UNDER A BOARD OF CONTROL.

The Methodist Conference Places the Epworth League Under Guidance.

OMAHA, Neb., May 23.—Bishop Andrews presided at the conference today and announced that Dr. A. J. Kynett and Dr. W. A. Spencer had been elected secretaries of the Church Extension society. A report from the committee on Freedman's Aid society, recommending the election of two secretaries for the Freedman's aid, instead of one, as heretofore, was adopted. Instantly there was a pandemonium. Fifty men wanted the floor to nominate the second secretary. Dr. Swindell, Dr. Gray, Dr. J. W. Hamilton, Dr. G. M. Grandison, the Rev. B. F. Mason and several others were nominated. The colored men were for Grandison. After twenty minutes of excitement a ballot was taken. Drs. Hartzell and Hamilton were declared elected.

The report upon the Epworth league was then taken up. It stated that the Epworth league had about 4,000 local leagues with 400,000 members. An amendment providing for a board of control, consisting of fifteen members, one of whom shall be a bishop, and that local leagues shall be under the supervision and guidance of the annual conferences with which they are connected, was presented. The amendment also provided that the Epworth Herald shall be the official organ. The executive office of the league is located at Chicago. The report was adopted seriatim. The name of the organization was made "The Epworth League of the Methodist Episcopal Church."

DEATH IN A COLLISON.

Seven People Killed and Eighteen Injured in a Wreck in Arkansas.

PINE BLUFF, Ark., May 2.3—Last evening about 10 o'clock the southbound passenger train of the St. Louis Southwestern railroad, familiarly known as the Cotton Belt, had orders to turn back on account of the high water at Rob Roy near this city and had orders to meet the local freight at Humphrey, but through an oversight of the crew they commenced backing the train to Goldman, the next station. On reaching the curve at Crooked Bayou, the local freight, coming at full speed, ran into the sleeper and coaches, turning them from the trestle into the deep bayou and killed seven people outright and wounded eighteen more or less seriously.

Rebels Still Unchecked.

BARCELONA, Venezuela, May 23.—The town of Las Tablas, on the Orinoco river just above Ciudad Bolivar, has fallen into the hands of the Crespists. A sharp fight has taken place near the city of Ciudad Bolivar. The revolutionists, who were strongly intrenched near that city, were attacked by the government troops. They were met by a heavy and well sustained fire, under which they broke and retired in some confusion.

Senator Hill Returns.

WASHINGTON, May 23.—Senator Hill returned to Washington this morning, accompanied by General Austin Lathrop of New York, Representative Bunn of North Carolina, Representative Rockwell of New York and L. S. Brown, of the Richmond and Danville road. Senator Ranson and Senator Gray stopped en route to spend Saturday and Sunday in North Carolina.

Oswego Mills in Ashes.

OSWEGO, N. Y. May 23.—Fire here last night practically wiped out the milling and elevator interest, only one elevator being left in the harbor—the Northwestern, owned by Gaylord, Downey & Co. The total loss is $1,000,000. The fire was the hottest and fiercest since the fire that swept the same site in 1853.

George M. Pullman's Mother Dead.

NEW YORK, May 23.—Mrs. E. C. Pullman, mother of George M. Pullman, who, for the past few days has been lying unconscious at the point of death at the Belgravia on Fifth avenue, died this morning at 7 o'clock. She was 84 years of age and her health was precarious for a year past.

Anarchy on the Marshall Islands.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 23.—The schooner Orion, which has arrived from Januit, Marshall islands, brought among her passengers C. H. Gibson, who reports that the native king on the island of Tarawa was killed by some of his chiefs who rebelled against him, and that anarchy prevails on the group.

More Dynamite in Paris.

PARIS, May 23.—Considerable excitement has been occasioned here by the discovery of a dynamite cartridge at the residence, in the Avenue Kleber, of M. Beaupaire, the public prosecutor, who had charge of the case against the notorious anarchist and criminal, Ravachol.

Lord Salisbury Scored.

LONDON, May 23.—Sir Lyon Playfair delivered an address to-day at Leeds in which he sharply criticised the speech made at Hastings on Wednesday last by Lord Salisbury. He declared that of all forms of protection retaliation was the most pernicious to the country using it.

Ex-Senator Ferry's Brother Insane.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., May 23.—Edward P. Ferry, formerly of Grand Haven, is in an asylum in California. He is a brother of ex-Senator Thomas W. Ferry.

Deemings's Last Hour Set.

MELBOURNE, May 23.—It has been decided that the hanging of Deeming, the wife murderer, shall take place at 10 o'clock Monday morning.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

The wife of a minister in Minnesota starved herself to death, following an example set by her husband.

A French community will try the experiment of supplying electricity to drive 18,000 looms scattered about in private houses.

A party of young men were drinking at Canton, Ill., and some one poisoned the whisky. David Spoinhour is dead. The others will live.

THE LAST VETERAN.

ARE ONE-HALF THE SOLDIERS OF 1861-5 NOW LIVING?

Some Rather Melancholy Facts—Average Age of the Veterans—How Few Generals Still Live—Estimated Number of Actual Men Enlisted—Who Will Be the Last?

We are on the down hill side. We are looking toward sunset. The shadows lengthen fast and already to most of us the years since we were mustered out seem longer, as they certainly are more numerous, than the years before our enlistment. The youngest boy who could by any possibility have carried a gun in the great conflict is now far into middle life, he realizes that his golden prime is in the past and is warned every day by some physical symptom that decay has begun.

Be it that his service was the shortest and easiest possible. Be it that he sustained no injury, or even that he gained health and strength by the open air life of the camp, as a few unquestionably did, nevertheless, by the ordinary laws of mortality he can count on but a few years more. The individual feels this. The statistician knows that by the established laws of vital chances the percentage of deaths among the veterans must from now on increase at an arithmetical ratio. A glance at any life insurance table will teach one that.

And it was probably the youngest Grand Army ever mustered. The average age of the veterans at muster out was but a fraction over twenty-four years, while that of the Confederates is believed to have been thirty-six. The lad of twenty-four in 1865 is now fifty-one—and to most men fifty-one is old. A careful analysis of dates presented by several Grand Army posts shows that the average age of the veterans at death is but fifty-six and a half years. If any one mourns that the pension appropriation increases so rapidly there is consolation for him—it cannot last long. After 1893 it will scarcely be possible for the present pension force to "pass cases" as fast as pensioners will die.

And how many still remain? We cannot judge by our generals, for their age was greater; but of all who reached that rank how small a proportion is still with us! Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas, McDowell, McClellan, Hancock, Meade, Burnside, Logan, Hooker—where are they? And of those only a little less celebrated, yet including such glorious men as Garfield, Hackleman, Granger, Heintzelman, Geary, Rousseau, Custer, Kilpatrick, Cruft, Ames and so many more that this column would scarcely contain their names, it would seem that not more than a third are still with us.

Yet how very young many of them now seem in the retrospect. McPherson was killed at thirty-five. Slocum was a corps commander at thirty-two. Reynolds was a major general at thirty-nine. Ames, Custer, Kilpatrick and McKenzie were brigadiers at twenty-six. Corse was but twenty-nine when he won immortality at Altoona. Garfield was a major general at thirty-one and Grenville Dodge at thirty-three, while Judge Gresham and John Beatty were brigadiers at thirty-two. We have been joking about "Old Ben Butler" ever since the war, yet he was but forty-two when he commanded the Army of the Gulf. Why, they were all mere boys!

A curiosity hunter, after long search, has declared that the very last men who were in any battle of the American Revolution died in 1868. Two fourteen-year-old boys who went from western North Carolina and took part in the battle of King's Mountain (Oct. 7, 1780) died in the year named—one in east Tennessee, the other in Indiana. Possibly others may have survived these, but be that as it may, the time is at hand when the veterans will be but a handful in any neighborhood.

Statisticians who have made a careful study of the percentage of re-enlistments, taking specimen counties as a basis, have concluded that the number of actual men in the Union army, counting each but once, was about 1,900,000. It is scarcely possible that one half of these are alive today. Of the full regiments of 1861 there is not one, so far as I can learn, that has been able to get 300 together at any reunion for years.

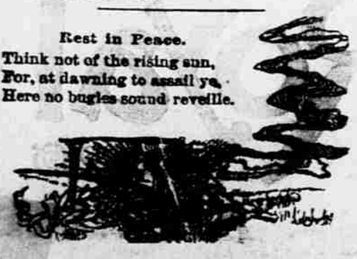
Yes—spin out the thread of life as they may there must come a time when in your city or state there will be a "last man of the Union army." Possibly some slender stripling of 1861-5 will halt feebly along your streets as late as 1945, venturing out only when the sun shines most cheerily, and as he passes children will gaze and wonder, and men and women will repeat what they heard their grandparents say—how those grandparents as children saw the parades of 1865, and "how that old, old fellow looked when he came home from the war." J. H. BRADLE.

A Thought for Memorial Day.

I know not why this silence so presses on my brain. I sit among the graves of departed comrades of the war for the Union. I feel the touch of unseen hands. I hear voices none other hears. I sit enchanted and overawed. I sit alone, and yet in innumerable company of silent men, as one dwelling among tombs. The old days come back to me. I can hear the rustle of the old flag. So it rustled and rolled above us a quarter of a century ago, as the cannon and musketry of battle accentuated its rhythmic flow and the flash of war glanced across its glorious folds. Its stars glow as brightly, but the young hearts that beat below all its majestic motion and music are still in the grave. —Private Dalzell.

Rest in Peace.

Think not of the rising sun,
For, at dawning to assail ye,
Here no bugles sound reveille.



OUR TWO OPINIONS.

Us two wuz boys when we fell out—
Nigh to the age of my youngest now;
Don't rec'lect what 'twuz about—
Some small difference, I'll allow;
Lived next neighbors twenty years,
A-hatin each other, me 'nd Jim—
He havin his opinyin uv me
'Nd I havin my opinyin uv him.

Grew up together 'nd wouldn't speak,
Courted sisters 'nd marr'd 'em too;
'Tended same meetin house oncet a week,
A-hatin each other through 'nd through!
But when Abe Linkern asked the west
F'r soldiers, we answered, me 'nd Jim—
He havin his opinyin uv me
'Nd I havin my opinyin of him.

But down in Tennessee one night
Ther wuz sound uv firin fur away,
'Nd the sergeant allowed ther'd be a fight
With the Johnnie Rebs some time nex' day.
'Nd as I wuz thinkin uv Lizzie 'nd home
Jim stood afore me, long 'nd slim—
He havin his opinyin uv me
'Nd I havin my opinyin uv him.

Seemed like we knew there wuz goin to be
Serious trouble f'r me 'nd him—
Us two shuck hands, did Jim 'nd me,
But never a word from me or Jim!
He went his way 'nd I went mine,
'Nd into the battle's roar went we—
I havin my opinyin uv Jim
'Nd he havin his opinyin uv me!

Jim never come back from the war again,
But I hain't forgot that last, last night
When, waitin f'r orders, us two men
Made up 'nd shuck hands, afore the fight;
'Nd, after it all, it's soothin to know
That here I be 'nd yonder's Jim—
He havin his opinyin uv me
'Nd I havin my opinyin uv him!
—Eugene Field in Chicago News.

Singing on the March.

I have been with the column marching along roads which were muddy, when the men looked like anything but human beings as they crawled along, splashed from head to foot with dirt, their clothing disarranged, their

pantaloons tucked in their stockings and their heavy brogans laden with mud. Some strong lunged fellow way up at the head of the column would strike up a war song. It might be "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," or it might be "John Brown's Body," with the allusion to hanging Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree, but in an instant he would be joined by others, and soon away down the long road as far as the column stretched a mighty chorus would be going up, while the men would brace up, their eyes brighten and their footsteps lose the weary movement as they kept step to the music.

Twenty-five thousand men stretched out over a long distance in marching, and you can imagine the effect of such a chorus of voices.—Volunteer.

A Relic.

On the wall above the mantel
There's an ancient weapon hung,
Tarnished, dusty, old and rusty,
Springfield pattern, sixty-one;
And the spiders, all unconscious
Of its power, upon it crawl,
And have webbed it, breech and muzzle,
Where it hangs upon the wall.

Could it speak 'twould tell a story
That would startle young and old,
Tales of long and weary marches
Could that weapon true unfold;
Tales of battles, tales of carnage
That would blanch the bravest cheek,
From Bull Run to Appomattox,
Could that ancient weapon speak.

Dear, indeed, is that old musket,
It had sure voice long ago;
Not a friend so true and trusty
On the field to meet the foe.
Then it spoke and to a purpose,
Fiery was the tale it told,
Leaden was the fearful message
From that weapon grim and old.

And I love it—who can blame me?
It and I were closest chums—
Old and rusty, tried and trusty,
Best of all your make of guns.
Comrades dead and comrades living,
It reminds me of you all;
Elbows touch whene'er I view it
As it hangs upon the wall.

Brings again your kindly faces
From that distant long ago,
When we faced the storm of battle
On the field to meet the foe.
On the wall above the mantel
There's an ancient weapon hung,
Tarnished, dusty, worn and rusty,
Springfield pattern, sixty-one.
—J. Wilson Kenyon in Detroit Free Press.

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SPECIFICS

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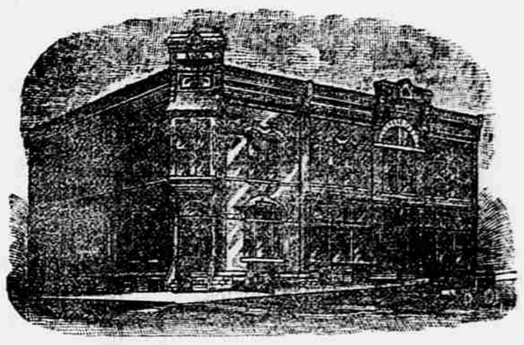

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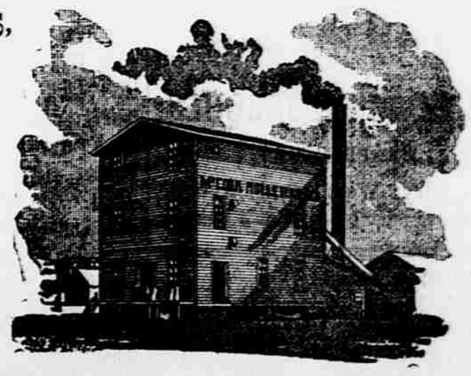
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