VERY GOOD PLAN.
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National Tribune.

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Can you use $1,000, $500, $400, $100, or some other of the 300 Cash prizes to be awarded in about two weeks? Costs nothing, absolutely nothing, to try for a prize.

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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, DECEMBER 11, 1902.—TEN PAGES. VOL. XXII—NO. 10.—WHOLE NO. 1113.

A Story of Love and Adventure in the Cavalry Campaigns.

By B. K. BENSON,

Author of "Who Goes There?" "A Friend With the Countersign," etc.

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CHAPTER VI.

STEEL TO MAGNET.

"For valor, is not love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as sphinx; as sweet and musical,
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
And when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony."—Shakspere.

It goes without saying that in the retreat of McDowell's army the young insurgent, Daniel Morgan, had not failed to provide himself with weapons. What with a heavy saber dropped by a wounded Confederate, a breech-loading carbine thrown away by another, and a saddle swapped for with a Federal dead horse, Dan was armed and equipped as the law directs in the case of soldiers, for over and above his deliberate acquisitions he had found in his holsters a pair of powerful navies.

Carter's company advanced beyond Centerville, and was then recalled to Sudley, where the wearied men passed the remainder of the night.

On the next morning Capt. Carter was delighted to make his Orderly-Sergeant enroll Morgan as a private in the company; then he said:

"Are you very tired, Morgan?"

"No, Captain; I have had a good rest."

"But nobody did any harder service yesterday than you and Lewis; you two fellows were almost broken down when you joined us; yesterday must have been hard on you."

"If anything is wanted, Captain, I am willing to serve."

"I want a man to make a report to Col. Stuart, who has gone back to Gen. Johnston's headquarters."

"Where shall I find headquarters?"

"I don't exactly know; that is why I select you; think that you have a way of finding people."

"Can't you tell me how to start, Captain?"

"Oh, yes; ride toward Manassas."

"All right, sir; give me the report."

"It is verbal only. Tell Col. Stuart that we are in bivouac near Sudley Church. If he has orders for us, hurry back; if not, take your time."

Morgan rode back over the battleground in the rain. The field was strewn with arms and accoutrements abondoned by the Federals. He met groups of men; he overtook men; the few responses he received to inquiry were to the effect that Johnston's headquarters were at the Junction. Toward Manassas Junction, therefore, Morgan continued his ride, and when within sight of the few buildings which then marked the spot, he saw a mounted man coming toward him; though yet far off, he knew that this was Stuart himself, with his flowing brown beard, his thick-set figure, and his long legs—a lordly rider was Stuart on his great black horse.

Morgan halted, and touched his hat. Col. Stuart responded to the salute, but did not pause.

"Colonel!"

"What is it, sir?"

"I have a message from Capt. Carter."

"Give it to me."

"It is verbal, sir," said Morgan, and repeated the message.

"All right, sir; I am going now to Centerville. Tell Capt. Carter to allow his men to rest for the remainder of the day, unless he receives further orders. What's you name, my lad?"

"Morgan, sir; Dan Morgan."

"I saw you yesterday when you rode up to us. Where had you been?"

"I was just coming from home, Colonel; I enlisted yesterday—or rather this morning."

Stuart laughed. "Good luck to you, Dan Morgan!"

The Colonel saluted again, and rode on, with Morgan riding but a few yards behind; but their routes soon separated—Stuart went northward, and Dan rode west, over the battle-ground for the second time that day. The dead were being buried. Near the Henry House Morgan saw men at work collecting scattered material. Dan rode on. He had got almost to Young's Branch when he saw, just on the other side of it, a man burdened with many muskets—that is to say, the muskets would have burdened an ordinary man, but this musket-bearer was walking almost erect, although his long arms would scarcely meet around the many weapons on his back; Dan watched him, for admiration of physical strength is very common to weak humanity even, and Dan himself was a strong man. The man came on; he was descending into the road from the field—a descent of a pretty sharp angle, just here, and very wet; his foot slipped and down he went, muskets and all, with a clatter that caused a great laugh from persons of unsound mind who were sauntering near by. Dan did not laugh; he feared the man had been hurt; he dismounted and offered help.

"Yes," said the man, "I believe my ankle is sprained."

Dan took off the sufferer's shoe and looked at the limb, and felt it, causing pain.

"Where do you belong?" asks Dan.

"Longstreet's Brigade—11th Va.," was the reply.*

"What's your name?"

"Armstrong."

"Mine's Morgan," and for the time this hypocrite said no more, but he very tenderly got Charley into the saddle and led him away to the Regimental Surgeon, who ordered Armstrong to bed at once.

Dan was compelled to leave this new friend in order to carry his Colonel's orders, but in the afternoon he rode over to the hospital.

"How are you getting on now, Armstrong?"

"Foot hurts like blazes. Doctor says I can't walk for two weeks."

"Ought to give you a furlough."

"Believe I'll try him. I don't live very far from here."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the hypocrite; "where do you live?"

"Just over in Loudoun."

"Indeed! Why, do you know I came through Loudoun only night before last! And I stopped to supper with a Mr.—Mr.—why, a Mr. Armstrong! I wonder if that is not your father. Are you Charley Armstrong?"

"I was before I got hurt. You say you saw my folks? How are they all?"

"All well. They read me your letter. They read me your last letter, and that made me hurry up; you see I was coming to join Stuart; hadn't enlisted at the time"

"Get here in time for the fight?"

"A little of it."

"We were not engaged. We were under fire, though, most all day. I'm glad you saw the folks."

"They were very kind to us," says Dan.

"Who else was with you?"

"A friend of mine—Joe Lewis—same company. * * * Say, Armstrong, I'm going to see the Surgeon," and he went and came back again.

"What luck?" asks Armstrong.

"Pretty good, I think—leave of absence for 15 days!"

"WHEN HE DREW BACK THE STEEL WAS RED."

"Hurrah!" shouts Charley, but his countenance fell.

"What's the matter now?" asks Dan.

"I don't believe I can stand it yet."

"Well, you'll need to ride only nine miles, you know. The train will take you to Rectortown. Doctor says he'll see to it that your furlough is approved at once."

The conclusion of this matter was that Dan rode back to his company, and then rode west, passing through Aldie again. He was carrying a note to Mr. Armstrong—you know that a man can never do too much for Mr. Armstrong.

Dan arrived at breakfast time; to get his Captain's permission and to make his preparation, and then to make his ride, had consumed the night, and, as he had been ordered to report at Fairfax Court-House in 48 hours, he hadn't much time to waste—nobody ever does have time to waste when he goes to see Mr. Armstrong.

Dan delivered his letter. Lucy was smiles and tears, Mrs. Armstrong very grave, for there was some fear that Charley was putting his best foot foremost, and not telling the worst. Dan, however, violently sustained his friend; the injury was but slight; Charley would be fit for duty in two weeks. Breakfast was dispatched hurriedly, for at 10 o'clock Mr. Armstrong and our hypocrite must meet Charley at the station.

The old family carriage was brought out, and an extra saddle horse for Dan, who had insisted on riding so that Lucy could meet her brother, Morgan's mare being granted a rest for the day.

The gloomiest soul in the house that night was Morgan. Charley lay on a lounge with his foot propped up on a pillow—now glad that he was hurt. Lucy's tears had gone, and Mrs. Armstrong's nervousness had developed into a most alarming commotion—its purpose, the good of everybody. Charley and his father were deep in the current of war, occasionally venturing into the sea of politics. Lucy and Dan were bending over a board, engaged in two wars.

"Mr. Morgan, I cannot play at all if you insist on my not talking."

"Insist? I wouldn't dare to insist."

"That makes it so much the worse. I know you want me to be still, and yet won't say so."

"Castle."

"You can't castle; you'd be moving your king across check—don't you see, Mr. Morgan?—ha—ha!"

"I'm afraid, Miss Lucy, that you've laid me out."

"I know it."

"Suppose we call it a draw game and try another."

"No, sir! I'm going to checkmate you in three moves."

"Sure? Have some pity on a poor fellow"

"No pity. You'll see."

"How did I ever get myself into such a scrape?"

"Fortune of war!"

"The doom of the lost! 'Fools rush in—'"

"Oh, no; 'tis better to have played and lost than never to have played at all."

Dan looked up boldly into a pair of blue eyes. "I propose to surrender on good terms."

"No terms—unconditional."

"Be merciful. Don't abuse your power."

"Mr. Morgan, if you had only moved your king just one little spot you would have had me."

"What! Show me! Let me move that king."

"I'll give you one more chance," said Lucy; "but don't you find it very warm? I know you men must suffer dreadfully on a march with such thick clothing."

* * * * * *

Out of the west came the scent of clover; on the left, far away—somewhere up the side of Catoctin—twinkled a lonely light, and sounds came from the flinty road, where belated passengers toiled homeward to rest and peace. Peace?

Yet the hour was perfect. The moon hung motionless above Bull Run Mountain.

* * * * * *

Lucy spoke of earlier days, and of gentle friends, but most of her mother, whose anxious love was torture on Charles's account. She thanked Dan for his goodness to her brother; and that miserable sinner allowed her to say this thing, and smothered the truth in guilty conscience, fearing to confess. The place and time had brought heaven down to earth.

CHAPTER VII.

A SKIRMISH AT POHICK.

"Hark! heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note?
Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath?
Saw you not whom the reeking saber smote?"—Byron.

Dan had tossed and tumbled from 10 o'clock till 2; then rose and made his way downstairs and out to the stable, where he found Squire already saddling Kate.

"Mighty mean time o' night to be a-tuhnin' out, Mahs Dan," the old man grumbled.

"Needs must when the devil drives," says Morgan.

"Must be de debble fo' true; leastways hit ain't no good man. De good book say he dess lak a ro'in' lion try'n' to ketch somebody. Dis is de onhorridest time you kin pick, wi' dem Yankee sojehs a-tearin' back down dis a-way—I hope you won't collash wid any uv 'em to-night, sah."

"Who's been telling you that the Yankees are coming?"

"I heebd it down to de quauteh† f'om dat dam long-legged Jim. He be'n out mos' all night, a-sloshin' roun' loose, dess lak pot-lickeh in a po' dawg. How fuh you got to go, Mahs Dan?"

"To Fairfax."

"De Je-e-e-e—susgawd! Hit'll tek you mighty nigh tell tomorrow, sah; I ain't nuvveh be'n dah but oncet, but I know hit tuck me a mighty long time to git dah, an' den hit tuck me a mighty long time to git back ag'in—dat it did; an' dis ole niggeh mighty po'ly den an' he mighty po'ly now—thanky, sah; you is a gent'man, Mahs Dan"—pocketing the coin and leading Kate out through the stable door.

The young rebel knew quite well that long-legged Jim, with his tales about a fresh advance of the Federals, was but giving some distorted repetition of what had already been rumored, namely, that Bull Run had aroused the North to prepare for a war of long duration; and he rode to Fairfax Court-House without let or hindrance, or even fear of any foe, the Union army being at the time within the intrenchments of the Capital, awaiting the arrival of reinforcements and the organizing skill of one whom his friends proudly called "The Young Napoleon of the West."

When McClellan came, he sat to work. Somehow he managed to bring together from all parts of the world a very large number of people—mostly on foot, though a few were on horses, and one of these is an old though slight acquaintance.

On the 18th of August, Capt. Boyd, of Co. C, 1st N. Y. Cav., with about half of his own company and a few gentlemen volunteers who needed exercise, left Camp Elizabeth, near Alexandria, and rode southward. It was just about 10 o'clock, and the sun was hot, so the little column of patriot soldiers was not urged to great speed, the Captain knowing the disadvantage of wearing out his men before their best work was needed. By the side of Lieut. Hanson, who rode near the center of the column, was a young man of middle size, very muscular, big bushy head, dark, erect, solid. The Lieutenant, judging from the laughing conversation kept up by the two, was on very intimate terms with this private, who—at the moment not subject to strict military etiquet as they rode along somewhat at ease—might have been heard now and then to address the officer by name rather than by title. The conversation in all the little troop bore strongly on the defeat of our army at Bull Run, the men being especially attentive to the words of the one man of the company who had seen that battle.

"Say, Junior, why didn't you get to the Junction?" asked Lieut. Hanson, laughing aloud.

Junior laughed also. "Because our men didn't have legs enough!"

"You mean to say arms! I think you showed your legs!"

At this time neither of the speakers knew that the battle was no discredit to the soldiership of the body of Union troops that was eventually routed; they did not know that the casualties on the Confederate side had been greater than those of the Federals; they did not know that the slight disparity of the forces actually engaged had been in favor of the Southerners, and they were greatly ashamed of the result, attributing it entirely to superior generalship on the part of the victors. We know, now, that our defeat was a great accident, and no cause for humiliation; they outnumbered us by three hundred and seventy odd men—and it is clear that no one can contend against so many. Then, too, the records show that we hit nearly four hundred more than our own casualties counted; as to the entire losses, including the missing, it is as plain as moonshine that the rebels would not let us get near enough to catch any of them.

"Is it true that you got to Long Bridge before day?"

"I certainly did; what else could I do? There was nothing to eat in Virginia."

"Plenty at the Junction! Ha! ha!"

"Yes, that may be true; but it was farther to Manassas than to Washington!"

"They say that that Colonel you were serving outstripped you by five miles!"

"Well, that part of it's not true, Will; though if he had, you couldn't blame him. It was none of his business to wait for me."

"What's ever become of him?"

"Gone West, I hear. Do you know, I never saw him before that day?"

"And never since?"

"No. I merely wanted to see the fun, just as many other greenhorns."

"And you saw it? Ha—ha—ha!"

Junior gave no evidence of great sensitiveness, standing with admirable good-nature the gay chaffing of his companion.

"You didn't hurt that animal of yours, I hope," said the Lieutenant soberly, seeing that his banter made no impression.

"No. He carried me all day and all night, and was as sound as a drum. Fact. Will; I didn't have a chance to give him a mouthful before I got back to Fairfax."

Junior's horse is worthy of description. Of perfect proportions—formed for speed and endurance—a deep chestnut except head and neck, which glistened black with every proud motion, he was a horse to be remarked in a thousand, while in his forehead a white star, which his master believed him proud of, gave him rank and character. Junior knew that not only Will Hanson, but even his Captain coveted Scott.

"Py cholly," said a wheezy yet gruff voice at Junior's left elbow, "dis tam heat twice times gif me der packache und das front ache. Der man das orders dis egspedition petter go likevise himselluf, dis morgen."

"Talking to me?" asked Junior.

"Mein freut, I talkin' mit die voods, und mit die pirds of die air, und mit die fish in die deep sea, und everydings die glory of Gott bespraken in dis hot Summer, but you get nodings out of it, py cholly, except der tam repel runaraces, first pefore you und den pehind you; but if effer dis chicken come ou to save dis tam Union some more, den der Union und die tam niggers he can both go to a blace ten times more hot as dis, if dere is any sooch blace—now you got it, py cholly!"

A general laugh arose; the Captain turned in his saddle and looked back, but said nothing. The column was only two miles south of town, and until it should pass Mount Vernon there could be no possible need of vigilance.

"Give it to 'em, Sol!" "Go it, old boy!" "Whoop 'em up, Dutchy!" "Hit him ag'in, Keiser!"

"But don't you dink dat for anydings I not oonterstand your blain English—me. Vat you mean by dis tam 'Go it Deutsch' I know fery vell. But wen it comes to die pattle, den you vill say, 'Go it Deutsch' again. Tay your tam picket skirmish vore I kill a man, und you kill a man, und der tam rep he kill a man: vat goot vill dat do? I bause mit a reply, py cholly! How you dis tam drouble vill end mit picket skirmish? Das is not var; das is vat I call butchery, py cholly! Vy not vait till die time comes und vight it out like men? Dat tam Beau'gar' mit Shtuart und all all die reps, he can haf all der picket skirmish he vants, but none for dis chicken any more; you yoost listen to my shmoke!"

Solomon's tall bay horse didn't seem to mind the weight of his fat rider very much, for, although fat, Keiser was short, and tipped the beam at a few pounds less than a hundred and sixty; moreover, he prided himself on his horsemanship. His round red face wore a good-humored expression, even while he was uttering complaint against the universe.

The column moved to the right of Mount Vernon, taking the road to Accotink.

"Now, Sol," said Williams, "what do you think of this change of direction?"

"Nodings is worth vat I dinks, und you dinks vat is worth yoost dwice nodings; but vat Chef Tavis dinks is dat he vould at Pull Run dis var bring to an end in behalf of der tam Sudden Gonvederacy, py cholly, but wen he gives us a shance, py cholly, ve vill show him tam quick vere his mistaken is."

The command moved on rapidly to Accotink, where a short halt was made. Capt. Boyd and Lieut. Gibson entered the house of a prominent resident; the door closed behind them.

A man left the back of the house which the officers had entered. He ran secretly through the woods, found a roan mare tethered, mounted, and rode fast toward Pohick Church. None of the Unionists had seen him.

Capt. Boyd and his companion came out of the house.

The column again began to march, now southeast—toward Pohick Church.

From Accotink to Pohick Church the distance is two miles.

The column was halted halfway between Accotink and Pohick. The first files of the troop were ordered to ride a hundred yards in the advance, and the column moved on for half a mile. The road was quite narrow, causing difficulty in the march. Solomon was grumbling afresh, but in low tones; silence had been ordered. "Ve now is encaged in ofergoming der Sudden Gonvederacy in dies voods, py cholly; und pefore night ve vill put to rond Chef Tavis und all der rens, I dinks not—vas you dinks dis morgen?"

"Speaking to me?" asked Junior.

"Silence!" said Lieut. Hanson, keeping his face to the front, where there seemed at this instant to be some confusion. An instant later the advance-guard was back upon the main body—having retired in greater haste than order. Junior could not see or hear what was going on at the head of the column; but whatever the condition which existed there, it lasted for a moment only, the next moment the narrow road being all a scramble with groups turning in flight, the front now becoming the rear and pushing the left back on the road whether or no. Junior's file was forced to flee as the others. Many men were cursing—a few laughing; nobody in the center and left knew what the stampede meant.

Some hundreds of yards back up the road Capt. Boyd succeeded in restoring order. Then he spoke a few words to his men; he told them that there were about 20 rebels now in their front; that his advance, coming suddenly upon them and not being able to know how large a force they were about to run into, had refused to risk capture, and had ridden back to report. He said that Co. C would advance again, and he put himself at the head of the re-formed column and rode straight down the narrow way.

Junior heard loud voices in his front, and then heard the command "Charge!" and the next instant arose a cheer, and Scott was bounding forward. Before him now was wider road—in his ears was the sound of shots—to right and left were horsemen scattering in flight.

"Who goes mit Solomon?" rang in Junior's ears as he darted after the Ger-

(Continued on ninth page.)

*From Report of Brig.-Gen. Longstreet: "About noon of the 22d, Col. Garland was ordered with his regiment (11th Va.) to the late battle-ground to collect and preserve the property, etc., that had been abandoned in that direction."

†On a plantation the rows of cabins for the slaves had the name of "The Quarter."

What More Can Be Said?

For description of new books, see page 6.

Present Contest $15,000 up. 300 Cash Prizes. Contest closes in two weeks.

FOR $10 the purchaser gets $10 worth of books or subscriptions. We all know this is worth $10.

For the same $10 the purchaser also gets $10 worth of Advertising Coupons.

Look at Subscribers' Advertising Columns on another page. What somebody else is doing may remind you of what *you* can do. If you have no use for the Advertising Coupons, however, others in your neighborhood are apt to have, and you can sell them. These coupons secure the lowest advertising rate in the paper, and are well worth $10.

For the same $10 the purchaser gets 1,024 guesses in the present contest.

Thousands of guesses in other contests have sold for 25 to 50 cents each. When we say these guesses are worth $10, we are estimating their value at only *one cent a guess*. If you do not wish your name to appear among the winners, send the guesses in the name of an employee or friend.

Over twenty-one thousand dollars in cash distributed to winners already this year. The present contest will increase this to over thirty-one thousand, with possibilities of its being increased to forty-five thousand.

It is not wise to overlook the chance offered by these contests of getting a good share of our profits. Its moral aspect is all right—we are sure of that. The prizes are simply rewards for skill and judgment. There is no lottery feature about it at all—no more than to guess at the state of the weather for next week.

TESTIMONIALS.

We have a good supply on hand of all the books we advertise, and ship them on the same day the orders are received. No delay this year, we are glad to say.

Plenty of testimonials of our new books have been already received. We have space only for two:

West Alexandria, O., Dec. 5, 1902.

National Tribune: The $10 worth of books received by express (with charges paid) in fine shape. I am more than pleased with them; also with the $10 worth of Advertising Coupons, which I can use. As I hope to win a cash prize with my 1,024 guesses, I count this deal one of the best I ever made.

J. A. MAUSS.

Scioto, O., Dec. 4, 1902.

National Tribune: The books, "Orators and Statesmen," "Official History," and the splendidly illustrated "Life of McKinley," came promptly—before I expected them—and they are all right. I had no idea there was such a beautiful "Life of McKinley." But the whole lot of books are just grand. I would not take $20 for them if I could not get another lot.

WILLIAM KIRCHNER.

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	2,540,017.34
Monday, Dec. 9	2,370,706.57
Monday, Dec. 16	1,951,685.60
Monday, Dec. 23	2,159,015.40
Monday, Dec. 30	2,397,749.09

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.

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 writinf we will figure 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.

To anyone making guesses by the Easy or Short Method, we will send a printed explanation, showing how by a simple calculation he can tell *how near* his nearest guess comes to the Bulls-eye.

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.

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.

Monday, Jan. 6	2,270,372.53
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	2,066,315.66
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
Monday, Oct. 27	2,381,848.02
Monday, Nov. 3	2,410,224.65
Monday, Nov. 10	2,371,806.41
Monday, Nov. 17	2,012,237.13
Monday, Nov. 24	2,250,868.53
Monday, Dec. 1	2,284,649.05
Monday, Dec. 8	2,388,892.80

OUR COUPONS.

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.

[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 .....

Not Transferable to Newspaper Subscription Agencies.

[One-Dollar Advertising Coupon.]

....., 1902.

Good for 20 words in Classified Advertising Columns.

Set in solid agate. No cuts or display.

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 .....

Not Transferable to Advertising Agencies.

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 .....