In BATTLE LINE

By CAPT. FREE S. BOWLEY.

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CHAPTER II.

JACK'S ADVENTURE.

When Serg't Jim Wright rode back down the Newberne road, his whole being filled with a burning longing for whisky, his first impulse was to send the wagons back in charge of the negro driver, and start at once for the plantation where the barrel of applejack was secreted. He argued within himself that, by hard riding, he could go to the plantation, secure a canteenful of the liquor, and, returning, overtake the wagon train before it would arrive in Newberne. He had checked his horse and was turning back with this intention, when the full realization of what he was about to do came over him.

A moment's hesitation, and he turned his horse and followed the wagons. As he rode along, he berated himself vigorously, saying, "now, Jim Wright, you know very well that if you once got a taste of that applejack, you would be drunker than a biled owl before you left the plantation; you would want to lick the whole rebel army yourself, and would get killed or captured—and it would serve you right; or, if you did get back to camp again, you would wake up in the guard-house with your chevrons taken off and a court-martial ready to sit on you. Any of these things would be bad enough, but how much worse it would be for that good wife of yours at home (God bless her); you promised her, honor bright, that you would keep straight; and there's your boy; he's on the road to win the shoulder-straps that the pretty girl joked him about; you want to spoil all his prospects and disgrace him, do you, Jim Wright? You had better go and get killed on the skirmish line, like a man, if you can't behave yourself," and he struck his head with his hard fist, as if he would knock some sense into it.

When he returned to the regiment the next morning, he found bad news awaiting him. The negro Sam had returned to camp in a state of great excitement. He reported that Jack had been captured. The negro's story was that he had piloted Jack to within sight of the smoke-house, and then remained behind, waiting, while Jack had gone ahead with an auger, intending to bore a hole in the whisky barrel; a dog had given the alarm, some men had grabbed Jack, knocked him down and captured him. The negro had waited in the bushes until he had seen Jack marched off under the guard of two cavalrymen in the direction of a cavalry camp, known to be in the vicinity of Trent. Serg't Addison very plainly informed Jim of the reason of Jack's absence from camp, and the very serious consequences that might result from it.

Jim snapped his square jaws together tightly and said: "I'm going to that camp after Jack!" In vain the Sergeant attempted to reason with him. His answer was: "Old Jim Wright can take care of himself; he hain't been years on the plains for nothing."

After making inquiries of the negro regarding the country around Trent, and the probable location of the cavalry camp, he rode off into the pine forest. His pass as Wagonmaster allowed him to pass the pickets without question.

In his saddle holsters were a brace of cavalry revolvers, and he had a small bag of oats and a nosebag for the horse. [illegible] the intuition of the experienced [illegible] man, he rode straight through the t[illegible] pine woods, avoiding the openings. T[illegible] place was formerly a tar-and-turpentin[illegible] plantation, and the trees were all covered with scars, the "hack" of the turpentine gatherer. All through the woods were narrow, crooked roads, formerly used in collecting the turpentine.

The sandy ground was covered with pine needles, and the hoofs of his horse made no noise. He estimated that the cavalry camp was about 10 miles from the Union picket line.

When he had covered about that distance, he proceeded with great caution. The pungent smell of burning pitch-pine warned him that he was nearing the locality that he was seeking. He made a wide detour with the object of passing entirely around the camp, and approaching it from the Trent side. Leading his horse into a thicket, he blindfolded him, fastened on the nosebag filled with oats, and secured him with a nose halter. Then he took the pistols and started in the direction of the camp. A mile away from his horse he found it.

The camp was located in an open clearing of about 40 acres. Small log huts, roofed with pine shakes, had been built for the men; the horses were tied to long poles. No particular order or military uniformity seemed to be observed, and the lack of discipline, shiftless, careless movements of the men, who were lounging around, indicated that the troops were one of those independent commands so common in the South at that time.

Forty horses were tied to the poles, with only one guard over them. In the doorway of one log hut, over 500 yards away, a man was sitting with a carbine in his hand, and Jim surmised that he was guarding Jack. He watched the doorway intently for half an hour, and was rewarded by seeing a figure in blue walk past it; on the sleeves were the chevrons of a Corporal.

Jim waited no longer, but as quickly as possible made his way back to his horse, and after a cautious circuit of the camp, was soon riding rapidly toward the Union lines. He reached the pickets at Bachelor's Creek, and, without stopping to answer any questions, went galloping on to Newberne. He rode directly to the headquarters of Gen. Foster, on Broad street.

"Tell the General that a Brigade Wagonmaster wishes to see him on business of importance," he said to the Orderly who was in waiting.

The Orderly took the message inside, and soon returned. "Come in," he said.

Jim entered the front room that served as an office. Staff officers were writing busily. The General, a gray-haired, fatherly-looking man, looked up inquiringly. "What do you wish, Sergeant?" he asked pleasantly.

Jim saluted in his best manner.

"General," he said, "my boy, my son Jack, went outside of the picket line at Bachelor's Creek last night, and was captured by the enemy; the Tarboro Rangers have got him in their camp near Trent."

"Ah, indeed," said the General; "and what was he doing outside of the picket line?"

Jim explained the situation, never sparing himself in the least.

"I see," said the General; "the boy, in his anxiety to save his father from possible disgrace, has, boy like, got himself into a scrape. How do you know that your son is in the Rangers' camp near Trent?"

"I've been there; just came from there," answered Jim.

"You have!" said the General in astonishment; "and, sir," severely, "who authorized you to go outside of the picket line?"

"Nobody, General; you can punish me; I'll take my medicine like a man; only just help me to get my boy Jack out of the clutches of those Rangers."

"Do you want me to send a cavalry force to rescue your boy?" asked the General.

"That's the idea, General," said Jim.

"And have a dozen, perhaps 50 men, killed or wounded—all for one man, and he a youngster without sense enough to keep out of danger. Oh, no; that would be very poor generalship."

A Major with yellow shoulder straps had drawn near and had been listening intently. The General and Major exchanged glances. Something in the look that passed between the officers made Jim feel hopeful.

"General," he said, "if you will give me a sheet of paper, I'll sketch the lay of that camp, and I'll show you how with 100 good cavalrymen, you can capture all or most of them Rangers."

"Ah," said the General, "that alters the aspect of affairs; let us see what your plans are;" and he motioned him to a table.

With a few rough lines Jim rapidly sketched the location of the camp, showing the old turpentine roads, and the most favorable point to make an attack. The General and Major followed him closely; the information he was giving them was exactly what they had long desired.

"This seems to be in your line, Major," said Gen. Foster; "suppose you take a couple of squadrons and stir up those people; and you, Sergeant," addressing Jim, "must let whisky alone as long as you remain in the army. You ought to do it for the sake of your boy."

"I'll do it, General; I'll do it; indeed I will," said Jim very earnestly.

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When Jack found himself a prisoner, and was marched off "like a yearling calf with a ring in his nose," as he said afterward, his chagrin was complete. His adventure had resulted exactly as Serg't Addison had predicted that it would. He was angry with his father, angry with himself and every one else. To his captors' questions, he answered surlily that he was trying to get at that barrel of applejack; he was informed that it had been removed long ago. He resolved that

"DON'T KILL HIM, DAD!" YELLED JACK

he would take the most desperate chances to escape.

It was nearly daylight when the Ranger camp was reached; he was placed in a stout log hut and a guard posted over him; the prospects for escape were poor indeed. His captors treated him kindly, and a good breakfast of corn bread, bacon and sweet potatoes was given him.

During the day he slept a little, intending to keep awake all night, ready to take advantage of any remissness on the part of the guard. When the night came the guard ordered him into a corner of the hut and notified him that he must stay there. In spite of all his efforts to keep awake he dozed off to sleep; when he awoke early daylight was showing through the chinks of the cabin. The guard was sitting on a stool inside the hut, with his carbine in his hand, wide awake and alert. Jack's hopes fell. He had hoped to catch the guard napping; instead he had been napping himself.

"Had a good sleep, Yank?" asked the guard. He was a pleasant-faced young fellow, about Jack's own age.

"Yes," said Jack, "I slept all right."

"Your luck beats mine," said the guard; "I had four hours on and four hours off all night; but I'll be relieved in the mornin'; then I'll take a good sleep."

While he was speaking, they heard the clatter of horses' hoofs, a ringing cheer, and the cracking of pistols. The guard sprang to the door, looking in the direction of the shots. Jack saw a powerful, hairy, freckled hand catch the boy by the throat and fling him across the cabin, and caught the gleam of a pistol barrel as the other hand pointed it at the fallen boy.

"Don't kill him, Dad! don't kill him!" Jack yelled, and Jim Wright, for it was he, threw up the pistol.

"You spoke just in time, Jack," he said. "Get up, young fellow, take his carbine, Jack; take off them 'quipments, Johnny; things has changed! Git out of here! Git!"

The young soldier cast a grateful look toward Jack. "I'll 'low you sho'ly spoke a good word for me that time," he said.

The Rangers, completely surprised, made but feeble resistance. The Union troopers rode them down, capturing most of them, with their arms and horses. The huts were set on fire, and the Yankee cavalrymen, with their prisoners, were soon on their way to the Union lines.

Jack rejoined his company and made a full confession to the Captain. That officer talked to him very seriously. Jack promised never to offend in such a manner again. The Captain then sent him to his company. To the First Lieutenant the Captain said that a boy who had spunk enough to do a thing like that, had the making of a rattling good soldier in him, and he wished that Co. H were all like him.

The cavalry Major, elated by his success, made an elaborate report, in which he praised Jim Wright highly; consequently, Jim retained his chevrons, and was not reduced or punished. He was warned, however, not to take matters in his own hands again.

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During the Winter of 1863, the 76th were engaged in several small engagements and skirmishes, in which they took a creditable part. They did not escape unscratched, and on the rolls of every company were the words, "killed in action," "died in hospital," "absent," "wounded," "sick in hospital," and from the full ranks of 1,000 men only 800 were present for duty. The drills were a continual grind; it was drill, drill, drill; even after the regiment was very proficient. Having the names of several battles inscribed in golden letters on their colors, the men began to consider themselves as veterans, and had mutual confidence in each other. They believed that their regiment was a little superior to any other in the service. "The old 76th, she's the boss regiment," was their proud boast, and they really had very good reasons for their pride.

There were some changes among the officers. Three resigned; two were discharged for disability, and one was cashiered. The Chaplain received a call from a wealthy church in the North, and concluded that his mission lay in that direction. The officers of the regiment elected to the vacant Chaplaincy the young theological student-soldier, Serg't Parker Addison, greatly to his surprise, and much to the elation of his comrades. This left a Sergeant's position vacant, and Jack Wright was made Fifth Sergeant. His place in the line of file-closers in the tactics of those days brought him on the right of his company, only a few files from the colors.

The regiment was on dress parade one June evening, when a staff officer rode up to the Colonel. "Parade dismissed; pack up and be ready to leave in 10 minutes!" was the order. There was a lively strapping of knapsacks and the officers' valises were hastily thrown into the wagons ready to receive them; when the assembly sounded at the end of the 10 minutes the men were ready, and the regiment went marching off toward the wharves at Newberne. A steamer was ready for them, and they were soon steaming rapidly over the waters of Pamlico Sound.

Other steamers loaded with troops, teams, artillery and supplies, were in company with them. Many were the conjectures among the men as to their probable destination.

The morning of the second day found them at Fortress Monroe. Five days' rations of hardtack and salt pork and extra ammunition were issued to them. There they learned that Gen. Lee, with the Army of Northern Virginia, was marching Northward, sweeping everything before him. A river steamer took the 76th from Fortress Monroe to Baltimore. Here the men were ordered to pack in boxes their overcoats, dress coats, woolen blankets and all surplus clothing.

Everybody's baggage was reduced to the lightest marching order.

"Your baggage will be sent to you," they were told, but the soldiers never again saw any of their property. Whatever finally became of their belongings is one of the mysteries that the war involved.

From Baltimore they rode in box cars on the railroad, until their train was stopped between stations, and they were ordered to disembark; there were trains ahead and behind them, all filled with soldiers and their supplies.

Over the dusty roads they were hurried forward; it was late at night when the column halted.

Rumors of disaster to the Union army were plentiful. The farmers of the country were wild with alarm and dismayed over the loss of stock and property.

The men of the 76th had been sleeping less than two hours, when the First Sergeants awoke them. "Fall in, men; fall in promptly!" was the order. Away they went in the darkness and stifling dust, footsore, faint and weary; but the ranks were well closed up and there were no stragglers. A halt of 10 minutes for a breakfast of hardtack and pork, then forward again.

Toward noon the loud booming of artillery reached their ears. It was the sound of cannon at Gettysburg!

(To be continued.)

HEART DISEASE.

Ninety Per Cent. of It Really Caused From Poor Digestion.

Real organic heart trouble is incurable, but scarcely one case in a hundred is organic.

The action of the heart and stomach are both controlled by the same great nerves, the sympathetic and pneumogastric, and

when the stomach fails to properly digest the food and it lies in the stomach fermenting, gases are formed which distend the organ causing pressure on the heart and lungs causing palpitation, irregularity and shortness of breath.

The danger from this condition is that, the continued disturbance of the heart sooner or later may cause real organic heart trouble and in fact frequently does so.

Furthermore, poor digestion makes the blood thin and watery and deficient in red corpuscles, and this further irritates and weakens the heart.

The most sensible thing to do for heart trouble is to insure the digestion and assimilation of the food.

This can be done by the regular use after meals of some safe, pleasant and effective digestive preparation, like Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets which may be found at most drug stores and which contain the necessary digestive elements in a pleasant, convenient form.

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CONGRESS.

Passage of the Nicaragua Canal Bill in the House—The Annual Pension Debate in Progress.

The National legislators returned to Washington and opened the session after the holiday recess, on Monday of last week. The death of Senator Sewell, of New Jersey, which had occurred during the holidays, being announced, nothing was done the first day in either body. In fact, the Senate did nothing of consequence, so far as the transaction of public business was concerned, all the week. The confirmation of the new Cabinet officers, Mr. Payne as Postmaster-General and Mr. Shaw as Secretary of the Treasury, were made, and the rest of the time was put in mainly in committee work and executive session upon the large number of Army and Navy nominations, which have been pouring into the Senate by the score, mainly on account of promotions incident to the re-organization of the Army.

The Senate Committee on Inter-Oceanic Canal also, at the end of the week, gave a hearing to the Secretary of the Panama Canal Company, who has arrived from France desirous of disposing of the unfinished ditch, which has ruined its investors in France to the tune of about $225,000,000.

The House had a succession of field days over the consideration of the Nicaragua Canal bill reported by Mr. Hepburn, of Iowa, Chairmen of the Committee on Commerce. There were three days of debate, and the members had it hot and heavy. A proposition had been made by the Secretary of the Panama Canal to sell it for $40,000,000, having dropped from $109,000,000 within the last few weeks.

In the House there are a good many Members who, for various reasons, are opposed to a canal at all; a very few openly opposed, and a good many more in secret and indirect opposition. There are a good many others also who believe that for various reasons the Panama is a better proposition than the Nicaragua Canal, and the interjection of the Panama scheme by means of the offer of the French to sell out, afforded a convenient cover under which the opposition could all combine. Those who are opposed to any canal, those who favor the Panama route, and those who are not satisfied, for one reason or another, with the details of the Hepburn bill, could all practically join forces against the Nicaragua measure by the Panama amendment.

It was the first great debate in the House of Representatives in a good while, where there was no division upon political lines. In fact, although the Isthmian Canal is an Administration measure, many of its most earnest advocates are Democrats from the Gulf States.

Mr. Cannon, of Illinois, who, on account of the questions he asked when the date was fixed for the consideration of the bill, before the holiday recess, was suspected of hostility to any canal bill, finally, owing to his prominence as Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, became practically the leader of the opposition; although he declared that he was not opposed to a canal, but simply was not satisfied with the proposition as put forward by the Committee on Commerce, and he believed that money might be saved by purchasing the Panama work, and was in favor of the amendment by Mr. Shackelford, of Missouri, making it the duty of the President to investigate the Panama project, and if that were found more desirable than the Nicaragua route, to adopt it in preference to the one proposed in the Hepburn bill.

A standing vote was taken upon the Shackelford amendment, or so called "alternative proposition," and the friends of the Nicaragua Canal were evidently surprised at the strength of the proposition. The Shackelford amendment was defeated, but on account of the rising vote there were 162 members for and 170 against it.

This 162 practically represented the full strength of the combined opposition comprising those who oppose any canal, those who honestly think that the Isthmus of Panama is a better place to construct the canal than by way of Nicaragua, and, lastly, those who oppose certain features of the Hepburn bill at various places. Probably, however, the majority of this vote was represented by people who come from certain sections of the country not so deeply interested in the canal as some others, and those where railroad influences dominate.

It is well known that most of those interested, directly or indirectly, in the trans-continental railroads, oppose the canal, which they believe would be a dangerous competitor in the matter of freight rates between the Atlantic and the Pacific Coasts. Whether this view is well founded, it nevertheless prevails, and it is believed that there are many Members of the House of Representatives who are willing to vote for any measure of delay in this interest, while unwilling to oppose the proposition openly. It is nevertheless true, however, that there is a strong undertone of honest opposition to the Nicaragua project, either on grounds of economy, or because the other route is believed to be more desirable.

An effort was made to secure a roll-call upon this amendment, but not a sufficient number rose to second the demand for a call of the ayes and noes, and therefore the Members did not go on record upon this proposition.

"Uncle Joe" Cannon, who had been in hot controversy with Col. Hepburn all afternoon on Thursday the 9th, the final day of the debate, offered an amendment to recommit the whole matter, with instructions, to the committee to report another bill within 30 days, putting the burden of choice as to the routes upon the President.

This was bitterly opposed by Hepburn and the friends of the Nicaragua route because two, or possibly five, years must necessarily ensue before new surveys could be made, and diplomatic negotiations with Colombia carried through. Finally, at about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, the vote upon the final passage of the Hepburn bill was reached, and the bill passed by a vote of 309 ayes to 2 noes. The two voting no were Mr. Fletcher of Michigan, and Mr. Lassiter, of Virginia. These two gentlemen simply don't believe in any Isthmian Canal being necessary or expedient. There was only one absentee. There were 21 Members in favor of the bill, paired with the same number of Members who would have voted against it, presumably, if they had had the courage.

Col. Hepburn moved to reconsider the vote by which the bill had been passed, and to lay that motion on the table, which was done viva voce amid applause, and the great struggle in the House was ended, until the final battle over the conference report, some months from now, shall arrive; provided the Senate pass any bill at all.

In this connection it may be said, however, that there are many rumors in the air to the effect that the Senate will not pass any bill, or that the proposition will finally be killed under the shadows of the conference.

On Monday of this week the only business of general interest in the Senate was the discussion of the bill to create a new Cabinet office. Mr. Nelson called up the bill, which provides for a Department of Commerce, to which shall be transferred to the Geological Survey, and various other bureaus having a bearing, more or less remote, upon national and international commerce affairs. Senator Nelson discussed the proposition quite fully, and the subject went over for further consideration.

The House of Representatives, on Monday of the present week, took up the annual pension appropriation bill engineered by Mr. Barney, of Wisconsin, the member of the Committee on Appropriations in charge of it. The bill carried, for the next fiscal year, beginning with July 1, the sum of $139,845,480, a considerable reduction from the bill of last year, which amounted to about $145,000,000. Mr. Barney explained that while the number of pensioners had increased, the amount necessary to be paid out had decreased, owing to the death largely of high rate pensioners; that is, veterans of the civil war, who, on account of severe injuries or total disability were drawing pensions of $50 and $75 a month, and who were rapidly passing away. In the next place, very few cases carrying arrearage were now allowed.

The debate branched off on side issues involving many matters not pertinent to the bill, provoking a discussion of the "veterans' preference" bill, and the action of the National Encampment at Cleveland last year, in criticising Members of Congress who had not voted for the measure, and other subjects.

The discussion is still under way as we go to press, and will be reviewed at length next week.

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CHAT OF THE CORRIDORS.

In spite of all the "culture," "sassiety," and dignity of Washington, they do not seem to be able to get away from some very homely good things. I was struck with this, when reading the announcement of a wholesale grocer that he had just received "a carload of fine New York sourkrout," which those who desired the choice "delicatessen" could obtain in 50-gallon barrels. This implies that there are degrees of fineness in sourkrout, which will be a surprise to some, who think that a loud smell is the only requisite for sourkrout. As I take my evening walk homeward I notice an unmistakable odor of warm dinners coming from stately mansions on 16th street and Massachusetts avenue, where they are supposed to serve little but terrapin and champagne. The Secretaries, Senators, etc., have evidently not forgotten the viands which made glad their hearts in their far off boyish days, and I have no doubt that that merchant's carload of "fine New York State sourkrout" will bring more joy to Washington than the arrival of a foreign embassy.

* * *

Commander Geo. F. Jackson, of the Department of Alabama, G. A. R., has been living for the past 14 years in Birmingham, Ala., where he is engaged in the manufacture of crackers, has built up a fine business, and established himself in the business and social circles of the city, where he is universally esteemed. He was solicited to enter the race for Postmaster, and received the indorsement of four-fifths of the business men of the city. He was outside of the Federal office ring in the State, which many feel has been a great hindrance in building up the Republican party in Alabama, and it was hoped that his appointment would be a long step in the direction of developing a genuine Republican party. But other influences prevailed, and Commander Jackson was turned down in favor a man who had served in the rebel army. Comrade Jackson served in the 1st Me. H. A., a regiment which lost more men killed in battle than any other in the army.

* * *

Comrade J. A. Bouiger, of California, who is now employed in the House of Representatives, went up with the Grand Army of the Republic to make its New Year's call upon the President, and his hands being cold he kept them in his overcoat pockets, and was startled, upon his entrance into the White House, to have a guard order him to take his hands out. He saw the reason for it, of course, at once, but it was none the less startling.

* * *

J. W. Mahan, Dixon, Ky., was in the city last week on professional business. Mr. Mahan is the son of Comrade I. N. Mahan, of Cullen, Ky., who served in the 1st Tenn. Mounted Infantry. His grandfather also was in the Union army. He is a bright young lawyer, with high prospects before him, and is steadily growing in his profession. He is an enthusiastic loyalist, and a strong friend of the men who saved the Union.

* * *

Gen. Charles H. T. Collis, of New York, last week invited the President to attend the Memorial Day exercises at Gettysburg. The President said he would be pleased to accept the invitation and would endeavor to make arrangements accordingly.

* * *

When Gov. Shaw was here recently a Southern Congressman, who met him in the hotel lobby, floundered between the titles of "Governor" and "Mr. Secretary." "It makes little difference which you say," said Gov. Shaw. "Ont home they call me generally 'L. M.' That suits me very well. The boys call me up by telephone. 'Is that you, L. M.?' they ask. I always answer cheerfully to that simple title."

* * *

Mr. Babcock is getting ready to introduce his bill for reduction of tariff on trust-made goods under certain circumstances. "I have sent out some letters of inquiry regarding the prices of particular products of iron and steel," said he yesterday. "When I have the information I shall be ready to offer my bill."

* * *

The House bristles with lawyers of various grades of ability, but comparatively few are members of the Supreme Court of the United States. Some never think of the opportunity and others do not regard the qualification as worth the crisp $10 bill it costs.

* * *

The newest Member of the House arrived on the scene last week, fresh from the people—Mr. Montague Lesser, Republican, of the Staten Island District, victor over Perry Belmont. Mr. Lesser is a slender youth and entered the hall, wrapped in a heavy overcoat, a muffler about his neck, as though he had come from a very cold country. Clerk McDowell accompanied him and Amos Cummings reached over the dark mahogany to give the new-comer a glad hand.

Betwixt and Between.

(Atlanta Constitution.)

"What kind of a place do you covet in Heaven, Uncle Dave?"

"Not so low, suh, dat de angels could step on me, en not so high dat I'd git dizzy and come tumblin'!"

In the Book Store.

"Here's an article," said the poet, "which says that poetry isn't read now."

"Yes; and I think I know the reason."

"Out with it, then!"

"It's because it isn't written!"

Then the poet said it looked like rain, but he hoped it would clear up 'ere long.

Veterans in the Auditor's Bureau.

At the suggestion of Department Commander Stone, Comrade Henry A. Castle, Auditor for the Post Office Department, recently had prepared a detailed statement of the Union soldiers and sailors employed in his Bureau. This statement gave the name of the employee, the salary now received and the salary received when Auditor Castle took charge of the Bureau in May, 1897. A recapitulation of this statement shows that there are now employed in that office 93 veterans of the war. Of these 30 have been reinstated in the service during the period mentioned, most of them having been arbitrarily and unjustly dismissed during previous Administrations. Twenty-nine of the old employees have been promoted and five reduced. Thus out of 93 ex-soldier employees 54 are receiving higher salaries than in May, 1897.

The net increase of salaries of ex-soldiers now serving in the Bureau amounts to $47,940 per annum, or nearly $500 a year on an average for each of them. In addition to this, at least 25 veterans who had been promoted or reinstated during this period have been separated from the Bureau by death or resignation.

When it is remembered that these veterans have only been given the privilege which the law allows of earning salaries and promotions by their own efficiency; that inefficients have been reduced or weeded out, and that the public service has not been allowed to suffer in the least degree by this favorable leaning toward his comrades by the Auditor, the pretext urged in other quarters that the ex-soldiers of the Union are no longer able to perform efficient duty in the Departments is utterly silenced. There is no more exacting work in Washington and no better office discipline than in the Bureau referred to. But our comrades are holding all positions, from laborer to Chief of Division, are fully justifying themselves on their merits, and doing credit to the fairness which has been shown them. It may be stated in passing that five of the seven Chiefs of Divisions in the Auditor's Office, also the Chief Clerk and one Deputy Auditor, are veterans of the civil war.

Pension Agent at Columbus.

At a recent meeting of Buell Post, 178, Department of Ohio, G. A. R., Marietta, O., a resolution, offered by Comrade L. J. Cutter was unanimously passed, to the effect that, learning that there was to be a vacancy in the office of Pension Agent at Columbus, O., for which there are two aspirants, one a civilian and the other a veteran, the Post, with one accord, earnestly petitioned for the appointment of Gen. R. P. Kennedy, who made a splendid record in the army, and has been a distinguished citizen since.

Magazines and Notes.

The opening article of the January number of the American Illustrated Methodist Magazine takes up the work of the late Charlotte M. Yonge. Her "Daisy Chain" and "The Heir of Redclyffe" are stories which have left an impress on the times, and will live.

Are England, Scotland and Ireland destined, ultimately, to become a part of "The United States of America and Great Britain?" is the startling inquiry which William T. Stead makes in the January Cosmopolitan.

Reunion of the 13th Mich.

The 37th Annual Reunion of the 13th Mich. will be held in the G. A. R. Hall Kalamazoo, Mich., Jan. 16 and 17. F. D. Root, Secretary, 726 Lowell St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

Cures Drunkards Secretly

Free Package of the Only Successful Cure Known For Drunkenness Sent to All Who Send Name and Address.

It Can be Put Secretly into Food or Coffee and Quickly Cures the Drink Habit.

Few men become drunkards from choice or inclination; all welcome release from the awful habit. Golden Specific will cure the worst habitual drunkard. This wonderful remedy can be administered by wife or daughter, in food, tea, coffee or milk, without causing the

MR. and MRS. HARRY BURNSIDE.

slightest suspicion. Its cure is sure, without harmful results to the system. Many a home is now happy by the use of Golden Specific. "My husband got into the habit of taking a drink with the boys on his way home," says Mrs. Harry Burnside. "After awhile he came home drunk frequently. He soon lost his position, and I had to make a living for both of us and the little children. At times he tried to sober up, but the habit was too strong for him, and then he would drink harder than ever. I heard of Golden Specific and sent for a free package. The treatment cured him. I put it in his coffee and he never knew it at all. He regained his old position, and now we are happy in our little home again. I hope you will send Golden Specific to every woman that has suffered as I have, and save her loved ones from the drunkard's grave."

Send your name and address to Dr. J. W. Haines, 2755 Glenn Building, Cincinnati, Ohio, and he will mail you a free package of Golden Specific in a plain wrapper, accompanied by full directions how to use it. Enough of the remedy is sent in each free package to give you an opportunity to witness its marvelous effect on those who are slaves to drink.

Do not delay. You cannot tell what may happen to the man who drinks, and you would never forgive yourself for waiting.

Long Term Post Officers.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I noticed in the issue of Jan. 2 the communication of Comrade Geo. H. Hayward, of Post 150, Department of Maine, speaking of long term Post officers, and citing his own case—having held the office of Quartermaster of his Post for 23 years—and also the case of Col. C. H. Blinn, of Geo. H. Thomas Post, San Francisco, Cal., who had held the same office for 19 years—as probably not to be exceeded in the country.

The comrades are only raw recruits. Thomas E. Cutter, the present Quartermaster of Post 47, Newburyport, Mass., is serving his 33d consecutive year, having been elected unanimously every year; he was also Quartermaster of his regiment (35th Mass.) during its service from '62 to '65. I think this cannot be beaten in the records of the G. A. R.

Another instance of long service in one office in this locality—Isaac C. Dye, Commander of Post, 101, Groveland, Department of Massachusetts, has held office continuously for the last 20 years or more. The writer is now serving his 13th year (11 years consecutively) as Commander of Post 151, West Newbury, Mass.; elected every year (with one exception) unanimously; have been Adjutant ten and one half years; have been connected with the G. A. R. 34 years, and intend to remain on guard till the last gun is fired.

I am much pleased with the contents of The National Tribune, and I look every week for the article on Port Hudson, which has been promised in the near future. Mr. Editor, please hurry it along! I was "thar," and am anxious to see what a "Confed" has to say about it.—EBEN P. STANWOOD, Lieutenant-Colonel, 48th Mass., West Newbury, Mass.

A Veteran Quartermaster.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I read in your grand old National Tribune of veteran Quartermasters. I will see Comrade Hayward and go him two years better. Chas. S. Whitworth, Post 89, Department of Pennsylvania, was instituted Jan. 5, 1877, and Comrade Daniel Jack was the first Quartermaster. He has held the office continuously ever since—25 years—and has just been re-elected for another term. He served three years in the 11th Pennsylvania Reserves.—D. B. COULTER, Adjutant Post 89, Apollo, Pa.

Dangerous Information.

First Boarder—I see that the members of a scientific expedition were obliged to eat stewed tree bark to save themselves from starvation. You wouldn't think anybody could eat such a thing!

Second Boarder—Better not let the landlady hear of it. We don't want any further complications in the hash!

THIS IS TRUE.

I have discovered a positive cure for all female diseases and the piles. It never fails to cure the piles from any cause or in either sex, or any of the diseases peculiar to women, such as leucorrhœa, displacements, ulcerations, granulation, etc. I will gladly mail a free box of the remedy to every sufferer. Address MRS. C. B. MILLER, Box 153, Kokomo, Ind.

LADIES! $500 REWARD for a case of obstinate suppression, any cause my monthly regulator fails to relieve. Mail. Harmless veg., safe, sure. How long suppressed. DR. JACKSON R. CO., R. 812, 167 Dearborn, Chicago.

LADIES! A friend in need is a friend indeed. If you want a regulator that never fails, address THE WOMAN'S MEDICAL HOME, Buffalo, N.Y.

LADIES! Our Regulators never fail. Trial box 10c. Mrs. A. Price Co., D. 3, Philadelphia.

LADIES My Monthly Regulator never Fails. Box FREE. Dr. F. MAY, Bloomington, Ill.

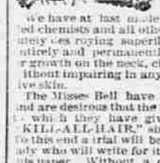
FITS—Epilepsy; the only sure treatment and quick cure; free to poor. Write Dr. Kruse Co., St. Louis, Mo.

—FREE— MAENTEL'S —FREE—

GERMAN CATARRH CURE.

An unfailing remedy (purely medicinal, contains no cocaine). Sure cure for all forms of Catarrh, Hay Fever and Asthma. Infallible for COLDS if used when symptoms first appear. Send 4 cents in stamps by mail and be convinced. Address STANDARD MEDICINE CO., P. O. Box 96, Station O, New York City.

FREE TRIAL!



DEATH TO HAIR—Root and Branch.

New Discovery by the MISSES BELL.

A Trial Treatment FREE to Any One Afflicted with Hair on Face, Neck or Arms.

We have at last made the discovery which has baffled chemists and all others for centuries that of absolutely destroying superfluous hair, root and branch, entirely and permanently, whether it be a mustache or growth on the neck, cheeks or arms, and that too without impairing in any way the finest or most sensitive skin.

The Misses Bell have thoroughly tested its efficacy and are desirous that the full merits of their treatment, to which they have given the descriptive name of KILL-ALL-HAIR, shall be known to all afflicted. To this end a trial will be sent free of charges to anyone who will write for it and say she saw the offer in this paper. Without a cent of cost you can see for ourselves what the discovery is; the evidence of your own senses will then convince you that the treatment, KILL-ALL-HAIR, will rid you of one of the greatest drawbacks to perfect loveliness, the growth of superfluous hair on the face or neck of women.

Please understand that a personal demonstration of our treatment costs you nothing. A trial will be sent on free, which you can use yourself and prove our claims by sending two 2-cent stamps for mailing.

THE MISSES BELL, Dept. S.
78 and 80 Fifth Avenue, New York.

A TRIAL FREE

Tar-Pine Catarrh Cure.

A new discovery that positively cures.

The greatest boon ever offered to sufferers from those dread diseases Catarrh and Hay Fever.

Nothing like it under the sun.

Thousands have studied and experimented for years to discover a remedy that would not only relieve but cure Catarrh and Hay Fever absolutely and permanently, but all have failed in giving any more than merely temporary relief. We have the only positive and complete remedy in our

Tar-Pine Catarrh Cure,

and the reason for this is simply in the fact that we have used in the formula new remedies that have never before been tried in the treatment of Catarrh and Hay Fever.

In order that everyone afflicted may have an opportunity of testing the merits of our remedy, we will send absolutely free, a trial treatment of our Tar-Pine Catarrh Cure to anyone who will write for it and enclose two 2-cent stamps for mailing. You can use the trial treatment and see for yourself the great good you will derive from it. Our treatment contains absolutely new ingredients which have never before been used in curing Catarrh and Hay Fever. They are the result of a recent discovery by one of the greatest medical authorities in the world, whose name the ethics of the medical profession prohibit us from making known.

Send for the trial treatment at once and obtain immediate relief. There is no reason why you should still suffer when the remedy is so easily within your reach. Remember, the trial treatment is absolutely free if you send us two 2-cent stamps for mailing.

BELL DRUG CO., Dept. R, 4 and 6 E. 14th St., N. Y. City.