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## VETERANS' COLUMN.



above the knee.

He sank very low under the operation—so low that no attempt was made to remove him from the table.

The surgeon said to me:

"Get him to take some food or drink"

Jimson—"So that Detroit Free Press.

if you can, he is sinking very fast."

I offered him every delicacy in my possession, but he turned away in disgust. There had been some of my supplies transferred to this boat. Among them, while working with the men on the lower deck and helping dress their wounds, I found a barrel of sauerkrout. I allowed the attendants to open it, but afterwards, as I came up to the upper cabin, called the surgeous's attention to it, so as not to be blamed in the matter if the results were bad. It happened that I met him near the amputating table. As I passed the patient I turned to give him a sympathetic look. He beckoned to me, and I hastened 2 him. "I want some kraut," he said.

I stepped over to where the surgeon was ministering to a man, and questioned as to whether it was best to grant his request. "Give him anything he wants—he can't live, any way," was the answer.

I sent the attendant down to get the kraut, and he brought up a big tin cup full and placed it on his breast

kraut, and he brought up a big tin cup full and placed it on his breast and went his way. Shortly afterwards passing that way I noticed him. Fec-bly, ravenously, he was trailing the krout to his mouth, and I never saw any one eat as much krout as he did
in all my life. He never stopped until
he emptied the cup. No one attempted to hinder him, as it was expected
he would die soon. From that hour
he began to mend, and by the time we
reached St. Louis, his case was con-

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reached St. Louis, his case was considered hopeful.

Months afterwards, as I was passing through one of the St. Louis hospitals, I heard the thud, thud of crutches coming after me, I turned to see who was following me, and a merry voice greeted me.

"Here's your sauerkraut man!" And there, sure enough, was my Missouri soldier, able to get around lively on crutches, and as blithe and merry as if he had never felt the keen edge of the surgeon's knife.

geon's knife.

The dangers and hardships of that trip can never be forgotten. There were many touching incidents.—ANNIE WITTEMEYER, in Home and Country

## STRAY SHOTS.

COMMANDER IN CHIEF PALMER, of the G. A. R., has suspended Depart, ment Commander Speed and the Senior Vice Commander of the Louisiana G. A. R. Those officers have refused to recognize negro posts.

GENERAL PAIMER has issued an order for all ex-soldiers to give \$1 and their autographs for the Grant monument. The latter will be placed in the yault and the cash will assist in finishing the tomb.

Fred Brockway, of Youngstown, O., has, among other war relics, a curiosity picked up on the battlefield of Gettysburg in the form of a rebel bullet firm. ly imbedded in a Union minute ball. As far as known, only two like it are in existence. Mr. Brockway refused \$25 for it from a relic-hunter.

A CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.—William H. Smith, Co, K, 8th Iowa Cav., Sutton, Neb., says that in his regiment was a man named Jacob Hahn, who, if we on earth have a right to judge, he thinks was a faithful servant, both to God and his country. "I have seen him kneeling in prayer, praying to God to save his countades, and sacrifice his own rations and few comforts that his comrades might be more com fortable. I have known him to take the place of some one on duty when he had just come off duty, because the comrade was not well. He was always ready and willing to do whatever there was to do, and as a leader and a scout he was always there, fearing nothing. No one was braver and no one was cooler in time of action."

In time of action."

Disceins Out of Libby.—J. White, Co. H, 54 Ohio, Bloomangton, O., noticed Capt. Frank E. Moran's statement that the only tools used in diging the famous tunnel out of Libby was a "broad bladed chisel and a spitton, with rope attachments, etc., for removing the dirt." White says that Capt. W. S. B. Randall, 2d Ohio, at a reception tendered the Ohio Association of Union ex-Prisoners of War by Maj. Young and his excellant la ly, in charge of the S. and S. Orphan Home, on the occasion of their Reunion at Xenia, O., in 1890, was one of the speakers. In mentioning the Libby Prison tunnel and his connection with it the Captain exhibited a knile which he weed in digging. This he had it the Captain exhibited a knile which he used in digging. This he had sacredly preserved and greatly cherished as a memento. The relic in question was what was left of a small table knile, commonly known as a case knile, but worn away to half of its original length. It was an object of great interest, and looked upon with great admiration by the audience.

With Dolly in May.

Under the tree, in the lovliest place,
Where the shadow and sun were playing'
Fanny and Lida and Lottie and Grace
And Dolly and I were maying;
But the flowers were lost or hidden away
So safe we could scarce find any—
So we made the Dolly Queen of the May
'Cause she would n't need so many.

We gathered moss for a throne of green, And with violets blue we crowned her; We played that she was a fairy Queen, And we gaily danced around her. A robin sang to us overhead, A squirrel capered and chattered;— Then a little gray mouse popped out of his bed;

bed, And O how we jumped and scattered! —Eudora S. Bumstead, in May St. Nicholas.

Why He Looked.

McCorkle—"What are you doing now, Jimson"
Jimson—"Looking for work."
McCorkle—"Why, I never heard of you working. What are you looking for work for?"

Jimson—"So that I can avoid it."—
Partotic Free Press