THE DAILY BEE.

COUNCIL BLUFFS.

OFFICE - - NO 12 PEARL STREET

Delivered by carrier to any part of the city.

H. W. TILTON, Lessee.

TELEPHONES—Business office, No. 43; night editor, No. 23.

MINOR MENTION.

A series of checker games between the crack players of this city and Glenwood are talked of.

Rev. George Muller delivered a populistic address last evening at Bayliss park before an audience of about 100 people.

A little daughter of J. J. Barton was taken with an attack of spasms yesterday afternoon. She was attended by Dr. Robertson.

Dr. Armstrong of Blair will occupy the pulpit of his son, Rev. C. N. Armstrong, at the Second Presbyterian church on Sunday morning.

Daniel McKenzie, sr., wishes The Bee to state that he is not the man who had trouble with Harry Larison in Silver Creek township last Sunday.

W. D. Jones and Mrs. Mary Frainey were united in marriage Thursday evening at the latter's residence in the Grand hotel annex, Rev. Stephen Phelps officiating.

Mrs. Allen, wife of Yardmaster Allen of the Q. was taken with a fainting spell while passing the Grand hotel last evening, but was able to return to her home without assistance.

The Shakespearean club met last evening at the residence of Dr. Montgomery on Fourth street. John J. Frainey pleased those present with a number of recitations from the famous bard.

Council No. 1, C. P. of America, will hold its regular meeting this evening. A full attendance is desired, as business of importance for the association will be considered. R. J. McBride, W. P.

Bertha G., infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James O'Neill, died yesterday of consumption. The funeral took place from the residence, 902 Avenue A, and the body was buried in the Catholic cemetery.

The case of Elwell against Kimball & Champ has been appealed to the supreme court. The transcript, which consists of 700 type written pages, was filed with the clerk of the district court yesterday.

Everett Babbington has filed an information in Justice Vien's court charging Burt Hill with assaulting him at Neola. He claims the two were riding together in a wagon when the trouble took place.

A committee representing Union Pacific local assembly No. 1,309, Knights of Labor, are circulating a petition urging the house of representatives to begin impeachment proceedings against Attorney General Olney.

Homely Fuller and Lewis Neely, who threw bricks at the temperance tent Thursday night, were fined $9.60 in police court yesterday, and remanded to jail to serve the amount out at the rate of $1.50 per day.

There will be a special meeting of Bluff City lodge, No. 71, Ancient Free and Accepted Masons, this (Saturday) evening, for work in the second degree. All master Masons fraternally invited. G. C. Case, master.

Dr. N. W. Tracy's temperance meeting in the tent at the corner of First avenue and Seventh street aroused a great deal of interest last evening. An audience of 500 or 600 people was present, and the speaker made a stirring address. He has so far left the prohibition question severely in the background, and is devoting his attentions simply to the work of building up public sentiment along the line of gospel temperance.

Now is the time to buy real estate. We have several bargains to offer in business and residence property. Fire insurance written in the best companies. Farm loans wanted. Lougee & Towle, 235 Pearl street.

Can Be Seen on Broadway.

The most wonderful offers ever made on any class of merchandise is to be seen at the Boston Store show windows. Such prices were never heard of.

Cloaks at 19c, worth $1.50.
Cloaks at 87c, worth $3.50.
Cloaks at $1.31, worth $6.50.
Cloaks at $3.48, worth $12.00.

Every garment in our store one-half the original price, and some cases even less, as the above list shows.

FOTHERINGHAM, WHITELAW & CO., Council Bluffs, Ia.

P. S.—Don't fail to see show windows.

Lost, gold plated locket, engraved with letter "S". Finder please return to J. Spaulding, 349 Avenue G.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

E. H. Lougee is at Lake Okoboji.

Miss Frances Bowman is visiting in Glenwood.

Mrs. G. S. Davis is visiting friends in Dunlap.

Miss Minnie Unthank has returned from a Neola visit.

W. B. Reed, county treasurer, is back from an Ohio trip.

Miss Irene Roe left Thursday evening for a month's visit in Chicago.

F. S. Pusey has gone east. He will be joined by Mrs. Pusey in New York City.

Miss Cora Woodbury accompanied her sister, Mrs. T. B. Greenlee, to her home in Hillsboro, Ill.

Mr. E. J. Mexley of Des Moines is spending a few days in the city, the guest of W. O. Wirt.

Mrs. W. Cadwallader of Nebraska City is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Cousins.

Mrs. A. M. Phelps of Glenwood and Mrs. A. A. Randall of Armstrong are in the city, the guests of the family of Rev. Stephen Phelps, D.D., on Willow avenue.

Postoffice Resturant.

Messrs. Gundram & Kehr of the "Postoffice Restaurant," at 602 Broadway, are serving a splendid regular dinner for 35c., in addition to short orders. These gentlemen are well known in the city, having been connected with Metzger & Randlett for the past three years, and this is a sufficient guaranty that their patrons will be well treated. If you are looking for a good meal at a moderate price give them a call and you will be well satisfied.

Real estate is cheap in Council Bluffs. We can sell you a home, a vacant lot, a fruit or garden farm cheaper than ever. Now is the time to buy. Day & Hess, 39 Pearl street.

Meyers-Durfee Furniture company, 336-338 Broadway. Bargains in fine furniture.

Short Honeymoon.

Bessie M. Crafts commenced a suit in the district court yesterday for a divorce from Joseph A. Crafts, whom she married in this city, November 22, 1893. Marriage was very much of a failure in their case, for very shortly after the ceremony was performed she claims her husband commenced to abuse her, taunt her with being untrue to him and do other humiliating things in the presence of her 12-year-old daughter. Finally, just two months to a day after they were married, he struck out to hunt his fortune and has not yet returned. Since his marriage she asserts that he has committed the crime of adultery with unknown women. She asks for a divorce, the custody of her daughter and the right to use her former name, Mrs. Bessie M. Marshall.

Grand Plaza, Lake Manawa.

No admittance to Grand Plaza will be charged to persons who desire to rent boats or bathing suits.

Ice cream and refreshments served in the pavilion of Grand Plaza.

New drug store, Deetken & Whaley, 140 Broadway; also office of Dr. Charles Deetken.

Washerwomen use Domestic soap.

Put Under Bonds.

Charles Schultheiss and W. L. Patton were before Judge McGee yesterday morning, the former on the charge of assault with intent to do great bodily injury and the latter for disturbing the peace. The knife which Patton thought he saw turned out to be a strip of sheet iron. Both were discharged, but Schultheiss was compelled to give a bond of $500 to keep the peace.

For fine rooms stop at the Victoria house, 326 Broadway, corner Bryant street.

Hammocks cheap. Davis the druggist.

The laundries use Domestic soap.

NEWS FROM COUNCIL BLUFFS

Mrs Kruger's Husband Went to Mexico and She Wants a Divorce.

LEFT A RECORD AS WELL AS A WIFE BEHIND

Took $100 Dollars Belonging to the Treubund Society with Him When He Left—His Wife Charges Him with Cruelty and Desertion.

The ghost of Fred Kruger came out of oblivion yesterday and executed a few movements about the court house. Kruger, it will be remembered, is the man who left town rather suddenly last fall, leaving the Treubund society of this city to mourn his absence about $100 worth. His wife, whose injuries by reason of a fall on the street gave rise to a suit for damages against the city, with Kruger as plaintiff, now brings a suit for a divorce in the district court. In her petition she alleges that she married Fred in Omaha June 20, 1889, and lived with him until November, 1893, when he deserted her. She claims he abused and maltreated her before his departure, so that her life was frequently endangered. She thinks he has gone to Mexico and makes the charge that he is living there with his daughter, who left Council Bluffs with him.

Mrs. Kruger further alleges that in 1891, for the purpose of robbing his wife of her dower right to his property, he deeded all his property to his daughter. She wants this deed set aside, a decree of divorce and the custody of her 3-year-old child.

Stirred Up a Sensation.

George Holmes succeeded in stirring up a first-class sensation yesterday afternoon, but the sensation went off fizzle end upwards and the various parties interested were still trying at a late hour last night to determine whom the joke was on. A settee which had been levied upon on an execution was at the bottom of the affair. It had been the property of Mrs. R. H. Huntington, but was seized on a judgment in a justice court against her husband. Before the sale took place Mrs. Huntington went to the place where it was kept and took it home with her. It was brought back and sold, however, on an execution, and Herman Schurz was the one who bought it in.

Yesterday Justice Field, before whom the case has been tried, issued an order to Schurz to give up the furniture, and gave the order to Constable Baker to be served. Baker went to the Schurz mansion on Mynster street, but Schurz refused to give it up. He sent a note to George Holmes, Huntington's attorney, stating that Schurz refused to give up, and asking instructions. Holmes thought it a good chance to have a little sport at the expense of Schurz, who has divided with Holmes for some years past the right to manipulate the affairs of Pottawattamie county democracy.

He sent a telephone message to the police headquarters that a riot was on the point of emerging into view at the Schurz residence, and asked that a platoon of police be at once sent down to prevent bloodshed. The patrol wagon was brought out and loaded down with police, deputy marshals and all the bums who happened to be around the jail. Every one had his eye peeled for gore. When the wagon arrived at the Schurz residence probably the most completely surprised man in the outfit was Baker. He was seated on the settee in question, whittling two sticks and discussing the state of the weather with Schurz. There was not the slightest sign of a riot. The weather finally being worn out as a topic of conversation Baker picked up the settee and marched off with it, while the other officers went out behind the barn to wonder what they had come for. There was a report on the streets that Schurz had used a shotgun in defending his right to the settee, but this is denied by Baker.

No Monopoly at Brown's C. O. D.

But groceries at free trade prices. A carload of anti-trust crackers, and the finest on earth, will be received today and will be sold at such anti-trust, monopoly-paralyzing prices as these:

All kinds of soda crackers, 3½c per lb.
Sweet crackers, 5c.
Ginger snaps, 5c.
Oyster crackers, 3½c.

Try a glass of Sulpho-Saline or Soterian mineral waters from the famous Excelsior springs at George Davis', Paul Schneider's and O. H. Brown's drug stores. John Linder, general agent.

Bemis Recommends the Expert.

In regard to the employment of an electrical expert to make a survey of the city for the purpose of determining what the city and citizens should have to pay for light, those favoring the scheme quote Prof. Bemis of the Chicago university as a good authority. He was requested by the Economic club to investigate and recommend a competent and thoroughly reliable electrical expert for this purpose. He writes:

"The assistant chief of our municipal electric light plant heartily recommends the firm of Stone & Webster, 100 Washington street, Chicago. They do not construct plants, but act as electric engineers to see that cities or private companies are not cheated, etc. They have just been the advisers of Boston and of the state of Massachusetts relative to light plant in the capitol and wiring in the city. One of their engineers is now in Omaha and will be for over a week in the employ of the fire insurance underwriters, relative to proper stringing of wires. He is Russell Robb, and is stopping at the Paxton house. I advise you to consult him at once."

"The city council, however," remarked a member of the Economic league yesterday, "do not appear inclined to have anything to do with Stone & Webster. They affect to believe that the fireman who looks after the wires for the department, aided by the city engineer, will be able to afford them all the information they desire while making a contract with the present company. There are those who suspect that the less information upon the subject forced upon the attention of these officials the more will they be gratified."

Grand Plaza telephone 45.

Grand Plaza bathing beach.

Grand Plaza picnic grounds.

Grand Plaza's cornet band beats them all.

Grand Plaza's fine row boats are all the go.

Grand Plaza excursion accommodations can't be beaten.

Afternoon and night concerts at Grand Plaza, 2 to 6 and from 7 to 10.

Evans Laundry Company.

620 Pearl street. Telephone 290.

The "Mint" Changes Hands.

The famous old "Mint" saloon on Broadway has changed ownership, and will hereafter be run by Benjamin F. Long and George L. Smith. The entire building has been refurnished and improved, and it is now one of the finest places on Broadway. The reopening will occur tonight, and a 100-pound dressed calf and three dozen chickens form a part of the grand free lunch that will be spread for all. The free lunch counter will be a leading feature of the place hereafter, and for cooking it a regular kitchen, with hotel range, has been fitted up. It will be run as a first class resort for gentlemen and will be popular with clubmen and merchants.

Trains for Lake Manawa.

Leave Broadway:
10 a. m.
2 p. m.
5 p. m.

And every 22 minutes thereafter until 11:55 p. m.

Parties wishing to spend the day at Lake Manawa take the 10 a. m. train.

Eyes tested free. C. B. Optical Co., Schneider's drug store.

Domestic soap outlasts cheap soap.

Y. M. C. A. Building in Sight.

The Young Men's Christian association finds itself in a quandary which will probably result in its being compelled to erect some sort of a building of its own very shortly. It will have to give up its present quarters in the Merriam block August 1, and the officers, after a diligent search, have been unable to find any room in the city which will answer as a permanent location. A meeting of the trustees was held last evening, at which the subject was thoroughly discussed, and it was decided that an association building should be erected at once. A committee consisting of E. E. Hart, Charles T. Officer, F. H. Keys, James Mortensen and F. M. Wright was appointed with full power to choose a location, purchase a lot and raise $3,000 for a temporary building, and put up the building. While the committee is doing its work some other building will have to be used to keep the association together. A meeting of the committee will be held this afternoon at 4 o'clock and the further details of the plan will be arranged.

The Eagle laundry plant has been greatly enlarged and improved, and we are now prepared to turn out a large amount of strictly first-class work. Neglige and colored shirts ladies' waists, etc., a specialty. We guarantee not to fade warranted colors. Telephone, 157. 724 Broadway.

Best all wool ingrain carpets, 65c during July, to make room for new stock.

COUNCIL BLUFFS CARPET CO.

A nice, cool swim at Manhattan beach, Lake Manawa, is the proper thing to take these hot days.

Postoffice Restaurant makes specialty of ice cream.

Marriage Licenses.

The following parties have taken out marriage licenses:

Name and Address.	Age.
J. W. Owens, Council Bluffs	27
Maud B. Ranck, Council Bluffs	20
Andrew Backstrom, South Omaha	25
Amanda Nelson, Omaha	25

A nice, cool swim at Manhattan beach, Lake Manawa, is the proper thing to take these hot days.

For cobs go to Cox, 10 Main street. Telephone 48.

Gas cooking stoves for rent and for sale at Gas Co.'s office.

Domestic soap breaks hard water.

FANCIES IN SUMMER DRINKS.

White Wine, Mint Juleps, Punches, Cobblers and Other Favorites.

When light suits and russet shoes begin to appear more frequently, says the World, then at the bars and the cafes and the club drinks as light as the suits begin to be the order of the day; yes, even the order of the night, too.

The man of business, who through winter fought old Boreas with plain whisky, deviates through March and April from the path of straightness a little into occasional absorptions of the insidious cocktail—martini or manhattan.

Then, too, the politician, who all winter has drunk whisky and brandy during the day, changing off to Burgundy or heavy ales at night, disports his thirst over a variety of mixed inspirations.

With the gentle rain of April begins the reign of the gentle gin fizz or of whisky lengthened and softened with ginger ale.

When May waves her greener wands of magic over the scene, still daintier drinks are advertised over the bars, such as Scotch blossom, composed of Scotch whisky, extracts of orange blossom and Turkish rose, with a little sugar and soda and a garnish of lemon or orange peel.

Gin and whisky blossom, made in the same way, attract the fancy of some palates.

The New York Chollie now ceases to buy so much of a certain yellow effervescence with a French label, and is able to recuperate financially in his fluid expenditures. He graduates from doubtful champagnes to equally doubtful but less expensive sherry cobblers and strawberry fizzes.

As a rule, this tribe of drinkers does not drink for stomach or head, but for fashion and fancy. Hence, the more fanciful and absurdly-named beverages which a barkeeper can concoct the more likely is he to hit the thirst of these gentry.

Your old-fashioned, solid wine drinker, however, who in winter likes at dinner to stow away a bottle of Pontet-Canet, with nine or ten years' dust on it, or occasionally a pint of heavy Madeira, now assists his appetite and promotes his coolness and takes the tariff off his digestion by white wine cup.

This fancy drink is generally compounded of a pint of sauterne, that of moderate price really making the best; a gill of Curacoa (and some add a gill of Chartreuse or Benedictine or other cordial) with a little sugar, lemon juice and a few crushed strawberries, water and ice.

Made by the right hands of the right stuff this is not only a rare refresher of the weary nerves, but it is far better in its linger through the system than Maine Lemonade, of which the chief ingredient comes from Medford.

A great spring and summer drink that originally came from the south, and still continues to fire the northern heart and brain in a very seductive fashion is the mint julep.

Even a man of large liquid experience, the great Charles Dickens, regarded the julep as one of the grandest results of the discovery of America, and as a guarantee of the permanence of our institutions.

Claret punches among men of letters have the call as May goes out and June comes in, and indeed the claret punch, with a slight dash of Jamaica to give it staying power, runs throughout summer a pretty good race with other drinks down the red lanes of men, both astute and thirsty.

To put one or two lonesome and belated strawberries on top of this beverage is a sin against art. No well read barkeeper or poet drink-mixer would do this.

WHEN HUBBY COMES HOME LATE

Make Him Repeat This and Thus Prove that He Has Been Abstemious.

Men who are accustomed to being out late, and who on such occasions are liable to become slightly tongue-tied, should closely study the following, which was recently printed in the Philadelphia Times:

Six thick thistle sticks.
Flesh of freshly fried flying fish.
The sea ceaseth and it sufficeth us.
High roller, low roller, rower.
A box of mixed biscuits, a mixed biscuit box.
Strict, strong Stephen Stringer snared slickly six sickly, silky snakes.
Swan swam over the sea; swim, swan, swim; swan swam back again; well swum swan.

It is a shame, Sam; these are the same, Sam. 'Tis all a sham, Sam, and a sham it is to sham so, Sam.

A growing gleam glowing green.
The bleak breeze blighted the bright broom blossoms.
Susan shines shoes and socks; socks and shoes shine Susan. She ceaseth shining shoes and socks, for shoes and socks shock Susan.
Robert Rowley rolled a round roll round; a round roll Robert Rowley rolled round.
Oliver Oglethorp ogled an owl and oyster. Did Oliver Oglethorp ogle an owl and oyster? If Oliver Oglethorp ogled an owl and oyster, where are the owl and oyster Oliver Oglethorp ogled?
Hobbs meets Snobbs and Nobbs; Hobbs bobs to Snobbs and Nobbs; Hobbs nobs with Snobbs and robs Nobbs' fob. "That is," says Nobbs, "the worse for Hobbs' jobs," and Snobbs sobs.
Sammy Shoesmith saw a shrieking songster. Did Sammy Shoesmith see a shrieking songster? If Sammy Shoesmith saw a shrieking songster, where's the shrieking songster Sammy Shoesmith saw?
I went into the garden to gather some blades, and there I saw two pretty babes. "Ah, babes, is that you, babes, braiding of blades, babes? If you braid my blades at all, babes, braid broad blades, babes, or braid no blades at all, babes."
You snuff shop snuff, I snuff box snuff.

The Passing Show.

An exchange voices the undivided sentiment of an army of weary country newspaper writers in the following: News, news, news, news! It's enough to give a fellow the blues. Nobody married and nobody dead, nobody broken an arm or a head. Nobody came in to talk of the "crap," no one got boozy and started a scrap; no one to run in for taking a horn, nobody buried and nobody born. Oh! for a racket, a riot, a fuss; someone to come in and kick up a muss. Something to stir up the peace laden air, somebody's comet to give us a scare. Somebody thumped in an inch of his life, somebody run off with another man's wife. Somebody's baby got choked on a pin; somebody's darling that ate lye again; some one to come in and pay up his dues; anything just so it's news.

WAR'S GRIM RECOLLECTIONS

A Veteran Officer Held for Killing a London Harp Player.

THE DEED WAS PURELY AN ACCIDENT

Improving Chickamauga Park—About 3,000 Monuments and Tablets to Be Placed in the Field—A Woman's Romantic Career—Short Stories.

Unusual interest is taken in California in the case of General John Hewston, who has just been held in London to answer to the charge of manslaughter for having caused the death of a street harp player by thrusting the ferrule of his umbrella into his eye. The spectacle of an American general on trial on such an accusation is in itself extraordinary, but this case is made more notable by the fact that General Hewston, although remarkably vigorous for one of his age, is 70 years old.

General Hewston, says the San Francisco Chronicle, is perhaps one of the best known of California's early pioneers. His friends in this city are legion, and they all scoff at the idea of the general acting in any way except in defense. He went to San Francisco first in 1853, having been sent by President Pierce to establish the San Francisco branch mint. Previous to that he had been in the United States coast and geodetic survey service, which he entered when 21 years of age under Prof. Bache. The general remained in the mint as chief assayer, melter and refiner for several years, and then established the house of Kellogg, Hewston & Co.

General Hewston is a remarkable man in more ways than one. He is a thoroughly educated man, and in his young days was one of the best all-around athletes in this city. He would best the finest boxers in the morning at the Olympic club and in the evening would deliver a learned lecture on chemistry at the Toland Medical college. He has a diploma as an M. D., but never practiced medicine. He is an accomplished metallurgist, and is a member of the Microscopic society. For several years he was president of the Academy of Sciences.

In 1863 he was appointed brigadier general of the Second brigade by the late Governor Stanford. The general retained his position through the administrations of ex-Governors Low, Haight and Booth, and was succeeded by General Coey.

Major A. D. Grimwood, vice commander of the Veterans' National Guard of California, was on General Hewston's staff, and he speaks in the highest terms of his former superior officer.

"Of course, it was an accident," said the major; "that goes without saying." The general was attacked, and he defended himself. I know nothing about the matter except what I have read in the papers, but I take it from that that those people set upon him. The rowdies in London are worse than hoodlums here. It ruffles them to see a well-dressed man at any time, and age cuts no figure with them. The crowd saw the general, and doubtless determined to have some sport with him. One of them raised a campstool to strike him, and the general threw up his umbrella to ward off the blow. By a most remarkable accident, which probably could not be repeated in 100 years, the ferrule of the umbrella caught the would-be-assailant in the eye and penetrated the brain.

"General Hewston as a man is one of the bravest I have ever met. He absolutely does not know the meaning of the word fear. Had he been given half a chance, his opponent would now have been among the living, for the general would have used his fist and brought him down. The general has a tender heart and the kindliest feelings toward his fellow men. He would not willingly harm any one or do anything to injure one's feelings."

General Hewston is ex-commander of the Veterans' National Guard of California, and Vice Commander Grimwood and W. H. Dimond, major general of the California National guard, have sent communications to Secretary Gresham asking that the government take all proper steps for the general's protection and defense. The general went to London in the interest of some mining claims and a patented sporting gun. Mrs. Hewston, the general's wife, who is in San Francisco, said in answer to a reporter's question that her husband, she believed, knew nothing about fencing and she had never known him to possess or handle a foil.

CHICKAMAUGA PARK.

Not only is the park proper becoming daily of greater interest, the means of reaching it are now so far advanced in excellence that the drive, going and returning, is one of the highest interest and pleasure, says the Chattanooga Times.

The better way to get as much out of the trip of a day is, as we think, to go by carriage, or on horseback if you can secure a good mount. Start early, one of these cool mornings. Go out McCallie street, on over McCallie's road to the crest of Missionary Ridge. At the junction of the park boulevard and Byrd's mill road you strike the latter in a practically finished state, thence down to the park. The route for nearly four miles, along the crest and west brow of the ridge, gives a series of magnificent views of the city, the surrounding mountains, the valley, far down across two counties of Georgia, into the heart of Alabama, with occasional glimpses of Tennessee, winding its way through the foothills and glistening in the morning sun like a broad belt of burnished silver.

You can reach the park headquarters from the city in something less than two hours' leisurely drive, or ride, over roads that are smooth as a fine pavement, springy, easy of grade—such roads as a spirited horse loves to travel.

Arrived at headquarters, you can promptly secure the company of one of the gentlemanly attaches, who will act as your guide along the lines of battle of Saturday, September 19, 1863, which lines are already pretty thoroughly marked by large tablets, giving different points along the line of both commands. Monuments have been erected in considerable number on this part of the field. Spots where higher officers, commanding separate organizations, fell or were wounded, are commemorated by equiangular triangular pyramids of masonry, veneered with a fifty-six pound columbiad shell. The pyramids stand on broad and firm bases of dressed limestone, the superstructure rising about nine feet above the pedestal. On one side is fastened the name and rank of the officer, and the hour when he fell,

His back to the field,
His feet to the foe.

Some of the monuments are exquisitely beautiful, all are in excellent taste, there are many in position and more going up. We saw teams moving into the park last Thursday laden with the heavy granite pieces that will constitute the monuments the state of Minnesota will erect to the memory of the state's fallen heroes and in honor of the survivors. The fifty-nine monuments Ohio will build in the park are now ready, and the work of their erection will soon begin. The total number of monuments projected for the park alone, independent of such as will go up along Missionary Ridge, on Orchard Knob, on the bench of Lookout Mountain, reaches over 800, and the whole number, including those outside, which will memorialize the battles round Chattanooga, November 24-25, 1863, will not be less than 1,000. There will be about 2,000 tablets, markers, guides, etc., all of iron or bronze, very neat, conveying much needed information to the tourists, and preserving the demarcation of lines and positions of troops on the sanguinary fields forever.

Having ridden or driven along the extensive lines of Saturday's battle, September 19, 1863, in the forenoon, you give your horses and yourselves an hour's rest, eat your lunch, smoke your cigar, chatting the while with the courteous officials about headquarters, to whose experienced eyes every point of interest over the 6,000 acres the awful drama was played on, thirty-one years ago, is as familiar as your front lawn is to you.

Then take in the site of the final tug of war, September 20, historic Snodgrass' Hill and Kelley's fields.

The monuments so far provided for and "in sight" are nearly all of northern origin, and they number about 450, inclusive of those built and building by the United States.

PRIDE AS A CURB TO FEAR.

"In a number of years of active service during the war," said an old soldier interviewed by a reporter of the Pittsburg Dispatch, "I must confess, in all honesty, that in action my bosom never welled with the enthusiasm of heroes that you hear so much about. On the contrary, I experienced more fear than anything else. I always did my duty, but I am forced to believe that the feelings I had when drawn up in line of battle were shared by my comrades, who never dared to acknowledge them. Facing a large body of men with guns and not knowing what moment one of them will send a ball speeding through you is not a situation to make a man feel exultant. In my case I was always ready and willing to turn and run, only waiting for some one to make the start. How often, when about to enter a battle, do I remember soliloquizing: 'Now, if this fellow next to me would only make a start, how thankful I would be.' But pride and sense of duty will hold men together. As I said, I have not the least doubt that many men felt just as I did, no matter how they may talk now. And when you consider that we always stood our ground, it shows how strongly pride can influence our actions. I remember once, while our cavalry troops were out upon a skirmish, we took a vantage position upon a hill that rose out of a plain. From there we could see the enemy gradually surrounding us. This, to one of my temperament, caused extreme nervousness. When there was but a small opening remaining at one point, and that slowly being closed, I went to the commanding officer and suggested that he had better order a retreat while such a thing was possible. He refused to do it, saying that he was going to stand his ground. I knew this was sure death, and would have readily put spurs to my horse and rode to safety had not my sense of duty and pride impelled me to remain with my officer. He was sitting his horse calmly, taking in the situation, when I came to him a second time to make the suggestion. But I did not have to speak. An all-wise providence did my work for me in a manner that prevented argument. The bullets were flying about thick and fast, and just as I was about to address the officer a stray one struck him in the wrist of the hand which held the reins. The ball shattered the bone and the reins dropped from the helpless hand. Before the officer could recover the reins with his other hand the horse bolted and strangely started on a dead run for the one place which offered a way of escape. It was my duty to follow the officer, and it was the most cheerful duty I found during the war. I spurred my horse and soon was at his heels. We got away all right, but the company of cavalry on the hill were, with few exceptions, captured and held as prisoners of war. They were sent to Andersonville prison and but a small percentage ever came out alive. That is how a runaway horse saved my life. I never went into action without a dread and a fear of death. This may be looked upon as the stamp of a coward, yet I hardly think it is fair to give such a name to a person who never shirked duty. To me the brave man is not the one who recklessly, without thought, plunges into the thick of battle, but rather the man who, while realizing the danger and appreciating the uncertainty of life, still keeps to the path of duty.'

A STRANGE REUNION.

The preparations for a trial of a land suit which is to come up at the approaching term of the circuit court in Burksville, Ky., has revealed a singular story, says the Atlantic Constitution. Throughout the civil war this backwoods region—Burksville is forty miles from the nearest railroad—was debatable ground. It was harried alike by federals and confederates, and, worse than all, guerrillas, who claimed either flag, as it suited their convenience, and robbed the friends of both alike.

In the early days of the war a party of guerrillas, who were mainly of confederate sympathies, made their headquarters in Bennett township, in this county. From that vicinity they made many raids through the surrounding country, and often attacked detachments of federal troops.

One of the boldest and most dashing of the guerrillas was a young fellow named Jack Mason, who said he was from Tennessee. But of his family and antecedents he told his companions nothing. He was slender in form and effeminate in face and manner, but these circumstances were attributed to his extreme youth. His enterprise and bravery in battle prevented his companions from commenting upon his girlish appearance.

One day a smart skirmish between the guerrillas and federal troops was fought. Jack Mason was wounded in the shoulder and fell from his horse. His companions picked him up and carried him off with them. But he was so severely wounded that the rude surgery of the camp was not sufficient. A friendly farmer named John Orth took the wounded youth into his house and Mrs. Orth nursed him.

Mason had not been in the house of the Orths long before they discovered that their wounded guest was a girl in disguise. The girl's wound, though not serious, was painful and slow in healing. She was in bed several months and in that time a baby girl was born.

When the mother became strong and well she suddenly disappeared from the home of the Orths, leaving her baby. She left also a considerable sum of money and some jewels, and a note directing that they be used for the benefit of the baby.

The Orths adopted the little girl and she grew to womanhood, married a prosperous young farmer named Mayhew, and is now the mother of two children. Mayhew owned some land in this county, which he sold. Later a question of title came up and his wife was summoned as a witness. In the course of her testimony she told the strange story of her abandonment by her mother, the disguised soldier. Local newspapers printed the facts, and they were reprinted in a newspaper at Knoxville, Tenn.

Recently a middle-aged but good looking woman arrived here. She said she was Mrs. John Mason, who lived near Knoxville, Tenn., and that Mrs. Mayhew was her daughter. Then she told her story. She said she was the disguised soldier, Jack Mason. She had run away from her home in Tennessee and married a young man against the will of her parents. Afterward she became jealous of her husband and deserted him. Ashamed to return home, she had put on men's clothes and joined the guerrillas.

When she left the house of the Orths, she said, she intended to return and claim her baby, but when she reached East Tennessee she fell into a fever and was never afterward able to locate the place where the Orths resided. She and her husband were reunited and they advertised extensively for the child, but heard nothing.

Mrs. Mason was overjoyed at finding her daughter, Mrs. Mayhew.

LIVES LOST IN THE WARS.

It cost Uncle Sam over 1,000,000 men to place the American flag in the proud position it occupies today among the nations of the earth, says the New York Sun. In the war of the revolution 542 seamen of the regular navy were killed in battle, while a considerably larger numbers were killed in the privateers that played such an important part in that struggle. Of the 542 seamen killed, 311 perished when the United States 28-gun frigate, Randolph, Captain Biddle, was blown up by a shot from the British 74-gun ship of the line Yarmouth, March 7, 1778, which Biddle had heroically attacked in order that his valuable convoy of seven vessels might escape. About the same number of soldiers were killed in the land battles, but this does not include the 9,500 Americans who died in the British prison ships in Wallabout bay. In all 12,000 men perished in these ships, but about 1,500 of them were French sailors captured near the American coast. The total number of Americans who lost their lives in the Revolution is about 12,000. In the wars with France and Tripoli, 1798 to 1805, about 175 Americans were killed. This does not include the number who died in the French dungeons at Guadeloupe or in the slave pens of Tripoli, of whom no accurate estimate can be made. In the war of 1812, 724 men were killed in sea fights in which the regular government cruisers were engaged, but this does not include the number lost by shipwreck, the sloop-of-war Wasp foundering at sea with all hands, 183 on board. Neither does this include the loss in American privateers, which was nearly equal to that sustained by the navy. The number of killed in land battles was about 450, so that the total loss in the war of 1812 is about 2,000 men. In the war with Algiers, 1815, Mexico, 1846 to 1848 and in the minor conflicts between 1815 and 1860 about 1,000 men were killed in battle.

But the greatest losses, of course, were in the civil war, where brother was arrayed against brother. Probably not more than 1,500,000 men of the north effectively participated in suppressing the rebellion. Of these 56,000 were killed in battle and 35,000 died of wounds in hospitals, while 181,000 died from diseases contracted in the army. Of the 180,000 colored men enlisted, 29,298 died from disease. No accurate estimate of the losses sustained by the southerners has been made, but it is probable that they were fully equal to those sustained by the northerners, bringing the total to about 600,000. Adding to this number the 400,000 who were permanently disabled by disease or crippled by wounds, we have the appalling aggregate 1,000,000 men lost in that strife. Of the 220,000 confederates who were made prisoners during the war 26,436 died of wounds or disease during their captivity. Of the unionists about 200,000 were made prisoners, of whom about 40,000 died in prison. From these figures it will be seen that Memorial day is in honor of over a million men who have given up their lives or limbs in the defense of the flag.

INFERIOR RIFLES.

The Mannlicher rifle, which has just been tested in Europe, is declared to be inferior to the French arm, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. If that is so, our own troops would have a rather meagre chance if opposed to any of the crack army corps of France. This rifle is smokeless and has a range of three miles. An American naval officer who has written an article upon the compartive power of European arms, said recently that a skilled marksman could create havoc in an army with the new rifle at a distance of two miles, and that in an unsettled country it would be impossible to tell from which point the attack came.

This would seem to indicate that cavalry would be a tradition hereafter. When the enemy can lie in ambush and mow down horses and men two miles away, there will be no more stirring scenes or stories of carrying forts and other strong positions by a rush of cavalry. A two-mile rush in the face of a storm of bullets coming from an unknown quarter would have results compared with which the charge of the Light Brigade seems like child's play.

THE ESSENTIAL POINTS.

The Reporter Was Asking Too Many Questions to Be Agreeable.

Chicago Tribune: "What were the particulars of the accident?" inquired the reporter.

"The cable car was going at a high rate of speed," replied the little man who had rushed breathlessly into the city editor's room for the purpose of giving the Daily Bread an item of news. "Just as it turned the corner a man in a light open buggy tried to drive across the track. The grip car struck the buggy squarely, knocked the man out and he fell senseless on the pavement. A policeman arrested the gripman and the injured man was carried into Van Plunk's drug store, right on the corner. Ever been in that drug store? Elegantly fitted up, open nearly all night, largest soda fountain in that part of town, and—"

"What was the extent of the man's injuries?"

"He was hurt on the head, I think, but I didn't wait to see how badly. I jumped on another car and came right down to give you the story. In writing it up you can say—"

"What was his name?"

"I didn't ascertain."

"Who was the gripman?"

"I didn't inquire."

"Do you know the name or number of the policeman?"

"No."

"Then, how do you suppose I can write the thing up if you don't give me any names?"

"Great Scott! Haven't I told you he was carried into Van Plunk's drug store? What more do you want?"

"Yes, but—"

"Anybody in that part of town can tell you who Van Plunk is and what kind of—"

"May I ask your name?"

"Yes, sir. My name is Van Plunk."

Winning Votes.

An amusing little tilt took place between Senators Chandler and Palmer recently.

"Did you say the price of fence wire has fallen under the influence of the protective tariff?" inquired Mr. Chandler, the Illinois senator.

"I did not say that."

"What did you say?"

"Never mind," replied Mr. Palmer. "I am in the condition Mr. Lincoln told me he was once in on a campaigning tour. Some one in the audience asked him a question. He made no reply. 'Why don't you answer him?' asked some one. 'I am after votes,' replied Mr. Lincoln, 'and that man's vote is as good as any other man's.' I am after votes on this proposition," said Mr. Palmer, making the application of the story "and I want the vote of the senator from New Hampshire."

"You will get it," said Mr. Chandler, amid laughter.

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