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National Tribune.

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"To care for him who has borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans."

ESTABLISHED 1877—NEW SERIES. WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 24, 1902. VOL. XXI—NO. 29—WHOLE NO. 1080.

A Friend with the Countersign

Story of a Spy in the Civil War.

By B. K. BENSON.

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CHAPTER III.

SCOUTING WITH SHAKSPERE.

"Good at a fight, but better at a play."
—Moore.

If there is any condition in life which might truly be called happiness, I for one have never found it. There is always something to distress you, no matter how greatly your condition may have bettered. One might think that a ragged rebel, suddenly converted into a friend—however humble—of the Commander-in-chief of the Army of the Potomac, a mental vagrant given back to his friends, and with love added, should have been happy—but I know that constant joy cannot be our condition here below. I had much to grieve for. Dr. Khayme had gently given me to know that my dear father had suddenly died on the day preceding that of my leaving the Union army to penetrate the Confederate lines on the Chickahominy, that is to say, on June 2, 1862. He had been a good father, and I mourned his loss deeply; in my grief, however, there was no bitterness; I thanked God that death had not come in consequence of my misfortune or fault; he had gone from me when I had gone, and he had not suffered the agony of suspense that would have been inevitable had he known of my disappearance.

My father's death was not all; old comrades of the 11th, old playmates of my childhood, had found bloody graves on fields where I had fought against them; at second Bull Run, there is no doubt that I had fought hand-to-hand with men of the 11th—one of whom certainly recognized me.

What is past is past.

Lydia was to become my wife. Necessarily, the marriage would not take place while the war lasted. My father's estate—much diminished, I had learned—was in the hands of executors who had been his life-long friends. My desire to remain with Lydia, therefore, kept me with the army; although it would be an easy matter to get a furlough, there was nothing to require my presence at home, and I shrank from the peculiar publicity which I knew must attend me should I now return to my friends in the North, who had been apprised in some degree of my past, and who would be doubly curious.

On the evening of the 18th Capt. Scranton came to me from Gen. Meade, accompanied by his servant, who was leading an extra horse. I was directed to report at once to the General for the purpose of serving as guide to a scouting party; rain was falling heavily. I threw on my overcoat and gum blanket, bade good-by to Lydia and the Doctor, and rode off with the Captain.

"But," said he, "where are your arms?"

"I shall not need any," said I.

He whistled long and loud.

"'On what submissive message art thou sent?'" he quoted.

"What does Gen. Meade want me to find out, Captain?"

"Ask Gen. Meade," said he.

"Then you are not going with us? Pardon me, sir, but my first question should not have been asked."

"No harm done," he replied, in a tone that showed softening—adding, as if to himself, "'Many thousand reasons hold me back.'"

I felt rebuffed and dropped behind with the Captain's servant. The man was a foreigner, but of what particular country I could not tell from his features. Small of stature, dark, lean, wiry, with a black mustache twisted at the ends, and small side-whiskers, he might be French, Italian, Austrian, or Swiss—most likely Swiss.

"Misser Bairveek," he said, "de Captain ees not glad."

"No," I replied, "but I am to blame."

"Not so," he responded; "he now be trouble because at de scrape de army ees."

"Indeed!" I said sharply—somehow the fellow's lingo irritated me.

"Misser Bairveek, ees not dees de borst you ever bevore see de Army of de Powtamaque fall in two?"

"I think she'll get out right enough," I answered.

"Dees ees like not de Getteesburg. Eef de army be in command ov a Stonevall Zhackson! Dat ees vot I say, Misser Bairveek."

I was a little surprised at this speech; I wondered if the servant was echoing the master. There were many people who did not consider Meade a Napoleon, but for one of his own staff to allow his servant to criticise was wrong—entirely wrong.

"I think, sir," said I, somewhat sternly, "that Gen. Meade has not yet been defeated."

The man started as if he had received a blow, and said no more.

It was quite dark when we reached headquarters. Before Gen. Meade's tent five cavalrymen, booted and spurred, were standing, bridle in hand. The Captain at once entered, bidding me to follow. Gen. Meade seemed absorbed in a map spread before him. No one had been with him except Watson, his orderly.

"Berwick," said the General, "I want you to find out whether Lee's infantry is in our front."

The General's tones were harsh; he looked annoyed—even angry.

"It is retreating, General," said I, boldly.

"Upon my soul! How do you know?"

"I simply give Gen. Lee credit for having good sense, General.

A shade of a smile passed over his face. "But we have contradictory reports. Rebel infantry were on our right yesterday, and last night; the report comes from a man as big as Gen. Sedgwick."

"Well, General, I engage to satisfy you in three hours that the Confederates are preparing to leave, if they have not already gone."

Now, what made me sure of being able to accomplish a work which seemed difficult, and caused me to make a promise that seemed boastful, was not, indeed, my belief that Gen. Lee would do the right thing. I knew from sad experience the straitened condition of the Southern army; I knew that this condition had been more than once before, justification for movements made, contrary to the rules of the military art, as they are written in the books; for Gen. Lee at this time to swing to the flank of the Army of the Potomac would be not more audacious than was his dividing his forces at Chancellorsville; my assurance came from absolute confidence in Dr. Khayme's foresight. "Lee will retreat at once," he had said.

"Then," said the General, "get about the work without delay. Here, Watson. Call those men in! No, wait. Capt. Scranton, be good enough to see for me that all arrangements are perfect, and go with the party to the front. Examine the map, Berwick."

"No, General; I have no need for a map of this ground. I have a better one in my head, sir."

So the Captain did go with us, after all. Scranton took Schezer, his servant, aside, and seemed to be giving him some instructions; the man went off—to his quarters, no doubt."

The squad mounted silently and looked ready for orders.

"'Make known which way thou travelest,'" said the Captain, adding: "We obey your commands, Mr. Berwick."

"WITH MY LEFT HAND I SEIZED SCRANTON'S BRIDLE."

I directed the men to ride in single file behind me. The night was dark, and it was yet raining, but I knew the roads well; even the fields and woods were known to me, and I had no hesitation in going forward rapidly.

At our advanced infantry posts on the Manassas road we were halted. We were now only three miles from army headquarters. Capt. Scranton gave proof of our mission, and we rode on rapidly toward Bull Run. The rain was falling thick and fast, heavily enough to cause me to believe the fury of the storm was now being spent. I halted the party.

"Who has the best horse?"

"I, sir," replied two men at once.

"One of you—here, you, if you please—remain in this spot to carry the first report to the General."

We went on and crossed—fording; the water rose to our saddle-skirts. The noise of the rushing stream and of the falling rain drowned that of our own splashing. On the southern bank I paused again. Putting my hand on the shoulder of the second man, "What is your name?" I asked.

"Holcomb, sir."

"Remain here. Take notice all, that we are distributing the party as relays. One will ride to the next, and so on."

A mile more, and Stephenson was stationed in the road. This reduced the advance to four: two men, the Captain and I.

Said he: "We must be near Manassas."

"Two miles," I replied.

The rain had ceased. We had spent three-quarters of an hour; I urged forward faster, keeping the middle of the road; the Captain was at my side—the two men in the rear.

"But do you observe no caution?"

"Not tonight, Captain; the rebels have gone."

"How do you know?"

"Look behind you."

In the rear the heavens were red with the reflection of camp-fires.

"'I throw a northward look,'" he quoted.

"Now look before you."

"'Look with thine ears,'" he responded.

All was darkness in the south.

Another man was posted; we pushed on down the road; the stars were out, and the setting moon.

"Halt!" I whispered, reining up sharply.

Strange objects were at the roadside. I had not seen them there before. On this spot I had lain down, weary, at daylight on the morning of Aug. 28, 1862, while the sky in the south glowed with Manassas in flames. Here I had eaten and rested. The spot—the old spot—was before my memory in the vivid freshness of that Summer morning; then a grassy spot though covered with the dust of scorching August, now a spot littered with the remains of a hurried bivouac.

"Hurrah!" I said; "nothing but cavalry; push on."

"Cavalry the devil," grumbled the Captain between his teeth; "as if cavalry was nothing." He had forgotten to quote.

We reached the junction of the road from Blackburn's a mile or a little more from Manassas, and paused.

"Captain," said I, "are you convinced?"

Before us stretched a plain on which there was scarce a tree or an elevation—a country devastated by two armies in more than three campaigns and innumerable ravagings.

"Berwick," said he, "how in the hell did you know it?"

"Are there any of Lee's infantry left in 10 miles of us."

"Not a lost soul."

We stationed Goodman at the fork.

"Warren ought to be at Blackburn's Ford by this time," said the Captain; "and I hope Gibbs's cavalry regiment is yet at the Junction, but we'd better go slow. 'Thou stand'st where snares of war may tangle thee.'"

The three rode on, diverging toward the right. Whether Federals were now at Manassas I cared little. Broad Run was my object. Lee's infantry must be behind Broad Run, or else behind the Rappahannock. We passed Manassas a mile at our left and kept on. We reached the top of a high hill, from which the horizon in the South seemed 10 miles distant.

"Kimball," said the Captain, "ride back at once and send word to Gen. Meade that Lee's infantry have sailed for France!"

The horse hoofs smote the ground in our rear. The Captain and I were alone. We rode on side by side, in the darkness.

"Have a cigar," he said.

"And let the ashes grow, or a bullet may come our way," I replied.

It was a good one. I was only a private; to all seeming the Captain had become very friendly. He continued to quote Shakspere. In a hollow we came to a recently deserted cavalry camp. I dismounted. I knew, somehow, that it had been a bivouac of the Confederates, but I wanted to make the Captain know it. I picked up two small objects lying by one of the sodden campfires and remounted.

"Well?" he asked.

"Confederates."

"'And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so?'"

"Strike a match, please."

He did as I said, and I held near the blaze a small piece of thoroughly soaked newspaper.

All that was legible was:

of
repor
General Le
invaders. Sou
independence are
to be abandoned no mat

"Were they not Confederates?"

"'I think so truly, noble Roman.'"

"And look at this."

It was a bit of hoe-cake made of Indian meal. The Captain smelt of it, and threw it down.

"Now, Captain, we must be cautious. That regiment, or whatever it was, has not had time to get very far away."

"'I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.'"

"The embers of that campfire were still warm. Perhaps, Captain, you should now return to Gen. Meade, and not go farther forward with me."

"'And if I do not, may my hands rot off,'" he answered imperturbably.

"Captain, have we been gone three hours?" I asked.

"We have."

"Have our men reached the General, do you think?"

"Easily."

"It is seven miles to Centerville."

"They would go it in 30 minutes; 35 at the outside—counting in the time at the picket post. 'We are time's subjects, and time bids us begone;' come on."

"I have a great desire to know where the army—Lee's army—has gone.

"Well, so have we all; the vote is unanimous."

"And I shall try to find out."

"Lead on. 'For my part, I'll not trouble you with words.'"

"But I want to go as far as Bristoe—or at least to the creek this side."

"How far is it?"

"Four miles."

"We shall then be 11 from Centerville."

"Yes, and more if we return through Manassas."

"We shall be all night getting back," said he.

"Captain, I think I'd better go alone; not that you would hinder in any way, but that you might be needed at headquarters."

"Gen. Meade ordered me to go with the party to the front; you are the party. 'This is the latest parle we will admit,' sir," said he.

I knew that A. P. Hill had been at Bristoe, for he had there attacked the rear guard under Warren just four days previously, and Cooke's North Carolinians had met a bloody repulse, losing many prisoners and a battery. I wanted to know whether the enemy were yet at Bristoe. Unless they should be found there in strong infantry force, I should feel sure that Lee had retired behind the Rappahannock. For my own part, I was confident that Lee's army had abandoned the campaign, but I must try to satisfy Gen. Meade fully. Between Manassas and Broad Run there was no good military position for either attack or defense, and no force of the enemy could be supposed to hold this ground, yet I had already found abundant proof that the region was in the hands of the Confederate cavalry, and it behooved us to have a watchful care lest we run headlong upon some party, moving or in camp. So I rode ahead of the Captain, and cautiously stopping at every turn in the road and on every elevation reached, and straining eye and ear to catch the slightest motion or sound. The road was sloppy; no march had been made upon it since the heavy rain that had fallen early in the night; it ran diagonally across the country toward the southeast, making in the direction of the railroad.

I had paused at a turn in the road, just where it left a copse of undergrowth; the Captain was yet advancing behind me. Suddenly I knew that something was moving two or three hundred yards in front. I turned my horse at once and rode back into the thicket; the Captain followed me.

"The enemy!" I said, dismounting quickly.

We led our horses 40 or 50 yards into the woods. I whispered to the Captain that I should go to the road; he understood at once, and took my bridle from me. I crept back and lay flat. The tread of horse was now distinct, and the murmur of voices. Soon the road before me was filled with a dark, moving mass; the night was nearly black, and did not allow me to see face or uniform, yet I knew that here was one of Stuart's regiments. The column passed at a walk. There was not much said by these troopers, yet now and then I could catch a word which by its peculiar accent betrayed the pure Southerner. But without this evidence, without any particular evidence, I had become aware that these men were Confederates before I saw anything more than a black mass moving on the opposite hill. How had I known this? Was it instinct?

The column had gone. I returned to the Captain, took my bridle from him, and put my foot in the stirrup. I had not said a word.

"How now? What news with you?" he whispered.

"Confederate cavalry. They have gone northwest."

We mounted. I was moody and silent. The Captain observed my depression. Said he: "You seem tired and sleepy."

The words aroused me. What if this man had known of my past experience! Would he not suspect that my sudden gloom had been caused by homesickness, so to speak? Desire to see old friends in the Southern army? I shook off my nerveless torpor.

"Captain," said I, "I am all right. Let us forward again."

We crossed the railroad, I leading.

The Captain said: "Lee has gone to the Rappahannock."

I did not reply. I knew what he meant. The railroad here had been destroyed. Heaps of cross-ties had been made, and the rails had been piled upon them, and had been bent with fire. The work meant Lee's retreat. He had gone.

We now advanced more boldly, for we could not believe that Confederate cavalry would be on the east of the railroad. A little before midnight we rode up to the crossing of Broad Run, behind which there should have been seen the light of a great camp had Lee's army yet been in position. But upon the other side of the stream, which we did not try to cross, all was darkness and silence. The burnt chimneys at Bristoe Station were there—but no Lee's army.

"They've been gone a full day, no doubt, and our cavalry have not found it out!" exclaimed the Captain, in tones unnecessarily angry.

There was nothing more to be done. We turned our horses' heads and started for Manassas.

"Have another cigar," said Capt. Scranton.

Was he a good fellow, after all? His stiffness had all gone. He was treating me as a companion, not as an underling. Even his giving me a second cigar was not offensive.

"Berwick," said he, "we'll have no rest tomorrow. 'Tis grievous to be thought upon.'"

"Why so, Captain?"

"We shall advance; I'd risk my halidome that we meet the troops unless we get to camp before day."

"Then why should we ride back?"

I had said the words vacantly. Whatever he might have done, my mind was set on getting back to the Doctor and Lydia. I did not think that the Sanitary Camp, or Gen. Meade's headquarters even, would be moved on the first day's advance, and I was counting upon a good rest.

"To make sure, and to go to bed; 'we'll sort occasion to a double deed.'"

We rode rapidly. Overhead a few stars were shining. We sped through groves and along a road that sank and rose, and gave us now and then an extended vision right and left. In the far north the welkin's rim was merely tinged with a line of brightness—to the unpracticed eye, nothing; but, to one who knew, the encampment of a mighty army. The red fire of Scranton's cigar sparkled at my left, as his tall horse in long lopes easily kept abreast. I was thinking of Lydia; of the first time I had met her since she had become a woman; of my love for her from that day—a love suppressed, I had thought; kept down, at least, by a will that had been trained to serve reason. I was thinking of my trials in the army of the South; of my dear Captain, fallen before his time, a useless sacrifice—useless? No, not useless—devotion to an idea can never be useless, I was thinking of the strange instinctive—"Halt there!" rang out ahead of us in the gloom, and we pulled up violently—so suddenly that Scranton's cigar dropped from his teeth and fell to the ground, where I saw it sputtering for a second in a mud pool.

Only for a second. With my left hand I seized Scranton's bridle; with my right I jerked my horse square to the east, and I dug the spurs into his sides. I saw flashes, heard shots, and felt my left arm almost torn from the shoulder by the momentary inertia of Scranton's iron-gray—merely momentary, for the next instant we were beyond the railroad and speeding side by side over the plain. Not a word had been said by either.

There was no pursuit. Who were these men who had met us and fired on us? I had instinctively caught the outline of a group of horsemen; how long a column was behind the front files, who could know? Were they Confederates? I knew they were Confederates.

We halted. Scranton was laughing.

"Berwick, we have run away from our own men!"

I was a little vexed. He could not understand. I could not make him understand even if I tried.

"Then, Captain, you wish to ride back to them?"

He sobered at once. "Give me some breath, some little pause, my lord, before I positively speak herein.'"

"I think we did right to run, Captain," I said. "We'd better risk a shot or two in the night than risk being captured; and we'd better smoke no more."

I might have made it stronger—so far as my part of the proceeding was concerned. I might have added that I would risk the fire of a battalion before I would risk a Confederate drum-head court-martial; but Capt. Scranton, of course, knew nothing of my former experiences, and was not to know.

"Berwick," said the Captain, "you are right. 'Full of wise care is this your counsel, sir.' What next?"

"We must get into the road again further north."

We let the horses blow after their spurt. It was past midnight. Just how far we had ridden out of our course I did not know, but I knew the direction of Manassas. The Captain became inquisitive.

"Who intercepted our expedition?"

"Confederate cavalry, Captain."

"Twice. 'Foes to my rest and my sweet sleep's disturbers.' But you astonish me, Berwick; upon the soul of Meade, you astonish me!"

"Because I run from Confederates?"

"Evade thou not. No; because you can tell a Confederate by his smell," said he.

"You do my smellers too much honor."

He stretched his arm toward the west.

(Continued on sixth page.)

Easy Way to Get Guesses.

DETERMINE to make a $10 deal. Promise 50 guesses to each member of the club who contributes $1, especially if he takes books or advertising. If a member wants 100 or 150 guesses he can contribute $2 or $3 to the deal.

This will be giving your club-members 500 guesses, reserving 524 for yourself.

As soon as you get one or two members of the club, they will realize that each of their 50 guesses depend on the completion of the club. They will get other members; and the others will go after their friends, and so on.

If a club is easily formed this way, start a new club of ten.

See others beside veterans. The stories in this paper interest every one.

See "Club-Raiser's Notification Blank" on eighth page.

Guess the receipts of the U. S. Treasury for **Monday, June 30, 1902.** Send in guesses to arrive in Washington on or before June 28, 1902:

Regular Prizes.

The first prize will be won by the nearest guess. The second prize and up to the 100th by the next nearest guesses, in the order named.

1st prize	$5,000	34th prize	$25
2d "	1,000	35th "	25
3d "	500	36th "	25
4th "	400	37th "	25
5th "	300	38th "	25
6th "	200	39th "	25
7th "	100	40th "	25
8th "	100	41st "	25
9th "	100	42d "	25
10th "	100	43d "	25
11th "	50	44th "	25
12th "	50	45th "	25
13th "	50	46th "	25
14th "	50	47th "	25
15th "	50	48th "	25
16th "	50	49th "	25
17th "	50	50th "	25
18th "	50	51st "	20
19th "	50	52d "	20
20th "	50	53d "	20
21st "	25	54th "	20
22d "	25	55th "	20
23d "	25	56th "	20
24th "	25	57th "	20
25th "	25	58th "	20
26th "	25	59th "	20
27th "	25	60th "	20
28th "	25	61st "	20
29th "	25	62d "	20
30th "	25	63d "	20
31st "	25	64th "	20
32d "	25	65th "	20
33d "	25	66th "	20
67th prize	$20	82d prize	$20
68th "	20	83d "	20
69th "	20	84th "	20
70th "	20	85th "	20
71st "	20	86th "	20
72d "	20	87th "	20
73d "	20	88th "	20
74th "	20	89th "	20
75th "	20	90th "	20
76th "	20	91st "	20
77th "	20	92d "	20
78th "	20	93d "	20
79th "	20	94th "	20
80th "	20	95th "	20
81st "	20	96th "	20

*97th prize. Free ticket to Washington and return.

*98th prize. Free ticket to Washington and return.

*99th prize. Free ticket to Washington and return.

*100th prize. Free ticket to Washington and return.

All prizes paid within two weeks after announcement of the awards. No claim for an award considered after the awards have been paid. If more than one guess makes the same winning, the prize will be divided.

*Tickets good during 1902 from any point on a railroad not exceeding 1,000 miles from Washington. Winners living beyond 1,000 miles can arrange for the excessive distance at reduced rates.

How Guesses are Secured.

Guesses are secured by getting subscribers for The National Tribune at $1 a year, by using or selling advertising space, or by buying books. No one can make guesses, however, unless he sends to the paper at least $2 during the term of this contest—that is, during April, May and June. For each additional $1 sent the number of guesses allowed will be doubled. Thus:

For a $2 deal	4 guesses
For a $3 deal	8 guesses
For a $4 deal	16 guesses
For a $5 deal	32 guesses
For a $6 deal	64 guesses
For a $7 deal	128 guesses
For an $8 deal	256 guesses
For a $9 deal	512 guesses
For a $10 deal	1024 guesses
For a $12 deal	1028 guesses
For a $13 deal	1032 guesses
For a $14 deal	1040 guesses
For a $15 deal	1056 guesses
For a $16 deal	1088 guesses
For a $17 deal	1152 guesses
For an $18 deal	1280 guesses
For a $19 deal	1536 guesses
For a $20 deal	2048 guesses
For a $30 deal	3072 guesses
For a $40 deal	4096 guesses
For a $50 deal	5120 guesses

The great prizes in this contest are well worth a $50 deal.

Treasury Receipts.

LAST YEAR.

Monday, June 3	$3,104,094.41
Monday, June 10	2,402,584.54
Monday, June 17	2,567,370.97
Monday, June 24	1,834,267.70
Monday, July 1	2,974,598.86

THIS YEAR.

Monday, March 3	$1,965,436.41
Monday, March 10	2,369,923.97
Monday, March 17	1,994,883.64
Monday, March 24	2,060,694.79
Monday, March 31	2,307,405.20
Monday, April 7	2,966,315.66
Monday, April 14	2,158,727.39
Monday, April 21	2,258,379.33

Our Books.

ROOSEVELT BOOKS.

American Ideals, 260 pages, cloth	$1.00
Administration, Civil Service, 302 pages, cloth	1.00
Wilderness Hunter, 279 pages, cloth	1.00
Hunting the Grizly, 247 pages, cloth	1.00
Hunting Trips of a Ranchman, 296 pages, cloth	1.00
Hunting Trips on Plains and Mountains, 238 pages, cloth	1.00
War of 1812, Part I, 278 pages, cloth	1.00
War of 1812, Part II, 337 pages, cloth	1.00
Winning of the West, Part I, 288 pages, cloth	1.00
Winning of the West, Part II, 331 pages, cloth	1.00
Winning of the West, Part III, 320 pages, cloth	1.00
Winning of the West, Part IV, 263 pages, cloth	1.00
Winning of the West, Part V, 329 pages, cloth	1.00
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Autobiographies of President and War Congress, 2 Vols., cloth	10.00
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Si and "Shorty." Second Year of Service. Leatherette	.25
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The Boy Spy. Leatherette	.25
The Secret Service. Leatherette	.25
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Red Acorn. War Story. By John McElroy. Leatherette	.25
Capturing a Locomotive. Leatherette	.25
Four Years in Secessia. Leatherette	.25
Historic Homes. Leatherette	.25
History G.A.R. Leatherette	.25
Soldier's Handbook. Leatherette	.25
Cook Book. First Class. Leatherette	.25
World's Sweetest Songs. Leatherette	.25

PRANG PICTURE.

Battle Between Monitor and Merrimac	1.00

Answers to Questions.

Can guesses be secured by purchase of books? Yes.

Can a subscriber renew his own subscription for a period of years, say 10, and secure guesses thereon? No.

Can a club-raiser renew his own subscription for one or more years, making up the club of 10, in case he is not able to secure 10 subscribers among his friends? No.

Can books be secured as premiums in addition to the guesses? No.

Can subscriptions be sent in one or more at a time, and when 10 is reached, is the club-raiser entitled to 1,024 guesses? Yes.

Can the club of 10 be made up of renewals, either entirely or in part? One-half of the club may be renewals.

Can guesses be secured by placing the names of friends upon the subscription roll? Yes; but we greatly prefer that each should pay for his subscription.

Can subscriptions be taken at less than the $1 rate, the club-raiser making up the balance? Yes; but we prefer that each subscriber pay the club-raiser the full price.

Can the club-raiser divide his guesses with club-members? Yes. He could, say for a club of 10, make 524 guesses for himself and let each member of the club make 50 guesses. The total would be 1,024 guesses. These guesses should all arrive in one package. This is a good plan for club-raising, but we do not recommend it, as all of the guesses are intended for the club-raiser.

If two or more winning guesses are made by the same person, will prizes represented be awarded to him? Yes.

Can guesses be allowed for a credit now on your books? No; guesses were allowed on this in a previous contest.

Can guesses be allowed for coupons issued in last contest? No. Each contest is separate and distinct. The guesses belong strictly to the contestants. The publishers have no guesses, and therefore cannot "allow" any.

When is the best time to send the guesses? In June; but money for subscriptions, advertising, or books can be sent at any time in any amount. A careful account will be kept. In June make the number of guesses allowed by all the money you have sent in during April, May and June.

A Good Plan.

A good plan to make sure of having 1,024 guesses in this contest for great prizes is to send $10 as soon as possible and get coupons. Then you will be sure of the guesses and will have plenty of time (all the year) in which to dispose of the coupons.

You can select all subscription coupons, all advertising coupons, all book coupons, or part of one kind and part of the other kinds.

With subscriptions, advertising and books for sale you cannot fail to "make good" on the outlay.

If you have but little time, or are disabled, friends or relatives can assist you in disposing of the coupons.

With 1,024 guesses, which need not be sent in until June, you will have *fine prospects of getting that five thousand dollar check.*

News from Winners.

Comrade J. M. Henderson, West Windsor, Mich., winner of second prize, $300, reports as follows: "Born in Huron Co., Ohio, 1843. In October, 1862, mustered into the 5th Indp't Co., Ohio Sharpshooters. When the army moved from Murfreesboro I was sick and left behind. Continued bad health caused my detail as Clerk of Co. F, 5th V. R. C., where I served until mustered out, August, 1865. A feeble condition, from disease contracted in the army, has seriously interfered with my success all through life. With this prize money I will purchase a small house and a half acre of land, where I hope to be comfortable for the remainder of my days."

OUR COUPONS.

[One-Dollar Subscription Coupon.]

....., 1902.

Good for one year's subscription to THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

W. Elroy, Shoppell & Andrews

(*This is a sample only. Not good for subscriptions.*)

Valid during the year 1902.

Subscriber's Name .....,

P. O. ....., *State* .....

[*One-Dollar Advertising Coupon.*]

....., 1902.

Good for 20 words advertising in The National Tribune.

W. Elroy, Shoppell & Andrews

[*This is a sample only. Not good for advertising.*]

Valid during the year 1902.

Advertiser's Name .....,

P. O. ....., ***State*** .....

ONE-DOLLAR BOOK COUPON.

....., 1902.

Good for $1 worth of National Tribune Books.

(Price list of books on back of this coupon.)

W. Elroy, Shoppell & Andrews

[*This is a Sample only. Not good for books.*]

Valid during the year 1902.

Book Purchaser's Name .....,

P. O. ....., ***State*** .....