The Affair at Seven-Oaks

By JESSIE IMBRIE MILLER.

Late one night, more than an hundred years ago, two women stood facing each other in a handsomely furnished room in Lord Staudford's country house in England; and both of them were dressed in male attire, and both were young.

A stranger, doubtless, meeting them by chance, would have thought them both clothing, from the soft crowns of their clothing, from the soft gowns of their plumed hats to the broad toes of their buff topboots, was of the finest, and their linen and laces exquisite. Yet there was a difference between the two, for one was short and stocky, with a broad, large-featured face and awkward carriage; while the other stood at ease, erect and graceful in her unaccustomed apparel, and very beautiful—beautiful as few women are today.

The two looked at each other long and earnestly; and as the peasant girl read a part of the thought in the eyes of her mistress she drew a step nearer. Lady Stanford, her dark eyes large with growing doubt and terror, laid her trembling hand heavily on the other woman's arm.

"Babette," said she, "Babette—I am afraid!"

"Milady, there 's still time not to go."

Lady Stanford's cheek flushed hotly, as she drew her tall figure up to its full hight.

"Dost think to find a coward in my father's daughter, girl?" said she sharply. "I have a right to be afraid, for I am a weak woman; but I shall go! We know danger when we see it, we Lesleighs, but we go to meet it, always, for the sake of honor, or—for love. And then besides," half fiercely, "what do I lose by going forth tonight? Nothing. A wife whose husband loved her might well hesitate."

She paused a moment, pressing her cold hands against her eyes; then she went over and stood before a dark-framed swinging glass.

"In woman's wear I'm beautiful, Babette," said she dreamily. "Why is my husband only blind when others see—and praise? If he had ever spoken one tender word to me—confided in me—sought my confidence. He's ice, Barbette, cold ice, and hard stone, and proud as Lucifer. He found me weeping once, for loneliness, and looked at me and never spoke one word or tried to comfort me. I go forth tonight, because I'm wretched, and because I love. That makes me strong. But pray heaven I may not hazard all in vain. I fear all things—the black night, and the big world that will stare, and discovery, and death, perhaps—and yet I go. It is a proof of love. Come, Babette!" she said, her eyes alight with feverish eagerness, "let us go quickly!"

Catching up a long cloak, she flung it herself about her shoulders. Then, after reminding Babette to lock the doors and put out all the lights, Lady Stanford ran over to the window.

A moment more, and they were gone. The night breeze blew in at the open window. And the white moon, sailing aloft, shone in, making square patches of watery light on the dark, polished floor. In one of these, shamelessly turning its face toward the light, lay a torn scrap of paper bearing the words, "The Seven Oaks, at twelve."

* * * * * *

John, sixth Lord of Stanford, was pacing restlessly up and down the length of his long library, his brow furrowed, his eyes bent on the floor. He was a handsome man, tall and well made, with thick light hair, good features, and deep-set gray eyes. He looked 40, but he was 10 years younger. A long rapier hung at his side, its scabbard point zigzagging as he walked; and he was booted and spurred for a ride.

Near the fire a smaller man was sitting, watching him with some anxiety; but as Lord Stanford turned to look at him he smiled.

"Hal," said the Englishman, in a low, pleasant voice, that showed none of the nervousness of his interrupted walk, "I wonder if this Rutherford knows any more about what he's fighting me for than I do?"

The younger man pursed up his lips and laid the tips of his fingers together.

"He's a hothead," said he, "that's plain; and he imagines you have interfered unfairly in his colonial interests. But it might easily have been arranged if you had chosen to be a little more accommodating, my friend."

Lord Stanford shrugged his shoulders. "A fight is as good a pastime as any; it's more—diverting than dice," said he.

Henry St. James looked up questioningly, but his friend was seeing pictures in the fire. This grave and somewhat gaunt Lord Stanford was very different from the friend that he had parted from three years before. He had left a light-hearted boy, and he had come back that day to find a careworn man.

St. James broke the silence, somewhat hesitatingly.

"Jack," said he, "if you've a mind to go to Lady Stanford—if you have anything to say to her in case"— he broke off awkwardly.

Lord Stanford turned on his friend a look of some surprise, then he laughed bitterly.

"You are a stranger here—I had forgot," he said.

"I crave your pardon. I only thought"—

"You're quite excusable. My wife and I have furnished diversion for the gossips for two years; there is no reason why my old friend should not know. My marriage was—not happy."

"You do not love your wife?"

Lord Stanford wheeled about suddenly, and when he spoke his voice was low and vibrant: "Do you take me for an iceberg, Hal?" said he. "Ah, but you've never seen her."

"Listen," he continued, after a moment's pause, during which the great log broke and fell with a crash into the glowing embers. "I owe you my confidence, because you have promised to be my second in this affair tonight, and then for old times' sake. It's a short story—and common enough. We'd never met until the day we were married. She hated me. Jove! if you'd felt her shrink back when I kissed her there in church—you'd understand. It's two years today since then—two years of hell on earth—two years that I would not give up, in spite of all, for any other 10. The first year she was cold and proud, pined for her freedom, half starved herself (they said), and kept indoors; and I was—cold, and kind, and kept outside. And then she changed. She went out. There were balls, receptions, plays. She was more beautiful than a dream and more wonderful than a goddess; and the blind world envied me—her husband. I tell you, Hal, sometimes when I would take her hand to lead her from the room, or to her carriage, and the angry red would rush up to her cheeks, and she would turn her face away, her eyes shining like stars with shame and anger at my touch."

He broke off abruptly, trembling, and stood silent, looking into the darkness round them with dry, glowing eyes. The red light of the embers flared, flickered, and went out; and there was silence in the shadowy room when he began again, more quietly.

"All the men that she met made love to her, and she smiled openly on many of them. Then men began to talk. I fought five duels—and there was no more gossip—no more that could be heard or traced, at least. It was known to be—unsafe to speak against my wife. So we have lived, in the same house—a thousand miles apart. One day last Summer—it was only one of many times—my strength and pride were like to have forsaken me—I'd always thought that she was quite heartless. But that day I found her in the garden on that little bench beside the sun-dial—weeping. Her eyes—with tears in them. Hal! I tried to speak to her, but my foolish throat was dry, and no words came. I was mad. I dreamed like a fool that my lady wept because her heart was growing tender. Do you know what it was, Hal? Her dog was dead—her dog! You see, my friend, it is not likely that Lady Stanford would be overcome with grief if she should learn of this affair tonight. She hates and fears me, Hal; but there's one thing that strengthens me—that always has. My wife's the soul of honor, and—she'll not dishonor me."

When the two spoke again it was of other things—of the cloud that had come over the moor, of the comparative temper of their swords, and of the merits of a certain Spanish blade.

Lord Stanford had gone out for a turn upon the terrace, for it was close inside; and St. James was staring out into the night.

There was a sound, and he turned quickly. Stanford was standing in the doorway, holding by the knob, swaying, very pale.

"Hal!" said he in a hoarse whisper, as he fell heavily into a chair, "Hal!"

St. James ran to his friend, then back again to a table on which stood wine and glasses. In his fright and haste he spilled half a glassful over the side before he filled one. Stanford drained the glass at a gulp.

"Good heavens, man, hast seen a ghost?" asked St. James nervously.

Lord Stanford looked at him with haggard eyes. His lips formed words that came slowly. "I've seen my wife's window—a ladder! Good God! Hal—she's gone!" he cried in agony.

It seemed a long time before he spoke again; then he sprang up, and snatching up his cloak, started bareheaded toward the door. St. James caught his arm. "You can't overtake them now!" he cried, tugging at his sleeve.

"No," said the other, shaking him off roughly; "but I am going now to do the kindest thing I ever did for her—what I should have done before. I shall be dead before tomorrow. But I will die hard!"

Like a flash, he was out of the door and on his horse. Only once he spoke, leaning from the saddle toward his friend.

"If you thwart me now in this, I'll kill myself," said he.

And so they rode at a full gallop out into the night.

* * * * * *

The place that Lord Stanford's antagonist had chosen for the duel was well known throughout the country; and it was said the soil was rich with the blood sacrificed to honor, or brute anger, in that spot. Nevertheless, there was no horror in the place itself, for the sward was smooth and beautiful as a tennis court, the trees around it calm and patriarchal, the glassy lake beyond it very peaceful.

The tipsy moon was half hidden behind the trees when Lord Stanford and his friend threw themselves from their panting horses and came forward into the clear space to find that the field was already occupied, and that as yet there was no sign of Stanford's enemy. Stanford was biting his nails with impatience, the furrow on his brow deepening with every minute of delay, but St. James breathed more freely. He told himself that his desperate friend would probably have 10 minutes more in which to change his rash determination.

"Shall we go nearer?" he suggested. Stanford shook his head.

"I've no mind to stand by watching a man killing a boy," said he; and turned away and stood leaning his back against the trunk of a huge tree.

The click of meeting swords, however, proved too interesting; and he came slowly forward and stood, watching, beside his friend.

"God grant that this affair may interest him, so he forget his own!" murmured St. James fervently.

In the open, two men were thrusting and parrying with great dexterity; but St. James doubted if the contest would last long. He could see both of the combatants in profile, and distinctly enough to know that one was a large man, of middle age, with a pointed beard and long mustachios, and that the other was a smooth-faced boy, quick and graceful, but more lithe than strong, and white as linen in the moonlight. He was pressed hard, and his breath was failing, and a little gasp broke from him as his adversary's point just touched his shoulder. The seconds and a surgeon standing near leaned forward, breathless, but St. James saw only the two combatants. Stanford plucked him by the sleeve.

"Poor little fool, he's fighting in his ruffles. There! they caught! No—there! Well thrust, youngster! But he can't keep it up. Ah!"

A quick lunge of the older man, a flash of driven steel, a scream of mingled pain and terror, and the boy reeled backward into the arms of his second, fainting.

With a great cry of rage and horror Stanford sprang toward the two. Clearing the space between them at a bound, he snatched the fainting form from the other and clasped it close.

"Kate!" he cried, "Kate—my soul!"

For a moment he held her, looking down into her upturned face—doubt, agony, entreaty in his eyes. Then gently and quickly he laid her down upon the grass, resting her back against his knee and arm.

The moments passed—a little eternity until the dark eyes opened—only to close again quickly, as her lips parted.

"'Tis heaven—in truth!" she sighed, and turned her head, resting her cheek against his arm, and smiled.

A sob broke from the man's lips as he bent over her, and he heeded not the others gathered round.

"Kate," he begged, his voice broken and shaking, "speak to me, sweet. Look at me!"

Wonderingly she looked up at him then, and doubtingly; and she kept silent lest the fair dream should fade.

"Ah! how I love you!" he cried, and the hot tears came to his eyes for the mere joy of saying what he had longed for two whole years to say to her.

A faint red rose to Lady Stanford's cheeks and she smiled, only to grow suddenly pale again. With a gasp of pain, she pressed her hand against her bosom, and the warm blood flowed over it, staining the fingers crimson.

Rutherford's surgeon, bending over her, lost no time in tearing open the white shirt, now wet and clinging. A painted miniature set in twisted gold fell out, and Lord Stanford caught it as it fell. Mechanically, he raised it for a moment to the light and looked. His own gray eyes—frank, boyish, kind—smiled out at him.

"FOR A MOMENT HE HELD HER, LOOKING DOWN INTO HER UPTURNED FACE."

Slowly he turned his head and bent his eyes on hers—wondering, questioning; and met a look humble, tender.

"Yes—always. I stole that—from your dead mother's room—from the dressing-table."

He laid the picture down, fearing to hold it longer, for his hand was shaking; then answered the shy question in her eyes.

"Always—from the very first—with all my heart and soul. Ah! what a dull, blind fool I was!"

They brought her wine, and she drank, leaning against him. Then she raised her hand, slowly, for she was weak, and smoothed his velvet sleeve, and smiled.

And as he watched her jealously, unwilling to look up even for a moment from her face, he heard Babette, all unmindful of her sword and brave topboots, talking between her sobs to the others standing at a little distance.

"I tried to stop her, sir—I begged, prayed, threatened; but she persuaded me. She had heard that milord was to fight a dangerous enemy tonight—and she was determined. Yes; I knew that she could use a sword. Many a time, sir, I have seen her drive her brother up against the wall, laughing. She wished to die, I think, although she swore that she would have the best of it—in the fight. I know not how she arranged everything—she is so wonderful—but she contrived to have the hour for the duel changed—made earlier. She came with me, and swore she was Lord Stanford, and called Monsieur's second names when he presumed to doubt her—poor child. She was in mortal dread lest milord should come too soon, and lest the others should discover—us. She was afraid—but she came. Oh! my beautiful sweet lady!"

Babette broke down, weeping passionately, and sank upon her knees, burying her broad, honest face in her two arms.

Lady Stanford opened her eyes and smiled pityingly at her husband. "You're crying, Jack!" said she, wonderingly. "How can you cry when I'm so happy? I'm so glad to—die for you!—so glad and proud—now that we both—know. I would not give this chance—to die for you—my dear, dear lord—for all the world!" said she.

The surgeon raised himself slowly from where he had been kneeling by her, and stood smiling gravely down at both.

Stanford raised his head quickly, and there seemed to be a challenge in his eyes. But the surgeon shook his head, still smiling.

"If Lady Stanford has so set her heart on dying," said he quietly, "I fear that what I have to say—will disappoint her!"

And so, there on that bloody field at Seven Oaks, there was great happiness and peace—late one night, more than an hundred years ago.—Short Stories.

Warning Against Hawaii.

Comrade Will L. Eaton, 1941 S. King St., Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, writes "I am intensely interested in all the articles of the stanch and loyal paper that has stood up so bravely for the soldier boys for so many years, and would far rather go without my smokes, and on half rations, than not see it. 'Si and Shorty' have a fascination for me, not because I am familiar with all the country they fought over, because I passed through a greater part of it on board rebel cars, a prisoner, Savannah included.

"I would like to see an article published in The National Tribune in regard to old soldiers coming down here where there is nothing for them to do in order to make a decent living, thus becoming a burden on the community to the injury to our Post, which is small and has all it can do to take care of its own members, when the same comrades can be well cared for in Soldiers' Homes in America. Common laborers here must compete with Chinese and Japanese who live on about 10 cents per day. Even skilled labor has to come in competition with them in many ways. It is a notorious fact, and one upon which a great many unfavorable comments have been made, that there is now being work done at Naval Station here, by Japanese, simply because they are cheap."

Like the Catcher.

"This is what I get for marrying a baseball player," moaned the unhappy wife as her husband sought to explain his late arrival.

"I don't see that it would have been any different," said the husband, "if I had been anything else."

"But I should think that the very principles of your profession would induce you to make a home-run before dark."

"I would, my dear, I would," remarked the husband, "if you wore a mask."

"Ah," said the fortune teller, "I see that a dark man is going to cross your threshold." "Gracious," laughed the fair girl; "I bet Uncle Remus is coming to whitewash."—Philadelphia Record.

FOR JUNIOR VICE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

The Department of Georgia Presents Comrade Averill.

Headquarters Department of Georgia, Grand Army of the Republic, Atlanta, Ga., May 15, 1902.—Dear Comrade: At the 14th Annual Encampment of the Department of Georgia, G. A. R., held at Atlanta, April 15, 1902, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

"Resolved, That the Representatives from this Department to the 36th Annual National Encampment are hereby instructed to present the name of Past Department Commander James P. Averill for Junior-Vice Commander-in-Chief, and to use every honest effort to secure his election."

In furtherance of this laudable desire, we present the following facts for consideration:

It has been the general custom in the past to concede this honorary position to some Southern Department and to some comrade who has labored faithfully and with ability in upbuilding and sustaining the best interests of the Order.

In 1894 Comrade Averill was appointed Assistant Adjutant-General of this Department, and has served as such ever since, with the exception of the year 1897 (when he was Department Commander) and the year 1901. He is now serving as A. A. G. and A. Q. M. G. of the Department.

When the National W. R. C. accepted the deeds to the Andersonville Prison property at their Annual Convention in St. Paul, he was appointed Chairman of the Advisory Board of the Board of Managers, a position which he has since continued to hold. His services in aid of planning and superintending the carrying out of the extensive improvements since made on these hallowed grounds are a matter of record with the National W. R. C. organization.

In his official capacity for many years he has hae an important part in planning for the annual Memorial Day services in the four National Cemeteries in this Department, conducted by comrades who superintend the decorating of 36,000 graves of our dead.

Comrade Averill enlisted under the first call of President Lincoln, in April, 1861, at the age of 19, in Co. C, 21st Ohio. This regiment, as a part of Gen. Cox's Brigade, aided very materially in preserving West Virginia to the Union. Subsequently he rendered service as Orderly-Sergeant of Co. F, 144th Ohio.

As a faithful soldier, as a comrade who has been most liberal in the expenditure of his time and means for many years past in serving the interests of the Grand Army, and as a most exemplary citizen and comrade, we earnestly commend him to your suffrages at the 36th Annual National Encampment, as a candidate for election as Junior-Vice Commander-in-Chief.

Fraternally yours, W. M. Scott, Department Commander; L. B. Nelson, Past Department Commander; S. A. Darnell, Past Department Commander, Committee.

Indiana Woman's Relief Corps.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: The 19th Convention of the Department of Indiana, W. R. C., met in Masonic Temple, Indianapolis, Ind., Tuesday morning, May 13, with about 300 delegates present. The meeting was opened with the usual ceremonies and after the appointment of committees, the President read her annual address. She stated that the Department had begun the year with 181 Corps; four had been instituted and seven disbanded, making a total loss of three Corps, but had gained 156 members; making 6,905 members in good standing. She also made the announcement that the finances of the Department were in excellent condition, all bills having been paid, leaving a good balance in the treasury.

Referring to the Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphans' Home, she said: "I take pleasure in mentioning this noble institution, where more than 600 children dwell together as brothers and sisters of one great family. The intellectual, industrial and moral development of each individual child is carefully trained and guarded, fitting him to become self-supporting upon leaving the institution."

Of the State Soldiers' Home Mrs. Swain said: "I believe that the Home is conducted upon the best principles possible, and that the thoughtfulness and kindness of the Matron, Mrs. Ingersoll, deserve special praise."

That the Corps of Indiana have been active in relief work during the past year is shown by the fact that they have expended for that purpose $2,406, and the relief other than money is estimated at $3,328.66; 3,355 persons having been assisted during the year.

The presence of the National President, Mrs. Calista Robinson Jones, added interest to the occasion, and she was most warmly greeted, as was also Mrs. Winans, Department President of Ohio. The Convention was favored with visits from Capt. Wallace Foster and from Mrs. Torrance, wife of the Commander-in-Chief; Adj.-Gen. Towler, Capt. Armstrong, Past Commander Travis, and others prominent in the G. A. R.

Mrs. Torrance addressed the Convention, giving an account of her experiences while accompanying her husband during his official visits through the South, where she was received with great courtesy and cordiality, from which she drew the conclusion that all sectional differences between South and North had passed away. Mrs. Torrance possesses a very pleasing personality, and adds to her other graces the ability to speak interestingly and to the point.

Perhaps the most popular man in Grand Army circles at the present time is the genial Benj. Starr, of Richmond, Department Commander-elect. During the past year he has contributed liberally of his means in order that the financial condition of the Department of the W. R. C. might be placed upon a sound basis, and all its obligations canceled. He has earned the enduring gratitude of every member of the Order; consequently when he was introduced to the Convention he received an ovation. Mr. Starr addressed the Convention in a plain but forceful manner, and when he retired, after being tendered a vote of thanks and presented with a beautiful floral offering, it was amid the waving of flags and the strains of music.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Pres., Miss Etta Houk, Noblesville; S. V. P., Mrs. Sarah C. White, Rockville; J. V. P., Mrs. Belle Ingersoll, Indianapolis; Chap., Mrs. Sarah Adair, Elwood; Treas., Dr. Mabel Teague, Indianapolis. Executive Board—Mrs. Belle Ephlin, Tangier; Mrs. Romaine Armstrong, Indianapolis; Mrs. Lydia Cook, Anderson; Mrs. Alice Lampher, Lebanon; Mrs. Lizzie Mansfield; Mrs. Mary Dewey, Cicero. National Delegate-at-Large: Kate Johnson, Liberty. Alternate. Delegates to the National Convention were elected as follows: Kate Conrad, Lola M. Roads, Anna Straisminger, Alice Aldridge, Laura Crider, Lizzie Matchett, Nora Oram, Isabelle Neal, Flora Smith; Alternates, Marie Schwaner, Jennie Burroughs, Emma Burroughs, Emma Druly, Bertha Minster, Josephine Bennett, Ellen Walsmith, May Scott, Flora Mashino.

The officers were installed by National President Calista Robinson Jones. The announcement was made that headquarters would be established at Noblesville.

The administration of Mrs. Swain has been marked throughout with distinguished ability, dignity and harmony. The "watchword" of the Department during the year has been economy, and right well have its interests been guarded.

In all her arduous labors Mrs. Swain has been ably assisted and loyally supported by her assistants and associates in office, Mrs. Scott, Department Secretary, and Mrs. Lamar, Department Treasurer, and she retires from her official position bearing with her the confidence and good will of every member of the W. R. C. in Indiana. The new year opens auspiciously and a successful administration is confidently expected.—JOSEPHINE K. THOMAS, Department Press Correspondent.

Utah Encampment.

The 20th Annual Encampment of the Department of Utah, held in Ogden, April 30, was the largest in attendance witnessed in that State for many years. Department Commander Rudolph Alff presided at the business session.

The report of Frank Hoffman, Assistant Adjutant-General, showed a membership of 211, an increase of 27 during the year. The following officers were elected: Department Commander, William Bostaph, Ogden; S. V. C., H. P. Burns, Salt Lake; J. V. C., F. H. Clark, Salt Lake; Medical Director, H. J. Powers, Ogden; Chap., F. J. Hendershot.

The Encampment closed with a Campfire in the evening.

Arkansas G.A.R. Encampment.

The 20th Annual Encampment of the Department of Arkansas met in Siloam Springs, Ark., May 14, and a royal welcome was accorded the old soldiers by the local Post and citizens. The citizens profusely decorated the town with flags and bunting, and the 1st Regiment Band played patriotic music for the parades and entertainments. Officers were elected as follows: Com., Gen. J. H. Avery, Hot Springs; S. V. C., Dr. Webster, Siloam Springs. It was decided to hold the next Encampment at Mammoth Springs, Ark.

Department of Washington and Alaska, W.R.C.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I should like the W. R. C. of our land to know of the prosperity of this Department, though far removed from National Headquarters, and here as it were at the "jumping-off place," in the minds of Eastern people, yet we feel in the center civilization, since our new possessions, "the Philippines," are still farther west; but we wish our sister members in this noble work to know that we are active, busy people, and our hearts are as loyal and true as can be found in our loved country.

The work of organization has been especially successful. Six Corps have been instituted since the beginning of this Convention year, June, 1901.

Although these Corps are in very small towns, yet as high as 23 names have been recorded on a charter. Our Department contains 50 Corps, and an average of nearly 30 to each. While in numbers we may not compare favorably with other Departments, yet I will say we do not lack in true patriotism and devotion to our heroes and their dependent ones.

Whitman Corps, 40, Pullman, Wash., reports continued activity in relief work. They join with the Post in social as well as financial affairs, making a success of all. In their literary work they have adopted the programs prepared by the Department Patriotic Instructor, Mrs. Beech, and find much unknown talent among the members. Whitman Corps, as well as Post, rejoiced over the appointment of K. P. Allen, who had served several years as Commander, to the office of Postmaster at Pullman.

From L. C. Ladd Corps, of Puyallup, comes news of the good work being done. They have supplied many families with clothing, medicine, etc., and are now raising funds to furnish their own hall. J. H. Coffman, Commander of the Post, has recently been appointed Commandant of the Soldiers' Home at Orting, and his wife as Matron. When he tendered his resignation as Commander, the Post sent a vote of thanks to the Governor for the appointment of their comrade to this responsible position, knowing their loss would be a great gain for the hundreds of veterans at the Home.

Gen. Dan McCook Corps, organized at Wenatchee April 5, report one member initiated. The Corps is in a prosperous condition generally.

Farragut Corps, of Port Townsend, is an active, loyal and patriotic band.

The ladies of Pacific Corps, 21, Port Angeles, are planning to build a hall.

John F. Miller Corps, 51, Seattle, is at present the banner Corps, having 118 members, the greatest number in any Corps and increasing at each meeting. The officers are principally the younger members, each taking especial interest in the work, and the whole working in harmony for the good of the Order.

John Buford, 10, Everett, reports great activity in their Corps. The veterans of the Post are voted honorary members of the Corps, and meet with them, except in their business meetings. Once during each month the Post and Corps attend divine worship together, and in many ways are helped and cheered by this band of noble women.—MARY R. GARDNER, Department Press Correspondent, W. R. C., Seattle, Wash.

Department of California and Nevada, W.R.C.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: The 18th Annual Convention of the Department of California and Nevada was held at Hanford, Kings County, Cal., on May 8, 9, 10. The reports of the officers show that the Department is in a prosperous condition, and that much good has been accomplished on all lines of our work, and that perfect harmony exists.

The Department Secretary's report showed: Number of members in good standing, May 1, 1902, 3,736; cash expended for relief during the year, $3,422.77; estimated value of relief other than money, $2,021.30; total number assisted, 1,181.

The retiring President, Lettie M. Winans, was presented by members of her staff with a lovely cut-glass berry bowl and gold-lined silver berry spoon and ladle, and as a testimonial from the Department a full set of solid silver knives, forks and spoons.

Ida L. Jarvis, of Pasadena, was elected Department President.

The Convention was visited by a delegation from the Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, bearing greetings from that body; also a committee from the Ladies of the G. A. R., conveying greetings and good wishes. Gen. Shafter was the honored guest. He was greeted with enthusiasm, and after a brief but happy speech retired amidst the waving of flags and handkerchiefs. Gen. Shafter, the "Hero of Santiago," is very popular and much beloved on the Western Slope.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the comrades of the G. A. R. and members of the W. R. C. and citizens generally of Hanford and Lemoore for the warm welcome extended, and their efforts to make the stay of the visitors a pleasant and happy one. Receptions were tendered each evening in the Opera House, and a banquet was served on the afternoon of the 10th. Much credit is due the members of the local Corps of Hanford, which is the baby Corps, that labored hard for over six months to obtain funds to assist in entertaining and serving the banquet and providing flowers for the guests.

A beautiful feature of the parade was the marching in line of several hundred school children, headed by their teachers. At the reception at Lemoore, 12 miles distant, the children of the Grangeville school also participated, and presented the comrades with buttonniers and bouquets, thereby proving their loyalty to the veterans of the civil war. The presence of Old Glory everywhere displayed proves that the citizens of Kings County are alive to the true spirit of patriotism and are in true accord and sympathy with the principles that underlie the Grand Army of the Republic and its kindred organizations.—GERALDINE E. FRISBIE, Mento Park, Cal.

The Quaker Regiment (17th Pa.)

A Reunion of the 17th Pa. was held at Philadelphia on Thursday, May 8. This was the first time they had come together since their muster-out 41 years ago. The committee in charge, consisting of Wm. Drinkhouse, Capts. Jake Conrad and Byrnes, provided a most excellent banquet in seven courses, a neat badge as souvinir and menu card. The special guests of the regiment were Hon. Sam'l H. Ashbridge, Mayor of Philadelphia; Capt. Jno. P. Conway, 15th Cav.; Gen. St. Clair A. Mulholland, 116th Pa., and Wm. J. Wray, 23d Pa. After the coffee and cigars Geo. G. Pierce, Commissioner of City Property, who presided, congratulated those present in this their first Annual Reunion, and predicted one annually. Gen. Mulholland being called upon, spoke of the casualties of the civil war, comparing with that of other wars, ancient and modern, told many thrilling incidents, and pointed out that the stories of Balaklava and of the Romans and Greeks could be well omitted from the school books and their places filled with more glorious deeds of the American volunteers.

The Mayor being introduced, in his eloquent way paid tribute to the volunteers, for the sacrifice and readiness to stand for their country, and wished them to have many more Reunions.

Capt. Conway told of his experience in the cavalry, and the pleasure that it gave him to be present with so many friends. Comrade Wray woke the boys up in a ringing speech full of historical incidents, when he pointed out the deeds done by members of the old 17th, who, after their muster-out, joined other commands and continued in service until the dawn of peace at Appomattox—such of their comrades long since dead, as Gen. Gid. Clark, who was their Adjutant, afterwards Colonel, 119th Pa.; Ike Bassett, one of the old Captains, afterwards Colonel, 82d Pa.; Col. Bob Orr, one of their Lieutenants, who became Colonel of the 61st Pa., and Col. Jos. Sinex, one of their old Captains, who became Colonel of the 91st Pa.; pointed out at the table Charley Kennedy, who came home as Captain in the 61st Pa.; Private Jno. O'Brien, who became Captain in the 82d Pa.; Fred. Simon, who became Sergeant in the 23d; Byrnes and Drew, who served as sailors throughout the war; Bill Drinkhouse, who became an officer in a Delaware regiment; Color-Sergeant Jake Conrad, who became Captain in the 95th Pa.; congratulated them upon their successful Reunion, and was glad that he was permitted to be present.

Capt. Kennedy read a history of the regiment and told several very interesting incidents of their campaign.

Col. Wm. Patterson, brother of the Gen. Patterson that took the regiment out, gave a brief history of his brother, who died during the war, in command of a brigade.

Comrade Downing told how he crossed the Potomac into the enemy's lines at Harper's Ferry on a dark night and shinned a flag pole, cutting down a rebel flag that had been raised to the mast; and with incidents told by Ebelle, Joe Byrnes, song by Griffith, bugle calls by Pugh, of 1st City Troop, monologue by Capt. Jake Conrad, the festivities were kept up until midnight and very much enjoyed by all. It was quite an honor to have the Mayor present, and the boys appreciated it very much. Mayor Ashbridge, while too young to have gone into the war, has always been a warm friend of the soldier, and the boys like to have him at all their swell affairs. The 17th Pa. was known as the Quaker Regiment, as they wore a dark felt hat presented by their Philadelphia friends.

Death of Chaplain Robert Audley Brown.

Rev. Robert Audley Browne, D. D., Chaplain of the "Roundheads" (100th Pa.), died at New Castle, Pa., May 15. He was 80 years old on Dec. 3 last, and had been in New Castle for over 50 years. He had served as a member of the State Senate of Pennsylvania, and was President of Westminster College. He was Chaplain of the "Roundheads" from August, 1861, till February, 1864. The funeral occurred May 19. Many distinguished ministers of his and other churches attended. The pallbearers were all "Roundheads," namely: Hon. John W. Morrison, ex-State Treasurer of Pennsylvania, of Harrisburg; Hon. W. H. Underwood, Postmaster of Washington, Pa.; Ed. W. Bausman, Pittsburg; H. R. Dunlap, New Castle; Thos. S. Cook, Beaver Falls, and John H. Stevenson, attorney at law, Pittsburg, Pa. Fully 100 members of the "Roundhead" Regiment marched to his final resting place, and 150 old soldiers of other regiments, all under command of Col. N. J. Maxwell, of Erie, Pa. Brief speeches were made during the funeral services by ministers present. The church in which the services were held is a new one, and it was hoped it would have been dedicated in the lifetime of the old Chaplain, and had he lived a month longer this closing scene of his ministry would have been a pleasing one to his people.

CURES WEAK MEN FREE.

Insures Love And A Happy Home For All.

How any man may quickly cure himself after years of suffering from nervous weakness, lost vitality, varicocele, etc., and restore the organs to strength and vigor. Simply send your name and address to Dr. Knapp Medical Co., 3169 Hull Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and they will gladly send the free receipt with full directions so that any man may easily cure himself at home. This is certainly a most generous offer, and the following extracts taken from their daily mail show what men think of their generosity:

"Dear Sirs:—Please accept my sincere thanks for yours of recent date. I have given your treatment a thorough test, and the benefit has been extraordinary. It has completely braced me up. I am just as vigorous as when a boy, and you cannot realize how happy I am."

"Dear Sirs:—Your method worked beautifully. Results were exactly what I needed. Strength and vigor have completely returned, and is entirely satisfactory."

"Dear Sirs:—Yours was received, and I had no trouble in making use of the receipts as directed, and can truthfully say it is a boon to weak men. I am greatly improved in strength and vigor."

All correspondence is strictly confidential, mailed in plain, sealed envelope. The receipt is free for the asking, and they want every man to have it.

NEW CURE FOR FITS

If you suffer from Epileptic Fits, Falling Sickness or St. Vitus' Dance, or have children or friends that do so, my New Discovery will CURE them, and all you are asked to do is to send for my FREE REMEDIES and try them. They have cured thousands where everything else failed. Sent absolutely free with complete directions, express prepaid. Please give AGE and full address.

DR. W. H. MAY, 94 Pine Street, New York City.

SANTAL CAPSULES MIDY. Relieves Kidney & Bladder trouble at once. Cures in 48 Hours all URINARY DISCHARGES. Each Capsule bears the name MIDY. Beware of useless counterfeits.

WEAK MEN!

Instant Relief. Cure in 15 days. Never returns. I will gladly send to any sufferer in a plain sealed envelope FREE a prescription with full directions for a quick, private cure for Failing Manhood, Atrophy, Nervous Debility, Varicocele, etc. Address, L. E. PAGE, Private Box 721, MARSHALL, MICH.

FITS STOPPED AT ONCE AND CURED PERMANENTLY no matter of how long standing. Fidelon, Va., Jan. 2, '02, Golden Cure Co., Hammond, Ind., "I have not had a single symptom of one of my spasms or fits since I began to use your Golden Remedy and can truly say it is by far the best medicine I have ever tried. S. H. Barksdale." Trial treatment & book sent Free. GOLDEN CURE COMPANY, HAMMOND, IND.

Cancer

Cancer or Tumor (internal or external). Cured With Soothing Balmy Oils. Home treatment sent in most cases. Write for Book. DR. B. F. BYE, Box 246, Indianapolis, Ind. (The Original Cancer Specialist.)

Gallstones Cured. Treatment gives immediate relief and permanent cure. No surgical operation required. Dr. W. C. PAYNE, Marshalltown, Iowa.

OPIUM and Liquor Habit Cured without inconvenience or detention from business. Write THE DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. M, Lebanon, Ohio.

PILES cured. A guarantee, with six boxes, $1 per box; six, $5. Comrade Wm. H. Smith, P. O. Box 161, Ticonderoga, N. Y.

VIGOR Vitality for Weak Men; 10 days' treatment FREE. James & James Co., Covington, Ky.

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

SUBSCRIBERS' ADVERTISING COLUMNS.

"Patronize Each Other."

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 buy advertising and take guesses as premiums. See advertising coupons on first page.

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.

BOOKS AND PICTURES.

LONGFELLOW'S LITTLE POEM, "THE VILLAGE Blacksmith." The picture of the village blacksmith shop has been drawn, a photo-lithograph of it engraved and copyrighted by Mr. Horace A. Hancock, the son of Toney Hancock the blacksmith, the ideal subject of the poem. The size of the picture is 22 by 14 inches. It is a true representation, accurate in detail, and more items of interest added to it than is shown in any previous publication. It shows the exact location of the chestnut tree; also the door through which the children looked "to see the blazing forge and the sparks that from the anvil flew." Sent on receipt of 75 cents, P. O. money order or express order. Address H. A. Hancock, Abilene, Texas.

PERIODICALS—ALL KINDS—VERY CHEAP. Chronicle, World, Review, McClure's, Leslie's. Any. Write. Jay Dickens, Odessa, N. Y.

NINE YEARS' COMPLETE FILE OF THE National Tribune for sale by a soldier's widow. Address Mrs. E. N. Graves, Wellsville, N. Y.

FOR SALE—TWO FULLY-ILLUSTRATED volumes of the Civil War; size 12x16, cost $21.50; my price $12. A. A. Smith, Columbus Grove, 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, 950 pages; fully illustrated. Price $6. Address the author, WILEY BRITTON, Springfield, Mo.

JEWELRY AND WATCHES.

GRAND ARMY JEWELRY AND WATCHES a Specialty. Sure cure for dropsy sent for $2. Comrade W. A. Rose, Jeweler and Druggist, Almond, N. Y.

ADDRESSES WANTED.

WANTED.—Frederick Mangold, No. 1339 Prospect street, Indianapolis, Ind., wishes to hear from any of the late officers and comrades of Co. G, 1st Mo. Vol. Inf., Gen. Lyon.

WANTED—The postoffice addresses of the following soldiers, late of Co. C, 68th Ind. Infantry: Albert Johnson, Martin Rickard, George Snyder, Alexander Walker, W. H. H. James, George D. Salyers, William A. Vincent. Address Richard L. Leeson, late Captain, Co. C, 68th Ind. Infantry.

WANTED—Address of comrades of Serg't Jerome Brooks, Co. D, 5th W. Va. Cav., civil war. W. S. McClanahan, Creola, Ohio.

ALEXANDER L. ROBERTSON, CO. E,