ST. CLOUD COLONY.

Items of Interest From the Rapidly-Growing Veterans' City.

ARRESTED FOR LIBEL.

J. P. Jones Put Under Bail for Vicious Letter Writing.

(From the St. Cloud Tribune.)

John P. Jones was, on March 14, placed under arrest by Sheriff Prevatt on a warrant charging him with libel. The information was issued by Judge J. L. Moon, Prosecutor of Osceola County.

Jones gave bond for his appearance for trial before the April term of the County Court.

The arrest of Jones, it is said, grows out of certain libelous references said to have been made to Mr. B. F. Ralls, who recently received notice of his appointment as Justice of the Peace for this district, in letters which Jones is said to have written to prominent public officials, protesting the appointment of Mr. Ralls.

This case has been brewing for several weeks. It is understood that, about the time of the incorporation of St. Cloud, prominent attorneys of Kissimmee interested themselves in behalf of Mr. Ralls to the extent of recommending to the Governor that Mr. Ralls be appointed Justice of the Peace for this district, as the need for such an officer at this place was becoming urgent. Mr. Ralls was recommended as the best available man, owing to his long legal experience as District and County Judge and Prosecuting Attorney in his native State.

Upon learning of the proposed appointment of Mr. Ralls, Jones, it is alleged, wrote certain letters containing references to Mr. Ralls and other prominent residents of St. Cloud of such a nature as to warrant his arrest on a charge of libel.

The penalty for libel, under the statutes of the State of Florida, is a fine not exceeding $1,000 or imprisonment for a term not exceeding one year.

Has Faith in St. Cloud.

(St. Cloud Tribune.)

Dr. and Mrs. H. W. Sigworth, of Anamosa, Iowa, who have been enjoying Florida sunshine for several months, started North Tuesday. The doctor is a veteran of Co. H, 67th Ill. He proves his faith in St. Cloud by erecting a fine two-story steel-lined business building 67 feet deep on his property on Pennsylvania avenue, between Tenth and Eleventh streets. The building is now nearing completion. Comrade and Mrs. Sigworth expect to return South with the ducks.

Methodist Parsonage Nearing Completion.

(St. Cloud Tribune.)

Work is being rushed on the handsome new parsonage of the Methodist church. Contractor Johnson has the work well in hand and will make a beautiful home for the dominie and his family.

The trustees of the church insist on having the best for their pastor. The structure will be a modern eight-room dwelling, with bath, electric lights, city water, etc.

Big Haul of Fish at Night.

(St. Cloud Tribune.)

On Wednesday of last week Comrades Viers and Depew went camping on the shores of the canal to try their luck at fishing at night. Wednesday night they caught 100 pounds of the finny tribe, and on Friday night 62 pounds, several fine speciments of trout and pickerel being in the hauls. The boys were proud of their catch, and intend going again in the near future.

Big Price Paid for Five-Acre Farm Tract.

(St. Cloud Tribune.)

As an indication of the remarkable increase in value of the property originally allotted at St. Cloud may be cited the recent sale by a Mr. Beemer, of Scranton, Pa., to Comrade Doop, of a five-acre farm tract for the sum of $700 cash. Considering the original purchase price of this property, and the fact that St. Cloud is not yet two years old, it was an investment rarely equaled in any of our largest cities.

ST. CLOUD LOCALS.

(From the St. Cloud Tribune.)

Dr. and Mrs. Gibbs, of Orlando, were in town yesterday. They have leased the home of Rev. and Mrs. Julian, on Illinois avenue, for two years. They will be welcomed to our city. The doctor is a G. A. R. man and prominent in other circles. His wife, besides being prominent in the Woman's Relief Corps, is a fine musician. They will add greatly to our already splendid colony.

Comrade Z. B. Stillwell has just had constructed 190 feet of new sidewalk fronting his two lots at the corner of New York avenue and Eleventh street. This is a great improvement to that busy section of town, and many are the expressions of appreciation of Comrade Stillwell's commendable action. He now has four buildings on his property. Comrade Stillwell also owns two lots on Eleventh street, near Wyoming avenue.

The handsome new building being constructed for Mercer Bros. is being enclosed.

The "bean supper" given last evening by the Woman's Relief Corps in G. A. R. Hall was financially and socially a splendid success.

With the temperature at 16 degrees at the Northern resorts, how glad we are that we are in St. Cloud, with its bright sunshine and the thermometer at 78 to 80 degrees.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Mathews have left for their home in Kinsman, Ohio, after having spent the Winter in St. Cloud. They say they have had a delightful time here, and hope to come back next Winter and improve the property they have purchased on Jersey avenue.

Comrade David R. Witter and wife arrived recently from Council Bluffs, Iowa, and are stopping with Mrs. Marsh. Comrade Witter, who is Past Commander of Post No. 29, of Council Bluffs, owns property on Connecticut avenue, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets.

Comrade William Kirk arrived Saturday morning from Parkersburg, W. Va., and is stopping at the New St. Cloud. He owns property on Missouri avenue, between Twelfth and Thirteenth streets. Comrade Kirk is here to look his holdings over, and is favorably impressed with the colony.

Dr. J. M. Jenkins, of Cortland, Ind., who is at present a St. Cloud visitor, expresses the opinion that the town has bright prospects for the future. He owns two lots on Massachusetts avenue, between Seventh and Eighth streets, and two on Wyoming avenue north of the railroad; also four country tracts.

Comrade Joel Cokely, of Missouri Avenue, favored us with a mammoth strawberry yesterday, of fine color, shape, and flavor. Comrade Cokely states that he has been eating the luscious fruit for the past five weeks. He has about 800 plants, and has not lost a dozen of them from the time he set them out.

Comrade J. H. Eller and wife were arrivals Monday morning from Canton, Ohio. They are registered at the New St. Cloud. Comrade Eller holds property here, and is down to look the place over. He is favorably impressed and says he thinks this will make a fine town. During the war Comrade Eller saw service with Co. E, 36th Ohio Inf.

Comrade J. D. Burnett and daughter, Mrs. A. C. McElrath, who have been spending the Winter at the former's cottage on Virginia avenue and Eleventh street, will leave for their home at Warren, Ohio, on March 20. After spending the Summer in Ohio they will return to St. Cloud in the Fall. Comrade Burnett served in Co. F, 24th Ohio.

Comrade David E. McKay, wife and daughter Annie arrived Tuesday last from Cleveland, Ohio, and are at the Pifer House. Comrade McKay owns property on Delaware avenue. He says his expectations are more than fulfilled by conditions at St. Cloud, and he is particularly delighted with the climate. Comrade McKay saw service in the 4th Ohio and in the U. S. Navy.

Comrade B. S. Marshall has finished his house opposite Columbia avenue. Now you may see Old Glory waving in the extreme western part of town.

Comrade Davis, of Casey, Ill., Likes St. Cloud.

The National Tribune: Tucked away in the tall pines by the side of a superb lake, in the genial sunshine of Florida, lies the beautiful city of St. Cloud, a city that two years ago was not on the map.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AT ST. CLOUD, FLA.

It has a population of about 4,000 and at least 1,000 nice houses inhabited by happy, contented and home-loving people. I have spent three Winters in the South, and when I left home last Fall I told the comrades I would just stop and see St. Cloud, but I had no thought of staying there, as I did, for two months. However, when I heard the fifes and drums and enjoyed the society of the old veterans, I felt I could not leave, and only regret I am not there now. Next Winter, if I am spared, I will go there earlier and stay later. The beautiful lake, with its boats and fishermen, reminded me of the sea of Galilee in Biblical times, when Jesus made the fishermen fishers for men's souls.

I was disappointed when I first arrived in St. Cloud, but after attending a G. A. R. meeting and talking with the old comrades I told my wife we had found the promised land, and that I intended to stay.

I think whoever wrote the hymn "I would not live always, I ask not to stay," never lived in Florida or he would have changed his mind. St. Cloud surely is the garden spot of the world, such beautiful residences and so many of them.

Just think of leaving the frozen North and finding oneself inside of 48 hours in beautiful warm sunshine, with oranges, grapefruit, tomatoes and flowers of all kinds around one. We could hardly realize the change, but it is really so.

Comrades, this is the place to spend your declining years in ease and comfort.—M. C. Davis, First Lieutenant, Co. E, 17th Ill. Cav.

HOME OF F. E. CALDWELL, ST. CLOUD, FLA.

A Scripture Lesson.

Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge: I have noted your action in regard to the Sulloway bill, and I would respectfully suggest that you read in your Bible the first eight verses of the fifth chapter of the General Epistle of James.—C. T. Jeffers, Fruithurst, Ala.

The first eight verses of James V read:

1. Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you.

2. Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten.

3. Your gold and silver is cankered, and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days.

4. Behold, the hire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth; and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth.

5. Ye have lived in pleasure on the earth and been wanton; ye have nourished your hearts, as in a day of slaughter.

6. Ye have condemned and killed the just, and he doth not resist you.

7. Be patient, therefore, brethren, unto the coming of the Lord. Behold the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and latter rain.

8. Be ye also patient; stablish your hearts; for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh.

That Vote of the Comrades.

Philip Wetmore, 45th Pa., Van Etten, N. Y., says that the editorial in the issue of Feb. 9 was a scorcher, and the publication of the report of the Secretary of the Treasury ought to forever silence the mob who are abusing the veterans. It should be remembered that this occurred in the year of the Presidential campaign when the soldiers were allowed to vote in the field. Tho the soldiers of the Army of the Potomac loved "Little Mac," they loved their country more.

SENATOR LODGE.

An Open Letter From a Massachusetts Veteran.

Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge.

My Dear Sir: The old Union soldiers of the entire country and their friends are fully satisfied that you are the one person solely responsible for the defeat of the so-called Sulloway pension bill and your course in this matter has and will cause more sorrow, distress, hardship and unhappiness than any act of any one man or woman for the last 500 years, if history can be relied on; and this wrong against those who made possible a United States Congress and with it the opportunity for you to become a Senator.

Ninety-nine per cent of those who composed the Union army were from the common walks of life, who by their daily labor earned their support, and of those who are alive nearly all are compelled to earn their livelihood by daily and constant toil, notwithstanding their age and infirmities.

It was you who forced thru Congress the act to pension Mr. William H. Moody at the rate of $12,000 a year, a man who during his entire life has not done so much for his country as any old soldier did in any one of the great battles of the war.

Vast sums of money are voted to benefit contractors; naval secrets are freely bartered away for the shipbuilders' profit; protection is to be removed from the products of New England fishermen, and dressed beef to be taxed at the behest of the Beef Trust; and yet you defeat an act to benefit the old soldiers whose lives' sunset is close at hand and those soldiers who fought their country's cause on more than 2,000 battlefields.

Shakespere well said, "They laugh at scars who never felt a wound," and its truth is seen to-day.

I do not wish you misfortune or heartaches for the suffering and sorrow you have caused the veteran soldier who was fighting to save the Union when your father was at home and accumulated wealth by reason of the war, which wealth you have since enjoyed, as well as the fruit of our sacrifices for our country. Very respectfully yours—R. T. Lombard, Captain, 16th Mass., Boston, Mass.

Locomotive Chase in 1862.

Editor National Tribune: The following letter is to Comrade J. M. Lee from Capt. W. W. Brown, one of the survivors of the historic Andrews raid: "You no doubt know I was one of the Andrews raiders. I have never recovered from the nervous shock I received in 'the hole of Calcutta,' as termed in Pittenger's History. In the 'Simmons Hole' at Chattanooga we were chained together in pairs, closely handcuffed, thrust into a dark, dismal dungeon, fed on cornbread and water and pestered by vermin so we could not sleep.

"Besides all this, we had constantly to hear the bitter anathemas heaped upon us by the rebels, and in addition to our extreme physical suffering we experienced mental torture at the thought of the scaffold, for no crime whatever, except it be a crime to obey our superior officers. Had we been guilty of a crime that would merit such punishment we could probably have stood it better.

"We were not spies, as charged by the enemy, for we never lurked for one moment around their encampments for the purpose of obtaining knowledge of their position. We were bridge burners and engine thieves. This we did not deny at all. For seven long months we lived as it were under the shadow of the gallows, expecting every moment to be taken out and executed like felons. Is it any wonder that I and my comrades are physical wrecks to-day?

"I have been confined to the house most of the time for two years, and to my bed a part of the time. I never regretted for one moment that I responded to the call in 1861 to go in defense of my country and her flag. I am glad I went and bore what I could to make treason odious and make it possible for the Stars and Stripes—that dear old flag that is emblematical of our nationality—to float in triumph from the dome of every Capitol in this the greatest of Republics. I was twice severely wounded at the battle of Chickamauga on Sept. 20, 1863."—W. W. Brown, one of the Engineers on Andrews raid, Toledo, O.

One of the 600.

Editor National Tribune: Forty-six years ago Feb. 14 was a red-letter day to about 600 ragged and emaciated boys liberated from the old Pemberton tobacco building at Richmond, Va. What a picture they presented as they stood there in line on the icy street that morning, barefooted and starved, with scarcely anything to cover their emaciated bodies. The picture would cause one to shudder. Hope of home and friends inspired us, and many of us were wholly overcome. Here's one who would be pleased to hear from any of that noble 600.—Albert Cotton, Battery H, 1st W. Va. L. A., Chillicothe, Iowa.

A TYPICAL VOLUNTEER OFFICER.

The Record of One Enlisted Man Which Is Duplicated by Thousands of Others.

Editor National Tribune: Serious objections are made by a few old veterans to placing volunteer officers of the civil war on the retired list, because they claim it would be making a distinction between enlisted men and officers, discriminating in favor of the latter; but whoever heard a soldier complaining because the officers received more pay than he did during the war? But was not this distinction made while the war was going on? If a Regular Army officer may be placed upon the retired list at a certain age and no outcry has ever been made on that account, why should not the volunteer officer, who served his country in a great emergency, receive equal consideration? The Regular officer makes military service a profession, his lifework; the volunteer officer abandons his regular vocation, sacrifices his business and his prospects in a great crisis, and when he has served his country in her days of peril and relieved her misfortunes he returns to civil life to begin a new career, and, like the private soldier, finds himself deprived of his former strength and vigor, unable to cope with his new competitors who fill the professions and occupy the fields of industry, all owing to the hardships, exposures and privations suffered in the service. And, further, is it not a fact that the vast majority of officers in the volunteer service, nearly all of them, were men who first enlisted as privates and won promotion by their merits? Pardon me for taking my own case as an illustration. I enlisted as a private on April 8, 1861, under President Lincoln's first call for 75,000 men. I was then a boy not yet 18 years of age. I served as a private in Co. E, 16th Ohio, and as such performed all the duties assigned to and expected of us. I drilled, did guard duty, stoed picket, deployed upon the skirmish line and participated in the first engagements (I'll not call them battles) of the war, Phillippi, June 3; Laurel Hills, June 7-8; Carrick's Ford, July 14, 1861, where the Confederate General, Robert Garnett, was killed, the first General of the war to lose his life. All this took place before the first battle of Bull Run was fought, and I was "in it" as a private in the ranks, with my knapsack on my back and a Belgian rifle in my hands. We served out the time of our enlistment, three months, and a month longer. Then we were relieved by the new three-year men, who came out under the second call. We returned to Ohio and were discharged. We received our pay at the rate of $11 per month, four $10 gold pieces and the balance in silver. Most of the boys reenlisted, some in the artillery, some in the cavalry and some in the infantry. I don't know but all of them re-enlisted, and all of them who survived, as far as I know the facts, became commissioned officers before the war closed. Judging by myself, none of them had any thought or hope of ever being an officer, for they realized that they were not trained for soldiers much less for officers. I certainly did not aspire to and did not dream of such a thing as being an officer. I was content to reenlist as a private in Co. F, 74th Ohio. There was not an officer of this regiment who had seen any service when I enlisted in it, but from the fact that I had been in the first three months' service and having consequently had some experience in drill and discipline, my Captain, Walter Crook, elder brother of him who afterwards became the distinguished Maj.-Gen. George Crook, appointed me Sergeant, and set me to drilling the company. This was the first recognition I had ever received and the greatest honor that could have been conferred upon me. For the first time in my life my boyish ambition was aroused, and I then resolved that by example and conduct and strict attention to duty I would achieve still higher honors. In January, 1862, I was promoted to Lieutenant by the choice of the company, who were permitted to make their own selection from among their number. At the battle of Stone River, Dec. 31, 1862, I was very severely wounded, but on recovery returned to duty. For my conduct in this battle my name was placed upon the "Roll of Honor" in the Army of the Cumberland, under General Order No. 19, issued by Gen. Rosecrans, commanding. In December, 1863, after the battles of Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain and Mission Ridge had been fought and while camping at Chattanooga, our regiment (all excepting about 20 men) re-enlisted as veterans, and the Colonel (Josiah Given) appointed me Adjutant. On the Atlanta campaign I was again wounded at Buzzard Roost Mountain, May 9, 1864, while at the side of the Colonel, as the regiment was advancing on the Confederates, who were pouring canister, shells and rifle balls into our ranks. While lying in the field hospital between life and death a communication was given me, an official document. What could it be? I hadn't the remotest idea, for why should anyone wish to communicate with me in my helpless and almost hopeless condition? With feeble, trembling hands I opened the envelope. It was my commission as Captain, for which my brave and noble Colonel had recommended me to Gov. Brough, "not as a compliment, but for meritorious services performed." It was a great surprise to me and most gratifying, giving me new courage and hope, for I had almost despaired of ever entering the field again; in fact, so critical was my condition that I was not expected to survive. The nurses told me so, and a member of my regiment who called to see me asked if he should send my body back to Ohio, when I replied: "No; bury me here with the rest of our boys." But I was young, just 21, pure-blooded, a country boy. Again I recovered and rejoined "the boys" after Atlanta had fallen and the battles of Franklin and Nashville had been fought. Before the war closed I was commissioned Major in the same regiment in which I enlisted and served as a private.

I give these personal details of my own career in the army, not to boast of my services nor to appear on dress parade. I have arrived at that time in life when the old man is looking toward the setting sun. The glory of the rosy dawn and the vanities of this world have lost their charm and ceased to attract his attention. I am writing this because my war record is analogous to that of thousands of officers who rose from the ranks. Who were the regimental officers when the war closed? Most of them were humble privates like myself, who went forth to serve their country from purely patriotic motives, certainly not for the pittance of pay, the chance of promotion or the promise of a big pension. At the final mustered out of my regiment its Colonel was R. P. Finlay, who was the junior Captain at its organization, chosen from the ranks of his company. Our Lieutenant-Colonel had been a Sergeant in Co. I, the Major a private in Co. F, the Adjutant a Quartermaster, and all the line officers were men who had served in the ranks. To place these men on the retired list as Regular Army officers, would that be discriminating against the private soldier? Would it not be honoring the private soldier the more?

Now, if what I have told of this one instance is true of the regiment I have cited, may it not be logically and legitimately assumed to be true of all other volunteer regiments, and especially so of regiments that served as veterans, old regiments that went out in 1861, 1862 and 1863? Why, then, should anybody, any patriotic citizen, especially an old soldier, at this late day, object to placing the few surviving volunteer officers upon the retired list on an equality with the Regulars? We have the precedent of Congress doing so by the officers of the Revolutionary War, when the Nation was yet in its infancy and all but financially bankrupt. Contrast what then was with what now is. We surely cannot plead poverty. Congress cannot ignore a patriotic obligation on the ground that the country is too poor. The people have never yet complained of any pension legislation enacted by Congress, and they will not complain of, but rather commend, the passage of the volunteer retired list bill. It will not belittle the services of the private soldier; it will not lessen his pension. Rather will it not redound to the honor of the private soldier, inasmuch as this proposed volunteer retired list will be made up of names which originally appeared upon the company muster rolls, in alphabetical order under the heading of "Privates?" I think so.—M. H. Peters, Past Commander and Adjutant of Williams Post, 25, Department of Illinois, Watseka, Ill.

INCORPORATING THE G. A. R.

Character of the Corporation—What the Government Should Do.

Editor National Tribune: I have been reading with great interest, and not without some apprehension, the newspaper articles regarding the movement to incorporate the G. A. R., and would like to know the real, underlying motives of those who favor incorporation. For instance, if by incorporating it is intended to make it a stock company, in which each member of the organization would have a share of stock, even tho it were without cost or expense to himself, I would not be in favor of such stock company, because the heirs of Grand Army members as the members die off would become legally the holders and owners of such shares of stock, and in that manner men or possibly women, or, at any rate, persons who had no part in the war of 1861-65, could come in and vote to control the Order's policies and its property and funds. No man can become a member of the Grand Army unless he has honorably served in either the army or navy of the United States during the civil war, and it would seem improper to so arrange matters that in the future any other set of men could step in and gain control.

My idea is to let the G. A. R. as at present organized die when its last member dies, but in the meantime, before that sad day arrives when the Grand Army shall be no more, the United States Government should by act of Congress create a Grand Army or a Legion of Honor, and every man who honorably served his country in army or navy during the civil war should be a member of that newly created body, and it should be the intent and purpose of the Government to honor its veterans during their life and to revere their memory after their death. It has been said that Republics have no gratitude for their heroes and defenders. Let us prove as Americans that this is untrue, and that this Republic at least knows, feels and shows its gratitude to its old veterans. Pensions are well enough, but in the shadowy eve of life's closing day the old soldier would like to know that his life has not been lived in vain; would like to know that the greatest effort and the greatest sacrifice he ever made is known, remembered and appreciated by the Nation and by the younger generations. Let the Nation champion the cause of the feeble and dying soldier; let medals be struck which he can wear proudly and proudly bequeath to his sons or grandsons; let military funerals show him honor after his death, and let the name of every veteran, by companies and regiments, be engraved on tablets of bronze to be preserved at the Nation's Capital among the treasured memories of the glories of this glorious Nation. After the last Grand Army man is dead there will be much honor to be gained by any honorable man being able to truthfully say that he is the son or grandson of one of the departed heroes of the Grand Army.

For my part, next to my faith in Almighty God, I can think of no prouder heritage to bequeath to my descendants than an unspotted army record.

As the time is short between now and the death of all the members and the consequent death of the Grand Army, let us, individually and as an organization, so shape our course that no unworthy motive shall enter into the life of our organization. If the proposed incorporation has a sordid motive underlying it, then away with such a proposition. If any good, sensible and honorable reason can be shown why the Grand Army should be incorporated, then let the real truth be known. I see no reason for change, except that instead of the veterans having to found an institution to honor themselves, I think that a really grateful Nation should found an Order to honor the veterans.

I would like to hear from some of our comrades along this line.—John Dillon, Co. I, 23d Ind., Birmingham, Ala.

A War-Time Letter.

Editor National Tribune: The following is a copy of a letter that I wrote to my father from Vicksburg on July 4, 1863:

"Camp Big Black River, Miss., July 4, 1863.

"Dear Father and Mother: I have good news to tell you. We have captured Vicksburg, and all of the men that were in the place, about 30,000. We also got all of their arms, about 150,000 stand, and captured all of their cannon. There were 693 pieces of artillery, including 'Whistling Dick.' The men were a hard-looking set as they came out of their ditches. Our boys are all in good spirits. Johnston is within hearing of us, and Gen. Sherman gave him a round to-day. I guess we will start to hunt him in the morning, for we have our marching orders, but we do not know where we will go. If Gen. Grant starts us after him we will run him to Old Brady or catch him, for Gen. Osterhaus's Division is like a set of grayhounds. We have the best army that ever marched thru the Southern Confederacy, for it doesn't know what fear is. This Fourth of July will be long remembered by Gen. Grant's army. I went down into Vicksburg, and it is the best fortified place I ever saw. It appears that their troops rejoiced as much as we, except the Texas troops, and they are a stubborn set of men. Your son—James M. Bishop, Co. E, 3d Ill. Cav., Jonesboro, Ark.

Took the Prisoners Back.

Editor National Tribune: There was a mistake about our Colonels. Col. Barrett was our commander on the Atlanta campaign and also Col. Russell, not Alonzo Clark. Col. John Russell was with us in the battle of Franklin. I was there, and detailed with 12 men as Corporal of the Guard to take 250 prisoners to Nashville that night with a General named Gordon.—Michael Hilto, Kissimmee, Fla.

DEAFNESS CURED

"I have demonstrated that deafness can be cured."—Dr. Guy Clifford Powell.

The secret of how to use the mysterious and invisible nature forces for the cure of Deafness and Head Noises has at last been discovered by the famous Physician-Scientist, Dr. Guy Clifford Powell. Deafness and Head Noises disappear as if by magic under the use of this new and wonderful discovery. He will send all who suffer from Deafness and Head Noises full information how they may be cured, absolutely free, no matter how long they have been deaf, or what caused their deafness. This marvelous Treatment is so simple, natural and certain that you will wonder why it was not discovered before. Investigators marvel at the quick results. Any deaf person can have full information how to be cured quickly and cured to stay cured at home without investing a cent. Write to-day to Dr. Guy Clifford Powell, 8241 Bank Building, Peoria, Ill., and get full information of this new and wonderful discovery, absolutely free.

A Duel at Spanish Fort.

Editor National Tribune: In driving the Confederates back into their works at Spanish Fort, Ala., I was with the advance skirmish line, and at one place they made a determined stand. We were in an open forest, and each side had sought the protection of trees and logs. I got behind a good-sized pine tree, and in a moment a rifle ball knocked the bark from one side of the tree. I looked to see where the shot came from, and saw the smoke rise from behind a pile of cordwood. I put my cap on my ramrod and poked it out from behind the tree. Instantly another bullet whizzed by. Before he could reload I fired at the wood pile, which lay with the ends towards me. I tried the cap a number of times, and every time he shot I would reply. Finally I heard no more from him.

They fell back, and we were ordered to advance. I went to the wood pile, and discovered some blood about the place, but found no dead rebs, and went on with the rest and began the investment of Spanish Fort. One day after we had taken Mobile I was walking about the city, and saw a Confederate soldier with one arm in a sling. He told me he had got his wound at the wood pile. He said that while loading his gun he exposed his arm, and received the wound. I was glad to learn it was nothing serious, altho he had done his best to kill me.—L. P. Pugh, 21st Iowa, Strawberry Point, Iowa.

Burbridge's First Raid.

Editor National Tribune: I belonged to Co. H, 37th Ky. M't'd Inf. (Col. Chas. Hanson's regiment). We were mounted at Lexington, Ky., in August, 1864, and went to Mount Sterling, Ky., some time after the Burbridge cavalry had the fight there. Troops were got together there, and along about Sept. 1 we started for the Big Sandy.

About 6,000 mounted men (under Gen. Burbridge) drew three days' rations, and started, as I remember now and from a history I have before me, consisting of the 37th and 39th Ky., 11th Mich., 12th Ohio, parts of the 30th and 45th Ky. and afterwards some colored troops. We followed the Big Sandy over the Blue Ridge and down thru the Valley. We had a running fight for seven or eight days, and on the morning of Oct. 2, 1864, the 37th Ky. opened the fight at King's Salt Works. After fighting all day we retreated at about 10 o'clock at night, leaving our dead and wounded on the field.

Col. Hanson was severely wounded and captured in the retreat. This was known as the first Burbridge raid. His second raid, about Dec. 20, 1864, was successful, as the works were destroyed. We were 15 days in the saddle, with hardly a day without a scrap or running fight both to and from there and on three days' rations. Can say that I know what it is to be hungry.—W. B. Flora, Co. H, 37th Ky., Paxton, Ill.

An Act of Bravery.

Editor National Tribune: I was taken prisoner at the battle of Bull Run, and taken to Richmond, and with about 75 other officers confined in Libbey, then taken to Tuscaloosa, Ala., and to Salisbury, N. C., having been a prisoner 13 months before being exchanged. While in Richmond, on Nov. 10, 1861, J. P. Benjamin, rebel Secretary of War, with Gen. John H. Winder and several members of his staff, glittering in gold braid, entered the prison, and, calling us together, said he had an unpleasant duty to perform. He was ordered to choose by lot 14 officers, to be placed in jail as hostage for the 14 men of the rebel pirate Savannah, who were captured by our navy. He said if these men were hung, as was proposed, those selected on this occasion would suffer a like fate.

Among the names drawn was that of Capt. McQuade, then in hospital, having lost a leg in the battle. When his name was announced instantly Capt. Thomas Cox, of the 2d Ky., exclaimed: "Will you hang a wounded man? Take me. I'm his rank." No braver deed was ever done than that.

The 14 men selected were led away to close confinement. Our Government later concluded to regard the Savannah captives as prisoners of war, and our comrades were returned to us. I should like to hear from any of that crowd.—G. B. Kenniston, 5th Me., Boothbay Harbor, Me.

The Fight at Allatoona.

O. H. Perkins, Northwood, Iowa, says he was there all thru the fight at Allatoona, and the rebels never had any part of our works. Neither did they have any possession of the rations stored there, as Maj. Perot says. There was one rebel Lieutenant killed between the railroad track and the warehouse, where the rations were stored. The regiments present were the 4th Minn., 18th Wis. and the 7th Ill. The latter had Henry repeating rifles, which did splendid work. The 7th Ill. and the 18th Wis. were on the west side and the 4th Minn. on the east. The fight was over in less than an hour, and for the Confederates to say they had possession for seven hours is ridiculous.

"No Mean City."

The National Tribune: I write you, wishing to express my appreciation of the work you have done for the boys on that pension bill. As you see, I am a resident of St. Cloud, "a citizen of no mean city." I came here just before the flood, but I have seen so many worse storms that I thought it was nothing. It didn't scare me, and I went to building on my lots. I put up a house 26 by 56 feet, and have it wired for electric lights and all finished but the flag.—G. S. Smith, St. Cloud, Fla.

Monitor Survivors.

Frank J. Pfau, Lincoln, Ill., wants to know if there are any survivors of the crew of the Monitor yet left; and, if so, how many and where do they live? Also, did they get a medal of honor?

St. Cloud Property Owners. My books will soon close. Please make a return of your lots to me at once for 1911 assessment. J. L. Overstreet, Tax Assessor, Osceola County, Kissimmee, Fla.

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This photograph truthfully shows the terrible effects of rheumatism in my case, but to-day I enjoy perfect health and devote my life to curing others.

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Every day lost means one more day of needless pain, so write now to S. T. Delano, Dept. 97-C, Delano Bldg., Syracuse, N. Y.

The 5th Kan. Cav.

Editor National Tribune: I have asked several times for a history of this regiment. Please give it.—Henry Johnston, Leroy, Kan.

Ten companies of this regiment were organized at Leavenworth from July 12, 1861, to Jan. 27, 1862, and two companies in April and July, 1863, all for three years. Cos. A to H, inclusive (except veterans), were mustered out at different dates, according to the time of expiration of their terms, the veterans and recruits being transferred to Cos. I and K, which, with Cos. L and M, were retained in service. Cos. I and K were mustered out June 22, 1865, and L and M consolidated with the 15th Kan. Cav. Aug. 22, 1865. It was commanded by Col. Hamilton P. Johnson, killed in action at Morristown Sept. 17, 1861, succeeded by Col. John Ritchie, resigned Dec. 11, 1861, succeeded by Col. Powell Clayton, promoted Aug. 1, 1864, to Brigadier-General. It took part in many battles, and lost 47 killed and 221 from disease, etc.—Editor National Tribune.

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NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS.

Kissimmee, Fla., Feb. 22, 1911.

Notice is hereby given that the tax books of Osceola County will close on April 1. All parties owning land in this County who have not paid their taxes should write me at once, giving full description of land. Inclose stamped envelope for reply, and I will immediately mail tax bill. Please give this matter immediate attention and save unnecessary costs. C. L. BANDY, Tax Collector of Osceola County.

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WANTED SOLDIERS' HOMESTEADS Union soldiers who homesteaded some land, but less than 160 acres before June 22, 1874, are entitled to additional rights even though entry was relinquished or abandoned. If soldier is dead, widow or heirs have his rights. I pay spot cash for these claims. Address (Comrade) W. E. MOSES, 460 Jacobson Bldg., Denver, Colo.

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