American History Has Many a Record of Their Deeds.

PATRIOTIC WORK IN- DAYS GONE BY

Furnished Supplies and Gave Warning and Fought, Too, In Revolutionary Times-Patriotism of Their Daughters Now.

American women are showing in every way possible their patriotism and pluck and which were distributed in different places, while a great deal of the enthusiasm finds vent in belts and hat bands, those women have been called upon for graver proof of their loyalty have in most cases given it unhesitatingly. It takes more courage Bratton's wife. than for the son to go, and the wives and and the British got news of it. sweethearts of the men who are with the onel Bratton was forced to flee, but his wife fleet in Cuban waters are having a worse refused to go, saying there was no danger time than the sailors, who are wild with of her. She laid a train of powder from the excitement and longing to follow Dewey place where the ammunition was hidden, said: and Hobson and make a bit of history them-

found lacking in patriotism, bravery and the house they were confronted by one capacity for self-sacrifice, relates the New small woman who held her chin very high York Sun. Very few of them have been cele- and announced defiantly: brated, but scattered through our history "I did it; and, be the consequence what from early colonial times down to today they may, I glory in it!" there are records of brave deeds that show pendence to belong as much to the women

day by day, and all records of the time serves a place on the honor roll. bear witness to their bravery. There were been left in charge of the farm during her husband's absence, repulsed an Indian attack and then wrote to her husband:

Dear John: The Apaches attacked the house and I shot six of them. The others Don't trouble to come home, YOUR LOVING WIFE.

it would necessarily be incomplete, for of many interesting figures we have only tantalizing fragmentary record.

Women of the Revolution. From memoirs, diaries and old letters enough comes down to us to give us an idea of the tone of the women of the Revolution and the mothers stand out as he rolcally as any Spartan woman. A Mrs. Martin voiced the general feeling when a Britishi officer asked her whether she had

"Where are they?" "Fighting for their country."
"All of them?"

"AIL"

The officer succeed. "Well, you sent enough," he said. Mrs. Martin looked him squarely in the face. 'I wish I had fifty sons to send

against you." Such instances pile up before the searcher, Augusta. A British soldier, full of hatred

out at Augusta. The mother's form grew rigid, but she

said proudly:

"He could not have died in a nobler There are mothers in the land today as brave as she, if a cause like hers should call; and, even when the cause is the liberty of another race, the mothers have been brave and stopped their tears. Women's work was needed more in the old days than it is in this time of government supplies and a well-filled treasury, and wherever women were needed, there they were found. Mrs. Draper of Dedham, Mass., sent her husband and 16-year-old son to the army. Then she called in her neighbors and began baking bread and pies, which she kept on a long table before her gate, for the refreshment of all hungry American soldiers who passed that way. After Bunker Hill, when the scarcity of ammunition induced Washington to call for all available pewter and lead, the same Mrs. Draper came to the front again. Pewter was dear to the heart of the New England housekeeper, and she had one of the finest collections in New England; but without a moment's hesitation she melted it down, and, not content with furnishing the material, she obtained a mould and made the pewter into bullets, which she forwarded to the army. Then a new want arose. The men were insuffic-iently clothed. The indefatigable Mrs. Draper had piles of domestic cloth stored away for family use. She made it into soldiers' coats. Her splendid stock of sheets and blankets was transformed into shirts, and even her own flannel clothing was al-

tered to men's garments. Saw Her Home Destroyed. She was one woman among thousands like her. The famous Mrs. Motte, who had were rails and ties where the track had up and down the poop, watching for the first given signal evidence of patriotism, was at one time obliged to leave her handsome home, which fell into British hands. Mrs. Motte took up her residence in a farmhouse commander became convinced that the only way of routing the British was by destroyhe did pluck up courage to do so, he was relieved of all embarrassment. Although the place was dear to her, and was almost her only property, she assured the commander that it was altogether at his service, furnished him the bow and arrows by

burned to ashes. Not all of the revolutionary women had great sacrifices to make, but they did what they could; and so many of the girls pledged themselves never to accept the attentions of country that there was really no merit in young man's going to the front. He was between devil and deep sea, and to stay at home would have been harder than to face

the British. American women gave up tea, too; and in that day that was a sacrifice as heroic as it would be in England now. Peggy Stewart of Annapolis went further than that in the tea fight. She was the pretty wife of Anthony Stewart, a merchant and shipowner; and when a bark, named for her, the Peggy Stewart, came in with a cargo of tea. she ordered both the tea and the bark to be burned in the harbor; and tially as follows: The papers here are all forced her husband to hold the torch with running smoothly and tomorrow morning which the fire which destroyed his property was kindled.

Property wasn't the only thing women were ready to give up in those war days. They risked their lives as coolly as men; and many an American victory was due to woman's wit and daring. Dozen of times American troops were saved from capture American troops were saved from capture Carpenette, has arrived here from Bar Har-by the warnings of a woman who risked her bor. They will remain several days before life to carry it to them. Lydia Darrah, the going to Newport.

STORIES OF BRAVE WOMEN Philadelphia Quakerens, while her uncle was entertaining British officers overheard a plan to capture the Americans at White Marsh. She left home in the night and walked through the snow to the American His Passing of the Batteries of Port Hudson camp, gave the warning and reached her home again before daybreak without being discovered. Dicey Langston of North Caro lina rode across country in the night and swam the swollen river in order to warn American troops that the British would be apon them in the morning. The list of such warnings is too long to be given and so is that of women who risked their lives to save patriots concealed on their premises

Bluffed the Britishers.

In many cases, too, women defended and saved the precious stores of ammunition so that all could not fall into the enemy's hands, and when the ammunition could not be saved, the women, in some instances, the example of Colonel large store of mother to send her son to the front ammunition was hidden in their yard Coland, at the approach of the British, set fire American women have never been when the raging English soldiers stormed Orleans."

Every one knows the story of Barbara the American spirit of bravery and inde- Freitchie and Mollie Pitcher. Several con-Every one knows something of the sturdy she fought royally, and whoever it may have courage and endurance of the women of been who waved the stars and stripes bulk of their supplies from Texas and our ploneer settlements. They faced death, about the rebel host in Fredericktown de- through Mexican ports, and that most of

wounded so seriously that she was sent to When the Revolutionary times came the the hospital delirious. There Surgeon Bin- Hartford. With him at this time, on a women were no whit behind the men in ney of Philadelphia d'scovered her secret visit, was his son Loyall, then only a boy. their patriotism. It is a pity that the rec- and had her removed to his home, but did It is interesting to hear a description of the plete. One of the most interesting of the soldier. When she was strong enough he by the latter. Mr. Farragut, who was forjubilce year exhibits in England was a sent her, still in the role of Robert Shirt- merly in the army, but resigned in 1872, woman's roll of honor, compiled by Donald liffe, to General Washington with dispatches Mackenzie and giving the names of all She was in an agony of mortification when other day, when asked about the passing of English women of the Victorian era who she stood before Washington after he read the batteries: have made themselves famous by deeds of the doctor's letter. But the general was as moral or physical courage. Such a roll of considerate as the gurgeon. He merely know, and in order that I might visit my honor for American women would be a praised young Shirtliffe's bravery and gave thrilling chapter of American history, but him honorable discharge from the army, rating on board the Hartford in the summer Deborah went home to Sharon and married After the war she was called to Philadelphia and received a pension for bravery on the

"War Woman's Creek" in Georgia was had the reputation of being "a honey patriot, but a devil of a woman."

British messengers would pass a certain way with important dispatches. The girls took the dispatches, ran home by a short cut and entertained the same officers at dinner.

All through the civil war there were instances of great bravery on the part of the living in the hearts of American women, though in the present war they are not of them sent an only son to the siege of deeds. They could fight if they were needed, but, since they are not, they send sons and for the rebels, rode out of his way after husbands, brothers and sweethearts, away, battle to tell the woman of her son's and, with steady lips, watch their going. death. She met him at the door and, with- There hasn't been half such a deluge of "You had a son. I saw his brains blown and Hobson and the rest of the soldiers and sailors of whom we are proud had American mothers.

A SWEEPING WASHOUT.

How an Entire Railroad Disappeared in a Night in Kansas. "Of the washouts that occurred in my ten years of railroad building in the west the most complete and sweeping was that of the McPherson & Lyons railroad in Kansas in 1880," said a civil engineer to a New York Sun reporter. "It was while we were building this twenty-five-mile branch of the Atchieon that I was division engineer in charge of the western end. We had begun work in March at the McPherson end, and it was necessary that the road should be completed, with the trains running into Lyons, by the 1st of June or \$50,000 in bonds would be forfeited. For two months the weather was perfect for the purpose, and the contractors did not lose a day, so that the work fairly spun. Although the grading was very heavy, with deep cuts and long, high fills, the 20th of May saw the roadbed finished from one end to the other and the track carried nearly to Lyons.

"Up to that time during all the construction not a drop of rain had fallen, but or the night of the 20th a thunderstorm came It was not a long one; it began at midnight and was over before daybreak, but while it lasted it was as if the bottom of the sky inch of that part of the river thoroughly, we had fallen out and let the water drop all at should very likely have done so. The adin the morning I saw what had been a some of the officers protested against his dry creek bed ever since my coming to besetting fault of drunkenness. The admiral and running like a millrace. That set me had no superior, and probably no equal, off in a hurry to look at the track-but among the Mississippi pilots. there was no track to be found. There but the roadbed that had been beneath was gone. The prairie, after the stopping once to tell me the best way of long drouth, had become as hard as a pavement, so that it took up none of the rain I should be hurt. The men were at the back of the American lines. The American that had fallen, and the rush of water from guns, and every officer was on the alert at a great watershed covering townships had his post. At last fires began to gleam along come against the roadbed. The opening at the banks and rockets were sent up. Having ing the Motte house, but he hesitated to pile bridges, 100 feet long, intended as located us as well as they could, the confedmention this to the patriotic woman. When | waterways, had been as nothing to carry the water off and the roadbed had gonesimply melted away. It was a queer sight the pile bridges standing forlorn and lonely, did good work. She carried Dahlgren 9looking twice as high as before, and seeming to wonder what had become of the roadbed that had connection with them. which combustibles were to be carried to Wooden culverts were carried off entirely the roof, and stood beside him, with no in the flood. Some of them we found off on sign of regret, while her home and fortune the prairie, and some were never got.

"Well, all this was a heartrending sight to engineers who, the day before, had looked on their work on this road as finished. But the trains had to be running into Lyons in ten days or the \$50,000 in bonds would young men who refused to fight for the be sacrificed, and we set to work to repair on the shore lighted up the river and the the damages. The Atchison road was be- lines of batteries blazed up brilliantly with hind the enterprise, so that we had the sinews of war; the bridges were standing, by the mortar-boats in our rear were whizthe cuts in the roadbed made, and the con- zing like meteors. There was a continual tractors' gengs still at hand. I won't say that it was a very finely constructed road stantly in use. Many shots and shells at that stage, but I rode out of Lyons on June 1 on the first train, for we had got We were exceedingly fortunate.

> Have Plenty of Stereotypers. CHICAGO, July 11.-The situation in the stereotypers' strike here today is substan-will resume their full size. The only embarrassment in the situation is the oversupply of stereotypers who have gathered in here from all parts of the country. The publishers wish it known that all positions are filled and that all further applications

> cannot be considered. Victor Emanuel at Saratoga. SARATOGA, N. Y., July 11.-Prince Vic-tor Emanuel of Italy, accompanied by Count

Described Again.

ALMOST AGROUND UNDER THE GUNS

Adventures of the Hartford Under a Terrible Fire for Two Hours-A Thrilling Naval Spectacle.

Among the exploits which stand out in strong relief from the four years' work of the federal navy in the civil war, relates the New York Tribune, one of the most picturesque as well as one of the most valuable in its results, was the passing of the confederate batteries at Port Hudson, on the Mississippi, by Admiral Farragut, and his subsequent patrol of the river above that point. The admiral's own opinion of the achievement was expressed in a letter which he wrote home soon after the event. He

"My last dash past Port Hudson was the to it. There was a tremendous explosion and best thing I ever did, except taking New Abundant testimony to the importance of the step was also given at the sisted, and by the confederates, large numbers of whom it put on exceedingly short

In the late winter and early spring of 1863 Farragut's fleet was at New Orleans. It was testants have claimed the glory of their well understood that the confederates on deeds; but whoever Captain Mollie was, both banks of the Mississippi and throughout that neighborhood generally received the these supplies were conveyed to the Missis-There were women other than Captain sippi by the way of the great Red river and plenty of women like the one who, having Molly who could fight in the ranks. In the other smaller streams from the west. It war of the revolution Deborah Sampson dis- was finally determined that Farragut should guined herself as a man, enlisted under the take several vessels past the batteries of name of Robert Shirtliffe, lived blamelessly, Port Hudson, which were manned by a large and fought like a hero for three years. She confederate force, and thereby cut off the volunteered for several bazardous duties, supplies upon which the southern troops dewas wounded on the head twice, and finally pended. He himself would lead the expedition, on his flagship, the steam sloop-of-war ord of their noble lives is not more com- not speak of his discovery even to the young action as it was seen and participated in now lives in New York City, and said, the "I was only a youngster at the time, you

father I had been assigned to a regular of 1862. I was a kind of clerk and my duties were not heavy. It was in March, 1863, that we moved up with seven ships from New Orleans to Baton Rouge and then still further up to a point a little below Port named for brave, vulgar Nancy Hart, who Hudson. Our vessels were the Hartford, the Richmond, the Genesce, the Monongahela, the Albatross, the Kineo and the Mis The two Martin girls, whose husbands sissippi. All but the last were equipped were in the American army, heard that with both sails and steam-screw steamersbut the Mississippi was a big, old-fashioned side-wheel steamboat, such as were used on put on their husbands' clothes, held up the the river. Before attempting the passage three British officers, put them on parole, of the batteries the officers and men were busy making the usual preparations for a fight. These consisted in clearing away all superfluous spars, placing splinter nettings, etc. The Hartford had its lower yards athwartships, resting on the hammock netwomen of both sides, and the spirit is still tings, and chain cables were swung on each side from the extreme ends. Other chains were coiled vertically along the sides, and there were mothers braver still. One called upon to show their courage by daring especially in front of the boilers. This was one on all the ships. Every effort was always made to protect the boilers and engines, upon which so much depended.

Getting Under Way. "It was a little after dark on the evening which led. Answering lights soon showed that the ships were ready. They proceeded found to work well elsewhere. Each of the gunboat lashed to its port side—the side opposite the enemy's batteries at Port Hudthe stronger ship protected the weaker, and it was of great value also to have two sets of engines to depend upon. The Mississippi, as the odd one of the seven, came after the distance, were a number of mortar boats, guarded by the ironclad Essex. It was not their purpose being to engage the shore batteries and divert the fire from us as

much as possible while we were passing. "It was a warm, damp night, without a against the strong current and the water in the river was so low that the ship's bottom -the Hartford drew about seventeen feetoften actually touched and scraped on the river bed. We were in danger of grounding at almost any time and if it had not been for our pilot, old Carrell, who knew every had fallen until on going out of doors | Carrell and stuck to him persistently when Lyons, was a river, full from bank to bank, knew that as long as Carrell was sober he

"As the ship steamed on my father walked sign of the enemy's guns. I remember his stanching a wound or using a tourniquet, if erates began firing from a battery a little in front of us. When we got up so that our broadsides could reply, the Hartford's guns inch guns, eleven on a side. The fires of the batteries on chore were our targets and the men blazed away at them vigorously. Far from needing to be urged on, the gunners had to be restrained, and many of the admiral's orders at this time were given to stop too rapid firing.

A Magnificent Scene. "It was a wild, magnificent scene, as the action grew hotter. The numerous bonfires blue and yellow flames. The shells thrown roar from the great numbers of guns con-

struck the ship, but did very little damage. "Then a new difficulty arose. The smoke became so thick and hung so low over the ship that the pilot could not see ahead, even from his post in the mizzentop, where he had gone for a better view, and from where he was communicating with the deck by means of a speaking tube. The firing was instantly stopped, and it found, to our horror, that the current had turned the ship's bow toward the east bank until we were almost aground under the batteries. The next ship, the Richmond, was dangerously near us, too. I don know just how near we came to running ashore; some said that we touched bottom once, but I know that the overhanging banks,

moment. Then we had reason to be thankful for the gunboat Albatross alongside us. Her engines backed vigorously and finally succeeded in turning us around with our head up the river again. This happened just where the stream makes a sharp bend and the current is especially strong.

"A few minutes after we were well

started again it was reported that there was a 'ram on the port bow!' This announcement, usually without foundation, of rams bearing down upon us, was a continual bugbear while the fleet was in the river. It used to vex the admiral greatly, because it tended to disturb the men unnecessarily. Reports of the rams, alleged to be of terrible power, were often brought by the negroes who found their way to the river banks. The admiral often said that every one seemed to have the 'ram fever' and he wished he could break it up. this instance, however, no chances could be taken, and the order was given to 'Call away the boarders!' My father intended to have a hand in this fight himself, if there was to be any, and he seized his own cutlass and started forward. He was at that time nearly 62 years old, but wonderfully active and energetic. This ram rumor failed to materialize, however, like most of the others, and we went ahead without hin-We came to anchor above the bend in the river, out of range of the batteries. It was remarkable, considering that we had been under fire over an hour, perhaps nearly two hours, that we had only one man killed time, both by union officers, whom it as- and two wounded. The spars and parts of the deck were pretty well splintered up from the shells which had struck them.

A Ship Affre.

"As we waited in our safer position, in great anxiety for the other ships, of whose fate we knew nothing, we saw a bright light in the sky, which we could tell must come from a ship burning. We did not know then which one it was, but we learned later from members of its crew, who made their way to land and up to our position, that it was the Misaissippi. It had run hard aground on the shoal at the western bank of the bend and it was found impossible to get it off. By that time the confederates had got the range much better and their well directed shots cut it up badly. Its commander ordered it to be set on fire and managed to get most of his men ashore in boats. The other vessels had met with various accidents to their machinery or had run aground on the treacherous shoals, and our two, the Hartford and the Albatross, were thus the only ones to pass the batteries. Of course two vessels could not do the same work for which the admiral had destined seven, but it is a matter of record that by hovering around the Red river district they kept the enemy pretty short of supplies in that neighborhood.

"As for me, I had to go home when we got up to Vicksburg. My father and some of the officers held a sort of council of war over me and the decision was that I had better go to ome safer place. So that was my last naval battle. I went to West Point later and became a member of the other branch of the

PAYMASTER STANTON.

Taught the Boys How to Fight "In juns"-Fun with the Prince.

An eastern paper tells us that: Thaddeus H. Stanton, paymaster of the nited States army, is the only officer of his orps who has received honorary rank for gallantry in action since the war of the rebellion Seems to us that name has a familiar

ound; we certainly have heard it some-

where, remarks the Salt Lake Tribune. Oh,

yes. He was the fighting paymaster who, when on a mission to pay off the troops on the frontier, found the boys having "a hot time," not "in the old town," but with the savages; so he borrowed a gun, and, going into the front rank, by his example taught the boys how to fight "Injuns" and they forgot their fear of the redskins in admiration of that sunny-faced paymaster, who out a word of warning, he brutally an- tears as reporters have supplied to farewell of March 23 when we got under way from was showing them that before he was payscenes. Our women are brave, and Dewey Profit's island, about seven miles below Port | master he had some little experience in the Hudson. In my capacity of signaler I was way to deal with the red devils. Then they allowed to give the signal for the fleet to began to call him "Crook's fighting pay get under way and follow the flagship in master." For several years he was a resichelon order.' It was done by displaying a dent here and was engaged principally in red lantern over the stern of the Hartford, the walks of peace, though he had a few engagements. One was when President Cleveland sent this way a surveyor general by twos, according to a plan which had been for Utah. He was a bright man, but his experience had been beyond the Mississippi. three sloops, the heavier vessels, had a He came here with a high idea of the eastern people and with an exalted contempt for the esidents in this region. He was met by con. The advantage of this order was that the late Postmaster General Barratt, of sacred memory, who in the courtesy of his soul and the interest of the democratic party took the new surveyor general to the Alta club, introduced him and tendered him three pairs, and behind it, at a considerable the hospitalities of the place. He met a great many of the club members and on leaving the club expressed to Mr. Barratt intended that these should pass Port Hudson, the belief that 60 per cent of those gentlemen would compare not unfavorably with the men of Illinois. The remark was repeated to Stanton. He brooded over it a Ittle while, then made a journey to see breath of air stirring. We moved up slowly General McCook, who was at that time the ommander at Fort Douglas. The result was that next day several gentlemen, inluding the new surveyor general, were inited to a little reception at Fort Douglas, tendered by General McCook and his officers to invited guests from the city, in honor of Jackson day. It was a great reception General McCook had brewed a punch which was a deception and a snare. It seemed to once. But I had no idea of how much water miral always placed great confidence in the taste like champagne softened to the palate by an infusion of old Tokay,

It smiled up to one's face with a faint blush and infinite sparkle, like the face and eyes of a happy bride when, at the altar, the new husband bends for the bridal kiss But down deep whole crucibles of helifire smoldered in that punch. The paymaster went out of his way to be courteous to the new surveyor general, so did General Mc Cook, so did Governor Murray, so did others. He had probably never struck a bowl of free punch before, certainly none like that The result was that he made three speeches in half an hour. The first to General Jackson, or McCook-it was difficult to tell which; the second was an apostrophe to the flag; in the third he repudiated the democracy as a distinct organization-all minutes from the opening of the engagetable. And the paymaster smiled. On another occasion a German prince, a brother, we believe, of the emperor, on a journey around the world came here chaperoned by a baron and a count. After dinner it was explained to the prince that as the night was stormy-it was a cold, slushy February to the hotel. The next morning the writer

gest of job type: fully close in front of us. It was a critical had been before, then it became clear why cut and communication impossible, Admiral

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fession which makes it incumbent upon

those who adopt it to solemnly devote their

MAHAN AND SARGENT. America's Two Lending Authorities on Grand Strategy. The Philadelphia Inquirer confesses to some surprise that Lieutenant Herbert H. Sargent of the Second United States cavalry, has not been called to Washington at the present time to assist in laying out a project for the army of invasion in Cuba. Among our soldiers and writers on the art of war on land, relates the Inquirer, Lieuconant Sargent is as pre-eminent as is Captain Mehan among writers on naval strategy and his ability has had as genuine a recognition on both sides of the ocean among military men and others interested in the always attractive problems of strategy and blood." tactics as Captain Mahan's has been. It was announced some time ago that Captain Mahan would be called at once to Washington. With Captain Mahan and Lieutenant Sargent as the respective chiefs of staff of the gers of compromise and half-way measure; Navy and War departments, we should have in war. With competent sailors and soldiers war planned upon the land and sea, a joint like Captain Mahan and Lieutenant Sargent scheme of operations that would come as to formulate a project, with a powerful peonear to being perfect as human wisdom, ple to furnish the resources, materials and knowledge and that most unusual ability, rare even among soldiers and sailors, to be, a war power which the strongest mili-

lem, could make such a scheme. It is a remarkable fact that so unwarlike a people as the people of the United States, but a people capable in all the details of war, should possess at the present time the ablest exponents of military and naval strategy in Captain Mahan and Lieutenant Sargent. It speaks highly for our army and navy, which, indeed, whenever permitted to do so, have covered themselves worthy of preservation: and their country with glory. A paragraph from Lieutenant Sargent's latest work, "The Campaign of Marengo," which General Wolseley of the British army, set up all night to read, has peculiar pertinence to the that can be re-read with pleasure. Inclosed management of our own wars. It is as fol-

lows: "That the Aulic council should fail was inevitable. In war the opinion of a trained than a congress of 100 men. Whenever the members of a senate, a council, or a conmen being brothers-and in just forty-five gress, attempts to decide military questions, they are sure to err; for being absent from ment he was sound asleep under the punch | the theater of operations, they can neither see clearly the military situation nor render decisions with promptness in critical times." What follows is peculiarly applicable to the precution of our own wars in the past,

and is worthy of being printed in the big-"Besides, their decisions are often halfnight-it would be better for him to re- way measures, neither one thing nor the main at the hotel; but the baron and count other; like the laws passed by a bicameral consented to accept the hospitalities of the legislature they are nearly all compromises. club. Before leaving the club the count re- In war there must be resoluteness, boldness marked: "I has been the vorld around, but decision; to compromise is to court defeat." like Salt Lakes I hast found notings." Stan- It was the Aulic council at Vienna which ton was delegated to accompany the count gave Napoleon his chance to defeat Kray on the Rhine and Melas at Marengo. It was met the major (he was major then) in front the concentration of authority in the miliof the hotel and asked him if he had passed tary leader that enabled Napoleon to carry a pleasant night. He smiled and said: "It out a plan of campaign which no council at was bad, but I took all imperial ideas out a national capital would ever have conof the head of that count. When I helped sented to. It was the wavering at Washhim to alight from the carriage, to show me ington that was primarily responsible for how thoroughly he indorsed republican in- the defeats upon the land in the war of 1812 stitutions, and how he believed in the level- It was the concentration of authority that ing of all classes, he sat right down here enabled Cromwell to strike such vigorous on the sidewalk, and it was a little damp." blows at Naseby and Marston Moor. At But if any one could get into the confidence New Orleans Jackson was so far away from of that paymaster and hear him dilate on political centers that he did not know the the sacredness of citizenship in a land like war was over. The victories of the Amerithis, and tell of the reverence that was cans upon the ocean, while largely due to due to the flag that for 100 years had been American seamanship, were also due to the growing stars upon its field of blue, and had isolation of the captains and to the absence been the light to which the eyes of the nation's soldiers had turned on 1,000 battle- half-way measures. And now once more, fields for inspiration, until it had become an separated by many thousands of miles from emblem of such sovereignity as no flag ever | both Europe and America, with the cables

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Wentworth Hilitary Academy Dest equipped in Central West, Students of Want Of Students of Government supervision. New buildings being erected. Students rejected last year for want of room. MAJOR SANDFORD SELLERS, M.A., Supt., LEXINGTON, MO.

Dewey has won the most overwhelming naval victory of modern times, a victory which causes the German emperor to exclaim: "There is something besides commercialism and smartness in the Yankee

In good time the advance upon Cuba will be made. The illustrations drawn from many lands and from some of the greatest masters of the art of war indicate the danmen, the United States can become, if need seize upon the essential points of the prob- tary nations of the world must respect, to say nothing of a nation so weak as Spain that make life easy in its capital.

LINK IN AN OLD CHAIN.

The Grave of an American Naval Officer in Jamaica. The following clipping from the Kingston (Jamaica) Post of June 8 will recall the fate of an American hero whose memory is

We beg to acknowledge with thanks copy of Mr. G. F. Judah's brochure on "Old Saint Jago." It is one of those worksunfortunately they are not very numerouson the pamphlet was a leastet headed "A Link in an Old Chain." At the present juncture, when things are moving in the direction of an Anglo-American alliance, soldier on military matters is worth more the contents (which we take the liberty of reproducing) will be read with interest In the yard of the Jamaica cathedral is Saint Jago de la Vega, formerly the churchyard of the parish church of Saint Catherine, looking from the south door, at a distance, not quite midway, and a little more to the right, rather than the center, is a grave with a white marble tablet, on which is the following inscription:

MEMORY OF GEORGE WASHINGTON REED,

GEORGE WASHINGTON REED,
Master Commandant in the Navy of the
United States.
Born at Philadelphia, May 26, 1780.
Captured in the U. S. Brig of War Vixen.
Under his command
By H. B. M. Frigate Southampton;
He died a prisoner of war at this place,
January 4, 1813.
Unwilling to forsake his companions in
Captivity,
He declined a profered parole, and sunk
Under a tropical fever.
THIS STONE
Is inscribed by the hand of affection
as a memorial of his virtues
and records the gratitude of his friends
For the kind offices which
in the season of sickness and hour of
Death He received at the hands of
A generous foe.

Resourceful Artist. Chicago Post: "Resourceful? should say he was. Why, his children go hold of a half finished sketch and a bottl of ink yesterday."

"Well, of course, they didn't do a thing "Of course not. But where does his reurcefulness come in?"
"Why, another artist would have give

up and begun all over again, wouldn't he?"
"Naturally."
"Well, this one just sold the thing as it
was for a war map."

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