The National Tribune Books.

A WORD TO FRIENDS.

The National Tribune will be very glad to be favored with some Christmas patronage from its friends. Those who intend to present books can not do better than buy those we offer; those who are still undecided what to give can not do better than to give books.

These books are all ready for immediate delivery. We will start them on the way within an hour or two after we get the order.

PRICE LIST.

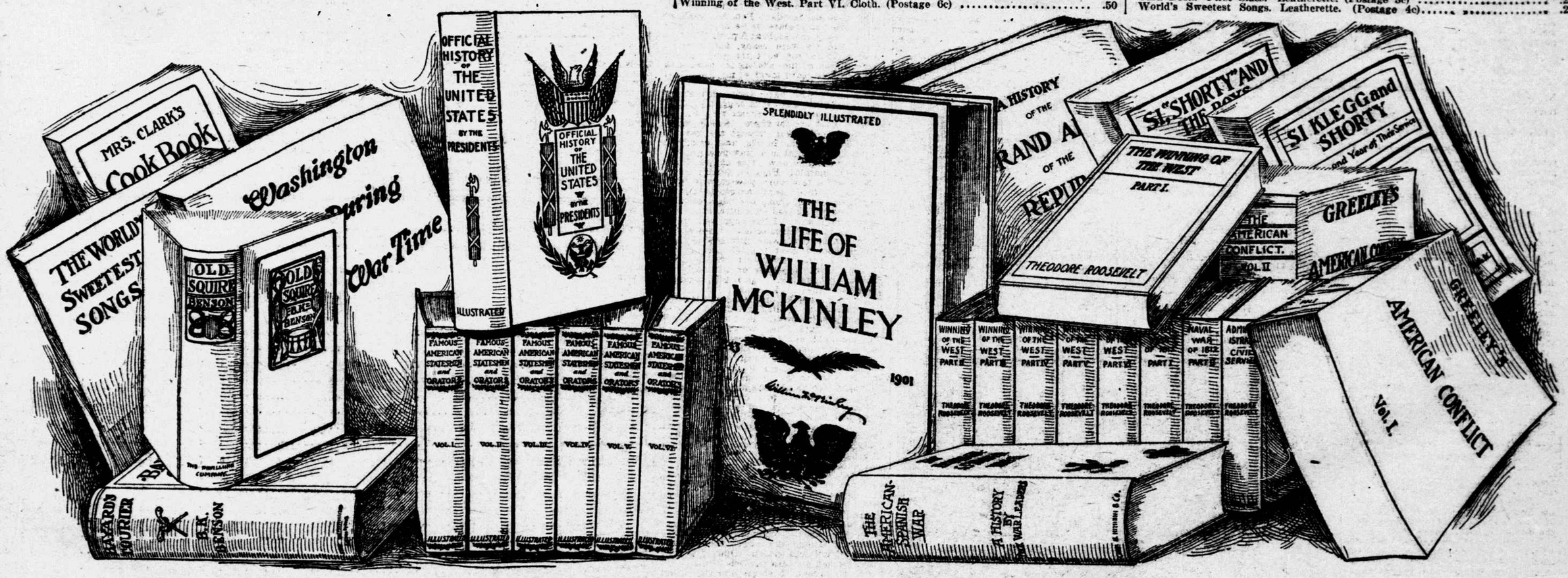
ROOSEVELT BOOKS.

NOTE.—In addition to book prices send the postage indicated if books are to be sent by mail. A better and cheaper way, usually, is to send the price for the books only and order the books sent by express, paying charges on their arrival.

Administration, Civil Service. Cloth. (Postage 6c)	.50
War of 1812. Part 1. Cloth. (Postage 6c)	.50
War of 1812. Part II. Cloth. (Postage 6c)	.50
Winning of the West. Part I. Cloth. (Postage 6c)	.50
Winning of the West. Part II. Cloth (Postage 6c)	.50
Winning of the West. Part III. Cloth. (Postage 6c)	.50
Winning of the West. Part IV. Cloth. (Postage 6c)	.50
Winning of the West. Part V. Cloth. (Postage 6c)	.50
Winning of the West. Part VI. Cloth. (Postage 6c)	.50

MISCELLANEOUS.

American-Spanish War. (Postage 27c)	$2.00
Statesmen and Orators. Cloth. Six Vols. (Postage 60c)	5.00
Official History U. S. Cloth. (Postage 22c)	2.00
Life of McKinley. Silk Back (Postage 36c)	3.00
Washington During War Time. Cloth. (Postage 14c)	1.00
American Conflict. Greeley. 2 Vols. Paper. (Postage 48c)	2.00
Bayard's Courier. Cloth. (Postage 12c)	1.50
Old Squire. Cloth. (Postage 11c)	1.50
Si and "Shorty." Second Year of Service. Leatherette. (Postage 8c)	.25
Si and "Shorty" on the March to the Sea. Leatherette. (Postage 9c)	.25
History G. A. R. Leatherette. (Postage 4c)	.25
Cook Book. First Class. Leatherette. (Postage 5c)	.25
World's Sweetest Songs. Leatherette. (Postage 4c)	.25



UNCLE OWEN'S WIFE

By COL. JOHN R. MUSICK.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, McELROY & SHOPPELL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

CHAPTER XXI.

FROM THE CAR WINDOW.

Just as the darkness was gathering over the home of Hugh Lanard a man mounted on a large black horse rode up to the gate. The horse was jaded and the horseman tired.

Hugh Lanard lived on the eastern edge of a great forest that at the time of our story extended from the Mississippi River over a part of the State for nearly a hundred miles, in which but few cabins had been built, and through which no railroad at that time ran. This strip was in places 50 miles in width, and was called the "Great Wilderness."

Lanard was one of the pioneers who had begun the onward march of civilization into the wilderness. The next house on the westward road was the home and shop of the blacksmith who had given Uncle Owen the timely warning.

"Can you keep me over night?"

"Sartinly, sartinly," cried the man of the house, as he came forward. "Why, I hope ye don't think we'd turn any un away? It's 25 miles to the next house."

Hugh Lanard was well known in that portion of the country as an honest, fearless man, honored and respected by every one.

"Whar'd ye stay last night?" asked Lanard.

"At the home of Black Powell."

Lanard started and stared at the traveler as if he thought him insane. "With Black Powell. You surely don't know who Black Powell is?"

"I know who he was; Black Powell will no longer be a dread to the world, for I shot him to-day, and you will find his body lying on the banks of the first stream this side of the blacksmith's. I hope you will go and give it Christian burial."

"Great Lord, stranger, what are ye tellin' me?"

Uncle Owen then told his story to the Kentuckian, and when he had finished Lanard seized his hand and cried:

"You're a brave man, stranger, and you've done the country a great service to rid it o' such a scoundrel. I'll take the wagon in the mornin' and haul the dead rascal back to his own home. He's long been suspected o' being the black robber, but no one ever knew it before."

"I am on a strange mission," said Uncle Owen, "and have come a long way to see you; for I hope you can give me the information I need. I am searching for a woman."

Hugh Lanard opened wide his eyes, but said nothing, and Owen Redgrave proceeded to tell Lanard as much of his story as he deemed necessary. Then he showed Lanard a picture of Malina. He at once declared that a woman who looked like the picture had been at his house but that he had asked her no questions. The pioneer said that she had been there and gone in the direction of Louisville. How far she had gone in that direction he knew not, for he had not seen her after she left his house.

Uncle Owen went to the village next day, and there gained a slight clew which led him to believe she had passed through it. He went to the County Seat.

Here was a railroad, and he decided to take the train for Louisville.

"No doubt she went thare," he thought. "From there she would find it easy to reach any other part of the world. In the city she would perhaps be safer from detection than elsewhere."

He sold his horse and determined to make the remainder of his journey on the train. Boarding the train next morning he started in the direction of Louisville. An elderly gentleman, evidently from the rural districts, sitting at his side proved to be very loquacious.

"Gwine fur?" he asked soon after they were seated.

"To Louisville."

The old man's active jaws were masticating a cud of tobacco, while he glanced occasionally from the window or made some casual remark in regard to the country and "prospect fur craps."

"Do you live in this country?" asked Uncle Owen.

"Yes, I live back in the country in the Bethel School Deestrict. I'm one o' the trustees in our Deestrict, an' am now goin' over inter the next County ter hire a teacher. We had th' blamedist luck er while back with our teecher anybody ever had. Thar come along a gal with a face so ding-donged purty that she driv everybody crazy, an' wanted ter teech our school. I hired her, when what does Tom Turner, ther blamed fool, do but go ter sparkin' her, er tryin' to. She told him she wouldn't spark, but the cussed fool was crazy, an' swore he'd kill hisself fur this yaller-headed gal, and he'd a done it ef she hadn't run away."

Uncle Owen was far more interested in the story than he pretended.

"Where did she go?" he asked.

"Lord only knows—we don't."

"When did she go?"

"Wait, it's been going on two weeks."

"Would you know this school teacher if you saw her?"

"Like er book," he answered.

"Does this look like her?" he asked, showing him the photograph.

"Yer bet it does; that's her pictur', I'd swear ter that. Why, Tom Turner'd give a hoss fur that pictur'."

Uncle Owen managed to elude the many questions of the old gentleman without offending, or divulging any secrets. He had also gained some valuable information. No doubt he would find Malina teaching in some of the County district schools. The road was new, and the train ran quite slowly. He sat by the window gazing out on the scene. Suddenly, as the train crossed a wagon road, he saw a woman standing in the road waiting for the train to pass. Her face was toward him, and at sight of it from the car window, he shrieked:

"Malina, Malina, my wife!"

Had not a brakeman seized him he would certainly have thrown himself from the flying car.

"Stop the train, stop the train," he screamed, making frantic efforts to seize the cord which closed the air-brakes.

The conductor learning there was a mad man in the car, hastened to the scene where Uncle Owen and the brakeman were struggling.

"What is the matter?" asked the conductor.

"Stop the train. I saw her. My wife is there in the road—I saw her—I saw her!" and the frantic man swooned.

"REFUSE HIM LILLIE. I WOULD HANG A THOUSAND TIMES, RATHER THAN SEE YOU HIS WIFE."

CHAPTER XXII.

FRANK VERNON'S VISITOR.

Frank Vernon had never fully realized his danger until he was locked in jail. He had supposed that, being an officer of the United States, and having taken the life of a man in the performance of his duty, he would be protected instead of prosecuted by the laws of Kentucky. But, after all, the people are a law unto themselves. Public opinion twists and warps laws, sways justice, and moves courts and juries. When the whole country wants a man's life be he guilty or innocent, that man must hang.

In the district of Kentucky where Frank had operated, and in portions of Tennessee at the time of our story, no men were hated more than United States Revenue Officers. They believed that men had a right to raise corn, rye, and barley, and distill it without Government interference. They regarded the revenue laws requiring a heavy duty on rectifying or distilling as tyrannical, and in the interest of big distilleries and monopolies. To them it was their religious duty to violate the laws and make it decidedly unpleasant for any Government official who came nosing about in other people's affairs.

Passion, prejudice, hate and envy were all concentrated against the unfortunate Frank Vernon. Even State officials hated him as a meddler.

All the way to the County-seat he found no friendly eye upon him. He was handcuffed and was tied on his horse, so that escape was utterly impossible.

It was almost night when they reached the County-seat. They rode to the jail at once, and he soon heard the clang of the iron door behind him.

The jailer came shortly after dark and lighted a lantern in the hall. The light from the lantern threw some light in his cell.

"Here, you feller, don't you want some supper?" asked the jailor.

"Yes," he answered, for he had had but little food for two days.

"Come out here ter the table and eat with the other boys." He pulled open the cell door, and Frank entered the hall, where, sitting around a plain, square table were three villainous-looking ruffians, one white and two negroes.

Bread, water and bacon constituted the supper.

Frank turned to the jailor, who was retiring, and said:

"I want writing material, if you please."

"The devil ye do? Wall, ye won't git it here."

"But, listen to me a moment," said Frank, going to the wicket door, which had closed with a bang. "I am not guilty, and I want to write to my friends."

"Yes, yer want ter write ter yer friends ter come here and reskoo yer."

"You can read my letter."

"Hain't got no time to monkey with yer, nohow," and he turned abruptly about and went away.

Frank returned to the table, but did not converse with his companions, and after he had eaten his crust of bread and drank his tin cup of water, he went to his cell and closed the door.

The three prisoners seated about the table amused themselves with a pack of greasy cards. The white man was a low, heavy-set fellow with only one eye. He was red headed, freckle-faced, and had all the appearance of a villain. Frank was quite sure he had seen him before. He threw himself on his couch and tried to think.

The idle conversation of the three rogues in the other room occasionally roused him from a painful reverie to the realization that he was still a prisoner. He heard the white man in one of these wakeful spells say:

"Boys, my time'll soon be up, an' then I'm going back to Collinsville."

The name Collinsville instantly roused him, and he gave his full attention. "I thought I had seen that rascal before," he said to himself, "and I believe he is one of Capt. Marks's moonshiners.

The rogue was sounding the praises of his pals in a way that, under other circumstances, might have been useful to Frank Vernon.

"I tell ye, our Cap'n, Cap'n Mark, is a keen 'un," declared the prisoner, to his companions. "Why, he plays all round the Revenues. We've had 50 barrels of whisky in the bottom o' the old hulk an' the Revenues a watchin' fur it. Many a dark night we've floated it down the river a few miles, drug it up the bank, and got it shipped, without 'em knowin' anything about it."

The moonshiner lit his pipe, and being in a confidential mood, went on: "Thar's one trick th' Cap'n plays makes me laugh when I think on it. Why, he makes old Uncle Owen Redgrave put up ther money to run our distillery. Yes, sir-ree," continued the prisoner to his companions, "Uncle Owen puts up every dollar o' money we want, an' don't know et."

"Dun know it?" asked a big, vicious-looking negro. "Why, dun he know it?"

"Why, it's this ere way, Pomp," said the red-headed villain. "The old man hez a nephew that loves whisky a leetle better'n he loves his own life. We boys worked him, an' he worked the old man. Now, John Redgrave gits lots o' spendin' money, an' he gives it to us and in that way we run our distillery at ther old man's expense down in the old hulk and the Revenues don't know anything about it."

"So they have the distillery in the old hulk," thought Frank. "I believed it all the time, but was not sure."

"We do a blame sight mor'n make a little whisky, boys," said the moonshiner with a laugh. "Now, it would just be the thing fur you fellers to be with us."

"What else do ye do?" asked Pomp.

"We got a big boat—used ter be the yawl on a steamboat, an' we go down ur up ther river, fur ez we want ter. Wall, sometimes we find a store at some small town whar they hev a safe full of money. We land below, make a circuit erround, an' at midnight come down on that air in er way thet makes 'em think ther's a pack er Injuns let loose on' em; ur else we slip in easy like, bust ther safe with giant powder, an' skip t' our yawl.",

"So this accounts for the number of burglaries I have heard so much about," thought Frank.

"Does John Redgrave go with ye on them scrapes?" asked a negro.

"Haint never done so yit; he dun know nuthin' erbout 'em," said the prisoner.

Days passed in that horrible prison, each seeming an age, and Frank became so indifferent that he took little or no notice of time. He had learned to ask no favors of his jailor, and had given over all hope of writing to friends.

One day the jailor came to his cell and said there was a visitor for him.

"A visitor!" cried Frank starting to his feet in amazement; "why, who in the world can want to see me?"

A moment later he heard the rustle of a dress, and next instant a lady entered the cell and he recognized her immediately.

"Lillie, Lillie!" he cried, starting up.

"Frank," cried Lillie, hastening toward him, her beautiful eyes filling with tears of affection; "Oh, Frank, I am so sorry you did not go away as I begged you to."

"Lillie, I am not guilty," he said, "and I have no fear of a trial."

"But, Frank," public opinion is so set against you a trial would be dangerous."

"I have heard nothing about my trial," he answered. "I had no opportunity to even send a letter to friends who would procure counsel for me."

"Why did you not write?"

"I had neither pen, paper nor ink; every cent of money was taken from me, so I can not even purchase a postage stamp."

"It was fortunate I came, Frank. I can do something for you?"

"You can, Lillie," he said, lowering his voice and leading her to the further corner of the cell. "When you go home write to the U. S. Collector of Internal Revenue at Louisville, Ky., and tell him that I now know where the distillery is. It is in the bottom or hull of the old stern-wheeler which has lain on the sand for so many years below Collinsville.

"Certainly, Frank; but how about yourself?"

"I had forgotten that part, Lillie; but you know I am innocent. You can tell them that I acted officially, and in self-defense."

"I will; but, Frank, I came to ask you some questions. Was John Redgrave there that night?"

"He was."

"He swears he has it in his power to hang you if he wishes, and that he will do it unless—unless I become his wife."

"Refuse him, Lillie. I would hang a thousand times rather than see you his wife."

The voice of the jailor was heard saying:

"Look here, this talk has gone on long enough, Miss; come, ye must git out, fur I'm a goin' ter close up this jail fur th' night," and she was hurried out of the jail without another word.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SIMON AND UNCLE OWEN.

As the conductor laid the insensible traveler back in his seat a tall man with Roman nose and prominent chin, came down the aisle.

"I know this man. I am his friend, and if you'll keep these derned galoots back out o' his way so he can have a little air, he'll be all right soon."

The conductor waved the eager passengers back to their seats, and Simon took Uncle Owen in charge. His restoration required only a short time.

"Why, Simon are you here?" he asked, as he finally roused up.

"Yes. What was the matter, Uncle Owen?"

"Oh, Simon, I saw her standing there in the road waiting for the train to go by."

Simon at once comprehended the cause of Uncle Owen's swoon.

"Well, by the Eternal, if Malina was at that crossing I'll help you find her," declared Simon. The conductor passed at this moment, and Simon touched his arm and asked:

"Well, how far from the place where this man had his fright is the next station?"

"Ten miles, I suppose. Why do you ask?"

"Because I want to know."

"At the next station we will get off," said Simon to Uncle Owen.

"And you will stay with me, Simon?"

"Yes."

At the station both left the train, and Uncle Owen and the Yankee procured horses and buggy, and went whirling back in the direction they had come.

"You can't hope to find her at the crossing where you saw her," said Simon.

"No, no," Uncle Owen answered. "But she is in the same neighborhood, and there is no doubt we can find some one who knows her."

There were so many places where wagon roads crossed the railroad that it was doubtful if the exact crossing could be found. But Owen came to one about 10 miles from the village, which he was quite sure was the place, and on getting out of the buggy found the imprints of a lady's shoes in the dust.

"It's the place, Simon; this is the place!" he cried. "Here are the imprints of her shoes, and I know she crossed here."

He hurried over the railroad, following the wagon road across the prairie. On a small thorn bush that grew at the roadside something white fluttered, and he took it from the shrub. It was a fine cambric handkerchief, in one corner of which was M. R.

"It's hers, Simon. I remember seeing her work these letters."

He pressed the handkerchief to his lips, and placed it in his side pocket next to his heart.

At the next house they learned that a young woman had halted for a drink, and had gone on toward the east. At the various houses and from the various persons whom they met they heard from the fugitive, who was always four or five hours ahead of them. Here a farmer had given her a lift in his wagon; there she had hired a man to drive her five miles, and so she kept ahead of them.

The sun set, and the evening shadows began to gather over the quiet landscape. The surface of the country had changed. From the rolling prairie they had come to the forest, in some places a level plain, and in others broken and rough. A man crouching behind a tree near the road and wearing a mask over his face watched the oncoming vehicle with the keenest interest. As it passed him he rose, and darting swiftly forward sprang lightly upon the rear of the "piano-box bed." The curtain was down, which favored him, as he could hear and not be seen. He clung to the vehicle with his left hand, and held a dangerous-looking revolver in his right.

"Simon, do you think we will find her to-night?"

"Uncle Owen," said Simon; "it's my opinion that we won't find her to-night, so hadn't we better begin to hunt for some place to stay over night?"

Owen recognized the folly of prosecuting the search further that night, and said:

"Well, Simon, we can put up at the first house we come to."

"I will, Uncle Owen; houses seem to have grown tarnal scarce on this road, though."

At last there loomed up at the left side of the road a tall, two-story farm house. It had the comfortable appearance of a well-to-do Kentucky country house, and stood back from the road in a grove of beautiful maple and beech trees.

"There is a house," said Simon, who had been straining his eyes to get a sight of it.

The man who had been riding behind now slipped down from his perch, and quietly stole away into the orchard back of the house.

The barking of dogs soon brought the people in the house to the door, and the farmer came out in his shirtsleeves.

"Can we stay all night?" asked Uncle Owen.

"Sartinly; jist light out, gentlemen, an' I'll call the boys an' they will get your horses out an' fed."

"We are looking for a young woman," announced Uncle Owen. "Have you seen a strange young woman with golden hair this afternoon?"

The farmer after a brief silence asked: "Wonder ef it ain't that school marm yer a talkin' about?"

"Yes; she does teach school."

"Well, yes; then, she passed on the road a mile west, a little before sunset, so I was told by Eph Potter."

Uncle Owen turned an appealing glance toward Simon who shook his head and said:

"No, no; not to-night."

"To-morrow may be too late."

"To-night would be useless."

Wearied and disappointed, Uncle Owen tried to sleep. Every time he closed his eyes that gaunt specter which had always haunted him since the terrible accusation rose before his vision.

Then as fatigue sealed his weary lids with slumber the specter once more changed to the ghostly white-faced man who once had sought his life, and who seemed the evil genius of his wife. He struggled in his sleep to clutch the cold, slimy throat. He struggled to break the spell.

A dark form which had been silently climbing a ladder outside the house paused at the window and gently raised it. Then a head and shoulders entered. The man held a keen, glittering blade in his hand, and there was a murderous look in his eye.

(To be continued.)

An Appeal to Union Veterans.

To all Union Veterans: I make an appeal that you co-operate in an effort that is being made by the people of the city of Staunton to secure an appropriation with which to erect a monument to both Union and Confederate soldiers of the 60's.

Just on the border of the city stands an eminence of land, sugarloaf in shape. Its summit is 2,000 feet above the level of the sea. At the foot of the north side of the mountain lie the remains of 600 Union dead, while about three-fourths of a mile distant are the remains of several thousand Confederates.

The summit of the mountain has a level of several acres, sufficient for the erection of a grand monument, and for a museum in which to deposit relics of the time that it is thus desired to commemorate.

The soil of Virginia should be as sacred to ex-Union as to ex-Confederate soldiers; and I, an ex-Union soldier, urgently request all who may read this letter to write their representatives in Congress to cordially support a bill that will at an early date be introduced by a Virginia Congressman, in compliance to the wishes of his constituency.

If any have doubts on the subject let them be dispelled, for I, who have lived in Virginia for 13 years, am in position to vouch for the zealous loyalty of all its people. Their patriotism for the Government is not surpassed by the people of any other State in the Union.

Comrades, attend to this at once.—S. P. BROCKWAY, Lieutenant-Colonel, 9th Mich. Cav., Staunton, Va.

The Father of Gen. Forrest.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Can any reader of The National Tribune give the name of the father of the rebel Gen. N. B. Forrest? Was he not a Northern man? There are people here by that name who claim relationship to him—DITON PHELPS, East Smithfield, Pa.

Liver and Kidneys

It is highly important that these organs should properly perform their functions.

When they don't, what lameness of the side and back, what yellowness of the skin, what constipation, bad taste in the mouth, sick headache, pimples and blotches, and loss of courage, tell the story.

The great alterative and tonic

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Gives these organs vigor and tone for the proper performance of their functions, and cures all their ordinary ailments. Take it.

NATIONAL ENCAMPMENTS.

Dates and Places of Holding, and Commanders-in-Chief.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I have been a reader of your publication since its first inception. I am one of the veterans having a record of four years' service. I lost an arm at the battle of Peach Tree Creek, July 20, 1864, thereby losing the privilege of entering Atlanta and participating in the March to the Sea under Gen. Sherman. But being in the Officers' Hospital at Nashville, Tenn., the following December I did have the privilege of witnessing the grand panorama of war at the very outskirts of that city. It was here, under the guidance of grand old Pap Thomas that Gen. Hood, with his invading force of Confederates was made to feel the power and strength relied upon by Generals Sherman, Grant and President Lincoln, wherein Hood was lured to his annihilation and an army of invasion heard of no more as a factor in Confederate representation. Would you please publish an entire list of the meeting of the National Encampments. Recognizing the correct authenticity of all matters given by you in The National Tribune, we ask for this as a matter of interest to the veterans whose delight it is to join in line of march at such times.—JESSE MOORE, Lieutenant, Co. E, 111th Pa., Cochranton, Pa.

National Encampments have been held and Commanders-in-Chief elected as follows:

Indianapolis, Nov. 20, 1866. S. A. Hurlbut, Illinois.

Philadelphia, Jan. 15, 1868. John A. Logan, Illinois.

Cincinnati, May 12, 1869. John A. Logan, Illinois.

Washington, May 11, 1870. John A. Logan, Illinois.

Boston, May 10, 1871. A. E Burnside, R. I.

Cleveland, May 8, 1872. A. E. Burnside, R. I.

New Haven, May 14, 1873. Charles Devins, Jr., Mass.

Harrisburg, May 13, 1874. Charles Devins, Jr., Mass.

Chicago, May 12, 1875. John F. Hartranft, Pa.

Philadelphia, June 30, 1876. John F. Hartranft, Pa.

Providence, June 26, 1877. John C. Robinson, New York.

Springfield, Mass., June 4, 1878. John C. Robinson, New York.

Albany, June 17, 1879. William Ernshaw, Ohio.

Dayton, June 8, 1880. Louis Wagner, Pa.

Indianapolis, June 15, 1881. George S. Merrill, Mass.

Baltimore, June 21, 1882. Paul Van Der Voort, Neb.

Denver, July 25, 1883. Robert B. Beath, Pa.

Minneapolis, July 23, 1884. John S. Kountz, Ohio.

Portland, Me., June 24, 1885. S. S. Burdett, Washington, D. C.

San Francisco, August 4, 1886. Lucius Fairchild, Wis.

St. Louis, September 29, 1887. John P. Rea, Minn.

Columbus, Sept. 12, 1888. William Warner, Mo.

Milwaukee, Aug. 28, 1889. Russell A. Alger, Mich.

Boston, August 13, 1890. Wheelock G. Veazey, Vt.

Detroit, August 5, 1891. John Palmer, New York.

Washington, Sept. 21, 1892. A. G. Weissert, Wis.

Indianapolis, Sept. 6, 1893. J. G. B. Adams, Mass.

Pittsburg, Sept. 12, 1894. Thomas G. Lawler, Ill.

Louisville, Sept. 12, 1895. Ivan G. Walker, Ind.

St. Paul, Sept. 3, 1896. T. S. Clarkson, Neb.

Buffalo, Aug. 26, 1897. J. P. S. Gobin, Pa.

Cincinnati, Sept. 8, 1898. James A. Sexton, Ill., and W. C. Johnson, of Ohio, at Philadelphia to fill unexpired term.

Philadelphia, Sept. 6, 1899. Albert D. Shaw, N. Y.

Chicago, Aug. 29, 1900. Leo Rassieur, Mo.

Cleveland, Sept. 12, 1901. Eli Torrance, Minn.

Washington, Oct. 12, 1902. Thomas T. Stewart, Pa.

San Francisco, Aug. 17, 1903. John C. Black, Ill.

—EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE.]

A Swindling Solicitor.

W. R. Black, Cedar Grove, Ind., relates his experience with Buckingham, the swindling solicitor, who came through that region canvassing for subscriptions for a paper which, he said, was devoted to the interests of the old soldiers, and carried a nice sample-case of silver knives, forks, spoons, etc., for premiums. He got money for subscriptions, and was boarded by the comrades, but they have heard nothing of the paper.