

How a Policeman Wooed and Won His Bride in Days of Yore.

"Well, boys, I don't exactly know as I have a right to show up a man's private affairs in this way, but, as it is a yarn of the war that more than one of you can appreciate from actual experience, I will give it to you. To begin with, I don't think there's one here but what has heard of the Thirty-sixth Illinois volunteers—that good old regiment which has lost more soldiers in battle and less from disease than any other regiment in the service. Well, along in the last days of 1862, the Thirty-sixth found itself a part and parcel of the fight at Stone river.

"I don't think, by the way, that any one event of the war contained more discomfort, hardship and loss than that same fight. On the third day after skirmishing had begun, our boys lay right alongside the Forty-second Indiana, in which command our friend Blank there, yonder, had a warm personal friend. When we got to the front, and the bullets began to whistle and the guns to bang, the Thirty-sixth was moved over out of the way to give Phil Sheridan a chance. As they went tearing along through the smoke and the rain of lead, Blank chanced on his Hoosier friend, flat on the ground gasping his last.

"He got out of the ranks and stopped a moment, 'My dear boy,' he said, 'can I do anything for you?' 'No,' came the feeble reply, 'I've got my route for the other shore. Yet, if you'd take my trinkets and send the news of my death to the dear ones at home, you'd make a dying man's mind more at rest than it now is.'

"So there, on that awful battle-field, Blank knelt down, took the address of a sister, murmured a short prayer, and before arising closed his comrade's eyes in death. Then he went in again more savage than ever, and no man in the army experienced a fiercer delight than he when the battered Confederates fled the field.

"Well, he wrote to that sister and detailed the story of her brother's death. A reply reached him, and a regular correspondence followed. But you know the ups and downs of a soldier's life. In the Fall, September, I think, came the Chickamauga affair. The Thirty-sixth went in with a flag inscribed, 'Pea Ridge, Perryville, Stone River,' and they brought it out riddled with bullets and halved with glory. They had inspiration for fighting, too, that day. Sheridan was there, and McCook, and Lytle, who was killed, and who, by the way, wrote that stirring poem about Cleopatra which begins:

I am dying Egypt, dying.

Well, Blank happened to be among the unlucky ones; a ball laid him flat, and when he came to he was a prisoner. You can't get him to talk much about it, but during the sixteen months at Andersonville he suffered all that a man can suffer and live. His friends thought him dead; the lady to whom he had been writing thought him dead, too; so when he was exchanged and got a furlough he concluded to keep up the delusion a little longer. He went over to Indiana, to the quiet place where his dead friend's sister lived, and one day called *incognito* at her father's residence on some excuse or other. He was ushered into the parlor, met the lady and began a conversation while waiting for the old gentleman to appear. Soon the girl looked at him curiously; then she sprang to her feet and cried: 'You can't deceive me. We thought you dead, but I'm sure you are the friend who was with my brother in his last hour.' You see his style of writing and talking were about the same, and it gave him away. In due time they were engaged, and after the war, married. So there you have a bit of the life of a Chicago policeman."

And lighting a cigar, the detective walked away to bed.

An Old Mexican Soldier's Reminiscence.

When the letter to Zachary Taylor, announcing the withdrawal of most of the regular troops from Taylor's command to be placed under his own in a projected movement from Vera Cruz toward the capital of Mexico, was received while the General was at supper with his staff near Monterey. The General asked Colonel Bliss to read it to him. He had just replenished his coffee cup, and was engaged in cooling it with a spoon while the reading went on. This appeared to make no further impression upon him than that indicated by a contemptuous "sniff," but as the real import of the letter began to appear his whole manner changed, and he abstractedly dipped the spoon into a bowl of mustard, which sat upon the table, and stirred it in the coffee. This he repeated until by the time the reading of the letter was finished the contents of the mustard bowl were exhausted. Without saying a word, and to Bliss' astonishment and horror, he raised the cup to his lips and gulped down the whole abominable compound. He then broke into an excited and profane harangue, consigning to everlasting damnation every one concerned in the proposed depletion of his forces, and only ceasing when his speech was overtaken with a paroxysm of stuttering, which, with, him usually followed a violent outbreak of temper. The Colonel felt sure that from the amount of mustard he had swallowed combined with the intelligence he had received, it would infallibly sicken him, but nothing uncommon came of it. "Ratsbane at that moment," said Bliss, "would, I am convinced, have had no more effect upon him than upon the stomach of Mithridates." General Pleasanton, who commanded the General's escort in Mexico, says that when once thoroughly aroused he was the maddest man he ever saw—mad from the crown of his hat to the soles of his boots.

Ingersoll's Lecture.—Our Soldiers.

"The past rises before me like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle for National life. We hear the sounds of preparation—the music of the boisterous drum—the silver voices of the heroic bugles. We see thousands of assemblages, and hear the appeals of orators; we see the pale cheeks of women, and the flushed faces of men; and in these assemblages we see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers. We lose sight of them no more. We were with them when they enlisted in the great army of freedom. We see them part from those they love. Some are walking for the last time in quiet woody places with the maidens they adore. We hear the whisperings and the sweet vows of eternal love as they lingeringly part forever. Others are bending over cradles, kissing babies that are asleep. Some are receiving the blessings of old men. Some are parting who held them and press them to their hearts again and again and say nothing; and some are talking with wives, and endeavoring with words spoken in the old tone to drive from their hearts the awful fear. We see them part. We see the wife standing in the door, with the babe in her arms—

standing in the sunlight sobbing—at the turn of the road a hand waves—she answers by holding high in her loving hands the child. He is gone, and forever.

We see them all as they march proudly away under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the wild, grand music of war—marching down the streets of the great cities—through the towns and across the prairies—down to the fields of glory, to do and die for the eternal right.

We go with them one and all. We are by their side on all the goryfields—in all the hospitals of pain—on all the weary marches. We are with them in ravines running with blood—in the furrows of old fields. We are with them between contending hosts unable to move, wild with thirst, the life ebbing slowly away among the withered leaves. We see them pierced by balls and torn by shells in the trenches, by forts, and in the whirlwind of the charge, where men become iron with nerves of steel.

We are with them in the prison of hatred and famine; but human speech can never tell what they endured.

We are at home when the news comes that they are dead. We see the maiden in the shadow of her first sorrow. We see the silvered hair of the old man bowed with the last grief.

The past rises before us and we see 4,000,000 of human beings governed by the lash; we see them bound hand and foot; we hear the strokes of cruel whips; we see the hounds tracking women through tangled swamps; we see the babes sold from the breast of mothers. Cruelty unspeakable! Outrage infinite!

Four millions in chains—four million souls in fetters. All the sacred relations of wife, mother, father and child trampled beneath the brutal feet of might. And all this was done under our own beautiful banner of the free.

The past rises before us. We hear the roar and the shriek of the bursting shell. The broken fetters fall. These heroes die! We look. Instead of slavery we see men, and women, and children. The wand of progress touches the auction block, the slavepen the whipping post; and we see homes and fire sides, and school houses and books, and where all was want and crime, and cruelty, and fetters, we see the faces of the free.

These heroes are dead. They died for liberty—they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines and hemlocks, the tearful willows, and the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of the sunshine or the storm, each in the windowless place of rest. Earth may run red with their wars—they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death. I have one sentiment for the soldiers living and dead—cheers for the living and tears for the dead.

Kissing the Baby.

A MISSOURI CANDIDATE'S DISAPPOINTING EXPERIENCE.

While Colonel Allen was discussing national finances on the hotel plan, Colonel Tom Crittenden quietly slid down off the platform and circulated among the crowd. He wore a delicate white duck suit, blue neck tie and patent leather pumps, and was the cynosure of all the female eyes on the premises. Colonel Tom, with an eye to business, began ogling the babies.

"Oh, you sweet little darling," said Colonel Tom, addressing a fuzzy, pop-eyed brat that lolled lazily in his mother's arms under one of the trees, "how old is it, ma'am?"

"Four months, sir," said the fond mother.

"A little girl, eh?" said Colonel Tom.

"No, a boy," replied the mother.

"Ah, yes, now that I come to look at it more closely, I detect the strong manly features of a boy," the Colonel hastened to say. "Please, may I kiss the little cherub?" Colonel Tom shut his eyes and exploded an osculatory sound on the fuzzy face, and the child put up a big lip and threatened to cry.

"He is such a beautiful child," murmured Colonel Tom, "such eyes, such a head, such an expanse of forehead, such a mouth, such a sweet, tranquil expression."

"La me, you don't really think so, do you?" simpered the flattered mother.

"I never saw a sweeter little cherub," said Colonel Tom. "I believe I will have to kiss him again."

Having gone through a second osculatory martyrdom, Colonel Tom assumed a seraphic look—a look calculated to strike taffy to the most hardened feminine heart, and got right down to business.

"I'm a candidate for Governor," said he, "and nothing would give me greater joy than to feel assured that I had the support of the father of this sweet babe. Come, let me hold the little darling in my arms. I do think he is just the sweetest little angel I ever saw!"

The flattered mother gave up the fuzzy baby with profuse apologies about it not being well dressed, etc., hoped it wouldn't trouble the gentleman, etc., glad to know he admired it so much, etc.

The fuzzy baby writhed and squirmed and grew red in the face, and wrinkled itself all up and belched a trifle, and then lay calm, and composed on Colonel Tom's right arm.

"The little precious!" cried Colonel Tom. "You'll tell his father how much I thought of his little cherub, won't you, ma'am? And you'll tell him I'm a candidate for Governor, eh, ma'am?"

The poor woman's face dropped, and big, salt tears came into her eyes.

"Oh, sir," she said, "you don't know what you ask—my poor husband died of the jaunders two months ago."

There was a far off look in Colonel Tom Crittenden's golded-glinted eyes as he gently but firmly dumped that fuzzy baby on the bereaved woman's lap and walked straight back to the platform and replaced himself on a bench.

Not alone was sorrow confined to Colonel Tom Crittenden's upheaving bosom. There were silent traces of suffering upon his right coat-sleeve.

Pulpit Terms.

"What shall I preach about?" said a minister to the pastor of a colored flock which he was to address. "Well, mos' any subject will be 'ceptable," was the reply; "only I'd like to gib you one word ob caution." "Ah! what is that?" "Well, ef I was you, I'd teech werry light on de Ten Commandments." "Indeed, and why?" "Oh, cos I hab notice dat dey mos' always hab a damp'nin' effect on de congregation."

Correspondents' Column.

JNO. B., ULATONIA, NEB.—In cases where the soldier died in the service and his widow remarried prior to July 8, 1866, (date of approval of the act providing additional bounty) she forfeits title to said bounty under the provisions of the law. If the soldier died after discharge with said bounty due him and remaining unpaid, his widow is not entitled to the bounty if she remarried prior to February 21, 1868. In either event as above the bounty goes to the next heir in order of succession.

W. R. W., DE WITT, IOWA.—Q. A widow having been a pensioner on account of her husband, killed in action, remarried her former husband's brother, who also had been a soldier. The latter has since died, but possibly not from the effects of disease or injury contracted while in the service. Can her pension be renewed or restored?—A. The widow has no further title to pension on account of her first husband; but if he left children who were under sixteen years of age at the date of their mother's remarriage, the pension should have been continued to them until they severally attained that age. She has no title to pension on account of service and death of second husband unless she connects his death with his military service, except, indeed, he had a claim pending before the Pension Office at his death, which she would be permitted to complete and draw the same amount of pension to which the soldier would have been entitled had he lived, from the date of his discharge to the date of his death.

Q.—A widow of a soldier of the Mexican War having remarried, is she or her children by her former husband entitled to the three months' extra pay under the act of February 19, 1879?—A. It has not yet been decided whether heirs of deceased soldiers and sailors of the war with Mexico are entitled to the three months' extra pay.

"S. UNSUBSCRIBER," CHARLESTOWN, MASS.—Q. How or where does the Commissioner of Pensions get his authority for refusing to grant a claim on the ground that the wound or disease was not contracted in the line of duty, and where does he draw the line?—A. The Commissioner of Pensions is authorized and empowered by the pension laws to reject any claim for pension where the records of the War Department or evidences from other sources show, to his satisfaction, that the alleged disability was not incurred while in the service and in the line of duty. The present Commissioner will not entertain any testimony in rebuttal of the record of the War Department where it shows the disability of an applicant to have been incurred prior to enlistment. We are informed that the Commissioner of Pensions was never in the army or navy.

Q. R., LARNED, KAN.—The rating for "total disability" at the close of the war was \$3 a month; it is now \$18. By act of Congress of June 4, 1872, the rate of pension for "any disability equivalent to the loss of a hand or a foot" was fixed at \$18 a month.

W. M. N. G., LEXINGTON, MO.—Presuming that your inquiries have reference to the arrears of pension, we answer: 1. The Commissioner now acknowledges the receipt of claims. 2. Claim agents are not recognized in this class of cases, therefore the claimant will be notified if additional evidence is required. 3. Answer to your second inquiry covers the inquiry in your third interrogatory. The Commissioner of Pensions acknowledges to the recognized attorney the receipt of papers. The work of the Pension Office is greatly behind, and inquiries concerning claims do not receive attention for months.

JAS. F. M., LANSING, MICH.—Q. I was wounded in the mouth and left breast while in service; have drawn pension on wound of left breast since discharge. I was put on the roll for gun-shot wound of the mouth some six or seven years ago. Am I entitled to arrears of pension for wound of the mouth from time of discharge to the time of being thus placed on roll?—A. Yes.

A. P. B., ARTY, SC., THOMASTON, COX.—Brothers and sisters of a soldier or sailor who died in the service or after discharge of a disability incurred while in service and in line of duty are entitled to pension under the following conditions: 1. The soldier must have left no widow, minor child or children surviving him. 2. The brothers and sisters must have been under the age of sixteen and dependent upon the soldier for support at date of death. 3. The children must have been under sixteen at date of mother's and father's death.

T. V. T., BELGRAVE, MO.—It is not possible to answer your inquiries satisfactorily. The time required in the adjustment of claims for increase of pension based on a disability for which already pensioned and claims for original pension based on gun-shot wound, require but a few months in their adjustment, while applications based on disease require a longer period. Much depends upon the promptitude with which the evidence required by the Pension Office is furnished, although the delays of that office, after all its requirements have been complied with, are frequently very vexatious and discouraging. The settlement of pension claims is expedited when the allegations of claimants are borne out by the records of the War Department. After a claim is completed, about one month is consumed in issuing, recording, and signing and countersigning the certificate, cases taking their turn.

"SOLDIER," ELKHART, IND.—Q. A man deserts from one organization and enlists in another, and is honorably discharged from the second enlistment. He incurred a disability for which he claims a pension. Does he forfeit pension by desertion?—A. If his disability was incurred in first service, and the War Department will grant him a discharge (dishonorable or otherwise) therefrom, he does not forfeit title to pension; but the disability was incurred while in the second service, it would be ruled that he was not in "the line of duty" when disabled, (being at the time a deserter), and his claim would be rejected. In the last case his only recourse would be to a special act of Congress.

W. H., LANSING, MICH.—Q. Can a United States pensioner remove to a foreign country, take oath of allegiance, and become a citizen thereof without forfeiting his pension?—A. Yes.

G. C. M., NEW CUMBERLAND, OHIO.—Q. A soldier was wounded during the late war, returned home, married, and died of his wounds, leaving a widow and minor children. The soldier never applied for a pension. Are his widow and children entitled to a pension?—A. His widow is entitled to \$3 a month from the date of his death, during her widowhood, and \$2 a month extra for each child by the soldier who was under sixteen years of age at the date of his death, to continue until the children severally attain the age of sixteen. She is not entitled to pension from the date of his discharge, because he did not file an application.

C. N. T., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—According to law naval officers cannot obtain the three months' extra pay.

D. P. N., WHEELING, W. VA.—You are entitled to arrears if your pension did not date from time of discharge.

G. V. B., ZANESVILLE, OHIO.—Q. I married an ex-soldier who had previously been married, and whose first wife died after the close of the late war. I have been informed that I am not entitled to a pension because I was the second wife of the soldier. Am I correctly informed?—A. If your husband's death was due to his army service, you are entitled to a pension for yourself and also for your children who were under sixteen years of age when your husband died. Of course any children of your husband by his first wife, who were under sixteen years of age at the date of his death, will also have pension due them, provided they have not already received it.

R. M., WORCESTER, MASS.—The loss of one eye in the service, if the remaining one is good, only entitles you to \$4 a month.

J. D. B., QUINCY, ILL.—It matters not in what country a pensioner resides, he can draw his pension.

SAM'L P. C., FINDLEY'S LAKE, N. Y.—We hope the Equalization Bounty Bill will be passed in such shape as to give to those discharged by reason of disability incurred in the service eight and one-third dollars bounty for each month of the term for which he enlisted, regarding them as having served out their period of enlistment. A law truly equalizing bounties cannot be framed, but it is the general opinion that the bill now before Congress comes nearer to an equalization of bounties than any yet proposed.

G. AND B., ATTORNEYS, CHILLICOTHE, O.—A widow drew a pension of \$3 a month from the death of her husband in 1863, and \$2 a month extra for her minor child from July 25, 1866, until child attained the age of sixteen years. Q.—Is the widow entitled to arrears of pension of \$2 a month for child from 1863 to July 25, 1866?—A.—No. The extra pension allowed for children commences only from July 25, 1866, the date of the last Congress granting it.

DAVID M. W., SOUTH PETERSBURGH, N. Y.—We are at a loss to see how more than one construction can be placed on our answer to "E. A. M." in July number, and we despair of making the point involved clearer. However we will give an example: A man has received a pension of \$14 a month, for a gun-shot wound, commencing from date of discharge 1864. He also contracted lung disease in the service, but the disease was only in its incipient stage at date of discharge, and did not incapacitate him one-fourth for the performance of manual labor until 1870. He now applies for an increase of pension on lung disease, and is allowed \$2 a month additional therefor, commencing from 1870. Had the pensioner been one-fourth disabled at date of discharge he would have received the \$2 a month from 1864. It would have been better to have stated a hypothetical case.

Many correspondents, whose initials do not appear in this column, will find the information they seek in replies to other correspondents.

Correspondents who desire their inquiries answered in this column should so state.