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THE value of the silver dollar is now about 30 cents, while May wheat is selling in Chicago at 76¼ cents. Did ever a fallacious theory get an eye so black?

UNTIL the South American revolutions become as dangerous to life and property as our strikes, we have no good reason to condemn them.

ALL encouragement to Booker Washington in his efforts to teach the negroes that there are much better things in this world than offices.

THE Treasury is carrying some 13,000 tons of silver which appears in its statements as $506,545,711.20 cash, though the market value of the same is now but $195,779,917.37. No other country in the world could possibly carry anything like such an amount of fiat value.

THE Goose Bone oracle is a little tardy this season, but he has at last prognosticated. The Goose bone of 1902 is quite purple, with a few white spots. This means, we are assured, that there will be a long, hard Winter, lasting far into the Spring.

WE again give notice that before The National Tribune can be induced to support New Mexican Statehood there must be assurance of a change of name. There are a world of names that could be suggested, any of which would be more acceptable than New Mexico.

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF THOMAS J. STEWART was in the city last week upon business for the State of Pennsylvania, and took occasion while here to carry out the directions of the National Encampment by visiting the Commissioner of Pensions in the interest of the restoration of Comrade Chas. Hanback, and the Senate to secure the establishment of the Soldiers' Roll for the veteran employes, the same as now exists for the House of Representatives.

AFTER 50 years of earnest trial, Vermont is about to abandon prohibition and substitute local option with high license. The only other alternative is the dispensary system, which a considerable portion of the people favor. Most likely a law will be passed imitating those of Massachusetts and Connecticut, which will allow the towns to vote annually on local option and high license, the fees in the latter ranging from $500 to $1,000. Special provision will be made in favor of light wines and malt liquors.

THE really great Speakers, who have been leaders of their parties, and impressed themselves upon the country, have been Henry Clay, Jas. G. Blaine, Samuel J. Randall, John G. Carlisle, and Thos. B. Reed. Clay did a great work for the Nationality of the Nation. Randall led and directed his party in the Tariff issue, and, without intending to do so, helped greatly to form public sentiment in favor of the Protective policy. Carlisle held his party together as long as it was possible to do so, and gave it a dignity and force that it lost when it separated from him and other leaders like him. Reed led his party to the symmetrical completion of the work of the war of the rebellion, the solid establishment of the Protective policy, and the firm grounding of the financial system upon a gold basis. This completed the work of the war-time Republican party. The party then took a departure for new ideas and aims, in some of which he could not follow it, and so he retired. He remained to the last, however, an uncompromising Republican on everything but the Expansion policy.

THE PENSION COMMITTEE.

Commander-in-Chief Stewart has made a selection for the National Pension Committee which will meet with wide and cordial approval.

Col. R. B. Beath, who did such excellent work as Chairman last year, felt the pressure of his great business was too imperative to permit his serving another term, and he was forced to decline. Comrade R. B. Brown, of Zanesville, O., who was for several years a member of the Committee, was Chairman for three years, and who boldly inaugurated the protest against Evans and Evansism, is reappointed Chairman, which will meet with general satisfaction. He has the immense advantage of being thoroughly acquainted with the whole subject of pensions.

Past Commander-in-Chief John Palmer, who was a member of the Committee for years, and is very familiar with all aspects of the pension question, is second on the Committee.

The third is Past Department Commander Chas. G. Burton, of Missouri, one of the ablest lawyers in the State, and who, as a member of the Committee last year, did most effective work in exposing Mr. Evans's practices, and presenting evidence of the same to the President. His legal ability, and his knowledge of the Pension Bureau make him an invaluable member of the Committee.

The fourth is Past Junior Commander-in-Chief John C. Linehan, whose membership of the Committee dates away back to the 10-years struggle for the passage of the Act of June 27, 1890, in which he did yeoman service, as he has always done in everything relating to the Grand Army.

The fifth is Gen. John C. Black, ex-Commissioner of Pensions, ex-Congressman from Illinois, and formerly United States Attorney for the Northern District of Illinois. He was a member of the Committee last year, and signed its report against Evans.

The sixth is Past Department Commander Henry E. Taintor, of Connecticut, who was a member of the Committee last year, and greatly aided in its investigation of Evans. He is a lawyer of unusual ability and standing.

The seventh and only new member on the Committee is Comrade John Lindt, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, who is well known and highly esteemed by the Comrades West of the Mississippi.

It is a Committee which will command the entire confidence of the Comrades.

THOMAS B. REED.

The death of Thomas B. Reed is much more than the passing away of a very great man. It is the close of an important epoch in the history of the Republican Party. Mr. Reed belonged to that school of wonderful leaders which the war of the rebellion developed, and in his way he was associated all the time with such names as Lincoln, Grant, the Shermans, and the other lustrous figures who led the Nation through the terrible war, through the dangers of reconstruction, and finally landed her safe in a quiet haven. The principal part of Reed's work came after the others had finished theirs, but it was scarcely less important, for it rounded into perfect symmetry what they had begun, and carried forward.

While Mr. Reed was among the first parliamentarians that the world has ever seen, while he was a natural leader, he was also a great constructive statesman who saw clearly what the country needed and brought the greatest courage and abilities to bear to secure that for her. He never attained the reputation for eloquence and statesmanship that Daniel Webster gained, but whatever he had to say upon great National questions had a force and cogency certainly equal to that of Webster, and as powerful in influencing men's actions. No man ever excelled him in the clear, incisive way in which he went to the heart of every question, and made its material factors so clear there could be no mistaking them. He had qualities of leadership and practical politics that Webster never possessed. His leadership was even more evident when his party in the House was in a minority. Then he held his party well in hand, not by caucus or other machinery, but by sheer force of intellectual supremacy, and handled it in such a way as to compel the Democratic majority to do the things he wanted done.

After he became Speaker he introduced a new era in legislation by a rule of the most obvious common sense. Since the creation of Congress, in fact ever since men began to meet in deliberate and legislative bodies, obstruction, usually known in American legislation as "filibustering," has been the potent weapon of the minority to frustrate the operations of the majority. We have seen how for many years a small contingent of Irish members can terribly embarrass and sometimes completely block business in the British House of Commons. There seemed no help for this consistent with the name and spirit of free institutions. English parliamentarians certainly found none. Mr. Reed, however, with cold common sense, reasoned that the House of Representatives met to do business; that the majority was rightly held responsible for the discharge of this duty; that the duty of the minority consisted in calling attention to the consequences of any contemplated action; should have the fullest opportunity to do this, and after it had done so of registering its dissent from the course of the majority. There its duty and responsibility ended. The House had undoubted power to compel the attendance of all members at its sessions, and this power implied that they must be present at the proceedings. The doctrine that had been so long upheld in Congress that a man could be brought into the House by the Sergeant-At-Arms, but when there he could refuse to vote, be constructively absent, and thus break a quorum, was manifestly absurd. The storm of denunciation that broke upon Mr. Reed for these rulings has not been equalled in the past quarter of a century, and there were times when it seemed that the House would break out in open rebellion. He was denominated "Czar" Reed, and there was even talk of assassination, but he enforced his rulings, the House of Representatives did what it was elected to do, and the common sense of the country highly approved. The Democrats who succeeded him as Speaker paid him the high compliment of imitation by following his rules absolutely. In consequence the American House of Representatives is the model legislative body of the world, and everywhere legislative assemblies of all kind will have to follow its example as they develop in usefulness.

While exercising enormous power, second only to that of the President, Mr. Reed was a remarkably clean man. There never was a breath of a charge as to his connection with any job, intrigue, or self-seeking of any kind. In this, as in many other respects, he was a model politician and public man. Next to the rigid performance of a high patriotic duty, he had but one aspiration—he wanted to be President—a very proper ambition in him—but while he had in so high degree many talents of leadership, he was singularly lacking in one—that of making friends and followers. Everybody admired him, but comparatively few were ardently devoted to him. Men, his inferiors in intellect, will, and courage, had incomparably more talent in gaining adherents. His geographical location was also unfavorable to his Presidential aspirations. He saw this at St. Louis, and it was the bitterness of gall to him. He had wanted to resign before, in order to make a competent provision for his family, which he had not been able to do while in Congress. Still, he saw things yet to be done, and he remained two years longer to finish them. He felt then that the work of the Republican party, with which he had been identified so long, had been concluded, that it was about to start out upon a new career with other aims and purposes, and the time was fitting for his retirement. He entered into the law business in New York, and was attaining great success, when his untimely death intervened. He kept up his strong interest in public affairs, however, and made utterances from time to time which were listened to with eager interest by the country, and produced a profound effect.

A great man has fallen in Israel.

THE VICKSBURG NATIONAL MILITARY PARK.

Capt. W. T. Rigby, Chairman of the Vicksburg National Military Park Commission, and who is residing in Vicksburg in charge of the work, writes us as follows in regard to the plans:

"The plans of the Commission, as approved by the Secretary of War, include the restoration of the earthworks of the two armies, the mounting of a large number of the old guns in their old places on the respective lines, and the construction of Union Avenue immediately in rear of the principal trench of the Union army, and Confederate Avenue immediately in rear of the Confederate line of defense. The tablets and monuments of the two armies will be placed, respectively, on these two avenues. When completed the Park will be very attractive, and will present a picture of the operations of the siege and defense that can be readily grasped and easily remembered."

SENATOR HANNA says that he never had a thought of resigning. So we always supposed.

Si Klegg, "Shorty" and the Boys of Co. Q. On the March through the Carolinas

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Settling into Camp at Fayetteville—Sending the Spoils Home—The Mail is Distributed.

Mrs. Wimple had supped on sorrow through the long years of war till she had grown almost apathetic, and had lost much of interest in life. A sweet Christian woman, about whom refining influences had always been thrown, she had not, until her marriage relied much upon her own resources, and even then had been protected by her young husband as much as was possible. After his death in the Wilderness, Mrs. Wimple's one desire was to return to the home of her girlhood, with her two children, Marie and Calhoun.

She had really never taken root in the Southern home to which her young husband had carried her. The bitterness of the coming war was then developing, and determined as she had been to like all the people for her husband's sake, she was never able to forget that she was a stranger in a hostile land, where those around her hated the country and the people whence she had come. With her husband had passed away all that interested her in South Carolina—all that made life there tolerable. She had tact enough to keep secreted in her heart the joy she felt in the steady approach of the Union armies. The least hint of this would have converted the cold distrust of her neighbors into active persecution. She really sympathized, in sweet Christianity, with the misfortunes that befell them, though she could not help feeling that their misfortunes were judgments, and when her home was burned, accidentally or otherwise, in the confusion of evacuating Cheraw, she determined to seek the shelter of the Union camps, making her way to that of the first Indiana regiment she could find. She thought her fortune joyful when she heard that she was near one commanded by her old playmate, and her husband's classmate, Col. McGillicuddy, and hastened thither as rapidly as she could.

She had been very brave under her trials, but now that she felt herself so near to leaving all the trouble and woe and worry behind, she had all but broken down, and that woman's refuge, tears, was helping to ease her overburdened heart.

Marie and Calhoun, knowing little of the horrors and caring less, had entirely recovered from the reserve which had been over them much of the time since their advent into the life of the 200th Indiana. Mrs. Wimple had wisely kept them in check, and much of the time had housed them up in the wagon when the boys were in camp, for she feared their adventurous little legs would carry them into mischief, if not into bodily harm. Now, while she was immersed in self, the children had an inning and they proceeded to make the most of it.

"Where is they doin', Tal-loon?" asked wee Marie, whose big, blue eyes had winked on three short years of life, as she watched from under her thatch of yellow curls the wild scramble of the men for the landing, toward which the big steamer was heading. "O-oo," she screamed as she began to dance about on her little fat legs, "dust hear that 'plendid noith?" The same being the screaming whistle of the side-wheeler, which was waking the echoes halfway to Wilmington.

Calhoun looked furtively back at his mother, then said with five-year-old importance, "Mr. Si said it was the mail coming in. Let's go down and get Mama's letters for her, M'ree, like we used too in Cheraw. Come on, quick, for if mamma sees us she will be afraid we will get lost." Suiting the action to the word, Calhoun grabbed Marie's hand, and half leading, but a good deal more dragging her along, sped for the landing, and was soon in the midst of the melee of men and mules, negroes, soldiers, horses, officers, carts, and the movable plunder that always litters up the wharves at river landings. In the mad rush, Calhoun lost his grip on Marie's pudgy hand, and in an instant they were separated. Calhoun set up a shrill cry of dismay which was drowned in the general hubbub. Then finding that he was being pushed further away from where he had lost Marie, and that no one there would heed his frantic appeals, he wormed himself back through the jam of excited men, to tell his mother what had happened.

Mrs. Wimple had just missed the children, and had started for a group of wagons a short distance away to see if they had wandered over there, when Calhoun appeared, his cap gone, his face black with dust and dirt, except where his copious tears had made streaks of white through the grime.

"She's lost;" he howled as he ran into his horror-stricken mother's arms. "M'ree's clear lost. Girls never did have no sense 'bout taking care of theirselves. She's bound to get mashed down there. She had't no business to go, nohow," he asserted as he emerged, a very sorry looking object, from his mother's skirts.

"But where is she lost?" asked Mrs. Wimple, almost frantic with fear. "Tell me this minute, Calhoun? What did you do with your little sister?"

"How do I know where she is lost to?" he cried, breaking out into fresh howls. "Wouldn't I a'brought her back if I knowed?"

"Well, where did you go? What did you take her for? Tell me, quick, or I will shake you good," cried the exasperated woman, moving toward the landing with the boy as she spoke.

"We—I was going for the mail—an'—a-and I told M-m-'ree she could come along, a-a-nd she come. Girls is always tagging," he added savagely, as his mother tightened her hold on his hand and ran toward the wharf. There was some kind of unusual commotion there, which the poor mother could not fathom, but she feared the worst, and rushed breathlessly into the midst of it. The sight that met her eyes gladdened her heart, and at the same time almost made it cease beating, so suddenly was the weight lifted from it. High up on the shoulders of a big cavalry Captain, whose left arm was in a sling but whose strong right arm held her fast, sat Marie, her wide, blue eyes taking it all in, as she occasionally removed her fat thumb from her mouth, to ask or answer a question.

Right from under the heels of a big Government mule, the officer had snatched her, as she rolled and tumbled around under foot, the jostling men not having discovered the tiny figure. She was too young to know her imminent danger, but was wofully frightened when the gigantic "tholdier-man" swung her up to his shoulder. Then the blue-coated boys began to surge around and question her.

"I'm M'ree," she replied to the question, "an' I'm losted. Won't you fin' me, please?"

"Where do little missie b'lon'?" asked one of the mule-drivers.

"I aint missie, I'm M'ree," she protested, an' I 'long to my mamma up yonder," pointing up toward the wagons. "Please take me to my mamma, Mister Tholdier," she said coaxingly, the big tears beginning to roll down the pink, troubled face, which was deliciously sweet to the "tholdier" despite its dirt, for up North in the home to which he was speeding was a baby that he had kissed but once, and now it could lisp his name, so Her letter had said.

"We will find mamma right off," the Captain said, kissing away the tears. "Any of you boys got any idea where this kid belongs?" he asked of the crowd about him; but no one could answer.

"What is mamma's name, little one?" asked one of the men.

"Lady," responded Marie, quickly, and a laugh went up.

"Well, who calls her lady?" persisted the Sergeant.

"Why, everybody," responded Marie wonderingly. "Mister Shorty and Mister Si"—

A great shout went up then, for Serg't Klegg and Shorty were pretty well known, even in that crowd, and 50 voices snarled and tangled up with each other as the surging crowd about the Captain and his charge tried to tell him where to take the little straggler. It was just at this moment that Mrs. Wimple appeared on the scene, white and breathless.

"Mamma; m-a-m-ma!" screamed the happy little girl as she reached out her hands. "O-o-o mamma! This is the boofulist tholdier man. I was losted in the twond, an' he found me."

"I knowed she'd be all right," remarked Calhoun, in his most dignified tones, as Mrs. Wimple took her baby in her arms and cried over and kissed her as mothers have a habit of doing. "Girls is an awful noosance, though."

Mrs. Wimple's slender form fairly bowed under the weight of Marie who, now that the excitement was over, was crying dismally, and clinging to her mother in a perfect abandon of fright. Quite a diversion was created by the episode of the children, and 50 blue-coated boys offered their services to assist Mrs. Wimple in carrying the child back to the camp. Mrs. Wimple sank to the ground, completely exhausted, and undoing the child's tight-clasped hands from about her neck, said gently, "Mamma's little daughter must stop crying now. The danger is over, but Mamma is too weak to carry her."

The little woman straightened up her dimpled face and, smiling through her tears, kissed her mother, and sliding her hand in the larger one, said bravely, "M'ree will walk." Just then her "tholdier-man" stepped up to speak to Mrs. Wimple, and Marie immediately held up her arms. "Please take M'ree," she asked winningly, and had not to ask again.

Mrs. Wimple thanked the big fellow in a few earnest words for the great kindness he had done her, and then the march back to the wagons began. Marie confidingly clinging to her new-found friend.

Shorty could not throw himself with his usual vim into the work of making a permanent camp, to which Si was urging the squad, in his usual practical manner.

Shorty had craned over the crowd pressing around the door of the store-room in which the mails was being sorted, and seen any number of white envelopes, superscribed in feminine hands. Word was given out that there was such a great quantity of mail that it could not be sorted and ready for distribution until morning, and he went back with this gloomy information to the boys.

"All right," said Si, with his customary cheerful acceptance of the inevitable. "We've had to do without mail for about two months. I guess we can manage to stand it for a few hours longer. Let's attend to the main business now, which is getting this camp in order for a stay. Boys, you must put up your tents right, and ditch them. No slack work now. It must be done sooner or later, and had better be done now. Go get those spades while you can, and make your ditches. Make them right, or you'll have it all to do over again, and you'd better do it now than after while when you'll be wanting to read your letters."

Shorty worked a little while half-heartedly, and then, drawn by invisible cords, dropped the ax with which he was driving pegs, and wandered back to where the mail was being sorted. He might perchance catch a glimpse of a letter from Maria, in some way that he could recognize it, and so manage to exist in tolerable comfort till morning. It would be so much to know that there was really a letter from her there for him. The crowd about the door was even bigger than before. There were others whose eyes were hungry to famishing for a glimpse of something which a beloved hand had touched. With difficulty Shorty shouldered his way in through the outskirts of the crowd, but he was soon brought to a halt by a compact array of those as eager and as strong as he.

Here, you slab-sided brick-top, stop your crowding," exclaimed a stalwart infantry Sergeant. "Go back into the public square there, where you'll have more room."

"'Scuse me, partner," Shorty answered, placatively. "I was just trying to get a little closer to see if maybe there was a letter there for me from a young lady."

"Looking for a letter from a young lady?" yelled all the rest. "Who of us aint? Put him out."

"Give the gentleman more air. He's suffering from palpitation of the heart."

"Just wait, Redhead, until I get the letters from my girl. You can have all the rest, then."

"The idea of any young lady writing to a strawberry-thatched Corporal of infantry," said a good-looking cavalry Commissary-Sergeant. "And when they all know I'm in the army, and what my post-office address is."

"Go off, you buttermilk ranger," said a youngster in a jacket trimmed with crimson braid. "Chicken thieves aint in it with the girls at home. They want fighting men—men who handle the cannon."

"Just hear that batterynan blow," laughed a big infantry Sergeant. "But that's all the artillery ever does. Cavalry for show, artillery for blow, but infantry to do the fighting. You critter-back fellow stand back till the mud-waders are served. Then, if there's any letters left you can have some."

This seemed to Shorty the most aggravating trifling. They were all really acting as if their letters were of as much actual importance as Maria's! Men were such fools! But he kept his temper, and said appealingly:

"See here, boys, I only want to get up a minute or two just close enough to make out if any of the letters they're handling is for me."

This only provoked a fresh chorus of derisive yells.

"He only wants to get close enough to feast his eyes on his girl's handwriting! None of the rest of us do! O, no!"

"Wouldn't I give my boots, and throw in my hat, and some of the rest of my clothes, for a single glimpse of a letter from my best girl? O, no!"

"Rather see a letter from home than all the orders Billy Sherman 'll issue from now till next Christmas."

"Won't somebody in there hand out this Corporal's letters, so that the rest of us can have some peace?"

Shorty's first impulse was to sail in and whip the whole crowd—a considerable contract, as it was made up of as much doughty young manhood as could be found in the world.

Then came the abashing thought that he was exposing his secretly cherished feelings to the rude gaze of that mob. He could not bear the thought of their even seeing him receive her letters. It was bad enough to have his own comrades witness this.

He turned away and went back to camp. He found that camp-making had been suspended, and all the boys busy writing letters. The Sergeant-Major had been around to notify them that the steamboat was going back as soon as Gen. Sherman could prepare his dispatches to Washington, and there would be a chance for everybody to send a short letter informing those at home of his safe arrival.

There was no time to lose. Shorty fished his writing material out of his blouse and unrolled the silk handkerchief which inclosed the precious keepsakes from Maria.

Alas, the ravages of all those weeks of wading through mud and rain—of fording streams, and of struggling with bridges and corduroy highways. The white handkerchief was stained a muddy yellow, the dye in the piece of Maria's dress had faded into a dirty nondescript. The oft-read letters were glued together in an extricable bunch, with the loved hand writing hardly traceable through the blurs and blotches. The heavy paper and fine envelopes he was saving to write to her, was now, to use Shorty's expression, "Hardly fit to wad a shot-gun." Lastly, his wooden inkstand would not unscrew. He was too diffident to ask any one else for paper, especially Si, for he was sure that that would betray to all of them his whole secret. In fact writing paper was at a premium just then among them all, for their private stocks had all suffered the same detriment.

Si had, however, remembered Mr. Dilber's stock of stationery in the wagon, and gotten out a sufficiency of paper and envelopes for himself and the boys. As it came from England, it was of good quality, and well-printed with ultra Confederate designs and mottoes. Mr. Dilber was very patriotic—on his stationery.

Shorty watched his opportunity, when Si had stepped over to another part of the camp, and quietly appropriated a couple of sheets of paper and envelopes, with which, and a stub of lead pencil he flashed up somewhere, he seated himself at one side of the fire, apparently studying one of Mr. Dilber's account books. He soon discovered that all the others were too busy with their own letters to pay any attention to him, and after chewing up nearly the whole of the pencil in his absorbing mental effort, succeeded in producing the following:

"My Deer Maria: I hoap U won't think me 2 boald 2 address U this way, But I hante heard from U for so long, that Ime hungry nuff 2 do enuything. Since I last roat U from Savanny, Weve waded clean thru the Siaft or C. Caroliny, & the long way at that. It was a tuff job, I tell U, even for laigs as long as mine, for sum of the swamps seemed 2 reach clean down 2 Chiny. But we run the Johnnies every time, & cooddent get them 2 stand & fite us nowhere. We got heap 2-day, everybody all rite, & fat, ragged & sassy—specially the sassy & most specially the ragged. I've just been down 2 see if thare's a letter from U, & been sassed moar'n a bound boy at a huskin, while as for ragged, enny one of us if put up in a cornfield, wood scare the crows into fits. I hoap U are well. I still think moar of U than of all of the wimmen in the world put together, & I've had time 2 do a powerful site of thinking since we left Savanny. U are moar & moar all the whole world 2 me, & without U I wooddent care what become of me. If thare shooddent be no letter from U for me here, it will sour the hole business for me, & I won't care whether we take Richmond or not, or what becomes of me.

"Yores til deth, SHORTY."

"Time's up for letters," shouted the Sergeant-Major. "Gather 'em up and bring 'em over to headquarters at once."

The regular routine of camp began the next morning, with the boys fidgeting around from the moment that reveille awakened them, in regard to the distribution of the mail. They hoped that when the Orderly-Sergeant stepped out before them to make the morning roll-call he would end it by handing out their letters, but he did not, and gave them no satisfaction when he would. He had to take occasion to remind them that he was quite as anxious as any of them for letters, and was not really keeping theirs back until he could read his own, as some of them seemed to think. He did not know when the mail would be distributed, but wished he had a string on the nose of the man who should bring it. He would be in camp in short meter if he had.

They ate their breakfast in nervous expectancy, with one eye on the regimental headquarters, in the hopes of seeing a man going up with a big mail sack on his back.

Alas, he did not appear.

They were ordered to police the camp, and went about their work with one eye still toward headquarters.

Still no welcome sight of a man toiling along under the weight of mail sacks.

When sick call blew they all felt like responding to it, but had to content themselves with burning imprecations upon the lazy loafers that were picked out to send for the mail.

"Be patient, boys," admonished Si. "It takes an awful long time to sort out the two months mail for 60,000 men."

The call for guard mount was sounded. "Fall in, briskly, boys," commanded the Orderly-Sergeant, to the reluctant detail. "I'll bring your mail around to you as soon as it comes."

The Colonel came over to the wagons with an ambulance in which to convey Mrs. Wimple and the children to quarters he had secured for them in town, until a boat would come up that would be suitable to send them North upon.

Between joy and tears, Mrs. Wimple thanked the boys over and over again for their kindness, took the names of all their people to write to as soon as she should get home, and bade them adieu.

Shorty slipped out from among them, and a hundred yards off waylaid the ambulance, on pretense of bidding her, Mrs. Wimple good-by. As he did so, he slipped a piece of paper into her hand, saying:

"That's the address of a young lady, ma'am—a very nice young lady. In fact, the nicest one I ever met. She'd probably like to have you write her a long letter about things down here. If you should, and should feel like saying anything about me, don't say any worse about me than you can help. This is pretty rough business down here, but I'm trying to do the best— You understand?"

"I certainly do," answered Mrs. Wimple, with quick sympathy. "I understand fully. I shall write her a long letter, and you may be sure you shall not suffer by it."

"Thank you very much, ma'am!" answered the delighted Shorty, bringing his heels together, and giving her the regulation salute, as the ambulance rolled away.

As soon as he could get through with guard mounting the Adjutant came over to examine the wagons. He had them drawn over behind a screen of bushes, where the drivers were sent off to water the mules, leaving him and the boys alone with their spoils. Everything was taken out and looked over.

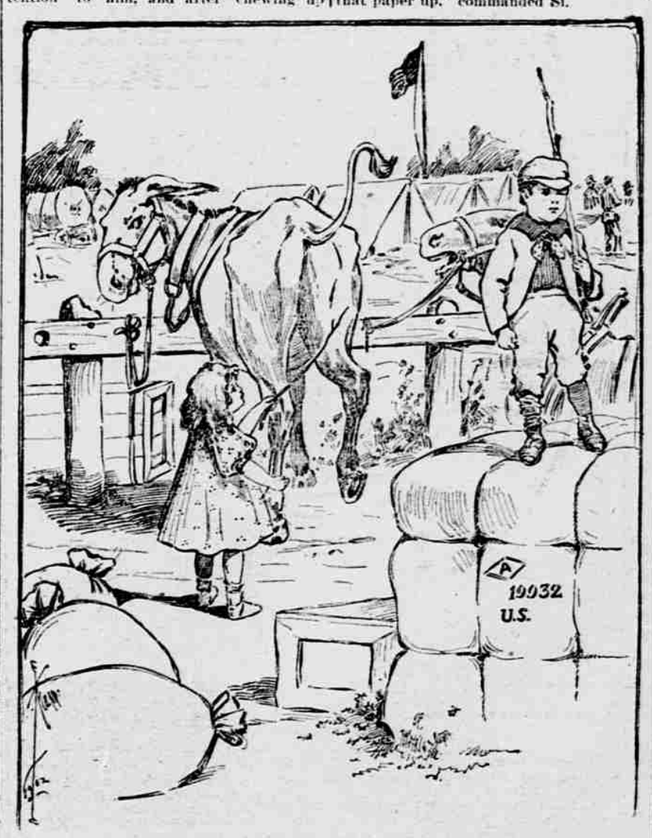
"On the next boat that comes up, which will probably be here tomorrow, there will be an express agent," said the Adjutant, after he had calmed down from his delight over the booty. "While I was down town this morning, I saw a lot of big sheets of coarse wrapping paper, which, foreseeing the need of, with that far outlook which distinguishes me and Gen. Sherman"—

"Don't mention it, Adj.," laughed Si, saluting. "We all know it as well as we do your brilliant soldiership."

"And your perfectly Apollo-like appearance on dress parade," added Shorty, saluting.

"Thanks, boys. It's a high honor to command men having such a true appreciation of merit,' said the Adjutant, returning the salute. "But to return to business. With my usual foresight, I had it sent out to headquarters, where you can get it by sending a couple of men."

"Abe and Monty, go down and bring that paper up," commanded Si.



"CALHOUN LOST HIS GRIP ON MARIE'S PUDGY HAND, AND IN AN INSTANT THEY WERE SEPARATED."

"I'll go with them," said the Adjutant, for I must make out some details. While I'm gone, you boys pick out what things you want to send North to your folks, and make them up into parcels. I'll bring a lackead crayon to write the addresses on them. We'll then pick out the things we're going to give the Colonel's young lady, and I'll take the rest. I'll arrange with the express agent about taking the things North."

In several thicknesses of the rough paper Shorty wrapped the bolt of flowered silk, the lace handkerchiefs, and the silver he had rescued at Columbia, and when the Adjutant came back with the big crayon he took it and going off where none could see him, wrote in his best letters, with every one a throb of the heart toward the woman whose name he laboriously wrought out:

"To Miss Maria Klegg,
"Beanblossom Crick Station,
"Posey County,
"Indiana."

Coming back he laid it, face downward on the pile of the others, and remarked, Now, Adj., if you'll only get that through for me, I'll be obliged to you all my life."

"Don't mention it, Shorty. I'll get it through all right, unless the boat sinks."

Si had quite a big package for his mother and Annabel, and each of the other boys had something choice for their mothers and sisters.

Monty included in his package his prized black letter law-books, Alf Russell sent his books and instruments home, and the others some keepsakes which they did not feel like carrying in the coming campaign.

"I shall have to get a couple of big store-boxes to carry the things to the Colonel's bride," said the Adjutant, surveying the pile intended for the commander of the regiment. "I think I shall need a good-sized box for my own. You needn't bother any further. I'll see that the express man takes all these through."

"Hello, there goes the Sergeant's call," said Pete. "That means the mails has come. Hooray!"

They all yelled excitedly, as looking back at the camp they saw the Orderly Sergeants, each with a blanket in his hand, start on a run for regimental head quarters. The boys made a rush for their company street, and pretty soon were rewarded by seeing their Orderly-Sergeant coming back, staggering under the weight of a blanket full of mail.

"'Fall in, Co. Q. for your mail," he shouted, dropping the blanket in the street, and falling on it on his knees to begin sorting out the letters and papers.

"Alexander Baker," he called, giving a sling to the first letter.

"Here," said Sandy, catching on the fly a pink-lined white envelope.

"Peter Marbury," and

"Here," and Pete also went off blushing with happiness.

"Serg't Josiah Klegg, Jr."

"Here."

"Letter from my wife," said Si, with proud happiness, as he studied the dainty envelope. He had got so accustomed to thinking of Annabel as his wife that he could speak of her now with a sense of proud possession.

"Montgomery Scruggs."

"Here."

"Alfred Russell."

"Here."

"Abraham Grimstead."

"Here."

"Thomas Brainerd."

"Here."

And so it went; Orderly-Sergeant on his knees on the blanket calling out the names as fast as he could pick up the letters with both hands, and reach them to their eager recipients.

While Si was standing studying the outside of his wife's letter, in too much pleasure to break the seal, another from her was handed to him, and then another; still another, and then again another, until he had eight in all. His wife had dutifully written him every Sunday, great long letters, pouring out her whole young heart, in many pages of her small, laborious handwriting.

Every one in the company had gotten at least one letter, many two, three or more, but strangely Shorty's name had not been called.

He felt sicker at heart than ever before in his life. All of his exploits, so many of which had been performed in thought of her, now seemed void and senseless. He felt that all eyes were on him in commiseration of his neglect, and he tried to put on a brave front. He fixed his eyes on a marching regiment in the distance, and attempted a careless whistle.

"Corporal Wm. D. Elliott," called out the Orderly-Sergeant.

"Here," answered Shorty, whirling as if a spring had been touched.

"These had got hidden under those papers and magazines," said the Orderly, fishing out some letters, "and I didn't see them. Here's one for you. Here's another. Another. Why, they seem to be all for you."

He handed up eight letters—fat, well-filled envelopes. Maria had also written every Sunday.

Shorty took them in a dazed way, and walked off trying to keep his careless whistle. It was a failure.

He ran the precious envelopes over his hands, feasting his eyes on the lines of her handwriting, upon the postmarks, and the stamps. Everything had a sweet fascination.

He was almost reluctant to open them. He could not make up his mind which to open first.

He could not bear the thought of opening any of them there in that rough camp with all of those tough, rude, helter-skelter fellows about him.

He walked back into Fayetteville, holding the precious letters with a death grip of his brawny hand.

Going into the tavern he said to the clerk:

"I want the best room in the house. How much will it be?"

(To be continued.)

DESPERATE efforts are being made to arouse Charleston, S. C., from the coma into which she fell when she discovered that there were bigger things in the world than King Cotton, and cities, even in the South, of more importance than herself. The men who are trying to get her on to the wire of the 20th century, find that the main difficulty is that there have not been enough first-class funerals in the State. Much of the property and business are still in the hands of men who have received no new ideas since the bombardment of Fort Sumter.

ONE thing that is lost sight of in considering the attitude of Colombia, is that Panama is virtually an island, and separated very far from the main part of the country. The people of Panama, being in the route of commerce and trade, have interests and ideas very different from those of the United States of Colombia at large, and there is the usual conflict between the two sections. The Isthmians are in a decided minority, and there is a great deal of jealousy and suspicion on both sides, which must interfere with rapid progress in negotiations.

Col. Alfred E. Buck, Minister to Japan, dropped dead, Thursday morning, Dec. 5, while out hunting in the Imperial domains, near Tokyo, Japan. Col. Buck was born in Foxcroft, Me., in 1832. He was a resident of Georgia, however, and his appointment to the foreign post was credited to that State. He was a teacher in the schools of Lewistown, Me., when the war of the rebellion broke out and became a Captain in the 13th Me., and served with distinction. He was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of the 91st U. S. C. T., in 1864, and when that was consolidated with the 74th, Col. Buck was retained as Lieutenant-Colonel and then Colonel of the 51st U. S. C. T. At the close of the war he settled in Georgia, where he practiced law. He was a member of the 41st Congress, and was for some time, United States Marshal of Georgia. His death is attributed to a stroke of apoplexy, incurred while at the Imperial duck-shoot. His body will be brought back to the United States for burial, and will be accorded all honors. He was appointed Minister to Japan in 1897. He was accompanied by his family. It is said that when here two years ago, he selected a spot in Arlington where he wished to be buried, and if it is the wish of his wife, there is where his dust will rest.

RULES, REGULATIONS AND RITUALS.

Important Amendments Adopted by the 36th National Encampment.

General Order No. 1, Headquarters Grand Army of the Republic, promulgates the following important amendments to the organic law:

At the 36th National Encampment, the following amendments to the rules and regulations were adopted:

The abolition of the offices of Medical Director and Surgeon-General, and the reports required of these officers, was recommended.

The Committee on Rules, Regulations and Ritual reported: "We do not concur as to the officers, but do concur on abolishing the reports, and so recommend."

This was adopted.

The abolition of the offices of Inspector-General and Department Inspector, and the reports required of and by these officers, was recommended.

The committee reported: "We do not concur as to the officers, but do concur as to dispensing with the formal reports, and to this end recommend the adoption of the following, in lieu of Article 5, Chapter 5, page 39 (providing for inspection)."

The report of the Committee was adopted, and Article 5, Chapter 5, is amended to read as follows:

Section 1. The Commander-in-Chief, or any Department Commander, may require the inspection of any Department or Post in their respective jurisdictions, whenever they may believe that the best interests of the Order require it. For this purpose, they may detail a comrade, who shall, for the time being, be called an Inspector. The duties of such officer shall be prescribed by the Commander-in-Chief, or the Department Commander making the appointment.

Amend Article 2, Chapter 3, to read as follows:

MEMBERSHIP.

The Department Encampment shall consist of:

First. Comrades who have served as Commander-in-Chief, and as residents of the Department, and in good standing in their respective Posts.

Second. The Department Commander, all Past Department Commanders who have served for a full term of one year, or who, having been elected to fill a vacancy, shall have served to the end of the term, so long as they remain in good standing in their respective Posts; and the other officers mentioned in Art. IV., Sec. 2, of this chapter, and all Past Post Commanders who have served for a full term of one year, *or until the consolidation of their Post with another*, or who, having been elected to fill a vacancy, shall have served to the end of their term, so long as they remain in good standing in their respective posts, in such Departments as have so decided by a two-thirds vote at an annual meeting; and Departments, at their discretion, are authorized to restore honors lost by Past Post Commanders.

Third. All the Post Commanders for the time being throughout its jurisdiction. In the absence of the Post Commander, the Senior or Junior Vice-Commander may represent the Post.

Fourth. Members elected by ballot by the several Posts, in such ratio as may be determined by a two-thirds vote of the members present and voting at any previous Annual Encampment. These elected members and an equal number of alternates shall be chosen at the time and in the mode of electing officers of Posts at the first stated meeting in December and shall serve during the year, commencing on the first day of January following. Any vacancies that may occur shall be filled in the same manner as provided in Chapter 2, Article 7, Section 3.

They shall be furnished with credentials signed by the Post Commander and Post Adjutant, a copy of which shall be forwarded immediately after the election to the Assistant Adjutant-General of the Department. But all Posts in arrears for reports or dues shall be excluded, for the time being, from representation, either by Post Commander or otherwise, in the Department Encampment.

Fifth. The number of representatives to which each Post is entitled shall be determined by the semi-annual report last preceding the election.

Note—Amended portions are in *italics*.