

**HONOR TO BLACK JACK**

**MAGNIFICENT LOGAN STATUE UNVEILED IN CHICAGO.**

**Grand Demonstration in Honor of America's Greatest Volunteer Soldier—Ceremonies Marked by a Great Parade of Veterans.**

**Logan in Bronze.**  
Chicago correspondence:

Illinois has paid tribute to the last of the great triumvirate she gave to the nation when the nation's life was at stake. A shaft at Springfield marks the grave of Lincoln, the martyred President. A magnificent monument at Galena tells that from that city went forth Grant, the silent tanner, who became the great military chieftain. Now, in enduring bronze, the figure of Logan, the greatest of American volunteer soldiers, stands on the lake front in Chicago. With a great demonstration which, like the recent Grant commemoration in New York, was one not of sorrow and mourning, but of glory and joy, the monument to Logan was unveiled Thursday. This was the anniversary of the battle of Atlanta, fought in 1864, at which Logan reached the summit of his military fame.

The ceremony was accomplished in the presence of a multitude notable in its factors, and with a magnificence of detail quite unprecedented. On the platform at the foot of the statue was grouped a company that no event of less importance could have called together. The widow of the dead general, army officers who served with him through the war, Governors of States, members of President McKinley's cabinet and United States Senators sat in the shadow of St. Gaudens' heroic statue and took part in the exercises. In the throng that listened to Mr. Peck's oration were many of the leading citizens of the nation and in those greater multitudes along the line of march were thousands of Chicago residents together with other thousands from every quarter of the country.

The city has rarely been so profusely decorated. It was not alone from public buildings that bunting had been flung to the breeze, but business houses and private residences in every section of the city shared in the general display. President McKinley could not attend in person; his duties in Washington during the closing hours of Congress rendered such a step impracticable.

It was well on to 2 o'clock when a boyish figure arose out of a forest of serried rows on row of people. The sun was tangled in his hair and on his face, almost girlish in its youthful beauty, there rested such an expression as might be expected upon the countenance of a lad of 5



THE LOGAN MONUMENT AT CHICAGO.

years attitude before Atlanta on another July day, thirty-three years ago, when, with tears in his eyes, he saw his men mowed down by desperate Southerners like ripened wheat before the reapers, and, a hundred times eluded on his black charger the pale equestrian of the fates. Or they may have been reminded of that other day at bloody Belmont, when his horse shot beneath him, he carved his way through a seemingly impenetrable wall of bone and sinew to a decisive victory, but at a fearful cost to his own boys, not less brave than their fierce antagonists. Be these things as they may, tears stood in the eyes

per of the day; and not an incident in speech or song or action proved a discord. Thousands of heads bent low while Rev. Dr. Arthur Edwards prayed. When he had finished the band played martial music that stirred the old soldiers present to the depths of their souls. The selection was "Battle Scenes of the War," in which the pitter of musketry, the screaming of shells, the cooing of bullets and the grumbling of cannon all were imitated.

Judge Henry W. Blodgett, president of the board of monument commissioners, presented the statue to the State of Illinois in well-chosen phrases, and the unveiling followed. Gov. Tanner accepted the statue on behalf of the people of the State in a brief address, and George R. Peck delivered an oration which quite outran his already splendid reputation.

Years hence, when the clustering curls of the youngest John A. Logan shall have become whitened by the rime of many winters, he, no longer least in age of the namesakes of the cyclonic general, will gather other John A. Logans about him and tell them of that wonderful July day in Chicago when by a movement of his tiny hand he bared the greatest triumph of the greatest sculptor to the eager gaze of a patriotic multitude.

In warlike bronze the man of battle, anointed with fire and smoke, and the shadow of impending death, has been anointed with libations of praise and given to unborn generations, who are bidden to cherish and honor the name of John A. Logan. With military and civic pomp the people of the nation united to do honor to the hero of Atlanta. The son of Illinois, who seized the fallen standard and rode through the hail of bullets, rallying the broken troops and turning defeat to victory has been praised by statesmen and honored by the presence of a fourth of the nation's standing army.

**A Heroic Figure.**  
The statue, which is the tribute of the State, cost \$50,000. The contract for it was made with Augustus St. Gaudens ten years ago and he was told to take his time and make the statue his masterpiece. He selected as the scene to be depicted that moment during the battle of Atlanta, when Logan took command of the Army of the Tennessee. Readers of history know that this engagement, on the banks of Peach Tree creek, was one of the bloodiest of the war. Brave Gen. McPherson was in command when the battle opened. Within an hour he had fallen. The Union lines had been split, the flank had been turned and Hood's eager legions were rolling up the Army of the Tennessee like a scroll. Then a wild figure burst on the vision of the disheartened men in blue. "Black Jack" Logan dashed along the lines, waving a ragged battle flag snatched from the hand of a color bearer, with head uncovered, his long black hair streaming in the wind, with eagle-like features illumined by the fire of resolve, and driving spurs into his horse, he looked the very personification of victorious war. At his word the lines were reformed. Hood was beaten back. Seven thousand men fell on either side, but the victory was with the Union. That is the scene



JOHN A. LOGAN III.

depicted by the sculptor for this monument—the supreme moment when Logan headed the Army of the Tennessee and reining back his horse, gave the order which saved the battle. The statue is of heroic size and mounted on a base rising 24 feet above the level of Michigan avenue.

Maj. Perley, the well-known Canadian riderman, died of bronchitis at Bisley, Eng.

**MAD RUSH OF WATER.**

**CLOUDBURST DOES AWFUL DAMAGE IN OHIO.**

**Crab Creek, Near Youngstown, Becomes a Torrent and Rushes Upon the Residents of the City—Many May Have Perished.**

Swept by a Flood.

Thursday night a terrific cloudburst struck Youngstown, O., flooding the entire valley and causing great damage to property, both in the city and along the railway lines. Many people are supposed to be drowned. The entire country east and west for twenty miles was flooded and the damage will be enormous, the railroads being the heaviest losers. The Erie Railroad west of Warren fourteen miles, and north of Sharon for the same distance, was entirely washed out, and orders were issued to discontinue all trains.

Many residences in Youngstown were flooded out and the occupants were taken away by the police and fire departments. The Mahoning Valley electric lines were flooded out and all the bridges washed away. The Catholic church at Niles was struck by lightning at the same hour and nearly destroyed by fire, while business houses and manufacturing concerns were flooded.

Henry Myers, a tailor, while standing at his residence on Mill street, was struck by lightning and killed instantly. Every railroad leading into the city reports extensive washouts and bridges swept away and the officials say the loss will be the heaviest they have ever known.

About 10 o'clock the water came down the Crab creek valley into the city and formed into a flood, sweeping everything that was not fastened down before it. The bed of the creek was not more than twenty feet wide, and the flood spread out to a width of about 2,000 feet. It rose quickly, and in less than thirty minutes the water was up to the second story of all the dwelling houses in the flooded district and was still rising. The whole district was covered with darkness except one small place where a lonely light shone.

Firemen, police and others were on hand quickly, but were powerless to rescue anybody, as not a boat of any kind was to be had in that portion of the city. The cries of the people in the houses were heartrending to those who stood at the water's edge and were forced to retreat slowly on account of the gradually rising water.

**Many People Drowned.**  
It is almost a certainty that many people were drowned. One whole family was heard crying for help from an upstairs window, when suddenly there was a grinding noise, as if the house was being moved from its foundation, and soon the cries from that place ceased. The intense darkness made it impossible to see what was going on, but it is supposed that the house and its occupants went down in the flood.

People at the water's edge heard a man crying for help who was apparently being carried down in the flood. The voice grew fainter and it is supposed the unfortunate man perished. Pitiful cries for help were heard continually, but the crowd on the shore could do nothing in the way of giving aid.

Police and firemen went at once to another part of the city after boats. It was midnight before boats were gotten to the flooded Crab creek district, and the work of rescue could be started. The boats were manned by firemen, who went to work with a will, but could not make rapid progress on account of the swift and dangerous current. Nine families were taken out of second story windows within a half hour, and many people were picked up, clinging to debris.

**CURRENT COMMENT**  
Our advice is—stay at home and save what little you have.—Kalamazoo Telegraph.

It's quite easy to get the gold fever, but unfortunately that doesn't lessen the hard work of getting the gold.—Binghamton News.

When Constantinople was captured by the Turks its walls were not battered down with "collective" notes.—New York Press.

Don't start for the Klondike gold fields without about \$500 and a year's supplies, omitting ice cream from the menu.—Fargo Argus.

Peary can very easily reimburse those who subscribe for his polar expedition by towing a few icebergs home.—Chicago Times-Herald.

It costs money to go to the Klondike, but you can get all the advice you want about staying at home for nothing.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Turkey has anticipated the powers with an ultimatum. It now remains to be seen which ultimatum will be ultimate.—Baltimore American.

Unless a man has the capital to invest in an outfit and a large commissary he is taking more chances on death than fortune.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

If Russia had known that portions of Alaska were principally composed of gold she wouldn't have sold it to William H. Seward for \$7,000,000.—Minneapolis Tribune.

The powers are treating the sultan with great mildness. They evidently believe that moral suasion is much more efficacious than brick-bats.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Uncle Sam has never made a mistake in annexations, and he is not likely to go wrong in the next one after having thought it over for sixty years.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

In view of the enormous amount of metal some of the pans in that Klondike district are said to wash, it's very probable that lots of these stories won't wash.—Philadelphia Times.

And now the Hawaiian volcano of Kilauea is in a state of active eruption. Maybe the poor thing is trying to voice the native opinion of the annexation scheme.—St. Louis Republic.

With his abundant opportunities for associating with cosmically intellectual war correspondents the Turk is so shockingly ignorant that he does not know the war is really over.—Kansas City Times.

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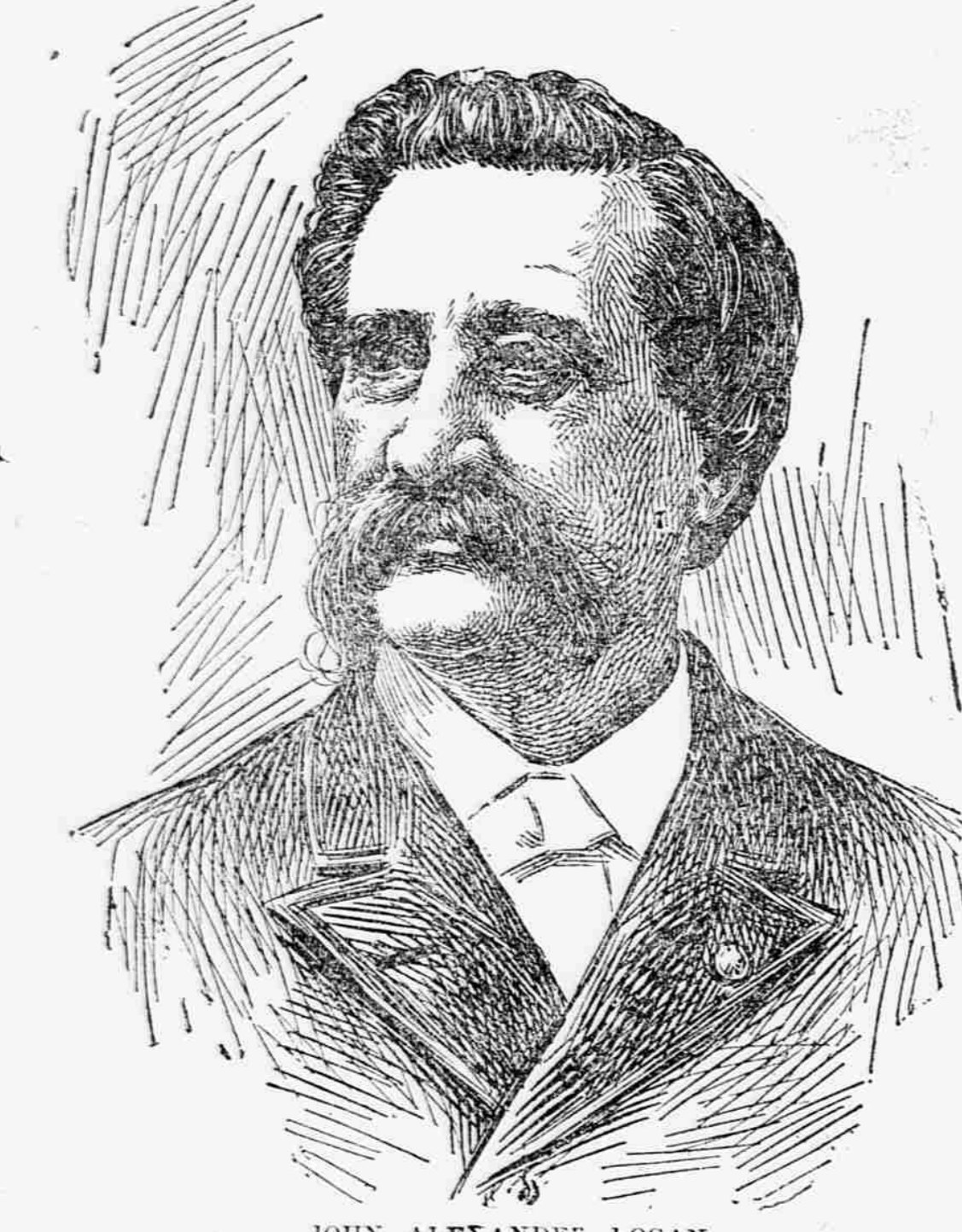
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JOHN ALEXANDER LOGAN.

years entrusted with a great responsibility. One moment he stood there outlined against the placid background of lake and sky, and then made a sudden gesture with his right arm. Up the silken cord that hid the rugged features of the warrior statesman from thousands of expectant ones there went a thrill and a quiver, a cloth fell to the base of the monument and there was no longer any reason for the immense throng to refrain from feasting its eyes on the surpassing beauties of the apotheosis in bronze of all that was martial, all that was heroic

of some whose lids had for years remained unwept, and on the faces of others a faraway expression, glorifying and illuminating them, rested.

The parade was reviewed by Mrs. Logan, Captain John A. Logan and wife, John A. Logan III, whose tiny hand loosed the drapery and unveiled the figure in bronze; by Major and Mrs. William F. Tucker, the latter a daughter of the hero of Atlanta; by members of President McKinley's cabinet, and other distinguished guests of the city. Besides these the reviewers included: Gov. Tanner of Illinois, Gov. Holcomb of Nebraska, Gov. Drake of Iowa, Gov. James A. Mount of Indiana, Gov. Atkinson of West Virginia, Gov. Scofield of Wisconsin, Secretary of War R. A. Alger and Mrs. Alger, ex-Senator D. M. Sabin of Minnesota, Archbishop John Ireland of St. Paul, Lord Broadbent of England, Gov. Barnes of Oklahoma. The two brothers of Gen. Logan—Thomas M. Logan of Murphysboro, Ill., John A. Logan's birthplace, and James V. Logan of Olney, Ill., occupied places of honor. There were besides hundreds of men and women who had known the general in life and who had come to pay their tribute of honor to his memory.

**Twenty Thousand Soldiers.**

In the column which swept away from Twelfth street and Michigan avenue at 3 o'clock were more than twenty thousand soldiers under arms, the whole commanded by Gen. John R. Brooke. The regular service, the National Guard and various uniformed semi-military organizations were generously represented. And no body of marchers has ever presented in Chicago a more inspiring sight. In dress, in arms, in bearing and in the masterful methods of control they were one of the most interesting features of the entire event.

It would be impossible to exaggerate the interest and enthusiasm which from first to last marked the proceedings. The bugle call of "assembly" with which the formal exercises were opened struck a keynote that expressed the military ten-



MRS. JOHN A. LOGAN.

in the inspiring presence of the Black Eagle.

The uncovering of the statue was the signal for a chorus of thirteen guns to growl forth approbative thunder, and, as the windows round about rattled in their casements a castanet accompaniment, smaller pieces of ordnance took up the warlike strain and grizzled veterans, burned by unsparring suns almost to the color of the bronze counterfeits of their once resistless leader, recalled his valor.