Heroic Statue of the Famous Commander to Be Unveiled in New York City.

CHIEF EVENT OF MEMORIAL DAY

Characteristics of Sherman in Camp and Field as Observed and Re-Inted by a Corps Commander.

The feature of the Memorial day observance in New York City will be the unveiling of the General Sherman statue at the Plaza, Fifth avenue and Fifty-ninth street. The exercises attending the unveiling will be made a part of the annual parade, composed of Grand Army and Spanish warnveterans, soldiers of the regular army and the national guard, commanded by Major General Adna R. Chaffee. This statue is said to be one of the best ever executed by Mr. St. Gaudens, and, standing as it does at one of the principal approaches to Central park, it will be a

The actual unveiling of the statue will be performed by the 9-year-old son of Dr. Paul Thorndike of Boston, a grandson of General Sherman. Many aduresses will be made, including one by Secretary Root. Major General O. O. Howard, who served under Sherman, has written for the New York Herald the following regarding his

valuable addition to the art objects of

General Sherman and myself each commanded a brigade in the first battle of Buil Run. I had heard much about Captain Sherman, formerly of the artillery in the regular service, but I had with him only a passing acquaintance while we were in the east. When he first came to Washington from Louisiana he could not understand the apparent apathy of the War depart-He knew that secession was a reality and that a terrible war was upon us.

"The expression he used at the calling out of only 75,000 three months' men was circulated among us in McDowell's provisional force: 'Why,' he cried, 'you might as well undertake to extinguish the flames of a burning building with a squirt gun as to put down this rebellion with three months' troops,' The impulse of Sherman's patriotic soul was at that time in everything that he did or said.

"In the west my first meeting with Sherman was at Chattanooga, in a large upper room of a private house, where, before his coming, General Grant had brought together a bevy of western generals, among them Thomas, Palmer, Gordon, Granger and myself. We were talking in a social way when Sherman, who had come up from Bridgeport, Ala., a distance of twenty his head of column, to report progress to Grant, burst in upon us,

"His tall, sinewy figure, never for a moment still, his high head and handsoms brow, with a few wrinkles at the corners of his eyes and across his forehead, his keen, bright, searching look and his deep toned, melodious voice, presented a man once seen never to be forgotten. General Grant and he met like brothers who loved each other. Their first noticeable attitude consisted of the interchange of humorous expressions.

'After Grant went east to command the armies of the United States, Sherman, having the three armies of the west called the military division of the Mississippi, which embraced all the troops from Cincinnati to Mobile, was always moving forward with

ceaseless activity. "Our spring campaign of 1864, by these movements, under the untiring, indefaticable general, was continued for 113 days, during which we were under fire of artillery or musketry every day except three. These three were occasioned by General Joe Johnston, the confederate commander, passing suddenly and unexpectedly below the Etowah river. It was during these days of rest that I recall two instances of which I always think when these days are men-

Sherman's Kindly Favor.

"The first was when some one invited Sherman and his commanders to go to a large dining tent for luncheon with drinking refreshments. For some reason I asked to be excused. One of the generals, always full of humor, turned to me and said: Now, Howard, be a man and go along with us,' - with some other expressions of disapproval of my ways.

"Sherman suddenly turned upon him, and calling him by name, said: 'Let Howard alone; I want one officer that doesn't odrink.' I was touched by his gentle pro-Ctection and sympathy, and, if it were possible, my loyalty to him was deepened by

"The other instance was this: The next day being Sunday, Sherman was at Kingston, in a room at the railroad station, dispatches. General Corse was at that time his chief of staff and near at hand. General Sherman heard the bell ringing from station and was annoyed by it, and said to Carse: 'Send a guard over there and arrest the man who is ringing that bell." 'My special friend, Rev. E. P. Smith, then

of the Christian commission, was taking advantage of the rest interval for the army and was calling the soldiers to the church. He himself was ringing the bell, when suddealy the long rope caught the bottom of his trousers near his foot and, taking a sudden leap toward the second story of the belfry, ripped his garment from bottom to tests, he showed that he had forgotten top, putting him in a most unpresentable predicament. Just then the sergeant, with his quartermasters in their plans and estifour men, arrived and said to my friend,

"By the work we know the workman" -De La Fontaine

Theold French fabulist's aphorism applies with peculiar force to the productions of the

GORHAM CO.

Silversmiths One has only to glance

at them to know that the workmen responsible for their graceful lines and refined ornamentation must be something more than mere human machines. The spirit of the old artist-craftsmeninforms everything that is produced in the Gorham workshops, and yet the cost is in every case exceedingly moderate.



CEN. SHERMAN IN BRONZE said that he wasn't in fit condition to go said that he wasn't in fit condition to go with the guard. The sergeant said: 'Them's not the orders. Fall in!

"So he fell in between the ranks and was narched over to the station. He had been there some little time when Corse came up o him and said: 'Were you ringing that |

'He answered 'Yes.'

'Why?' naked Corse " Because it is Sunday and time for service,' said Smith. Corse then led him near to Sherman, and when he looked up Corse said: 'Here's Mr. Smith. It is Sunday and he was ringing the bell for service."

Didn't Know It Was Sunday. "Sherman scarcely stopped the swift move-

ment of his pen, but said: 'Sunday, Sunday; didn't know it was Sunday. Let him "So Mr. Smith was immediately released

and fixed himself up the best he could to lead a service of praise and worship in the

"The night before Sherman entered Atlanta in person he was near my headquarters in the vicinity of Jonesboro, Ga. He was too restless to sleep. About midnight he heard from the north 'sounds of shells house and called the farmer out 'to listen lants.' The distance was twenty miles.

"Sherman asked the farmer if he had lived there for any length of time. He answered that he had and that these sounds were like those of a battle. After these reverberations there was quiet till about dawn. when Sherman heard again a renewal of the explosions. He could not determine in his mand whether or not there was a real

battle, "Not long after sunrice rumors came in that Hood had abandoned his position and was in retreat. At last as the day wore on a dispatch came from General Slocum stating that Hood had gone and that the Twentieth corps had marched into the city. As soon as this news was in his hand Sherman mounted his horse and rode back

to Atlanta. "Then he sent that memorable telegram:

Atlanta is ours and fairly won." To the administration at Washington and to the people at large Sherman had really burst from the clouds: 'Atlanta won!' was, indeed, a bow of promise set in the southern sky-a bow of promise to America and to the world that right and justice would soon prevail, and that the American mion would be restored.

"Again on December 23, 1864, Sherman, who had been away in the harbor visiting the admiral of the navy there in charge, came back and joined General Slocum and myself, who had entered Savannah a day before, the next morning after Hardee's

evacuation of the city. "Sherman was delighted that we were not obliged either to make a siege or attempt to carry Savannah by assault. A siege would have taken much time, and an assault, owing to the few approaches, would have been a very costly one to our troops. He had hardly spoken to me before he turned away to prepare a dispatch for the president. Here is the message he sent: 'I beg to present to you as a Christmas gift the city of Savannah, with 150

heavy guns and plenty of ammunition, and also about 2,500 bales of cotton.' "The armies under Sherman had a very refreshing rest for a few days. On January 1, 1865, when I was paying my respects to General Frank Blair at Blair's headquarters, Sherman came in in his usual brisk style, and, sitting down beside me with some memoranda in his hand, he said quistly, 'Howard, I want you to transport your army of the Tennessee by water over to Beaufort, S. C.; march northward, cross

to the main land and be at Pocataligo by "I did not take time to make more than a ough calculation, but said: 'The time is rather short, but we will be there if it can be done.

"He added that Slocum would march up quired time. The other division went with the memorable march through the Carolinas. After that difficult march, with all its skirmishing, accidents and battles, Sherman sent us a congratulatory order It seems now a little boastful, but it expresses the simple truth:

" 'So complete a success in military operaachievement that entitles it to a place in the military history of the world."

"My estimate of General Sherman is high. pearls, sparkling with diamonds, yet comvery busily engaged in writing orders and pieted after nature's own order. He was ever at home in science or commerce or art, and never failed to interest a votary in his own field of research. His percepthe belfry of a little chapel opposite the tion was like a finsh of light. Stand him upon a hilltop and instantly he took in the topography of the country. As the hills and valleys and roads of Georgia demonstrated, where in youth he had once mentally grasped the situation, the map always remained photographed upon the tablet of his memory.

"His memory was phenomenal; he had acquired knowledge with intense rapidity from observation and from books, from childhood to age, and surely, by a thousand nothing that he had once learned. He led mates for his army. He was quicker than his chief commissary in figuring the rations for a month's supply."

Gentle Woman and Her Ways.

A house without a closet is conceivable, out a house without a mirror, never! It is difficult to imagine what some men would do with the large sums of money they make were it not for some gentle, oving, faithful little woman who earnestly helps them to spend the coin. A bird in a milliner's show window

worth about 2,000 in the bush. There is a justifiable inference that the man who vilines womankind must have been unfortunate in the selection of a mother.

The church without women is situated n the bank of the lake without water. Nothing is more beautiful than a maiden's blush-and everybody admits, too, that t is cheap at 25 cents a box.

Tell a blind man how high madam lifts her skirts on the street and he can form a fairly safe estimate whether she has on er prettiest hose or one of the other pairs. To be sure, Eve did give Adam a bite of the apple, but who daren to doubt that he was hanging around and looking wistfully at it?-New York Times.

Remedy for the Drink Habit.

A novel remedy for the "drink habit, or, rather, for enabling those who have "sworh off" to remain "on the water cart," onsists of ice water drunk through a raw potato. Take a bowl of fce water and a potato. Peel the potato and cut down one and of it until it can be easily inserted in the mouth. Dip the potato in the ice water and suck it every time a craving for strong drink comes on. It is claimed that this treatment will effect an absolute cure. The why and the wherefore are not stated, but the process is such a simple one that there can be no harm in trying it if anyone is affected with a thirst which they really and I (he was particular about nasturtiums) and truly desire to lose.-New York Press.

Dupont of Battery Q

ime listening attentively, with an occa- he chose to be sional duck of the head, almost comic in He managed to conjure into our hearts. Thrusting his loaded rifle through a hole the hand of a child of 9, whose upturned grinning, screeching escort. face the elder brother is regarding as he

"Arthur will be your little master when am gone, Wash."

'Yes, Marse Tom.' "I rely upon you, Wash, as you have stood by me ever since I can remember, to exploding and other sounds like that of get Arthur out of trouble and keep him musketry.' He walked over to a farm out of danger. You are his keeper and his out of danger. You are his keeper and his servant-his schoolmaster on the river and to the reverberations which came from At- in the stables and his playmate every-

where." 'Dat's what I is, Marse Tom and leetle Marse Arthur. Yo' kin don rely on old Washin'ton. Nothin' gwine t' hap'n t' Marse Arthur," and the old man touches the rim of his grass hat and shuffles his shoes on the dusty planks.

The last rays of the sun are lingering in the tops of the tall trees that rise out of the yellow water and the cool air of the southern evening is waving the young canes and freshening the pungent odor rising from the thick carpet of Hly pads spread like a green blanket on the surface of the swamp. The dust of the road is taking on a darker shade with the first falling of the dew, and as old Washington, basket in hand, shuffles along at a respectful distance behind his young masters his shoes leave a white track in the sand.

The negro's old heart swells with pride as he watches his young masters walking hand in hand in the soft light falling through the tangled branches, and he mutters half audibly to an imaginary stranger: 'I haint got no book learnin', bos, and my nearin's mighty pore, but I got a heap o' sense, I is. Dus I know dem chilun? Why, sah! dem chilun is Marse Dupont's chilun, sah! Done tended um bofe since dey was bohn, sah! Marse Tom, sah, he gwine norf, sah, afor' sun up to the big school. Dat's wha he is, sah. Good Lor', Marse Tom love leetle one like he was a gal. See how close dey walk hole o' han's up de bridge. De ole man can't help it, sah! but he done lub dem chilun heself like dey was two gals. Reckon it gwine t' mighty nigh bus' Marse Tom's heart t' leave the leetle possum. Old marse says Ise free nigah, sah!-all de free de old man wants is t' stick by dem chilun."

the hourse chorus of the frogs filling the air, the brothers think only of the happiness of tonight and parting of tomorrow. The tears stood in the brave little Arthur's eyes as he looked carelessly at the swaying festoons of gray moss, and he even withdrew his little fist from his brother's grasp and thrust both hands into his pockets to emphasize his independence as he spoke. "I'm glad you are going to college, Tom. I know you will learn to be a great lawyer and go to congress from Grand Gulf. If the captain of River Queen don't take in the plank the minute you go on board I'll ride my pony on deck. Hurrah for River Queen!

Unconscious of the water lapping against

Lieutenant Brown of Battery Q. then serving with L of our regiment, had been classmate and roommate of Tom Dupont at college, and there is where the remote the Savannah, cross at Sisters' Ferry and connection comes in with Battery Q. In be at Robertsville about the same time the old brick dermitories at Yale Brown that I should reach Pocataligo. I may re- had become familiar with Tom's family mark that six divisions of the Army of history; how Tom's father had been reared the Tennessee were at Pocataligo at the re- in a New Hampshire village, and how he married Tom's mother and a cotton planta-General Blocum, who was very much de- tion and a colony of slaves at one happy layed by the high water at Sisters' Ferry, ceremony. He knew the family circumso that we had to wait several days for the stances which had prevented Tom's seeing left wing to get into position. Thus began his mother and brother during his whole college career-circumstances not necessary to relate in evolution of the facts of this story. Brown had read stacks of the elder Dupont's letters to his son, all breathing which covered the whole field of operations. devotion to the union, and other stacks of mother-letters, running over with love and bright hopes for the years to come. He had shown us at the camp on Pebble's tions, extending over half a continent, is an farm, when Tom had just left the officers' quarters full of laughter and high spirits, a photograph of Arthur at 12, which he told us was a counterpart of one Tom clways His intellect furnished a mine rich in carried in his inner jacket pocket and said his prayers to before going into battle. It was a handsome child's face, with blue eyes and brown curls, and that is all I rename of the photographer and the words Grand Gulf on the back of the card while was in the hand of the captain.

Over our coffee that night, as we sat n the summer of 1801 from New Haven to St. Louis; how they sped on night and day across the continent, the strange hurrying of troops, the music of the camps and the wonderful new homage paid to the wonderful old flag, which seemed hourly to develop new phases of symbolic meaning; how their the time they arrived at St. Louis.

Tom swore if the great river had been as free to go and come on as the air above to flight of the birds he would not take passage on its vexed waters. clearly the danger of being detained in the insurgent states and forced to bear arms against the cause he had already espoused.

shadow of what followed-Tom Dupont came to us, for although he was but a "high private," he was always welcome at the officers' mess, as his gental self and why not? It was a bivounc, not a camp. The horses were tied to a rope stretched through the caisson wheels, and Tom came darting under their noses with a cheery "all right" to the guard and in a twinkling was shaking hands all around in most unmilitary fashion. I have no recollection of just what he said or how he said it, but the vivid picture of a happy southern home was somehow burned into my memory, and remains to this day with something of the flavor of some childhood's favorite book. No one seemed to have taken much part in the conversation except Tom, and although he talked on and on of his home and family no one of us as we listened to his modest story, sweetened by an undertone of mellow bugle notes sounding taps in distant camps, and drums planissimo, had any suspleion that there was egotism in the ecital. Even the captain, who had turned his back to the fire ands was comfortably

cutting the fresh leaves of the last Atlantic Monthly when Tom came, had soon dropped the unread book between his knees with thaughts divided between the words he heard and, perchance, another treasured home leagues to the north, As I said, only the picture remains o Tom's fairyland interwoven with the scene of the regital. There stands the pretty dinner table laid with covers for four, with velvet nasturtiums banked in the center

the tall was candles gloaming within, and

It is the 20th day of April in the year of the myriad fireflies sparkling, without. The grace, 1857. On a wooden causeway cross- moon silvering the broad river beyond the ters the top rail of the fence. Half a dozen ing the North Fork of Bayou Pierre and lawn, and the tall moss-draped trees and men run forward, rifle in hand, and take eaning over the adjacent swamp, three the boats moored in the rushes. Somefigures are grouped near the low railing, times it was night and sometimes it was conveniently scattered over the field. With One is a peculiarly deferential old negro day, but always a subtly touched and mar- each discharge from the treetop the sharp who is busily engaged winding the lines velously touching domestic word etching, shooters advance, but Tom Dupont is far upon two fishing rods, and at the same for Tom was more than half a wizard when in the lead of the others; and now he de

its air of submission, to the speech of his the tall, tender, dignified, devout invalid, in the dry earth clinging to the roots of handsome young master, who leans easily his mother, and his handsome stripling an overturned pine, he covers his enemy. against the parapet of the bridge. One brother, the prince of the household and brown hand of the youth who is speaking the king of the quarters, with cotton-wooled There is a commotion in the treetop, a gun so earnestly is extended upon the railing, old Washington for his prime minister, while the other, hanging at his side, holds and all the pickanimiles on the place for his a few fluttering leaves, but the desperate

books and his cares, his norses and his desperately for life. cotton, his cattle and his clover, and above | The attention of the others is directed to all his unswerving loyalty-and alas! the the gray-coated soldiers who are swarming blank that had separated them for years. | out of the wood, but before his rifle is

the choppy sea of their college pranks- the enemy back into the woods. empurpling the boys' eyes and reddening nunrise.

The fire went out and the moon climbed crashing to the ground. high above the trees and Tom's talk flowed on like a certain brook and nobody thought among the trees and the cevil among the youth is not dead.

horses swallowed him up. On the day we heard of Tom's fate Brown the column returned from the watering.

morning report and turned to hand it to lar and the cropped hair a crimson stain the captain for his signature. The bugler shows against the fair neck. came up to our circle sitting on the logs and saluted Lieutenant Brown. "Tom Dupont is dead, sir, since yesterday

norning." We were all shocked to hear it, but

Brown was as white as a sheet. "They don't know in his own regiment, sir, what it all means. They say he had been out with the pickets since daylight and not coming back with the others they believed he was killed or captured. About the look of a madman. He spoke no word speak again: to any one and heeded no word that was spoken to him, but snatching the colors from the sergeant without an instant's delay he rushed upon the enemy, waving the Stars and Stripes above his head. Before he had gone a hundred yards he fell pierced by a score of bullets."

Poor Tom! He had not died in vain or alone, for the regiment had rallied and the timbers of the bridge, unconscious of carried the hill with a mighty cheer, planting the flag Tom had thrown back as he fell on the enemy's works and holding it there in the smoke until reinforcements came to its relief.

Brown, who had been leaning against the mess wagon for support since the departure of Bugier Smith, spoke first: 'Some terrible news from his family is at the bottom of this. You know, gentlemen, that for three days Dupont has been almost within sight of his home, yet unable to reach or communicate with his family, from whom I know that before our arrival national mail service was withdrawn from the south."

The statement which follows, affording a led to the sacrifice of the young hero's life, embodies all the facts which came to our knowledge the day following the tidings of his dramatic death. If the simple facts posititious sentiment which may or may not who sought death with sealed lips, it is because I choose to close the sad story of Battery "Q." while the double tragedy was fresh in my mind. I will only add that the paper was written in June, 1863, at the reserve camp, outside the trenches at Vicksburg.

When the army crossed the Mississippi at Bruensburg prior to the dashing campaign preceding the investment of this branches of Bayou Plerre, passing almost some event of his boyhood. Here was a road along which he had often ridden with his father. On a certain grassy slope his eyes sought the rabbit traps of old member of it now, except that I read the Wash and he felt himself a prisoner as ne had never felt before,

He remembered his mother alighting in the early morning, and how he, small, around a smudge fire to keep the mos- happy Tom, ran to and fro in the wet quitoes at bay. Lieutenant Brown told us grass to pluck the sprays of swamp sassaof the railway journey of himself and Tom | fras. He saw her again as she smilingly took the flowers from his hand and drew the stems through the belt at her slender waist-saw her in her white dress-saw her brown hair and dark handsome face. With a child's tenacity of memory he repatriotism was fanned to a white heat by light that fell on both of them through along over the soft road.

He saw through a mist not born of the swamps and overtake the cause that has substituted so fire department-Municipal Journal. much that is bitter for so much that was One memorable night-memorable in the sweet. The regiment is not marching fast UNCLE SAM'S NEW ARMY RIFLE enough. The mounted orderly trotting past with official envelopes in his belt and the vizor of his cap turned saucily up does not throw dust enough, although he is a mov-Fred Brown's classmate should be-and ing silhouette of gray in a cloud of his own

That night Tom's company is on picket. From the shelter of a spreading tree he looks out on the silent stretch of pasture and woodland, the outlines of the trees lost in the yellow fog, and at long intervals comes to his listening ear the dull report of a musket. It is nearly day when he is relieved and creeps back with a strangely heavy heart to the reserves.

Crouching beside a log, within the shelter of a fence of rails, a group of his comrades is engaged in a game of cards. A bayonet has been thrust in the ground, and in the steel shank a sputtering candle throws a glimmering light on the soiled bits of pasteboard and into the stolld faces of the players.

Gradually the daylight begins to dawn and with it comes a light breeze, before which the fog disappears. The useless candle has sputtered down, its wick has fallen over in the grease now congealed in white drops along the blade of the inverted bayonet. The players, however, play on, deaf to the joyous sounds of the morning. deaf to the twittering of the birds in the trees, insensible to the freshness and fragrance of grass and earth and flowers.

Just over the fence in the pasture a bobolink, swaying on a spray of elder sparkling with dewdrops, has tuned his song and the clear, full-throated notes seem to meit in

players, and one of their number falls lifeless over the log. Every man secures his gun and such cover as he can reach. Tom Dupont's quick eye detects a puff of smokhanging in the top of a tree just outside the skirt of the opposite wood. In a moment there is another puff and another ball splin cover behind separate stumps which are tects a gray form among the leaves coolly adjusts the distance sights and fires comes plunging to the ground, followed by soldier, having fallen a few feet, remains Then there was Tom's father with his swinging from a shivering limb, clinging

Then Tom scintillated from grave to gay, loaded again a regiment bursts from the and with Brown to egg him on sailed into left, charging under the tree and sweeping

The wounded soldier is still olinging to the girls' cheecks and tinting the sleepy the limb. Impetuous Tom springs forward old town with the vermillon hues that too merciful to fire again. Just before he materialize midway between sunset and reaches the tree the exhausted confederate relaxes his desperate hold and comes

With the sympathy which even a soldier feels in the presence of death, our here of his blankets until Tom went off in the looks sadly down upon the maimed body, shadows, shouting back his laughter and still but for the occasional twitching of the laughter-provoking squibs until the wind muscles, and hopes in his heart the gallant

It is a siender form; one helpless brow hand broken at the wrist, with taper fingers was the most stricken man I, ever saw. It as delicate as a girl's, lies out upon the wet was Bugler Smith brought the news when grass-the other has clutched the thorny stalk of a dry thistle as if it held again to It must have been close to 9 o'clock, for the swaying limb. The coarse gray uniform had just completed the figures of the is clean but ill-fitting; between the torn col-

Tom kneels by the motionless figure and turns it gently up to the morning light. It is a handsome, beardless face. A blade of grass lies diagonally across the half-parted lips, held by a few crumbling grains of yellow earth under a clotted flake of crimson With deft fingers the living soldier plucks away the disfiguring stalks.

The lips move feebly to shape the one word-"Mother. Then the closed eyes open, eyes as blue

10 o'clock, sir, just when the Sixtleth was as the heaven above them. A gleam of wavering in the face of a withering fire, recognition lights the dying face, the poor om Dupont dashed up from the rear with arms struggle to rise-the quivering lips

W. H. SHELTON.

NOVEL BRITISH PROJECT

Municipal Insurance Launched Escape Exactions of Private Companies.

The subject of municipal insurance has been under consideration in the cities of England for some time, but only recently were steps taken to definitely extend the scheme to a sufficient number of cities to form a wide basis for the successful carrying out of the project. Representatives from twenty-seven boroughs and the city and metropolitan district of London formed what was known as the Shoreditch conference on municipal insurance and agreed to join as the "Municipal Insurance Board, Ltd.," and regularly enter on the business of insuring their own property against loss. here he had not heard a word since the The large rates exacted by the private insurance companies have been the cause of this undertaking, which was first attempte in 1900. The private companies defeated any attempt to pass a bill through Parliaterrible explanation of the motives which ment granting permission to the London County Council to insure local authorities in London, paying any losses out of the taxes, and so the matter was dropped. Nottingham and Glasgow in 1898 had are embellished by some passages of sup- formed fire insurance funds and the London School Board also formed such a fund have passed through the mind of a man in 1878, and this fund, in the spring of 1900, amounted to \$180,865, while the charges on losses were only \$13,300. In 1893, as the with the exact words written in the tents fund had reached the sum of \$150,000, which, with the interest, was able to meet all normal risks, no further payments were paid into the fund except the interest.

Inasmuch as the property of a local authority would not afford a sufficiently wide base for an insurance fund, it was determined to form a combination of other municipal corporations and so make the field a broad one. Those joining the scheme place, Tom Dupont marched with his regi- must continue in it for five years and any ment through Port Gibson and across both losses beyond the yearly premiums are to be met by increasing the premiums for within sight of his home. As he neared subsequent years and this will fall upon the crossing of the South Fork every field the taxpayers in proportion to amount of and almost every tree and rock recalled property represented by the parties in the

Some of the Swiss cantons compel cantonal insurance against fire. In Zurich in 1895 the rate for insurance was about 10 cents on the \$100, and, on account of the large surplus accumulated, the next year the rates were reduced to 6 cents on the from her carriage by yonder girdled tree, \$190. It is stated that the London municipal authorities pay an average (1900) of being \$12,005, less than one-sixth of the premiums. In Germany municipal insurance is general, each year the rate being fixed according to the needs. In 1896 the figures are given as, sum insured, \$906,-000,000; premiums, \$364,540; losses paid, \$156,-940; expenses, \$28,530; contribution to fire called the scarlet geraniums that adorned department, \$164.515. In England in 1899, her straw hat and nodded in the yellow 877 municipalities paid \$135.745 premiums on \$116,758,790 of insurance. The average losses the great sun umbrella as they bowled paid for twenty years were \$25,202, including a loss in one fire of \$132,706, and the With other eyes he saw the steady swing premiums paid during that period averaged of the forest of rifle barrels before him \$111,448 yearly, leaving an average excess of premiums of \$86,247. The London fire inthe bitter choking at his threat was not the surance companies contribute but from choking of the dust. Ten thousand furies to 4 per cent of their premiums toward the

Old Krag Now Obsolete, Being Put Away to Make Room for the New Springfield.

The work of replacing the old black powder Springfield rifle in the National Guard with the Krag-Jorgensen is only now fairly under way, and already the Krag is bsolete, and is to be superseded by a new Springfield. This weapon, which is now indergoing its service tests, is officially described in the current number of the fournal of the Military Service Institution. It is a magazine rifle, centrally fed by

It has a rod bayonet, which may be used also as a cleaning rod.

Its caliber is .30. It fires a 220 grain bullet-say half an ounce-with 43.3 grains of smokeless pow-

The bullet starts off at a velocity of 2300 feet per second, and is still going at the rate of 958 feet per second when it has traveled 1,000 yards, at which point it has left a striking energy of 447.9-foot pounds. The energy at the muzzle is 2,581.6-foot pounds, and the bullet will penetrate over four and a half feet of white pine at a disance of fifty-three feet.

The new rifle is made of eighty-two

It is to be provided with riot cartridges, each containing two round balls made of lead and tin in the proportion of 16 to 1-ominous ratio—and propelled by thirtyfour grains of smokeless powder. These bullets will have an effective range of 200 Always the same Delicate Aroma Always the same Rich, Mellow Taste



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A few vacant rooms

—and only a few

choice room and some small, but very desirable rooms.

All these offices have the advantage, without extra charge, of splendid janitor service-all night and Sunday elevator service, electric lights, hardwood finish, and the best of office neighbors.

However, among these are one very

THE BEE BUILDING

Two Rooms at \$10 Per /lonth-These rooms are rather small, but so is the rental price. They well located and are decid edly attractive little rooms. The rental price includes heat, light, water and jauitor service and all the advantages of being in The Bee Bldg. Price per month

A Suits of Two Rooms-On the fifth floor. These rooms are both fair-sized rooms and have been newly decorated, so that they are particularly attractive. The price per month \$25

A Good Sized Room With Vault

This room, besides having a large burglar-proof vault, is located next to the elevator on the fourth floor. It is the only room of this character in the building that is vacant and one of the few rooms at this price with a vault. It is pleasant, good-sized room— \$18

Price per month.....

An Office on the Ground Floor-This office faces Seventeenth street. It is large, light and has been newly decorated. rental price includes light, water and janitor service. It has a very large burglar-proof vault. Part of this room is partitioned off as a \$50 private office. Price

R. C. Peters & Co., Rental Agents

Ground Floor, Bee Building.