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National Tribune.

Library War Department c668

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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, OCTOBER 23, 1902. VOL. XXII—NO. 3.—WHOLE NO. 1106.

War Memories of a Chaplain

By H. CLAY TRUMBULL, Chaplain, 10th Conn.

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In January, 1863, our division was ordered to take transports, leaving our horses, our heavier baggage, and our larger tents behind. We expected to be back at our old camp within two or three weeks at the longest. We never returned to that place. We were landed on St. Helena Island, opposite Port Royal, S. C., and remained there for weeks. From that point we went to Seabrook Island, in North Edisto Inlet, to have a part in the siege of Charleston.

A RUSTIC CHAPEL.

It was surprising how quickly old soldiers could make themselves comfortable in such circumstances. Our pioneers (enlisted men detailed for making roads, building temporary bridges, and doing general constructive, or destructive, carpenter work) soon after our landing at St. Helena Island had a very large rustic open chapel, or chapel-booth, made of posts and poles, with pine branches interwoven, set up at one side of the camp, with seats in it made of double poles supported on small posts, or legs. A cracker box, turned over at a bevel, on a tree-trunk, and covered with pine branches, served for a pulpit or reading desk. Every Sunday morning this was draped with fresh and fragrant yellow jessamine, with its green leaves and graceful vines, while the long gray Southern moss aided to make the place attractive to reverent worshipers. If our denominational church-erection societies could secure as delightful chapels for all whom they desire to aid, they would be eminently successful in their good work.

Attendance at chapel services was entirely voluntary in our regiment. There were regiments where the commanding officer required attendance at the church service on Sundays, or where he ordered out the regiment for such service; but I preferred to have officers and men entirely free to attend or remain away as they were inclined. Our Colonel was kindly ready to do as I preferred in this matter; and I felt that the influence of a Chaplain over the men would be greater if he sought to gain a hold on them by his personal work among them, and left it to them to come or not to the religious gatherings where he led in worship and addressed those present. In special cases, where my commander desired to have me address the men on a particular subject, of importance to the discipline or morale of the command, he ordered out the regiment to be preached to in the chapel; but that was an exceptional case.

In all cases I had the full support of the officers, from the Colonel down, in my work as a Chaplain. The drum corps or the Colonel's bugler sounded the "church call" at the hour of service, and the Colonel and most of the officers attended the services. A Lieutenant-Colonel who commanded the regiment for a time after my joining it had been trained in the English army, and was a soldier in the Crimean War. Although not a religious man, he came to value highly the influence of a Chaplain, and of religious services, on the soldiers, as soldiers and as men. He wished me to lead in prayer at the close of daily dress parade, and I was glad to do so. This was quite a different matter from enforced chapel attendance. It was a recognition of the Chaplain's place and work in the regiment as a regiment; and it marked the regiment's recognition of God as over all. Its influence proved beneficial and effective, in the regiment and beyond it.

SERVICES AT DRESS PARADE.

In performing this service I took my place, in Chaplain's uniform, at dress parade, as at reviews, next to the Surgeon, on the right of the line. With the officers I advanced to the front, at the close of parade, when we presented ourselves to the Colonel. Instead of dismissing us at that time, he said: "Take your places, gentlemen, for prayers." At this, the line of officers divided in the center, and passed right and left to the rear of the Colonel, and faced toward the center of the parade ground. The Orderly-Sergeants of the two right and the two left companies wheeled their companies, and brought them into place, facing inward, as the two sides of a hollow square, of which the remainder of the regiment was the third side, and the line of officers was the fourth. The Chaplain stepped forward and took his position at the left of the Colonel. As he said, "Let us pray!" the Colonel and every officer and man in the regiment uncovered his head, and stood in reverence during the prayer. While this service was somewhat out of the ordinary course, it was impressive, and came to be valued by the regiment. Officers from other regiments were frequently present to look on, and the effect of the service was good.

Soldiers, like sailors, are rarely scoffers at religion, even though they may be rough and profane. They are glad to have a Chaplain pray for them, even though they do not always pray for themselves, and they are often bluntly reverent. For instance, at a gathering of army officers, at a banquet, since the war, a veteran General, standing at the table near me while a Chaplain asked a blessing, quietly reached down and took the table knife from the side of his plate, at the close of the blessing, and, bringing its hilt sharply to his chest, gave a military salute with it before returning it to its place, saying seriously: "I always salute my Maker." That knife gesture was the General's "Amen."

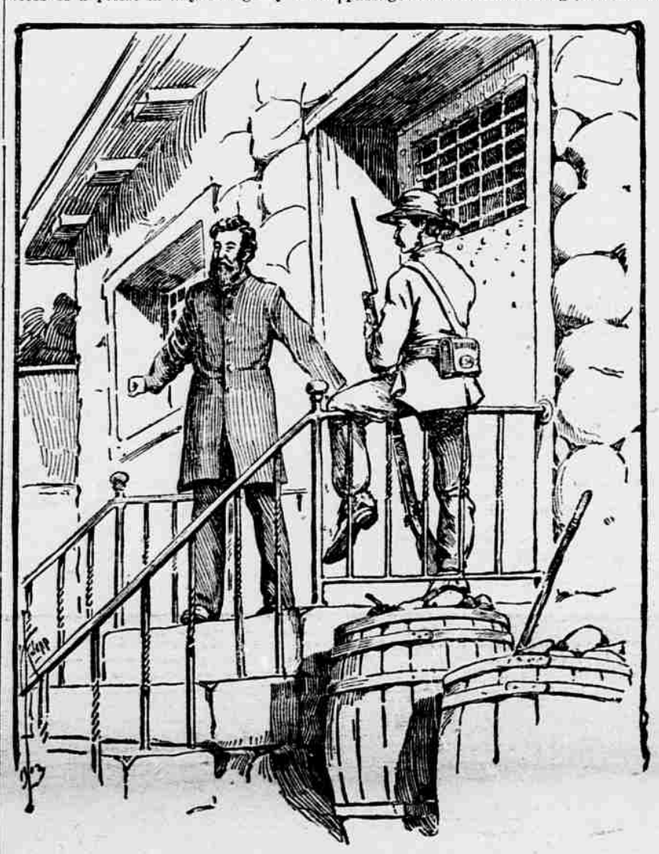
There were a few instances in our regiment in which this innovation of prayers at dress parade disturbed the consciences of enlisted men, but the Lieutenant-Colonel in command quietly met these as a disciplinarian. A Catholic soldier came to him, and said he did not want to remove his hat during prayers by a Protestant Chaplain, for this was a matter of conscience with him. The Lieutenant-Colonel's prompt and abrupt answer was: "I've nothing to do with your conscience. You can think what you please. But the Chapiain is on my staff. I call on him for his duty. I call on you for your duty. When the Chaplain says, at dress parade, 'Let us pray,' that is my order to you, 'Take off your hat.' If you don't take your hat off, I'll take hour head off."

That settled the question from a military standpoint. The soldier's opinions and beliefs were left unmolested, but his formal actions must conform on parade to the Colonel's orders. In such ways the Chapiain's position and work were plainly recognized as a part of the regimental service, and this gave him an advantage in his personal efforts to win and serve the men.

WORK OF MERCY UNHAMPERED BY CREED.

But such instances as this were quite exceptional; in the long run there was no practical hindrance to my work as a Chaplain as growing out of the differences between Catholics and Protestants. My first department commander, Gen. John G. Foster, was a Catholic. He gave hearty approval of my work for the men; and I had reason to be grateful for his readiness to promote that work by any means in his power. His good wife was as an angel of mercy in the hospitals at New Berne after the battle of Kinston; and our men were never tired of telling of her kneeling in prayer by the bed of one of our wounded Lieutenants, a Baptist Christian, as his spirit was passing away in the Foster General Hospital. Maj.-Gen. Gillmore, at the head of the Department of the South, was likewise a Catholic; as also was Maj.-Gen. John Gibbon, commander of the Twenty-fourth Corps at the close of the war. Both were ready at any time to aid me in my Chaplain's work.

I was prompt to act in securing the services of a priest in any emergency when a soldier needed him; and there was hardly a Catholic soldier in the regiment who did not voluntarily attend our chapel services at one time or another. All of them welcomed my prayers by their side when sick in the field hospital, or when lying wounded on the field. On one occasion, on my returning to the regiment after a brief leave of absence, I found a veteran Catholic soldier quite sick in his tent. As I came to his bedside he said faintly, with a smile: "I'm glad to see yez, Misther Chaplain. I thought I'd be afther dying while yez wus gone; and I wanted yer riv'rince to prepare me for Heaven."



"WITH FIXED BAYONET TO KEEP THE PREACHER WITHIN THE BOUNDS OF STRICT ORTHODOXY."

SERVICES ON SHIPBOARD.

As the army service of my regiment was along the Atlantic coast from Virginia to Florida, we were frequently in transports while moving from one point to another. This gave an opportunity for religious services on shipboard, which were welcome and impressive to both officers and men. When we moved from St. Helena Island to North Edisto Inlet, expecting to take an active part in an immediate attack on Charleston, we were crowded together, on the steamer Cahawba, more than 1,100 strong, from our regiment and the 56th N. Y. In the evening I led a prayer-meeting, and made an address, on the crowded deck, where all felt that this might be their last night on earth. No one objected to being prayed for then. All hearts were open to loving counsel at such a time. Some of those who are still living will never forget that service of prayer and song under the starlit sky.

While at Seabrook Island I was asked by Commander George W. Rodgers, of the navy, to conduct a prayer-meeting for his men on the monitor Catskill, in the pilot-house of which he was killed, soon after this, by a shot from Fort Sumter. This service was a novel experience. An iron monitor was a suffocating place to be in, below the deck. The quarters were close and cramped at the best. But the sailors of the navy were bluff, hearty, and reverent. They listened with attention. They joined in singing familiar hymns with a zest that would have gladdened a Methodist congregation in revival time. Their commander was with them at this service; and their manner showed that they recognized the presence of their Great Commander.

PRISON EXPERIENCES.

Taken prisoner, under peculiar circumstances, at Morris Island, I was in new conditions as a Chaplain for several months in Charleston, Columbia, and Richmond. While ministering to our wounded soldiers in the prison hospital at Charleston, I worked side by side with the Sisters of Mercy, and our Christian cooperation in beneficent efforts was every way pleasant. When I found a Catholic soldier, I was glad to call their attention to him, and they, on the other hand, would frequently come to me, saying, "Chaplain, here is a Protestant soldier who would like your ministry." Bishop Lynch, of Charleston, was frequently in the prison hospital directing and aiding the Sisters, and I valued his kind services. Later, he visited Columbia Jail to see several of our Union officers who were of his communion; and whenever I met him, then or after the war, I had reason to recognize and appreciate his kind Christian courtesy.

It was easy to conduct religious services in the rooms where I was a prisoner with other officers, in Richland Jail, Columbia, and there I led in prayer every evening, and conducted a service with preaching every Sunday. As a friend outside suggested to me, there was this advantage in preaching in prison, I was "sure of my audience." All must attend, and none could leave before the service was over. But compulsory attendance does not in itself secure profitable religious services. In Columbia Jail there were, in other rooms and in adjacent buildings, enlisted men of both army and navy who could not be reached from the officers' rooms. I therefore asked permission of the Confederate authorities to hold a Sunday service for their benefit in the jail yard. Consent was given, on condition that I would not refer, either in prayers or remarks, to matters in contest in the war. Of course, I acceded to this requirement, for of our men's loyalty and patriotism I had no doubt or fear; and thenceforward I held weekly services there as well as inside.

The first Sunday I preached to my new congregation in the jail yard, I stood on the jail steps while the post commandant stood back of me, and one of his soldiers stood, with a fixed bayonet, at my left hand on the steps, to punctuate a sentence in case I should touch on forbidden topics. If anything could keep a preacher within the bounds of strict orthodoxy in his pulpit utterances, it would be such formidable heresy-hunters as these at such a time. But I was found to be safe so far, and soon the members of the Confederate guard who were not just then on duty, as well as friends of the commandant from outside, were attentive and interested listeners to this preaching of a prisoner to the prisoners.

JOINT PROTESTANT AND CATHOLIC SERVICES.

After my release from prison, I took passage on the steamer Arago, then in the Government service, from New York to Port Royal. I found on board a priest who was going as an Army Chaplain, deputed by Archbishop Hughes, at the request of Bishop Lynch, to minister not only to our soldiers, but to such Catholics of the diocese of Charleston as were then within our lines. Having had no experience as an Army Chaplain, he was glad to talk over matters connected with his new field of service, and we cordially coworked for the common cause.

The day after our start from New York was Sunday. There were on board some 300 soldier passengers from various commands, returning to duty. I suggested to my fellow-Chaplain that we ought to have some religious service on board, and that we might arrange to conduct it together. He feared that such a service would not be approved by the commander of the vessel. I said that I knew Capt. Gadsen very well, and was sure he would welcome our work. Accordingly I went to the commander and obtained his hearty consent. At this I told the other Chaplain that he might conduct the service, and I would make the address, or vice versa, as he should prefer. He replied that, if I would conduct the service, he would make the address.

When notice was given throughout the vessel that there would be a religious service on deck at noon, conducted by the Catholic and Protestant Chaplains together, all were interested, and all wanted to be present. That harmonious and joint service was a fresh illustration of the truth that where the spirit of Christ is there is liberty.

PASTORAL WORK AT ST. AUGUSTINE.

Rejoining my regiment at St. Augustine, I had other experiences as a Chaplain and with places of gatherings for a Chaplain's congregation. Every Protestant clergyman had left town when the Confederates evacuated it. Only the Catholic priest, a lovely-spirited Christian pastor, was still at his post. As my quarters were near the Catholic Church—just across the plaza—I saw him frequently, and enjoyed Christian counsel with him. Protestant residents were glad to attend the Army Chaplain's services, if they attended any. The convalescent camp of the Department of the South, then at St. Augustine, furnished a large contingent of officers, in addition to the regiments on duty there. There was, therefore, quite a congregation, and quite a pastoral field for the single Army Chaplain on duty there at that time.

We held regular services, at one time in the Presbyterian Church, and at another time in the Episcopal Church. I conducted a service with preaching in the forenoon; a Sunday school in the afternoon; a prayer-meeting in the evening, on Sundays; and on Wednesday evening we had a mid-week prayer-meeting. This was in addition to special services in the hospitals, in the military barracks, and in the meeting-places of the colored people.

These occasional brief services at various places were an important part of a Chaplain's public work, aside from his personal interviews, including prayer and counsel, with the men, in his tent or in theirs, on hospital cots, or on the field when disabled or dying. I had taken with me from the North a then newly arranged collection of Bible texts, in the form of a wall roll for display in a hospital or a sick-room, known as the "Silent Comforter." The texts were classified under appropriate heads for every day in the month, on 31 pages, the pages being turned to sight day by day. The texts, being printed in large type, could be read at quite a distance by the men on their cots. The timely and well-chosen words would perhaps strike the eye of a weary and homesick soldier as he looked toward them from his bed of pain, bringing memories of a comforting truth he had been familiar with in a Christian home, or, again, it would come home to his heart as a new and needed truth.

A copy of this "Silent Comforter" I had suspended in our chapel-tent, and in my own tent, and in each ward of our army hospital at New Berne. Its texts for the day gave a suggestion for familiar words to the inmates of the hospital when I came to pray with them; and again they furnished a theme for our mid-week prayer-meetings. It often seemed as if the words for the hour had been meant of God for us, in the circumstances in which we found ourselves that very day. They did not grow commonplace and meaningless from frequent use. A copy of that "Silent Comforter" hangs on my library walls today, its pages having been turned day by day for more than 35 years without its words growing stale through much repetition. On the contrary, they have gained added preciousness because of their varied memories and sacred associations, and they speak things new and old continually to all who look at them.

In addition to a similar use of the "Silent Comforter" in St. Augustine as in New Berne, a copy of it was suspended in the military guard-house of the Provost-Marshal, at the old Government quarters west of the plaza. There it was made use of in the Chaplain's visits to those who were in confinement because of offenses against military discipline. There, as elsewhere, it showed that every heart is human, and that God's truth comes home to every human heart. Memories of hours of religious service, and of conversation in connection with them, in that St. Augustine guard-house, are dear to the Chaplain's heart, to the present day, because of the soldiers who were there manifestly reached for good.

Both Sundays and week-days we had services for a time in the old Catholic chapel of Fort Marion, formerly the "Fortress San Marco," on the sea front of St. Augustine, at the upper end of the town.

A QUAINT AND SOLEMN MEETING PLACE.

This fort, of coquina rock, or shell marl, a conglomerate of small sea shells and sand, abundant in the vicinity, was built by the Spanish. Begun more than two centuries ago, it was a hundred years in building, and while in the possession of the English for 20 years, after 1763, it was said to be the "prettiest fort in the King's dominions." When bombarded by the English General, Oglethorpe, in 1741, it stood the bombardment like modern earthworks. The solid shot embedded themselves in the coquina rock as in a sponge, so that the material was strengthened instead of being fractured, in the progress of the siege.

This fort, with its castellated battlements, its formidable bastions, its lofty and imposing sallyport still surmounted by the royal arms of Spain; its porteullis, moat, and drawbridge; its round and ornate coquina sentry-boxes, at each principal parapet angle; its commanding lookout tower, and its stained and moss-grown massive walls, impressed an observer as a relic of the long-gone past. Its frowning guns, and its guard of veteran soldiers, combined to make it, at that time, a representative beleagured fortress.

Its heavy casemates, its gloomy vaults, its dark passages, and its then recently-discovered dungeon (where, according to popular report, were found skeletons chained to rusty ring-bolts); the dark tally-lists on the moldering walls, speaking of weary prisoners in other dreary days—all were calculated to awe or solemnize an imaginative mind. The old Catholic chapel was in the central casemate, directly opposite the sallyport. It had an elaborate entrance or portico, a niche for a holywater receptacle, and an altar fixed against the opposite wall.

This chapel was a quaint and solemn place for a religious service. Our Catholic soldiers valued its hallowed associations, and our Protestant soldiers were glad to be there. Memories of our gatherings in that place, and of personal interviews between Chaplain and soldiers there and elsewhere in that fort are among the most intense and vidid impressions of war time with survivors of that army congregation.

SERVICES BY THE WAYSIDE.

When our regiment went to Virginia, in the Spring of 1864, to have a part in Gen. Grant's campaign there, fresh experiences were once more the order of the day. At first the army movements were so rapid that there was no opportunity to secure chapel-tents from the base of supplies, or to build chapel-booths at the front. The only way to gather the men for worship was on the open field where we bivouacked—by the roadside as we halted on a march, or in a shady ravine within reach, if we had a few hours of rest in a wooded region.

For instance, after several days of fighting and of moving from point to point along the lines before Bermuda Hundreds, we found a few hours of rest in which to have an open-air prayer-meeting on the evening of a Sunday in May. It was a delightful service, all the more so because of its contrast with our fierce activities, between which it was a lull. No drum or bugle call was then permissible to summon our gathering, so near the enemy. A blazing brush-heap was the rallying-point, and the singing of a familiar hymn served for a "church call." Officers and men assembled quietly. Some threw themselves on the ground to listen; some stood in the firelight, or back in the shade. God's words were read by the burning pile. They were heard with interest by brave-hearted and tender soldiers. The prayers were free, simple, earnest, and trustful. The songs of praise were full of tenderness and melody. Spoken words at such a time were from heart to heart. The roughest of the men were chastened and subdued. All were reverent and thoughtful. There were thoughts of home and of praying loved ones. There were thoughts of duty and of danger in the present, and of consequences in the future, near and remote. No audience could be a more sympathetic and hopeful one than such a gathering of soldiers by an evening camp-fire, in the face of the stern realities which then confronted us.

At the close of that meeting, a young soldier from a New York regiment, who happened to be present, came to tell me of his longing to be at peace with God, even if he must be at war with men. He was an only son from a Massachusetts home. He had been religiously brought up, but had wandered far from the right. The evening's summons had reached his heart. He longed to be back at his Master's feet. It was good to help that dear soldier into light and peace. That evening wayside gathering for prayer and counsel was a specimen of many in a Chaplain's army life.

When, however, Gen. Grant's headquarters were fixed at City Point, and the siege of Petersburg and Richmond was fairly entered on, there were possibilities to veteran soldiers in the way of cabin and chapel building not before attained by us in camp or in campaigning. Perhaps the greatest hight of field-chapel construction was reached by a regiment of New York Engineers, in front of Petersburg, in a beautiful rustic chapel built of pine logs and poles with the bark on. It was in pointed Gothic style, with a graceful spire of the same material as the building itself, and was a most attractive and picturesque structure. Yet while this was the summit of such work, there were many other rustic chapels built along the lines, which would not have been deemed possible during the first year of the war.

Near the New Market Road, a few miles below Richmond, in the Winter of 1864-'65, where our regiment had its camp from

(Continued on sixth page.)

Deal Now and Win Double.

The New Contest—$15,000 up—300 Cash Prizes.

MISS JOSIE CAMP.
See biographical sketch on 8th page.

COMPARATIVELY few will make deals and guesses before Nov. 1. All the better for those who are enterprising enough to do so.

Just as well to make a deal now as later. Order $20 worth of coupons (the Bargain) for each $10 sent. You have all the time until next April for disposal of the coupons. Our coupons represent good value.

Just as good guesses can be made now as later. Study the Treasury Receipts, printed below. Make guesses by the easy method, if there is lack of time for writing all out. The larger proportion of prizes in last contest were won by this method.

See News From Winners on eighth page.

Guess the receipts of the U. S. Treasury for **Monday, December 29, 1902.** Send in guesses to arrive in Washington on or before December 28, 1902.

Regular Prizes.

The first prize will be won by the nearest guess. The second prize and up to the 300th by the next nearest guesses, in the order named.

1st prize	**$1,000**
2d "	**500**
3d "	**400**
4th "	**200**
5th "	**100**
6th "	**100**
7th "	**100**
8th "	**100**
9th "	**100**
10th "	**100**
11th "	**100**
12th "	**100**
14th to 50th prizes, each	**50**
51st to 100th " "	**25**
101st to 300th " "	**20**

Bulls-Eye Prize $5,000.

This prize of $5,000 will be awarded for the exact guess.

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.

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. A good plan is to buy coupons. No one can make guesses, however, unless he sends to the paper at least $2 during the term of this contest—that is, during October, November and December. 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

"Close" Guessing.

Following were the Treasury Receipts for Mondays of December last year:

Monday, Dec. 2	2,540,017.31
Monday, Dec. 9	2,370,706.[illegible]
Monday, Dec. 16	1,951,685.[illegible]
Monday, Dec. 23	2,159,015.[illegible]0
Monday, Dec. 30	2,397,71[illegible].09

Will they be greater, or less, or about the same, this year, for Monday, December 29? You can guess it as close as anybody else. Having a number of guesses, you can make some higher, some lower, and some about the same, and thus feel confident of a prize.

Doubled Prizes.

All prizes (except Bulls-eye) won by guesses made in October will be doubled. This means that the money deal must be made and the guesses must be received by us on or before the last day of October. This requires quick work, and that is the object of this special offer. We desire to set things going at once.

The Bargain.

For every $10 sent in this contest we will give $20 worth of coupons of any kind selected, provided half of them, at least, are advertising coupons. The buyer can take all advertising coupons, if he prefers. A club of 10, at $1 each, will be entitled to $10 worth of advertising free. A buyer of $10 worth of books gets the same. See Subscribers' Advertising Columns on another page. You will see how subscribers are already using these columns.

Easy Method of Guessing.

It is better for a contestant to write every guess himself or have them written by some fair penman, and keep a copy of the same. Use letter or foolscap size paper and fill each page with guesses. Write on one side of paper only. Sign name and address on each page. But for one who has not the time to spare or is disabled and has no one to do the writing we will write out the guesses, provided the number of guesses amount to at least 1,024, and provided further that he makes one guess, the central guess, so to speak, and then states how many guesses he wishes above the central guess and how many below it, and being sure to state what difference to allow between the guesses.

Write a letter something like this:

National Tribune, Washington, D. C.:

Sirs: My deal or deals entitle me to 1,024 guesses at the Treasury receipts for Dec. 29, 1902. I make the following as my central guess: $2,331,163.23. I wish to make 512 guesses above the central guess and 511 below it, the difference between each guess to be $100.

Name .....,
Date...., P. O....., State.....

Note.—Please understand the above form is a mere example. If entitled to more than 1,024 guesses, increase the number of guesses above and below the central accordingly. The central guess in above form was selected at random. It should not be regarded as a guide. The difference between guesses can be any amount from one cent to $1,000 or more.

In the recent contest the larger proportion of winnings were secured by this method.

Using Old Guesses.

We have carefully preserved the guesses both of the June and September contest, and when a contestant makes a new deal he can order them used in the present contest, if he so desires.

If a contestant desires the guesses returned to him for revision, he should write us a request and acknowledgment in the following form:

National Tribune,
Washington, D. C.

Inclosed find —— cents postage for the return of the guesses I made in the contest for June 30, or for Sept. 15. I acknowledge there were no winners among my guesses, except as reported in your issue of July 10.

Yours, etc.,
Name, ...
P. O., ..., State, ...
Date, ...

We will then return the guesses and file this letter in place of the guesses. We are sorry to be so particular with old friends. We must sustain our system, particularly since the prizes have become large and important. We do not propose to place ourselves in a position where we have no defense, if our fairness is ever called in question.

Monday's Treasury Receipts.

Following will be found the Treasury Receipts of Mondays for this year. This will give contestants the information that is often asked for.

The figures printed in black type were guessed at by our contestants, each representing the date of contest. So far as we can learn there is nothing expected in December that will cause the figures to be abnormal, either higher or lower than usual.

As explained before, we select a Monday's receipts because it is simply impossible for anyone to have the least idea what they will be. As a matter of fact, the receipts reported for Mondays are in unopened packages and letters in the express offices and postoffice over Sunday. As soon as delivered at the Treasury Monday morning the contents of letters and packages are added up and the sum is the receipts for the day. It is simply impossible for anyone to know what sums are contained in the hundreds of letters and packages before they are received and opened Monday morning.

Monday, Jan. 6	2,270,372.55
Monday, Jan. 13	2,627,960.59
Monday, Jan. 20	2,280,012.08
Monday, Jan. 27	1,970,945.20
Monday, Feb. 3	2,135,297.40
Monday, Feb. 10	2,148,329.50
Monday, Feb. 17	**2,643,591.73**
Monday, Feb. 24	2,793,300.79
Monday, Mch. 3	1,965,436.41
Monday, Mch. 10	2,369,923.97
Monday, Mch. 17	1,994,883.64
Monday, Mch. 24	2,060,694.79
Monday, Mch. 31	**2,307,405.20**
Monday, Apr. 7	2,966,315.66
Monday, Apr. 14	2,158,727.39
Monday, Apr. 21	2,258,579.33
Monday, Apr. 28	2,291,471.37
Monday, May 5	2,733,065.69
Monday, May 12	2,097,093.72
Monday, May 19	2,411,011.15
Monday, May 26	2,342,011.17
Monday, June 2	1,452,064.06
Monday, June 9	2,793,901.79
Monday, June 16	1,945,703.58
Monday, June 23	2,094,044.54
Monday, June 30	**3,851,202.61**
Monday, July 7	1,773,958.40
Monday, July 14	2,281,687.42
Monday, July 21	1,983,419.05
Monday, July 28	1,820,761.96
Monday, Aug. 4	2,205,449.24
Monday, Aug. 11	1,869,893.86
Monday, Aug. 18	2,095,799.37
Monday, Aug. 25	2,341,816.05
Monday, Sept. 1, Labor Day, holiday, no Treasury receipts.	
Monday, Sept. 8	2,328,742.12
Monday, Sept. 15	**2,360,503.02**
Monday, Sept. 22	1,907,994.68
Monday, Sept. 29	2,373,122.84
Monday, Oct. 6	1,803,604.22
Monday, Oct. 13	1,802,744.02
Monday, Oct. 20	2,340,684.53

Credit Deal.

If undecided what to order, send $10, $20, or any amount desired, and make 1,024 guesses for each $10 sent. We will place the amount to your credit and you can have books, pictures, advertising, subscriptions, or coupons for the same at any time in the future. For every $10 deal in this contest you can have $20 worth of coupons, provided half of them, at least, are advertising coupons.

Advertising.

The best value we offer is advertising. Only 5 cents a word. The advertisement will be read by a quarter million of people. If you have anything for sale, or desire to buy something at a bargain, advertise. We hope to find that thousands of our readers will learn to profitably employ our advertising columns. Almost every man has many things about his place or in his house that are useless to him. They would be useful to others. Say what they are in a few words or lines of advertising. When inquiries come describe them more fully, place a price on them, and turn them into cash.

Refer to Subscribers' Advertising Columns on another page and see what others are doing.

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 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.

OUR COUPONS.

[One-Dollar Subscription Coupon.]

....., 1902.

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

The National Tribune Co.

[This is a sample only. Not good for subscriptions.]

Subscriber's Name .....,
Not valid after April 1, 1903. P. O. ....., State .....

[One-Dollar Advertising Coupon.]

....., 1902.

Good for 20 words advertising in The National Tribune.

The National Tribune Co.

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

Advertiser's Name .....,
Not valid after April 1, 1903. 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.)

The National Tribune Co.

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

Book Purchaser's Name .....
Not valid after April 1, 1903. P. O. ....., State .....