AROUND CHATTANOOGA.

Gen. George H. Thomas, the "Rock of Chickamauga"—Gen. Rosecrans, the Master Strategist—The Armies of the Cumberland and the Tennessee.

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I believe some few things were so firmly established by events of the war of the rebellion that they will for all ages to come withstand the tooth of time, and the assaults of the ignorant, the envious and the bigoted. Among these certain, fixed things I reckon the brilliant and unclouded fame of Gen. George H. Thomas, "The Rock of Chickamauga," which to-day rests upon a pedestal too firmly grounded for anything we may now say to either strengthen or shake. And yet how perilously near he came, because of the inclement weather and the unwarranted impatience of his superiors, to the loss of the crowning glory of his military career, his victory over Hood at Nashville, which competent critics aver to have been the most complete of any of the war.

Thomas was the Chevalier Bayard of our entire army, "the man without fear and without reproach," and that Grant speaks of him as he does in his Memoirs is to be deplored, as well as wondered at. And the wonder is the greater, to any unbiased reader, if conversant with the military situation that obtained at Chattanooga on Nov. 7, 1863, that such an order was given, the result of obedience to which is so easy to forecast.

The pathetic note that Maj. Byers thinks he sees in the Memoirs referred to, at this point, would not, of course, be there, but we would have in its place a page of real pathos that would, if truly written, appear much like the true accounts of those ill-advised assaults upon the works at Vicksburg, and I honor more the superior wisdom and coolness of the sturdy and humane old warrior who could and would, even at the risk of his own place and fame, ignore the order in question. Thomas could well see that the certain repulse of an ill-timed and hopeless attack upon Bragg could in no way aid Burnside, or go far toward allaying the needlessly nervous feeling of the country, and he should be held in greater esteem for that timely disobedience than for the victories he won.

The Army of the Cumberland had but 47,000 effectives at Chickamauga, and having 17,000 of that number placed hors de combat in that encounter, as I believe it did, could not muster a man more than 30,000, with scant ammunition and few horses with which to handle guns, and they to go out against an intrenched enemy, of which B. F. Taylor, in writing for the Chicago Tribune, had a few days before said, "100,000 seasoned men will not exhaust the rebel roll." Taylor may have credited them with 10,000 too many, possibly; but even then the odds would make further comment on this subject unnecessary.

Before I pass to some of the many inaccuracies that I notice in Maj. Byers's recent article in The National Tribune, entitled "War's Mighty Cost," I wish to say a few words about the Army of the Cumberland and its commander, the man who about the middle of October, 1862, took from the hands of Don Carlos Buell what I remember to have been in greater part an undisciplined, mutinous mob, a large number of the members of which were absent without leave, and in the course of a few short weeks transformed that mob into the magnificent fighting machine called the Army of the Cumberland, with which at the close of that year the battle of Stone River was fought and won. It may be news even to-day to many who are fond of belittling Rosecrans, that he moved against Bragg at the earliest possible moment for him to move, with even chances of success, and that when at the council called the night before every one of his Generals opposed the movement, and with 43,000 men he ousted Bragg with 60,000 men from his chosen position.

Rosecrans's Magnificent Strategy.

It was Rosecrans's magnificent strategy that played Bragg out of invincible Tullahoma, a point so strongly fortified that double our numbers could not have taken it by direct assault. He hurried the rebels out of Shelbyville, across Duck River, over the Cumberland Range, and to the other side of the Tennessee; all that with insignificant loss to ourselves, in spite of the rain that began to fall before the movement was fairly begun, and that continued until it was concluded, on the 12th day. We had to march night and day through mud more than ankle deep in many places, and men fell asleep at every halt that was made, some even sleeping as they walked. After a brief rest the Tennessee was crossed in face of the enemy, and he was forced over and beyond the Raccoon and Lookout Ranges and into Georgia. Then, with Chattanooga in our possession, it was time to call a halt, strengthen and make ourselves sure of what was in our hands and reinforce before a further advance. But not so thought the man at Washington, whose former policy had been, so far as it could, to hold back the General in the field at times when an advance ought to be made, now, with purblind perversity, not taking into account a thoroughly-alarmed and awakened South, thought Atlanta in easy reach, and ordered the army forward.

At that time the dullest private in the army knew that trouble was imminent, and I, though in the midst of tried and true comrades, felt more than lonesome, for I knew we lacked numbers for the work cut out for us.

It has been said that Halleck, in reply to a remonstrance against the further advance at that time, said to Rosecrans, "Go on, and I will reinforce you." To which Rosecrans replied, "I will go on, then, trusting in God, but not in reinforcements." The logical result of obedience to that order, "Chickamauga," came soon, and it, but for the error of one other than the General of the Army, would have a different sound to Northern ears, for it is not too much to assume that as the fiercest onsets of the rebel hordes upon our lines were steadily repelled, often as they were made, before the fatal gap in the line was left open for them, that they could not have broken the lines at all had they been well joined before the fight began. This is no extravagant claim to put forward, when we consider that Thomas, with less than the center and left wing, withstood their fierce and repeated efforts to overwhelm him, when they were flushed with their success in powdering up the isolated right wing; and he offered them the battle all day on Monday that they were not in condition to accept, retiring to the city the day after at his leisure.

It was on that field where both sides hurriedly threw together such objects as were at hand, such things as rails, poles, logs, stones and the earth, that they dug up with knives, cups and their hands, anything to stop a bullet, and that were separated in places feet rather than rods apart, that Longstreet's men cried out to our boys, "Oh, you are not fighting Bragg's conscripts now!" And our boys yelled back to them, "Oh, you are not fighting Eastern store-clerks now!"

Bragg's Inhumanity.

The Johnnies charged up to our flimsy line of defense at one point, but once there they could go no further, but had to lie down, head to head with their foes, and they made themselves obnoxious neighbors for a little time, by two of them in concert reaching over the separating log and catching a man by the hair or shoulders and raising him up, while a third man, lying between the two, used the bayonet. Men of the 15th Wis. (Scandinavian regiment) were killed in this manner.

When I saw that part of the field early in December I noted that the headboards over North and South Carolina graves were very thickly planted thereabouts, and that where men of our own had fallen, such as were not gathered up by ourselves, were suffered to lie like the dead of beasts, until the field was again possessed by us. Bragg in his black inhumanity refusing the right of sepulture to the defenders of the Flag that he once had sworn to uphold with his life. The bones of those fallen heroes had been gathered up and buried before my visit there, but there upon the ground where each man had lain were the mute evidences that were of themselves enough to convict that sour-visaged old arch rebel of the most contemptible crime that man ever practiced upon his fellow, revenge upon the dead.

Reckon Chickamauga as you will, Union defeat or rebel victory, dear to them as to us, when I weigh the desperate work done there against that of all other fields of the war, I am compelled to say of it that of all the names rendered glorious by the matchless valor of our army, both in the East and West, there is no other that any regiment entitled to it may be any prouder to emblazon on its banners than that of "Chickamauga."

To say, as Chas. A. Dana did, that the Army of the Cumberland was demoralized is so nearly untrue as to have been at the time, as now, a great injustice to that army, though it probably looked so to him, who doubtless judged the spirit of the men by the conditions that surrounded them.

The Lines at Chattanooga.

When our lines were formed at Chattanooga and intrenching had begun our old commander rode from the river upon our left to the extreme right of the line, addressing a few words to each command in turn. This is the substance of what he said to us: "Boys, we have had a battle, and while we have lost the field upon which it was fought, we have Chattanooga, the objective point of the campaign, and we are going to hold it." And he was more heartily cheered then than at any other time he ever came before us, from river to river again.

That the enemy would assault our lines at that time was the one wish that I heard oftener expressed than that the bread wagon would come up. If there was demoralization in that, or lack of confidence in our General or ourselves, then I am not in any way competent to judge of the meaning of the word or the spirit of the men. Nor can I spell demoralization out of the spirit of the men of that army that led it a few weeks later to make that splendid, though unordered, charge up Mission Ridge, where it possessed itself of 60 (not 31) rebel guns. Our General was taken from us, the man who had fashioned the weapon used to honor in his hands, as well as later, an army that I am more proud to have been one of than of any other that upheld our flag in those times; one, too, that had more men in it that bore what Mark Twain has aptly termed the "American patent of nobility" than any other; i. e., familiar nicknames, in which the boys seldom erred and never were too free in bestowing. We had with us "Little Phil," "Old Pap Thomas" (or "Old Slow Trot"), and "Old Rosy." Differing with him in religion and politics, as did the great majority of men under him, I doubt if any of us ever saw in Rosecrans other than the honest patriot and Christian. We knew that he was a soldier and a General, and that he ever thought of relinquishing Chattanooga I do not believe.

Now, as to conditions at Chattanooga in October and November, 1863. They were undeniably bad for us, critical it may be, but never desperate, as many believed at that time, and as many believe to-day, owing largely to the careless talk of some who were sent to our relief, who, judging by their words, seem to think that they were doing us of the Cumberland a gratuitous service in coming to us, not fully realizing, as it appears, that we of that army had never taken the contract to whip out or stand off for all time all that the frantic Confederacy could send against us. That spirit of toleration for us and condescension to us, which was doubtless handed down to the ranks of the relieving force by some one pretty high up, I have often met both in print and private life, is well shown in the words of a certain Maj. C. I once had the pleasure of meeting. His manner I cannot give on paper. He began by saying, "You fellers was in a mighty tight box there in Chattanooga, and if it had not been for us you would have been all gobbled up." I replied that I thought it was not quite so bad as that; that while we knew that we had to have help, we also knew that the country was behind us, and that relief could come, as come it did, from other quarters. "But," he said, "Rosecrans had no business to be there at all." "Well, that is real news," I replied, "and it is likely that Rosecrans, even at this late day, would like to be informed of that; for without a doubt he supposed that the movement with Chattanooga as its objective was made with the full knowledge and concurrence, if not by direct order, of the War Department." And then the sapient Major seemed to lose interest in the subject.

Starvation Rations.

It is true that there were times when the unpleasant feelings that I and others felt in the region of the diaphragm were not caused by anything we had eaten—we were sure of that; but, so long as the way was open for the little ration we did have to filter in, so long as there were cartridges for our guns, or butts on them, just so long was Chattanooga ours.

I confess, too, that I in some part subsisted on hominy made from the corn that was filched from our poor, starving horses, who at that time were eating up the burr-oak branches that we threw to them, until nothing smaller than our wrists remained of them. By reason of having been sent seven miles up the river to guard Penney's Ford, or Ferry, Davis's Division had more than half its artillery horses left, and in condition to move guns, for we found forage in the cane that was on the banks of the stream. That the direct road from Chattanooga to Bridgeport was so thickly strewn with dead mules, as is so graphically described in "War's Mighty Cost," I am in position to deny; for I made the trip early in December, and the possible 25 dead mules to the mile that I saw in and out the road never could have emitted the terrible effluvia spoken of, for their bones had too little flesh upon them to do more than dry up. I only mention this to show the habit that obtains, or has obtained, of making all possible capital out of the exigencies then present, regardless of the facts of the case. Whatever the conditions were, we did have to have help, and whether it be discreditable to be in jeopardy, and then hold out until aid comes, others may say, but most of us have read of entire armies that, in the course of duty, were in straits, real soldiers, too, that after enduring the test that proved them so, and holding on until help came, were given the credit due to their endurance and fortitude. We were glad enough when our succor did come. Hooker first, then Sherman and Logan, with Grant as leader of us all, and never after did we lack men enough to more than do the work before us.

Among the things I most clearly remember as coming under my own eyes in those times is the crossing of the Tennessee by Sherman to attack the rebel right at the northern end of Mission Ridge. The river at the point selected for the bridge is what may be termed quite a sizable, navigable stream, from 50 to 60 rods wide, and fringed upon the south side far above and below with a dense growth of cane and willows that came to the edge of the then swollen water, thus forming a perfect screen for the pickets on the further shore. Dominating the point chosen for the bridge, on the further shore, was a conical hill occupied a few days previously by a section of rebel artillery which was there then, for all we knew to the contrary. The bare flank of this hill did not rise into our view until it reached 20 to 30 rods from the river bank, because of the screen of brush already mentioned. Now, it amazes me to learn how easy it would have been, if one had been so disposed, to kill a man across that river with "common pistols," or to hear the conversation and the jeers of the ribald foe. As I remember the place and time, I would not have been unhappy then at the thought of sitting down to a Thanksgiving dinner in the open, and giving the Major, or any other good shot, leave to take all possible chances at me, while I was too busily engaged to take notice. And I would contract not to miss a course while he was using the common pistols of that day. Of course, I would not care to have a mere blunderer pecking away at me all day, for in such cases things do happen sometimes, and it would, in any case, become annoying after a time. * * *

Sherman's Precautions.

It will be remembered that Sherman took most extraordinary precautions that his presence in the hills opposite the crossing should not be suspected by Bragg, and to fully deceive the old traitor had marched a part of his force, with a large train, miles up the northern bank of the river in daylight, in plain view of rebel outposts, to lead them to believe he was well on the road to relieve Knoxville. This he did, only to march them back again at night, to hide them in the hills near the crossing that was to be made. Our division (that of Jeff. C. Davis) was brought down to the rendezvous at night, where we were kept in concealment the entire day following, under the most stringent orders not to stray from camp or show ourselves upon the hills, and as a further precaution, lest some should disobey, a cordon of guards was placed near the tops of the hills, but out of sight, whose duty it was to turn back all who came near them. That any officer or man went outside those lines that day to hold informal gossip with the people across the river I can not believe, and I would not have liked to occupy the shoes of any man whomsoever that was found violating those orders. That Bragg had not divined the secret, so well kept, seems a thing to wonder at now. How the first pontoons, two or three of them in advance of the others, all launched in the North Chickamauga, where they were made, hugged the northern shore of the Tennessee, until about opposite the chosen point, and then were noiselessly rowed over to the southern side, capturing almost the entire post of rebel pickets there by a very sharp ruse, is probably a story too often told to repeat here.

The Captain of our battery, by reason of seniority, was given the choice of posts, that of defending the crossing about to be made or taking the serviceable horses of the other battery to join with Sherman in the work beyond the river. Capt. Gardner asked which was the post of greater danger, and was told that it was believed there would be very warm work at the river, and his reply to that was, "Then put me there." We therefore moved down to the river's brink not very long after midnight, and went behind the light works made ready for us, expecting that something would happen with little delay. There we saw pontoons filled with men, silent and grim, shoving away from the banks, and empty boats coming to the shore, appearing and disappearing in the fog that hid all that was fifty feet away, in the most weird and uncanny manner. If anybody was awakened from sleep in the hills a mile distant by the sounds those men made in their boats, then he must have been a very delicate sleeper, for they were next to inaudible to us upon the bank. Then I can believe the story that a mouse once told me of how he was one time disturbed in one of his somewhat incautious naps by the clumsy footfalls of a cat upon the velvet carpet, and he made his adieus just in time to be there to show me by his presence that his tale was true. Another error that the Major is not alone in is that concerning the number of guns that were put there to guard or force the crossing. Grant says there were 50 and the Major says 69, a discrepancy of 19 in the very outset. But I am not satisfied to let either one of those figures go for facts any longer. If there had been any other gun or battery other than the six of our own, I am sure I would have seen it, had it been within a half-mile of us above or below. If any living member of any of the batteries to which those mooted guns belonged will rise up and correct me, if I am wrong, I will take it as a favor, and thank him in these columns for placing me in the right.

The small gap that was left in the middle of the bridge, in midstream, was filled in, I should think, before 9 o'clock, and the head of a column of cavalry there in waiting immediately took its way over it, and the little three-boat bridge at the mouth of the South Chickamauga, in plain view from our side, and in an incredibly short time, the smoke that rose from Bragg's burning commissariat told us of the success of the errand of the horsemen. It was a sudden blow at the rebel stomach that there was no time to parry.

The Morning's Spectacle.

Dawn revealed to us of "the little army" a sight, for numbers, that we had never seen before in all our previous campaigning, the solid mass of men on the flat near us waiting to cross, and long lines of blue emerging from every gap in the hills, all converging upon the point at which we were stationed. We had never seen such a show of numbers, and I can cheerfully say that they had all the appearance of being just what they had on more than one occasion before proven themselves to be, clean, hardy, seasoned soldiers, and a year's subsequent service side by side with them led to no other conclusion.

It has always since been a source of wonder and deep regret to me that so many of those good men were so soon sacrificed in what I believe to have been an unwise attack upon Hardee (the rebel right) behind strong works that were defended by as good men as ever fought for the lost cause. We can read in the little progress that Sherman made there well enough what would have happened if Thomas had attacked 20 days earlier.

I have long believed that if Sherman had crossed the river two miles higher up, and seized South Chickamauga Station, the rebel depot of supplies, thus throwing himself across the enemy's rear, that Bragg would have been forced to fight in the open, between two divisions of our army, neither of which he was able to whip. The fighting would have been perhaps a little fiercer, but the result, the elimination of Bragg's entire army from the contest, which would have meant a shortening of the war by six months or more. There is, of course, much room for idle speculation as to how the history of the war subsequent to Mission Ridge would have been written, with the Wilderness and that fearful campaign up to the James, with Petersburg, Nashville, and the Atlanta campaign and march to the sea left out; but it could not have been so bloody or so long.

"That the escape of Bragg from Chickamauga Valley was a lost opportunity," as has been said by one high up in military matters, and who was thoroughly conversant with the ground and forces operating there at the time, I fully believe

A CAMP REMINISCENCE.

An Unlooked for and Very Troublesome Night Visitor.

Editor National Tribune: The first Tuesday in November, 1864, was the memorable day that Lincoln was elected for the second time to fill the office of President of the United States. He had discharged under circumstances of unparalleled difficulty the arduous duties and responsibilities of the office for nearly four years, and the people and the army were anxious that he should be re-elected. The soldiers of the volunteer forces for the preservation of the Union had been voted the privilege by their respective State Governments to cast their votes as citizen-soldiers for the choice of a Chief Magistrate. A General Order had been issued by the commanding officer of the army setting the day apart as a general holiday, and arrangements were perfected for holding an election and at the same time a day of sports and festivity for the defenders of the Flag and Nation. At least, it proved to be such for the troops under command of Gen. Gillmore, stationed in front of Charleston, S. C.

The election had proceeded quietly and fairly, as far as the writer of this was able to perceive, he being one of the inspectors or judges of the election which was held at regimental headquarters. The afternoon set in with a cold and bleak northwester that put an end to the field sports, which consisted of running, jumping, wheelbarrow races and the climbing of a greased pole. It takes considerable cold and wet and wind to dampen the enthusiasm of soldiers who had been liberally supplied with commissary B, and although a truce had been called to the games the company streets were alive with happy pleasure-seekers till long after the polls were declared closed. It was late in the evening when the tally lists and returns were made out in triplicates and witnessed at headquarters. The 52d Pa. had voted nearly to a man as they had been fighting for three years, against armed rebellion in the field, Copperheads and Southern sympathizers in public trusts. Our gallant Colonel, Henry M. Hoyt, afterwards Governor of Pennsylvania, ever mindful of the needs and wants of his men and of the election board, who had been necessarily deprived of the pleasures and pastimes of the day, sent them a first-rate supper and liquid refreshments wherewith to be glad and make merry the remainder of the evening. A jollier set of men were probably never convened inside the canvas walls of a marquee than the four worthies who celebrated the event in a manner peculiarly their own. Song and wassail abounded, and speech and sentiment was the order of the night. In the meantime several raids had been made upon the sutler's department for pale ale, and several pailfuls rapidly disappeared. Taps had been sounded for nearly three hours, and the Colonel had reminded us several times through the Adjutant that the night was far spent. This was at last conceded. The empty bottles were stowed away under the bunks and the few full ones that were left put within easy reach, the blankets spread for the night and the board of canvassers slept where they had worked and banqueted. One of the members, who had perhaps eaten too heartily of the canned lobster, awoke about 3 in the morning, lighted a candle and nudged the writer, who was his nearest sleeping partner, and suggested the propriety of tapping a bottle of Scotch ale. This was sucessfully accomplished and the contents appropriated, when there came a spectral apparition at the tent door, pushed it aside and entered, advancing towards us and the light with a musket and fixed bayonet. The first impulse was that some one was playing a practical joke on the revelers of the previous night, but a second look convinced us that a maniac was among us, and that we were in danger of being shot or bayoneted. Being nearest to our nocturnal visitor, my first impulse was to seize the barrel of his gleaming firelock and hold it up. This I did, calling on my companions to assist in his disarmament. This we accomplished after a severe struggle. In wrenching the musket from his grasp the hammer of the lock scratched his forehead, and a few drops of blood trickled down his face. This seemed to enrage him more, and the struggle became more intense. The noise by this time awoke the rest of our comrades, who assisted in holding the man down on the floor and covering him up with blankets, for he had nothing on him but a gray flannel Government shirt, and that was completely saturated with the rain, for it had been such a night as Tam O'Shanter took the road in. The meanwhile he had been uttering the most incoherent speeches and moaning, as if suffering from both mental and physical agonies. It took four of us to hold him, and as he became calmer and more rational we learned that he belonged to Co. I. We sent for the Orderly-Sergeant of that company, but he failed to recognize him, and left for his quarters, muttering something about being disturbed at such an unseemly hour. We then called for the Corporal of our camp guard, who came with a couple of soldiers to see what was the cause of the alarm. We gave him in charge of the guards, after properly clothing him, and a messenger was dispatched to the nearest regiment, which was the 56th N. Y., commanded by Col. Van Wyck, afterwards U. S. Senator from Nebraska, inquiring if such a person belonged to them. A searching party who had just returned from a tour of the Island, for it was the famous Morris Island on which we were encamped, informed our messenger that they had been looking for the young man in question, and they immediately came to our camp and took him in charge. Our guards learned from the Hospital Steward, who was one of the searching party, that the young man had been suffering for several days with a malignant type of malarial fever, most of which time he had been delirious, and at times completely out of his mind. He had only been a few weeks in the regiment, and had been drafted, as many thousand more had been, to recruit the army and strengthen it for the final death struggle with secession and rebellion. Separation from his home and friends had preyed upon his mind, and the miasma of malarial swamps engendered the fierce fires of a fever which burned out his young life. His watchers at the hospital tent had fallen asleep, and seizing a musket that stood near, he walked out into the blackness and rain of that terrible night. There is no telling how long he had wandered about. He was cold and wet when he came in on us, attracted, no doubt, by the light in our tent. We visited him at the hospital next day. He did not know us, nor did he remember anything of his midnight match. During his lucid moments he talked of his mother and about his dear Jessie. He spoke, too, of a brother who had perished in the swamps before Yorktown with McClellan. He wanted to see again the dear ones at his Northern home, to whom he sent messages of tender farewell and some keepsakes which he had in his knapsack. His fever left him, but his vitality was sapped, and in the course of a few hours he gently passed away. "The evening drum's sad roll had beat the soldier's last tattoo." He was accounted for at the Orderly's roll call—mustered out. The reveille of a new existence rang in upon him. He had joined the grand army of the silent majority. The following day the usual military funeral, with a Corporal's escort, was seen wending its way toward the bivouac of the dead, the muffled drums beating the sad funeral march, and a few shots over the open grave proclaimed the last of earth. His comrades returned to camp to the strains of livelier music, and Charles Warner has probably been forgotten by all save a sorrowing mother and his loved Jessie, whose names he breathed in his last moments, and the four citizen-soldiers who were so unceremoniously visited on the early morning after the night of election.—H. R. Crawford, Q. M. Sergeant, 52d Pa., 328 West 113th St., New York City.

KILLING WOLVES FOR BOUNTY.

Wolfer Jim and His Work on the Wyoming Ranges—His Secret for Concealing the Scent of the Trap—Disadvantages in Use of Poisons—Coyote Bounties.

(Denver Republican.)

A meeting of stockmen was held in the Big Horn Basin of Wyoming the other day, to consider the question of increasing the bounty on wolves. These animals have been increasing so rapidly in northern Wyoming in recent years that it is said they are killing calves and carrying off sheep in broad daylight.

Wyoming pays a bounty of $5 a head on wolves, but this is not enough to pay for the trouble of killing them. The stockmen propose to subscribe a fund, increasing the wolf bounty to $20 a scalp, and this, it is anticipated, will set the "wolfers" at work again ridding the range of its greatest pest.

In Montana, which pays a heavy wolf bounty, there are several wolfers so expert that they are known all over the Northwest. On the Crow Indian Reservation, in the southwestern part of the State, are two wolfers who are probably the most skilled of their class. One of them is Lee Farish, and the other is known simply as Jim. Of the two Jim is probably the more skilled. He is able to catch wolves when, in the vernacular of the country, "there ain't anything but coyote tracks in sight."

His outfit is up to date in every particular. The traps form Jim's most effective way of disposing of wolves. A trap may be skilfully planted near a "bait," but unless the odor is killed the chances are the wolf will keep at a safe distance from the lure. A coyote may be caught in the trap, but not a wolf, for the more savage of these prairie marauders is also the most shrewd.

"Until I found a secret compound," said Jim the Wolfer, "I used to poison the wolves. I have lost thousands of dollars by having the wolves eat the poison, and then get away and die where I couldn't find the bodies. There is no poison that will act quick enough to kill a wolf right away. He has a chance to make a run for it, and then it is up to you to find the body and get your pelt. I tried all the poisons that man ever invented, I guess, but nothing would get Mr. Wolf in an instant.

"So I tried fixing up my traps. I tried all sorts of methods of burying them, but that wouldn't work, as a wolf can smell a trap far underground. Then I thought of getting something that would kill that smell of steel. So I worked and worked, and finally I got it. Now I just smear it over my traps, and plant them, and Mr. Wolf, if he happens to be in the neighborhood of the bait, blunders into the steel and his pelt is mine."

Next to trapping the wolves comes trailing them to their dens, and slaying them literally in their own castles.

"I don't take any firearms into the den with me," said Jim. "Why, man, it would kill you to fire a revolver in a little place like that. I take a hatchet, to enlarge the sides of the den as I go along, and I carry a long rod to kill the wolf. If Mr. Wolf shows fight I simply jam that rod down his throat, and then finish him with the hatchet. Sometimes if I forget the rod I just jam the hatchet down the wolf's jaws until I can get in a good blow with it. But a wolf hardly ever shows fight, unless it is to snap at you once or twice. Generally there is a little recess at the end of the den, and the wolf will stick its head in this. Thinks if its head is hidden it is safe, I guess. Well, I just reach into the den when I have got to the end of the passage, and grab the wolf by the hind leg and yank it out and kill it. Or maybe I tie a rope to its hind leg, if it is a big fellow, and then pull it back up to the mouth of the den and shoot it."

Jim is noted as the best shot in southern Montana. He carries a heavy old-style Winchester and a similarly ancient Colt .45 at his hip. He looks with disfavor on the new automatics and other styles—not that they will not shoot all right, but he simply figures that there is no use going back on weapons that he has tried and knows to be true. And, as he has killed silvertips with his revolver, owing to the fact that he knows just where to plant his shots, perhaps there is a good deal to Jim's philosophy.

The stockmen who have huge bands of sheep on the Crow Reservation contribute to Jim's exchequer. Not only does he receive the State's liberal bounty, but he gets big pay from the stock owners for his wolf pelts, and he sells the best of the wolf skins at pretty figures. Coyotes bring him no small income also, as there is a bounty on each coyote slain.

HE COLLECTS FAKES.

Little Swindles With Which a Philadelphia Man Amuses Himself.

Advertising fakes are the things that a Philadelphia man collects.

"There are more valuable collections than mine in this world," he says, "but I doubt if there is one which affords its owner more amusement. My wife says I have thrown away quantities of dimes and quarters on mere foolishness; but when I think of the laughs I have had I consider that the money has been well spent.

"For instance, some one advertised in a number of small farm and country papers some years ago offering to send for only 25 cents something which would prove a quick and certain death to any number of potato bugs, if used according to directions. I sent a quarter and received this."

He displayed two little blocks of plain, unvarnished pine, upon one of which was pasted a label reading: "Place this block on the ground, put the potato bug upon it; then strike it quickly and firmly with the other block. Repeat the operation once for each potato bug in your fields."

Another quarter, forwarded in answer to an advertisement guaranteeing for that price a "sure way to save your gas bills," brought a wire file, such as bills of all sorts are commonly kept upon.

A gem of the collection is an answer received to an advertisement which offered for a quarter to send a sure tip on how to get rich. The tip read, "Fish for suckers, as we do."

Similar to this is a card received in return for 25 cents sent to learn "how to make money fast." It read: "Glue it to the wall."

In fulfillment of a promise that for a dime one would be told how to make a good impression whenever desiring to do so came the instruction, "Sit down real hard in a tub of soft soap."

A little cardboard tray, over the surface of which are pasted diamonds cut from a pack of cards, came in return for 50 cents, which was sent on the strength of an advertisement offering to furnish for that sum a tray of Montana diamonds.

"That is the most expensive exhibit but one in my collection," the Philadelphia man explained. "The exception is a rifle which was the first of fake advertisements to take me in.

"I was a mere boy then, working out on a farm. I read the advertisement offering a splendid rifle for only $5, and instantly sent three of my hard-earned, hardly-saved store.

"I received this little cardboard rifle. With it came a letter: 'Here is your rifle, Willie. Learn your lesson and don't kick. There's lots more in the same fix; besides, experience is cheap at any price.'

"I didn't kick, but I'm afraid I didn't learn my lesson. Possibilities of hidden humor had been revealed which appealed to me. I kept the rifle, and years afterward, when I could spend occasional dimes and quarters for amusement, I started my collection."

Big Bear Killed by Engine.

(Jacksonville Times-Union.)

On the night of Dec. 6, as the Atlantic Coast Line through freight, en route to Jacksonville, arrived within 10 miles of Ocala, the engineer noticed a big black object walk on the track and then jump off. When the train came within a few feet of the spot the object again jumped on the track. The engineer could not account for the object and did not stop to investigate.

The next morning the northbound passenger train picked up a 400-pound black bear. This bear was turned over to the engineer of the freight train, who has had the skin cured and is keeping it. The citizens of St. Petersburg, where the engineer resides, feasted on bear meat the next day.

Still Work to Do.

(The Tattler.)

The parish minister meeting a farm servant, who is a member of his flock, the following conversation ensued:

"Well, John, and how are things going with you? I hope you are keeping well."

"Hech, sir, it's hard work I hae to dae; nae rest from morn to nicht; work an' work, an' no a minute's peace for me."

"Well, John, we must all do our share in the work of this world. Remember, it is only the preparation for a better world, where there will be no more work to be done."

"Well, sir, that may be for the likes o' you, but I'm no sae sure that there will be naething for me to dae in the other world. It will be the same thing there. 'John, clean the sun; John, hang out the moon; John, light the stars,' and so on. I've nae doubt they'll always find something for me to dae."

The 8th Ill. Cav.

Editor National Tribune: Please give a short history of the 8th Ill. Cav.—Russell Page, Chagrin Falls, O., and C. M. Carr, Driscoll, N. D.

The 8th Ill. Cav. was organized at Camp Kane Sept. 18, 1861, and finally mustered out July 17, 1865. The first Colonel was John F. Farnsworth, who was promoted to Brigadier-General and succeeded by Col. William Gamble, who was brevetted a Brigadier-General and mustered out with the regiment. Maj. George A. Forsyth was brevetted Colonel and Maj. John M. Waite Lieutenant-Colonel. The 8th Ill. Cav. belonged to Buford's Division, Cavalry Corps, Army of the Potomac, and lost 75 killed and 175 died from disease, etc.—Editor National Tribune.

Overheard.

(London Globe.)

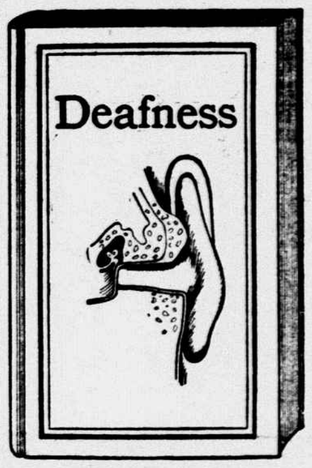
"Ah, Lady B——, I had the pleasure of meeting you last year. And how is your dear little girl?"

"My little boy is quite well, thank you."

"Little boy? Ah, yes, of course. I knew it was one of the two."

The "EAR-BOOK" For Deaf People

By George H. Wilson



SUPPOSE you knew a man who had been Deaf for twenty years?

Suppose you met him today, and found he could hear every whisper you spoke to him?

Suppose you enquired about him, and found that he was one of the most reliable, and responsible, citizens of Louisville, whose word could be absolutely trusted.

Wouldn't you want that man to tell you just how he got back his full Hearing after twenty years of Deafness?

Wouldn't you want to know some of the things he found out about the Ear, and about Deafness, in fifteen years study of both, and of his own case?

• • •

Well,—that is just what George H. Wilson of Louisville, Ky., tells in his 200 page "Ear Book."

Mr. Wilson is almost as well known in Louisville as Marshall Field is in Chicago, or John Wanamaker in Philadelphia.

And, he was, for twenty years, almost the Deafest man in his native city.

Any one of the thousands who know him today will certify that his Hearing is now as sharp as their own.

Few men have studied the Ear so earnestly, and thoroughly, as Mr. Wilson had to do, for his own sake.

What he positively knows about Deafness is personal and practical.

It is not mere book knowledge, but the actual facts tested out by his own hard experience.

"The Wilson Ear Book" therefore should be read by every man or woman, who has Ear trouble,—who is Deaf, or threatened with Deafness.

This "Ear Book" will be sent Free to any Doctor, or other person, who will clip out this advertisement and send us, with it, the name and address of one Deaf person in his locality. Address—

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