistant to the Commander-in-Chief, and greatly increased the wide circle of his own personal friends.

IF IT shall be definitely determined that the bullets were poisoned it can hardly increase the detestation and horror in which the Anarchists are now held. Their wickedness is so cold-blooded and purposeless that it exhausts human capacity for fierce loathing.

THE poisoning of the bullets and the shooting through the handkerchief all point to a plot and to accomplices. They are things that the assassin, to all appearances, could not have thought out for himself. They indicate a great deal of preparation and schooling by a superior mind to his.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY had his life insured for $67,000, not a cent more. Of this $50,000 was in the New York Life, and the other $17,000 in smaller companies. The income from this and from some other property will give Mrs. McKinley about $8,000 a year, to which Congress is expected to add the usual pension of $5,000.

THE steel strike threw 50,000 men out of work for two and a half months. As their earnings averaged $3.20 a day, the total loss to them and their families was about $10,000,000. Ambitious demagogs are very costly luxuries, but some people do not know how to get along without them.

MRS. Lizabeth A. Turner, Past National President, W. R. C., and one of the noblest workers in the organization, has retired from her private business, and changed her residence from Boston to 46 Camp street, New Britain, Conn. She wants all her friends to take note of this change of residence.

WAS there ever anything more brazenly impudent than Emma Goldman's claim for the utmost protection from the laws she is trying to subvert?

THE VIPER'S HISS.

The leading Anarchistic paper in this country is "Die Freiheit," published in New York by the notorious Johann Most. Its editorial upon the assassination of the President shows a cold-blooded venom utterly incomprehensible to men educated in freedom-loving, law-abiding America. It says:

"Are the Americans going crazy from an epidemic of excitement? Have they also excited the other half of the world from Li Hung Chang to the Roman gorilla mummy, from the Czar and the Turk to the last Salvation Army nymph? Everybody who reads the so-called newspapers or instruments of sensationalism must be asking this question. Everybody is thinking the end of the world must be coming. Such a witches' Sabbath as was enacted by the American press after the attack on McKinley in Buffalo is entirely new to us. It is of such a character that it cannot be gaged as an absolute reflection of the public opinion, but wholly and thoroughly a hypocritical business transaction, characteristic of the spiritual poison mixers of this country.

"The people far and wide have shown themselves, so far as we can conceive ourselves, wholly indifferent. Only the press, Church and political priests have given vent to idiotic howls of anger. Wherever these prostitutes are seen their faces show cynical grins and doggish depravity. O tempora, O mores! These shootings occur all the time among cowboys, 5,000 or 6,000 times a day, and the County Sheriffs and the local papers hardly take any notice of the matter, and since it has been said year after year that all citizens of this country are equal, there is no difference between a President and a street cleaner and no excuse for all this noise and nonsensical uproar.

"Everybody is told to wear a mourning band on his hat and to speak in mournful phrases. This is not only done at the death of prominent politicians, but also at the death of corrupt fakirs who are at the head of the labor organizations. Those who have no special interest in this matter show themselves quite indifferent.

"The shooting affair is now made an excuse for the general persecution of Anarchists. The assailant is reported as having said that he is an Anarchist, and that he was inspired by the speeches and writings of Emma Goldman. These are only the assertions of the police, for no person outside of the police and Government employees was allowed to come near the prisoner, and now to establish a connection between this man and Emma Goldman they are moving heaven and earth. Literary detective reporters surround every so-called Anarchist like flies around a carcass. Whenever a crowned or uncrowned person of prominence is assassinated the entire sulphurous band of the police and the newspaper mob come together and discover a conspiracy, but every time this bubble bursts sooner or later.

"All this sensational twaddle is middle age romanticism only fit for idiots. Notwithstanding all this the conspiracy swindle is dished up over and over again. In Buffalo, Pittsburg and Chicago a number of arrests have been made and more are threatened. Full-blooded cranks speak of the general arrest of all Anarchists in all States, and say they should either be kept under lock and key or deported. Poor fools!

"It was said that there was a plot to assassinate the President. Notwithstanding all the excitement no one has yet discovered a plot, and it will be necessary to release all those who have been arrested, which will make the politicians, Government and press ridiculous. Assassinations are not especially Anarchistic. We rejoice that Mr. Czolgosz is not a foreigner, but a native."

This reveals a depravity, a lack of understanding of American feeling and spirit, and utter contempt for it that the worst felon in our penitentiaries could hardly display. The felon, while excusing his own crime, or condemning the methods by which he was landed in prison, yet recognizes the vital necessity of laws, officials and other safeguards of society.

"Die Freiheit," on the other hand, openly lauds crime because it is crime, and denounces all those who condemn it as liars and hypocrites. "Die Freiheit's" editors and readers believe—or assume to believe—that all other men are as vile as they, and only condemn crime because of the consequences to themselves.

The horror and grief over the murder of the President are due to the fact that he was in the highest degree the representative of America and American institutions. He was shot down for no other reason. Wm. McKinley, the man, was not in issue any more than any other peaceful, law-abiding man. It was the President of the United States—the individual who, according to carefully-elaborated forms and rules, had been selected out of 80,000,000 Americans as their Chief Executive, servant, representative and exponent. The assassin, with malevolent presumption, tried to strike a mortal blow at every American institution when he shot the President of the United States, for the President is the consummation and embodiment of all of them.

Eighty million Americans ardently desire that their country shall be governed in one particular way. They are ready at any moment to make the uttermost sacrifices—even of their lives—to maintain that particular form of Government. A little knot of twisted, depraved Anarchists try to frustrate this wish of tens of millions by foully murdering the man selected by them to carry out their ideas.

Johann Most is no more a part of America and Americans than a rattlesnake lurking amid the rocks on which a church is built is of the congregation singing praises to God above them.

AFTER the State of New York has electrocuted the assassin, what have we gained?

Absolutely nothing but the removal of one wretched tool of the Anarchists.

It is like sponging off one drop of venom from the serpent's fangs.

The venom is there yet; the fang is there yet; the serpent is there yet.

The only remedy is to kill the serpent itself.

As long as Anarchy is allowed to breed and disseminate its foul teachings, wretches will rise to put those teachings into practice.

We have never conceded for an instant that liberty of speech permitted men to teach or newspapers to advocate arson, robbery, rape, or cognate crimes.

Why should we permit to be publicly taught the murder of those whom the people select for their servants, representatives and officials?

Anarchism must be exterminated.

THE IOWA women are going to make a strong effort this Winter to secure suffrage. They have come very near it at past sessions of the Legislature, and they believe they will now succeed. Iowa would seem a good place for woman suffrage. Nowhere are the women of more uniform high intelligence and character than in Iowa.

THE Virginians are afraid to let the public know how their Governors have spent the contingent fund. Well, they may at least be proud of the fact that they are ashamed of it.

THE ex-Chief Clerk of the Patent Office has returned the $80.25 he was accused of stealing. So far as we can hear there is not the slightest fear of this sort of thing becoming epidemic.

THE DEADLY MUSKETO.

By a series of wonderful experiments, which, by the way, have exhibited as much daring as was ever required on the field of battle, the doctors in Cuba have demonstrated that the really dangerous animals of the world are not centipedes, cobras, rattlesnakes, lions, tigers, panthers, etc., but female mosquitoes. Their terrible bites kill more people every year than all the venomous reptiles and ravenous wild beasts. Incidentally, this is a point against the vegetarians. Those opponents of flesh diet insist that if men and women would abstain from animal food they would all become as gentle as the lambs which crop the fragrant mead. But the mosquito is the most consummate of vegetarians. His machinery is all built for the purpose of sucking the juices of plants. Probably not one mosquito in a million gets the wine of life in the shape of human blood. But they are all fiendishly hungry for it all the same, and no matter how many generations have fed exclusively upon the lilies of the field, they become instinctively ravenous for something better the instant a man ventures into their neighborhood. They do not care what his physical condition may be, and gorge themselves as readily from one dying with yellow fever as from a healthy specimen. Then they attack the next man, and fill him with the germs obtained from the first. The doctors have maintained a nursery of this class of mosquitoes in Cuba, and carefully watched them. After letting them bite yellow fever patients they have called for volunteers to be bitten, and in every case yellow fever has resulted. Several very valuable lives have been gallantly sacrificed to science in this way. Now the doctors are offering $100 each to Cubans to let themselves be bitten, and their office is crowded with those eager for the bonus. The Cuban accepts yellow fever as Northern people do bad colds—among the inevitables of life—and $100 is a great deal of money to them.

THIS makes three assassinations of Presidents inside of 36 years. That is, one President killed in every 12 years. We certainly cannot stand this sort of thing, no matter what it costs to stop it.

THERE certainly ought to be found in the laws punishing accessories to crime some warrant for holding the noted Anarchists who have been arrested.

IF, AS the Anarchists claim, men and women would do right without any law, why do their brightest lights signalize themselves by committing foul, unprovoked, and absolutely purposeless murders?

THEY are now trying to locate the original Garden of Eden in Ohio. The apples out there are tempting enough just now to make a man believe it.

FOR the sake of decency and humanity let us have this wretched assassin disposed of as quickly and with as little publicity as the forms of law will permit.

We want only the most infinitesimal part of the long-drawn-out, noisome parade of the Guiteau trial.

Every time the wretch's name appears in print, every detail of preparations for the trial and of the trial itself, will be meat and drink for the Anarchists. It will give them what their diseased souls thirst for:

Advertisement,
Publicity,
Importance.

It enables a little handful of soulless villains to parade in the center of the stage before 80,000,000 Americans, and this fills them with a ghoulish pride that will stimulate them to hunt around for another crack-brained scoundrel to emulate the exploit.

Anarchy.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Anarchy is abroad in the land. Why? Wrongs are the result of the violation of law; and violation of law is anarchy. One wrong leads to another. For example the wrong of slavery produced the great rebellion, and this in turn has led to further injustice to the black man. This being true, let me ask: Does not the fact that great wrongs—such as slavery, the rebellion, injustice to the black man, lynching, and the like—have been too often excused or justified by individuals, the press, writers of history and other literature, incite and cause the commission of other wrongs? I think so.

Let me illustrate. Everybody and everything that can be raked up, except the real culprits, are blamed, in one way or another, with causing the great rebellion by some of the recent historical writers, and, indeed, by others further back. The real originators and promoters of that rebellion are excused or justified, either directly or indirectly, for the great crime. We are asked, by some writers, to believe that it was but a "quarrel" between the North and the South, over the meaning of the Constitution or how it was made, or something of that kind—perhaps the so-called doctrine of State rights or State sovereignty—that no one could prevent, that it had to be, as though that excused or justified the rebellion and made patriots of all who battled on either side.

The youth of our schools are seldom taught that the rebellion was wrong, was wicked, was a crime. On the contrary, in some places they are taught that it was right, and the leaders of it are exalted as patriots. In other communities, when they are questioned as to the wrong of the rebellion, in many cases the answer is about as follows: "I don't know much about it. From the history that I studied, it appears that one side was about as much to blame as the other. I can't tell from it which side was right nor which wrong."

No wonder that there is so little respect for law, that Anarchy shows its slimy head and assassinates our beloved President—when the rebellion and other great wrongs are excused or justified, when historians and other writers falsify history, either ignorantly or wilfully, and the youth of our land are taught in that way. Such teachings do not tend to make good citizens.—ROBERT KISSICK, Oskaloosa, Iowa.

Hazen's Division at Fort McAllister.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In the issue of Aug 29, in the "Si Klegg" story, giving an account of the taking of Fort McAllister by the Second Division, Fifteenth Corps (Hazen's Division), you name all the regiments belonging to that division except three. Those are the 55th Ill., 127th Ill. and 57th Ohio, all of which belonged to the First Brigade, Second Division, Fifteenth Corps, and that day were in reserve, supporting the 6th Mo., 30th Ohio and 116th Ill., all of the First Brigade. I don't see how "Si" or "Shorty" should have missed them, as they were as good foragers as there were in Sherman's army.—JACOB FINK, Co. D, 55th Ill., Jackson Building, Chicago, Ill.

Col. Abbott's Regiment.

A. G. Burn, Co. D, 7th N. H., Hillsboro Bridge, N. H., writes to correct an error in a recent issue of The National Tribune. The author of a "Fighting Them Over" story stated that Col. Abbott, of the 3d N. H., commanded his brigade. Comrade Burn was in Col. Abbott's regiment, the 7th N. H., not the 3d N. H. In closing his letter, Comrade Burn says: "I have been a reader of The National Tribune since 1880, and could not get along without it. It is truly the soldier's freind."

Si Klegg and Shorty

On the March to the Sea

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Patsy the Kinch Provides a New Form of Entertainment—Arrival of the Mail.

The boys were awakened from their deep slumber about noon the next day by the most tumultuous cheering they had ever heard in camp since they had been in the army.

"What in time is up?" inquired Si, rubbing his eyes. "Has Grant took Richmond, or Thomas welted the immortal stuffing out o' Hood?"

"No," said Pete, who had been investigating, "an officer's just come up from King's Bridge, who says that the mailboat's there, and they're now sorting out the mail according to the corps and divisions, and it'll be up here presently."

"The mail!" gasped Shorty. "I wonder if I'll get anything from"——

He stopped short, and his sun-burned face grew as red as a September pumpkin, for he feared he was revealing to the world the deepest secret as well as the most fervent wish of his heart.

"The mail?" said Si, with a flush of happy expectation reddening his face. "There ought to be several letters there from Annabel—my wife." He grew redder still, for this was the first time he had ever ventured to speak out loud the sacred name of "my wife." "When's the mail likely to be up here, Pete?"

"Didn't think to ask," answered Pete. "I ain't going to get no letters, so I didn't worry about when it come. Say, Sandy, do you suppose we could find some of them oysters growing on trees if we went over to the river?"

"Now, Pete," admonished Shorty. "You just keep away from the water, unless I'm along. You can get into quite enough trouble, for all practical purposes, on dry land. You'll have enough to do to take care of yourself from the Johnnies, without having unnecessary tackles with alligators, sharks, and devil-fish."

"Well, I guess none o' them has killed me yet," grumbled Pete, sitting down on the ground beside Sandy, at Shorty's command. "They astonished me a little at first, but I know all about 'em now."

The restless youngsters, boy-like, chafing under their enforced inactivity, immediately began whispering to one another suggestions and propositions to make the rest of the day lively, while Si and the rest were all eagerness about the mail, and could think of nothing else.

Harry, Monty, Alf and Gid were all expecting letters from mothers and sisters, and with possibly even more anxiety from girls, not yet progressed to the definiteness of sweethearts, who had promised to write, or whom they hoped would think enough of them to do so.

Pete and Sandy were still at the hobbledehoy period, when "girls' letters" and everything relating to them were scornfully regarded as weaknesses to which "men" should be superior.

Nor did Abe Grimstead expect letters. He would have given much if he could. For three long years he had been as dead to his family, and to one who had promised to be his wife, and to wait for him, while he went South to earn the higher wages there, the sooner to provide themselves with a home. Was she unmarried and still waiting for him, or had she shaken him off as a rebel and a traitor, absolutely unworthy of her? That the rebels had forced him into this appearance to her gave a positive venom to his hatred of them, and a savageness to his acts that surpassed even Tom Radbone's bitterness for the insults and oppressions he had endured at their hands. It was always before Abe Grimstead's eyes that the rebels had in all probability robbed him of the woman he loved as well as of the three years of his life that he wanted to devote to building a home for her. This made him bitterly vindictive against every one who in any way represented the Confederacy.

Tom Radbone, on the other hand, had been able to communicate with his family and his betrothed before the army started on the march, and to get the glad news that she was still unmarried, and apparently waiting for him. He had written to her, and expected a letter from her.

"Say, cullies," said Patsy the Kinch, coming up breathlessly, "I've fixed it up with some of the boys over there to have an alligator fight. 'Twill be more fun than a three-ringed circus, with a dozen clowns, and band o' minstrels t'rowed in, Holy Gee, but it'll be a lark. Youze mustn't miss it for nothing."

"An alligator fight?" queried the boys, pricking up their ears. "Who's going to fight the alligators?"

"Why, don't you twig? The 'gators is going to fight theirselves. Dat's where de stacks o' fun comes in. It's lively fun fightin' them youze self, but it ain't a marker to having theyze fight theyself. But I hain't no time to gas. Youze see where dem two tall cyprusses is? Well, youze just break for dem. Don't lose no time, for de curtain'll raise jest's soon I kin git over dere."

"A fight between two alligators!" exclaimed the boys, gathering themselves up, with the light of keen anticipation in their eyes. "Why, that'll be something to see. That'll be just a he-old scrap. Let's get over there, at once—mustn't miss that."

"Orderly," said the Adjutant, coming up, and addressing himself to Pete, "you and Baker saddle up at once, and go over to Division Headquarters for the mail. Here's the order for it. Be spry, now, for everybody's crazy for his letters."

"Concern it," grumbled Pete, as the Adjutant passed out of hearing, and he looked around sourly for Abednego's saddle and bridle. "That's the way in the army. They never want a boy to have no fun. He just come down here and give me that order to make me miss that fight. I never get to see nothing. Somebody's always interfering just that way."

"Dog-gone it," echoed Sandy Baker, with a longing look at the two cypresses; "if they wanted the mail in such a hurry why didn't they send some of these fellers who are so crazy to get letters from their girls? I never could see any sense in a fellow being struck on a girl. Gives him more trouble and worry than anything else in the world. And what's the good, any how? What use are girls, I'd like to know? They're always in the way, and you can't do this, and you mustn't do that, because there are girls around."

"That's so," agreed Pete. "They make so much trouble that I sometimes wish there wasn't no girls nowhere. Us men'd get along lots better."

"Hustle, there, boys," commanded Si, sharply. "Get a move on yourselves. We're all anxious for our letters."

"Jump, there, Pete," added Shorty. "What's the matter with you? You're slower than molasses in Winter."

In their impatience Si and Shorty, and finally the others, rushed over to the steeds and helped Pete and Sandy saddle, and lifted them to their seats.

"Now, don't let the grass grow under your feet, you young rascals," Si admonished them, giving Abednego a sharp cut with a switch to emphasize his words. "We're all on needles till we get our letters."

"Concern 'em," muttered Pete, angrier than ever, because of the treatment of Abednego; "why don't they ride their own hosses to death, if they're in such a plaguey hurry for letters from their spoony girls? S'pose I'm going to stove up Abednego just to get a passel of love-sick trash for a lot o' growed-up men to philander over? I ain't a-going to do it for nobody. Steady, Abednego. Slow down, old feller. No need o' breaking your neck. Nobody shan't hit you again. Poor boy! Steady, now! Take it easy."

And he turned and rubbed the mule's hanch soothingly, for they were now out of sight, behind a clump of Osage orange.

"Say, Pete," said the wily Sandy, who had been studying the lay of the land, "we can go over to headquarters and get the mail, and then come back by the way of those cypruses. 'Tain't much further that way, and we can give an excuse that we thought the road better."

"All right, then; let's hurry up," replied Pete, digging his spurs remorsely into Abednego's hide. "Git out o' here, you lazy, fatherless imp. We don't want to miss any of that fun. You kin loaf all you please on the way back."

"Yes, hurry up," urged Sandy. "Don't you see them all making their way over there? There's going to be an awful crowd. We'll be late if we don't hurry."

They dashed down to Division Headquarters to find two sacks of mail for their regiment almost ready for them. The smaller one, which contained the letters, Pete took up in front of him, while the larger one, containing the papers and magazines, was handed over to Sandy.

They rode away impatiently, for they could hear shouts coming from the direction of the cypresses.

In the meanwhile Patsy the Kinch had gathered his forces around the cypresses, and laid out the campaign for them. He had found two alligator holes within a rod of one another, and was satisfied that each contained a lively young reptile of about the age and size to make a good fight.

A stalwart boy from the 200th Ind. had provided himself with a long, stout, green pole, sharpened at the end, and was stationed by the west hole, with three of his comrades near by to help, and while the champion of the 1st Oshkosh, similarly equipt and accompanied, was put at the east hole.

"ABEDNEGO WAS ON HIS FEET LIKE A FLASH, AND HAD DELIVERED A KICK WITH HIS UNERRING AIM."

Patsy the Kinch, swelling with all the importance he had seen assumed by ringmasters of the P. R., stationed himself on a high cypress knee and gave directions, in a voice of certain authority. It was his day of glory.

Fully 1,000 men of the brigade had learned of the "event," and had gathered around. The cypress knees were crowded with them, and every limb of the surrounding trees loaded to the breaking point with those who had climbed up to get "box-seats," as Patsy termed them. Soldier-like, they all wanted to bet, and as they were well-loaded with Confederate money, the bets ran up into immense amounts before the game was called.

"Gentlemen," called out an enthusiastic Hoosier, "I don't know the first blamed thing about this hippodrome, but I'll bet $100 blind that Injianny wins the first heat; $200 that she wins the second; $300 that she wins the third, and $500 that she wins all three."

And he flashed a big roll of Confederate and began to skin off the bills.

"Gentlemen," answered a no less confident Badger, "my Sunday school teacher always hammered it into me that it was the wrongest thing in the world to be bet against a lay-out that I didn't understand, but I'll see that ager-faced Indianaian and raise him $1,000 that old Wisconsin gets first blood, second blood, third blood, and the first knock-down. Hooray for Wisconsin"

"Gentlemen," said Patsy, in the usual tone of ring proclamations, as he caught sight of Shorty, who had strolled over to see what the excitement was, and to while away the time until the mail should arrive and be distributed, "I appoint Corp'l Shorty, of the 200th Ind., and Wagonmaster Shuck Dilworth, of the 1st Oshkosh, referees. Theyze-ll keep order. Gentlemen, this is a fight to a finish, with all holts allowed, and all blows fair and regular. No fouls is to be claimed on no account. You men with the poles, are youze ready?"

"All ready, sir."

"Den, when I clap my hands de third time, youze'll ram youze poles down into de holes, an' prod de 'gators. When dey ketch hold, youze'll say so, an' wait for de word to haul out. Only three men must take hold of each pole to help haul out, an' youze must haul fair an' square, an' bring 'em both out at de same time."

"We understand," said the men, spitting on their hands, while their helpers closed in a little nearer.

"One, two, three; run de poles down," called Patsy, clapping his hands as he counted.

The poles went down with a vigorous prod as they reached the bottom. A few more, and the men felt the powerful jaws of the vicious reptiles close upon them.

"They've taken hold," the pole-men both reported at the same instant.

The boys broke into loud cheers.

"Dog-fall! Dead-heat," decided Shorty and Shuck in the same breath. "All bets on first event are off."

"Haul away," commanded Patsy, amid more cheering.

The three helpers sprang to the poles, and the spectators watched for a minute with breathless interest the struggle with the giant lizzards, and then began shouting encouragement to the different sides.

"Pull, there, Hoosiers," shouted the Indianians. "Straighten your backs, you prairie-dogs. What's the matter with you? Were you fed on sod-corn, that turned your back-bones to putty? Pull, you Vigo County mules."

"Yank him out, you limp and lazy Badgers!" yelled the Wisconsin men. "Yank him out! What's eating you? Think he's froze in there? Show your Winnebago muscles."

Each side was sweating in its efforts to get ahead of the other, but the two ugly snouts showed above ground at the same instant, amid the wild yells of the spectators.

"Dead heat again," shouted Shorty and Shuck. "All bets on second event are off."

"Jerk theyze out an' t'ard each other, an' jump away quick," shouted Patsy. "Keep clear o' theyze tails."

The men made a prodigious effort, snatched the reptiles out and to within a few feet of one another, and sprang back into the crowd, amid the cheers of the excited throng.

The hideous brutes, each mistaking the other for the intruder upon his Winter's nap, glared upon one another with a terrible look in their ugly green eyes, and the air stank sickeningly of musk.

"A thousand dollars on the Indiana beauty," shouted a Hoosier, holding his nose, and brandishing 10 $100 Confederate bills "A thousand dollars that knocks the Wisconsin musk-factory out"

"Five thousand dollars on the Pride of Wisconsin," replied an enthusiastic Badger, trying to keep from gagging at the noisome odor "If he's only as strong as he smells he'll make mince-meat of the Hoosier stink-bag. Five thousand dollars on the Winnebago County Terror."

With a hoarse, dull roar, and a quickness that was inconceivable in their lumbering forms, the two enraged reptiles sprang at one another. The one the 200th Ind. was betting on made a savage snap at the other's foreleg with his long, cruel jaws, but received a crashing slap from the other's tail that turned him over on his side.

"Hooray! First knock-down for Wisconsin! Wisconsin's the dandy! Winnebago County! W-i-n-n-e-b-a-g-o! W-i-n-n-e-b-a-g-o!" shouted the delighted Oshkosh fellows.

"I acknowledge the first knock-down," said Shorty. "Our fellows'll get his second wind, though, and settle yours."

"I'll trouble you for that $1,000, Indiana," said the Wisconsin man, and the "Confederate" was passed over to him.

The alligators were now approaching each other more warily, but delivering and dodging blows from each other's tails with a swiftness that was beyond the eye to follow. They changed position so rapidly that Shorty and Shuck began disputing which was the Indiana champion, and which the Wisconsin, and the dispute extended to the spectators.

The alligators suddenly widened the circle they were making, and the excited on-lookers rushed back to avoid blows from their awful tails.

At that unlucky juncture Pete came pacing up, excited lest he lose all the fun. A sweep of one of the tails caught Abednego, just on the balance, and over he went, scattering Pete and his bag of letters all over the battleground.

There was a yell of dismay from all sides as they saw the catastrophe.

Abednego was on his feet like a flash, and in another he had delivered a kick with his unerring aim that tumbled over one of the alligators.

Desperately alarmed about the letters, Shorty snatched a gun from the hand of a relieved guard, who had been drawn thither by the cheering, and succeeded in planting a shot on the other reptile which had the same effect as Abednego's kick. Shuck Dilworth snatched away another gun, and shot the first reptile. The heavy bullets at short range stunned the alligators into slowing down, and a few more quieted them until it was safe to approach and bayonet them in the places which Patsy pointed out.

"All bets are off," announced Shuck and Shorty, "owing to the fight having been stopped by the referees. It interfered with a United States mail train. Lucky we done so, as it would've been as easy as counting the teeth on a buzz-saw as to keep track of them varmints."

They proceeded to carefully gather up the letters. The first one that Shorty picked up caused his heart to at first stand still, and then to swell out till it seemed there was not room enough for it inside his ribs, for it was postmarked "Beanblossom Creek, Ind.," and plainly directed in Maria's handwriting:

"Corporal Wm. D. Elliott,
"Co. Q, 200th Indiana Infantry, Vols.,
"Fourteenth Corps,
"Sherman's Army."

"Pete, you little scamp," he muttered between his teeth, as he thrust the letter into his bosom, "how did you dare risk these things this way? I ought to skin you alive."

"All this fuss about some measly love-letters," grumbled Pete. "You don't think nothing of the lick that Abednego got—poor feller. And you wouldn't have got no letters at all, if he hadn't saved my life and them, by kicking that varmint stiff. That's all the thanks we get, when we're trying to do our duty."

And Pete went over to rub Abednego's legs, and condole with him.

Shorty was so thrilled by finding still another letter from Maria that he forgot Pete. Then he came across several for Si, and with this his interest in the rest waned.

"Sandy," he commanded sharply, "you help Pete gather up those letters and get 'em to headquarters in a mighty hurry. If you ain't livelier than fleas you'll stand a good chance o' being tied up by the thumbs, as you ought to be. Stir yourselves!"

"There's some letters for you, Si," said Shorty, handing them to his partner with his left hand. His right was inside his blouse, holding with a tight grip and concealed from the world's rude gaze the two precious missives.

Si's heart lifted into his throat as he clumsily shuffled them over, and saw, among those from his father, mother, and sisters, several pink-tinted envelopes directed in Annabel's girlish script. He drank in every line and curve of the dear handwriting, which seemed to cling and twine around the tendrils of his heart. He could not decide which to open first, and as he hesitated the Orderly-Sergeant called out sharply: "Fall in for roll-call, Co. Q," an order that veterans promptly obey, as if by instinct. As the Orderly concluded and turned to report to the Captain, Pete came down from headquarters with the mail for the company, and tears in his eyes.

"I never got such a combing-down in my life," he complained to the boys on the left of the company, "as the Adjutant gave me. He was madder'n a wet hen, over me and Sandy going over to that alligator fight, and threatened to buck-and-gag me. All about waiting a few minutes for a handful of girls' letters. The letters'd keep, but the fight had to come off. I never saw such a place to impose on a boy as the army is. I"——

"Peter Skidmore," called out the Orderly, holding up a little white envelope, with a patriotic emblem.

Pete gasped with astonishment, and then swelled up with a sense of new manly dignity, as he realized that some girl had actually written him. He strode forward with an imitation of Shorty's walk, to catch the letter which the Orderly flipped toward him.

"That's no way to treat a man's letters," he remarked, as he picked it up from the ground and walked back to the left. "Letters 's precious things, and ought to be handled carefully and delivered promptly."

"Abe, here's something that'll interest you," said Tom Radbone to his partner, who was reading with wet eyes a letter from his affianced. He drew his partner aside, and read to him the postscript.

"Lucy Martin came over to see me as soon as she found out I'd heard from you. Poor girl, she is almost crazy as to what's become of Abel Grimstead. She thought mebbe you had said something about him, but I had to tell her you hadn't. If you know or can find out anything about him, do let me know."

Si studied the postmarks, and decided to open first the letter having the oldest one. He carefully opened the seams of the envelope, and the first words that caught his eye were:

"Dear husband."

He immediately sought the concealment of an orange grove, to give him the seclusion he wanted while he read the remainder.

Shorty walked off a little distance, turned his back, and opened one of his letters. He saw it began:

"My Dear William."

He was seen no more that day.

(To be Continued.)

Electric Energy From Wind.

From long and careful studies of the atmospheric conditions in northern Germany Herr M. G. Couz, of Hamburg, has taken up the question of the industrial application of the winds which are always abundant in that region. He has discovered a system of electric regulators to obviate the inconvenience of the variation in the velocity of the wind. To put his ideas in practice, Herr Couz appealed to F. Neumann, a manufacturer of wind mills at Wittkiel, who put a large windmill at his disposition. The wheel had a regulator to keep its speed constant for a certain number of turns when the minimum velocity of the wind to keep it moving at that speed had been exceeded. This wheel, which in a tempest can furnish 30-horse power, charges a large storage battery for electric lighting and power at Wittkiel. Some experiments were made last September, and the results surpassed all expectation. These experiments, which were admirably conducted, make it possible to hope that small localities will be able to secure electric light and power from the wind at almost no cost. The expense of establishing such an installation is extremely small in comparison to the immense advantages which it secures.

The Average American is Well Fed.

The family of the average American lives on a scale and a daily diet which would be regarded in Europe as lavish, such a one as can be afforded there only by the rich. His table is spread with abundance, not only with articles of domestic production, but of imported food stuffs. For example, his family consumes annually 1,250 pounds of wheat flour, and 600 pounds of oat and corn meal, 750 pounds of meat, or about two pounds per day; 750 pounds of potatoes, 100 pounds of butter, and 300 pounds of sugar. He is the greatest coffee drinker on earth, one pound a week being required for his family's consumption. Of tea, however, he uses little, five pounds per year sufficing for his needs. His table costs him $16 per month. He eats three meals per day, taking his dinner at noon. He retires between 9 and 10 at night, and rises at 6 in the morning.

With Gen. Lyon in Missouri.

Comrade Henry Hiller, Co. K, 1st Kan., of Atchison, Kan., has been reading with interest Robert Morris Peck's "Rough Riding." He writes that be belonged to Gen. Lyon's command, and that he met him on the Grand River in Missouri, with his Regulars. The General spoke to the regiment and told the men of their mission. During the speech a soldier of Co. G stabbed another member of the same company, inflicting fatal injuries. The murderer's name was Cole, and his victim was Private Stines. A court-martial was held by order of Gen. Lyon, and Cole was convicted and sentenced to be shot. Fifteen men of the 1st Kan. formed the firing squad. During the few months that the 1st Kan. was with Gen. Lyon, Comrade Hiller never heard a word about the General not treating his men right.

An Army Bible.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In the early part of 1864, while advancing in line of battle where the bodies of our dead comrades were lying, I noticed a Bible on the ground under my feet. I quickly put it in my pocket and when time permitted found on the fly leaf these words written:

"Wilkison D. Perrin. From his mother, to her 'Bold Soldier Boy,' Jan. 18, 1864." There is also written these words: "My son, if sinners entice thee to sin consent thou not."—Prov.

I think Comrade Perrin was killed or wounded, I know not which; but I have the Bible in my possession, which, on payment of postage, I will mail to whoever I find most entitled to receive it.—HOMER PECK, 411 Ottawa street, Lansing, Mich.

A Lost Medal.

William T. Hill, Willard, Mo., has a silver star badge on which is engraved the name "William H. Lee, Co. F, 5th Ohio." The names of the following battles also appear on the badge: Port Republic, June 9, 1862; Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862; Dumfries, Dec. 21 or 27, 1862; Winchester, March 23, 1862; Chancellorsville, ——, 1863.

Comrade Hill will return the badge to the owner or to members of his family. By the way, Comrade Hill has quite a war record. He enlisted in '61, and served nearly four years, the first six months under Col. J. W. McClurg, afterwards Governor of Missouri.

Depends Upon the Meaning.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In answer to the question as to which is correct, "The United States is, or the United States are," I wish to state that either form is correct, according to its meaning, if properly written. If you are speaking of the Nation and not of the separate States (Example No. 1), then "United States" is the subject, as it is used as the name of this Government and is a proper noun; therefore, a singular verb would be required.

If you are speaking of the separate States (Example No. 2), then "states" is the subject and "united" is an adjective modifying States, and not a part of the subject; therefore, it requires a plural verb.

Example No. 1.—The United States is strong.

Example No. 2.—The united states are strong.

It is not a question of the number of States, but a question as to whether a singular or plural verb is required. If the subject is singular the verb must be singular, and if the subject is plural the verb must be plural. "United States" should not be begun with capitals unless it is used as a proper noun, as in Ex. 1. If taken separately, as in Ex. 2, it is simply a common noun, not capitalized, and plural in number.—K. A. SHAW, Chillicothe, Mo.

A Veteran's Sons in the Philippines.

Comrade Benjamin C. McWilliams, 1510 Main street, Fort Scott, Kan., who served in Co. F, 16th Pa. Cav., and was 14 months in rebel prisons, has twin sons, Samuel and William, in the army in the Philippines. They enlisted in the 2d Mo. when the war with Spain broke out, and after being discharged from that regiment in 1899 re-enlisted in the 23d United States. Both boys are making a fine record in the army. William has been appointed special police in the Jolo Islands, and his twin brother has been recommended for a second lieutenancy.