Exactly what there is about the tune of "Dixie" that makes it so irresistible it is difficult to say, but certain it is that no one can hear it without being stirred. It is well-nigh impossible to keep still and quiet while "Dixie" is being played; usually one is unable to refrain from humming the chorus at least, no matter what the occasion may be. It has recently been officially announced by the Chief of the Division of Music in the Congressional Library that "Dixie" is the most popular of all our patriotic songs, tho "Yankee Doodle" presses it hard. Even the "Star Spangled Banner," "Hail, Columbia" and "America" have to take a back seat when "Dixie" is around, all of which it is interesting to know, tho to many it may be something of a surprise. The closing measures of the "Star Spangled Banner" could hardly be surpassed; they bring a rush of emotion to the hearts of all; but the first are rather uninteresting, and part of it is so high that it cannot be well sung by a mixed assemblage. "Hail, Columbia," doesn't sing very well, tho it is a pretty good tune. "America," grand old tune, is all right, of course, but it is hardly one adapted to a holiday mood. Probably the reason why "Dixie" is so popular is on account of its light, rollicking character. One can't help feeling jolly when "Dixie" is on deck, and, after all, the things we really like best in this world are not always the most deserving, but those that make us forget the cares and responsibilities of life for the moment, filling us with a gay insouciance as to future troubles. "Yankee Doodle" has not nearly the "go" to it that "Dixie" has, but it is also gay and jolly, which is the reason it has always been so popular. Of course, the words of both these songs are idiotic to a degree, but no one ever seems to care anything about that.

It really looks as if we were to have a football game that will not kill. The New York Herald was instrumental in bringing two crack Canadian teams to New York, where they gave an exhibition of the game as played at Rugby, and tho some of the spectators said it was not nearly so interesting or spectacular as the American game, they were forced to admit that it was a pretty good game after all. The Intercollegiate Athletic Association has adopted resolutions calling for the modification of the present rules of the game, so that all danger of physical injury to the players shall be reduced to a minimum. The Leland Stanford University of California has adopted the Rugby game, West Point has submitted a set of resolutions calling for radical changes, Cornell has done the same, also Yale and Princeton, and, of course, the other colleges will be obliged to fall in line. It is high time football was given a serious overhauling. That our most popular athletic sport should have had the danger of a battle in it was a disgrace to our civilization. The young Annapolis cadet, Wilson, whom it was supposed was fatally injured some months ago, is gradually improving, and it really looks as if he might recover.

Mrs. Anna Bryce, of England, who is a sister-in-law of the British Embassador in Washington, is placed in quite an embarrassing position. She is an ardent suffraget herself, but receives no sympathy whatever from her family. The Embassador's views on the subject are well known, and as for the lady's husband, he is as violently opposed to the cause as she is for it. For a great many years he has been a member of Parliament, and previously Mrs. Bryce has entered heart and soul into his campaigns and has helped him very much. Now, however, on account of her having embraced the cause of her militant sisters, she is tied hand and foot as far as assisting him is concerned, which makes her feel very sad, and she is also obliged to be extremely careful what she says in public lest her remarks be construed to the detriment of her distinguished brother-in-law. So the poor lady is between two fires.

Dr. Jonnesco, the Roumanian physician, says that stovaine is all right, and that while something better may be found, at the present time his anesthetic is infinitely preferable to ether or chloroform. He says he has hardly been given a real fair show since he came over here, very aged people and those suffering with weaknesses of which he was not made acquainted having been presented to him for operation. The mental condition of these old people, and the fact that the operations took place in a crowded amphitheater instead of a quiet operating room had much to do with many of his so-called failures. A great deal depends upon the position of the patient on the operating table in using stovaine, and unless the doctor knows all about the man or woman to whom he is to administer it he cannot place him properly. Dr. Jonnesco insists that in the hands of a doctor who understands stovaine it can ever prove fatal, except under extraordinary conditions, and he feels very confident that it will soon be generally adopted by the profession.

While our peace-loving friend, Andrew Carnegie, was taking his constitutional the other day in Central Park, enjoying the fine, bracing Winter air, he slipped and fell, injuring his knee so that he could not get up. He lay on the ground entirely helpless until one of the park employes saw him and went to his assistance, and, another man coming along at this time, the two made a seat by clasping wrists and carried the ironmaster to a cab. Mr. Carnegie had a dinner on that night, given in his own house, too, but he was obliged to remain upstairs in his room while his friends made merry around his generous board. An injury to the knee is a very bad thing and usually takes a long time to get over. It is earnestly hoped that Mr. Carnegie's confinement may not be of long duration.

John D. Rockefeller did not disappoint the employes at the railroad station at Tarrytown on Christmas Day, who had been wondering if the Standard Oil king would remember them. He sent some one down to the station good and early with quite a little pile of shining $5 gold pieces, and every man got one. The school teachers at Pontico Hills also had their "'opes," which were not cruelly dashed to earth, but most satisfactorily realized. Each of them got a beautiful $10 gold piece. What fun these rich people ought to have at Christmas time!

While most of her girl friends are occupied in planning new and bewildering costumes in order that they may add fresh scalps to their string of victims, Miss Dorothy Draper, daughter of the Governor of Massachusetts, has put on a long gingham apron and turned her attention seriously to the useful but not showy accomplishment of cooking. She has been abroad for some time, enjoying with a girlish enthusiasm the gay and frivolous delights of the Old World, and her Boston friends naturally supposed she would return to her home with her thoughts all on having a good time with them. Not so, this sensible young woman. She thinks it is high time she really learned how to cook, and she means to let society "go hang" till she has graduated in this science. She has joined a cooking school in Boston—if good cooking is appreciated anywhere it is in and around Boston—and she has started at the very bottom of the ladder; that is, in learning how to build a coal fire in a cooking range. Miss Draper is going to make herself proficient in good, plain cooking before she attempts anything in the fancy line, and is at present devoting herself to the making of hash, a light omelet, yeast powder biscuit, etc. If the young lady learns nothing but to make good corn-beef hash, she will have accomplished much. There is no dish which has been so undervalued as this. Its position is extremely humble, almost ignominious. Few cooks think it worth while to spend any time or thought on "just hash." A few junks of meat, in all states of fat and gristle, some potatoes, a little energy with the chopping knife, and there you are! Hash, in the hands of the right person, is a dish fit for the gods. When the meat has been carefully picked over and nicely, evenly chopped, with twice as much potato added (the potatoes having been nicely boiled and dry, not soggy), when all has been carefully mixed and then put in a hot frying pan, with plenty of butter, some salt, a pinch of pepper and perhaps a little cream, and when thoroly hot turned out on platter with the nice golden brown crust outside, then, indeed, may you begin to talk about something really good. The very thought of it makes the mouth water.

Mrs. Russell Sage is still occupied in getting rid of the millions left her by her late husband. She has recently made two important gifts, the first to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City, of the most valuable collection of old-fashioned furniture in the country. This was originally picked up, piece by piece, by Mr. Bolles, of Boston, and represents the labor of 25 years. It contains many extremely beautiful pieces made in Holland, England, France and America, which graced the homes of our ancestors. It dates from the earliest settlement of New England, and is valued at fully $100,000. To those afflicted with the mania for antiques, which has spread all over the country, the contemplation of this collection of "genuines" will cause many a heart to be filled with envy doubtless. Mrs. Sage's other gift is to Yale University, and consists of the sum of $650,000 to purchase the 30-acre park known as the Sachem Wood estate, which the university will use largely for the development of its forest school.

Charles W. Morse, the convicted banker, must go to prison. His appeal for a new trial has been denied by the Judge of the United States Circuit Court, which was the last resort of his lawyers. The charge that the jury who sat upon his case were more or less under the influence of liquor seems to be refuted by the fact that only 20 bottles of liquor were consumed by them all during the trial, and that none of the jurors took anything after the case had been given to them. No good reason seems to have been found by the courts to change the sentence pronounced upon him more than a year ago, that sentence of 15 years' imprisonment. His devoted wife clings to him as closely as ever, and will probably accompany him to Atlanta, where he will enter upon his long term. While he has not been able to have his sentence changed, there is little expectancy that Charles Morse will spend many years in jail. His conduct will be exemplary, of course, and after a few years he will be pardoned. His family can settle there in Atlanta, and in all probability he can see them every day. Money will provide all the creature comforts for him. The situation wouldn't be so bad if it were not for the stain on his soul and his good name. How keenly he and his family feel this the public does not know, of course.

There is nothing that makes the blood boil quicker than cruelty to animals, unless it is the absurd consideration which some of the pampered pets of rich women receive when all about them are little children suffering for the very needs of life. Dumb animals can be made perfectly comfortable and given all their natures demand without any lack of kindness on the parts of their masters and mistresses, and yet without the wicked amount of money that is spent upon them. If there were no such thing as poverty, with the human suffering it brings, then there might be more excuse for this extravagant expenditure and devotion showered upon dumb beasts. In Minneapolis the other day a pet dog in a white velvet, plush-lined coffin, ornamented with silver hangings, drawn by black-plumed horses and followed by a closed carriage containing its master and mistress, was taken to its last resting place near the family lot. A millionaire, who had recently died, left a fund of $70,000 to take care of his favorite horses and dogs, and a man offered $2,000 for a cat exhibited at a cat show, which was indignantly refused by the cat's mistress. One of the cat's kittens had sold recently for $700. To most of us this seems all wrong. Money is too badly needed to ease human suffering. Be kind to all God's dumb creatures. Love your pets all you want to and look after their comfort, but remember that they are, after all, only animals.

Frederick Remington, the "cowboy" artist who died the other day in Ridgefield, Conn., affords an excellent illustration of the fact that surrounding us all is as good material for a book or picture as could be found anywhere if we only have within us the power to present it in a novel and attractive light. While most of our budding artists rush off to Europe or to some far-off quarter of the globe in the search of "local color" as soon as they can scrape up enough money to do so, Remington had sense enough to see that in the wild life of the Western prairies he had a virgin field and one full of striking picturesqueness. He began painting the cowboy on his bucking bronco, and his fame and fortune were made. No artist before Remington ever painted the horse with all four legs in the air, all previous animal painters had contented themselves by representing our four-footed friend with at least two legs on the ground when in the act of kicking. Consequently when the Remington sketches first appeared people were inclined to make fun of them. This sort of thing did not last very long, however, and the spirited pictures of Remington's kicking broncos, while undergoing the unpleasant experience of being conquered by their cowboy masters, soon took their proper place in the world of art. Remington had a very interesting personality. He was a big fellow, strong as an ox, with the hard muscles of the athlete, a ruddy complexion and a pleasing, frank expression. He hated a house and a starched collar. What he most liked was to don a soft shirt and an old pair of trousers and to be out in the open, tramping, shooting or paddling in his canoe up some of the wild creeks that flow into the St. Lawrence; that is, when he wasn't out with the cowboys of the wild and woolly West. He hated the city, and it was always with intense reluctance that he put on the garb of civilization and returned to his New York studio in the Autumn of each year. Altho he never put a woman in any of his pictures, insisting that the daughters of Eve were a closed book to him, an impenetrable mystery, and would run the moment a petticoat appeared on his horizon, yet one of the fair sex managed somehow to ensnare him in the meshes of her hair or by some of the many wiles of which woman is past mistress. It is a fact that he was a married man, tho how it all came about is no one's business, of course. His wife survives him. Remington was a native of New York, only 48 years old, and died from the result of an operation for appendicitis. He was a writer of some reputation besides wielding the artist's brush with the bold, virile touch of a master, painting the life he loved with a wonderful truth and sincerity.

A FINE KIDNEY REMEDY.

Mr. A. S. Hitchcock (clothing dealer), 1004 Carrier Building, East Hampton, Conn., says if any reader afflicted with a kidney or bladder trouble will write to him he will direct them to the splendid home remedy he so successfully used. He is glad to do this and does not wish you to send him money.

At Port Hudson.

Editor National Tribune: In the issue of Sept. 30 of your highly esteemed paper, headed "Lincoln as a Christian," you call the fall of Gettysburg and Vicksburg twin victories for the Union. By the fall of the latter, on July 4, you say the Mississippi River was opened to navigation to our forces and the Confederacy was cut in two. I think by such a statement you do the besiegers of Port Hudson and Gen. Banks a great injustice, as the latter stronghold was still in possession of the Confederates, and we had then been pounding away at it for 39 days. I speak now from personal knowledge. I was in command of Co. G, 128th N. Y., when we landed just south of the fort in a hard rain, and made a forced march for seven miles. We reached the rear of the fort at dark, soaked to the skin, and there I received an order to at once report with my company to headquarters, where we were directed to join a company of the 6th Mich. on the picket line, to extend it. We obeyed the order, and the line was so long that every soldier had to go on to cover it. We stayed there all night in the rain and without food of any kind.

The last thing we had to eat was aboard the boat that brought us up from New Orleans. This was on Saturday, and we were left on that picket line till Tuesday night without food. I was with my regiment and in command of my company during the whole siege of 45 days, and went into the fort and witnessed the surrender under Gen. Gardner. That the river was not open on July 4 is proved by the historical order of Gen. Halleck to Gen. Banks, dated July 28, in which he said in part: "It was reserved for your army to strike the last blow to open the Mississippi River."

This article in your journal is not the first instance of injustice to my old comrades and myself. Greeley's "American Conflict," Vol. II, from pages 331 to 337, inclusive, does not exaggerate, as I personally know, being an eye-witness and participant in the untold hardships and privations of that eventful siege. I was within a few feet of Gen. Sherman and Gen. Neal Dow when they were wounded. I helped Col. Clark, 6th Mich., off the field, and was within 20 feet of the brave Col. D. S. Cowles, of my 128th N.Y., when he fell and died with Old Glory in his hands, leading us over that unprotected field in front of the strongest breastworks built in the war. He was in command of the brigade, being the ranking Colonel. Officers had to lead when not a rebel was in sight, and we stayed and loaded and fired at those earthworks from 2 to 6 o'clock p. m. of that eventful May 27, 1863.

I now only ask you to do justice at this late day. I do not wish you to detract one item of glory or honor that belongs to Gen. Grant and the brave men under him at Vicksburg, as it is not necessary. There is still enough left for all, even those at Port Hudson.—P. J. Schermerhorn, Lieutenant, Co. G, 128th N. Y.; Quartermaster, 91st La., Mechanicsville, N. Y.

The Fight at Princeton, W. Va.

Editor National Tribune: About April 28, 1862, Gen. J. D. Cox left the Kanawha Valley with a small force of infantry, one battalion of the 2d W. Va. Cav. and a small Jackass Battery. We reached Raleigh Court House April 27, marched by the way of Flat Top Mountain and over Blue Stone Mountain to Princeton, where we had quite a little scrap with the rebels, who burned the town as they retreated. What troops did Gen. Cox have with him and what did they do? I have never seen an account of this raid in print.—J. H. Gilmore, Middleport, O.

Learning that the enemy under Marshall and other Confederate leaders was advancing to attack his forces in detail, Gen. Cox ordered the troops posted at various points to move in toward a central point, and, taking the half of each of the 28th, 34th and 37th Ohio and a section of Simmond's Battery, he started on the march for Princeton, where he arrived May 17. The enemy retired from Princeton as he advanced, and took up a strong position on a wooded hill south and west of the town. Gen. Cox went forward with the whole of Col. Moore's command for a sharp attack. There was spirited fighting for a little while, when the Confederates retired about a mile to a strong position commanding the Wytheville and Wyoming roads, where they had artillery posted. The place was too difficult to attack with the forces that Gen. Cox had even after Lieut.-Col. Von Blessingh came up from another direction with part of the 37th Ohio and made the flank attack. It was found that Gen. Williams had joined Gen. Marshall, making the entire force in front two brigades, which was double the number that Gen. Cox had with him. Therefore, he retired to Princeton, and awaited the arrival of Gen. Scammon's Brigade. With these came the information that the brigades of Gens. Williams, Heth, Marshall and Floyd had all united, making a force estimated by Cox at from 12,000 to 15,000 men. This information determined Gen. Cox to withdraw in order to protect his trains, which he did promptly, leaving at 3 o'clock on the morning of May 18 and making the retreat in perfect order. He reports his loss at one officer and 22 men killed, five officers and 64 men wounded and 21 men missing.—Editor National Tribune.

Greatly Pleased With St. Cloud.

Editor National Tribune: My wife and I visited the town of St. Cloud, and were greatly pleased with the location you selected for your townsite. It has the most beautiful lake front of any of the towns and cities we visited while in the South. The progress it has made in so short a time is simply wonderful. It just reminded me of one large family. Everybody seemed happy and contented, and the way each and every old soldier was putting his shoulder to the wheel seemed to put renewed vigor into each new settler as he arrived. The prospects of St. Cloud look so good to me that my wife and I propose to become full-fledged Crackers in the near future.—John G. Cherry, East McKeesport, Pa.

A Mistake Made.

Albert Mehner, East Aurora, N. Y., says that there was a sad mistake in an article printed in The National Tribune of Dec. 16, where it was said to "defraud" the rights of widows and orphans, when it should have been "defend" the rights. Of course, this mistake was so palpable that any one could see it.

Drive Out Rheumatism

Rheumatism is in your blood, is living in your veins like a hungry wolf in a sheep-fold, destroying your peace, devouring your energies, inflaming your tissues, obstructing your joints, ENDANGERING YOUR HEART, and you must CONQUER it or it will conquer YOU. You must drive it out. You cannot COAX rheumatism out through the feet or skin with plasters or cunning metal contrivances. You cannot TEASE it out with electricity or magnetism. You cannot IMAGINE it out with mental science. Hoping, wishing, longing, praying, fasting, dieting, sweating, bathing or rubbing won't drive Rheumatism from your body. RHEUMATISM IS URIC ACID IN THE BLOOD and if you want to drive it out of the blood you must go after it and get it. This announcement shows you how to do it. Read every word it says and then DRIVE OUT RHEUMATISM.

I Want A Letter

from every National Tribune reader who is afflicted with Rheumatism, Lumbago or Neuralgia, giving me their name and address, so I can send each one **free a one dollar bottle** of my Rheumatic Remedy. I want to convince every Rheumatic sufferer at my expense that my Rheumatic Remedy does what thousands of so-called remedies have failed to accomplish—**actually cures Rheumatism.** I know it does. I am sure of it and I want every Rheumatic sufferer to know it and be sure of it, before giving me a penny profit.

Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy goes INTO THE BLOOD to find the Rheumatism. It meets it there and DRIVES IT OUT and that is why it cures Rheumatism.

Rheumatism is Uric Acid and Uric Acid and Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy cannot live together in the same blood. **The Rheumatism has to go and it does go.** My remedy cres the sharp, shooting pains, the dull, achig mu scles, the hot, throbbg, swollen limbs, and cramped, stiffend, useless joints, **and cures them quickly.**

I Can Prove It All To You

If you will only let me do it. I will prove much **in one week,** if you will only write and ask my Company to send you a **dollar bottle free,** according to the following offer. I don't care what form of Rheumatism you have or how long you have had it. I don't care what other remedies you have used. If you have not used mine you don't know what a **real** Rheumatic Remedy will do. **Read our offer below and write to us for a Free One Dollar Bottle immediately.** R. W. Kuhn

Regular $1.00 Bottle FREE TO TRY

We want you to try Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy, to learn for yourself that Rheumatism can be cured and we want no profit on the trial. A fair test is all we ask. If you find it is curing your Rheumatism or Neuralgia, order more to complete your cure and thus give us a profit. If it does not help you, that ends it. We do not send a small sample vial, containing only a thimbleful and of no practical value, but a **full-sized bottle,** selling regularly at drug stores for **one dollar each.** This bottle is heavy and we must pay Uncle Sam to carry it to your door. **You must send us 25 cents** to pay postage, mailing case and packing, and this full-sized One Dollar Bottle will be promptly sent you free, everything prepaid. There will be **nothing to pay** on receipt or later. **Don't wait until your Heart-Valves are injured by Rheumatic Poison, but send today and get a One Dollar Bottle free. Only one bottle free to a family and only to those who send the 25 cents for charges.**

Cut Out and Send Us This Coupon

Kuhn Remedy Co., Dept. 9, 2100 North Ave., Chicago.

Gentlemen: I suffer from Rheumatism and want a DOLLAR BOTTLE of Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy free as advertised. I ENCLOSE 25 CENTS to pay postage, packing, mailing case, etc. The dollar bottle must be sent entirely free, everything prepaid and nothing to pay on receipt or later.

Name_____

Town_____ State_____

Street or R. F. D. Route_____

Could'nt Work For A Year.

UNION CHURCH, PA.—I take great pleasure to let you know what Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy has done for me. Before I began to use it I could hardly raise my hand above my head and I had not worked for a whole year. I got back the use of my hand and was able to go to work immediately after using the first bottle. It is a wonderful remedy.
THOMAS O'SHELL.

Now Sound As A Dollar.

REDFIELD, IOWA.—Before I had taken all of the first bottle of Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy I felt better and when I had taken three bottles I felt WELL. I stuck to it however, until I had used six bottles, to make sure. Now I make my hand in the hay field. I have waited some time for the Rheumatic pains to return, but I am as sound as a dollar. I. A. FORD.

No Sign of Rheumatism.

UTICA, N. Y.—I had Muscular Rheumatism in my right arm so badly that I had to give up my work. I read about Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy and sent for a free trial bottle, which did me much good. After taking two bottles I went to my usual work and have worked ever since. Altogether I have used five bottles of Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy and I feel that I am ENTIRELY CURED, as it has been months since I have had any sign of Rheumatism. J. NIELSEN, 202 Nielsen St.

Completely Cured.

CHICAGO, ILL.—I suffered with Inflammatory Rheumatism in my right shoulder and Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy has completely cured me. It is surprising how easily it cures this disease. I have never heard of anything that can compare with it. A. N. BEALS, 160 Larlin St.

Was Confined To His Bed.

ST. PAUL, MINN.—For seven months I had been suffering with Rheumatism and was confined to my bed most of the time. Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy was recommended to me and after using a full treatment I was entirely cured. For more than a year I have seen no sign of its return and fully believe that I have been permanently cured. It has made me many dollars by allowing me to keep on working without being laid up every few days, and I cheerfully recommend it.
ARTHUR P. PATTON, 29 Front St.

Man and Wife Both Cured 5 Years Ago.

HARVARD, ILL.—After suffering with Rheumatism in my knee and hip for more than twenty years and scarcely a month passing without trying some remedy or preventive, I finally had Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy brought to my notice by a friend who had used it. I took it and was and am cured. My wife also used it and was cured of Rheumatism in her arms and shoulders. After five years we are both still as enthusiastic in its praise as on the second night after beginning its use, when we were permitted for the first time in years, to enjoy an entire night's rest free from the nerve-racking pains of Rheumatism. I heartily recommend Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy as a permanent cure for Rheumatism and Lumbago to all sufferers. It deserves every good word that may be said of it. DAVID COVENTRY.

War Veteran Cured After Many Years

MANCHESTER, TENN.—I surely am glad that I saw the advertisement of Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy, in the National Tribune. I had doctored for twenty-five years for Rheumatism and could not get a permanent cure, only being relieved for a few days. When I first felt this terrible disease I thought I had sprained my leg, but the next day the pain left me, so I worked on. In a few days the same pain came back and I went to a doctor, who said I had Muscular Rheumatism. At that time I was a plasterer by trade, and possibly this kind of indoor work brought on the Rheumatism. I had to walk a great deal of my time with a cane, and lots

of nights I could not lie down until midnight on account of the misery in my limbs. By bathing the limbs in hot water the pain would be eased a little and I would drop off to sleep. Thirteen years ago I left Indiana and came South for my health. At first I got better, but then it came back on me again, worse than ever. I went to our doctor and all he could do was to give me quieting powders that surely contained opiates. By taking two of them at bedtime I could rest, but I had to quit them as I saw they would kill me. When I answered the advertisement of Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy in the National Tribune I had tried so many different kinds of medicine that I didn't have any confidence at all in the medicine. But the trial bottle came and I commenced taking it. After I had taken one-half the bottle I said, "Well, here is something helping me," and by the time I had taken all of the bottle I went back to work. I sent and got three more bottles of Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy and took same. Since taking this medicine I have done all kinds of work and can plow all day long. I am sixty-three years old, and am a veteran of the late war. I enlisted in '62, at Camp Chase, Columbus, Ohio, in the 10th Ohio Cavalry. I was captured and was a prisoner three months in the Andersonville Prison and was discharged at the close of the war. SURVETUS GERARD.

Kuhn Remedy Company, 2100 North Ave. Chicago, Ill.

NATIONAL TRIBUNE PENSION BILL.

E. A. Gilbert, Past Junior Vice Commander, Department of Kansas, Oroville, Cal.: "The National Tribune pension bill meets the unqualified approval of the comrades here. I think it should be published in bill form, and copies sent to each and every subscriber, with a request for him to indorse it and send it to his Congressman and his Senator."

—

John Petty, Sawtelle, Cal.: "I am in favor of your pension bill, and hope you will keep things in motion until it is allowed. The widows' pension especially should receive strong support. There is no reason why a wife who takes care of her old mate in his last days should be left without any means of support."

—

G. W. Walker, Tama, Iowa: "At a regular meeting of T. F. Bradford Post a few days ago I presented The National Tribune bill, and spoke in its favor, with the result that the Post unanimously indorsed the bill."

—

W. P. Getz, Lewisburg, Pa.: "The bill is all that can be expected. I have just mailed a petition signed by 134 veterans to our member of Congress."

—

Edmund Davis, Newark, N. J.: "I heartily indorse your bill, and think that it benefits the comrades at a time when they need it most."

—

John L. Cole, Boulder, Ill.: "I heartily indorse your bill, and it will be of much benefit to me, as I am 67 years old."

—

Will H. S. Banks, Washington, D. C.: "I have read with much interest the bill which you propose to put before Congress, and think that it will have the support not only of those who will be benefited by it, but of Congress, if it comes to a vote."

—

At a regular meeting of Capt. E. H. Little Post, Punxsutawney, Pa., resolutions were adopted indorsing The National Tribune bill, and promising to use their influence with their Congressman and Senators to have it become a law.

—

O. S. Leslie, Newark, Mo.: "The National Tribune bill is the nearest justice in the way of pensions to the old veterans that has yet been offered."

—

N. G. Clark, Knoxville, Ill., thinks that the bill is all right as far as it goes, but it has the same defect as the McCumber bill, in that it does not affect a class of veterans who are disabled and unable to earn a living for themselves and their families.

CURE FOR INDIGESTION

Read What We Will Do for All Sufferers of Indigestion Sick Headache and All Forms of Stomach Trouble.

Send 10c to cover cost of mailing, etc., and we will send WITHOUT FURTHER CHARGE a $1.00 ABSORPTION TREATMENT. Sponsa—a plaster that will cure—works like magic on the solar plexus, which is the center of the sympathetic nerve system that controls the digestive organs. Write us NOW and we will save you days and weeks of misery! Address Ohio Remedy Co., Box 34, Sta. F, Toledo, O.

John A. Kerr, Homer City, Pa.: "Your pension bill seems to be well spoken of in this section of the country, and to my mind it is the best thing in sight to help some of the older comrades who will not need help much longer and are now struggling hard to make a living."

—

At a regular meeting of William Dufur Post, Murray, Iowa, a resolution was unanimously adopted requesting their Representatives to vote and use their influence to secure the passage of The National Tribune bill.

—

At a regular meeting of Eagal Post, Monett, Mo., The National Tribune bill was unanimously indorsed. W. P. Watkins, Commander; D. C. Breece, Adjutant.

—

Capt. E. F. Tucker, Greensburg, Ky.: "The 'old boys' in this community are delighted with your bill, and don't see how it can be improved upon. When we see a good thing we should all unite on it—concede a little if necessary. We will never get what we ought to have until we work in unity."

—

H. F. Meharry, Danville, Ill.: "I am in favor of your bill just as it is, without any additions."

—

Samuel Le May, Rogersville, Ala., heartily indorses The National Tribune bill.

—

J. W. Marcum, Reelfoot, Tenn.: "I heartily indorse your bill, especially Sec. 3. I am now living with my fourth wife, to whom I have been married three years. She is now 62 years old, but willing to do all she can for my comfort and happiness."

—

Albert Rowe, Alameda, Cal., approves of The National Tribune bill, but thinks that there should be some provision made for the young boys who served from 1861-65. He will be 60 years old next January.

—

George H. Mader, Corydon, Ind.: "The National Tribune bill must be considered the acme of pension legislation if carried into execution; and, if not, the good will toward the veterans must and will be appreciated."

—

Augustus Godat, Monte Vista, Colo.: "Over 200 veterans here are in favor of your bill, and live in hopes that it will become a law at the next session of Congress."

—

S. K. Freeman, Commander, Col. Fenton Post, Fenton, Mich.: "At our last Post meeting a resolution was passed indorsing your pension bill and thanking you for your interest in our behalf."

—

At a recent meeting of Joe Hooker Post, Atlantic City, N. J., the pension bill was indorsed by a unanimous vote.

—

James W. Shearer, West Point, Neb.: "Our G. A. R. Post has sent to each of our Representatives in Congress a petition asking them to look after your bill when it comes before them, and we have received very flattering answers in connection with the acknowledging of receipt. I have also, upon the request of the comrades of my Post, forwarded a petition to P. J. McCumber, Chairman of the Pension Committee."

—

Jacob Trott, Clyde, O.: "Your pension bill is all right. I can't see where and how it could be improved any, and no veteran should make any attempt to induce you to have it changed, because that would create confusion."

—

D. F. Gallup, River Falls, Wis.: "I heartily indorse The National Tribune bill, and hope that we have many members of Congress who will remember the struggle from '61 to '65, and have not forgotten the boys who left the plow, workshop and factory to go to the front and be paid in depreciated currency that the Nation might be preserved."

—

David T. Holmes, Grindstone, Pa.: "I am very much in favor of The National Tribune bill, and hope it will become a law."

—

W. H. Henderson, Beaver Falls, Pa.: "Our Post has gotten up a petition in favor of your pension bill, and sent it to our Congressmen, asking them to use their influence to have the bill passed."

—

Remus A. Pate, Cloverport, Ky., sends us a petition in favor of our bill signed by 44 veterans in his community.

—

Harvey J. Covell Post, J. P. Ladd Adjutant, Rock Creek, O., unanimously indorses The National Tribune pension bill as the best and fairest yet presented.

—

Tertius Marks, M. D., Sipe Springs, Tex.: "Thanks for your able advocacy to raise the old-age pension rates. The veterans sadly need it. Out of six veterans of my Post five have died since they were entitled to the benefit of the McCumber bill."

—

By a unanimous vote Charles Hays Post, 224, Department of Ohio, G. A. R., indorsed The National Tribune pension bill, and will do what they can to help it along.

—

W. F. Stone, Captain, Co. F, 16th Ky., Lancing, Tenn.: "I am very much in favor of your proposition to increase the rates under the McCumber bill, except that I am in favor of but one rate, and no discrimination on account of age."

—

C. R. Wootters, of John T. Folan Post, Ohio S. and S. Home, at Sandusky, urges that every G. A. R. veteran work for The National Tribune bill.

—

Garfield Post, 25, said to be one of the largest Posts in the great State of Kansas, located at Wichita, indorses The National Tribune bill. Garfield Post has 410 members in good standing.

—

At a regular meeting of Reno Post, 83, Nickerson, Kan., a unanimous vote was given indorsing The National Tribune bill.

—

Chas. Lee Berry, Adjutant, Reno Post, G. A. R., Nickerson, Kan., who has had a varied career as a soldier, writes that in his opinion The National Tribune is the best paper ever published in the interest of the old boys, and that it has been the cause of more pensions being granted to veterans thru John McElroy's editorials than all other sources put together. He thinks that the old soldiers are becoming a back number politically, and that The National Tribune, speaking for them, is the only way for them to get pension legislation. He says: "Let us all pull together, every G. A. R. Post in the United States, and vote for The National Tribune pension bill, first, last and all the time."

—

A. J. Gleason, Van Wert, O., Adjutant, 15th Ohio, writes that he heartily indorses The National Tribune bill, which he hopes will be approved by the G. A. R., and its speedy enactment urged at the coming session of Congress, and in closing his very excellent letter he says: "I can only deplore the fact that so many worthy comrades have died without the aid such a law would have given them."

—

Thomas Davey, Bootjack, Cal.: "The National Tribune bill is all right. The old civil war veterans are deserving of all they will get in the way of pensions."

The Pension Bill.

C. W. Cook, Platteville, Wis., sends us his opinion in praise of The National Tribune's editorial on "Uncle Sam Must be a Gentleman." He enlisted at Clinton, Ind., July 9, 1861, in the 18th Ind., and was discharged at Indianola, Tex., Oct. 21, 1863, by reason of re-enlistment, and was finally discharged at Indianapolis Aug. 28, 1865, after having served a little over four years in the same company and regiment. He was just 20 years old when he enlisted, and is now 68 and too feeble to work. His record is like thousands of his comrades, and he is receiving $12 a month. His battle experiences extended from Pea Ridge to the Shenandoah Valley, making in all 24 battles besides skirmishes. The bill should certainly pass for the benefit of such veterans as he.

Address Wanted.

R. M. Sargent, 7th Ind. Cav., and acting wagon-master, wants to hear from any of the boys who were around Jackson, Tenn., in 1863 and 1864.

Free Book About Cancer.

THE LEACH SANATORIUM, of Indianapolis, Ind., has published a book on cancer, which gives interesting facts about the cause of cancer; tells what to do in case of pain, bleeding, odor, etc., instructs in the care of the patient, and is in fact a valuable guide in the management of any case. The book is sent free to those interested who write for it, mentioning this paper.

PENSIONS. PATENTS. BOUNTIES.

Many soldiers who drew pension under the old law, but now draw under act of Feb. 6, 1907, can now go back to old law and obtain further increase. Pensions and bounties procured for soldiers and widows. Patents procured for inventors. Over 20 years successful practice. Now write him.

JOSEPH H. HUNTER, Pension and Patent Attorney, Washington, D. C.

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