By CHAPLAIN N. M. BAKER, 116th Ill.

Capt. William T. Rigby, Chairman of the Vicksburg National Military Park Commission, Vicksburg, Miss., has for some time past been endeavoring to secure war diaries covering the siege of that Confederate stronghold. Among those that Capt. Rigby has secured is the diary of Chaplain N. M. Baker, of the 116th Ill., which Capt. Rigby has forwarded to The National Tribune for publication. The following letter of explanation was written by Chaplain Baker when he sent the diary to Capt. Rigby:

"I will be glad to contribute anything I can to the history of the Vicksburg campaign. Unfortunately for myself, I missed the first part of it. My regiment was paid off near the last of April, and I was sent home to take the money to the families of the men, starting from Young's Point just as the troops were embarking to make a feint on Haynes's Bluff while the main army crossed below.

"I got back to Young's Point on the 25th of May, and reached my regiment, in the rear of Vicksburg, on the 27th. From that time till the surrender each day has its record. These notes were written for my own eyes alone. I had no thought of anyone else ever seeing them. They contain camp rumors and guesses that time proved to be wrong. They contain statements which I found out were untrue before the siege was over; for instance, that one as to the number of guns inside the enemy's works found under date of May 29. There are many allusions to myself which I never would have written for public inspection. I have called the enemy's large earthwork on the main Jackson Road 'Fort Beauregard,' which I now think was not its name. In short, I could now write the matter up in much better shape, but I suspect that should I do so what little value it may have for your purposes would all be lost. So I send it to you just as it was written at the time, without alteration or correction, hoping that if you have it copied this explanation may be copied with it."

Sunday, May 24.—The first object which greeted my sight this morning was the charred remains of the once pleasant little village of Greenville, Miss. This is the point where the guerrillas have been committing depredations for some time past. The wreck of a steamboat, which they destroyed a short time ago, was lying at the shore, but the blackened chimneys and the leaves of the trees seared by the recent fire bore testimony to the retribution which they have received. Some houses are still standing, but most of them have been entirely destroyed. At 1 p. m. we came to Lake Providence. Here we heard that our army was not yet in Vicksburg, but that the fight was still progressing. This increased our anxiety. O, that the boat would go faster. Near 3 o'clock we again started, and just before sundown landed at Milliken's Bend. The first sound that greeted our ears was the heavy booming of distant cannon, and I was glad to hear it. Somehow, it nerves my frame and elevates my spirits, and it seems very natural, too, for all the ideas of this place and all the impressions are associated in my mind with the roar of cannon and the confusion of battle. Again we got under way, and about 9 o'clock in the evening came to the upper landing at Young's Point. Walked about one and a half miles to the convalescent camp, found a few of the boys, then went back to the boat.

Monday, May 25.—Heavy cannonading in front in the morning, which slackened in the heat of the day; opened heavily near 3 p. m., but ceased entirely near night. I went down to the lower landing, and reported myself to the Provost-Marshal.

Tuesday, May 26.—Tried to get a pass to the regiment, but could not. Capt. Townsend, to whom I applied, ordered me to report for that purpose to the Provost-Marshal. Last night when I applied to the Provost-Marshal he ordered me to report to Capt. Townsend, and so it goes. Late in the evening I determined to go without a pass. So I got aboard the Planet. She did not start till after dark, so I went to bed.

AGAIN WITH MY REGIMENT.

Wednesday, May 27.—Waked up this morning and found myself up the Yazoo near Johnson's farm. Found a teamster of our regiment with a wagon and got aboard. We passed over a part of the ground where Morgan's Division fought last Winter. Fragments of shell were lying on the ground; the trees were cut, carred and splintered by them. Small-arms, too, had been brought into requisition. I counted the marks of 25 balls on a single tree. Saw where one cannon shot had passed through a cypress tree two feet in diameter. We crossed the bayou, which caused us so much trouble last Winter, on a pontoon bridge, and soon came to the wagoner's corral. Here I stopped and spent some time in examining the bluffs. They are very high, and their face is lined with three rows of rifle pits, one above the other. It would have been almost impossible to climb them. After wandering here for some time I started for the regiment. The way led up into the bluff through a narrow gulch, which had been fortified on both sides. Indeed, the whole country is the most hilly, broken and jagged which I ever saw. The firing, which was indistinct at first, became louder and louder as I approached, until a ball passing across the road a short distance in front of me reminded me that I was once more under fire. Soon after I found the regiment camped in a deep ravine between two high bluffs. I crawled up the bluff on the west, and peeping over a log, obtained a good view of the enemy's works and of our rifle pits. The firing (scattering picket shooting) still continues. I could see the smoke curl up from the enemy's rifles.

Thursday, May 28.—Slept soundly last night. Today the firing was constant—artillery once in a while and picket firing all the time. Late in the evening Capt. White and myself went up to our rifle pits, within 50 yards of the enemy's works. The balls came pretty close, and fragments of shells passed over us. A piece of a shell thrown from one of our mortars in the river struck in the bank not more than 15 feet from me. At dark we went back to camp. Our camp is in a deep ravine well sheltered from balls, though if they were to throw shells over they could make it a warm place for us. We have our tent floored with canes.

IN THE RIFLE PITS.

Friday, May 29.—Early this morning our batteries opened on the enemy with great spirit. Cannon planted on the bluffs behind us sent the shells screching over our camp. There was also heavy musketry firing far on our left. Capt. White and myself again went up to the rifle pits. We could watch the effect of our shells. Some would strike right in the breastworks and raise great clouds of dust; others would strike the trees, tearing off great limbs and making the splinters fly in all directions. During the night the enemy had thrown up new works, making a nice embrasure for a cannon. I saw two or three shells explode right in this embrasure, tearing it all to pieces. But one had something else to do than merely to watch the shelling, for their sharpshooters kept up a keen fire on our pits, and we had to mind not only our eyes, but also our heads. We watched them closely. They resorted to all sorts of tricks in order to draw our fire. They would raise their handkerchiefs, white rags, etc., to try to make us lift our heads, and then some one in another place would shoot at us, but we returned their compliments. I got several shots; five times I fired deliberately, each time at a head which was incautiously exposed, and once I fired at a man's arm, which he raised to its full length above the ditch while loading his gun, which he had just fired at me. I was behind a log; his ball struck about two feet from me, but the log was too thick for it.

I was amused at Capt. White. He had found a good place to shoot from, and was popping the shots in pretty thick, when they got range of his position. Two balls struck in a little chunk which was placed before his head for a protection. The ball struck with such force as to roll the chunk over, and the Captain slid down the bank backwards in double-quick time. We were not to be put off in that way, however, so we got a larger chunk, raised it on the points of our guns, and fixed it up. A shower of balls passed over us, but we were not hurt. We stayed in the pits for nearly four hours, when they quit showing themselves, and so we returned to camp.

"THE CAPTAIN SLID DOWN THE BANK BACKWARDS IN DOUBLE-QUICK TIME."

Through the heat of the day there was not much cannonading. The enemy's sharpshooters kept at work, however, and two men of our regiment were wounded while cooking at the fire in camp. About 5 in the evening the batteries opened around the whole line, and for an hour and a half the cannonading was most terrific. It was constant thunder. How they can endure the storm of iron hail is difficult for me to imagine, for there is not a point in all their lines but what our shells can reach. In the battle near Raymond, and in the retreat from there, the enemy lost nearly all his big guns, so that in all the lines in rear of the city they have but two or three guns, and this is most lucky for us.

Saturday, May 30.—Considerable firing all day, both from the cannon and the rifle pits. I went up to our rifle pits in the morning, and in the evening I went in company with the Officer of the Day to all the rifle pits of the brigade. It was after dark, but the moon shone brightly. The pickets were talking and joking with each other, and once in a while they would pop away with their muskets.

Sunday, May 31.—In the fore part of last night the mortar boats kept up a constant fire on the city, and just before day this morning all our batteries opened, and a more terrific fire I never heard. The fiery shells went screeching through the air, and their explosion made horrible discords inside the enemy's works. Indeed, the thunder and blaze of the artillery, the roaring, screaming and screeching of the shells and their lurid glare and explosion created a scene more like pandemonium than anything else. It must have been a trying ordeal to the enemy. About day the heavy firing ceased; then occasional shooting was still kept up.

At 10 o'clock a. m. we had meeting. The cannon roared around us, and the enemy's musket balls passed over our heads, but nevertheless there was a good congregation and good attention. The theme was "The Glorious Gospel of Christ."

In the evening I again went up to the rifle pits. I know not how it is, but there is a strong fascination about the place of danger, and it is singular to see with what an eager interest the pickets watch for the enemy; their eyes glisten, and they peep about with a stealthy movement like a cat. While I was going up to the pits a ball cut the dirt in the path not more than a yard from me.

Monday, June 1.—Weather very warm. Firing kept up all day. In the evening I went to the rifle pits. The moon shone gloriously. It seemed to be a time for the converse of friends and the communion of loving hearts. But, alas, how the evil passions of men can turn a paradise into a pandemonium; even the loving moon was compelled to look down on the earth through the smoke of battle, which turned its brightest smile into a bloody glare, while the peaceful stars were eclipsed by fiery shells which went hurling through the sky like fateful meteors. But two or three friendly shells passed over my head and soon roused me from my reverie.

RAIN OF FIRE.

Tuesday, June 2.—Considerable firing all day. Late in the evening I learned that there was to be a bombardment from all the batteries, so I went up to a battery on our left, composed of five guns, four 20-pounder and one 30-pounder Parrotts. I took my station at the porthole to the left of the 30-pounder. It was rather an exposed position, but I was determined to see the effect of the bombardment.

A little before dark all the batteries opened; nearly 400 guns must have been playing on the place at once. The sound was deafening, especially that of the 30-pounder by which I was standing. It almost lifted me from the ground. My position commanded a fair view of the enemy's large fort on the left. I could see our shells explode in the embankment, raising great columns of dirt from 20 to 30 feet high; others passed beyond the intrenchments into the timber and splintered trunks and falling limbs attested their tremendous power, while white, feathery little clouds attested where others had burst high up in the air. The smoke rose so densely as to be almost suffocating; yet I was determined to see it through, though several balls whizzing through the portholes showed that it was not a safe place to be.

As it became dark the scene gradually changed. I could no longer see the smoke, columns of dirt, and feathery clouds, but fire seemed to have taken the place of all fire everywhere; a long blaze would pour forth from the cannon's mouth, a streak of light like the train of a meteor marked the rapid flight of the shell, while a brilliant flash followed by a hollow roar announced the fact that it had reached its destination, and these brilliant flashes could be seen on almost every part of the intrenchments. What the enemy suffered we can not tell. Our pickets and skirmishers were so close to the enemy's lines that they suffered to some extent from our own shells; one of the 47th Ohio was killed and some others wounded. The mortar boats kept up the fire after the batteries ceased. The flight of their immense shells was plainly marked by their fiery fuses; they would rise rapidly to a great hight, then pass slowly over the upper part of the course, and then descend with an almost inconceivable velocity, like an eagle pouncing upon its prey.

Wednesday, June 3.—Cannon firing about as usual. There was rather more musketry than cannonading, and it seems that the enemy fired with more accuracy than they did at first; four wounded men were carried past our quarters. After dark the firing almost entirely ceased, and the stillness seemed unnatural.

Thursday, June 4.—Just after daylight a dead man was carried by, shot in the head while on picket. The enemy has a cannon planted in position to rake our rifle pits and the hill, if we should ever attempt to approach by that way. Capt. White and myself started out in the morning to see if we could not find some guns in some of our batteries to the left which could be brought to bear on the rebel gun, so as to dismount it. We spent until 2 p. m. visiting the different forts and examining the enemy's lines. We have a great amount of artillery, but could not find a single piece to do the work which we desired.

We found one point where a battery might be established which would command this gun, but the position is very dangerous, being within 100 yards of one of the main forts of the enemy. Notwithstanding the danger we stayed at this point for some time partially sheltered by little peach trees, and discovered by the aid of a glass that the hill in the rear of the fort to our right is inclosed by an independent line of intrenchments, which will have to be stormed after the outer lines are in our possession. The hills to the left of our position are bare, and although more broken than any part of Illinois, they have yet been planted with corn to the very top. With the glass I saw all around the enemy's lines to the left to where they seem to terminate in a very large earthwork, which I think faces upon the river.

After satisfying ourselves that we had no gun mounted that would bear upon the point desired, we returned to our quarters, covered with dust and almost suffocated with the heat. During this tour of inspection we made several narrow escapes; once while in a battery (it was shooting 10-pound shells at an old house inside the enemy's lines, and could not hit it) a ball struck the bastion, throwing the splinters around us pretty close, yet we were not hurt; several other balls came in rather uncomfortable proximity, but they were all either a little too high or too low or too far to one side, so we escaped.

Among the minor incidents of this trip I will state that I saw Maj.-Gen. McClernand, who looked as dusty as any other man. I ate some blackberries, saw a corn tassel, and last, but by no means least, got my fingers full of prickles of a prickly pear. After dark I again went to our rifle pits. Just as I was crawling up the steep hill to them I was bewildered for a moment by a dazzling glare and a stunning report; a defective shell from our own battery had bursted directly over my head. I was not hurt, however, and was soon safely ensconced in the trenches, watching the flight of our shells. They passed directly over our heads at an elevation of about 20 feet, though, just to listen to the sound, they seemed low enough down to take our heads off. About 9 at night I returned to camp, and so ended another day of danger.

Friday, June 5.—Heavy firing all night, both from the land batteries and the river. I slept well, however, although retaining a distinct remembrance of hearing a deep, heavy roar almost all the time. Early in the morning I again went up to the rifle pits. While there a percussion shell struck a tree just in front of us and exploded; another struck a large limb which came down with a crash, and yet another bursted high in the air a little to our left. We are in more danger from this battery of our own than we are from the rebels, although they succeeded in shooting one man through the head this morning in the pit just to the left of ours.

Saturday, June 6.—Last night was very warm. There was considerable movement of troops and more firing than usual. I was waked up at one time by heavy volleys from our pickets, and almost came to the conclusion that the enemy was about to make a sally from his works, but he did not come, so I went to sleep and let them shoot away. Several balls have already fallen in our camp this morning, but nobody is yet hurt that I know of.

SUNDAY SERVICES UNDER FIRE.

Sunday, June 7.—A most beautiful day, though hot enough to roast an egg in the dust. Early in the morning, while it was yet comparatively cool, I went out back of the tent and commenced to sing. Quite a congregation was soon collected, the members of it representing the 6th and 8th Mo. and 41st and 113th Ill., as well as our own regiment. I attempted to urge upon them the necessity of a change of heart. As upon last Sunday so today the balls of the enemy passed over us or dropped in our midst, and our own cannons from behind us sent the shells over our head, but notwithstanding all this we had a pleasant and I would hope a profitable hour of worship. After service I obtained and distributed a few religious papers. Near noon a minister from Chicago preached to the 113th regiment. I went to hear him, which was a great treat to me. In the evening there were many rumors in camp—rumors of a rebel raid on Milliken's Bend and on Young's Point, but the principal rumor is that Johnston is approaching with a [illegible] force in our rear. There are some indications which show that something is in the wind. The sick are being sent away, three days' rations are being brought up, and the ordnance officers are required to have 100 rounds of ammunition constantly on hand. I am partly inclined to believe that Johnston will give us trouble. He will if he has the force to do it. I know not whether the preparations are for an attack on the city or for defense in the rear. Well, we shall see what we shall see; that is all.

(To be continued.)

CONGRESS BUSY.

In Haste to Adjourn, But Worried About Cuban Reciprocity—The Isthmian Canal Bill Goes to Vote—The Irrigation Bill. Other Matters.

Congress begins to show that unmistakable activity which precedes an all-pervading anxiety to get home. Were it not for the Cuban Reciprocity problem, there is no question but that the few remaining large appropriation bills which await final action would soon be disposed of. But there's the rub.

So far as can be distinguished through the dust that is constantly rising, there has been as yet really no material change in the situation. There is no question but that the opposition Senators would be glad to see their way clear to support the Administration's proposition to inaugurate a reciprocal trade arrangement with Cuba, and as usual Senator Spooner has been delegated to cooper up some sort of a compromise measure that will be acceptable.

On Friday of last week the President sent a characteristic message to the Senate and House, urging our duty to Cuba and the necessity of a reciprocity arrangement, and announcing that in his judgment no American interest would be injured thereby. A President's special message always has weight, for members of his own party in the House, and especially those in the Senate, are very reluctant to lock horns with the appointing power. Still, it is not clear that in this case the message has changed any votes. There are evidences, however, that the Republican members of the Senate especially who have been arrayed against the proposed reciprocity, would be very glad if Mr. Spooner should be successful in his task at joiner work. There is a good deal of confidence that he will succeed, because he is a past master in the business of framing legislative compromises.

An agreement to finally come to a vote this week upon the Isthmian Canal Bill, is evidence not only of an earnest desire on the part of Congress to see some sort of disposition of this long standing problem, but also of that tired feeling which yearns for adjournment, as it is the only sufficient remedy.

The House of Representatives has been commendably active during the past week. Having disposed of the Anti-Anarchy Bill it plunged at once into the consideration of the proposition to turn over the vast forest reserves of the country to the Agricultural Department, taking them from the jurisdiction of the Interior Department.

Mr. Cannon, Chairman of the Appropriations Committee, threw his influence into the balance against the measure, claiming that it would cause a large increase in expenditure, and warning the House that Congress had already appropriated more money for the coming fiscal year than the estimated receipts, by several millions. He called upon the House to kill the bill "by cutting off its tail just behind the ears." This was done by an overwhelming vote, by striking out the enacting clause.

The same fate awaited the bill to construct a cable from the Pacific Coast to the Philippines by way of Honolulu. This bill was killed and a substitute passed, authorizing the President to permit a private corporation to lay the cable by granting the usual landing privileges.

On Friday, after a debate which lasted the better part of two days, the Irrigation Bill was passed, thus disposing of a subject which for years has been before Congress in one shape or another. The bill proposes to appropriate the proceeds of sales of public lands in the arid States and Territories to irrigation work, under the direction of the Interior Department. The States and Territories to be benefited are: Arizona, California, Colorado, Idaho, Kansas, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Mexico, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Dakota, Utah, and Wyoming.

The bill provides for the use of all money obtained from land sales for irrigation purposes, less only the amount paid to local land officers, and five per cent. for the support of Agricultural colleges. The colleges are protected from loss, should there be a deficiency, by providing that any lack in the amount due for their maintenance shall be paid out of the Federal Treasury. There was vigorous opposition to the bill on the part of several of the leading members, and the advocates of the measure were visibly nervous over the outcome of the vote, and were somewhat surprised by the substantial majority of 146 to 55 which resulted from the roll call.

The passage of this bill is notable, in that it commits the Government to general irrigation operations for the first time in its history.

The House also reached an agreement to take up the Philippine Civil Government Bill, passed by the Senate, and to vote upon it next Wednesday.

Both Senate and House passed a number of private pension bills last Saturday, a list of which will be printed next week. ED

He Was Enough.

Grandpa had just finished for about the ten-thousandth time telling how he advised Gen. Grant in his campaign.

"Grandpa," asked little Millicent, "how many men were there in the army?"

"Oh, about a million," answered grandpa.

"But," mused the little maiden, "I don't see what in the world was the use in having all the rest of them."

His Missionary Work.

Col. Kaintuck—I was over to Judge Knipper's last evening and had some of his good old whisky.

Maj. Redeye (in surprise)—Why, I thought he lost his entire private stock in the fire last week?

Col. Kaintuck—Not quite all. By heroic measures he succeeded in snatching a few brands from the burning.

Cause and Effect.

Duffers—Bilkins's wife is a very superior woman, isn't she?

Buffers—Yes. How did you know?

Duffers—Oh! He has such a hang-dog look.

Strange.

Frank—That Miss Peachblow would rather dance than eat!

Cholly (protestingly)—Why, she was engaged to me for the last waltz and she proposed that, instead, we take the time to enjoy the refreshments!

The new boarder had just sent his cup to the landlady for the third time.

"You must be fond of coffee, Mr. Newcomer," smilingly observed that august female.

"On the contrary, madam," replied the new boarder, "I never drink it."

"You never drink it?" echoed the landlady in barefaced astonishment.

"That's what I said," calmly rejoined the cause of the excitement. "As suggested by my physician, I am now trying the hot-water cure."

"No, I'm not very well impressed with the house," said the prospective tenant. "The yard is frightfully small; there's hardly room for a single flower-bed."

"Think so?" replied the agent; "but—sir—mightn't you use folding flower-beds?"

BEHIND THE GUNS.

Incident of the Boer War Related by a Correspondent.

JAMES BARNES IN THE OUTLOOK.

It was just outside of Pretoria, on the 4th of June, 1900. The big naval guns, lined up in the dusty road, were hurling 80-pound projectiles over a wide dipping valley at the unanswering forts that crowned the tops of the kopjes that rose to the southward of the town. The shells had good long four miles to travel before they struck and burst in and about the earthen embankments. On a line of little hills, much nearer, a Boer 15-pounder and a pompom, whose location could not be discovered among the rocks, suddenly broke out in reply, sending shells at intervals in among the wagons and horses of the transport column that had been crowded too close up to the firing line. There was a constant sniping and popping of rifle-fire along the front, stretching away to the left, and a Colt's battery was hammering like a carpet-beater from the side of the near-by slope. But the big guns confined their attention to the deserted forts, above which, rising high in the air, hung the clouds of dust and lyddite fumes.

The transport wagons had been hurriedly turned back across the spruit some four or five miles away, out of the range of the Boer 15-pounder and the pompom, and I was standing with a little group of onlookers directly behind the naval guns, watching through my glasses the effect of the heavy shell-fire, and wondering, with the others, why there was no reply from the forts themselves, for great stories had been told of their strength and armament.

Commander De Horsey, R. N., a thin, wiry little man, all nerves and sinews, was walking to and fro, back of the guns. He had his "fighting grin" on, and would now and then turn back and laugh as a shell fell fair on the ramparts of the nearest fort on Klapper Kop.

"De Horsey's having a great time this afternoon," remarked an officer to me, and then he added, in much the same tone that one would use in congratulating another on a well-made stroke at billiards, "Good shot, sir," and waved his hand.

At that very minute a pompom shell from the hidden Vickers-Maxim struck in close to the trail of the nearest "four-point-seven," as the big guns were called.

De Horsey gave a quick jump and then sat down. The grin was hardly off his face as he turned to where we stood, but he grasped his leg by the knee and fumbled then about his foot. A 1-pounder shell had exploded on the hard ground and burst into many fragments. Poor De Horsey was struck just at the ankle-joint, making an ugly wound. Protesting that it was nothing and that he could "still hobble round," he was sent back to the rear in a correspondent's cart that had not gone back with the transport. He was still protesting and grinning as they drove him away. Afterwards it was found that cap and detonator of the shell had wedged themselves into the ankle-bone. His place was taken by a young Lieutenant, and the cannonading went on.

This was one of the few fights in which I can remember really seeing the Boers at work, for now and then figures could be observed through the glass, dodging here and there in changing position among the rocks on the hill but little over a mile away. The big guns had disdained them, confining their attention, as I have said, to the deserted forts and leaving them to be handled by the Colt battery and the men with rifles on the slope.

It was certainly a very plucky thing to do, and a most audacious thing, taking into account the odds against them, but a number of burghers had worked in, unseen by the English, to a bit of broken, rocky ground not 1,200 yards directly in front of the naval guns. They opened suddenly with rifle-fire, and two men serving at the gun on the right were hit, but most of the first volley passed overhead.

Now, it happened there was a big natural excavation directly in the rear of the guns, and I believe I can claim the honor of being the first man in it. The time that it took the rest of the watching group to join me "wasn't worth the mention." Somehow the sensation reminded me of the game of "Eve-spy" when the fellow who is "it" is about to call "Coop." As soon as we were all ensconced—and we well filled the little hole—I looked to see who were my companions. They were two members of the staff, the Press Censor, an officer whose duty I never could determine, but who smoked very large Turkish cigarettes, and to be truthful, a General of artillery. I must say that he was the last to reach the hiding-place and that he merely crouched, but the rest of us, like "Br'er Rabbit," "lay low and said nuffin."

The handy men at the big guns were working like beavers now, changing the sights and elevations—at last turning their attention to things near at hand. The bullets were coming in intermittently, scattering blobs of lead and nickel in among the rocks. I admired the men at the guns, who were sticking to their work and had no hole to get into, and I rejoiced that a correspondent's first duty was merely to take care of himself.

All at once, just before they had succeeded in training the first big gun on the bit of broken ground, we heard a peculiar whirring sound. We all looked back, and there, directly behind the guns, exposed in the open, was the American cinematograph man standing beside his tripod, winding away, his face showing only a concentrated interest in the working of his machine. Suddenly he turned and roared over his shoulder, "Hurry up, Billy! bring up them films!"

I loved that man on the instant, and now, as I write, I wish I could remember his name, for he was no small figure in the campaign. I half rose to look for "Billy," and there he came, hugging something to his breast and making himself as small as possible, dodging from rock to rock until he handed up from a semi-recumbent position the films to the man at the camera.

At this minute the big guns opened up, and it seemed to be only two or three seconds between the discharge and the bursting of the shells along that rocky stretch. The few venturesome Boers cleared back for the farthest hill beyond like rabbits, and soon a detachment of mounted infantry was ordered forward to occupy the ground they had vacated, and we emerged from our hole. The cinematograph man moved his tripod elsewhere, and the "four-point-sevens" went back to hammering the forts.

But now this story has a quirk to it. One of the officers who was in the comfortable little hollow with me that day spoke to me at the Pretoria Club.

"I've got a good joke on So-and-so," he said, laughing. "Just got a letter from my wife, and she quotes a letter that he wrote to his wife about six weeks ago. You remember the time when we were back of the guns taking cover in that donga, the day before we entered? Well, this is how he described it—I suppose our wives do talk these things over at home and hand round our effusion"—then he went on and read as follows: "'At one time today I never expected to see you again, my dear. We were in a dreadfully exposed position, with the bullets falling all around us, and at many times'" — But why go on? It was a very thrilling account, but he said nothing of the hole, in the ground, or the position that he occupied in it, which, if I remember correctly, was the next to last man at the bottom.

"Do you remember the cinematograph man that day?" I asked.

"Do I?" replied my officer friend, and his tone meant volumes.

A Hallucination.

"So you think you need a wife?"

"Yes."

"Well, nothing but marriage will dispel that illusion!"

The Floor Walker.

First clerk—Poor Jim! It will be a long time before he gets another place.

Second clerk—Don't you believe it. Why, he got a place as floor-walker.

First clerk—You don't say so?

Second clerk—Yes; he's got a new baby.

Dunlap's Sharpshooters.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: B. K. Benson, in "Friend with the Countersign," mentions Dunlap's Sharpshooters, which reminds me of an incident occurring in January or February, on the line picketed of Getty's Division. A rebel deserter came in, and while he was telling of his escape his bunkmate came up to the same post. Neither mistrusted that the other was intending to desert, as the rebel officers were very stringent with attempted desertions. When deserter No. 2 came in he was asked by his friend, after congratulating each other a long time, why he came in so early in the night.

"I heard that Dunlap's Sharpshooters were to be there pretty soon, and I thought I'd better go before they came," was his reply.

Dunlap's Sharpshooters were used on the lines to stop desertion by killing those attempting it.

I often wonder how many of the Second Division of the Sixth Corps remember the raid on the sutler at Stevenson Station, three or four miles north of Winchester. The division was leaving the valley in December, 1864, having marched from Camp Russell, near Kernstown. Transportation was furnished at Stevenson, the terminus of the road. Flat cars and box cars were used to transport the men. The men of my company had a box car. Near the railway was a very large sutler's tent, and it was not long before a big crowd of soldiers was at the tent. I had a good view of the proceedings from the side-door Pullman, and soon the big tent began to sway, and down came the whole business. Soldiers grabbed whatever took their fancy, including among other articles of necessity a barrel of commissary. This was lifted into the car next behind the one occupied by my company. The head was broken in, and cups, canteens, kettles—in fact everything that would hold liquid were filled, and a crowd was around the barrel drinking from cups.

Col. Foster, Brigade Officer of the Day, ordered the barrel tipped out of the car, but as the order was not obeyed he climbed into the car and tipped it out.

Gen. Foster, while U. S. Marshal, captured the Fenian O'Neill on the field of battle in Canada, when the Fenians went into Canada to free Ireland.—CHAS. PORTER, Grinnell, Iowa.

Stagnation in the Ginseng Trade.

Cincinnati is a great center for ginseng and does an enormous export business. The market for ginseng and other roots is in a chaotic state, the result of extraordinary conditions. A member of a leading concern engaged in exporting the root said today that the interference of the Christian powers in China had cost America the ginseng trade. For years the Chinese have taken practically the entire crop of ginseng, but last season their purchases were fully two-thirds under the normal in consequence of the high prices demanded, and dealers found it necessary to carry over large stocks to this season. This year's crop is now ready to be sold but no market can be found, as exporters are unwilling to purchase until their holdings from last year have been disposed of.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

How High Can a Balloon Rise?

The altitude that may be attained by a balloon depends, first, upon its size; secondly, upon the filling of gas, and, thirdly, upon the weight being carried. A balloon of ordinary size, 43,000 cubic feet, carrying the smallest weight—that is, one person—when filled with illuminating gas may reach 20,000 feet, but when filled with hydrogen 27,000 feet. In order to ascend higher we first of all need a bigger balloon. One may say it was a happy chance that the Royal Meteorological Institute of Berlin was provided with a balloon of the unusual dimensions of 300,000 cubic feet. The German Emperor furnished £500 for making experiments with it, and the Meteorological Institute decided to make use of this opportunity for studying the highest regions of atmosphere.—Harper's Magazine.

Shipbuilding in Virginia.

(Richmond Times.)

In the Census Bulletin of May 5 on manufactures is pointed out that between 1890 and 1900 Virginia advanced from a position of comparatively small importance to a place among the leading shipbuilding States.

It will doubtless be a surprise to most of our readers to know that in 1900 Virginia was the first State in the amount of capital invested in this industry, third in the number of wage earners and wages paid, and fourth in the value of products. Its capital invested in shipbuilding increased from less than a third of a million dollars in 1890 to nearly $15,000,000 in 1900, which is two and one third times as great as the entire capital invested in the shipbuilding industry in New England, more than double the capital so invested on the Pacific Coast, and almost equal to the entire amount of capital invested in shipbuilding on the Great Lakes.

Minnesota Sons of Veterans.

The Division of Minnesota Sons of Veterans has issued a pamphlet containing the proceedings of the 16th and 17th Annual Encampments. The work is well printed and is a credit to the Division. Besides the text, it contains splendid halftones of Commander A. O. Allen, Commander C. M. Rawtizer, Commander J. C. Carter, Adjutant Arthur L. Jones, Judge-Advocate Colfax Grant, Chief Musician C. E. Casler, Color Officer D. W. Bevers, Inspector M. S. Mead, and others who have been instrumental in building up the Order in the State of Minnesota. There is also a splendid halftone portrait of Senator Cushman K. Davis, who until his death was a member of St. Paul Camp, 1.

First Shot in Field Action.

Comrade R. V. Franklin, Hickman, Neb., has been much interested in the article appearing in The National Tribune of May 29, setting forth the claim that the first artillery shot in field action during the civil war was fired by Nicholas Crouch, author of "Kathleen Mavourneen," at the battle of Big Bethel, June 10, 1861. Comrade Franklin says: "I was a member of Co. E, 7th Ind. We took Philippi, W. Va., the morning of June 3, 1861. My company was acting as support to a battery. I cannot remember the name of the battery, but think it was from Ohio. This battery fired several shots in that engagement; so the Englishman is mistaken. It was an Ohio Yankee that fired the first shot on the soil of Virginia."

Si and Shorty.

R. F. McConnell, Fairview Farm, Oakland City, Ind., writes: "I wish you to preserve all the squad, and lend them safely home again to the girls they left behind them, but more especially Shad Graham. If any of them are killed, I will think you have committed murder, and I am sure you don't want to do that."

A Lost Discharge.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Editor Irysh, of The Wheatland Eagle, writes me that he has in his possession a misdirected envelope, containing the discharge of Omar Irish, a private of Capt. A. Courtright's Company (M), 7th Regiment Cavalry; enrolled Sept. 3, 1861, and served three years. He was from Erie County, Pa., age 21—a school teacher. The document is signed by H. O. Thecken, Mustering Officer at Sioux City, Iowa. Perhaps through your widely circulated National Tribune this may come to the notice of the owner.—A. W. EDWARDS, Fargo, N. D.

Three for a Quarter.

Lady—Poor little chap! You say my dog bit you? Well, here is a dime.

Boy—Say, Missis, let's let him bite me twice more and call it a quarter!

"Some men," said Uncle Eben, "gits de reputation of bein' stuck up when de troof is dey is too bashful to try to run anybody's business 'ceppin' deir own."

A WOMAN'S DISCOVERY

I have discovered a positive cure for all female diseases and the piles. It never fails to cure the piles from any cause or in either sex, or any of the diseases peculiar to women, such as leucorrhœa, displacements, ulceration, granulation, etc. I will gladly mail a free box of the remedy to every sufferer. Address MRS. O. B. MILLER, Box 133, Kokomo, Ind.

The U. V. U. Indorses Senator Mason.

Robert W. G. Dyrenforth, Commander-in-Chief of the Union Veterans' Union, has issued a circular setting forth that at a mass meeting of the Division of the Potomac, Union Veterans' Union, the following was adopted:

Whereas, The Union Veterans' Union is an organization of veterans of the war of the rebellion, most of them members of the Grand Army of the Republic, banded together to protect the interests of all Union veterans, irrespective of party organization, in procuring for them just recognition by the Government which they saved from destruction; and one of the basic principles of the Order is "Stand By Those Who Stood By Us";

Resolved, By the Division of the Potomac of the Union Veterans' Union in mass meeting assembled, That we express to our comrades in Illinois the earnest wish that every effort may be exerted to bring about the re-election of our Honorary Comrade, William E. Mason, to the United States Senate, believing that his re-election will result in great good to the veterans, and be for the welfare of our beloved country.

The 5th Iowa Cav.

Survivors of the 5th Iowa Cav. held a Reunion in Des Moines during the State Encampment of the G. A. R. Henry Franke, of Parkersburg, Iowa, was chosen President, and E. S. Hubbard, of Belmond, Iowa, was chosen Adjutant.

For several years the advertisements of the Mead Cycle Company have appeared in the columns of The National Tribune. Every year the business of this company has grown until now it exceeds 50,000 bicycles sold through mail orders all over the world each year. The Mead Cycle Company keeps its factories running all Winter storing up wheels of the finest quality, and is always ready in the Spring and Summer to fill orders promptly at prices which are lower than any manufacturer selling on the old plan, though local dealers can deliver a wheel of even inferior quality. The Mead Cycle Company can ship any wheel at any price the same day the order is received. Readers of this paper can be assured of prompt and honorable treatment. When writing for catalogues and prices mention The National Tribune, and address Mead Cycle Company, Dept. R 312, Chicago.

WANTED SOLDIERS' HOMESTEADS

The addresses of all Federal Soldiers, their widows or heirs, who filed a Homestead on less than 160 acres before June 23d, 1874. Final Proof not required. Will purchase Land Warrants. Address Comrade W. E. MOSES, Box 1335, Denver, Colo. Mention National Tribune.

PENSIONS!

If you are not receiving a pension under the new laws, or if you have filed and your claim has been rejected, neglected or abandoned, give us a trial. Thousands of the pensioners now on the rolls had their claims successfully prosecuted by us. We prosecute war claims of every character and description. Write us without delay. Advice free. No fee unless successful. J. B. Cralle & Co., Cralle Building, Washington, D. C.

Wanted, Land Warrants.

Issued to soldiers of the War of the Revolution.
Issued to soldiers of the War of 1812.
Issued to soldiers of the War with Mexico.
Issued to soldiers of any war. Will also purchase Surveyor-General's Certificates, Agricultural College Scrip, Soldier's Additional Homestead Rights, Forest Reserve Land, or any valid Land Warrants or Land Scrip. Will pay spot cash on delivery of papers.
W. E. MOSES, Jacobson Bldg., Denver, Colo.

BLACKHEADS, PIMPLES, FRECKLES AND TAN.

How to Remove Them.

How to Make the Skin Beautiful.

There is no remedy which will restore the complexion as quickly as Mme. A. Ruppert's Face Bleach. Thousands of patrons afflicted with most miserable skins have been delighted with its use. Many skins covered with pimples, freckles, wrinkles, eczematous eruptions (itching, burning and annoying), sallowness, brown patches and blackheads have been quickly changed to bright, beautiful complexions. Skin troubles which have baffled the most eminent physicians have been cured promptly, and many have expressed their profoundest thanks for my wonderful Face Bleach.

This marvelous remedy will be sent to any address upon receipt of price, $2.00 per single bottle, or three bottles (usually required), $5.00.

Book, "How to be Beautiful," mailed for 6c.

MME. A. RUPPERT, 6 EAST 14th ST., NEW YORK.

FREE TRIAL!

DEATH TO HAIR—Root and Branch.

New Discovery by the MISSES BELL.

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

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

The Misses Bell have thoroughly tested its efficacy and are desirous that the full merits of their treatment, to which they have given the descriptive name of "KILL-ALL-HAIR," shall be known to all afflicted. To this end a trial will be sent free of charges to any lady who will write