The Colonel's Story.

By Tom P. Morgan

"STOP right there, Lawrie!" said I. "I don't want to hear any more about this woman, or any other woman."

"But, Colonel, she—Jean—I—I—" he persisted.

"You are a fool, Lawrie!" I roared. At any rate, it is probable that I roared. The people about the hotel were unanimous in calling me a roarer. It is possible that I thumped the table, also. "Confound it, boy! Let this Jean, or Jane, or whatever her name is, drop. She is an actress, you say, and that's enough. I don't want to hear any more about her. Day after to-morrow is Christmas. Where shall we go? How shall we spend the day? We'll go anywhere you like—South Carolina or Montreal—it's all one to me. We can afford to enjoy ourselves. Matters out at the ranch were never in better shape, and"——

"You bet they wa'n't!" cried a hoarse voice, as the door was thrust open without ceremony, and Halloran stalked in.

Halloran was my nearest neighbor when I was at home on the ranch, which was about half of the time. His ranch is the "Ace o' Spades"—mine is the "Sunset."

I worked in the days when I had to work. I was poorer than a rabbit when I first went West—well, a good many years ago. It takes work, and lots of it—long, hard, and unceasing—to start with nothing and become the owner of a great ranch, well stocked. But when he has got to that point, a man can afford to indulge and pamper himself, if his foreman is the soul of honor, as mine, Long Ike Hudson, was.

"Knowed you was in without stoppin' to knock," bellowed Halloran. "I'd know that voice of your'n among a thousand. How 'r' yer, Colonel! Howdy-do, young feller!" This to Lawrie.

Halloran was a barbarian.

"Took a run East," he continued, making himself thoroughly at home, "jest kinder because I could afford to. First time I've been East in 10 years. Thought I'd drop in on you an' see if you'd busted a blood-vessel since I saw you last. That thar temper will be the death of you yet, Colonel. Haw! haw! Reckon I'll go into camp here for about a week. What say?"

Halloran had a habit of being positively insulting at times. But it seemed good to see him. His feet were on the table by this time.

"Cigars in that box that you are about to crush with your confounded feet," I said; "better cigars than you are used to putting into your head. Help yourself and then tell me what's the good word."

"Aurm!" returned Halloran, clearing his throat. "Wal, about that thar Rock Creek Range business that I wrote you of; $14,000 will get it—we'll go havvers—$10,000 profit in it in the next eight months. These here cigars are prime, Colonel!"

Thereupon we delved deep into the Rock Creek business, and I forgot all about Lawrie.

"Went out a spell ago," said Halloran, when I spoke of the lad. "You didn't 'pear to notice the young feller—bein' busy jawin' me. Is that the Lawrie you're always talkin' about? Who an' what is he?"

"Halloran," said I, "take another cigar!"

Halloran took the cigar—and the hint.

Every now and then I used to come down on Lawrie like a thousand of brick, but he always took my abuse as a matter of course. Lawrie knew me pretty well, you see.

He? well, he had Katie's eyes and the same little curls clustering on his forehead, and—but, she married another and better man than I, perhaps. Well, they both died within a week of each other—when Lawrie was a little fellow in pinafores. They have been under the sod these twenty years and more, and I—I have always tried to do right by Lawrie. The lad sometimes said that I had been more than a father to him. Hadn't I a right to love one person of all the world that surrounded me? And, Lawrie—he had Katie's eyes and Katie's curls.

He wrote in those days—wrote stories—and dug and delved with his pen for a beggarly pittance, when he had only to drop it and take a partnership with me in the ranch. It was his for the taking, he knew that.

But Lawrie was independent. The income I called beggarly was ample for his needs, he said. He was trying to make a name for himself—a name that I would be proud of. I loved him better for his independence, I think.

I had intended to hear the whole of the story he had begun to tell me that night. But Halloran had come, and Lawrie had gone.

Halloran and I talked over the details of that Rock Creek matter till pretty late, and then he yawned and posted off to bed in the next room to my suite. And I fell to musing over one thing and another—principally Lawrie. Presently there came a tap at the door.

"Come in!" I called. "Pretty time of night, young fellow, for you to"——

And then I looked around. But it wasn't Lawrie. A slender girl, with a sad little face, none too bright with color, and big, appealing eyes, was standing just within the doorway.

"Col. Whitrick?" she asked in a half-frightened way.

"At your service, ma'am," said I, stumbling over a hassock in trying to place a chair for her.

"I—I am Jean Heath," she said, almost as if she was ashamed to own it. "I suppose La—Mr. Lawrie told you about me?"

"He had started to tell me when I stopped him."

"I felt that I must come and see you," she continued. "I know I ought to have come earlier, but I was obliged to wait till after the close of the performance. I work in the theater, you know."

I wondered what her little game was.

"I insisted that he tell you everything," she went on, in an agitated way. "He has told me a great deal about you. I know you to be a just man, and a wise one."

You cannot ask a lady visitor what her game is—it isn't polite.

"I know your verdict already," she said, drearily. "There can be but one. You will do him justice."

"You may trust me for that," said I.

"I know—I know!" she answered. And there was something like a sob in her voice, and her eyes were big and pitiful.

"But I never was one of the kind to be caught in a trap baited with tears or smiles.

"Well?" I said. Perhaps I was pretty grim about it.

"But I do not wish you to misjudge me," she went on, lifting her pale little face bravely. "May I tell you my story? It is not a long one."

I knew I was not to be caught by any story, no matter how plausible, and so I told her to go on.

It was, as she had said, not a long story. A country girl left an orphan, she had come to the city to fight for her daily bread. For her only capital—her voice—she could for a long time find no chance for investment. There are few opportunities open to the girl with a sweet voice, but with no influence, no recommendations, no money, to sing even for the smallest of salaries—sweet voices are common.

Her one talent availed her nothing. Then she tried to obtain a situation as a governess or companion, and failed. At length she secured a position as a saleswoman at a wretched salary. The hard work and long hours seemed too much for her slender strength, but she toiled on for the pittance that insured her daily bread. Then, after a time, even that chance was taken from her. The force in the store was cut down—times were hard, and I suppose the proprietors weren't making more than 200 per cent. profits on their investment—and the last comers had to go.

Then came another brave search for work—anything—and failure. There are times when it seems as if we have run up against a blank wall, and can go no farther. She had reached that point.

As she dragged her heavy feet home to her cheerless boarding-house one night, she was almost ready to give up the fight. She paused irresolutely on a corner. Straight ahead, a long way off, was her dreary lodging. Around the corner, only three blocks away, lay the river—and rest. She hesitated, and once turned her pale face toward the river, and then turned away, and went on toward her boarding-house, trembling weakly at the thought of the great sin she had been so close to committing.

She could not remain in her narrow room after reaching it—it seemed to smother her. She must flee from her despairing thoughts for a little while. The shabby parlor was deserted, and she sat her down at the rickety piano and played and sang to keep herself from herself—sang the sweet old songs her mother used to sing.

And—well, in short, the manager of the Tivoli Theater, a fellow-lodger, heard her voice and offered her an angagement to sing nightly on his stage. She eagerly accepted the offer. It meant bread—life—to her. The manager was an oily Hebrew, and he judged well when he decided that her fresh, young voice, and the sweet, old-fashioned ballads would please his patrons, about equally divided between the *blase* and the besotted.

And, besides, the salary he offered her was but a fraction of what he would have been obliged to pay a professional singer.

The innocent little face, and the simple, sweet old songs awakened sleeping memories in the breasts of the occupants of the pit, and they drank more beer than usual, and applauded in a hearty way that made the Hebrew rub his hands with satisfaction.

When she understood the character of the place her soul sickened. But she continued to sing there. She knew no other way to turn. It was better than the river. The Hebrew was wise in his day and generation. He fully understood wherein lay her charm to his patrons, and he shielded her innocence, from purely mercenary motives. And thus it was not so bad as it might have been. Her soul revolted, but she sang on night after night, feeling like a lamb among wolves.

But the wily manager could not be everywhere. She was insulted on the street, one night, and—then Lawrie appeared, and my lad did the right thing—he came near killing the brute who had offered her the insult.

That was the beginning. It was the old, old story after that. Perhaps Lawrie only pitied her at first, but he loved her soon. His strong, honest love filled her lonely heart. She was very happy for a time, and then she understood what it meant to Lawrie.

Part of this is the story she told me, the rest I learned later. She did not spare herself in the recital, I'll own.

She did not ask for my decision.

"I know," she said, with a sob; "I understand! I dreamed a sweet dream for a little while—but now I understand. He might have won you over—he almost made me forget. We were to have been married on Christmas Day, and then he was to take me away. But it must not be, but—oh, I love him so!"

The slender form drooped pitifully.

"It is hard, oh, so hard, to give him up! But, you must keep him from this folly. He must not ruin his life for me. I—he will learn to forget me, and I—I will soon forget!"

I made no answer as she turned and left the room.

The door had hardly closed behind her when Halloran—fully dressed—came out of the bedroom. Perhaps he had gone to bed with his boots on.

"I'm goin' out!" he said, grimly, and left the room.

Confound Halloran! What was all this to him?

Long after he had gone I sat there thinking it all over. That pale, pitiful little face, and—a fellow will see pictures in the smoke of his good tobacco. Lawrie—the lad had Katie's eyes and Katie's curls, and—and I had sworn in my soul long ago to do right by Katie's boy. What was a pitiful little face and big, appealing eyes to me? Why, confound it all! I——

The gray of the morning found me still sitting there. Halloran had not come back. I did not see him all that day. Nor Lawrie, either.

It was the day before Christmas, and Lawrie and I ought to have been planning for a little jollification on the morrow. Confound the whole business! Why couldn't Lawrie come around and give me a chance to dress him down as he deserved? And, Halloran—it would have been a pleasure to have had him there to swear at.

Christmas Eve came after a long day. It was as cold as Greenland outside. It had been blizzarding the night before, but I had not noticed it. But it made me turn up my fur collar in short order when I got out on the street. People were hurrying this way and that, in spite of the cold, preparing for the morrow, seeking the filling for Christmas stockings and Christmas stomachs. The windows were filled with Christmas happiness for sale.

Christmas to-morrow, and—it would be the first for many a year that Lawrie and I had not prepared in advance for some sort of a jollification for the holiday time. Let him stay away if he wanted to!

Presently I found myself before the Tivoli Theater. I'd drop in and hear that girl sing. It would serve to pass the time. The Tivoli was neither better nor worse than I had expected. It was noisy, and the tobacco smoke was thick and bad. The same impossible Irishman that you see in all such places danced, and the same soubrette sang the same silly ditty in the same cracked voice.

A young man near me cursed the song in an audible voice to his neighbor, and wondered when the country girl would come on.

"Mashed, eh?" queried the other.

"Naw," was the answer. "She ain' dat kind. I like to hear dem old-fashioned songs."

"You're pretty fur gone, Kid," said the other.

"Told youse she ain' dat kind, did'na?" snarled the Kid.

After all, she had told me the truth. When a man like the one who had spoken in her defense says a good word for a woman, it means something. Presently the manager appeared, and announced with much rubbing of his claws that Miss Jean Heath, the vocalist, would not appear that night, owing to illness, and so on.

The Kid cursed under his breath and went out, and I followed him.

"Do you know where Miss Heath lives?" I asked.

He surveyed me from head to foot in the electric light.

"W'at's it to you?" he demanded, fiercely. "Who are youse, anny how?"

"Do you know her address?" I repeated. "Yes or no?"

I did not know why I had asked the question in the first place, but his defiance nettled me, and I was determined to have an answer.

"Yas, I know de address. W'at of it, ole man?"

He looked as if he wanted to fight me. There was no use in trying to bully him.

"I want to see her," I said; "she is sick."

"Are youse a friend of hers?"

"Yes."

I did not know why I said that, but somehow that sad little face had risen up before me, and—yes, I would be her friend if I could. She had said she would give up Lawrie. Yes, I was her friend.

"Dat's all right, den," he said, in a mollified tone. "Youse look honest. She's sick an' needs a friend, sure. I'll show youse de way."

"Are you a friend of hers," I asked, as we went along.

"Naw, she doan' know I'm on eart'. See?"

He told me something of the girl's history as we went on. He was well posted for a total stranger. He wanted to talk of her after his tongue was loosened.

"Me advice is dat youse take her away from dat t'eatre," he said, after a while. "It's no place for a girl like dat."

"How do you know she isn't that kind!" I asked.

"How do I know?" He stopped and faced me fiercely, his hands close to his side and his chin thrust forward from between his thick shoulders. "Looky here, youse! Dat girl is as pure as dem sweet oie songs she sings. Youse are an ole man, or I'd—wal, dat's all right! Youse had a mudder once. Jest remember dat dis girl is as pure as your mudder was—de kind of a girl dat a man dreams of for his sweetheart, an'—— Come on!"

And then I understood. This young thug had been better for the sweet old songs sung in that rowdy place by the girl who "didn't even know he was on eart'." The man in him had been awakened.

"Perhaps she will never sing there again," I said, just before we reached the end of our journey.

"Dat's right," he answered, approvingly. "Take her away. An'—an'—dis is de place! Good-by, ole man! Some—sometime w'en she's almost forgot about dis hard life, tell her—tell her God bless her for me!"

And he turned and shambled rapidly down the street, with his chin drawn down between his shoulders. Poor devil!

The door of the humble boarding-house was opened by Halloran. He had seen me coming. Perhaps he had been waiting for me.

"What do you want?" he demanded.

"Is—is Lawrie here?" I asked.

"What do you want?"

"Let me pass, Halloran!" I commanded.

"No!" he answered. "Go down them steps or I'll throw you down, Colonel!"

"Why, confound you!" I began. "I'll"——

"No, you won't! Dan Whitrick, go back to your hotel. That poor girl is sick, perhaps dyin'. You killed the one ray of sunshine that had come into her hard life. She was goin' down to the river last night. I stopped her. Lawrie is with her. If she lives he'll marry her. You know me, Dan Whitrick, an' you'll find that I'm too many for you now. We have been friends a long time, but it is all past now. Go down them steps!"

"I—Lawrie"——

"He is a man!"

"So am I, Halloran! I love my lad, and—but, I—I"——

Something in my tone must have moved him, for he stepped back to let me pass, and I followed him up the stairs. His hand was heavy on my shoulder when we passed into the room where the sick girl lay.

Lawrie was with her. He was sitting beside the bed, holding one of her hands. And my lad turned his back on me when I entered. The girl's thin little face grew whiter when she saw me, but the big appealing eyes looked bravely into mine.

"Take him away, Col. Whitrick," her weak voice said. "Go, Lawrie. And, oh, God bless you, my love! God bless you!"

"Hush, Jean!" said my lad, without looking round. "I am not going."

"You bet!" growled Halloran. His grip on my shoulder was like iron. "Whitrick, this is no business of your'n! Go"——

I looked this way and that. And—and, then I saw aright.

"Take your hand off from me, Halloran!" I vapored. "Confound it! What d'ye mean? This is my lad, and—and this is my girl, and"——

"What?"

"What business is it of yours if I choose to—to say I—I was wrong, and to ask them to—to forgive me?"

But, I didn't fool them with all my bluster. Halloran had me by the hand in an instant and was pumphandling it at a great rate; and Lawrie—well, the boy had his arm around my neck, and—and—I kissed his curls.

"It is all right!" he said, joyously.

"You bet it's all right!" cried Halloran. "Didn't I say all the time that ole Dan Whitrick was"——

"No—no"—the girl quavered. "I—you"——

"Look here, young woman," said I. "I've heard all about you, and if Lawrie wants you and I want you, why"——

"Come along out o' that, Dan!" said Halloran, dragging me out into the hall. "Let 'em fix it up between themselves. It hain't no place for two sech old fools as we are."

And, just then, the Christmas chimes pealed forth from the steeple in the next block.

That was two years ago. I spend more of my time on the ranch nowadays than I used to. It isn't so lonesome as it once was, for Lawrie is there, and so is Jean. You wouldn't know her. Her eyes don't look so big now, for the thin face is round and pinky-cheeked.

I'm needed at the ranch these days, for there is a little Dan Whitrick, the second, about a foot-and-a-half long, who likes nobody quite so well as the old man. They call me "Grandpa" now. What do you think of that? The little chap has Jean's eyes, but Lawrie's curls.

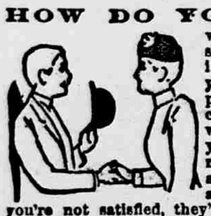
He is undoubtedly a fine young man, for not only does his father and mother and the old man think so, but Halloran swears as he tosses him up that he's the "likeliest yearlin' on the whole blamed range!"

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE is the only champion the soldiers have among the great papers of the country. The best way to help all veterans is by getting it more subscribers.

Canada's Trade Relations.

The Canadian Department of Internal Revenue and Customs is to be consolidated under the newly-created Departments of Trade and Commerce and of Finance as formerly. One of the first efforts of the new Minister of Trade and Commerce will be in the direction of developing Canada's trade relations with South America and Australia, and Government agents will soon be appointed.

HOW DO YOU DO



when you buy shoes or clothing? Don't you go to the place (if you can find it) where they tell you that you may wear the articles out, and then, if you're not satisfied, they'll refund the money? Why not do the same when you buy medicine?

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is sold on that plan. It's the only blood-purifier so certain and effective that it can be *guaranteed* to benefit or cure, in every case, or you have your money back.

It's not like the ordinary spring medicines or sarsaparillas. All the year round, it cleanses, builds up, and invigorates the system. If you're bilious, run-down, or dyspeptic, or have any blood-taint, nothing can equal it as a remedy.

VICKSBURG.

Photographic Copy of Grant's Original Letter Demanding the Unconditional Surrender of the Rebel Stronghold. Pemberton's Letter to the Conqueror.

On the 3d of July, 1863, after two months of weary siege operations before the Gibraltar of the Southern Confederacy, the soldiers of Gen. Grant's noble Army of the Tennessee were delighted to see the white flag displayed upon the rebel works. Shortly afterward Maj.-Gen. John S. Bowen appeared and delivered the following letter:

HEADQUARTERS, VICKSBURG, MISS., July 3, 1863.

Maj.-Gen. U. S. GRANT, Commanding United States forces, etc.

GENERAL: I have the honor to propose to you an armistice for several hours, with a view to arranging terms for the capitulation of Vicksburg. To this end, if agreeable to you, I will appoint three commissioners, to meet a like number, named by yourself, at such place and hour to-day as you may find convenient.

I make this proposition to save further effusion of blood, which must otherwise be shed to a frightful extent, feeling myself fully able to maintain my position for a yet indefinite period.

This communication will be handed you under flag of truce by Maj.-Gen. J. S. Bowen.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. C. PEMBERTON,
Lieutenant-General.

The original draft of the above letter, in Gen. Pemberton's handwriting, in pencil, but without signature, is also on file in the Confederate archives, but is too dim to make a photograph copy from. The draft is written upon a very poor piece of paper, which was evidently torn from an old account-book, showing that even in such things as writing-paper, the Confederacy was on its last legs at that time.

Through the kindness of Gen. Lewis A. Grant, Assistant Secretary of War, we are enabled to give the photographic copy of Gen. U. S. Grant's reply to Gen. Pemberton, which resulted in the unconditional surrender of Vicksburg; the original letter being on file in the Rebel Archives Division of the War Department. The letter is written in Gen. Grant's own handwriting, and it will be noticed that not a word in the entire letter is scratched.

Head Quarters, Dept. of the T.
Near Vicksburg, July 3rd 1863

Lt. Genl. J. C. Pemberton,
Comdg. Confed. Forces &c.
Genl.

Your note of this date is just received, proposing an armistice for several hours for the purpose of arranging terms of Capitulation through Commissioners &c. appointed, &c.

The useless effusion of blood you propose stopping by this course can be ended at any time you may choose, by an unconditional surrender of the city and garrison. Men who have shown so much endurance and courage as those now in Vicksburg will always challenge the respect of an adversary and I can assure you will be treated with all the respect due to prisoners of war.

I do not favor the proposition of appointing Commissioners to arrange terms of Capitulation because I have no terms other than those indicated above.

I am Genl. Very respectfully,
Your obt. Svt.
U. S. Grant
Maj. Gen.

THE ELEVENTH CORPS.

The Survivors Hold Their Annual Banquet in New York.

The Eleventh Corps Association held their third annual dinner at Morello's celebrated restaurant on Twenty-ninth street in New York City on Thursday, Dec. 15. The gathering was a distinguished one, comprising Gen. Howard, U. S. Army, a former commander of the corps; Gen. Franz Sigel, who was also a commander; Gen. Daniel Butterfield, Chief of Staff, Army of the Potomac; Gen. Carl Schurz; Gen. Orland Smith, Colonel, 73d Ohio, at present Vice-President of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad; Gen. di Cesnola; Gen. Osborne; Gen. John F. Lockman, Colonel 119th N. Y., President of the Association; Col. A. C. Hamlin, the Eleventh Corps historian; Capt. Hubert Dilger, Battery I, 1st Ohio L. A., known in the Army of the Cumberland as "Leather Breeches;" Maj. Roemer, a celebrated artillerist, and many others with distinguished war records.

After discussing an excellent menu, Gen. Heward made a brief speech, recounting some of the work performed by the corps on different battlefields, and then took his leave, as he had another engagement. As he was leaving the room his old comrades gave him three rousing cheers.

Gen. Lockman, the President of the Association, made a few remarks, and at the conclusion introduced Gen. Sigel, who spoke at considerable length. Gen. Butterfield was then introduced, and he made several startling admissions regarding the battle of Chancellorsville. He said that when that battle ended with the defeat of the Army of the Potomac, it became necessary to find a scapegoat upon which to rest the blame for the disaster; and, as the Eleventh Corps had taken a most prominent part in the battle, and had been pretty severely handled, it was selected to bear the blame; and they were not any more responsible than any of the other corps that were engaged.

Col. Hamlin, the historian of the corps, then gave a graphic account of the battle of Chancellorsville. He had prepared several large maps of the battlefield, and he showed that the Eleventh Corps was not alone responsible for the disaster on May 2, 1863; that both the Third and Twelfth Corps were in rout, and that the Eleventh was responsible for stopping the advance of victorious hosts of Jackson that evening. He paid his compliments to both Gens. Sickles and Pleasonton, who, he said, had gained considerable notoriety by making false reports of what had been done by troops under them, and at the expense of the Eleventh Corps.

The banquet was a decided success in every feature, and it was 2 o'clock in the morning when the last of the Association left the supper-table.

Every man who wore the blue, and every friend of his, should take THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE. It gives more and better matter than any other family weekly paper, and costs only two cents a week.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

How Useless It is to Dress the Piece of Evergreen Elaborately.

[*Rural Collaborator.*]

The modern Christmas tree has grown to be a vexatious touch-me-not, and I can assure the kind mothers who toil to produce a magnificent display, that their children do not appreciate their extravagant finery. The boys and girls want drums and dolls and horses and candy, and what care they about the background of natural scenery and gaudy decorations? On Christmas morning study the actions of the children as you turn the key that has kept the secret of the situation, and usher them into a room that smacks of cedar.

They stand for a moment in silence, while quick glances are shot here and there, and then, like a flash, each darts, eagle-like, upon the prey, and Tom has his drum, and Mary her doll, and little Tot has seized a striped candy cane. They are all happy, and O! how they enjoy Christmas and presents and Christmas trees. Ever and anon they steal into the front room to look—alas! not at the gorgeous tree, but for some toy they may have overlooked at the first, or to pinch the string of sweet pop-corn, or crib a fine candy.

They are all equally delighted that they have a Christmas tree, but to their young minds a Christmas tree is in toys and sweetmeats more than in decorations. You do not expect much show of admiration from Baby, but Tom and Mary have been strangely silent on the subject of your secret toil and ingenuity.

The Duluth and Superior Special.

A queer story is told by the Cincinnati *Times-Star* as to the failure of a Clermont County merchant a few weeks ago. While in this city he was attracted by the watches displayed in a pawnshop window, and stepped inside to examine them. Two or three persons from his village happened to pass and saw him. They went home and gossiped about the matter. A report was spread that he was hard up and had been seen pawning his watch in Cincinnati. The report injured his business and his creditors began also to press him. In a short time he was compelled to make an assignment.

In full keeping with its well-known progressive policy the North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western Railway), has recently inaugurated through train service between Chicago and the Lake Superior region. This new train is known as the "Duluth and Superior Special," and it leaves Chicago daily at 5:50 p. m., arriving at Superior at 8:20 a. m. and Duluth at 8:52 a. m. the next day, making the journey in the remarkably quick time of 15 hours. The train is made up of baggage cars, standard day coaches, and palace buffet sleeping cars of the most modern and approved design, and all classes of passengers are carried through without change of cars. Supper is served in dining car after departure from Chicago, and breakfast is served from a well-stocked buffet before arrival at Duluth. To insure yourself a quick and comfortable journey be sure to ask for tickets via the North-Western Line. Any ticket agent can furnish full information regarding this railway, or it will be promptly furnished upon application to W. A. Thrall, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago.

Jack and Jill

wouldn't have had to carry so much water if they had used

Gold Dust Washing Powder,

and their work would have been sooner done, for nothing else that

Cleans So Well,
So Quickly, or
Costs So Little

has been discovered.

N. K. FAIRBANK & CO., Sole Manufacturers,
CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA, BOSTON, BALTIMORE, NEW ORLEANS, SAN FRANCISCO, PORTLAND, ME., PORTLAND, ORE., PITTSBURGH AND MILWAUKEE.

Union Veteran Legion.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Living, as I do, within 35 miles of six Encampments of the Union Veteran Legion, being a member of 35, and attending 78 often, I think that I have had a good opportunity of observing the feeling existing between members of that Order and the members of the Grand Army of the Republic, many of whom are members of both organizations. There is generally a harmonious feeling existing. Those members of the Grand Army of the Republic who did not serve in the Union army and navy for a length of time sufficient to make them eligible to membership in the Union Veteran Legion can console themselves with the fact that they were not compelled to suffer for so long while in the service. Although there are many men who served but two years or less who are great sufferers from wounds and diseases received or contracted, yet another year's service added might have brought greater suffering.

There should be no jealousies. The eligibility term should not be changed. Where both the G.A.R. and the U.V.L. have local organizations in the same cities and meet in the same halls there is perfect harmony. At Mount Vernon, O., Joe Hooker Post, 21, during the last year has increased in membership 80 members, while the U.V.L. has also steadily grown in membership. The same can be said in Columbus, O., where one new Post has been organized during the year, and Encampment 78, U.V.L., has been growing in numbers, and made a good display with their banner at the National Encampment at Indianapolis last October.—H. WARREN PHELPS, Westerville, O.

Encampment 23, Washington, D. C., assembled on the 8th instant at 7:30 p. m. at its new headquarters in the Columbia Typographical Union Building, 423 G street n. w., Col. G. C. Kniffin in the chair. There was a large attendance of comrades, among them being Gen. Cyrus Bussey and other distinguished soldiers who are members of this Encampment. Deep sympathy was expressed for Comrade Gen. Rosecrans. The new Encampment Hall was dedicated by the election for the ensuing year of the following officers: Col., James R. Fritts; Lieut.-Col., Fletcher White; Maj., Byron W. Bonney; O. D., Michael Kiggins; Chap., Ira Brashears; Surg., Joseph W. Shively. The present Adjutant of Encampment 23 is O. D. Thatcher. Trustees, for three years, J. F. Caslow; for two years, C. W. Filer; for one year, Enoch Maris. The following comrades constitute the Permanent Committee on Investigation of Record and Character of Applicants: A. B. C. Clement, H. W. Vail, H. L. Bruce. The Encampment is select and prosperous, and its membership is steadily increasing.

Encampment 111, Washington, D. C., has elected these officers: Col., Philip Metzger; Lieut.-Col., Oliver Shaw; Maj., Chas. E. Hooks; Chap., Eleazer H. Ripley; Q.-M., Albert B. Hurlbut; O. D., Jasper E. Snow; Trustee for three years, W. T. Pierson.

Encampment 61, Philadelphia, Pa.—Col., Sylvester H. Martin, re-elected; Lieut.-Col., J. Henry Gercke; Maj., David H. Smythe; Q. M., David Ginther; Surg., George Craighead; Chap., Robert Watson; O. D., Albert Williams; Adj't, Magnus J. Collins.

Encampment 30, Allentown, Pa.—Col., Edward F. Goheen; Lieut.-Col., Alfred J. Helfrich; Maj., Gustav Vogt; Chap., Lafonus W. Schaffer; Surg., Robert Stolpe; Q. M., Henry J. Hornbeck; Adj't, F. H. Strachly.

Encampment 19, Pottsville, Pa.—Col., Daniel Christian; Lieut.-Col., Henry Yerger; Maj., Arthur Branagan; O. D., Edward Williams; Q. M., Elias E. Reed; Chap., Thomas Williams; Surg., Dr. C. Leuker.

Work of the Pension Office.

During the week ending Dec. 3, 1892, 3,636 claims were received, of which those filed for service since March 4, 1861, under acts prior to that of Jan. 29, 1887, were 258 original invalid, 135 original widows, 1 bounty land, 255 navy, 192 accrued, and 581 applications for increase; filed under act Jan. 27, 1887, Mexican war, 8; under act June 27, 1890, 467 original invalid, 190 original widows; applications for increase under same act, 487; under act July 27, 1892, Indian wars, 799; under act Aug. 5, 1892, Army Nurses, 85; prior applications under former acts and under act June 27, 1890, 178.

Number of claims received to date under act of June 27, 1890, 859,572. Claims disposed of to date under said act, 523,001.

Number of rejected claims reopened, 386. The names and postoffice addresses of 4,899 comrades were furnished for the use of claimants. There were 80,804 pieces of mail matter received; 49,337 letters and blanks sent out.

Number of cases detailed to Special Examiners, 548; reports and cases from Special Examiners, 576; cases on hand for special examination, 6,900.

Report of certificates issued: Original, 3,148; increase, 1,631; accrued, 128; total, 4,907.

Weather Forecasts.

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My last bulletin gave forecasts of the storm wave to cross the continent from 15th to 18th, and the next will reach the Pacific Coast about the 20th, cross the Western Mountains by the close of the 21st, the great central valleys from 22d to 24th and Eastern States about the 25th.

This storm will be at its greatest force when it reaches the Atlantic Coast the 25th or 26th. Most of the Eastern States will have stormy weather, the great central valleys cool and clearing weather and the extreme West variable weather on Christmas day.

A cool wave, preceded in northern latitudes by snows and in southern latitudes by rains, will cross the western mountain country about the 23d, the great central valleys about the 25th, and the Eastern States about the 27th.

The last half of December will average warm with severe storms near its close. The best time for putting up ice will be after Jan. 10th.

B. & O. Thousand-Mile Ticket Good to St. Louis.

On and after December 15th, 1892, thousand-mile tickets issued by the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company will be honored between all stations on the Ohio & Mississippi Railway.

If each subscriber to THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE will charge himself with getting one new subscriber the circulation of the paper will be doubled at once, and with little trouble. Let each subscriber try it.

A New Organization.

The National Brotherhood of Soldiers has filed articles of association with the Indiana Secretary of State. The organization is Democratic and its subordinate branches are to be schools of Democracy. Both ex-Union and ex-rebel Democratic soldiers are eligible to membership, and in the case of the death of a member, his eldest son, if a voter, may become a member. The National Council consists of three ex-Union soldiers and two ex-rebels. The local organizations are to be known as Forts, and the first of these was organized in Indianapolis.

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