The Three Correspondents.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

AN INCIDENT OF THE SOUDAN CAMPAIGN.

PART I.

There was only one little feathery clump of dom palms in all that great wilderness of black hocks and orange sand. It stood high on the bank, and below it the brown Nile swirled swiftly towards the Ambigole cataract, fitting a little frill of foam round each of the bowlders which studded its surface. Above, out of a naked blue sky, the sun was beating down upon the sand,and up again from the sand under the brims of the pith hats of the horsemen with the scorching glare of a blast furnace. It had risen so high that the shadows of the horses were no longer than themselves.

"Whew!" cried Mortimer, mopping his forehead, "you'd pay five shilling for this at the hummums."

"Precisely," said Scott. "But you are not asked to ride twenty miles in a Turkish bath with a field-glass and a revolver, and a water-bottle and a whole Christmas treeful of things dangling from you. The hothouse at Kew is excellent as a conservatory, but not adapted for exhibitions upon the horizontal bar. I vote for a camp in the palm grove and a halt until evening."

Mortimer rose on his stirrups and looked hard to the southward. Every where were the same black burned rocks and deep orange sand. At one spot only an intermittent line appeared

DOWN THE WINDING PATH THE TRAIN WAS PICKING ITS WAY.

to have been cut through the rugged spurs which ran down to the river. It was the bed of the old railway, long destroyed by the Arabs, but now in process of reconstruction by the advancing Egyptians. There was no other sign of man's handiwork in all that desolate scene.

"It's palm trees or nothing," said Scott.

"Well, I suppose we must; and yet I grudge every hour until we reach the force up. What would our editors say if we were late for the action?"

"My dear chap, an old bird like you doesn't need to be told that no sane modern general would ever attack until the press is up."

"You don't mean that?" said young Anerley. "I thought we were looked upon as an unmitigated nuisance."

"'Newspaper correspondents and traveling gentlemen, and all that tribe of useless drones'—being an extract from Lord Woseley's 'Soldier's Pocket-Book,'" cried Scott. "We know all about that, Anerley"—and he winked behind his blue spectacles. "If there were going to be a battle we should very soon have an escort of cavalry to hurry us up. I've been in 15, and I never saw one where they had not arranged for a reporter's table."

"That's very well; but the enemy may be less considerate," said Mortimer.

"They are not strong enough to force a battle."

"A skirmish, then?"

"Much more likely to be a raid upon the rear. In that case we are just where we should be."

"So we are! What a score over Reuter's man up with the advance! Well, we'll outspan and have our tiffin under the palms."

There were three of them, and they stood for three great London dailies. Reuter was thirty miles ahead; two evening pennies upon camels were twenty miles behind. And among them they represented the eyes and the ears of the public—the great silent millions and millions who had paid for everything and who waited patiently to know the result of their outlay.

They were remarkable men, these body-servants of the press; two of them already veterans in the camps, the other setting out upon his first campaign, and full of deference for his famous comrades.

This first one, who had just dismounted from his bay polo-pony, was Mortimer, of the Intelligencer—tall, straight and hawk-faced, with kharki tunic and riding breeches, drab putties, a scarlet cummerbund, and a skin tanned to the red of a Scotch fir by sun and wind, and mottled by the mosquito and the sand fly. The other—small, quick, mercurial, with blue-black curling beard and hair, a fly switch forever flicking in his left hand—was Scott, of the Courier, who had come through more dangers and brought off more brilliant scoops than any man in the profession, save the eminent Chandler, now no longer in a condition to take the field. They were a singular contrast, Mortimer and Scott, and it was in their differences that the secret of their close friendship lay. Each dovetailed into the other. The strength of each was in the other's weakness. Together they formed a perfect unit. Mortimer was Saxon—slow, conscientious and deliberate; Scott was Celtic—quick, happy-go-lucky and brilliant. Mortimer was the more solid, Scott the more attractive. Mortimer was the deeper thinker, Scott the brighter talker. By a curious coincidence, though each had seen much of warfare, their campaigns had never coincided. Together they covered all recent military history. Scott had done Plevna, the Shipka, the Zulus, Egypt, Suakim; Mortimer had seen the Boer war, the Chilian, the Bulgaria and Servian, the Gordon relief, the Indian frontier, Brazilian rebellion and Madagascar. This intimate personal knowledge gave a peculiar flavor to their talk. There was none of the second-hand surmise and conjecture which forms so much of our conversation; it was all concrete and final. The speaker had been there, had seen it, and there was an end to it.

In spite of their friendship there was the keenest professional rivalry between the two men. Either would have sacrificed himself to help his companion, but either would also have sacrificed his companion to help his paper. Never did a jockey yearn for a winning mount as keenly as each of them longed to have a full column in a morning edition whilst every other daily was blank. They were perfectly frank about the matter. Each professed himself ready to steal a march on his neighbor, and each recognized that the other's duty to his employer was far higher than any personal consideration.

The third man was Anerley, of the Gazette—young, inexperienced and rather simple-looking. He had a droop of the lip which some of his more intimate friends regarded as a libel upon his character, and his eyes were so slow and so sleepy that they suggested an affectation. A leaning toward soldiering had sent him twice to autumn maneuvers, and a touch of color in his descriptions had induced the proprietors of the Gazette to give him a trial as a war special. There was a pleasing diffidence about his bearing which recommended him to his experienced companions, and if they had a smile sometimes at his guileless ways, it was soothing to them to have a comrade from whom nothing was to be feared. From the day that they left the telegraph wire behind them at Sarras, the man who was mounted upon a 15-guinea 34 Syrian was delivered over into the hands of the owners of the two fastest polo ponies that ever shot down the Ghezireh ground.

The three had dismounted and led their beasts under the welcome shade. In the brassy yellow glare every branch above threw so black and solid a shadow that the men involuntarily raised their feet to step over them.

"The palm makes an excellent hat-rack," said Scott, slinging his revolver and his water-bottle over the little upward-pointing pegs which bristled from the trunk. "As a shade tree, however, it isn't an unqualified success. Curious that in the universal adaption of means to ends something a little less flimsy could not have been devised for the tropics."

"Like the banyan in India."

"Or the fine hardwood trees in Ashantee, where a whole regiment could picnic under the shade."

"The teak tree isn't bad in Burmah either. By Jove, the baccy has all come loose in the saddle bag! That long-cut mixture smokes rather hot for this climate. How about the baggles, Anerley?"

"They'll be here in five minutes."

Down the winding path which curved among the rocks the little train of baggage-camels was daintily picking its way. They came mincing and undulating along, turning their heads slowly from side to side with the air of self-conscious woman. In front rode the three Berberee body-servants upon donkeys, and behind walked the Arab camel boys. They had been traveling for nine long hours, ever since the first rising of the moon, at the weary camel drag of two and a half miles an hour, but now they brightened, both beasts and men, at the sight of the grove and the riderless horses. In a few minutes the loads were unstrapped, the animals tethered, a fire lighted, fresh water carried up from the river, and each camel provided with his own little heap of tibbin laid in the center of the tablecloth, without which no well-bred Arabian will condescend to feed. The dazzling light without, the subdued half-tones within, the green palm-fronds outlined against the deep blue sky, the flitting silent-footed Arab servants, the crackling of sticks, the reek of a lighting fire, the placid supercilious heads of the camels, they all come back in their dreams to those who have known them.

Scott was breaking eggs into a pan and rolling out a love-song in his rich deep voice. Anerley, with his head and two arms buried in a deal packing-case, was working his way through strata of tinned soups, bully beef, potted chicken and sardines to reach the jams which lay beneath. The conscientious Mortimer, with his notebook upon his knee, was jotting down what the railway engineer had told him at the line end the day before. Suddenly he raised his eyes and saw the man himself on his chestnut pony, dipping and rising over the broken ground.

"Hullo, here's Merryweather!"

"A pretty lather his pony is in! He's had her at that bard gallop for hours by the look of her. Hullo, Merryweather, hullo!"

The engineer, a small compact man with a pointed red beard, had made as though he would ride past their camp without word or halt. Now he swerved, and easing his pony down to a canter, he headed her towards them.

"For God's sake, a drink!" he croaked. "My tongue is stuck to the roof of my mouth."

Mortimer ran with the water-bottle, Scott with the whisky flash, and Aner-

"FOR GOD'S SAKE, A DRINK!" HE CROAKED.

ley with the tin pannikin. The engineer drank until his breath failed him.

"Well, I must be off", said he, striking the drops from his red mustache.

"Any news?"

"A hitch in the railway construction. I must see the general. It's the devil not having a telegraph."

"Anything we can report?" Out came three notebooks.

"I'll tell you after I've seen the general."

"Any dervishes?"

"The usual shaves. Hud-up, Jinny! Good-by."

With a soft thudding upon the sand and a clatter among the stones, the weary pony was off on his journey once more.

PART II.

"Nothing serious, I suppose?" said Mortimer, starting after him.

"Deuced serious," cried Scott. "The ham and eggs are burned! No—it's all right—saved, and done to a turn! Pull the box up, Anerley. Come on, Mortimer, stow that notebook! The fork is mightier than the pen just at present. What's the matter with you, Anerley?"

"I ws wondering whether what we have just seen was worth a telegram."

"Well, it's for the proprietors to say if it's worth it. Serdid money considerations are not for us. We must wire about something just to justify our kharki coats and our putties."

"But what is there to say?"

Mortimer's long austere face broke into a smile over the youngster's innocence.

"It's not quite usual in our profession to give each other tips," said he. "However, as my telegram is written, I've no objection to your reading it. You may be sure that I would not show it to you if it were of the slightest importance."

Anerley took up the slip of paper and read:

"Merryweather obstacles stop journey confer general stop nature difficulties later stop rumors dervishes."

"This is very condensed," said Anerley, with wrinkled brows.

"Condensed!" cried Scott. "Why, it's sinfully garrulous. If my old man got a wire like that his language would crack the lamp shades. I'd cut out half this for example, I'd have out 'journey,' and 'nature,' and 'rumors.' But my old man would make a ten-line paragraph of it for all that."

"How?"

"Well, I'll do it myself just to show you. Lend me that stylo." He scribbled for a minute in his notebook. "It works out somewhat on these lines:

"'Mr. Charles H. Merryweather, the eminent railway engineer, who is at present engaged in superintending the construction of the line from Sarras to the front, has met with considerable obstacles to the rapid completion of his important task'—of course the old man knows who Merryweather is, and what he is about, so the word 'obstacles' would suggest all that to him. 'He has today been compelled to make a journey of forty miles to the front in order to confer with the general upon the steps which are necessary in order to facilitate the work. Further particu-

"HOW'S THAT?" CRIED SCOTT.

lars of the exact nature of the difficulties met with will be made public at a later date. All is quiet upon the line of communications, though the usual persistent rumors of the presence of dervishes in the eastern desert continue to circulate.—Our Own Correspondent.'

"How's that?" cried Scott, triumphantly, and his white teeth gleamed suddenly through his black beard. "That's the sort of flapdoodle for the dear old public."

"Will it interest them?"

"Oh, everything interests them. They want to know all about it! and they like to think that there is a man who is getting a hundred a month simply in order to tell it to them."

"It's very kind of you to teach me all this."

"Well, it is a little unconventional, for after all we are here to score over each other if we can. There are no more eggs, and you must take it out in jam. Of course, as Mortimer says, such a telegram as this is of no importance one way or another except to prove to the office that we are in the Soudan and not at Monte Carlo. But when it comes to serious work it must be every man for himself."

"Is that quite unnecessary?"

"Why, of course it is."

"I should have thought if three men were to combine and to share their news, they would do better than if they were each to act for themselves; and they would have a much pleasanter time of it."

The two older men sat with their bread and jam in their hands, and an expression of genuine disgust upon their faces.

"We are not here to have a pleasant time," said Mortimer, with a flash through his glasses. "We are here to do our best for our papers. How can they score over each other if we do not do the same? If we all combine we might as well amalgamate with Reuter at once."

"Why, it would take away the whole glory of the profession," cried Scott. "At present the smartest man gets his stuff first on the wires. What inducement is there to be smart if we all share and share alike?"

"And at present the man with the best equipment has the best chance," remarked Mortimer, glancing across at little Syrian gray. "Tht is the fair rethe shot-like polo-ponies and the cheap ward for foresight and enterprise. Every man for himself, and let the best man win."

"That's the way to find who the best man is. Look at Chandler. He would never have got his chance if he had not played always off his own bat. You've heard how he pretended to break his leg, sent his fellow-correspondent off for the doctor, and so got a fair start for the telegraph office."

"Do you mean to say that was legitimate.

"Everything is legitimate. It's your wits against wits."

"I should call it dishonorable."

"You may call it what you like. Chandler's paper got the battle and the others didn't. It made Chandler's name."

"Or take Westlake," said Mortimer, cramming the tobacco into his pipe. "H Abdul, you may have the dishes! Westlake brought his stuff down by pretending to be the government courier, and using the relays of government horses. Westlake's paper sold half a million."

Is that legitimate also?" asked Anerley, thoughtfully.

"Why not?"

"Well, it looks a little like horse stealing and lying."

"Well, I think I should do a little horse stealing and lying if I could have a column myself in a London daily. What do you say, Scott?"

"Anything short of manslaughter."

"And I'm not sure that I'd trust you there.

"Well, I don't think I should be guilty of newspaper-man-slaughter. That I regard a distinct breach of professional etiquette. But if any outsider comes between a highly charged correspondent and an electric wire he does it at his peril. My dear Anerley, I tell you frankly that if you are going to handicap yourself with scruples you may just as well be in Fleet street as in the Soudan. Our life is irregular. Our work has never been systemized. No doubt it will be some day, but the time is not yet. Do what you can and how you can, and be first on the wires; that's my advice to you; and also that when next you come upon a campaign you bring with you the best horse that money can buy. Mortimer may beat me or I may beat Mortimer, but at least we know that between us we have the fastest ponies in the country. We have neglected no chance."

"I am not so certain of that," said Mortimer, slowly. "You are aware, of course, that though a horse beats a camel on twenty miles, a camel beats a horse on thirty."

"What! One of these camels?" cried Anerley, in astonishment.

The two seniors burst out laughing.

"No, no; the real high-bred trotter—the kind of beast the dervishes ride when they make their lightning raids."

"Faster than a galloping horse?"

"Well, it tires a horse down. It goes the same gait all the way, and it wants neithr halt nor drink, and it takes rough ground much better than a horse. They used to have long distance races at Halfa, and the camel always won at thirty."

"Still, we need not approach ourselves, Scott, for we are not likely to have to carry a thirty-mile message. They will have the old telegraph next week."

"Quite so. But at the present moment—"

"I know, my dear chap; but there is no motion of urgency before the house. Load baggles at five o'clock; so you have just three hours clear. Any sign of the evening pennies?"

Mortimer swept the norther horizon with his binoculars.

"Not in sight yet."

"They are quite capable of traveling during the heat of the day. Just the sort of thing evening pennies would do. Take care of your match, Anerley. These palm groves go up like a powder magazine if you set them alight. By-by." The two men crawled under their mosquito nets and sank instantly into the easy sleep of those whose lives are spent in the open.

Young Anerley stood with his back against a palm tree and his briar between his lips thinking over his advice which he had received. After all, they were the heads of the profession, these men, and it was not for him, the newcomer, to reform their methods. If they served their papers in this fashion then he must do the same. They had at least been frank and generous in teaching him the rules of the game. If it was good enough for them, it was good enough for him.

It was a brolling afternoon, and those thin frills of foam round the black glistening necks of the Nile bowlders looked delightfully cool and alluring. But it would not be safe to bathe for some hours to come. The air shimmered and vibrated over the baking stretch of sand and rock. There was not a breath of wind, and the droning and piping of the insects inclined one for sleep. Somewhere above a hoopoe was calling. Anerley knocked out his ashes and was turning toward his couch, when his eye caught something moving in the desert to the south.

It was a horseman riding towards them as swiftly as the broken ground would permit. A messenger from the army, thought Anerley; and then as he watched, the sun suddenly struck the man on the side of his head, and his chin flamed into gold. There could not be two horsemen with beards of such a color. It was Merryweather, the engineer, and he was returning. What on earth was he returning for? He had been so keen to see the general, and yet he was coming back with his mission unaccomplished. Was it that his pony was hopelessly foudered? It seemed to be moving well. Anerley picked up Mortimer's binoculars, and a foam-spattered horse and a weary koorbash-cracking man came cantering up the center of the field. There was nothing in his appearance to explain the mystery of his return.

Then as he watched them they dipped down into a hollow and disappeared. He could see that it was one of those narrow khors which led to the river, and he waited, glass in hand, for their immediate reappearance. But minute passed after minute, and there was no sign of them. That narrow gully appeared to have swallowed them up. And then with a curious gulp and start he saw a little gray cloud wreathe itself slowly from among the rocks and drift in a long, hazy shred over the desert. In an instant he had torn Scott and Mortimer from their slumbers.

"Get up, you chaps!" he cried. "I believe Merryweather has been shot by dervishes."

[Concluded in Tomorrow's Tribune.]

LINCOLN AND DOUGLAS AT KNOX COLLEGE

Celebration of the Anniversay of Their Great Debate.

A HISTORY OF THE GREAT MEETING

Exercises Will Be Held This Week by Knox College, and Chauncey M. Depew Will Be the Orator--Ex-Secretary Lincoln Will Also Be Present and Make an Address.

Galesburg, Ill., Oct. 6.—The celebration next week by Knox college of the anniversary of the debate in Galesburg, Oct. 7, 1858, between Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas, on the occasion of their joint canvass of the state for the United States senatorship, will be one of the most interesting events of a political character of recent years. The purpose is to adhere to as many details of the original as possible. The exercises will be held on the east side of Knox college and will begin at two o'clock in the afternoon. Dr. Chauncey M. Depew, of New York, will deliver the oration, and Robert T. Lincoln, son of the dead president, and ex-Governor Horace Boies, of Iowa, and other distinguished men will give addresses.

Debates by Lincoln and Douglas had already taken place at Ottawa, Freeport, Jonesboro and Charleston, and the public mind had been remarkably quickened by these oratorical combats. Knox county had shown a great change against Democratic sentiment. The president's message on the Kansas question had been indorsed by the administration's followers, who were called "National Democrats," a title that has a striking resemblance to the name by which are known today the gold Democrats who nominated Generals Palmer and Buckner, and who are defenders of the Cleveland administration. Douglas was the leader in the fight against the position taken by President Buchanan. So rapid was the growth of Republican sentiment that the formerly strong Democratic strongholds were showing decided Republican leanings. The even division of sentiment thus made the debates intensely interesting, as a change here and there of a few votes, it was thought would change the result. The people were in a frame of mind to receive with great interest the announcement of the debate, which read as follows:

"JOINT POLITICAL DISCUSSION BETWEEN HON. A. LINCOLN AND JUDGE DOUGLAS ON THURSDAY NEXT.

"Let there be a grand rally of Republicans, National and Douglas Democrats and men of all shades of political sentiment, on the 7th inst., to hear the discussion between the little giant and the big giant, announced above. The latch-string of the Galesburg people will be out and preparations made to entertain a crowd. The railroads will carry at half fare."

The weather was very unpropitious. It had rained the day before, and a sharp frost had followed, bringing a chilling northwest wind that tore banners to tatters and blew signs all over the street. Despite the elements the people flocked in from the country.

Mr. Lincoln reached Galesburg at 11.30 o'clock from Knoxville, and was met a mile from the square by a delegation of Galesburg citizens. At noon the Republicans of the city, accompanied by a splendid band, a large number of ladies on horseback, beautifully attired, and three military companies, met Mr. Lincoln. Each of the ladies on horseback was accompanied by a gentleman also mounted, and this fine equestrian feature of the parade elicited general admiration. The military was known as the Light Guards. When Lincoln reached the main street of the city the companies fired a salute. He was then escorted to the home of Henry R. Sanderson, whose guest he was for the day.

DOUGLAS FIRST TO ARRIVE.

Mr. Douglas arirved at 10 a. m. and was also received by large delegations. The debate took place at 2 p. m. at the college park. The intention was to have the speaking in the public square, but the cold and pitiless wind forced those in charge to seek a place where there would be shelter from the gale. The platform was erected at the south end of the east side of Knox college. It was gayly decorated with flags and streamers, and immediately over it was a banner, inscribed "Knox College for Lincoln." The two debaters were driven side by side in equipages drawn by four horses to the college, and were accompanied there by the military, and a large delegation of horsemen and of people on foot. An immense audience had assembled an hour or more before the speaking. Estimates have fixed the number at 20,000 to 25,000. Not only were the grounds densely packed, but the roof of the dormitory building east of the college was black with people.

The opening was very simple and informal. Ex-Congressman James Knox presided. Mr. Douglas had the opening, one hour in length; Mr. Lincoln followed in a speech one and one half hours long; Mr. Douglas' rejoinder was half an hour long.

The opening by Mr. Douglas was one of the most aggressive and personal of the series. He seemed to realize that Mr. Lincoln's friends were in the ascendency and that it was necessary to put him at a disadvantage. He therefore boldly accused Mr. Lincoln of insincerity, of being one thing in one part of the state and another in the other; of being a policy man and of not being an out-and-out abolitionist. He then defended his own acts as national and patriotic, while to Mr. Lincoln he ascribed sectionalism and a lack of patriotism. He dwelt particularly on Mr. Lincoln's declaration that a "house divided against itself cannot stand."

As one reads Douglas' address this day he is struck by its cleverness and adriotness.

ANXIETY OF LINCOLN'S FRIENDS

Mr. Lincoln's reply was awaited with anxiety. The thousands who had never heard him were wondering how he would answer the charges and insinuations made against him—charges supported by quotations from Mr. Lincoln's own speeches. But with the first sentence the anxiety appears to have been swept away. It was followed by laughter and cheers. Step by step Mr. Lincoln proceeded, clearing away the doubts which Mr. Douglas had raised. Wit, sarcasm, ridicule, was poured upon the head of Mr. Douglas, who with his broad-brimmed white hat on his head and his overcoat about him, sat smoking a cigar and looking over the cheering and excited crowd.

Lincoln seemed the personification of good nature, even when he was the most severe. On Douglas' face appeared a scowl as the keen blade of his wit was driven home. Mr. Lincoln took the offensive. He, too, became personal. He accused Douglas of being a party to the foregoing of resolutions and in detail described the whole transaction. Then he proved that Douglas was sectional. To Douglas' assertion that he did not care whether slavery was voted up or down he made a crushing and eloquent reply. He arose to a higher level and pictured Douglas as trying to put out the moral lights of the people and as trying to perpetuate slavery. It was then he made the most of the moral advantage on his side. From all parts of the audience came cheers and cries of encouragement.

DOUGLAS ANGERED BY LINCOLN.

When Mr. Douglas arose to reply he was under much excitement. He consumed some time in replying to the charges and caused some excitement by asking if Mr. Lincoln desired to push the matter to the point of personal difficulties. Mr. Lincoln's coolness saved trouble.

When the debate ended partisans on both sides claimed the day for their respective champions. Still, even the Democrats admitted that Mr. Lincoln in the moral argument, in his powerful appeal to the consciences of the people, had gained an advantage. They were forced to concede that Douglas, with all his logic and eloquence, was on the wrong side.

Mr. Lincoln, as a speaker, surprised the people. That he had such gifts as an orator was not known to them. It is said that on this occasion his voice was remarkably clear and agreeable. It was heard easily by those on the outskirts of the crowd. His gestures were appropriate. His great earnestness impressed all hearers.

Judge Douglas' style was heavy, slow, ponderous and labored. His utterance was thick and the words far apart. His voice lacked carrying power. He showed the effects of the fatigue of the campaign, while his opponent was fresh and vigorous.

AFTER THE JOINT DEBATE.

After the debate Mr. Douglas took tea at the home of Judge Lamphere. The children were in awe. They thought that their father was entertaining one who might be a future president of the United States. Their fear was dispelled by the easy and cordial manner of the judge, who kissed them and chatted pleasantly with them. Disregarding the display of food on the table, Douglas called for one of Mrs. Lamphere's mince pies, of which he was very fond, and this, with a cup of coffee, was his supper. In the evening he returned to the Bonney house and there held a consultation with the Democratic leaders.

Mr. Lincoln was driven back to Mr. Sanderson's home. The desire to see him amounted to a crush and he was forced back into a corner, where he remained, greeting newcomers. His stay at that home was enlivened by many pleasant incidents which are now treasured memories.

This debate made a deep impression on the people of Knox county. It showed that sooner or later there must come an end of slavery or an end to free institutions. The crisis came more quickly than they expected and it is remembered gratefully that when it did come Mr. Lincoln had no more sincere friend than Stephen A. Douglas.

MEN WHO HEARD THE DEBATE.

Among those who heard the debate that day were Col. Clark E. Carr, Chief Justice A. M. Craig, of the Illinois supreme court, Richard Whiting, ex-Congressman John H. Lewis, Howard Knowles and W. S. Gale. There were many others who have since attained much more than local fame.

On the state ticket that year Newton Bateman, president emeritus of Knox college, was a candidate for state superintendent of public instruction. R. R. Hitt reported the debate. The Chicago Press and Tribune and the Knoxville Republican printed stenographic reports of the speeches.

The oration of the coming celebration will be delivered by Chauncey M. Depew, of New York. Robert T. Lincoln has promised an address. Governor Altgeld has accepted an invitation. It is reported that many distinguished men will be present.