

Brigadier-General Frederick Dent Grant.

THE SON OF HIS FATHER AT THE FRONT.

No more gratifying appointment has been made by President McKinley than that of the eldest son of General Ulysses S. Grant, colonel of the Fourteenth regiment, New York State National guard, to be brigadier-general. He was chosen colonel unanimously by the officers of the Fourteenth regiment of Brooklyn and was mustered into the United States army with his regiment at Camp Black, Hempstead, Long Island. He took his regiment to Chickamauga Park, and was there placed in command of a brigade, composed of three regiments, and was acting as brigadier-general when he received his commission from the war department.

Frederick Dent Grant is the eldest son of ex-President Ulysses S. Grant. He was born in St. Louis, Mo., on the 30th of May, 1850. As a boy he was with his father at various times and places when it was convenient for the general to have his family with him—at Fort Henry, Corinth, Vicksburg, Nashville and City Point, in front of Petersburg. He accompanied his father to Washington and was with him when he received his commission as lieutenant-general from President Lincoln. After the war he entered West Point as a cadet, and graduated in 1871. On leaving the Military Academy he obtained a leave of absence and accepted a position as an engineer for the Union Pacific railroad, and assisted in the various surveys across the continent. In 1872 he made a trip to Europe with General Sherman. On his return, in 1873, he joined his regiment in Texas, and assisted in making the preliminary surveys for the Texas Pacific railway.

with him to remain abroad as our representative at the imperial court of Austria. He insisted, however, upon resigning, and returned to America in 1893, since which time he has made his home in New York, and under the reform administration of Mayor Strong was one of the police commissioners of the city.

Our picture represents Colonel Grant seated in front of his tent at Camp Black. Both in face and figure he bears a striking resemblance to his illustrious father. He is a soldier by birth and education, and he has already demonstrated, in the care and disposition of his men, in camp and on the march, the advantages of the knowledge and training which our great military academy confers upon men whose duty it is to command. Already he has won the confidence of his regiment. The Fourteenth reached Chickamauga at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and immediately bivouacked on the western slope of Lytle Hill, headquarters of Major-General Brooke. Colonel Grant bivouacked with his regiment. A few used kaspack tents to shelter themselves, but he rolled up in his blanket, lay down beneath the stars. He took his breakfast in the morning on the trunk of a fallen tree, his meal consisting of the fried bacon, "hardback" and black coffee supplied to his men. It is his willingness to share the hardships of war which distinguished our great leaders, both in the revolution and the later war of secession, that has established the relations of confidence and sympathy of rank and file which have made our armies invincible.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL F. D. GRANT AT THE FRONT

Subsequently he was assigned to the staff of General Sheridan as aide-de-camp, and was with him in the campaigns on the frontier against the Indians. Colonel Grant married in October, 1874, Miss Ida Honore, daughter of Mr. H. H. Honore, of Chicago, by whom he has two children—Miss Julia Grant, born June 7, 1876, in the white house, and Ulysses S. Grant, born July 4, 1881, in Chicago. Colonel Grant resigned his commission in the army in 1881, and engaged in business in New York. He assisted his father in the preparation of his memoirs—that great work of the lamented general, written during a period of great trouble and distress of mind and body, the last contribution which he made to the history of his country. Colonel Grant had filled these various positions, both in military and civil life, in a highly creditable manner, and had won public esteem and confidence, which, with the fact of his distinguished lineage, recommended him to one of the great political parties of New York, and in 1887 he was nominated for the office of secretary of state. Owing to the political complications of that year, Colonel Grant failed of an election. However, in 1888, the following year, he was appointed by President Harrison minister of the United States to Austria, where his success in securing the admission of American products and in protecting American citizens from military duty won for him the highest commendation, and on Mr. Cleveland's election, Colonel Grant was informed that, unless he insisted, his resignation would not be accepted, and that it was optional

The Marriageable Age.
The "marriageable age" varies greatly. In Austria a "man" and "woman" of fourteen are supposed to be capable of conducting a home of their own. In Germany the man must be at least eighteen years of age. In France and Belgium the man must be eighteen and the woman fifteen. In Spain the intended husband must have passed his fourteenth year and the woman her twelfth. The law in Hungary for Roman Catholics is that the man must be fourteen years old and the woman twelve; for Protestants the man must be eighteen and the woman fifteen. In Greece the man must have been at least fourteen summers and the woman twelve. In Russia and Saxony they are more sensible, and a youth must refrain from matrimony till he can count eighteen years, and the woman till she can count sixteen. In Switzerland men from the age of fourteen and women from the age of twelve are allowed to marry. The Turkish law provides that any youth and maid who can walk properly and can understand the necessary religious service are allowed to be united for life.

For Value Received.
Mamma (to little daughters): "Never forget to thank God for everything, my child." Child—"If I didn't like it, too!" Mamma—"Yes, always; everything is for the best." Child (crying in an hour later): "Mamma, thank God, I've broke the new pitcher."

Cost of a Washday's Ropes.
The ropes on a five-class man-of-war cost about \$15,000.

SAYINGS OF THE DARKIES.

Secret Nature of the Flies—A Substitute for Marriage—A Negro's Illustration
From New York Sun: The southern darkies are a constant source of amusement, when they are not the cause of unmitigated wrath, to the northern people who go down there among them. The other day a young northern woman, living in Washington and possessed of a deep and abiding antipathy for flies, complained to Lucinda, the colored servant, that there were a good many of the pests in the house. "I don't see, Lucinda," she remarked severely, "how all these flies could get in if you kept the screen doors closed." "Well, I dunno, etheh, Miss," cheerfully remarked Lucinda. "But you know they is of a secret nachub, Miss." Down in Mississippi, in one of the lumber towns, which is owned by northerners, the house servants and some of the laborers are darkies. They are not very strict in their notions of law and order, and they have their own and very lax ideas along the line of matrimony. Wives and husbands are swapped off with such freedom and frequency that it is rather hard to keep track of the exact contemporaneous combination among the negroes at a given time. The colored people have solved the delicate point of expressing exact relationship by avoiding the subject of matrimony altogether. "Lize she's cookin' fur Duke Johnson now." That's the way they put it. The woman doesn't "marry" anybody. She "cooks fur" him. One of these darkies was telling about a woman on a steamboat. The levee had caved so that the boat had to land further up than usual. It was at night and the searchlight, turned on the bank, did not reveal anything familiar to the woman. She hung back, therefore, and the darky who had been detailed to put her ashore didn't know what to do. "She stood thah like a horse lookin' at a strange gate," he said. It was this same negro who was one day listening to one of his acquaintances dilate on experiences with the Lord. From the darky's accounts these experiences seemed to have been extremely intimate, and without a word of comment the negro spoke up and said: "Wen you all seen de Lord, wah He?" That is to say: When you saw the Lord, where was

BEEHIVE CURIOSITY.

BIGGEST ONE IN THE WORLD OUT IN CALIFORNIA.

Many Birds Stung to Death—The Buzz of the Insects Can Be Heard an Eighth of a Mile Away—Tale of the Indians—Natural Cavern in a Cliff.

Did you ever see a bee tree with a swarm of bees around it? Well, magnify this about 10,000 times and you will have a slight idea of a natural beehive in Mendocino county, California, says the San Francisco Call. It is a rift in the face of a cliff, and tradition has it that there is a large cave on the inside, where the myriads of busy insects make their homes. This great natural curiosity is known to residents of the adjacent country as "bee rock," and they have grown to look upon it as commonplace, when in reality it is the only beehive of the kind in existence. There is no danger of a person getting very near to this natural beehive without knowing it, for at all hours of the day a swarm of insects hovers about several hundred feet in all directions. An incessant, maddening buzz fills the air that can be heard an eighth of a mile, and serves as a warning not to venture too near. But men do venture near after having first put on a suit of leather clothing, fastened a mask of wire screen around their hands, and lighted a good big torch. These precautions are absolutely necessary. It takes nerve to approach close to the opening in the rock and the experience is a never-to-be-forgotten one. Bees to the number of millions of millions will light on the intruder, humming fendishly and endeavoring to sting him to death. They form a perfect cloud and the air is filled with a fetid smell and a fine dust that gets through the wire screen and causes an irritation to the eyes. The tiny insects really show signs of viciousness and fly into the flames of the torch in countless numbers, as though they intended to extinguish it. Round and round they fly with a deafening buzz, and strong indeed is the man who can stand the onslaught of the tiny foes for more than a few minutes. It is almost impossible to make out just where the entrance to this natural beehive is. There is a sort of cavern in the cliff that seems to have a crack through the inner wall from top to bottom, but most of the bees hover around a hole about eighteen inches wide, and appear to make that the point of ingress and egress. Many days it is impossible even to see the cliff, so thickly covered is it with insects and they roll in and out of the opening like a stream of molasses. During the summer dead birds can always be seen on the ground around the mouth of the hive. They have been stung to death while attempting to fly through the swarms of insects. Four-footed creatures never venture within half a mile, seeming to know that death lurks there. In front of the mouth of the hive there is a pile of dried honey that has flowed from the interior. It looks like a heap of molten lava that has been hardened after being discharged from a volcano. A party of men living in this vicinity claim to have entered the beehive several years ago. They selected a cold day in winter, when the bees were half dormant, and poured coal oil and benzine around and into the opening. Then they made a big fire of wood, so that the whole cavern was filled with flames. Then they poked red-hot embers down into the opening and so killed every bee in it. But there was not much to see after the men got inside—only a large cave, with the walls covered with wax and dried honey, and enough of the sweetness in pools in the bottom to last a big city for several years. Of course, the honey was unfit for use on account of being full of dead bees and ashes from the fire. The men, however, did not linger in the cave any great length of time, as it was foul-smelling and stifling. Although countless millions of bees must have been destroyed on this occasion, the next summer they were as numerous as ever and just as vicious. Indians of the neighborhood say that in the "good old days" the bad men of their tribe were bound hand and foot and carried to within a short distance of the beehive by men wrapped in blankets. There the helpless creatures were left to suffer the agony of being stung to death.

An Internal Warfare.
A little girl was found rolling on the floor in the agonies of colic. Between her sobs she explained the reason for her trouble as follows: "I ate some pickles and drank some milk, and the pickles told the milk to get out, and the milk said it wouldn't, and they're having an awful fight. Oh, my! Oh, my!"

Good Excuse.
"Pa," said the youngest of seven, "why don't you go to the war?" "I have all I can do to keep the reconcentration in this house from starving," replied the parent, sadly.—Philadelphia North American.

The Other Horn of the Dilemma.
Old Gentleman—"Mr. my! I don't like to see little boys cry. Boys who get hurt should eat like men." Boy—"Boo, hoo! Then I'd only get ill-logged 'er sweated!"

There are all good arrangements in a frog store as ever came out of a cro-

THE SOLDIER AND HIS FOOD.

Feeding an army is much more of an undertaking than most people are able to appreciate. Only the expert who has been for years familiar with catering for large numbers of persons can properly engineer the three meals a day that are necessary to keep Uncle Sam's men in good fighting condition.

At certain stages in their career the men have their food prepared by experienced cooks, but once fairly embarked in soldiering in the field, they must cook their own rations—a task that very many of them are not unwilling to shirk whenever they can find anybody who will assume the responsibility of what is to them a great undertaking.

A list has been prepared by an expert showing how best to use the ten days' rations that are served out for the men. The following is the issue as given in this list: "The quartermaster-sergeant draws 656 pounds of beef, 174 pounds of bacon, 850 pounds of bread, 750 pounds of potatoes, 75 pounds of coffee, 102 pounds of sugar and 102 pounds of beans." This is the allowance for seventy-five men for ten days, and is either parceled out to each man or messes or club of men according to their own fancy.

The great trouble with camp diet is that it very soon grows monotonous, and the men are likely to lose their relish for it. The one compensation is that hunger makes a good space, and when the men come in from their duties tired and warm, hot coffee, bread and beef, and a little dainty as a finish, is generally very acceptable.

Cooking a meal over a fire of logs or sticks on which the kettle is insecurely balanced is not a very easy task. During the civil war one ingenious soldier invented a little appliance that was no end of comfort to him and the admiration of his entire acquaintance. He secured a large-sized gridiron and attached it by wires to four strong stakes, so stretching the wires that there was neither swing or give to the apparatus. Upon this the camp-kettle, tea-kettle, coffee-pot, and whatever other dishes necessary, were placed. He fed the fire entirely from one side, pushing the coals along as the fuel was added. In this way it was the work of a short time to prepare a bed of glowing coals, over which he could broil, toast, or place his frying pan to the very best advantage.

Inexperienced cooks rarely realize the gain there is in boiling meat rather than frying or broiling it. It can be placed over the fire hours before it is required, and, by simmering, it slowly acquires a delicacy and richness not to be found in meats that are done by the ordinary crude camp methods. Exception to this, however, is found in the swinging broiler that may be rigged with very little trouble. A common roasting rack has the steak placed between the edges, securely closed, and from the four corners a bit of wire drawn to the middle and twisted. To this is tied a long string, which is, in turn, fastened to a pole twelve or fifteen feet long, so set that the broiler hangs directly over the fire. A common cord will twist and untwist with very little momentum and keeps the meat moving, thereby securing much more even cooking than is possible in any other way.

During the warm weather berries and fruit of many kinds are easily obtained. These are eaten fresh or made into delicious puddings, which are easy enough if one has even a very slight knowledge of cooking. A batter made of flour and water, with a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder to each quart of flour, a little salt and a pint of berries, may be poured into a buttered pan, covered and buried in the ashes. This will rise, almost filling the pan, and will come out as toothsome and appetizing as one could desire. All in all, soldiering may not be much worse than the fishing or hunting camp, and those who greatly enjoy out-of-door life rarely suffer any abatement of health or spirits.

How Johnny Sized It Up.
"Now," said the teacher, who was defining the meaning of suicide, "if I should take a large dose of arsenic to-night, what would you call me?" "A chump," cried Johnny, with that eagerness to impart knowledge characteristic of the abnormally bright mind.

Most Justifiable Swearing.
Sunday School Teacher—"Tommy, I was shocked to hear you swearing as dreadfully at that strange boy as he came in." Tommy—"I couldn't help it, ma'am. He was making fun at our kind of religion. I couldn't stand it."

Suffering Vicariously.
Father to Son—"Why don't you sit down, Tommy?" Tommy—"This morning I asked you how many made a million, an' you said 'darned few.' I told teacher that in arithmetic class, an' that's why I can't sit down."

Reasoning by Analogy.
Austin had told four-year-old Merle about Elijah going up to heaven in a chariot of fire. Seeing a house leaving the cemetery, he said: "Well, I guess there goes Elijah for another load."

Don't use a gallon of words in expressing a teaspoonful of thought.

"I'm So Tired!"

As tired in the morning as when I go to bed! Why is it? Simply because your blood is in such a poor, thin, sluggish condition it does not keep up your strength and you do not get the benefit of your sleep. To feel strong and keep strong just try the tonic and purifying effects of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Our word for it, 't will do you good.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine.
Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. 25 cents.

The caterers are designing new molds for ices and cakes made expressly for Fourth of July parties. One New York confectioner is wrestling with a patriotic supper menu for which he has received a commission. One of his molds is in the form of a flag. The stripes are to be of red and white cream and the blue ground for the stars of candied violets placed on the flag after it has been taken from the mold. Another is a bust of Dewey, a third a torpedo boat and the fourth in the form of a huge firecracker.

Beauty is Blood Deep.
Clean blood means clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarella's Candy Cathartic cleans your blood and keeps it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin today to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blemishes, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarella's Beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed. 10c, 25c, 50c.

"You want a trip to the seaside? Nonsense, Jones! Put a little salt in your morning tub, eat fish at every meal, walk up and down and back so as to tire yourself out, sleep on the floor, and let the house be dirty, and you'll fancy you're at Margate."—Pick Me Up.

Try Allen's Foot-Ease.
A powder to be shaken into the shoes. At this season your feet feel swollen, nervous and hot, and get tired easily. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It cools the feet and makes walking easy. Cures swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Trial package free. Address Allen S. Olmsted, La Roy, N. Y.

Oil cans are being made of circular shape to be mounted on a central pivot and attached to the wall of a building a flange on the can turning a friction wheel on a vertical shaft with a chimney cleaner at the top.

To those visiting Denver we cannot say too much in praise of the American House. The table is one of the best in the country, and the service is unsurpassed any place. The artesian water used throughout the house is known everywhere for its purity. These facts and rate, \$2 per day, make it the most desirable house in Denver.

One of the Younger Brothers, the once famous desperadoes, is now a member of Roosevelt's Rough Riders.

COSMO BUTTERMILK TOILET SOAP makes the skin soft, white and healthy. Sold everywhere.

Nothing makes a woman so mad as to have something to say and no one to listen.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup For children teething softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25 cents a bottle.

A woman seldom cares anything about the answers to questions she asks.

The music of an accordion is sweet-ness long drawn out.



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is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

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