While President Lowell, on Oct. 7, was receiving the yellow charter, silver keys and gold seal of Harvard University from the hands of ex-Gov. John D. Long, Superintendent of the Board of Overseers, amid a brilliant assemblage who had gathered to see him installed in his new office, across the ocean, in old Stratford-on-Avon, another scene equally interesting was taking place. In this historic little place, the home of William Shakspere, and visited by thousands of people every year on that account, stands the modest dwelling of Thomas Rogers, who in the 16th century was Alderman of Stratford and built the house for his home. He afterward became the father-in-law of John Harvard, who, as everyone well knows, was the founder of Harvard College. John Harvard lived in this home of the worthy Alderman for many years, and it occurred to the novelist, Marie Corelli, not long ago, that, the old house being for sale, it would be a most fitting thing for America to own it. Miss Corelli spoke of the matter to Mr. Edward Morris, of Chicago, who fell at once into the idea, and in a short time purchased the place for Harvard University. The famous novelist gladly offered to oversee the restoration of the old house, and it was she who organized the dedication ceremonies, which, as before stated, occurred almost simultaneously with those at Cambridge, Mass. Whitelaw Reid, our distinguished Embassador, received the house in behalf of Harvard in a fitting speech, in which he said that the double incident afforded two more ties which bound us more closely to England, the old house, by establishing a relation between the very beginnings of education in our country and the home of Shakspere, the "chief shrine of our common literature," and in the similarity of the service done by the new President thru his books for England to that of Mr. Bryce for America. Miss Corelli presented the key of the house to Embassador Reid with a few graceful words, and afterward entertained about 100 Americans and English at luncheon in her handsome home, which was gaily decorated with American Flags and the Harvard colors.

Mark Twain's daughter, Clara, who is very musical herself, was married on the 6th inst. to the celebrated Russian pianist, Ossip Gabrilowitsch. She was married at home, and her father, who gave her away, shared honors with her in a sartorial way at least. Mark was gorgeous in the scarlet cap and gown of a doctor of literature, which Oxford University presented to him, and when he stepped forward and took the hand of the bride in her white bridal dress and veil the effect was quite stunning. After the ceremony he retired, and put on one of his white flannel suits, and everything then proceeded in the usual manner. America's first humorist has ideas out of the common with regard to other matters than dress. He does not believe in filling the walls of a room with pictures, providing you have something pretty to look at from the windows of the room. Natural pictures, framed by the casements, are good enough for him, he says.

Pierpont Morgan has been trying to induce the Italian Government to sell him the Reggia Palace, at Mantua, which is one of the most famous royal residences in all Europe. Just what he wanted it for is not stated, but he did want it badly enough to offer $5,000,000 for it—a sum that looked pretty big and nice to Italy—but it was no good. The Italian Government regards the Reggia as one of its monuments, and it has made a law forbidding the sale of all such to foreigners. Mr. Morgan, who has been picking up beautiful art treasures for many years, and who has spent many millions in this way, has a wonderful collection on the other side of the water, which, it is hoped, since the tariff has been removed from works of art, will soon be brought to America to enrich our own rather meager store. With regard to this matter, however, the new law seems to give us a sort of back-handed, half-hearted advantage after all. It stipulates that the pictures shall be proven without any question of doubt to be 20 years old at least, that the name of the artist be given, as well as the place where the picture was painted, and its exact date even to the month. This certainly seems absurd, for in many cases it would be an utter impossibility to give the exact date of a picture, even to the year. The name of the artist fixes the date close enough surely, and it is difficult to see the Government's idea in being so very rigid in its examination. About $1,000,000 worth of old paintings have been held up by the Custom House lately on account of the importers not being able to tell the exact age of the pictures, and art dealers complain that the law as it stands is practically good for nothing. But there must be something in this matter which the public generally does not understand.

We have still much to learn in true humanitarianism. In our prisons, for example, tho the methods of treating those confined there have greatly improved in the past decade, yet the heads of these institutions far too seldom seem to be animated by the proper spirit in dealing with the unfortunate inmates. Far too little is done in the way of reclaiming the criminal. We spend over $1,000,000 a year to prevent crime, but are inclined to let the matter rest there. The hopelessness of really accomplishing anything in the way of true redemption with that dark, silent, perverted army of the under world has discouraged us to the extent of paralyzing our wills. We have been inclined to look upon it as too big a proposition. With regard to prisons, generally speaking, the inmatees are treated with more or less absolute cruelty, struck by the guards for the slightest offense, spoken to roughly, and made to feel their humiliating position every moment of the long day. Of course, this makes the men ugly, sullen and mutinous, and they go away from the prisons the same desperate, wicked men they were when they entered their iron-barred cells. There are shining exceptions to this general condition in various prisons over the country, where the principal object of its head and those concerned in its management is to restore the manhood and confidence of the prisoner in himself looking ahead to the time when he shall again take his place in the world. So many little things help to make us better or worse. It is strange what a powerful influence good food or poor food has on the morals. Everyone has experienced the cheerful, mellowing, charitable effect on the disposition of an appetizing dinner or the depressing, souring, pessimistic result of a poor one. To give prisoners really good, well-cooked food has never been thought necessary; they have not been sent to prison to be fattened and nourished, but to be punished, the people say. That is true, but the kinder we treat the criminal class the more like fellow-men, with needs and feelings like our own, the more keenly they are going to feel their imprisonment, and the more they will hate a life of crime. The prison garb and the prison fare have done more to keep men in the criminal class than anything else, and more to do with making the men rebellious and difficult to manage in the prisons. And especially is this the case with the food. One of the largest prisons in California has been trying an experiment which has worked most satisfactorily. There is no prison in the country where the discipline is better and few where it is as good. There are three tables in the institution. At the first, where the Warden sits, the food is first class. The table is neatly laid with tablecloth, napkins, etc., and waited upon by servants. Free conversation is allowed. All prisoners who have worked well for a month and who have had no bad mark for disobedience or rudeness for that length of time are allowed to sit and eat at this table. The second table is made of plain pine boards, without tablecloth or napkins. The plates and cups are tin. The fare is the usual prison food, coarse and poorly cooked. The men wait on themselves, and are not allowed to talk. Those who break the rules or rebel against doing their work sit here. At the third table sit the most desperate cases, and they have nothing but bread and water. After three months' trial one-half of the men were graduated to the Warden's table, in six months two-thirds, and at the end of a few years every nine men out of 10 ate at the first and best table. Wherever this plan has been tried, and a good many of the prisons have copied it, it has wrought wonders. Ever since the days of Adam men have been reached thru their stomachs. The good Lord made us so. We must not forget this in our dealings with those desperate criminal lives, who, perhaps, are criminal and desperate largely because they have been denied nourishing food from their very infancy.

If those who have gone to that Better Land from which there is no return are conscious of what goes on here, it would seem as if there would be no time for harp-playing, psalm-singing or the enjoyment of any of the celestial joys for watching what was taking place on the old planet where they once lived and moved and had their being. And if there is such a thing as discussion or taking sides in Heaven, which, of course, there isn't, imagine what symposiums must follow the introduction of our startling innovations, the advent of the flying-machine, for instance. The idea just advanced by Dr. M. A. Schutz would be certain to create an excitement in faminine celestial circles, without doubt, for the Doctor proposes to collect orphan babies of all nationalities and colors, bring them up to be as perfect morally, mentally and physically as he can, and then marry off the most perfect of his specimens to each other. In this way he hopes to rear a new race of beings far superior in every way to anything now on the earth. He has collected American, Mexican, Portuguese, Japanese and Indian babies, and is on the outlook for some healthy Australian and Fiji Island specimens.

It seems extremely probable that the world will soon be informed of the engagement of the young, handsome boy-King, Manuel of Portugal, to the Princess Alexandra, of England, King Edward's eldest grandchild, the daughter of the Princess Royal. He has been invited to Windsor Castle to meet the young Princess, and the whole matter has probably been arranged one way or the other by this time. King Manuel's royal mother, Queen Amelia, who, it will be remembered, was in the carriage with her husband and two boys when the King and heir-apparent were murdered, favors the match decidedly, as does King Edward also. The Princess Royal, however, is opposed. She is the wife of the Duke of Fife, a woman who has kept very much in the royal background, and is a very rigid churchwoman. As, of course, Manuel is a Catholic and the Princess Alexandra would be obliged to embrace that religion if she became his wife, her mother does not look with favor on the match. But as the royal suitor has King Edward on his side, who thinks an English Queen on the throne of Portugal would steady things, he will probably come off victor. The Princess Alexandra is just 18 years old, and is as "sweet as English air could make her." She is a shy little thing, like her mother, and a little awkward, perhaps, but she is a handsome girl, resembling her grandmother, Queen Alexandra, for whom she is named, and will undoubtedly make a very beautiful woman. It was only this year that she made her debut, so she has not had the opportunity to meet very many of the royal beaus. One can easily imagine the meeting between her and Manuel, both so young, healthy and good-looking, both shy and not a little embarrassed. It seems a particularly fitting union, and the public all over the world are looking on with interest, putting their money, to use a sporting phrase, on Manuel.

While there may not be a word of truth in the rumor, it is said that Miss Helen Gould is to take the children of her brother Frank and bring them up as her own. No reason is given for this, and while it is difficult to keep track of the divorces among our so-called "upper class," it is not recalled that Frank Gould's is among the number. Both Alfred and Howard have been before the public in this capacity, but so far Frank has escaped, unless the writer of this is much mistaken. However, if the story be true that Miss Helen is to have the children, they could not have a better mother nor be better brought up. She is the flower of the Gould family, a fine, strong, sensible woman, and it is pretty safe to say that children brought up by her would avoid the matrimonial rocks upon which Aunt Anna and the two uncles have foundered. Apropos of Aunt Anna, it is said that she does not favor the idea of the adoption, as she has always cherished the fond hope that most of her sister Helen's money would some day come to her boys.

Chicago women, or those belonging to the ultra-fashionable set, have been "sailed into" lately by some of the best people of the Windy City for their bridge playing. In the October Good Housekeeping Magazine a number of writers, ministers, Presidents, etc., have set forth the evil results from the intemperance of this popular amusement. There are a certain class of idle women who play all the day, and generally all the evening, too, either to kill time or make money, and too often it is the latter. It is by no means uncommon to have a girl tell you that she dresses herself entirely by her bridge winnings. Of course, everyone knows that no vice grips you more closely than that of gambling. Once the habit is formed it is seldom dropped. The ministers complain that since bridge became fashionable philanthropic work has suffered; the women simply will not take the time from their games for anything of this sort. Someone tells us that there are sanitariums all over the country where women go for treatment for nervous collapse, brought on entirely by too much card playing. And so it goes. Bridge is no doubt responsible for a good deal, but it is a question if the women who carry it to the excess mentioned in the article or articles just referred to would spend their time much more profitably if they were not sitting up at a table and putting all their vitality into the playing of their hands.

It seems Barrie, the Scotch novelist, whose books have given most of us the purest joy, from his "Window in Thrums" down to his delightful "Peter Pan," has joined the army of matrimonial misfits, and has asked for a divorce from his wife. Everyone is surprised and everyone is sorry, for those who know Barrie thru his books cannot help loving him and feeling a warm interest in him personally. He married a beautiful actress, Mary Ansell, about 15 years ago, and the marriage, tho unblessed by children, has seemed a very happy, congenial union. Mr. Barrie is only 49 years of age, and his wife is still very handsome. She has not appeared on the stage since her marriage, but has taken the liveliest interest in her husband's work, and is said to have inspired him greatly by this interest. Having no children of their own, the couple took into their family a very beautiful American girl some years ago, who had gone on the stage and who had talents beyond her opportunities. The Barries became interested in her, and Barrie wrote a play for her which made a great hit and brought the young woman into prominence. It is now said that the playwright's interest was more than fatherly, as was supposed at first, and that he will take a second wife from the stage if he obtains his divorce. But it would be difficult to make the admirers of the man who wrote that beautiful tribute to his mother in the "Story of Margaret Ogilvie" believe that he could be anything but perfectly good and moral. The grounds for his divorce from his present wife are at present unknown.

The forced feeding of the English suffragets by means of a stomach pump has come up in the House of Commons, Mr. Hardie, M. P., championing the cause of the militant ladies. Mr. Hardie dramatically demanded to know whether the teeth, throat and other parts of the bodies of these women were injured by this heroic manner of nourishment, and was answered by one of the other members that the prison doctor had reported the ladies quite intact, and that all but one had come to the conclusion that nature's way, after all, was the best. The matter has made a great deal of excitement in England. The newspapers have taken it up hotly, either for or against, and two leading writers for the Daily News have resigned their positions as a protest against the Government's position. Mr. Howells (Wm. Dean) has just returned from England, and pronounces the incident as "infamous." "No matter what a woman does, you cannot treat her like that," says Mr. Howells. He was very much impressed by a big suffraget procession he saw last year, which consisted of 10,000 women, all most respectable looking, with here and there a gray or white head, ladies of rank, of education, university women in many cases. He heard them speak from the ends of carts, autos, etc., and he thought they spoke very well, indeed, generally making excellent points. Mr. Howells does not see how the English Government could have allowed the outrageous things which the suffragets have done to go unpunished, yet he sees that it has only been by these extreme measures that the cause has been kept alive, and that it is very much alive nobody can deny.

The Volunteer Officers' Retirement Bill.

S. M. Boone, National Military Home, Ohio, writes, giving a strong argument in favor of the prompt passage of the volunteer officers' retirement bill. The officers mostly gained their commissions by untiring zeal and indefatigable work to the Government of the country, and they are now comparatively few in numbers, and in a few years they will all have gone to that land from whence no one returns. Let every old veteran who can use his pen or voice demand of his Representative a pledge that he will do all he can to favor such legislation.

Written for The National Tribune.

STRENUOUS DAYS AT FORT LOGAN.

By Hattie Horner Louthan, 3600 Raleigh St., Denver, Colo.

(Private John Smith, one of the few successful applicants for transfer to general service from the 21st Inf., has been placed in one of the "Model" companies since the fort has been made a recruit depot. Major ——, commanding. Private Smith tells his troubles to his friend, The National Tribune reporter.)

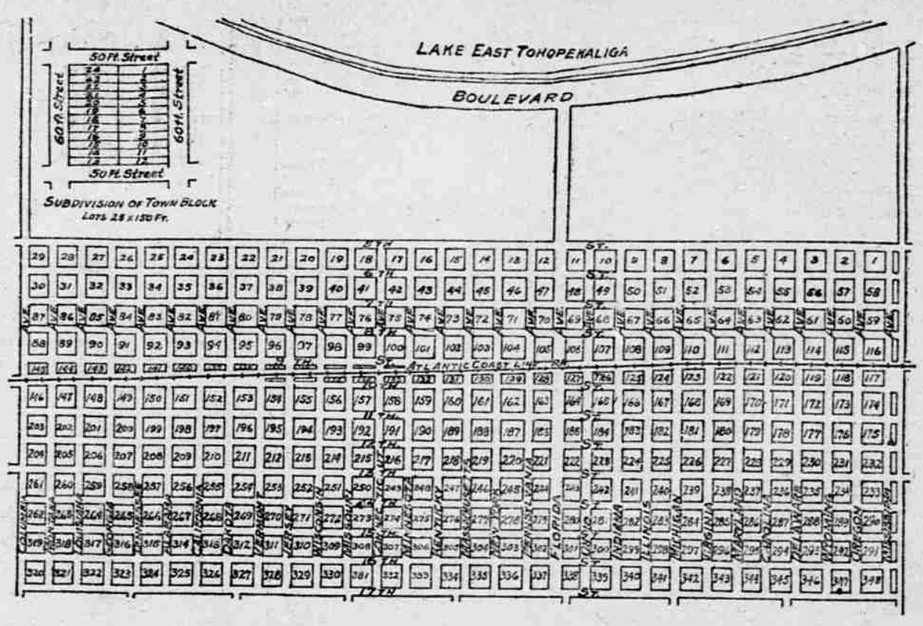
Since the Major's come to Logan things are strenuous, you bet!
Say, we walk the double chalk-line from rookie up to vet.
Even shoulder-straps and sabers of the Coms make no great hit,
For the MAJOR (caps, now, mind you!) he's the whole blamed works; he's IT.
King Alfonso, Czar of Russia, the Mikado in to boot;
Cards and Spades and Big Casino, all the trumps and half the suit!
Starchy sails? If HE comes nigh 'em, sir, the starch begins to ooze,
And from Adjutant to teamster they just mind their p's and q's.
Captain Bragg, Lieutenant Blow-hard, both are mum as any clams;
Sergeant Strut and Corporal Chesty, both are meek as new-born lambs.
Well, the Captain gnaws his mustache; the Lieutenant sets his teeth;
And the Sergeant grinds his heel down on the Corporal underneath;
Then Corporal cuts the private all that's in the catalog;
And the private takes it out upon the rookie—luckless dog!
All the same, it's "Very, well, sir!" Captain down to Corporal,
And it's apple-plous order from headquarters to corral.
"Discipline," that's what he calls it. "Strict?" Oh, no; HE's only fierce;
Eyes the whole dern way around him, and there's nothing they can't pierce.
All about the reservation there's a guarded line HE's chalked,
And you'd best trot out your password, cause those sentries can't be balked.
Best not miss your Denver street-car, nor from Englewood be late;
And no matter, late or early, take advice: Come thru the gate!
Else the "Summary" 'll nab you for the mildest little jag,
And you'll have to face the music, do your time or buy your flag.
Passes? Say, they're scarce as hen's teeth. Once miss check, and you may find
That you'll wake up in the morning in the class marked "Unassigned."
Service? That won't help you, sonny. War stripes? Nope; they're nary go;
We're a bloomin' "Re-cruit Day-po," and we're "Models," don-cher-know?
There's an "R-S." on our collar; we're "Examples" done in brown,
Sent into the wild-and-woolly from Noo-Yawk and Show-Me-Town!
Our equipment? Every button, buckle, belt, canteen and cup
Fairly glitters. Oil's at premium and Sapolio's gone up.
T'other night my poor old Bunkie got up sudden after Taps;
Fellows watched him there by moonlight. Bottle hid, they thought, perhaps.
Then the Top, he flashed a light. "Great Scott!" thinks I, "now, there'll be fun."
There was Bunkie, sound asleep, sir, rubbin' up his Bittle gun!
That's the way the MAJOR's got 'em buffaloed from first to last;
Horse and foot, HE's got 'em goin', and they're goin' mighty fast.
Busy, busy, drillin' rookies; run to mess; then drill some more;
And they tend their knittin' strictly, Prisonguard to Signal Corps.
All the clerks, they talk in whispers; even Foget dassent smoke;
Freeman's frozen to the switchboard, and he hasn't one gone broke.
'Cause the "Models" shun the flowing bowl—the foamy, frothy sort—
Sort that made Milwaukee famous, and put ginger in the fort.
Oh, It's Sunday all the week now; pay-day's like most any day;
It's a tow-up 'twixt desertion and the old Y. M. C. A.!
Since the MAJOR's come to Logan things are strenuous, let your life;
And our "Atmosphere of Order," you could cut it with a knife.
Why, there's not a vet that's brave enough to stand and say his say,
If he sights the MAJOR headed for him twenty miles away.
Wait till I come up against him; I'll just tell him "Smith's my name,"
If he's hunting chips on shoulder, say, he'll find that I am GAME.
Wait till I come up against him. Ain't I MAN enough to STRIKE?
Gee! there comes THE MAJOR! H-a-m—Good-by. I guess I'll hike!

ST. CLOUD.

Plat of the Surveys and Lines for the Town and Farming Tracts.

THE TOWN PLAT.

The town of St. Cloud is laid out on the south shore of Lake East Tohopekaliga, with the avenues—named after the States—running due north and south, and the streets, numbered from the lake shore, running due east and west. A wide boulevard or park intervenes between the town and the lake. Each of the squares inclosed by the streets and avenues is divided into 24 lots, each 25 feet front by 150 deep, and numbered consecutively from the northeast corner. The railroad runs thru the town from west to east, with about one-third of the town on the north side and the remainder on the south. Below is a diminished reproduction of the town plat:



BEST IN THE COUNTRY.

St. Cloud Offers More Attractions Than Any Other Region in the Nation.

Editor National Tribune: Having so many inquiries about St. Cloud Colony from my friends and acquaintances thruout the Northern and Western States, I thought to ask The National Tribune to answer them for me, thanking you in advance. I have spent two weeks looking up this part of the State, ascertaining as much as possible about the soil, climate, water, the chances for a veteran or anyone else to make a living or more in and about this colony. I must say I have found it all it has been advertised. Nowhere in the United States that I have ever visited does the soil respond so quickly to vegetation as here. You can almost grow cucumbers while you wait; watermelons likewise. The finest sugarloaf pineapples I have ever seen are grown very profitably here, exceptionally so, one acre often producing $2,000 worth in one year. To say this country is a very profitable place for the growing of oranges one need only look at the orange orchards which are loaded to the last limit with fruit at the present time. Eggplant is grown here extremely profitably. Garden truck can be produced here at as little or less cost than any place I have ever visited and considerably quicker, one acre of lettuce often producing $1,200 worth of the same in one year. Sweet potatoes and Irish potatoes are a source of great profit to the gardener as well as others. Corn planted here by our excursionists among the pine openings on the 28th day of September had attained the hight of four inches on the 7th day of October in W. G. Caster's garden. Anyone can write him about it. We have all kinds of garden truck growing here, and invite the readers of The National Tribune and all their friends, young or old, to visit us here and be convinced.

The writer was much pleased to note Mr. Quinlan and Mr. Hankey, of Petoskey, Mich., among our purchasers. They have returned to the Frozen North to bring their friends for the Winter. I say Frozen North, as I lived among them for nine years. Every day brings several newcomers. St. Cloud is doing all it can to get buildings to care for the people, both public and domestic. The Seminole Land & Investment Co. has made a large donation for a public school building. We now have about 85 children of school age here and more coming every day. Ground is being staked out for a Union Church. In a very few days we will have a fine State bank on Pennsylvania avenue. We have two lumber yards. When you realize that but a few months since the surveyor first planted his stake among the pine openings of this town and look at the place as it is now you cannot help but exclaim: "What a change!" We now have a fine hotel, 100 houses, two grocery stores, are now building a drug store, will soon have dry goods and clothing stores.

When A. H. Wager, of Colorado, came, being a friend of mine, I took him about the country. After he had investigated thoroly he will write for the balance of his friends to come. We have railway transportation, the Atlantic Coast Line. We are but 165 miles from Jacksonville, Fla.

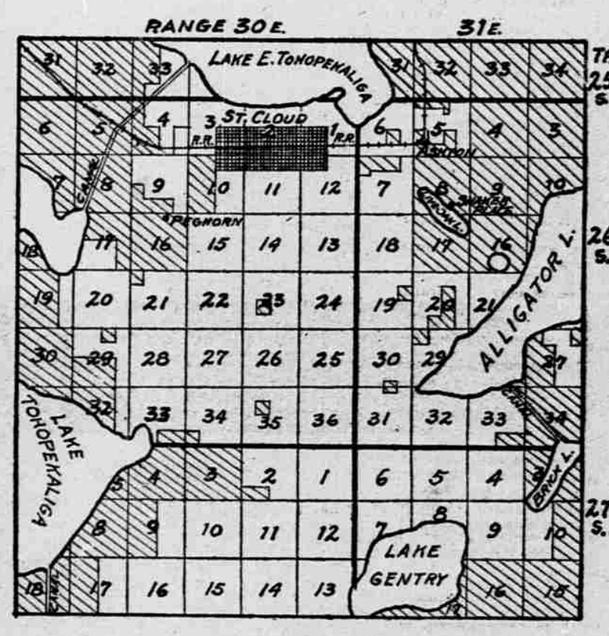
To anyone wishing a good investment, in the best climate on earth, where a very little labor will produce the best of living while you enjoy the best of health, I would say: "Come to St. Cloud, Fla."—Sylvester J. Rouse, St. Cloud, Fla.

His Memory of Lincoln.

Editor National Tribune: I want to compliment you on your "Life of Lincoln." It is the nearest to the truth of any I have seen. The little incidents in his life before he was President and his life during his term of office as President are so real that I doubt that it can be possible for anyone to write up another history of his life that will begin to compete with it. Well do I remember when my regiment was drawn up in line in the Navy Yard at Washington, in September, 1862. We learned that Lincoln was in the office of the commander, and at once every man was all attention. Soon we saw a tall, slim man and a short, rotund man emerge from the side of the commander's quarters, and down the line the word came that it was Lincoln and Stanton. They at once directed their steps toward where the regiment was drawn up in line, and the order rang out: "Attention! Shoulder arms! Present arms!" It was laughable to look upon the President and Secretary of War Stanton, one so slim and tall and the other so short and big around. The President took off his hat, stepped toward us a few paces and said, "Boys, I am glad to meet you," and a great shout went up. He spoke of the serious side of the war, and, looking down to the ground, then looking up again with his eyes brimming with tears, with much feeling said: "Boys, you understand better than I can express it. I hope that you may all be able to meet me again." He then made his bow, and, turning with his Secretary of War Stanton, stepped into a closed carriage, and was on his way to the White House in a jiffy, leaving his image impressed upon our minds, never to be effaced. His like was never born, and his equal it is doubtful will be born again. Born in poverty, he died with a halo of glory that no man can ever hope to obtain.—William A. Arnold, 9th R. I., Lowell, Mass.

THE FIVE-ACRE TRACTS.

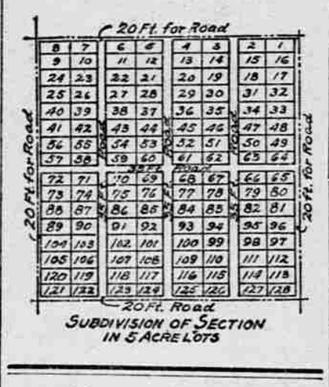
The diagram below shows the Seminole Land & Investment Company's lands, the numbered squares being sections. The company owns and is apportioning out all the white sections. Those with lines across do not belong to the company.



THE SUBDIVISION.

Each section is subdivided into 128 five-acre tracts, numbered consecutively, according to the plan adopted by the United States General Land Office, from the northeast corner. On each of the four sides of a section is a 25-foot road, and running north and thru the section are three other wide roads. Besides these one wide road runs thru the center of the section east and west. Thus every tract faces on one wide road.

The diagram below shows the scheme of subdivision:



Eyes Cured

Without the Knife

Grateful Patrons Tell of Almost Miraculous Cures of Cataracts, Granulated Lids, Wild Hairs, Ulcers, Weak, Watery Eyes and All Eye Diseases—Send Your Name and Address with Two-Cent Stamp for Free Trial Bottle.

The cures being made by this magic lotion every day are truly remarkable. I have repeatedly restored to sight persons nearly blind for years.

Ulcers, wild hairs, granulated lids disappear almost instantly with the use of this magic remedy. Weak, watery eyes are cleared in a single night and quickly restored to perfect health. It has repeatedly cured where all other remedies and all doctors had failed. It is indeed a magic remedy and I am glad to give this free trial to any sufferer from sore eyes or any eye trouble.

Many have thrown away their glasses after using it a week. Preachers, teachers, doctors, lawyers, engineers, students, stenographers and all who strain eyes under scrain find with this Magic Lotion a safe, sure and quick relief. If you have sore eyes or any eye trouble write me to-day. I am in earnest in making my offer of a free trial bottle of this lotion. I am glad to furnish proof in many well-proven and authentic cases where it has cured cataract after the doctors said that only a dangerous and expensive operation would save the sight. If you have eye trouble of any kind you will make a serious mistake if you do not send for my great free offer of this Magic Eye Lotion. Address, with a full description of your trouble and a two-cent stamp, H. T. Schlegel Co., 3718 Home Bank Bldg., Peoria, Ill., and you will receive by return mail, prepaid, a trial bottle of this magic remedy that has restored many almost blind to sight.

A Descendant of Rip Van Winkle.

Thomas B. Jones, 46th Ill., Dazey, N. D., writes that while on his farm in Dazey, N. D., he fell in with one Eugene R. Van Winkle, a relative of the Rip Van Winkle of Washington Irving's story. Mr. Van Winkle, who is now 61 years old, is a man of intelligence and well posted on public affairs. His granduncle, the famous "Rip," was editor of a paper, and was accustomed to sleep in his armchair after dinner and to smoke his long Holland pipe. He was a fast friend of Washington Irving, who told him that he was going to publish a story about him. Mr. Van Winkle says that if any veteran wants his autograph he will willingly supply him with the same if he will send self-addressed envelope to him, Route 1, Dazey, N. D.

Her Case.

Annie M. Ellis, Marion, Kan., says that she married an old soldier who has been an invalid for a year, and she has to help dress and undress him and assist him back and forth from one room to another. If he should die she would get no pension, as would be the case of many others who married after 1890.

Youngest Son of a Veteran.

William J. French, Alva, Okla., Superintendent of the Platt National Park at Sulphur, Okla., claims to be the father of the youngest son of a veteran. Comrade French served in Co. B, 12th Ohio Cav., and has a son who was six years old Aug. 27. Muskogee, Okla., disputes his claim, and produces Maj. Edward P. Champlin, an employe of the U. S. Indian Agency, who is 67 years old and served in the 18th Mich. He has a five-year-old son.

What Battery Was It?

George Vanderwarker, 51 Orlando street, Buffalo, N. Y., wants to know what battery it was that fired the salute in Richmond on the day Lincoln's body was being carried to his home.

FORCED BY GRATITUDE

OF HUNDREDS

To Repeat His Offer

IN AUG. 19 NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

I have been so moved the past few weeks by the gratitude of The National Tribune Readers, that I have decided to make again the offer which I made in the Aug. 19 issue.

This is what I said, "I am going to **Give Away a Free Treatment for Deafness, to every sufferer who asks for it.**"

The letters of request have poured in; letters of grateful thanks have also poured in. From every part of the continent, the people whom I have cured of that terrible affliction—Deafness—are thanking me.

A letter from the Far West says, "Allow me to thank you a thousand times for the good hearing you have restored to me." A letter from New England says, "I bless the day I saw your offer, for you have cured me of Deafness."

Deafness Treatment Free

These many letters of gratitude have touched my heart, and so I say again to the readers of The National Tribune, "I will give away a Free Treatment for Deafness to every sufferer who write for it."

This offer can only be made for a very short time. If you are Deaf, or have any trouble with your ears, write for a Free Treatment.

This treatment is entirely free. I want to help you. I know what you suffer in the approach of Deafness, and the intolerable agony of complete Deafness. I know that I have cured many, many people who were Deaf. I want you to have the same opportunity to hear again. *Write today for my treatment for Deafness.*

Send off now, a post card or letter request. Don't delay, or it may be too late. If you have even the slightest feeling that something is wrong with your ears, be on the safe side and **send for treatment.** It won't cost you anything. If you are growing Deaf, and have become discouraged and tired of experimenting, profit by the example of those who have been cured by my treatment. Many of these people thought that they never could be cured, they had tried so many different things which never did them any good. MY treatment restored their hearing.

Write today, for a Free Deafness Treatment to **Deafness Specialist Sproule, 4 Trade Building, Boston, Mass.**

After 40 Years.

A wartime story that has developed within the last few weeks was started at Andersonville and ended at New Brighton, Pa. Some time ago Rev. Thomas W. Swan received a letter from the Rev. J. W. Goodman, pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Greensboro, N. C., in which the pastor said that while visiting some friends in Greensboro he was looking over an album of photographs, and was particularly struck with the fine face in one very old photograph. In reply to questions the owner of the photograph said that it was a picture that his grandfather had taken out of a dead Yankee's pocket on the battlefield. He was permitted to take the photograph out of the album, and found an address on the back, and asked if he might find out from that address if the parties owning the photograph were yet living. He then secured the address of Rev. Thomas W. Swan, and wrote him, telling him the name that was on the picture, and asking if any of the relatives were living. The name upon the picture was Mrs. Hannah Webb, a woman well known in Beaver County, Pa., long ago. The Rev. Mr. Swan showed the picture to a number of local people who lived in Beaver County during the war, and it was positiely identified by Tax Collector William Lloyd as Mrs. Webb, who was at that time a resident of Fallston. The picture is in a fine state of preservation. On the back of the card is the one word, "Mother." The picture was later shown to Miss Lydia J. Webb, of Beaver Falls, who immediately recognized it as that of her mother. The picture had been given to Mrs. Webb's son, Cyrus W. Webb, who enlisted in Co. H, 101st Pa., Nov. 12, 1861. On April 20, 1864, Serg't Webb was captured at Plymouth, N. C., and died in Andersonville Prison Nov. 23, 1864. The supposition is that the picture was taken at the prison. Both picture and letter were turned over to Miss Webb. Thus closes, after nearly a half a century, one of the wonderful stories of the tragedies of the war.

Information Wanted.

Editor National Tribune: Will you please answer the following questions thru The National Tribune:

1. How many soldiers did Gen. R. E. Lee Surrender to Gen. U. S. Grant?

2. How many soldiers had U. S. Grant at the time of surrender?

3. Did President Lincoln have a private car of his own?—A. M. Snyder, P. O. Box 551, Waseca, Minn.

1. Gen. Lee said that he had about 25,000 men with him at the time of the surrender. Rations were actually issued to 28,000, and that is probably the number he had with him. More came in afterward and surrendered.

2. Gen. Grant had 125,000 men, occupying some 50 miles of works, on March 31, 1865. Only a part of these went in pursuit of Lee, and those who did go were strung all the way for 100 miles, from Petersburg to Appomattox.

3. President Lincoln did not have a private car, and private cars were almost unknown at that period.—Editor National Tribune.

Indiana's Six Brothers.

John Shuman sends us a picture of himself and five brothers who served in the army. John, William and Thomas were in the 101st Ohio; David, Daniel and Elias served in the 164th Ohio for 100 days. Daniel and Elias served a second enlistment in the 180th Ohio. Five out of the six are now living, Elias having died in October, 1906.

PILES CURED

Send for Free Sample of Cheney's Medicated Cream. Cures Piles, Fistula, Eczema, etc., quickly and effectively.

"Your Cheney's Medicated Cream has cured me. I have suffered for years with Piles and never found relief before. "C. A. RODGERS, Bradford, Tenn."

F. J. CHENEY & CO., 1218 Adams St., Toledo, O.

Manufacturers of Hall's Catarrh Cure

HISTORIC POSTAL CARDS.

A Fine and Artistic John Brown Series.

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE has just published a highly interesting series of postal cards relating to the John Brown raid. There are 12 of these and they give:

A photograph of John Brown which was approved by all his family.
A view of the Court House in which he was tried.
Harper's Ferry.
John Brown's Tannery in Pennsylvania.
The Jail in which he was confined.
John Brown's Home at North Elba, N. Y.
The Kennedy House in Maryland where Brown collected his forces and from which he started upon his raid.
A view of the lonely burying ground where Brown's companions were interred.
The Fort at Harper's Ferry where Brown made his last stand.
The grave at North Elba where Brown's body was interred and the scene of Brown's trial at Charlestown.

These are executed in the most artistic manner, printed in natural colors, making a set as beautiful in execution as they are interesting in history. On the back of each card is a legend giving in brief compass the essential facts. They make invaluable additions to any collection of war pictures and are acceptable presents to friends.

Price 25 cents, or with The National Tribune one year, $1.00.

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, WASHINGTON, D. C.