

THE BATTLE NOW ON.

THE SKIRMISH LINE HAS BEEN PASSED.

People Must Advance in Solid Rank Against Organized Monopoly and Hypocrisy—Upward Trend of Money and Downward Trend of Prices.

Time for Action.

The skirmish line is passed. The battle is on in every section of our country. Organized hypocrisy, falsehood by rail and by telegraph, great blanket sheets, smoking and steaming with falsehood and misrepresentation, millions of tons of trash in every form flood the country to enable New York and London to continue to rob and plunder the people of the United States. In any other country and in any other age resistance to the cunning of Shylock, and the power of money to corrupt and enslave the people, would be impossible.

It is not so with the American people. There is time enough before the decisive battle for justice, liberty and equality against the machinations of the most unscrupulous, grasping, hypocritical and avaricious foe that ever cursed mankind is finally settled in the campaign of 1900, to educate the people and secure a victory over the enemies of the human race. Wake up, arouse your neighbor, point out the danger, induce him to procure, read and teach the truth. Nine-tenths of all the people of the United States, yes, nineteen-twentieths, have a common interest to overthrow the powers of darkness that are impoverishing the great republic. Not more than one per cent of the people are really interested in and receiving benefits from falling prices, wrecking fortunes, stagnation of business, bankruptcy and ruin.

Shall one per cent who are interested in devouring the substance of the people of the United States, subverting our institutions and converting the great republic into a despotism, control a majority of the American people and make them slaves? The one per cent and all the power of money and corruption would be as harmless as a gentle breeze if the American people would wake up. It is only when they sleep that they can be enslaved. If they will remember that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," and each man join without delay the great army of reform and enlist his neighbors to unite with the millions who are striking for liberty, the cold hearted, wicked Shylocks who are sucking the blood of the nation will shrink before the omnipotent power of an outraged people like cowardly curs. And every true American will not only rejoice, but will be surprised at the shallow boast and blustering sham of the conspirators who rob and plunder the great nation only while its people sleep.—Silver Knight-Watchman.

New Director of the Mint.

The Washington Star, in announcing the fact that Mr. Roberts was sworn in as Director of the Mint on the 14th of February, comments at considerable length upon his great achievements as a political writer in the last campaign, and winds up thus:

"Mr. Roberts has very keen perceptions in the matter of currency, and his intimacy with national finance, gained during a long and careful course of study, will enable him to grasp the duties of his office without trouble."

The duties of the office of the Director of the Mint are simple and specific. He is to direct the operation of coining money. He is not a national professor of political economy. The brazen effrontery of several of the predecessors of Mr. Roberts in the office of the Director of the Mint is a disgrace to the Treasury Department. The idea that a subordinate in the Treasury Department should set himself up to teach finance to Congress and the country at large and assume an air of wisdom and importance which would be just as becoming in the colored porter that acts as usher for the Secretary of the Treasury as for the man who is entrusted with overseeing the mechanical employment of melting and refining bullion and coining it into money. We hope that Mr. Roberts will have the decency to attend to his own business and not assume to be the grand mogul of the finances of the world.—Silver Knight-Watchman.

Cost Hanna \$600,000.

The Cleveland (Ohio) Recorder is authority for the statement that Hanna gave the State committee \$200,000; gave the papers \$300,000; and that his personal expenses were \$100,000—a total of \$600,000 to get an office worth (?) only \$8,000 a year! No Roman Senator ever poured so much corruption into the life of his nation as that. The laboring men elected Hanna. They like to elevate such men. They alone make it possible in this country for such men to hold office and pollute the nation. But for the political ignorance of workmen there would be no Hannas. The character of any people finds a reflex in its government. A politically ignorant people always have a corrupt and vicious government.

Goldite Rate.

Wall and Lombard streets have had exclusive sway in controlling the finances of the United States since the war. At the close of the war the United States was practically free from foreign debt. We have been blessed with good crops, and have been free from any great calamity resulting from natural causes. To carry on peace under the rule of Wall and Lombard streets for twenty-one years has involved us in a foreign debt estimated to be not less than six thousand millions of dollars, an amount one and a half times greater than the cost of the war and one and a half times greater than all the gold coin in the world. The gold administration and the advocates of the gold standard in Congress now in-

form us that we are too poor to build coast defenses or provide a navy for common defense, and that we must depend upon English guns planted all around us and pointing at us for moral support and the maintenance of the Monroe doctrine. No wonder the gold-lites are very anxious for a treaty of arbitration to prevent us from asserting American rights and making England mad so that she will hurt us at all events, refuse to longer protect us.

An Object Lesson.

On the Fourth of July, 1873, two neighbor farmers—John Doe and Richard Roe—disputed about the probable trend of prices in the future, and they agreed upon a test as follows: That on the first day of January, 1874, they would each measure out from his bin a hundred bushels of wheat. Mr. Doe would sell his at the average price of wheat for the year 1873, put the money away and let it be untouched until the last day of December, 1895. Mr. Roe would keep his wheat one year and exchange it for a like quantity and quality of new wheat, and repeat the operation every year, so as to have a hundred bushels of good wheat on hand all the time until December 31, 1895. The object was to ascertain how much would be lost or gained on the value of one hundred dollars and on one hundred bushels of wheat in the next twenty-one years—the time it takes to grow a man.

When the trial began, Jan. 1, 1874, Mr. Doe sold his wheat, as agreed, at the average price for the year 1873, which was 115.1 cents a bushel, receiving for the lot \$115.10. Mr. Roe started out with his one hundred bushels, exchanging it from year to year, as agreed.

On the last day of the year 1895 Mr. Roe had his \$115.10, and Mr. Doe had his one hundred bushels of wheat. On comparing the values of the two articles at the beginning and the ending of the period of twenty-one years the following was made:

1874, January 1—
100 bushels wheat, worth, \$115.10
100 dollars, worth, \$6.95 bus. wheat.

1895, December 31—
100 bushels wheat, worth, \$50.90
100 dollars, worth, 196.46 bus. wheat.

Doe's money had gained in value in twenty-one years as much as would buy 100 1/2 bushels of wheat more than it paid for when the test was begun.

Roe's wheat lost in value more than one-half, for while it was worth \$115.10 in the beginning, it was worth only \$50.90 at the end of the test.

Now let us suppose that Mr. Doe, instead of letting his money lie idle, had put it out and kept it out as the money lenders do, at—say 8 per cent, a year compounded annually. At the end of the twenty-one-year period his one hundred dollars would have been swollen to \$505.28, which would have paid for 588.76 bushels of wheat. If the interest rate had been 10 per cent, a year, the amount in the twenty-one years would have been \$749, and that would have paid for 1,454 bushels of wheat.—Ex-Senator Peffer.

Who Gets the Profit?

With thirty tons of silver a week going to England, and half of it coming back coined into exact imitation of American dollars, hasn't Rothschild got the silver question just where he wants it? Fifteen tons of coined silver will buy more than thirty tons of bullion. Who gets the profit?—Chicago Express.

Reform Notes.

Labor alone can produce prosperity. It can come through no other source—labor applied to natural resources.

One of the most gratifying results of the Dingley tariff is—large deficiencies. How the gold Republican press can get comfort out of such a policy is beyond comprehension.

Thousands of acres of cotton remains unplecked in Oklahoma, and in every Southern State, because the price is so ridiculously low that it isn't worth bothering with.

How can "honest" John Sherman be contented with being Secretary of State in name only? Has he lost his ambition to be the most cunning statesman of the nineteenth century?

Were it not for the crop failure abroad wheat would to-day be in the same position as cotton—it would pay no debts at all and would hardly be worth enough to get itself to market.

Have the people figured out from the least treasury statement how much money per capita is in circulation? With a circulation of about \$7 how can any business enterprise be carried on successfully?

Free coinage of silver means exactly what free coinage of gold means—namely, that all the silver brought to the mint shall be coined into money for the benefit of the depositors on the payment of the actual cost of mintage.

It would be a losing game for the farmers to abandon politics, acquiesce in the single gold standard and wait for the diminishing supply of farming land to starve out the plutocrats and make the farmers rich. The farmer is in politics to stay.

The persistency with which all the organs of both old parties insist that silver must be the sole issue of the next campaign is at least enough to make a fellow stop and think, and if he has a spoonful of brains there is liable to be a grave suspicion that there's a trick in it.

Under the value-squeezing single gold standard, monopoly ownership of railroads and plutocratic control of taxation there is no chance of improvement in the farmers' condition. Prices will continue to fall, while fixed charges, such as interest, taxes and rent, will remain the same, or increase; and, no matter how low the price may fall, the railroads will exact the same amount in money for carrying the crops to market.

THE FIELD OF BATTLE

INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

The Veterans of the Rebellion Tell of Whistling Bullets, Bright Bayonets, Hurting Bombs, Bloody Battles, Camp Fire, Festive Dags, Etc., Etc.

Sheridan at Fisher's Hill.

AFTER nearly two years' service in Louisiana the Nineteenth Corps came North in the summer of 1864, arriving in time for the First Division, under Emory, to assist in repelling the attack of Early on the capital, Gen. Sheridan had been called from the West to take command of the troops operating in the Shenandoah Valley, and in August the Nineteenth Corps joined his army. In the corps was the One Hundred and Thirty-first New York Regiment, which had some interesting experiences at Winchester and at Fisher's Hill.

On the evening of the 18th of September the One Hundred and Thirty-first was stripped for the fight, all baggage being ordered to the rear at Harper's Ferry, and long before morning it moved out across the fields toward Opequan creek. Early in the morning of the 19th we got into position, filing through a heavy belt of timber, and formed a line of battle in the edge of the woods. The Second Brigade (Molteux's), Second Division (Grover's), advanced to the charge in splendid style, but pushing forward with too much zeal was met with a terrible fire of musketry from the "Stonewall Brigade" of Gordon's division, which was in our immediate front. Our men broke and fell back in considerable disorder to the shelter of the woods from which we had advanced. It was at this critical moment, when by the repulse of so large a portion of the Nineteenth Corps, the right center of the line of battle was weakened, and perhaps the fate of the day imperiled, that Nicholas W. Day, Colonel of the One Hundred and Thirty-first New York in the New York City regiment, seizing the colors, rushed forward a hundred yards in front of the whole line and rallied the regiment out nearly to the line from which they had just retreated.

This example was followed, finally by other regiments. Dan Macaulay, the young Colonel of the Eleventh Indiana Zouaves, Gen. Lew Wallace's old regiment, led his men on horseback shouting, "New York and Indiana forever, boys." The Twenty-second Iowa, One Hundred and Fifty-ninth New York and the Third Massachusetts Cavalry (acting as infantry) followed in rapid succession, and the break in the line of battle was quickly filled up. After expending all our ammunition we were relieved by other regiments and retired from the field. While resting in the woods, our brigade commander, Gen. Molteux, rode along the little wood path in our front, accompanied by Gen. William H. Emory, the corps commander, who after warmly thanking Col. Day for his gallant conduct raised his hat to the little band before him, and said:

"Men, you have saved the day; I wish every man present to consider himself my personal friend."

"Twas no idle compliment from the grim old veteran of two wars. 'Praise from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed."

Late in the afternoon we were attached to a brigade formed of picked regiments and marched by left oblique across the big field to support a battery which was furiously firing into the woods, where the line of battle had now receded. After reaching our destination we lay down watching the long lines of Torbert's cavalry on our right. Very soon the notes of the cavalry charge were heard, Custer's long saber flashed high in the air, and we witnessed the famous cavalry charge at Winchester.

The Fisher's Hill fight was more like a foot race than a battle. It was nearly nightfall when our men on the skirmish lines rose up and shouted, "Here comes Sheridan." It was indeed the little hero, mounted on his big black horse "Rienzi." Coming from the right, where he had inaugurated a flank movement, and not waiting for staff officers to carry his orders, thus wasting precious time, he dashed down in front of the whole line, taking big rocks and bushes and gullies in flying leaps. When he heard the ringing cheer of the men for "Sheridan" he suddenly pulled up, tore off his hat, and shouted:

"Don't you cheer me, damn you. We've got 'em, damn 'em. We've got their guns! We've got their works! Get up and go for 'em."

This was not a very formal order from a major general, but it had the merit of being effective, for instantly a race was begun to see who should get to the enemy's works first; but when we got there Mr. Johnny had departed. The pursuit was kept up all night through woods and fields, through villages and over garden fences.—New York Sun.

Thomas Hughes' Surprise.

There are a number of articles relating to Grant in the Century, one of them being "A Blue and Gray Friendship" by John R. Procter, describing the relations between Grant and Buckner. Mr. Procter says: About fifteen years ago I visited Lookout Mountain with a party of gentlemen, and stood with them on the pinnacle overlooking the beautiful valley of East Tennessee, and range after range of mountains visible from our point of vantage, from the Great Smokies of North Carolina to the Cum-

berland of Kentucky. The battle field of Missionary Ridge formed the immediate foreground of this vast panorama. In our party were men who had served with distinction as officers in the opposing armies in that battle, and naturally the incidents of the conflict formed an interesting subject of conversation between them, with much good-humored badinage and friendly interchange of views. Mr. Thomas Hughes, the author of "Tom Brown," who had listened with an expression of surprised interest to the conversation between these friendly foes, turning to me, said: "Why, this is extraordinary—most extraordinary!" "What?" I asked. "Why, that these men, standing in full view of the field where, only a few years ago, they were trying to slay each other, should be discussing the incidents of that battle calmly, kindly—I might almost say in a brotherly spirit—with no trace of bitterness or ill-feeling. Now, I doubt if we in England could discuss the wars of the roses, or the Cromwellian wars, with such an entire freedom from antagonism."

Could Mr. Hughes have witnessed a few years later, the funeral cortege of the great general who had hurled the successful columns against the Southern lines along the crest of Missionary Ridge, and who had brought final defeat to the Southern arms in Virginia, his astonishment would have been greater, and his pride in the "kin beyond sea" would have increased, on seeing that there were no more sincere mourners than the Southern generals who came from faraway no ones to pay a last tribute of friendship to the memory of Grant.

Saved Twenty-two Men.

After rescuing twenty-two wounded Union soldiers at Glasgow, Mo., in September, 1861, Mrs. Delina Roberts, of St. Louis, is to be presented with a medal of honor by Congress. Mrs. Roberts belonged to a family which distinguished itself by patriotism during the war. Her four brothers fought for the Union, and three of them died from injuries received on the battlefield. Her father gave nearly all he owned to the St. Louis army hospitals for the relief of wounded soldiers. In these institutions, as well as in the prisons, to all of which she had passed, Mrs. Roberts continued her labor of self-sacrifice until the end of the war. She denied herself society and home, and left incomplete the collegiate education which had been discontinued when the war broke out.

The action for which the St. Louis heroine is thus to be remembered occurred when she was only 17. In September, 1861, she boarded the steamer Des Moines at St. Louis, en route to Fort Donelson, to bring back her brother, Charles Reader, who had been wounded in the battle of Shiloh. Five minutes before the boat pulled out a courier rode furiously down the levee and announced that the destination of the Des Moines had been changed. It was to go up the Mississippi River, with several other boats, and take a regiment of soldiers to reinforce Col. Mulligan, at Glasgow, Mo. The boats reached Glasgow at 10:30 p. m. Most of the soldiers disembarked, leaving only one company on board each boat for guard. While in the act of landing, and before they could be drawn up in position, the troops were attacked by the Confederates. The onset was irresistible, scattering death right and left. The Union soldiers were driven back to the banks of the river. Many had been killed and many more were wounded. The attack had struck terror to the hearts of the women on board the boats, and a number of them swooned away. Miss Reader was not of the number. Putting her right arm around a wounded soldier, she supported him and led him up the plank into the cabin of the boat. Although bullets were flying thick and fast and those on board remonstrated with her, she made twenty-two such trips to the river's shore, each time bringing back a wounded man. After the boat had cut loose from her moorings there were forty-five wounded men gathered on the guard of the ladies' cabin. Miss Reader assisted the surgeon and induced the terror-stricken women to tear up everything they could find to make bandages for the wounds of the sufferers. All that night she stayed up and attended to their wants. On that memorable voyage the supplies of the officers ran short and rations were cut down. The young rescuer and nurse had scarcely enough on which to subsist, yet she divided her single meal with others. On the morning after the battle Col. Wheatley presented the brave girl with a fine white horse, and the soldiers gave three cheers for the heroine of the battle.

Soldiers in the Civil War.

The call of the Union Government for troops with which to suppress the rebellion received the most enthusiastic answer that ever came from a nation, exceeding even the famous levy en masse of the French by Carnot. The Government called, from time to time, for 2,763,670 men; the total number furnished by the States under these calls was 2,850,132. The largest call was made upon New York, 507,184; New York responded with 467,047 men; the demand on Pennsylvania was 385,225 and that State furnished 396,107; Ohio was asked for 300,022, and furnished 300,659; Illinois followed the patriotic example of Ohio; the call was made for 244,490, and 259,147 were sent. According to the official figures the number of soldiers killed in the civil war was 67,068; 43,012 died of wounds; 190,720 of disease, or from other causes, such as accidents. In the Confederate prisons there died 40,154; total deaths, 340,944; total deserted, 190,108.

No one can be provident of his time who is not prudent in the choice of his company.



OUR HUSBANDS.

Who weeps because we are so dear And then forgets, when it is here, The anniversary every year?
The husband.

Who, when he's donning evening clothes, Would with an angel come to blows, And lets the whole house hear his woes?
The husband.

Who sometimes makes us quail and quake With tales about the bread and cake His mother used to make and bake?
The husband.

Who calls the landlady with a frown And then slips out and goes up town While wifer talks that landlady down?
The husband.

But, when the skies are dark and gray And rain seems not far away, Who takes the helm and saves the day?
The husband.

—August Raymond Kidder.

Indian Girl a Good Nurse. One of the most successful professional nurses in Philadelphia is Miss Kate Grindrod, a full-blooded Wyandotte Indian, who was educated at the Government school at Carlisle. Her services are eagerly sought by many of the leading families in the city. She is a hard-working, experienced nurse. She enjoys the distinction of being the only girl to be graduated from both the



MISS KATE GRINDROD.

Carlisle Indian school and the hospital during the epidemic at Carlisle in 1890 and 1891 she volunteered her services as a nurse and so successful was she that, acting upon the advice of the physicians, she entered the Woman's hospital at Philadelphia. Being a high-spirited girl, the thought of possibility of non-success spurred her on.

Managing Help. The best rule for managing help, in the opinion of a writer in the Philadelphia Ledger, is a two-fold one, simple in idea, complex enough, but still possible in practice. Teach your maids self-respect and keep your own. On your own side an even temper, a pleasant but firm oversight of necessary matters, a systematic plan of house-keeping—all these keep up the mistress' self-respect in dealing with her household staff. As soon as you feel that you have been careless, or that you have lost your temper in a trying moment, you realize that a false position exists, that endangers your self-respecting relation with your maid, just as she feels when her room is wretched, her tools out of order, her hours of work irregular and her training neglected, that her standard is confused and degraded. The ideal mistress is always self-respecting, and, having provided the essentials of self-respecting service, may reasonably expect the ideal maid to live up to the opportunity.

Evening Toilet Skirts. The newest skirts on evening toilets are very light and supple, being merely silk-lined and not at all stiffened with interlining. The majority of the models lately made in this city or received from abroad, are mounted on an underskirt of silk or satin, each skirt made separately, but joined to one waistband. The underskirt is made slightly narrower than the dress skirt proper. The dart seams on some of the new princess dresses extend to the very edge of the skirt hem, and these are often hidden their entire length by a line of gimp, a design in braidwork or a machine-stitched band, decorated with tiny tailor buttons.

Does the Man Love Home? That woman is wise who chooses for her partner in life a man who desires to find his home a place of rest. It is the man with many interests, with engaging occupations, with plenty of people to fight, with a struggle to maintain against the world, who is really a domestic man, in the wife's sense, who enjoys home, who is tempted to make a friend of his wife, who relishes prattle, who feels in the small circle, where nobody is above him and nobody unsympathetic with him, as if he were in a heaven of ease and reparation. The drawback of home life, its contained possibilities of insipidity, sameness and

consequent weariness, is never present to such a man. He no more tires of his wife than of his own happier moods. He is no more bored with home than with sleep. He is no more plagued with his children than with his own lighter thoughts. All the monotony and weariness of life he encounters outside. It is the pleasure-loving man, the merry companion, who requires constant excitement, that finds home life unendurable. In marriage, as in every other relation of life, the competent man is the pleasantest man to live with, and the safest to choose, and the one most likely to prove an unwearied friend, and who enjoys and suffers others to enjoy, when at home, the endless charm of mental repose.—Philadelphia Times.

AGED Frenchwoman's Honors. France has bestowed the cross of the Legion of Honor upon Mlle. Marguerite Bottard, the eldest nurse in the Salpêtrière, where she has worked for fifty-seven years. Mlle. Marguerite Bottard, who has passed her 76th year, was born in the Cote d'Or in 1822. When only 19, on Jan. 12, 1841, she entered the Salpêtrière as a nurse for the wards of Dr. Trelat. She became first substitute, then under-warden, and finally warden, without leaving this great refuge of misery. She was employed in the care of the insane of Dr. Fabret and Dr. Le Grand du Saule, and then passed to that of the epileptics, attended by Prof. Charcot and Prof. Raymond. She is, despite her age, still warden of the clinic of maladies of the nervous system, performing the duties of her position with rare skill.

All France acclaimed an honor so signally well deserved and bestowed, and it is not the first time that the Government has testified its appreciation of Mlle. Bottard. The then minister pinned on her black dress the palms of officer of the Academy seven years ago.

Don't Worry. Don't worry about something that you think may happen to-morrow, because you may die to-night and to-morrow will find you beyond the reach of worry. Don't worry about a thing that happened yesterday, because yesterday is a hundred years away. If you don't believe, just try to reach after it and bring it back. Don't worry about anything that is happening to-day, because to-day will last only about fifteen or twenty minutes. Don't worry about things you can't help, because worry only makes them worse. Don't worry about things you can help, because then there's no need to worry. Don't worry at all. If you want to be penitent now and then it won't hurt you a bit, it will do you good. But worry, worry, worry, fret, fret, fret—why, there's neither sorry, penitence, strength, penance, reformation, hope nor resolution in it. It's merely worry.

Making Over a Muff. If you have an old, ill-shaped muff, here are directions for reconstructing it. Purchase first a head and a tail. You can be either economical or extravagant here. Heads come from \$1 upward, and the same with tails. Take your old muff, and if it is out of shape remove the interior, ripping the



THE NEWEST MUFF.

lining out as carefully as though it were of fine lace. Now take an old muf box and sew your lining around it. Over this sew two thicknesses of stiff crinoline, then several thicknesses of other stiffening. Finally, when firm, tack your wool wadding around all. When you have brought your muff to the right size slip the fur covering over all. Draw the muff box out and carefully fasten the lining in place. When completed sew your head upon one side of the muff and tack the tail in one end.

Removal of Spots. Spots and marks on woolen gowns are easily removed by rubbing them well with a cake of magnesia. Hang the gown away for a day or two, and then brush thoroughly. If the spot has not entirely disappeared, repeat the process. Other gowns besides those of wool can often be cleaned by this means.

Miss Jessie Fuller has for some time past given satisfactory service as the clerk of the Supreme Court of the State of South Dakota.