THE CORPORAL'S LAST CARTRIDGE.

A Story of a Gallant Fight to Save a Rival from the Bolos of the Filipinos

By CAPT. HARRY L. WELLS, 2d Ore., U. S. V.

A hot, tropical sun beat down relentlessly upon a landscape of flooded rice fields, tide swamps, clumps of bamboo and a turnpike road leading through them. Off to the right stood a little group of bamboo shacks, entirely deserted except for the chickens picking a living about their environs and a few stray gaunt pigs grunting their displeasure at the lack of food. A couple of lean and useless curs sent up occasional howls of protest. But for these signs of life the entire landscape might as well have been a painted one, except for the little cloud of smoke that hung about a certain spot on the turnpike, where four men sheltered themselves as best they might by its shelving bank and with their Springfields kept up a steady fire into the fringe of bamboo timber about 200 yards to their front.

There was nothing, apparently, to call for their waste of ammunition to one at a little distance, but to the four men there was more than enough reason for it, for from the timber came the frequent sharp crack of Mauser rifles, and over their heads the constant hissing of swiftly-winging bullets warned them to keep as well under cover as their exposed position permitted.

Smokeless powder enabled the attacking party to keep its exact position secret, only the sound of the rifles indicating its approximate location, but every loud bang of the Springfields in the hands of the little squad of defenders was followed by a cloud of smoke, a sort of incense to the criminal stupidity of the War Department, which had sent out soldiers to fight with antiquated weapons and black powder, and it was impossible for them to deceive the Filipinos by shifting their position, since the new one was thus clearly marked by the first shot made from it.

As for the Filipinos, they could move about at will and shoot without danger of discovery, so long as they did not expose themselves to view, and they were constitutionally cautious in that respect.

For an hour this had been going on, the half hundred or more Filipinos being afraid to charge the four Americans they had entrapped, while the latter could not retreat without danger of being pounced upon and slaughtered, because hampered by their wounded officer, to leave whom to the mercy of the enemy never entered the head of any of them.

Lieut. Fred Warren had that morning gone out on a little reconnoissance with Corp'l William Dalton and two privates. They had gone some three miles from camp, and were crossing this swamp by the turnpike road, the only thoroughfare, and had approached within 200 yards of the bamboo fringe on the opposite side, when a volley of Mauser bullets was poured into them and the Lieutenant fell with a bullet through his breast, piercing the lung. The others were unhurt. Dropping to the ground, they drew the Lieutenant back behind the crest of the turnpike out of danger and then began using their Springfields. Every shot made them a mark for return shots, and had the Filipinos been as good marksmen as the Americans, a few minutes would have settled the whole matter, but here they were, after an hour of this kind of work, with none of them hit except the officer.

"Boys," said Corp'l Billy Dalton, at the end of that period, "we must manage to get out of here somehow. The wind is in the wrong direction, and they do not hear the shooting in camp. Our ammunition is getting low, and when it is gone they will rush us, and it will be all off with us then."

"But if we carry the Lieutenant we cannot shoot, and they will see what is up and sneak up on us along the other side of the pike."

"I know they will, Jim, but something's got to be done. Let me think about it a minute."

"All right, Billy. Whatever you say goes," was the reply, as the two turned again to their work of sharpshooting at their invisible assailants, in order to keep them in wholesome fear of nearer approach to the little band.

Just then the wounded officer groaned and turned over, disarranging the bandage that had been hastily bound over his wound from a first aid package, and the Corporal undertook to bind up the wound again, and as he did so there fell from an inner pocket of the officer's khaki blouse a photograph red with the blood of the bearer, and when the Corporal's eyes fell upon its upturned face he stopped his work as though paralyzed with astonishment. Then he grasped it feverishly and gave it a close scrutiny, at last turning it over and reading on the back the following inscription:

"Dear Fred: Come back soon to your loving Marion."

For a minute Billy Dalton remained on his knees by the side of the stricken officer, and gazed at these words as though spellbound. So here at last was an explanation of the mystery. Marion loved Fred Warren, and he had never suspected it.

A year before he had asked Marion Norman to be his wife, and she had laughed at him and called him a boy who was not yet old enough to think of matrimony. A boy, and yet he was a year older than she, who was but 18. They had grown up together from childhood, and he had been her slave from his earliest recollection. And she, as well, had been his chum. No one had come between them, so far as he had ever known, but she had been away to school most of the time for three years, living at an aunt's and attending school with a cousin, in another town of the same State, and now, with a pang, he remembered that it was from that town Lieut. Warren came, the man who lay wounded almost unto death at his feet, and from whose pocket had fallen this telltale photograph. Again, when he left home for the war, he had asked Marion to be his wife upon his return, and again she had called him a boy, though she did not laugh this time. Instead, she had laid her hand on his shoulder and bid him prove himself to be a man.

He looked down at the unconscious officer, slowly bleeding to death, with bitterness in his heart. Here was the man who had come between him and his boyhood love and the passion of his young manhood, here, dying before his eyes, if not soon given surgical attention. All he had to do was to keep on as he was now doing, keep the Filipinos in check by occasional shots until darkness came, and he and his companions could retire under its shelter, or sooner, if the Lieutenant should die before that time, or until possible help came from the camp by a discovery of their peril in some manner by their comrades. He would be doing his full duty as a soldier and would receive the commendation of his company commander and possibly that of higher authority for his sturdy defense. Just then one of the men turned over on his side and said:

"Say, Billy, I hain't but 10 cartridges left."

"Four's all I got," coolly remarked the other.

Having been busy for a time looking after the wounded man, the Corporal had more, but his own supply was but 19. Well, what of it? He could give some of his to Jack, and by not shooting so often they could hold out for another hour, and by that time help might come, or the Lieutenant might die, and then it would be honorable for them to seek their own safety by stealing back under the cover of the pike until it would be safe to expose themselves and run for it. Might be dead? Yes, that was it. The man who had come between him and Marion might be dead. He might hope, with that obstacle out of the way, to win the woman's love that had been his when she was but a girl. And no one would know that he had in any way contributed to that result. Indeed, he would be praised for his bravery and loyalty to his wounded officer in staying by him and defending him to the last.

He looked at the white face of the unconscious man, into which the blistering sun was glaring, and his eyes strayed to the little stream of blood trickling from the exposed wound, where the bandage had been wrenched away by his struggles. Then his eyes unconsciously turned to the picture he still held in his hand. This was the Marion he loved, who would despise him forever if she knew of his conduct. This was the Marion whose good opinion he valued more than his life, more even than her love, the Marion who had told him to prove himself a man. He would prove it, and in such a way that she would never forget his grave in far-off Luzon. He would be such a man as the American soldier has often shown himself to be. He would die to save the life of a comrade. His resolve was quickly taken. Being a Corporal, he was in command, and his orders could not be disputed while the Lieutenant was unconscious. He quickly decided upon his course.

"Jim, come here and help me bind up this wound again," he said, as he put the photograph into his pocket, so that perchance Marion might know the full meaning of his sacrifice.

Having bound the wound tightly with all the bandages from the three first-aid packages, he gave his orders.

"Boys, we might be able to stand off these Googoos until help came or until dark, possibly, but the Lieutenant would die. His only chance is to get him to the Surgeon. If we undertake to carry him the Googoos will probably rush us, and that will be the end of all of us. Now I want you two to tie your coats between your rifles so as to make a litter, then put the Lieutenant on it and carry him slowly along under the shelter of the pike. Leave me what cartridges you have left and I will stand them off until you get far enough away to be safe, and then I will sneak back, too, if I can. If not I will depend upon you to bring me help from the camp. You can do it in an hour."

"But your cartridges will not last an hour," protested one of the men.

"They will if I do not have to shoot too much. Anyhow, it's got to be done; so you fellows get a move on as quick as you can."

"All right, Billy; you're the boss."

It took but a few minutes to improvise the stretcher, and then the men struggled slowly through the mud and water with their burden, hugging the bank to gain protection from bullets as well as to conceal the exact nature of their movements. The enemy saw that something was going on, and the storm of bullets was quadrupled. They swept along the pike, plowed into the ground on the opposite side and whistled sibilantly in the air overhead. This made Billy shoot rapidly for a time, in an effort to deceive the Filipinos into believing that the entire squad was still there and firing, with the result that his small stock of ammunition soon diminished to a bare half dozen cartridges. Looking back he saw that his comrades had made good progress with their burden, and in 15 minutes more would be well beyond effective range for such poor marksmen as the natives, and then could come out upon the open pike and make more rapid progress. So he ceased firing, and waited the turn of events. In a little while he heard a shout from the woods in front and a score of Filipinos came quickly into sight. He glanced hastily back and saw that the little bearers had made their appearance on the road and were making what haste was possible with their burden in the direction of the camp.

The excited Filipinos had come from concealment and started down the road with the apparent intention of overtaking the retreating party, and this was something not to be allowed. A couple of hasty shots from Billy's Springfield made them take to cover again. Though they then very well knew that but a single man was in their way, they had no stomach for rushing him, as Americans would have done. For a time silence prevailed. Billy looked back and saw that the men had laid down their burden, and while one remained by the wounded officer the other was hastening down the road toward camp as fast as his legs could carry him. As this promised to get a Surgeon so much the quicker for the wounded man he approved the move. It was his task to keep the enemy at bay long enough to have this accomplished.

Turning again to look to the front he was struck with the fact that no bullets were coming his way. This must mean something. Possibly they were stealing upon him under cover of the other side of the pike. He must cross over to see. He crawled up the bank upon the top and across the road to where he could get a view along the flank on the other side. His suspicions were correct. Half a dozen natives were worming their way along in the mud and water at the base of the pike, and had already approached within 100 yards. Taking deliberate aim he fired twice, and both times found a mark. The men immersed themselves in water and stopped advancing, while those still in the woods opened a brisk fire. But two cartridges were left now, and he must reserve them for an emergency.

Crawling cautiously back to the first side again, he discovered that still another party was stealing forward there also, and he had to use one of the cartridges to check this movement. Again a storm of bullets was poured into him, and this time one of them found lodgment in his left arm, rendering it useless and making him faint for a few minutes. His silence emboldened the attacking parties on both sides of the road, and they continued their stealthy advance. His faintness passed away and he saw the near approach of the enemy. He must delay them longer. His last cartridge must be used. Painfully he worked his useless arm into position to serve as a rest, and then, taking deliberate aim at one whom he took to be the officer in command, he fired his last shot and had the satisfaction of seeing the officer fall into the water and his party thrown into confusion. Faintness again came to him and his last impression was that of a scattering volley and shouts as his senses departed and his eyes closed in what he believed to be his last look upon this world.

His next consciousness was of a sharp pain in his arm and hearing a voice say:

"He's all right; only fainted."

He opened his eyes and saw several of his comrades standing over him, while in the woods to his front he could hear the cracking of rifles; but to his practiced ear they seemed to be all Springfields, as indeed they were, the rescuing party that had come just in the nick of time using their guns on the last of the fleeing natives.

Corp'l William Dalton was the hero of the hour. He was publicly commended for his bravery in general orders read before the entire brigade and recommended for a medal of honor. His wound healed rapidly, and in a month he was back to duty again with a Sergeant's stripes on his arm. As for Lieut. Fred Warren, his life was saved, but the Surgeon said that another half hour without surgical attention would have been his last. After he was well enough to travel he was invalided home and mustered out, and a few months later the entire regiment was sent home to be mustered out also.

Standing on the deck of the transport as she dropped anchor in San Francisco Bay was Serg't Dalton, eagerly scanning the faces that crowded the launches and tugs and small steamers that had come out to meet the ship. At last he discovered a handkerchief being waved vigorously in his direction, and as the tug bearing the waver came closer he saw than it was Marion. His heart gave a great bound and then sank again as his eye caught the form of Lieut. Warren standing by her. But wait. Who was that clinging to the Lieutenant's arm? He was bewildered. It was another Marion. What could it mean? The tug came closer, almost touching the ship's side, and Marion, crowding to the side, looked up into his face with a proud smile and said mischievously:

"I thought I would come out and see if I could meet a man," with special emphasis on the last word. Then seeing his puzzled look and his eyes fastened on the other couple, she said:

"Billy, this is my cousin, Marion. Excuse me, I mean Mrs. Marion," and she bowed profoundly to the smiling couple beside her. "They were married yesterday."

Serg't Billy Dalton was speechless for a moment, and then he said, "Excuse me a minute," and worked his way through the jam of soldiers to the other side of the ship, where he took a photograph from his pocket, tore it in two and dropped the pieces overboard.

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His Distinction.

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"Oh, no; but he claims to be one of the oldest living noncombatants."

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Brown—Jones is borrowing a good deal of trouble, I guess.

Smith—Well, let him have all he wants; he'll never pay it back.

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A Celebrated Ohio Physician's Marvelous Discovery—How to Cure The Dreaded Cancer in Your Own Home Mailed Free.

This treatment has completely cured hundreds of cases so desperate that noted surgeons refused to operate, declaring them fatal and hopeless.

Mr. Geo. W. Yost, an old and prominent citizen of Easton, Ill., says: "Your home treatment cured me without pain in 12 days of a cancer of 20 years standing."

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Send name and address if you are a sufferer or if you know of any one who is, and we will send all necessary information and hundreds of convincing testimonials absolutely free. Address Dr. Curry Cancer Cure Co., Box 508, Lebanon, Ohio. Don't fail to write today.

Veteran's Pension Money Pays Funeral Expenses.

(Pittsburg Dispatch.)

For several years Andrew Hildorfer, an Allegheny veteran, pleaded with the Department at Washington to grant him a pension. Two weeks ago he received a pension of $6 a month and a small amount of back pay. Today a large part of it will be expended to defray the funeral expenses of the veteran. He died in the Allegheny General Hospital last Monday night.

Hildorfer was 58 years old and lived at 122 River avenue, right in the midst of the flood-stricken district. When the waters surged around his home the Department of Charities was appealed to. He was moved from his home last Friday and given quarters in the Allegheny General Hospital. Pneumonia developed. He became delirious and finally died.

Hildorfer was a resident of Allegheny for 30 years and a member of Maj. Rush Taylor's regiment.

TRUE HAIR GROWER SENT FREE TO ALL

A BOTTLE OF LORRIMER'S EXCELSIOR HAIR FORCER AND A BAR OF SKIN & SCALP SOAP FREE.

This remarkable Hair grower is bringing hundreds of indorsements, and many thousands of persons have already been benefited by the free trial they have received from us. It makes the hair grow and restores its natural color, permanently and forever. When it grows the hair will not fall out again. The color will be restored permanently and without dyeing. It is the true cure for all scalp diseases. It is perfectly harmless, and will not soil the hands or clothing. It is no experiment, but an established fact. This announcement is for the benefit of all men and women who have tried various highly advertised hair preparations without success.

We can say without fear of denial that LORRIMER'S EXCELSIOR HAIR FORCER, in conjunction with LORRIMER'S SKIN AND SCALP SOAP, is absolutely and without exception the greatest and most rational HAIR TREATMENT in the world. IT CANNOT FAIL.

For this reason, and because we have confidence in our treatment giving satisfaction whenever tried, and no matter at what age, we have decided to mail A TRIAL BOTTLE, AND A BAR OF SKIN AND SCALP SOAP, free of charge, to any person who will send us TWO CENTS TO DEFRAY THE COST OF POSTAGE, etc.

There is Hope for YOU. Here are the Proofs:

"The Free samples acted like magic. My scalp was very sore and I could not comb my hair. I obtained instant relief."—Mrs. Lena Sheppard, 1809 Naudain St., Philadelphia, Pa.

"Lorrimer's Excelsior Hair Forcer and Soap has cured me of partial baldness and has restored my hair to its natural color. It is splendid."—Florence Baumer, 251 Virginia Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

"Lorrimer's Excelsior Hair Forcer cured me, and I was as bald as a billiard ball for over 20 years."—Ex-Congressman Parschall, French Building, San Antonio, Texas.

"The bottle of Hair Forcer has done wonders for me, and my hair has been completely restored. I am delighted with the result. Where merit is due, praise should be given."—H. F. Sanford, 171 Maple St., Waterbury, Conn.

"While in Baltimore at college I purchased a bottle of Hair Forcer and a bar of soap. I tried the remedy on a bald-headed old gentleman, and the results are splendid. I have decided to carry it in stock for the benefit of my customers."—E. P. Bradley, Glen Jean Pharmacal Co., Glen Jean, W. Va.

"The Hair Forcer and Soap are doing fine work for me. I am more than satisfied with them. My friends have also obtained wonderful results from it."—Dr. F. M. Davis, Waverly, N. Y.

We have over 20,000 testimonials from living persons, all fresh and up-to-date. Any one can get a copy on request.

LORRIMER'S EXCELSIOR HAIR FORCER OPERATES QUICKLY AND IN THE MOST DESIRABLE MANNER. It is clean, free from all sediment, contains no sulphur, silver, lead, sugar, or anything sticky, gummy or injurious.

I USE LORRIMER'S **Excelsior Hair Forcer**

Nature's cure for Baldness, Gray Hair, Hair Falling, Dandruff, Itching Scalp, Weak Eyebrows and Eyelashes and all Disorders and Humors of the Hair and Scalp.

$1.00 PER BOTTLE. AT DRUGGISTS.
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The price of LORRIMER'S EXCELSIOR HAIR FORCER IS $1.00 PER BOTTLE and LORRIMER'S SKIN AND SCALP SOAP 25c. PER BAR, at all druggists; but we will send one TRIAL BOTTLE and a bar of soap by return mail to every person who will inclose two cents for postage, etc. This offer means exactly what we say, and there are no conditions attached to it. You get the samples at once, and for nothing. ALL WE ASK YOU TO DO IS TO INCLOSE US 2c. TO COVER POSTAGE, ETC.

All persons who are bald, whose hair is falling, who have scurf, dandruff, weak eyelashes or eyebrows, scanty partings, gray and faded hair, or any scalp humor, especially those that have tried other remedies without success, are requested to send us their name and address at once, and they will receive by return mail a trial bottle of Hair Forcer and Bar of Skin and Scalp Soap, free of charge, and also full information how to cure baldness, hair falling and all hair and scalp diseases, and positively restore the hair to its natural color, and thousands of testimonials, medical opinions, etc. Write for them at once. Do not forget to send the 2c.

Please address in full:

LORRIMER & CO., Dept. 16, 118-120 North Paca Street, Baltimore, Md.

SUICIDE BY DUCKS.

Two Cases of Self-Destruction Reported by Hunters.

(New York Sun.)

If the testimony of two trustworthy sportsmen be taken at face value, it seems to be true that ducks under certain circumstances commit suicide. This has been a mooted point among gunners for a long time.

C. B. Bannister, of Bloomington, Ill., is one of the witnesses. He was shooting last season in the neighborhood of Antigo, Wis. One morning he was standing knee deep in the water 50 yards from shore.

He had a natural blind in the form of a clump of willows. The water was as clear as glass about him, but 30 yards farther out wild rice grew. He had a dozen decoys near the inner edge of the rice.

The wind was blowing against his back and consequently the ducks came in facing him. With every condition in his favor he was doing good work, waiting until the mallards poised hovering above the decoys, then knocking them down right and left.

At 9 o'clock he had killed pretty nearly his daily allowance of 25 birds and was thinking of quitting. Then he saw a solitary duck coming in, or rather coming over, against the wind and 30 yards high.

Pitching up his gun when the bird was within extreme range, he pulled the trigger of the left barrel, which was full-cocked and loaded with No. 4's. Instantly the duck began to descend, wabbling from side to side with a broken wing and coming down on a slant.

He stepped outside the willows the better to watch it fall. It struck the water within two feet of him and instantly dived. He had just time to see that it was a mallard hen.

He stood for a minute looking over the clear expanse, waiting for it to reappear. It did not show. He glanced down curiously. The water which had been rolled by the plunge had settled.

There, not more than a yard from him, was the duck. Its belly rested on the bottom; its sound wing was pressed tightly against its side, the other hung loosely; its neck was outstretched; its bill was clenched upon a tough weed root; not a bubble arose from it.

He was motionless for a minute or more. Then he stooped, thrust his arm to the shoulder in the water and picked up the mallard. Only slight force was necessary to detach its bill from the weed. The duck was dead.

He kept it separate from the remainder of his kill and when he got back to the hotel picked it himself. It had not a wound on it except that the bone of the second joint of the right wing was shattered.

Bannister knows that the mallard hen drowned itself, but does not say that the suicide was intentional. He thinks that the bird was badly frightened and hung to the root in desperate desire to hide until it died.

H. C. Grubb, who buys pearls for a Western firm, went up the Chicago & Northwestern Road last Fall to dicker with the clam diggers who are working the Wisconsin rivers. He went out to a slough of the Mississippi near Lansing one morning looking for jacksnipe.

He flushed a duck from a shallow pond and brought it down with the right barrel. It fell in the center of the pond, which did not cover half an acre.

Having hipboots, he waded to retrieve it. It was winged and swam nearly as fast as he could walk. The water was only a foot deep, but muddy; also, the sun was hot.

Now and then the duck dived. He chased it for 15 minutes round and round until the blood in his temples beat an anvil chorus and his eyes started from his head; Grubb is fat.

Finally the duck dived for the last time in water so shallow that the tip of its tail showed on the surface. It was still, and so was its pursuer, who stood panting and swearing between gasps.

Finally he grabbed it and went ashore. It had driven its entire head into the mud to the beginning of the neck. Its bill was open and its mouth was caked with mud.

This duck was of the spoon-bill, or shoveler, variety.

POST OFFICES IN THE WORLD.

From Representative Jas. T. Lloyd's Speech on Rural Free Mail Delivery.

Our large area makes a necessity for a greater number of offices. The countries named have the following number of post-offices:

Great Britain	21,945
France	9,872
Germany	43,613
Austria	6,235
While the United States has	76,285

Having this large number of offices, it takes more men and a greater and more extensive service to run them. Great Britain has a postoffice for every 14½ square miles of its territory; France has a postoffice for every 54.6 square miles; Germany has one for every 14.9 square miles; Austria for every 51.2 square miles, while the United States has only one office in every section of 138 square miles. There is a postoffice for a population of every 833 persons in the United States, while in Great Britain the average population to an office is 1,852; in France, 3,918; in Germany, 1,438, and in Austria, 4,079.

These facts easily establish the proposition that because of the compact population and the larger number of persons obtaining mail at a given postoffice, the service may be furnished at a much less sum, other things being equal. Another important element of expense is shown in the fact that notwithstanding our mails are carried farther and distributed to a much greater number of offices, each individual receives and sends a much greater number of articles of mail than in other countries.

In Great Britain the number of articles in one year is 86.5 pieces to the person; in France, 50.8, and in Austria, 38 articles. In this country, however, the number is over 106.

Another element of difference is in the method of carriage. The most expensive transportation is by railroad, and yet we use nearly six times the mileage by rail as Germany; seven times that of France, and 12 times that of Austria.

LINCOLN'S BIRTHPLACE.

It Will Not Be Sold for Taxes—A Deluge of Letters.

(Special to Louisville Courier-Journal.)

Hodgenville, Ky., March 7.—The old Lincoln homestead near this place will not be sold at public sale for taxes, as has been advertised by the Sheriff of the County. A letter to Sheriff Collins from Mr. David Crear, of New York City, inclosed a check for the amount of taxes due on the property. However, the prominent advertising given the sale of the farm through the daily papers caused a deluge of letters and telegrams from all over the country to pour into the hands of Sheriff Collins and other officials of the County. Each of the writers expressed a desire to become the owner of the farm, and every letter offered some suggestion as to the proper use to be made of the birthplace of the great emancipator. Some suggested that a public park be made out of the farm and others suggested that the Government buy it and convert it into a home for old and disabled soldiers, while some proposed it be converted into a home for ex-slaves.

Some of the suggestions were ludicrous in the extreme. A letter from a farmer in Kansas said he wished to buy the farm for the sole purpose of raising corn, as he thought that a farm which could produce such a wonderful man ought to be able to make a good crop of corn. Another was from a Wyoming ranchman, who said he would buy the place, if it sold reasonably, and convert it into a cattle ranch. The most amusing letter received, however, was from a New York man, presumably from a "Chawley Boy," who probably forgot where Kentucky was located on the map. He suggested that if the farm could be bought within the sum of $10,000 "we" would buy it and convert it into a Summer sea resort, where the society people of the Eastern cities could gather in the Summer and spend their time quietly in boat riding and swimming. Another letter proposed that the farm be converted into a hunting ground for the Eastern sports. The writer said he thought it would contain about 10,000 acres from what he had heard.

SUBSCRIBERS' ADVERTISING COLUMNS.

"Patronize Each Other."

The plan briefly suggested here is a practical one. Thousands of comrades will patronize each other if they are shown the way. The only way is to advertise.

This is a good time for developing the plan, because a comrade may have advertising without cost if he will get up a club. For every dollar sent to the paper as a club-raiser he may have $1 worth of advertising.

The price of this advertising has been fixed at 5 cents a word, which is a very low rate. You reach a quarter-million readers and will often get hundreds of replies from a single ad.

All the world deals now through the mails or by express or freight. Try it yourself.

Write us the substance of what you want to say, and we will arrange it in the fewest possible words.

Regimental historians and Secretaries of Survivors' Associations will find these columns very useful.

Direct letter to Adv. Dept., National Tribune, Washington, D. C.

POULTRY, BIRDS, ETC.

BUFF ORPINGTONS from imported stock; also, Rhode Island Reds; 15 eggs, 75 cents; fine trio of Buff Orpingtons for sale. L. D. Louer, Lakeville, Mass.

RUDOLPH POULTRY YARDS. Barred and Buff Rocks. Fine stock and eggs. Write for catalogue. Comrade Joseph S. Gasper, Rudolph, Ohio.

POULTRY Cholera Remedy. Warranted to give satisfaction or money refunded. Fifty cents' worth of powder will make five gallons. Geo. Klink, Bandmaster, 25th Reg't Ill. Inf., Garrett, Ill.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SURE RECIPE TO PREVENT SMALLPOX AND Scarlet Fever. Used in Mexico and Central America. Cured patients when doctors gave them up. Sent on receipt of 50 c. cash or silver. Richard A. Marsh, Delina, Texas.

WALL PAPER. New styles for 1902. Two cents per rod up. Send stamp for samples and prices. J. D. Davis, the Wall Paper Jobber, Jamestown, Pa.

WASHING FLUID.—Send self-addressed stamped envelope and 10 cents for recipe that will save more than half the work. Address Comrade E. H. Webster, North Lyndeboro, N. H.

COMRADES, Try an old soldier's remedy for sick, nervous and neuralgic headache. Four powders in package, 10 c.; three packages, 25 c., sent postpaid. H. K. Chapin, Morrisville, N. Y.

COMRADES: My guaranteed formulas instruct how to manufacture flavors for soda fountains, ice cream, cake, perfumery, etc. Twenty-four years' experience. Ten formulas, $3; 20 formulas, $5. Pleasing occupation; big profits. J. E. Stever, Newark, N. Y.

SHORTHAND taught by mail; best system. Every one should read and write shorthand. Send stamp for terms. E. Lemaster, Rolckow, Mo.

KORLA KURES KATARRH, COLDS, HOARSENESS; prevents Grippe, Consumption, all diseases; 25c. postpaid. Comrade Griffith, 90 Rogers Av., Brooklyn, New York.

EVERYBODY.—I will furnish you with complete formulas, recipes, prescriptions, etc., for anything and everything you want to make, use or take. Send 25 cents for anything you want, or any 10 for $1.00. Thomas Mott, Raven Rock, W. Va.

WANTED—Position as housekeeper. Widower preferred. References given and required. L. Taft, Newport, R. I.

HELP WANTED.—First-class axe-handle makers wanted. Address N. G. Jones, Deep River, Conn.

TO EVERY COMRADE OR READER of this paper I will send 25 bearing Whortleberry sprouts for $1. Address Comrade D. F. Lahman, Lahmansville, W. Va.

"CLEARSIGHT." All comrades troubled with weak and sore eyes should try Burman's "Clearsight," and help a comrade. Makes the eyes strong. Send 25 cents. Agents wanted. A. G. Hathaway, 124 Willis St., New Bedford, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED in every town to take orders for one gallon or more. Big inducements. Crigler & Crigler, Distillers, Covington, Ky.

ADDRESSES WANTED.

WANTED—Address of some member of Capt. Claiborne's Co. B, 1st Mounted Rifles, serving in Texas, Fall of 1855. Edward R. Bryden, 712 Appleton St., Baltimore, Md.

WANTED—The name and address of all members of the 15th Iowa Inf., to finish Roster. S. Ryneerson, Arcanum, Ohio. 75-2t

WANTED—The name of hospital that existed in Philadelphia March, 1862, where we arrived in steam cars, hauled by horses to hospital door; also name of Surgeon who tended same hospital at that time. John Wales, Co. B, 8th Ill. Cav., Box 191, Saco, Maine. 1074-2t

WANTED—Addresses of Robert Julius Wellke, Emil Theodore Wellke and Reinhold Leopold Wellke. Last heard of just before the war of 1861. Two were in Texas and one in Missouri. Eugene Ernst Wellke, 467 E. Paramore St., N. Topeka, Kan. 1074-2t

WANTED—The address of any nurse that was in Post Hospital, Ward A, Camp Butler, Springfield, Ill., between November, 1864, and June, 1865. Henry W. Brown, 1263 N. Main St., Rockford, Ill. 75-4t

WANTED—The address of Thomas Loveall and Jonathan Loveall, who went from Johnson County, Mo., in the year 1857, to California. James Loveall, Stroud, Okla.

WANTED—By George W. Davison, Barrack 14, National Military Home, Ohio, the name of person who advertised in this paper some years ago for me as being in California in 1883.

BOOKS AND PICTURES.

DO YOU TAKE ANY PRIDE in having served the country during the rebellion, or having a relative who served? Then send company, regiment, or vessel to the Army and Navy Record Co., Philadelphia, Pa., and get a Corps Chart free. Or 10,000 Events of the Civil War, a new book, for 75c. Endorsed by this paper.

PICTURES ENLARGED IN CRAYON. Size 11x17, for $2.50; Size 16x20, for $3.00 each. Address Comrade D. F. Lahman, Lahmansville, W. Va.

YOUR PHOTO on a button, in a gold-plated frame. Send picture and 75c., silver or stamps. Frank Leonard, Claysville, Pa.

COMPLETE FILE OF NATIONAL TRIBUNE from 1892. J. J. Furman, M. D., 1435 Chapin St. n. w., Washington, D. C.

CRAYON PORTRAITS. A large crayon portrait, size 16 x 20 inches, of yourself, comrade, or any member of your family, copied from photos or tintype, and guaranteed a true likeness, mounted on cloth, and delivered, postpaid, for $1.25. Your photos returned. Work guaranteed. Send us your photos. Send money by P. O. money order or registered letter to H. H. Chapman, Art Department, Gratiot, Ohio.

BIG MAIL. If you want to get letters, sample copies of papers, samples of goods and merchandise, send ten cents to "Agents' List," Indiana, Pa., and get your name in our Agents' List, which is now being made up and sent to all leading mail order houses and business places.

COMRADES, help an old Andersonville prisoner, who has not been able to work for 12 years, by sending six 2-cent stamps for book of 14 months' prison experience. S. P. Helwig, Canal Dover, Ohio.

BOOKS.—The Civil War on the Border. Complete account of all engagements, great and small, and of all marches, retreats and expeditions west of the Mississippi. Two vols., octavo, 952 pages; fully illustrated. Price $6. Address the author, WILEY BRITTON, Springfield, Mo.

COATS-OF-ARMS artistically painted in oil and watercolors. Terms moderate. Address Miss Edith Mather, Bound Brook, N. J.

WANTED—Complete file of Scientific American Supplement. Address R. W. Shoppell, 339 Pa. Ave. Washington, D. C.

PATENTS.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—Patent Latch Operating Device for Steam Shovels or Dredges. No. 574,803. Will sell part interest. Write for particulars to J. H. Malick, Van Wert, Ohio.

PATENTS without fee unless successful. Send description; free opinion. Established 1861. Milo B. Stevens & Co., Div. 7, 11th and G n. w., Washington, D. C.

FOR SALE—Patent on Furniture Polish, by County, State, or U. S. rights. Easy, money-making business. Any one out of employment, especially old veteran, can manufacture it, who has the right, at little expense. For particulars, address Oliver Macklin, East Palestine, Ohio.

WAR RELICS.

RELICS, CURIOSITIES, Everything warlike, historical—weapons, documents, letters, pamphlets, posters, pictures, Confederate envelopes—bought, sold, exchanged. "Veteran," 2134 Natrona, Philadelphia.

FOR SALE AND EXCHANGE.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.—80 acres land, $5 per acre; some improvement, with house; in the fruit belt; mineral on the land. On the Frisco R.R., Crawford Co., Ark., in the Boston Mountains; very healthy. Rev. M. P. Julian, Eureka Springs, Ark.

FOR SALE—A Good Fruit and Dairy Farm of 102 Acres in Jefferson Co., Kansas. On milk route, rural mail route and telephone. A bargain. David Smith, Oswkie, Kan.

REAL ESTATE AND PENSION ATTORNEY, Choice farms for sale in Highland County, Ohio. D. Leadbetter, late 12th O.V.C., Hillsboro, O.

THOROUGHBRED Red Poland-China Pigs and Light Brahmas. F. P. Wallace, Wattsville, Ohio.

FOR SALE.—Blacksmith Shop, tools, warehouse, with a good business, also a good residence; good fruit; well improved. F. J. Rork, Harrod, O.

WRITE W. F. TAYLOR, Grand View, Tenn., if you want a new home and lots of advantages. Graded school; Northern neighborhood; healthy climate.

FOR SALE.—120 acres well improved land, $35.00 per acre. Also, general store, with or without buildings. All in Shelby Co., Ohio. Jos. Bowen, Hardin, O.

FREE HOMES. 416,000 Acres in the famous Corn Belt of South Dakota to be opened to settlement. Worth $10 to $50 per acre. Large colored map of South Dakota, showing location, also information as to when it will open, and the law governing same, will all be sent for 25 cts. silver, or 30 cts. in stamps. Reference, any bank in the County. J. A. STRANSKY, Pukwana, S. D.

FOR SALE—Hotel: Summer and Winter Resort. Apply to Mrs. S. Bridwell, High View Hotel, Chesapeake Beach, Calvert Co., Md.

REUNIONS.

SHILOH REUNION.—The Annual Reunion of the Blue and Gray will be held at Shiloh, Tenn., April 6 and 7. Comrades, this is the 40th Anniversary of this memorable battle. We have secured a very low special rate from St. Louis, Mo., by the St. Louis and Tennessee River Packet Company for this occasion. Those who contemplate going, should write at once for full information. Address T. W. Hofmann, Secretary, Shiloh Battlefield Association, Rutledge, Mo.; or Capt. James Irwin, Assistant Secretary, Savannah, Tenn.

REUNION OF EX-MARINES.—A Reunion of ex-Marines will be held in Washington during the G.A.R. Encampment week. Quarters will be provided at the Navy Yard, or in some more central locality. Send me your name and address and full particulars will be forwarded to you. William Simmons, Headquarters 1432 Wharton St., Phila., Pa.

REUNION OF NAVAL VETERANS.—A General Reunion of Naval Veterans of this Civil War will be held in Washington during the G.A.R. Encampment. Shipmates who can attend will please send name and address to Comrade William Simmons, Historian of the Farragut Association, 1432 Wharton St., Phila., Pa.

NOTICE TO SURVIVORS OF THE 6TH N. Y. H. A.—Members of this regiment are requested to send postal card, with full name, post-office, and company, to the Secretary of the Association. This will insure their being properly indexed on the Roster of the Association. Wm. D. Johnston, Secretary, 12th Reunion, Lock Box 27, Scotch Plains, N. J. 75-3t

The 37th Annual Reunion and Banquet of the 1st Md. Associations will be held Wednesday evening, April 2, at Dushane Post Hall, Raine's, corner Baltimore St. and Postoffice Ave., Baltimore, Md. Frank M. Smith, Secretary, Supt. Mails, P.O., Baltimore, Md.

POST ELECTIONS.

Serg't Cox Post, 100, Adams, Neb.: Com., J. W. Pittman; S.V.C., Wels Adams; J.V.C., J. H. Dixon; Q.M., G. W. Campbell; Adj., T. E. Hibben; Surg., A. C. Howland; O.G., A. Snyder; Chap., H. J. Merrick; Q.M.S., A. Myer; S.M., John Kaffman.

CORPS ELECTIONS.

Henry F. Freeman W.R.C., 48, Brookfield, Vt.: Pres., Louise W. Clark; S.V.P., Sarah Frink; J.V.P., Susan Adams; Chap., Marion Bullard; Treas., Lottie W. Carpenter; Sec., Emma B. Holt; Con., Lunette Durkee; Guard, Emma Raymore; Ass't Con., Emma Bitty; Ass't Guard, Adelle Fisk; Color Bearers, Laura Rood, Emma Ford, Adelle Fisk, Sarah Fullum; Press Correspondent, Emma B. Holt.

John Gibbon Corps, Sisseton, S. D.: Pres., Lizzie B. Leavitt; S.V.P., Mrs. Tower; J.V.P., M