

UNCLE OWEN'S WIFE

By COL. JOHN R. MUSICK.

CHAPTER III. THE WHITE FACE.

About one-fourth of a mile from the landing of Collinsville stood the famous Redgrave mansion. There was no estate in all Kentucky more desirable. Owen Redgrave was reputed to be immensely wealthy. He had over 10,000 acres of land in the north, which comprised the house, besides about 30,000 further up the river. He had stocks and bonds in railroad, and owned half a dozen stores, a few mills, and many other evidences of wealth.

His home was palatial. The lawn was large and well shaded by elms and cedar. An orchard of a hundred acres was on the opposite side of the house. A broad turpentine led from the steamboat landing past the house of the Kentuckian to the town, 20 miles inland. The lawn, the garden, and in fact the whole plantation, was not only tasty and beautiful as a park. Serpentine paths of a sea white pebbles led from the village through vistas of evergreens, elms and cypresses.

The grand old mansion denoted wealth. It was a large house, with wings and scores of rooms. It had its parlors, drawing-rooms, and pictures, which did credit to any in the land.

Owen Redgrave's housekeeper was Mrs. Lucretia Redgrave, the wife of a dead brother and mother of John Redgrave. She was an attractive woman, with a pride that she gazed on that large estate and recalled to mind the fact that he, son was the only heir to the vast domain. Owen Redgrave had several weeks, and was expected home by the next packet, the Anthony Wayne. On the morning her brother-in-law was expected, she was busy with the boat had been used, 300 miles below the landing. With this trial of horror came the pleasurable recollection that if her son were to come, he would be son was her to all his vast estate.

John Redgrave had just returned from a night's debauch, and lay in his bed sleeping off the grand old mansion denoted wealth. Mrs. Redgrave admitted that her son was a little dissipated, and regretted it very much, but she too foolishly indulged in the same. Her duties she could awake her son and tell him of his probable good fortune, a messenger came with a note from Owen Redgrave, stating that he had engaged the burning boat, and succeeded in rescuing a young lady whom he would bring home, until she was sufficiently recovered to continue her journey, concluding with a request that the best room be prepared for her.

Mrs. Redgrave dropped the note and sank into a chair, while her eyes wandered to the door. "A young lady—rescued—bringing her here—well did any one ever?" gasped the indignant woman. Then as her anger rose at the thought, she added in a higher key:

"A pretty pass things are coming to, indeed. Another woman coming here, professing to be a respectable man, and keeping a respectable house, to bring a strange woman here. Well, she will not stay long, if I keep my wits about me."

Mrs. Redgrave was a matron of about 40, addicted to the use of morphine. She had sharp features and shining black eyes, set rather close together. She was cunning, ambitious, and, we might almost be justified in adding, unscrupulous.

Uncle Owen, as Mr. Redgrave was known, had sent for his carriage to come to the landing, to bring the rescued lady and his wife home.

"Hike, like, where are you going?" screamed Owen, as Mr. Redgrave, the colored coachman, who, mounted on the driver's box, had just issued from the carriage-house.

"Gwine after Marster Redgrave and de woman he am bringin'," answered Hike, reining in the prancing horses.

"Who told you to do so, you rascal?"

"Marster Redgrave, him sent for me himself, to come and take de woman."

"Who is this woman?"

"Dun know, missus. Marster Redgrave sent for de carriage, an' I must go." Then Hike cracked his whip, and the horses, with a rattling of the carriage, started off, thundered down the broad level turpentine to the landing at Collinsville.

"Humph! so he's going to force a woman on me," cried Mrs. Redgrave. "Well, we'll see. Even the niggers won't do me any longer." In her vexation she shed a tear, but had the colored chambermaid prepare an apartment for the new comer.

Then she sat down to think over the matter and wonder what she was like, and to decide herself the most unfortunate and most imposed upon woman in the world. "Why was her husband not the wealthy man instead of his brother-in-law?"

At last the carriage rolled up to the house, and from her window Mrs. Redgrave could see a woman, young and pretty, descend from the carriage. Uncle Owen led her up to the house, and one of the colored girls took her to the room set apart for her.

"When have you brought her?" asked Mrs. Redgrave, in the tone of voice more cracked than usual.

"She is Miss Malina Montrose," he answered, while his face glowed with pleasure. "You will find her a very excellent young lady. I believe, missus, you will make her acquaintance at once, for she is quite forlorn, having no relatives, as she informs me."

"Who is she, Malina, is she?" asked Mrs. Redgrave imperatively.

"What I have told you, an excellent young person, whom I rescued from the burning steamer."

"So you had been having a romantic adventure?" she said ironically.

"I rescued her, Sister Lucretia, and I confess that I never did an act of which I am more proud."

"Why?"

"She is a splendid young woman. Since her recovery she has told me her history, and it is a sad one. She has been a poor governess for a Louisiana planter, and was on her way north. She lost all her worldly effects in the steamer, and I brought her here."

"Yes, and a fine reputation you will give your house bringing such people here."

"Such people? Why, Lucretia, you can know nothing of her."

"I suppose I know enough of her."

"Oh, no doubt you think so," cried Mrs. Redgrave, elevating her nose in the air with a look of contempt; "but I want to serve notice on you now, Owen Redgrave, that if you are going to bring every woman you meet straggling into this world to your home, I will leave it. If you care nothing for your wife, Malina, do for mine, and I want you to know it."

A puzzled look came over the calm, pleasant face of Owen Redgrave. His mild gray eyes, which seldom flashed with anger, grew round with wonder and astonishment. As the owner and proprietor of the house, he could have ordered his brother-in-law away, but Owen Redgrave had too kind a heart to do so. He was touched and wounded by Mrs. Redgrave's manner.

"Sister Lucretia, I hope you will make this poor young woman welcome. She is unfortunate. She can do you no harm, and you will remember that we are admonished to entertain strangers lest we entertain angels unawares." Mrs. Redgrave, by the mildest, gentle persuasion he managed to induce his sister-in-law and

CHAPTER IV. LILLIE BUNKLES.

Lillie Bunkles was an orphan, living at her own home, which was old and arduous. She had an abundance of servants, and her aunt, Mrs. Flaxman, who had been her companion and friend from childhood, had supervision of her household, while an overseer had charge of the plantation. A brighter flower did not bloom in all Kentucky's plains or hills than Lillie Bunkles. That land, famous in natural beauty and beautiful women, could not boast of an object more lovely than she, with her brown, roguish, laughing eyes, her dark-amber hair, peachlike cheeks, and lips as red as the ripened cherry tempting one to kisses.

She was bold, but not haughty, though she had caused her Aunt Annie, Mrs. Flaxman, untold annoyances by her mischief-making.

Their great old country home was located in the most delightfully romantic part of that beautiful land of Kentucky.

"How am I to get away?" she asked her aunt when she saw a pen and ink and friendly; even my clothes were lost in the wreck."

Owen Redgrave called to see her two or three times each day, and spoke to her in such a cheerful, inspiring manner, that she invariably roused her spirits. Her soft, gentle voice thrilled him with tender emotion.

"Do not feel that you are an intruder," said Uncle Owen. "With your bright face and cheery voice to illuminate this old house, we are debtors to you for your presence."

"Have you a list of all who perished in the burning steamer?" she asked, as if to change the subject.

"It is in to-day's paper."

"Certainly, I will bring the paper to you," she begged that he would not put himself out to accommodate her, but he

Seated by an open window looking out over the fairest of fields, orchards and flowers, where beauty appeared everywhere, the sweet face of Lillie was wreathed with smiles. Her Aunt Annie, a childless widow of 40, sat in the room, engaged in sewing, while Lillie's fingers toyed with the crisp new leaves of a novel that lay on her lap.



"STOP, I WANT TO TALK WITH YOU," HE SAID.

assured her it would be a pleasure, and in a few moments returned with the papers. She read the long list of dead, and lingered over the name, reading it two or three times, and mentally exclaiming: "Thank God that dark secret is buried forever!"

Uncle Owen tarried in the parlor later that evening than usual. The women were laughing and talking in lower tones, and Mrs. Flaxman, who was listening, and altogether they appeared to be enjoying themselves too much.

When Uncle Owen left the parlor he was escorted in the hall by his nephew, John Redgrave, half tipsy as usual.

"Say, Uncle Owen," said John; "you got rid of her."

"What Malina Montrose, I've heard something of her that convinces me she ain't fit to live under the same roof with me."

"Then, you get from under the roof," the indignant uncle answered, and pushing him aside went to his own apartments. Uncle Owen was in love; there was no doubt about it. He was so often with her, and she had so romantically met had won his heart. When John Redgrave next approached him, and said he was going to marry Lillie Bunkles, and wanted some money to be allowed for the wedding, he would give him \$300 for his wedding outfit.

That evening Uncle Owen and Malina sat close together, and talked in lower and more earnest tones than usual. Never before had Uncle Owen evinced so much interest in any woman, and had Mrs. Redgrave been listening she might have had good cause to be alarmed for they sat on the same sofa and he was actually holding her hand in his.

"Mr. Redgrave, you have been very kind to me," said Malina, making a gentle effort to withdraw her hand, "I ought not to accept this hospitality—and I will not so soon as I can get away."

"No, no, Malina, don't talk that way," said Uncle Owen, his heart palpitating wildly.

"It is wrong for me to be here—"

"No, no; Heaven does nothing wrong, and it is Heaven that sent you to me," he whispered, fondly clinging to the little hand, which she sought in vain to free.

"Oh, Malina, you do not know how dark and gloomy my life has been. Your presence has brought sunlight to my soul. In short, Malina, I love you. I am a plain business man. I can not speak with the eloquence of a rhetorician, but I have a heart as large as the world, and you, from whose lips flow the most elegant words of adoration, Malina, can you do you love me in return?"

"Oh, no, no, no—it can't be true. Give me some time to reflect," she answered, pressing her hands to her throbbing temples.

"You shall have all the time you want. Only, for Heaven's sake, don't refuse me. If you can ever love me, don't drive from me the only happiness I have ever known."

Three days was the time she asked. She had been at the house for two weeks, and her comforts had been provided for without even suggesting a word. Her proud spirit had been humiliated, especially as Mrs. Redgrave made her feel she was not welcome. Never in all her life had she felt so loved, so cherished, so light a heart. Shut in her room that night she sank upon her knees and with clasped hands returned thanks to God.

"It is some time the dark cloud has forever passed away; and he loves me—I can be his wife—the only one I ever loved."

Late that afternoon she went to the village post office to mail a letter. She was detained later than she expected, and darkness had spread over the earth, and the moon had risen when she returned home. The moon's rays fell like silver shewn on the broad white carriage-way, making it almost light as day.

She had nearly reached the house when a man stepped from behind a tree, directly before her. He was tall, with black hair and whiskers, sharp foreign features, and a face of marble whiteness.

"Stop! I want to talk with you," he said. "I have it here, and he held before her eyes a mysterious paper, and she felt as if she were being watched.

She uttered a shriek and turned to fly. Quick steps pursued her, and just in the shadow of the grove a hand seized her shoulder. Uttering a scream, she sank insensible to the earth.

"Is he not a Government officer?" she asked.

"The man will kill him," said Mrs. Flaxman with a shudder. The moonbeams of Kentucky were desperate men, and often murdered revenue officers. The man who had been seen in the grove, then, when she reflected how brave and strong he was, she concluded that he was able to protect himself against any number of ill-fated distillers.

The sun of the early Autumn hung low in the western sky, throwing a golden light on the stacks of wheat and hay, the ripening corn in the fields, and orchards red with apples. Lillie had been thoughtful since her brief conversation with her aunt about Frank Vernon. With all her frivolity and mischievousness, was it possible she loved the young revenue officer? Her aunt was not certain on that score, nor was any one else. She was anxious to play a prank on him as any one else; in fact, her dearest friend was never so happy as when she was playing a trick on him.

But love is natural and essential to all animated nature. Lillie knew as well as any philosopher that nothing was more natural than to love a man who was more than marriage fit for while she claimed the blessed privilege of freedom from matrimonial fetters; that she might roam over the world at her own sweet will, and be unimpeded by a husband. If she chose to go to Newport or Long Branch she did so, and returned, when weary with society, to the old country place, which was so warm, so peaceful, and so retired. It seemed almost like Heaven to her. Her Aunt Annie Flaxman acted as her companion and chaperone, as she had been her early girlhood, enduring her mischievous pranks, but she was a tender heart rebuked her for some mischievous prank she had played her aunt, and she would then fall upon her neck, kiss the frowns from her face, and ask her to be good.

"No one can help loving the child, dead as she is," said Mrs. Flaxman.

Lillie loved her dear old home more than a palace. On streams of her thoughts, she was transported over the border, and in the green pastures and fields, with deep shade woods in the distance, she thought: "How blessed my lot compared with mine! I have a husband, and he is a very pretty fellow actually grown serious. It was not uncommon for the pretty face of Lillie Bunkles to become serious when she reflected on the sorrows and wrongs of others."

Her eyes wandered to the well-beaten turpentine which led past the house.

A solitary horseman was coming down the road at a gallop. Though too far away to read his features, she recognized the form, and said: "He is coming now, Aunt Annie."

"Who?"

"Frank Vernon."

"The man who was with you when you came over the hill at a gallop, raising a cloud of white dust at his courier's heels. Drawing rein at the stile, he sprang from the saddle, and with a bow in his hand, he walked briskly toward the house. "Now that he is coming," Aunt Annie said, "be sure you encourage him."

"He does not need any," naively answered Lillie. "He has an independent air in his walk which means he is determined to go unfettered a year or two more."

She met the young officer at the door with one of her sweetest smiles, and asked him to come right in. Aunt Annie would be very glad to see him," Frank wished that Aunt Annie was in Halifax, but he did not say so. He entered the parlor, and when the ladies were alone, shook hands with Aunt Annie, and asked about her health, just as if he was interested in her welfare.

"What is the news from Collinsville?" Mrs. Flaxman at last asked.

"Just now, I heard from there in the last three days?"

"We have had no information from there in a week," Mrs. Flaxman returned. "You haven't heard of the burning of the child?"

"Stambout, stambout!" he asked, both in a breath.

"The Anthony Wayne?" cried Mrs. Flaxman.

"Yes, Mrs. Flaxman, the old boat is gone. She burned down to the water's edge."

"When?"

"Last Thursday morning."

"Where?"

"Two and a half miles below Collinsville."

"Were any lives lost?" asked Mrs. Flaxman, her eyes growing round with wonder.

"More than a hundred," he answered. "Many of the hands, while looking on, clapping their hands, while looks of horror settled on their faces."

"It was a fearful disaster, and such as I pray Heaven I may never witness again."

"Did you see the boat burn?"

"I rescued half a dozen persons from drowning, but what I did compared with what might have been done was so little that I feel my utter inability more than if I had been where I could have done nothing."

"Tell us all about it," said Lillie, drawing her little chair nearer to the visitor.

"It is the greatest horror for years, and I fear your delicate nerves would not be strong enough for even a recital of the details of what I witnessed."

"The origin of the fire is a mystery. Capt. Hull, who barely escaped with his life, is considerably injured, but is able to tell me what he saw. He says it originated in the forward hold of the boat, but exactly how he does not know. He believes it was the act of an incendiary."

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History of the War for the Union.

By GREEN B. RAUM, Late Brigadier-General, U. S. Volunteers.

CONTAINS a review of the events which led up to secession, as the account of the great uprising to save the Union; and memories of the author in connection with the Western Army from the battle of Belmont to the Grand Review at Washington.

The story of the war for the Union is one in which the people of the United States can never lose interest. They recognize the fact that it was the greatest military episode in the annals of war.

The secession of 11 States of the Union, the precipitation of a rebellion which brought 4,000,000 soldiers, sailors and marines into the field of war in four years, making 15 States and the District of Columbia an arena of military operations, and ending the entire population, North and South, in the great struggle, was an event of such magnitude and importance, and involved such far-reaching consequences to the country, that it must for centuries to come receive the earnest attention of the American people.

It is the stirring events which occurred under Grant, Porter, Rosecrans, Sherman, Thomas and their heroic officers and soldiers with which this work deals. A portion of this story, as related by the author, is published in the National Tribune during the past two years under the title "With the Western Army." This volume, illustrated with battle scenes, maps and portraits in the highest style of the printer's art, contains 80 pages, bound in the best of paper, with clear type, handsome cloth binding, title in gilt.

The editor of the National Tribune, and the author, have received many letters commending this work. From these, the following letter from Gen. John C. Black, Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, is presented:

HEADQUARTERS GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC. John C. Black, Commander-in-Chief. Charles A. Partridge, Adjutant-General. Chas. Burrows, Quartermaster-General. OFFICE OF THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF. Memorial Hall, Chicago, Ill., Oct. 12, 1903.

Dear General: I have read through a number of months

the delightful articles under the title "With the Western Army," which have appeared in the National Tribune. I congratulate you upon the sterling story which you make, by odds the most graphic of any account which I have read and which purports to deal in one single enterprise with so great a subject as the war for the Union.

I wish your history was in the hands of every thoughtful young reader in the land. The absolute absence of bitterness toward our former opponents, the fair tributes which you pay to their prowess, the concise accuracy with which you tell of the progress and reverse make your work the work of a true historian.

The splendid tribute which you pay to our own great soldiers and our commanders mark the work as patriotic.

In Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty, very sincerely, your friend, JOHN C. BLACK.

The price of this work when sold through dealers will be \$5.00 per copy. To early subscribers remitting to the author the price will be \$3.50 per copy, delivered in perfect condition by mail or express.

A limited number of autograph copies will be delivered to early subscribers; and to all subscribers who may make request for the same prior to Jan. 1, 1904.

FORM OF ORDER.

To Green B. Raum, 569 51st Street, Chicago, Illinois. Please forward to my address, carriage prepaid, one copy of your work, entitled "History of the War for the Union." Inclosed find price, \$5.00. Name _____ Street No. _____ Post Office _____ State _____

I dedicate this work—which has been a labor of love to me—to the soldiers of the great war, and to their descendants. GREEN B. RAUM, 569 51st Street, Chicago, Illinois.

not you, Mrs. Redgrave is said to have a temper like a tornado, and she doesn't want her brother to marry, for with all his estate will go to her son if he dies a bachelor.

"But to treat the poor, unknown girl so cruelly; how can they do it?" asked Aunt Annie, her sympathy rising above the usual of her own.

"They are no doubt actuated by jealousy," said Frank Vernon. "As Miss Bunkles remarks, the marriage of Mr. Redgrave now might diminish his nephew's."

"Would be a blessed thing if it did," declared Aunt Annie.

"Oh, Aunt Annie, why do you talk that way of John Redgrave? He is an honorable man, and he may make a worthy man yet. Don't judge him too harshly."

An expression of pain swept over Frank Vernon's face when he saw how readily Lillie came to the defense of John Redgrave.

Frank tarried until late in the evening when, finding himself alone in the parlor with Lillie, he said:

"Lillie, why did you defend John Redgrave?"

"Turning her mischievous face to his, she answered: "Do not defend him? John has shown his wild oats, perhaps, but he may be a good sort of a fellow, after all."

Frank bowed his head, was silent for several moments, and then with a sigh remarked:

"I am afraid you don't know him, Miss Bunkles."

"Will you introduce me to him?" she asked.

In vain he tried to tell her how utterly dejected John Redgrave was, but she skillfully warded off every thrust until, baffled and in despair, he dropped the subject. "Do not defend him," she said, "as if he were brave, and when he tried to approach the subject nearest his heart, found the words sticking in his throat. All he could do was to sit gazing silently on the being he adored, while she, cruel creature, seemed to take delight in torturing him with conversation on every subject save love."

When he left at a late hour, and moving his horse galloped down the road, he exclaimed:

"Oh, Lillie, Lillie, I would give my life to know that you really loved me."

(To be continued.)

ARMY OF THE OHIO. Officers of the Society for the Emancipation of the Slave. At the annual meeting held in Washington during the Sherman Monument unveiling ceremonies, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Lieut. Gen. J. M. Schofield, U. S. Army; First Vice-President, Gen. Thomas J. Henderson, late Colonel, 112th Ill., and ex-M. C.; Vice-President for District of Columbia, Capt. George Redway, General Land Office, Washington, D. C.; Treasurer, Maj. J. F. Stewart, 35th Ky. Infantry; Secretary and Historian, Prof. J. O. Rouse, 111th Ohio, Station G, Washington, D. C. Executive Committee—Capt. A. F. McMillan, Chairman, Assistant Surgeon, Pension Office; Capt. R. E. Logan, 8th Penn., Pension Office; T. W. Tallmadge, Ohio, Q. M. Department, Washington; N. C. McCallough, 100th Pa., Pension Office. Publication Committee—Capt. C. C. Morgan, 1st Ohio H. A. Chairman, Post Office Department; Capt. A. E. Pearson, 1st Ohio H. A. Chairman, Post Office Department; Capt. E. J. Simpson, 120th Ind. N. Y. War Department; Lieut. N. H. Merrill, 25th Mich., Pension Office.

ARMY OF THE OHIO. (Continued from first page.) not be denied victory, and fell under his horse in death, with the latter's forehoofs on the low parapet. The equally determined Gen. Adams was virtually picked off by the bayonets of the unyielding Union. He rode on every man's breast near the shallow trench the lifeless body of Gen. Stafford was so wedged in by the lead of his duntless command that it could not be dislodged. Other Confederate generals lay dead within pistol-shot of him, amid 7,000 of their fallen followers. The slope of the embankment and the trenches were hidden by corpses fallen under blows from gun-barricades, camp-hatchets, swords, axes, handspikes, and whatever else was instantly available for hand-to-hand fight. So close and desperate had been the grapple of the forces that the victors were away with them 32 battlegades wrenched from the hands of their assailants.

No other troops than American could have delivered such a blow on every side, and irresistible assault. No other troops than American could have endured such a cyclone without losing an inch of ground. The Army of the Ohio had crowned its work in a few short hours of that dark November day it had inflicted a punishment unequalled in modern wars. It had taken the sting, the heart, the soul out of that terrible army which had fought so valiantly at Shiloh, Perryville, Stones River, Chickamauga and on the Atlanta Campaign. Thirty-six per cent. of the men whom Hood had hurled forward so confidently at 4 o'clock were dead or wounded before 10 o'clock.

Hood's army was never—never—the same again. His historian says: "The ghost of Franklin was with us forever. It rode on every man's breast, sack and on every limber-chest of the artillery. It sat by us at every campfire and paced the beats with every sentinel; it grined, and snarled, and howled, and in review, and laughed ardently at every flag we fluttered in the breeze. Over all our history afterward was written the chill legend of Franklin."

(Woody with slaughter, the Army of the Ohio, at midnight, hours after the last rebel shot had been fired, followed its last wagon from the Harpers Ferry, looking back from the hills to see the plain alive with white torches—our strikers—survivors seeking their comrades in that wilderness of death and mutilation.

Fifteen days later the Army of the Ohio took its full share of the great battle of Nashville, which destroyed the Confederate power in the West, and then feeling its work done there, made a giant stride to the Atlantic Coast, to capture Mobile, Alabama, and to fasten our banner on the Gulf of Mexico.

ITS COMMANDERS. The Army of the Ohio was fortunate in all of its commanders, and is proud of every one of them—of Maj.-Gen. Horatio G. Wright, the accomplished engineer, who gained enduring fame as the Commander of the Army of the Ohio; of Maj.-Gen. A. E. Burnside, under whom it made its splendid East Tennessee campaign; of Maj.-Gen. J. G. Foster, a gallant soldier, a genius as a tactician; of Gen. H. W. Johnson, our first and last, and lastly, of the safe, sagacious, always-ready, always on time, and always in place, Lieut.-Gen. John M. Schofield, who ranked with Sherman, and whose Sherman was trusted counselor, and under whom the Army of the Ohio always marched to victory.

The enduring fame of the Army of the Ohio will rest upon its enterprise and thoroughness in the East Tennessee Campaign; its wonderful fortitude in the Winter of 1863-4; its constant readiness and rigorous aggressiveness of the Army of the Ohio at Franklin, with the awful punishment it inflicted upon its enemies.

The deeds of all the armies are written in letters of un fading light on the great scroll of the stars, and none shall be forgotten in the Army of the Ohio.

OUR GRAY-HAIRED VETERANS. (Original.) For whom should the praise of the Nation be sounded? For whom should the altar be decked out with bay? How shall youth in the love of our country be grounded. Save in learning to honor "the veteran gray."

For the safety and peace which his childhood protected. And the bright star of hope that has guided his way. What object of reverence is better selected. Than that patriot's memorial, "the veteran gray."

The statesman may boast of his service in arms. And heroes declare 'twas his wealth saved the day; But on the red field of the deadly breach running. Our work of strength was "the veteran gray."

They meet us to-day, with ranks sadly broken. By the havoc of war, of age and decay; The debt that we owe them may never be spoken. With laurels we crown them, "the veteran gray."

At Shiloh, Antietam and Lookout they showed the banner of freedom and right led the way; And the courage of Gettysburg over be followed. By the valor and blood of these "veteran gray."

Their courage was high as they staked all for freedom. In the wearisome march, the bivouac and foray; They offered their lives, let us who succeed them Acknowledge our debt to these "veteran gray."

Though the glamor of time casts a shade o'er the danger And by distance, stern war, has the aspect of play; Let us hold ever pure from the touch of the stranger, The legacy left by these "veteran gray."

Each year when they rally, some comrade has fallen; They close up their ranks 'round his death-smitten lay; With face to the front, not a dead hand can be seen. They stand at the last muster, these "veteran gray."

Our country, in peace, sees her sons and her daughters. With tokens of friendship and love hail the day. When from Maine's sighing pines to the foot of the last muster, these "veteran gray."

All honor to those who in youth's brightest morning, With musket and saber, stepped forth to the fray; We owe to the valor home and all its adornings, Honor, then, to all of our "veteran gray." Fort Collins, Colo., 1902.

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Treatment FREE—On Approval

Every reader of the National Tribune can try FREE a pair of Magic Foot Drafts, famous all over the world for their cures of every curable kind of rheumatism—chronic or acute, muscular, sciatic, lumbago, gout, neuralgia, neuralgia, sciatic, lumbago, etc. They almost always cure, so the makers decided to take all the risk. Try the Drafts. You don't need a penny until you are satisfied with the help you get. They are safe and comfortable—far better and surer than any medicine.

Magic Foot Drafts work like Magic. Cured patients tell us they perform miracles. They do not. They are scientific—logical. The foot pores, the largest in the body, are located over rich nerve and vascular centers. The Drafts on the foot acts through them on every inch of the body—curing Rheumatism, sciatic matter where located. Our booklet makes the reason clear. 68 per cent. of the cures of the most stubborn Rheumatism are effected in the form of the poison Dra (uric acid) which causes Rheumatism. But we don't ask you to believe even our thousands of cured patients—we will cure you. If you have rheumatism, send us your name and we will send you a pair of Magic Foot Drafts free on approval. If you are satisfied with the benefit received, then send us one dollar for the Drafts. If not, keep your money. Write to the Magic Foot Draft Company, 5031 Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Michigan. Send no money.