

# LETTERS from the FIELD



Contemporaneous Accounts of Events in the History of the 98th Ohio.

## Campaigning in Kentucky.

By THE LATE J. M. BRANUM.

Camp near Crab Orchard, Ky., Wednesday, Oct. 16, 1862.—I last wrote on Sunday night a confused account of the battle, but it was the best that could be done under the circumstances. The next morning we were on the road early, and after marching awhile found we had taken the wrong road, and were counter-marched and went on a winding creek at a rapid gait to make up for lost time. We passed many beautiful farms, and at 1 o'clock camped in a fine grove near the 15th Ohio, and many of the Belmont County boys were over to see us.

The next morning we were marching through the aristocratic country near Danville. Bragg's army was ahead of us, and being well provided with wagons and mules kept well in front. Our regiment came into Danville, and lay in a back street while several divisions passed on ahead. Bands were playing and the troops marched well. To every four regiments was a battery of artillery, and many of the flags carried had been riddled with bullets. Near by was the Hon. J. C. Crittenden and his family, watching to see his son go by, who is a Major-General in our army, and who got off his horse and was welcomed by them as his command came along. The old man had a son high in rank in the rebel army also. We marched on that night until dark, and our regiment was ready at 3 o'clock the next morning, but was kept waiting until 11 o'clock, while other troops were passing ahead. We at last got started, but there were many miles in our rear covered with troops. We traveled on until 1 o'clock in the morning, the men and mules being almost gone up from fatigue. The country through which we passed is not so much injured as one would imagine, although both armies have recently passed through it, but the people will be short on corn, straw and have to build new fences, as these are all used up by the troops. I will never forget the scenes at the hospital after the battle.

## HOSPITAL SCENES.

The rebel hospitals were in worse condition than our own. I talked with wounded rebels, from the worst dressed in butternut clothes to finely dressed officers, and with the very men who fought in front of us. None entertained the malignant feelings toward us that are exhibited by the copperheads at home, who pretend to hate the Abolitionists so. The rebels gave us credit for being a splendid set of men, and being from the West, we ought to be their natural allies, and that we were misled into fighting them by the New England Yankees. They were very ardent for their cause, and say they can never be conquered, and I have learned a great many things from coming in contact and acquaintance with these Southerners that I never knew before.

Oct. 17.—The march which we did yesterday was to get to the water here. It is said that the forward part of our army is still in pursuit of Bragg towards Cumberland Gap, will go to Nashville. It seems a blunder that Gen. Buell did not have more of his army up at the battle at Perryville. The rebels seemed to know just what our forces were, and turned on our division and gave us such a hard fight, and our army cannot catch them, as they beat us in traveling. The battle seems to have been a bigger affair than we were aware of at the time, and the 98th was right in the midst of it and by one of the most effective batteries all the time. I am sure there could have been no more incessant firing than raged

## ALONG THE PIKE.

We started on the road, as before stated, the short column of men contrasting strangely with the long lines the regiment formerly turned out. Many were left in town, sick, and I could only count 430 muskets in line. We did not feel so comfortable, as we could defy the rain with well-shod feet and gum blankets. Some of the boys were lively, and it would be a difficult job to find a better or harder set of men than what is left of the 98th. Out of town the roads were fairly good, soil sandy, and it was this condition of things that found us starting on our journey on a route similar to that from St. Clairsville to Woodsfield, O. The people through here call the road a "pike," and toll-gates are to be seen at intervals. The boys would tell the gate-keeper they would "pay as they came back." The stage came rattling along at one time, causing cheers from the careless boys along the way, who thought stage lines were "played out" in this country. At every house along could be seen the folks,

and from a wagon train they would make up a village and all peacefully eating supper in half an hour after the stop.

After supper the cooks wash dishes and the soldiers light their pipes and others will sit around, occupied in various ways, and so continue until the bugle calls for "lights out." We were up at the bugle call of reveille at 5 o'clock the next morning, after defying the cold night in our warm blankets, the stars yet shining brightly and the heavy frost covering everything white all around. Soon blazing fires were cooking breakfast, and by daylight wagons were loaded and we were ready for marching, and we wended our way through the country about such as I have described. The road had been traveled a great deal this year by troops, and many places could be seen, camping grounds, from around which all the fences had been taken and burned for camp fires. We arrived at Green River in the evening, and stopped on the beautiful bottom lands to camp. Green River is quite a stream, deep and clear, with high bluff banks on



ON THE MARCH.

all out to "see the soldiers," and if it was the house of a wealthy man there would be more negroes than white people. The negro quarters are generally two or three log houses in the rear of the house, and in these live all the "help" of the farm. The farm houses are generally old, weather-beaten frames, having two large chimneys at each end, the garret or "loft" window being broken out long ago, and nothing kept there now but old spinning wheels and other relics of their ancestors.

It was by observing the ways and styles of these old-fashioned Kentuckians as we marched along that we spent the afternoon, having marched about 15 miles, and at night stopped at the roadside like so many emigrant "movers" that used to travel through Belmont County on the pike en route West.

The rain ceased and by evening it cleared up, much to the delight of all. We turned in for camp at 5 o'clock, and then commenced the work of unloading the wagons, putting things in order, building fires and getting supper. It is amazing what is done in a short time. From the solid packed wagons we soon have "homes for all," even down to conveniences and luxuries. Did you ever see a circus train drive onto the grounds at 11 o'clock, after its parade through town? All hands go together like clock work, everyone at his proper post, and from the confusion around they have tents up and doors open at 1 o'clock. Such is precisely the way with a regiment of soldiers,

the opposite side, covered with evergreen and laurel.

We were up early, and on the march at 7:30 next morning, and traveled through a wilderness for a great part of the way, and reached our destination at last and found it was a small town which does not amount to much.

Columbia, Ky., Dec. 3, 1862.—It is a beautiful moonlight night in camp, and looking out from our location one sees nothing but dark woods, lonely fields and half-burned houses. In camp there is noise and din and patriotic voices of those who are away from peaceful homes, but are now sitting around camp fires, smoking, thinking of home, and enduring all kinds of privations and hardships for \$12 per month. We are having easy times now, nothing particular to do. Notwithstanding the early settlement of Kentucky this region still remains in its primitive state, unsullied by the woodman's axe. In front, facing south, are level fields, beyond which runs a beautiful flowing stream called Russell Creek; to the left at some distance is the Lebanon road, which crosses the stream on a wooden bridge leading up to the sorry-looking town of Columbia, which one can see, the church steeple of which looms up over the evergreen trees on the banks of the stream. To the rear of us extends the "dark and howling wilderness," the extent of which we know not. In the bosom of this forest the brigade was thrown to "seek home." The boys were to do so cheerfully and soon cleared space for

tents, using the brush for bonfires. The boys worked hard all the afternoon, and by night we had everything up and camp properly arranged, and all sat down for supper and talked over "what had been done."

Lebanon, Ky., Dec. 30, 1862.—As you will see, we are again at Lebanon, and very glad of it. The military necessity for our coming here was the rebels ordered Morgan to retreat between us and Louisville and cutting railroad communications. About 4 o'clock last night we received orders to go, and without waiting for our supper packs and at 6 o'clock started of traveling all night, and arrived here at 4 this morning. Amid the rain to-day and mud we succeeded in getting tents up, fires built, and now we are trying to dry ourselves off. During the march last night it cleared up some, and the men being anxious to get to their journey's end, marched briskly and in good spirits. The teamsters had a hard time to get along; wagons were loaded with our heavy camp equipment, although we left many things behind. The Thirty-fourth Brigade showed up near midnight, and we had our journey's end we soon had hundreds of fires burning, the men coming in with rails from all directions to feed them, and around the first we could hardly get to get some rest and sleep before daylight.

At noon a camping place was selected, permanent enough until we move again, as it is expected Morgan will attempt to attack this place. We have made all preparations for an attack. It is snowing and blowing, cold to-night, and I hope we will not be disturbed, at least until morning.

## FOURTY MILES THROUGH A WILDERNESS.

Near New Haven, Ky., Jan. 9, 1863.—I wrote a few lines as we were getting into Lebanon. Since then we have had one of the hardest journeys the 98th Ohio has made yet, the distance being 40 miles, and through a briery, hilly wilderness. It may be said there were no roads at all, for in most places there was none. The poor mules could hardly pull their loads, and the men had to go without supplies half the time. In one hour after we got into our camp at Lebanon we were ordered to cook rations and prepare to march. There had been plans made to get up an expedition to try and cut off Morgan's command, which was at Elizabethtown, 12 miles away, but, as usual, our Generals were uncertain of his force, estimating it much greater than it was. Scouts came in reporting it heavy, and half-hearted Union men reported the same.

The plan was to mount all infantry in wagons and pursue. It seemed a great idea to those who planned it, but did not prove very effective. Milner and I cooked our day's rations, rolled up blankets and were ready. We waited a long time, and the men stacked arms and lay down for sleep, and thus we passed the time until morning. Then one more day's rations were ordered to be cooked and four more placed on the wagons. We fooled away the whole day when time was most valuable.

At night all the troops were in line, and we marched out at sunset. Several cavalry regiments that had been scouting for Morgan came in, and we thought it useless for us to start, if the cavalry could not catch him. After marching a short distance we were kept standing until 9 o'clock, while wagons were being loaded. The trains moved at a funeral pace, and there was none in the ranks that thought we could accomplish anything. We went on a few miles, when things came to a standstill. We went forward after awhile, stacked arms in line of battle, and lay down in the leaves for sleep.

In the morning the Generals made preparations for an early start, and with the usual blundering we did not get away until 10 o'clock. At Muldraugh's Hill Union people reported Morgan at Campbellsville, and nothing would do but we must go there. At 2 o'clock we came to Campbellsville, where Morgan had stopped and camped from 5 to 11 o'clock. His campfires were still burning. Along the streets were the fires of 4,000 rations which our Quartermaster had stored. Morgan had brought them out and burned the lot. We hurried on, hoping to over-

take Morgan at Green River, as we had a force on the other side of it. The river was about eight miles farther on, and after we had gone half the distance we heard firing. Arriving at the crest of the hill overlooking the river about dark, we were just in time to see smoke arising from the burning Green River bridge. Morgan had crossed and burned it, and it was useless for us to go farther. We were ordered down in the river bottoms, and in the thick woods our campfires soon illuminated the scene. The anxious and ambitious Kentucky officers would not stay long on the banks of the river. Wagons were sent down stream to a ford, and they and the men were crossing all night. At 2 o'clock in the morning our regiment was aroused, and soon as coffee was made we began our return. After four days' traveling we have reached Lebanon again, and accomplished little in a military way. The trip was severe on the men, but we don't know when we will move again.

(To be continued.)

## Why He Wanted to Be Insulted.

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"Whenever I see a regulation railway lunch counter," said a man at the Texas & Pacific depot—"I mean one of the kind with high stools and stacks of doughnuts and refried pies under glass shades, and an attendant of a queer little Texarkana. I was on the train coming down to New Orleans from the Northwest, and I stopped at the place. We got supper. The depot was provided with such a lunch counter as I have described, and when I took possession of one of the stools I looked myself next to a typical cowboy, with wide white sombrero, leather leggings, enormous spurs and a pair of big six-shooters hanging low down over his hips. A livid red, evidently the result of a knife wound, ran from the corner of his eye to the angle of his jaw, and his whole appearance was so sinister and forbidding that I edged instinctively as far away as I could get. A few minutes later a big, coal-black negro came sauntering in and deliberately seated himself on one of the stools at the other side. The passengers were eating exchanged glances of indignation, but he was a vicious-looking fellow and nobody dared to invite certain trouble by ordering him out. Presently the tough cowboy leaned over and tapped me on the shoulder.

"Excuse me, stranger," he said in a hoarse whisper, "but will you please call me a—lar?" "What?" I exclaimed in amazement. "I want ter git you to call me a—lar, if y' don't mind," he repeated, still in a whisper; "better it right out so as everybody kin hear."

"But why should I call you that?" I asked, beginning to doubt his sanity. "Well, I'll tell y'," he replied earnestly, "as soon as you do, I'll rip and cuss some, and then I'll pull out my gun and take a shot at you."

"Take a shot at me?" said I, in alarm. "Yes," said he, "but it's all right—I'll miss you and accidentally hit the nigger, see? Go ahead now and cut loose."

"I heaved lustily to be excused. I assured him that I liked the idea, and didn't doubt his marksmanship, but I was a little nervous about firearms, and—well, I didn't know what to do. I picked up my coffee as quickly as I could and made a bee line for the outer air. Before the train started I encountered the cowboy on the platform. He was looking glumly at me.

"You didn't get a chance to put your little scheme into execution?" I remarked inquiringly.

"No, doggone the luck," he replied, "I couldn't get a single white man to insult me."

## This Will Interest Many.

F. W. Partridge, the Boston publisher, says that if any one who is afflicted with rheumatism in any form, or neuralgia, will send their address to him, he will send them a book which will direct them to a perfect cure. He has nothing to sell or give, only tells you how he was cured. Hundreds have tested it with success.

## STRANGE AUSTRALIAN LAKE.

Natives Regard Lake George With Superstitious Dread.

Lake George, situated about four miles from the railway station at Bunceburns, New South Wales, has for many years engaged the attention of scientific men by reason of the singular and inexplicable phenomena connected with it. The estimates of its size vary considerably, according to circumstances, but when moderately full about 20 by seven miles will be found tolerably correct. It is about 2,267 feet above sea level, and inclosed on two sides by gigantic towering mountains rising in grassy slopes from the water's edge, and assuming vaster and vaster proportions as they recede from it. At either end the land is fully 100 feet above the highest recorded surface of the lake, which possesses no known outlet, although it is fed by numerous mountain creeks.

The lake was discovered by a bushman in 1820, and was known to the blacks as the "big water." Shortly afterward it was visited by Gov. Macquarie, by whom it was named Lake George, and who was amazed at the immense numbers of wild fowl seen floating on its surface. It was then supposed to form the source of a river, but this was disproved, and the water, after having its mouth on the south coast, but subsequently visitors were much perplexed at the manner in which the blacks avoided the lake, of which they appeared to entertain a superstitious dread, an aged aboriginal stating he had seen it all covered with trees; another explaining that the whole of the water sank through the bottom and disappeared, while others remembered the lake only as a series of small ponds.

During the following 20 years considerable variations were noticed in the depth and extent of the lake. In 1841 the lake became partially dried up, the moist portions being simply grassy swamps. A few months later large numbers of sheep were pastured in the bed of the lake, but fresh water had to be carted for the use of the shepherds, that of the lake being too salt for human consumption. The place remained more or less dry until 1852, the year of the great flood, in that part of the colony, when it again became filled with an average depth of nine feet. Since then the surface level of the lake has varied considerably, but the bed has never been so dry as in former years.

There are indications that many hundreds of years ago the lake covered a far larger area than at present, existing remains of trees over 100 years old being found in spots formerly under water. The saline character of the lake is the more remarkable when it is known that the pure and sparkling fresh-water streams, being an abundance of edible fish; while ducks, swans, pelicans, spoonbills, and other kinds of wild-fowl are found in myriads.

## A Chinese Estimate of Woman's Worth.

A woman's value in China, says R. E. Speer, *Frank Leslie's Popular Weekly*, is as the mother of sons. Her chief lives for the service of man, sometimes even for the dead. I heard of a girl who became engaged and was married to a third man, whose parents did not think it right that he should be a bachelor in the spirit world. In South China there are in some places baby markets, where infant girls can be bought for 50 cents or less. Mr. Martin, President of the Dowager Empress's new university, says that not one woman out of 10,000 can read a book understandingly. I asked a group of Chinese once why the women were not taught. One replied, "We consider women inferior and unworthy." A second said, "The women are considered of not very great use." A third answered, "The Chinese have many immoral novels and keep women ignorant so that they cannot read these." A fourth said, "Woman's work is in the house. She has no business with anything outside."

## Soon After the Event.

"Won't you give me your new baby brother, Nellie?" asked a visitor of a little four-year-old miss. "No, indeed!" replied Nellie, "I want him to play with you. But I'll get you a paper and you can cut out the pattern off him."

# Great Bargains For Those Who Subscribe Now.

## The Guessing Contest. The National Tribune.

YOU who are reading this, may make the winning guess. There were 38 winners last year, and they were all "surprised" at their successes.

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE has divided \$1,000 into 15 prizes, as follows:  
First prize . . . . . \$500  
Second . . . . . 100  
Third . . . . . 25  
Fourth . . . . . 10  
Fifth to 15th prizes, each 25

We will award these prizes in the following simple and fair manner: Whoever guesses, or comes nearest to guessing, the receipts of the U. S. Treasury for the last day of this year, the 31st day of December, 1900, will be entitled to the first prize. Whoever guesses next nearest will receive the second prize; the next nearest, the third prize, and so on to the fifteenth prize.

These guesses must be received by us on or before the 29th day of December. During December we will print blank forms in the paper, which can be cut out and used for making guesses. From week to week we will print the daily receipts of the Treasury, which will guide contestants, more or less, in making their guesses.

This is an absolutely fair contest. There can be no collusion. No man can know two days in advance, not even the Treasurer himself, what the receipts will be for the 31st day of December. At the close of that day, however, all men may know, for an official report of each day's receipts is given out for publication.

The only condition for entering the contest is that your name shall be found on our yearly subscription list on the 31st day of December. If your subscription at that time has more than one year to run, you will be entitled to two guesses; if more than two years to run, to three guesses, and so on. Another way to get additional guesses is to raise a club. The club-raiser is entitled to one guess for each yearly subscription he sends in during the months of October, November and December.

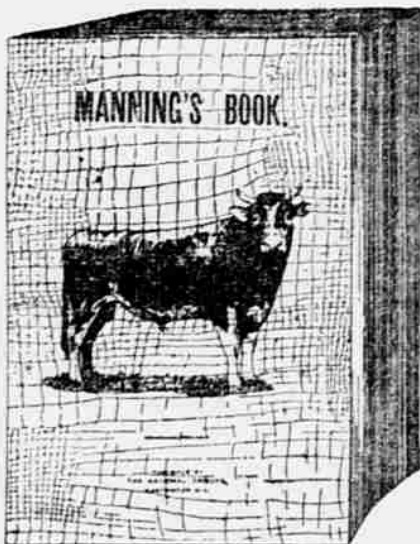
Extraordinary Prize of \$1,000. This is in addition to prizes described above. We will award \$1,000 cash to any one lucky enough to guess the exact receipts. This fortunate person would win the \$500 also—making \$1,500 in all. If more than one guess makes a winning, the prize will be divided.

Every subscriber has a guess. A subscriber for two years has two guesses; for three years, three guesses, and so on. The club-raiser, also, has guesses according to size of club.

Address

## Manning's Stock Book.

New Edition. Leatherette Binding.  
Cattle, Sheep, Swine, Poultry, Bees, Dogs, Pigeons and Pets.  
PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED.



Giving all the facts concerning the Various Breeds and their Characteristics, Breeding, Training, Sheltering, Buying, Selling, Profitable Use and General Care, and all Diseases to which they are Subject—the Causes, How to Know and What to do in Sickness.

Also, A Complete History of Bees. Giving the Latest and Most Approved Methods of Bee Culture.  
By W. F. CLARKE, According to the System of D. A. Jones, of Boston, Mass.  
Also, A Valuable Treatise on Dogs. Containing their History, Breeds, Training, Diseases, and Especially Giving a Sure Preventive of Hydrophobia.  
Also, A Complete Treatise Upon Raising Pigeons. With a History and Description of Each Variety, as well as a Chapter on Canaries and Other Pets.  
By GEORGE E. HOWARD, A Practical Expert.  
The real value of as complete a book as this is not less than \$5.  
ALL IN ONE LARGE VOLUME, 576 PAGES.  
The above book, postpaid, and The National Tribune one year, all for \$1.25

## The Secrets of Health; Or, How Not to Be Sick, and How to Get Well.

BY DR. S. H. PLATT.  
512 Pages; Profusely Illustrated.

This work is a wonder as a compendium of existing knowledge concerning the physical phases of human life. It is a condensation of all that is known up to the present day concerning the various organs of the human body and their functions, together with the causes of disease and sickness. It is divided into chapters or parts for convenience, each section treating of a general topic. Among these may be mentioned a chapter on Hygiene, which explains the common laws of healthy living, such as ventilation, temperature, purity of water, baths, exercise, the use of food, and so on.

The body is then taken up and examined part by part as a living machine; all the operations of its mechanism are set forth in simple, everyday language, that may be understood by anyone. The subject of diet, what, how much, and when to eat is discussed exhaustively; the use and misuse of various kinds of foods; the nutritious value of various meats, cereals and vegetable foods; the effect of stimulants, tobacco, drinks and narcotics is explained.

There is a separate chapter upon food preparation, with full instructions for preparing different dishes, not only those in common use, but such as are required by sick people and infants. There is a part upon special treatments, covering the entire field from faith cure to allopathy, including Christian science, homeopathy, magnetism, water-cure, etc., etc.  
There is an exhaustive chapter upon the care of the sick, with hints on nursing, the preparation and care of the sick-room, and treatment of patients afflicted with all sorts of maladies, and directions concerning the application of remedies to various ailments and special diets are explained, and finally the most approved manner for treating the principal and most common diseases, together with the symptoms by which they may be recognized.  
The work is one of priceless value, and until this was issued never before sold for less than \$1.50.

## Si Klegg and Shorty.

Their Transformation From Raw Recruits to Veterans.  
BY JOHN McELROY.

Over 1,000 Pages of the Most Entertaining and Thrilling Adventures, in Three Volumes, Profusely Illustrated.

CORPORAL SI KLEGG AND HIS COMRADE SHORTY have become historic characters. They are the embodiment of the patriotic Union soldier who went into the Army in 1861 and fought through the war to the finish. Their experiences form those of the raw recruit, and in the course of time the seasoned veteran.

They encounter the dangers of the battlefield and the weariness of the tiresome march and suffer imprisonment. Under all these circumstances these boys do their part manfully, having their ups and downs, their hard times and their good times, with a succession of comical blunders, brilliant achievements and stirring adventures which make up the panorama of a soldier's daily life.

Many other characters are introduced. Among them may be mentioned little Pete Skidmore, the Jew Spy, and Deacon Klegg, Si's "paw," who visits the army to see the boys, and falls into many trying places, from all of which, however, the old man has escaped, and good fortune combined extricate him, and he goes back full of experiences to relate to "mother and the girls."

These sketches have been laughed at and cried over in 10,000 homes of veterans, in Post rooms, at Campfires, and wherever the survivors of the war have gathered by twos or threes or by hundreds. Their adventures are still continued in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, as may be found by consulting the fourth page of this issue.

Whoever is desirous of reading a story as entertaining as Robinson Crusoe, and at the same time "catch up," so to speak, with this famous serial as it is running in the paper, should order these volumes.

All three of the above volumes, and The National Tribune one year, all for \$1.50

## AN OFFER OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO LADIES.

Mrs. Clarke's Cook Book  
Containing Over 1,000 of the Best Up-to-Date Recipes.

12mo; 266 Pages; Leatherette.  
Here every housewife will find help that will conduce to comfort, health and domestic happiness. Everything helpful in the way of practical cooking has been included.

The scope of the book may best be understood by an enumeration of the various subjects which it treats under different heads: 1. The Art of Cooking. 2. Soup stocks, etc. 3. Fish, oysters, etc. 4. Poultry and game. 5. Meats. 6. Vegetables. 7. Salads and sauces. 8. Croquettes and fritters. 9. Eggs. 10. Bread, biscuit, hot cakes, etc., including fancy breads, rolls, waffles, and the subject of yeast. 11. Pastry and puddings. 12. Creams, jellies and high desserts. 13. Cakes and cake baking. 14. Fresh fruits and nuts. 15. Jellies, jams and preserves. 16. Canned fruits and vegetables. 17. Pickles and catsups. 18. Beverages. 19. Candies. 20. Invalid diet.

...THE...

## World's Sweetest Songs

With Full Accompaniments.

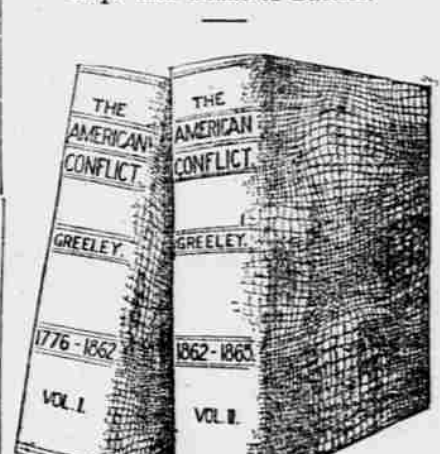
128 Large (folio) Pages; Bound in Leatherette.  
This collection of 66 Gems of Song is the result of thorough and conscientious research. They are, truly, the "World's Sweetest Songs." The entire range of vocal music has been studiously examined, and from all its departments that which the great singers find the people really love and which they love to sing has been selected. These pieces are not difficult—it has always been found that the sweetest songs are not specially difficult. Many composers and artists, including the great Patti herself, have warmly commended this collection. Patti says of this collection: "I have examined your beautiful volume and find it a charming collection of lovely songs, rich in character and pleasing in variety."

The above two books, postpaid, and The National Tribune one year, all for \$1.25

## The American Conflict.

Practically a Complete History of Our Country as Well as of the Great Rebellion.

BY HORACE GREELLEY.  
Large 8vo; Two Volumes; 1,430 Pages; 144 Steel Portraits and 80 Views, Maps and Plans of Battles.



Mr. Greeley's book has no equal as a political history of the early days of this country, treating especially of the causes which led to the war of the rebellion. Then follows the best history of the war ever written, being alive with the contemporary spirit of the great struggle. There is no substitute for this book, and no American library is complete without it. In fact, it is an American library in itself.

Our edition is printed in large type, from the original plates, with all the portraits, matter and illustrations complete, with index. It has also a brief biography of the author added in our edition, and not found in the original.  
The work sold, when first issued, from \$9 up to \$13, from which it will be seen how great a bargain we offer to our subscribers. There is nothing cheap in the make-up of this book, although the price is low.

The above two great volumes, postpaid, and The National Tribune one year, all for \$2

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE,

339 Pennsylvania Avenue,

Washington, D. C.