

Rallying at last, she tried some sort

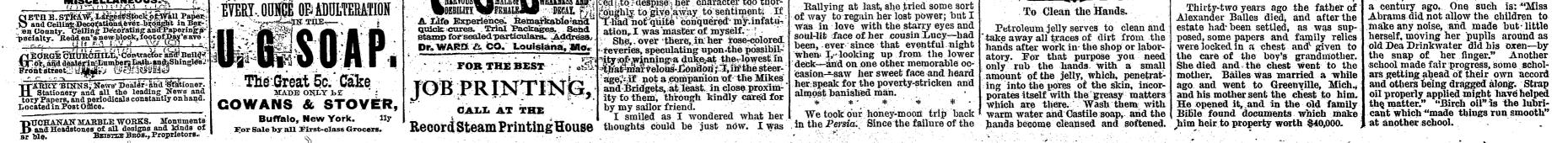
To Clean the Hands.

Thirty-two years ago the father of

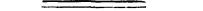
pidity? I telegraphed the blooming

more riots to quell, all they need is Miss Lillian Smith, a 14-year-old St. soon to count. Recently she made some wonderful shooting, among her performances being an exhibition of how to break twenty-five glass balls in a minute, how to fire three shots to miss and then break a ball in the air, thrown before the first was fired, and how to send pocket pieces flying into the next county. Miss Lillian has broken ten swinging balls in twenty seconds, and has struck a plate thirty

A newspaper in Maine quotes some reports of "deestrick school" Committeemen, which read like those of half a century ago. One such is: "Miss Abrams did not alloy







in their selections for public office, or haven't an enormous number of scalawags-Detroit Tribune.

## A Newspaper Law.

The newspaper fraternity congratulate themselves over the new postal law recently put into force by the

death," will the Record tell us what 25 per cent advance would be?-Lowell Courier.

Death and damnation, to be sure.

return of his leather manufacture.

tember. against Nutting the successful candi-

FITS.—All fits stopped free by Dr Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous curse. Treatise and \$2 trial bottle free to Fit date. The papers in the case charge that Nutting was fined \$100 and costs in each of three cases for making false cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931, Arch St., Phila., Pa.

saloons and only 24 bakeries.



isy Trips during July and August.

DETROIT, MICH.

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BU/HANAN RECORD.	ATTENTION, FIREMENMeet at En-		DECORATION The committee of	State Items.	We always have fresh Groceries, by	
DUIHANAN RECORD.	gine Room promptly at 8 A. M., Monday,		ladles, who have charge of the ar-	The Day Spring is in a fit of dejec-	buying often. Our Goods come every week. No old stock in ours.	$  \mathbf{R} \mathbf{E} \mathbf{M} \mathbf{O} \mathbf{V} \mathbf{A} \mathbf{L}.$
TIURSDAY, MAY 27, 1886.	May 31, in full uniform. J. L. RICHARDS, Chief.	afternoon of consumption, aged 40 years. The remains were taken to	rangement of flowers, request that all who have flowers to contribute, will	tion because Hartford females will persist in that "awful, awful business"	E. MORGAN & CO.	
		Berrien township Sunday for inter-	leave them at the Engine house, and	of chawing gum on the streets.	All persons knowing themselves in-	
Enterdat the Post-Office, at Buchanan, Mich., as	TITE St. Joseph Supervisor reports 91	ment.	that those that will not spoil by being	R. R. Blacker, of Ministee lingers · in	debted to the old firm of TREAT &	To customers and the public in gen-
Second-Class Matter.	births and 24 deaths. Who can read		kept over Sunday, be brought Saturday	Washington, waiting for the appoint-	REDDEN will please call and settle	eral. I have removed my stock of
	the reports of this kind and not con- clude that Michigan is a healthy place.	THERE were at least two deaths in Bertrand last year that the Supervisor	afternoon, and the others, Monday morning, to give sufficient time for the	ment of A. J. Douel as United States district attorney for the western dis-	with C. B. TREAT, on or before July 1, after which time the accounts will be	
		failed to find, but were brought to		trictDetroit Journal.	placed in the hand of our attorney for	
W. TRENBETH,	THE Ladies of the Relief Corps will	mind by the item in these columns.	ONCE more we call attention of the	An Ionia State house of correction	collection. TREAT & REDDEN	MILLINERY
1	serve a dinner at the Rough store room, second door east of the bank, on		village authorities to the unkempt con-	convict, whose term expired one day	G. A. R. Hats in fine furs, something	
	Monday, for the soldiers.	at their home north west of Dayton.	dition of the old cemetery, in the north	and a conj oropea a trea and anogator te	new, at WEAVER & CO'S.	Into room first door north of Baker's furniture store, where
THE TAILOR.	······	Mrs. Harris' baby died soon after its	part of town. It is a perfect swamp of underbrush and periwinkle, and if it	one of the guards as soon as he re- gained his liberty. They went to Low-		you will always find a full and complete stock of
Ine IADOR.	A NILES Justice is credited with		is to remain in its present use it would	ell and were quietly marriedEren-	BUY THE EMPIRE BINDER.	you will always find a full and complete stock of
	marrying a couple, recently, for which he received the magnificent fee of nine-	Letts, in this township,	be more to the credit of the town to	ing News.	CHARLES EVANS, AGENT.	Hats, Feathers, Flowers,
•	teen cents.	LIST of letters remaining uncalled	have the lot properly cleaned and giv-	A Boston dude got drunk in Detroit	Ladies, you con find a new line of	
HAS A FINE STOCK OF		for in the post-office at Buchanan,	en a decently presentable appearance. Will the matter be attended too?	and made the surroundings dicidedly disagreeable for decent people in his	Beaded Trimmings at Boyle's store.	Laces and Veilings,
	MR. ALLEN J. HELMICK of Fairfield	Mich., for the week ending May 20:		neighborhood at the base ball grounds,	Coffees, very cheap, at	Laces and vennigs,
1711 I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I	Neb., is here for a visit to his old home. He is very enthusiastic in	Henry Brooks, J. L. Benson, I. M. De- Freet, John R. George, Mrs. C. Kid-	MILO SMITH, breakman on the Wa-	Friday, with obscenity and vulgarity,	L. L. REDDEN'S.	At extremely low prices; call and examine.
Foreign and Domestic	praising his new home.	well, Florence A. Price, John T. Price,	bash local freight, had his head badly hurt while switching cars at Sodus at	but the Detroit police didn't arrest	Call at J. H. Roz's for Spectacles.	Respectfully,
-		Miss Minnie Roe, James Rough, J. D.	noon to-day. He went at once to Dr. Bastar on his arrival here and had the	him. His name was John L. Sullivan-	A cheap line of Parasols, at HIGHS'.	
	YES, there are a number of Berrien County farmers who are waiting to	· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	wound, an ugly scalp cut, properly cared for.—Palladium, Tuesday.	John April, a Charlotte saloon-keep-	If you want a good smoke, go to	NELLIE SMITH.
Cloths and Suitings,	have their Bohemian oat bond redeem-	J. L. RICHARDS, P. M.	cared for.—Palladium, Tuesday.	er, sold Wm. Peacock all the whisky he could pay for, and naturally enough	E. MORGAN & CO. and get a Three	
	ed, but what are they going to do	THE complaint of last season against	THE following from the Idaho	Peacock died. The widow brought	Crow eigar. 14	
	about it?	West Michigan railroad for excessive	Springs, Colo., News, of a recent date,	suit against the liquor vender and a	Remember, good people, that we will not be undersold by anyone. / M	UNDERTAKING!
	PROF. ALESHIRE discovered a revol-	freight charges on fruit packages has been renewed, and berries will be	will be appreciated by Miss Epley's friends of this place:	jury has just awarded her \$1,842.	SCOTT & HOFFMAN.	
And will make them up in the latest	ver with one of the boys in school last	drawn by teams from the towns north	"At a meeting of the school board	Mrs. Alice Harding, wife of Editor Harding, of the Jonesville Independ-	School Hats for 35 cents, ready	
styles at very low prices.	week. There will most likely be no	of Benton Harbor, to be shipped by	the position of principal was tendered to Miss Cora Epley for the ensuing	ent, died on Saturday of blood poison-	trimmed, at 3	
	more trouble of that description there.	I the bouts from that place to emongor	year. Miss Epley declined the position	ing, resulting from an ordinary lip sore.	MRS. DUNNING & CO'S.	
	MARRIED, at Lake Michigan, in	Apples were drawn from Hartford and Watervliet last year.	to accept one elsewhere. The board tendered her its unanimous thanks for	Mrs. Harding was 33 years old.	BUY THE EMPIRE BINDER CHARLES EVANS, AGENT.	
Come and Examine.	Chikaming township, this county, May		the efficient manner in which she con-	Mr. Amaziah Bolles of Hillsdale has a curiosity in the shape of a walking	Silk Umbrellas and Parasols Cheap	
Come and Examine.	23, 1886, by Arnold W. Pierce, Esq., Geo. W. Long to Mrs. Mary F. Black,	The promo require for	ducted the schools. The Idaho Springs schools have never had a better princi-	stick. It is one of five, the only ones	with us "and don't you forget it," at 7 (	
	both of Buchanan.	lished a portrait of Fred N. Bonine and a record of his exploits on field day	pul nor better conducted schools. The News wishes Miss Epley happiness	of the kind ever made, and is compos-		
	······	at the University, which was Saturday.	and properity wherever she goes."	ed of 3,500 pieces of goat skin laid one on the other, about the size of gun		
WHEAT is heading much earlier this		Bonine ran 110 yards in 11 seconds. 80	FOLLOWING is the program arrang-	wads, finely finished and capped with		
year than usual.	Saturday looking after work at build- ing the Staples coal tar and gravel	yards in 8 seconds, 50 yards in 5	ed for the Pioneer's Picnic, June 2:	a head of rosewood. The cane was		
A CIGAR factory has been started in		s conds. 220 yards in 23 4.5 seconds, beating the world's record in the first	10:30 A. M Business meeting; re-	made in the Illinois state prison at	Goods. Lanns from 4 to 10ets a yard.	
Niles.	Niles with good success.	three by one half second in each case.	port of secretary and treasurer; ap- pointment of committees, etc.	Joliet.	GRAHAMS	
ST. JOSEPH High School has no	IT has cost the Methodist Church, in	He will go to New York and take	12 MDinner.	Read Our Great Offer Which is	You will find a new stock of Wall	
graduates this year.	Niles, over \$50 to repair the damage	part in the inter collegiate contests there.	1 P. MRoll call and parade of Un-	Made to Every Reader of this	Paper, at BOYLE'S. Look before you buy.	
and a second and	done their church windows, by the		ion Grays.	Paper. We publish a most charming weekly		
LOCAL growth of strawberries will soon stock our market.		THE civilization in the city of Niles	1.30 P. MPrayer by S. C. Davis. Address of welcome by J. F. Higbee.	Literary and Family Story Paper, call-	Whole set of Glassware with a pound of good Baking Powder, at	C. H. BAKER
soon stock our market.	short job to stop that kind of business.	must be in a high state of perfection,	Oration, by Hon. C. G. Luce.	ed THE YANKEE BLADE, at \$2.00 per year, it is a mammoth paper, contain-		
BUSINESS was resumed on the nar-	MR. BURTON JARVIS is moving his		Five minute speeches by Pioneers.	ing in every issue eight large pages.	BUY THE EMPIRE BINDER.	
row gauge road, Monday.	family to his farm in Niles township,	devise, such as false fire alarms, and	Memorial notices of deceased mem-	forty-eight columns, of the choicest reading matter for the whole family		Has just put in a new and complete line of Undertaking goods,
TUE St. Joseph paper mill shipped	where he has just completed a fine set of buildings in one of the most sightly	other means resorted to create a panic,	Bers. Reports of committees, election of	circle, embracing serial and short Stories, Sketches, Poems, History, Bi-	Groceries at BLAKE's as cheap as the	
300 tons of paper last week.	sites in this part of the country.	stones thrown through the windows,	officers, etc.	ography, Wit and Humor, Fashions,	Baby Carriages at the FAIR a	consisting of wood and cloth covered caskets, and a nice assortment
		rotten eggs broken on the floor, etc. The heathen of Hades would have bet-	The whole to be interspersed with	Household Receipts, Fancy Work De- partment, Children's Corner, &c, &c,	FRESH BREAD will be kept at	of Ladies' and Gents' Burial Robes, and would be pleased to have you
Yot can now go to St. Joseph via narrow gauge and river boat.	DIED, in Pratt county, Kansas, May	ter manners.	instrumental and vocal music.	Every member of the family will be	BLAKE'S.	call and examine his stock before buying elsewhere.
hallow gange and liver boat.	21. 1886, of consumption, Mrs. T. J. Crandall, formerly of Buchanan. Ber-		THERE are many farmers in this	delighted with it. It has entertained millions of readers within the past	1 ou can save money by buying Gro-	
MR. AND MRS. H. H. KINYON expect	rien Springs and St. Joseph papers	THERE was a light rain in this place Saturday night, but Buchanan was	township who, with a very little work,	forty-five years, and to-day we are		
to return to this place this week.	please copy.	well to the north of the storm, which	can prepare a fish pond on their prem-	more ambifious than ever to increase the already large circulation of Tine	The FAIR! The FAIR! The FAIR! The FAIR! for most any thing. 4	
BERRIEN SPRINGS has a new photo-	Some EGGMr. Edmund Spaulding	was quite heavy at the south side of	ises that can in a few years be made to furnish all of the fish the family can	BLADE (which extends all over the United States and Canada), and to ac-		
graph gallery.	has brought to this office an egg that	the prairie, and on the west side of	use. Any of the numerous small ponds	complish this, we now make the fol-	five cents, at BOYLE'S. /	
	measured 614 by 833 inches in circum-	Terre Coupee prairie there was a heavy fall of hail that badly damaged the	where the water stands during the	lowing wonderfully liberal offer, and that is, upon receipt of only ONE DOL-	We keep a nice line of Dried Fruits,	(Successor to Daniel Weston)
STEVENSVILLE is to have a drug store, by the Supervisor,		growing wheat in some places. We	entire year will answer the purpose for German carp, and with very little	LAR (regular subscription price \$2.00).	at SCOTT & HOFFMAN'S. /	(Saccessor to Damer Weston,)
store, by the Supervisor.	tained two perfect yolks.	learn that some of Mr. James Rey-	care be made to yield a good profit,	we will send THE YANKEE BLADE every week for ONE YEAR, provided	Those new Deconated and Dustre	
MR. AND MRS. WILL SEARLS return-	ABOUT 100 bright boys and girls at	nolds' crop, and a part of that on the	where now they serve only as a blur	your subscription is received at once,	Band Breakfast, Dinner and Toilet Sets are beauties, and sold CHEAP at	
ed to their home in Carver, Minn., yes-	the State School, at Coldwater, want		to the appearance of the farm. The	or before July 1st, 1886. THE BLADE at \$5.00 is the cheapest	L. L. REDDEN'S. /	
terday.	homes, and some of the many childless	A DOWAGIAC correspondent, in the	young fish may be procured of Mr. Carothers for \$20 per thousand, and it	story paper in America, but at the special price of ONE DOLLAR, which it	HIGHS Sell Laces Cheaper than any	
REPORT is that the strongholds of	Michigan families can go to no better palce for consolation.	Detroit Evening Journal, has been	takes but a short time for them to	is now offered at for a short time, it cer-	one. Look! 28	
sin in this place are soon to receive an		drawing heavily on his imagination regarding the "Congressional derby"	grow large enough for a good break-	tainly places it within the reach of all. Address at once all orders to ED-	You can get Fresh Bread every day	
attack by the Salvation Army.	MR. W. F. RUNNER was called. Tues-	againing the congressional derby	fast. He has some five years old that	WARD C. DAVIS. Publisher THE	SCOTT & HOFFMAN'S /	



Thursday p. m. by three negroes.. Fred Price, residing two miles east of Violin? J. H. RoE keeps the best Guiand that no gaming is done there ex- ter of poorly made sidewalks. These ill be held by the several churches at \$1.75: fonnd trimmed Parasols, on cepting by the members, and that withtar, Violin and Banjo strings for the the Old Schoolhouse grounds, Sunday, tar walks when made with as much Niles, while plowing corn, was set up-HIGHS'." only at least money, and a good stock of all tar as can be rolled without sticking out stakes of any character. tle weather permitting. on by three negroes, who gave him an And in fact everything usually found in a first-class Grocery Lisle Gloves for 25c; Silk Gloves, 35c kinds of Musical Merchandise. and the properly covered with tar and unmerciful pounding, and kicked him HIGHS!! and Bakery. and 40c: all found at in the side. The three whelps were not known to Price and are said to be H. H. Pike, of Topinabee, a Cheboy-Prints. Sheeting and Denims are THE work of putting in the stone fine sand, will last for years, and be as New Stock of Corsets arrived this abutment at the east end of the river solid as rock; but when too small an gai county summer resort, has sold a Very Cheap with Highs. Very Cheap with Highs. 33 You will always find a complete line strangers. ' For the reason they pound-Please Give Me a Call. week. We own the cheapest ones in bridge is being flone, and in the mean whole block of lots to Kalamazoo allowance of tar is used, as was done ed Price, no one knows. The neighbors HIGHS. the city. Look! at paries, who will build cottages theretime the merchants of this place are here, they will crack and crumble. in that vicinity, as soon as they, learnof Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, at 🛓 CHARLES BISHOP, being taxed by the contractor to pay ed of the occurrence, turned out and Handsomest Summer Shawls in this on. Mr. Pike's Berrien county friends The same rule follows with the Port-C. B. TREAT'S. gave immediate chase, and the darkies HIGHS'. will be pleased to learn that he is sucfor the extra trouble of keeping the land cement. When properly made city at ceeding in settling some of the wilder-hess about him. were driven into a marsh near Barren EXTRA copies of the RECORD may Lake, but at this writing have not Cash Paid for Wool. 54 FRONT STREET. always be found at the news depot in C. B. TREAT. the post office room. been caught.



### AT THE GRAVES OF TWO BROTHERS.

What mother having sons twin-born, both dear, Equally dear, both strong and masterful, Both having tender nurture at her breast, Who, after childhood, diverse-minded, then Who, after childhood, diverse-minded, then By some hot feul are swayed and fall hapart: One leal to that strong bond of Home an t Hearin, One stung by some wild fire to strike at her And wound her bosom; till lo, their strifo g owr

fierce, Both fail and both are slain by mutual blows; Bith fall and both are slain by mutual blows; What mother like to this one, shall not take Both back into her heart with quenchless love, Forgetting only that they were her sons, Both being dead, and both were good and bravy. And grieve for both and praise them in her grief? O thou, our Mother, is not this one thou? Were not such twin-born these thy sons, thing own And over their two graves dost Thou not stimd, This fair last May morn, with memorial flowers Full-handed, faithful to thy mother love, Forgetting only that they were thy sons, Grieving for both and praising in thy grief? JOHN JAMES PLATT. QUEENSTOWN, Ireland, May 15. QUEENSTOWN, Ireland, May 13.

### AT ONE SOLDIER'S GRAVE

How warm the day was, and how silent the way. ' I had ridden miles without meeting a human b ing. Yet it was a fertile and populous northern country I was rassing through. Big, roomy farmhouses sat upon shade.1 hilltops, fair fields answered the sun's warm glances with full crops, and cool groves dotted the landscape here and there, under whose drooping branches the lazy kine stood

panting. I entered a bit of cool, damp wool, and let my horse move at his laziest pace. I enjoyed the shade, but I felt a sense of loneliness and isolation the moment I was within it. Some woods are cheery and refreshing, however thick anl impenetrable. This was moist, silent and gruesome. The sandy road was so damp that my horse's feet made no sound, and that added to the queer sense of solem-nity I felt. I passed down a long, gently sloping hill into a still more gloomy hollow. Under a rude little bridge a struggling stream of surface water slowly meandered, with a

melancholy sound, seeking the far-off sea. The hill on the other side of the bridge was steeper than the one I had just de scended. The top stretched out into a broad table land, nearly half a mile in length to ward the north, though it shelved off west of the road about twenty yards into a dimin-utive valley. To the right, near the road stood a disused, dilapidated Quaker meeting house. When I saw it I instantly under stood the impressive loneliness of the wood No places are so fu'l of mysteriously sad influences as those wherein men and wome have dwelt or met and then abandoned. The loneliest mountain side is not so lonely as a deserted house, though it stand in sight of cheery homes. I am half afraid of ghosts in such places-not weird and chilling shapes exactly, but ghosts of the hopes, joys, sor rows and sins which were there born and which there died.



until a few months before the war broke out My son grew restless, and talked of going out into the world and doing great things. We held him here, his father and I, foolish souls that we were, feeling that we could not let him go; that to go once meant really to go for ever. You know that when birds go for ever, for know that when birds once try their wings they never go back to the nest. And we had only one other child, one girl, our Katie. At last the pressure upon bis restless spirit rasped his ever quick temper, and he quarreled with his father, left us in the night without a word." She rose, turned her face away, and stood so long silent that I thought she meant to say no more. But she went on presently, stooping dowr.



days of carnage.

always come at last. New YORK, May 26.

be another war here in my time?" "I think not; I hope not," I answered.

On Fame's eternal camping ground Their silent tents are spread; And Glory guards, with solema round, The bivouae of the dea l.

Now swells upon the win l; No trouble I thought at midulght Launts

Their shivered swords are red with rust,

Their baughty hanner trailed in dust

And the proud forms, by battle gashed, Are free from anguisa now.

The neighfur troop, the flashing blade.

The charge, the dreadful cannoua le, The charge, the dreadful cannoua le, The dia and shout, are passed;

N ir war's wild note, nor glory's peak. Shali theilt with flerce delight

The ra, ture of the fight.

of the war.

Those breasts that never more may feel

tell you of the fiercest battle I was in."

listened attentively to my rebel friend.

had unbounded confidence. Hood, whom we

did not consider a safe soldier, was in com-

mand. We feared that some of the belief as

to the fighting capacity of northern men held

by the slaveholders before the war lingered

in his m'nd. We privates had promptly dis-

days, or they cannot be beaten at all.'

ily into the fire for an instant, and then said

"Yes, we outmarched Schofield, and then

by-mar hed within a half a mile of our

Confederate soldiers when they discovered

Schofield closely. He struck the Har neth river at Franklin, where the stream

sed by the weary, footsore, battle-torn

that he was ours."

regretfuily: ..

.

No rumor of the foe's advance

Of loved ones | ft behind:

No vision of the morrow's strift The warrior's dream alarm :

No braying horn or screaming fife At dawn shall call to arms.

Their slumed heads are bowed

Is now their martial should:

The red stains from each brow

EBBON OLIVER.

"Come in and see this soldier's grave, said the boy, glad of a new interest. I hesi tated. The occasion seemed too sacred for the intrusion of a stranger; but he insisted so warmly that I left my horse and followed him into the graveyard. His simple, but not undignified, introduction made an

"Missis Wilson," he said, gallantly taking off his flower-trimmed hat, "this gentleman was in the war, and I've asked him in to help put the flowers on Capt. Rathbone's grave." We were on the ground of common sympathy at once. This woman was no longer young. but she was beautiful with the leauty of a spirit that had long dwelt on calm heights. She was of the past, scarcely seeming to belong to the present at all. Her soft black silk and its laces, and even her face, were of a fashion not new. She was an old-school lady, with the gentle dignity and majesty of manner

that indicate the old-school training. "This is not my son's grave," she said, "but that of his dearest friend, and I am the only one left here who knew him or cares to lay a flower on the earth that covers him." I Lent to read the inscription on the fastlimming headstone

> To the memory CAPTAIN WILBUR RATHBONE, A true friend and brave soldier, This stone is raised by Co. G. ....th Regiment, --Vol. I., which he commanded.

The grave had been carefully tendet. Its rounded outlines and fresh, closely trimmed sod made of it a green island in a lake of disorder and neglect. The pale old lady knelt down and began to pick the flowers from the basket and reverently lay them upon the grave. The boy, big-eyed and silent, came

softly up and planted his flag at its head. "Wilhur Rathbone was my son's closest friend," continued the old lady, in a soft sweet voice. "They were habies together, school-fellows, comrades and friends. The home of each was as much the other's as his own. They spent almost every hour of their time together for twenty years. They grew alike in looks and manners, though they were totally unlike in character. Even their names resembled each other. My boy was called Willis. He was rash, impetuous, quick to anger and not easy to control. Wilbur was brave but gentle, given to quiet ways and of few words. He loved music better than merrymaking, and dogs, horses and birds better than the society of most persons. I fancy I can still hear the piano speak under his fingers when I sit piano speak under its ingers much a silent and alone in my now childless and almost empty house. And when the quiet of evening comes I sometimes close my eyes, blot out of my memory a quarter of a century, and hear the notes from his violin float over the hills. His mother and father, my good neighbors, lived over there in the he ausə whose chimneys you can just see from here," and she pointed through a break in the wood. "They are long since dead, and lie here by the side of their son. They were not members of the Society of Friends that met in this little house, but their parents had been, and when they died there was, after all, no spot of ground in which to bury them more sacred than this, though it is so desolate—so very,

very desolate. "But the boys! They were never separated

if Hood allowed them to throw up an earthwork, it mattered not how slight, that they would most tenaciously hold that defense. They were desperate mon. Their only chance was to fight, and fight, and still fight. In the open we could have crushed them in an hour. Once covered we knew that they could not be crushel, and we privates, who had fought these men for three years, knew they would fight to the last man, almost, once they were warmed to their work. "As we stool in column waiting for our orders, I saw the corps and division com-manders crowd around Hood, who had rid-

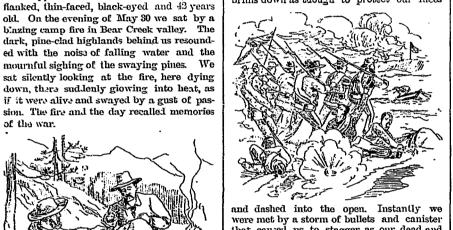
den onto the field. I dropped out of the ranks and drew near to the group. They were inspecting the Yankes line. I heard Cleburne, approved and fearless fighter, urga Hood to order the assau't at once. I heard

touched him, little as he could understand the deep tragedy of it. And I heard again the clash and thunder of war, saw the blazing fires of battes and felt, in a rush of memory, the fierce fever of those vanished

The boy followed me out to the roadside "Do you think," he said, earnestly, as I other general officers a lvise him not to waste nounted my horse, "do you think there will time, not to allow the Yankees time to cover themselves. Hood refused to order the assault, saying the troops were tired and He looked disappointed. "I want to fight," he said, eagerly; "for I have a sword that was my grandfathers." I rode away from that lonesome spot full of sad thought. All contentions, strife and anger scome 1 so needless; all sufforing so gratuitons. Yet, thank God, peace and rest in our course of thet. "Enviro Methers hungry, and needed food and rest, and he added, contemptuously: 'In ten minutes we can drive the Yankess out of any works they can throw up in two hours. They cannot hold that line.' Cleburne shook his head negatively at this, but Hood was firm. When I saw Cleburne, who was ever keen for battle, shake his head I was discouraged. If Cleburne dreads the work, it must be hopeless, I thought. "The men were ordered to cook breakfast

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD. and obeyed sullenly. The Yankes earthworks steadily grew as we looked on. Two hours passed and they were finished, and the Yank e infantry sank out of sight behind them. Then came marching and countermarching on our part. It was 4 o'clock before our dispositions for the assault were made. From the position I was in I could plainly see the Yankee line. It seemed to be desarted. Now and then the head of a man would appear above the works, or an artillery man would crouch behind a gun and gazy in our direction. We were fo myd for the assoult. The plan was to launch several columns against the line and And plen'coasfuneral tears have washed in leavor to break it at different points, waile the real attack would be made on the litue hill where the two batteries stool. O rarti ery went into action. Some dism unterlartillery men wers formed behind ns. These were to follow us closely, and when we had captured the Yankie guns they were to turn them and pulverize the flying Yankees. It was a good idea, and the artillerymen laughed gleefully at the THEODOPE 'MARA. picture they conjured. It was well they had their laugh first. THE BATTLE OF FRANKLIN.

"All was roudy, we arose and da hel forward. Oat of the ground rose the Yankes tickets and firing once they ran for their Three years ago my comrade, Rhett Thomearthwork. As we screamed out the charging yell the Yankee troops rose up from be-hind their works and their rifles fell into a as, and I were prospecting in the foothills of the Sierra Madre mountains, in Wyoming. horizontal line, the Federal artillerists sprung Thomas was an ex-Confederate soldier, a to their guns, we instinctively pulled our hat Mississippian. He was tall, slender, leanbrims down as though to protect our faces



were instantly selected as targets, and were literally shot to pieces. "Darkness descended and still the battle-

Darkness descended and still the battle torn Confederates were formed into charg-ing columns and launched against the Yan-kee works. We advanced, stumbling over our dead and wounded. The latter shrieked as we trod on their mangled limbs. Powder smoke hung over the field in clouds, which reflected the lurid fire that blazed along the Yankee parapets. Eight o'clock, 9 o'clock, 9:30 and we are still fighting, still dying, still trampling our dead and wounded comrades into the earth. Then we gave it up. We had made five desperate charges. Pat Cloburne's men had made six anl ha fell deal while leading the last. Every general officer in the army, excepting Hood, was killed or wounded. Our losses had run high up in the thousands. We stacked our arms and lay down. All night our wounded comrade crawled off of the field and sought comfort and rest and water among their unburt brothers. Men with one leg trailing on the earth behind them, others with shattered shoulders, or torn entrails, or ghastly flesh wounds, or with smashed jaws, or eyes shot out would crawl, walk or be led into our ranks, where they would sink beside us and murmur: 'I am glad to get home to you. It was hell itself, boys!' And they would sink

into sleep or deat's. "We were awake early the next morning to discover that the Yankees had crossed th river during the night, and were probably well on their way towards Nashville. We were mighty glad they had gone. Hood seemed to be stupefied at the disaster that Trade-Mark because it so aptly had befallen us. He allowed his discouraged army to remain in camp by that bloody batillustrates a woman sinking untlefield. The men, already dispirited and doubtful of his ability as a commander, were der disease and weaknesses, who, permitted to roam at will over the corpse-strewn field. I never before or after saw when all else has failed, is finally such a frightful battle ground. Many of the rescued by Zoa-Phora, a sure dead were shot to shreds. And I saw scores of men who had been wounded-legs broken remedy for all complaints pecuprobably-who had put their thumbs into their mouths and had chewed them into liar tothe sex. shreds to keep from crying, coward-like, as they lay exposed to the merciless fire of the Yankees, waiting for death to keep them to drift wood and disregard the from voicing their fear. Franklin was the only battle ground I ever saw where the staunch boat? faces of the majority of the dead expressed supreme fear and horror. Dead men's faces were drawn awry. Their eyes were wide open and fear-staring. Their very atti-tude as they lay prone on the ground with extended, earth-clutching fingers, and with their force wardingly build in the with their faces practically buried in the

then, the chewed thumbs, showing the direfu necessity they had to brace themselves to receive death, was inexpressibly affect-"The rep ated disasters we had encountered under Hool had dampened our ardor. The unwise rambling of our men over the battle-field of Franklin broke their spirit. We wou'd not fight at Nashville; we lost that field because the snecter of Franklin, livid. with distorted features, with blood-streaming wounds, with ghastly, horror stricken eyes, chewing and crunching its thumb, stalked among us. It was in the columns as we marched. It rode astride of the Napleon guns. It sat by our camp fires. It stood in the trenches at Nashville. It lay in the rifle pits o' nights."

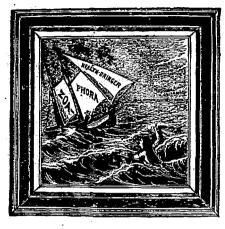
Thomas ceased talking, and looked intently and sorrowfully into the fire, as though he were searching for the faces of the commades he had lost. I did not intrude cn his grief, but quietly rolled myself in my blankets and lay down, not to sleep, but to think of the horrors of the war and of the bloody fields in Virginia, on which I had

worked at a cannon's muzzle. FRANK WILKESON NEW YORK, May 25.

A GEURGIA VOLUNTEER.

Far up the lonely mountain side





 Many a woman realizes unat

 Coloma, Mich., Dec. 5, 1855. Gendlemen: One of your circulars came to my notice to-day and is re-minds me of an old and very valuable friend, one that saved my life 12 years ago and because I had not needed its help since I had almost forgotten it. I was 16 years old: I coughed continually and had chills every day; I was as miserable as any one could be and live. A lady who knew the cause of my illness persuaded my mother to have me use Zon-Phorn-it was called Woman's Friend then-before I had used one bottle my cough and chills ceased. I kept on and used two bottles and they brought me out all right. I af-terwards married and an now the mother of three nice, hearty children. I feel that I owe great deal to Zon-Phorn. I hope it will become dical tal can to help you. Yours truly, MIR, LAURA FURMAN.
 Fort Gratiot, Mich., Jan. 31, 1855. R. Pengelly & Co., Kalamazoo, Mich. Gentlemen: - I had one customer, not long ngo, who doctored a great would try no more. I wanted to know whether the cause of my illness persuaded my mother to have me use Zon-Phorn. I hope it will become well known and that every woman and girl who needs it will use it. If you will send me some direulars I will give them to acquaintances and do all I can to help you. Yours truly, MIR, LAURA FURMAN.

 To the Zon-Phorn Medicine Co., Kalamazon, Coloma, Dec. 6, 1885. \* \* \* Yes, use my let-ter, name and all, in any way that it will help you, and refer to me freely. \* \* \* ULAURA FURMAN.

 Urichsville, O., April 3, 1854. I have suffered wow area relief.
 Miss I. L. Mendon, Mich., Jan. 17, 1885. I cannot express

and a second second

We have chosen as our

Would a drowning person cling

Many a woman realizes that

Urichsville, O., April 3, 1854. I have suffered five long years with female weakness. I spent nearly one hundred dollars per year for medicine and doctors, receiving but little benefit. I was finally persuaded to try Zoa-Phora. I have take four bottles, and now consider myself cured. But I keep it on hand, and a dose now and then keeps me in splendid health. Any woman who needs such a remedy, will find Zoa-Phora worth its weight in gold. Mrs. L. R. F.

ing, or else clings to treatment that never has helped her and never will. Many have done otherwise, and here is their testimony: (We have hundreds of such witnesses.)

year by year, month by month,

she is succumbing to disorders

that, unchecked, will finally over-

power her. She is convinced that

Zoa-Phora is the truest means of

rescue, yet she either does noth-

Detroit, March 23, 1835. To the Zon-Phora Med-icine Co. Gentlemen :--I have just been talking with one of my customers about your medicine, and think you would like to know what she says: Mrs. Cobett, 227 18th street, says that she used it with the greatest success. Hers is a case of long standing. She has faithfully tried other treat-ments, and pronounces Zoa Phora superior to any other. It is with pleasure that she makes this statement, and has no objection to its public use as a means of having others try it. I have sold it to other hadies, who have used it with most flattering results. All give high opin-ions of it. It is a pleasure to sell an article of such positive merit. Yours respectfully. ROBERT FULTON. Pharmacist, 375 Baker St., Detroit.

Pharmacist, 375 Baker St., Detroit.

Poynette, Wis., Dec. 29, 1831. Dr. Pengelly:-My daughter is all right now, and sends you many thanks. After doctoring four years with the best physicians we could procure, and being so reduced that she weighed only 76 lbs., and could sit up only a small part of the time, her cure by your medicine is almost a miracle. Peo-ple look at her with astonishment. She now weighs 121 lbs., and is strong and well. Very respectfully, Mrs. B. F. BULL.

THE FULL NAMES of these witnesses.

and of scores more, just as good, we will furnish privately to any lady who may wish to write to them.

Sometimes a woman fears that she has Female Weakness, when her trouble is of an entirely different nature. A careful study of our book, "Facts for Women," (which we send to ladies only, in sealed envelope, on receipt of 10 cents,) would either show her that she has no such complaint, or teach her what to do if she has. The price of Zoa-Phora is, one bottle for \$1, or six bottles for \$5. Where druggists do not keep it, on an order for \$5 worth we will proper the curves. worth we will prepay the express. The dose is small. It is therefore inexpensive.

### **ADMONITION TO MOTHERS.**

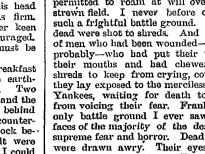
Do not let your daughters say, as so many have said to us again and again, almost in the same words : "If my mother had known and had taught me the facts contained in your book, instead of leaving me to learn them by bitter experience, how much better it would have been for me,"

"If my mother had known of Zoa-Phora, and had used it to correct my ailments when they first began, how much of suffering I should have escaped.

For Books or confidential testimonials, Address, Private Secretary of Zoa-Phora Co., Kalamazoo, Mich.

100"N. B.—Letters addressed to the Private Secretary are seen only by him and our Consulting Physician.





oil, told the tale of mental agony they had endured before death release them. And



This rude old meeting house, unpainted, decaying and grim as a primitive law made the gloomy wood still more desolate. An unfrequented roal crossed another a few yards north of it; trees sighed about it; moss grew upon its rotten roof, and wild grass and briars clambered about its sunken doorstep. It told its mourful story without the aid of words. The plainly habited, honest people who met beneath its roof in the past had vanished from the earth, and their decouple who methan and the past descendants were scattered or had departed from the faith of their fathers and belonged to the world's people. I stopped to look at it, held by a sad fascination.

A shrill whistle interrupted my reverie, and scattered the ghosts of the silent landscape. Turning to my left I saw a boy climbing a bit of shaky fence. The climbing was a self-imposed task, and was evidently indulged in for the sole purpose of adding interest to the occasion, whatever it was, since an unsteady gate swung open bat a few feet farther on. He wore an enormous straw hat, gayly decorated with grasses and roses, and carried in one hand a big basket, heaping full of flowers, old fashioned flowers, old time roses, May pinks, lilacs, blue bells, snow balls, peonies and honeysuckles. The other hand waved a brilliant half-grown flag, and on the end of the basket a very small flag had been clumsily sewn. Altogether, this bright-eyed infant had a

festal appearance in strong contrast to the gloom and silence of the scene. He whistled a bar from the "Star-Spangled Banner," emphasizing it by waving the flag energetically. He seated himself on the top rail of the fence and eyed me with some interest, though pretending not to see me. His bare, brown feet beat time to the measure of the tune. He struck up, in a shrill treble:

Iam a patriot true, sir; Yes, I am; yes, I am! A patriot firm and true, sir; Yes, I am; yes, I am!

"I don't doubt it in the least," I said, attempting to be sociable; "indeed, you look it every inch."

A grimace was his only answer. Still it was a friendly grimace. His dignity would not permit him to make my acquaintance too easily. I must make all the advances. "Going to a picnic, are you not," I asked,

believing that the best way to open a conversation with him would be to take some interest in his affairs, though I detest that method as applied to myself. "No-a strew," he answered.

"A what?"

"A strew," he replied, with a little annoy-ance in his voice, "a Decoration day strew. Don't you know that this is the day to decorate soldiers' graves-the 30th of May?"

"I had forgotten it," I answered humbly. "But where are there any soldiers' graves? Not near here, surely."

He turned like a bird on the old fence and pointed with the flag into a mass of brambles. "Not there?"

"Yes, there. That's a graveyard-the graveyard that belongs to the old meeting house. Everybody that used to go to meeting there (pointing to the house) is in here now (pointing again toward, the briars and

weeds), so there are no more meetings." I looked at the graveyard with pitying in terest. It was nothing but a square patch of brambles, and rank, dark weeds, inclosed by a broken and worm-eaten fence and sur rounded by the thick and silent wood. Nothing could be more isolated from busy life, more completely forgotten by the world. No, not quite forgotten, for here was the

brown-legged boy, with his flag and his flowers, his whistle and song. "But soldiers are not buried here?" I said. "One of them is," the boy answered with an accent of pride and an additional wave of his flag. "It is in control that Missic Gilman his flag. "It's his grave that Missis Gilman is goin' to strew with these flowers, though he wasn't any relation of hers at all. He was a captain, and he has a marble headstone, the only one in the whole graveyard. His company put it up. It's gettin' a little old now, for he's been dead nearly twenty-

four years-died 'most fourteen years before

and picking up a flower from the soldier's grave. "Never before had I trial like that. His father had been stern with him, I know, tell me a battle story." but he loved him, and I loved them both, and now anger raged in their hearts toward each other. One was gone where I could not help him, and the other hugged his wrath in

silence at home. "Oh, the agony of those days! One by one

they went by without bringing a word from my boy. The hours sat upon my heart like mountains. The disgrace of it alm est killel us. To think that our son-our only son, whom we so loved—had fled his home lik athief in the night, and was wandering, we knew not where.

"At last Wilbur came to me one day, brin r-ing a letter from Willis, which had been sent within one to him. He wrote humbly to me, begging me to forgive his uncer, monious de-parture and assuring me again and again of his love, but said not a word of his father. His heart was still full of anger toward him, I could see. I have that letter yet. I have read it a thousand times. It was the last line I ever had from his hand.

"He was in Goorgia. Why he went south I do not yet understand. Perhaps it was acci-dent; perhaps it was destiny. Even then there were rumors of war, and in a short time it burst upon the country in all its terror and horror. These quiet hills echoed the sounds of the bugle and the drum from morn-ing till night. Down in the town companies were forming and regiments waited to be ordered toward the front. Wilbur Rathbone commanded a company, and waited in camp for an order to depart. Before he left the news came one day that our Willis hal joined the Confederate army; that he was captain of a company under Longstreet. 1 tried to doubt that awful story. I would not believe it-I could not. That he had left us in anger was sorrow and disgrace enough; to know that he was in arms against his and our country was too great an affliction to be calmly borns. His father ray ed like a mailman, and forbade us to speak of Willis in his

presence. "I saw Wilbur march away with a heart beavier than stone. If my boy had only been with him, it seemed to me I could have laughed from joy. But now, these two whose lives had been spent in brotherly companionship were in arms against each other. The roll of the drums sounded in my ears day after day and would not die out, even after every soldier had been sent on to the south. I awoke night after night from dreams of battles in which I saw my Willis wounded and dying. Sometimes I called his

name in my sleep and his father's groans of anguish would wake ma. "When the body of Wilbur Rathbone was sent home, I envied his mother her sorrow. He had died for his country-died for free-dom. I stool dry-eyed by his grave, loving him as a son, and feeling that my own sor row was greater than death. My daughter died a few months later. This affliction we bore unmurmuringly; but that other, that

unspeakable sorrow, grieved us unceasingly. "At last I, too, grew stern and unrelenting toward my son, I banished him from my thoughts. I drove his memory from my heart. I had no forgiveness for him. And so the years went on-those awful years of camp fites. I have never seen more intense rage and profound disgust than was exthe war when the whole country mo nrne and suffered. At last it was over. Peace came and the country bound up its wounds and began to live again. Nearly a year later we learned that Willis had been kide1 while fighting at Chickamauga. His father's heart softened then. He wept and murmured affectionate excuses for him. But I-I felt relieved to know that I should never see his face again. They talk about the deathless tenderness of a mother's heart; but mine had its day of hardness. Always, always this thought stung me; I, a patriot, the daughter of patriots, was the mother of a son who had

defied his parents and fought against his country. "Three years later my husband died, and I was left alone. He spoke of Willis often in the last days of his life. But I was silent.

action. We were on the ground early in the morning. The Yankees had just begun to break earth for an intronchment. We could "Not till long, long after did I find in my see their entire line and indge correctly of heart forgiveness for my erring son. I realized at last that I had no right to judge their numbers. We outnumbered them over

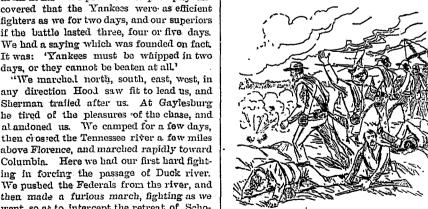
that caused us to stagger as our dead and wounded comrades fell against us. We wavered Ladly then gathered ourselves and pushed on, firing as we went.

"The powder smoke hung on the field. Through rifts in it we could see the Federal gunners spring nimbly to and fro from the Napoleon guns. The responsive flash of the guns, as the lan-yards were pulled, would be followed by the "Thomas," I said, "to-day is Decoration rip of canister as it flew past and through lay. Throughout the north the graves of the us, tearing great gaps in our ranks, cracking men who felt in defense of the Union have mens' bones as pipestems, and knocking brave men deal with great holes in their been strewn with flowers. The memories of bolies. The zip, zip, zip of flying rifle balls was a mighty and steady hum, as though the war are being recalled around thousands of hearthstones to-night. You never speak of the war. Break your rule to-night and the empty cy.inders of countless threshing machines were revolving at full speed al.

around us. Thomas looked at ma inquiringly for an in-Steadi y the veteran Yankee infantry stant and then said, sadly: "I do not like to talk of the war. My father and brothers who hal to hold their line of earthworks or take to the water, loaded and fired. Our men fell by hundreds. We staggered on were killed in battle, our home was burned, our slaves freed, our lands made valueless. through this storm of bullets and canister My friends and comrades were shot dead by for five minutes. We had not reached the the score. Other scores, weakened by starva-Union line. Then we heard exultant shouts tion and hard work, and thinly clad, died, to our left and through the diffing smoke caught a glimpse of our battle flags planted on the Federal breastworks on the hill, and as we The memories of the war are exceedingly painful to me. But," he added, as he shrugged his shoulders to my entreaty not to talk. saw the men clad in gray clamber over the "pile some wood on the fire while I cut a works and disappear, we redoubled our efforts to take the line in front of us. Its fire did not slacken a particle. Its defenders couple of pipefuls of tobacco, and then I will I piled logs high on the fire. We lit out paid no attention to the disaster that had overtaken their center. As we drew closer pipes on the glowing coals. Then, wrapped the parapet, reddened in the smoke and the in our blankets, we sat on the ground and I

fire, resembled the fury of hell in its intensity. "I Lelonged to Joe Johnston's army," said Then loul above the battle's roar sounded the charging cheer of the Yankee troops. Thomas: "we had ceased to talk of our vicand we know that the Confederates who ha tory at Kenesaw. The daily fighting during broken the Federal center were being called the long retreat before Sherman had been upon to make good their success by meeting the charge of the Yankes reserves. Could almost forgotten. Uar lost opportunity on Peach Tree creek-lost by the removal of they withstand it? Promptly came the an-Johnston-had ceased to trouble us. The There was a solid crash of musketry swer. loss of Atlanta and thousands of our comfrom that portion of the line, and in an in rades who fell in the battles around that stant the remnants of the victorious Confederates swarmed out of the captured town was still fresh in our memories. And works and ran for cover. Instantly the earthwork was manned by a double line of fresher still was the recollection of the bloody assault on the two redoubts near Allatoona blue-coated infantry who shot down the that were held by a couple of thousand Yankees. We had lost Johnston, in whom we

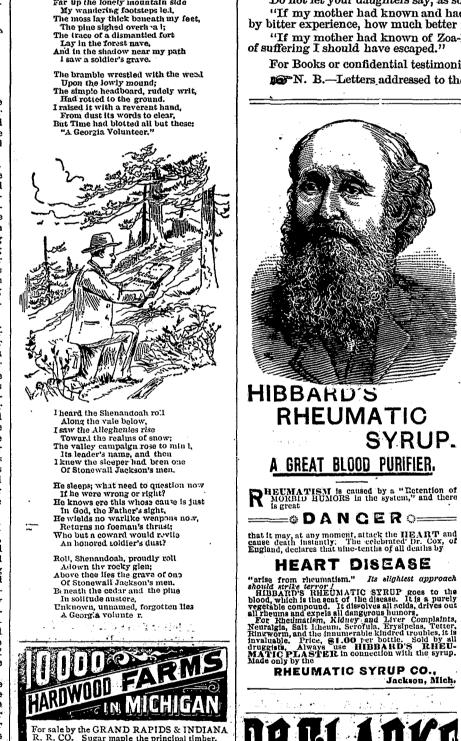
flying Confederates by scores. We pressed on. We were so close to the works that some of our men fell into the ditch. And we could see the eyes of the Yankee infantry as they looked over their rifle sights. Their faces were pallid, their jaws set, and their eyes blazed with battle light. I never before saw such rapid hand-



could hear No. 1 impatiently (ap with sponge staff on the blackened muzzles of the brass guns, as he called for canister, and more canister, and still more canister. We were sufficiently near to feel the wind of the guns. I looked back. We had not advanced far. The dead lay in winrow: Wounded men were staggering over the fi ld, and falling in ones, twos and threes, as they came together for aid, between the lines of dead. The men we slept, and while we slept Schofield marched hesitated. They realized that they could not carry the works. Their line officers tried to hold them. They staggered a few feet nearer the Federal line, firing wildly the while, to be scorched by the hot breath of cannon and that their officers had allowed their prey to rifles. They wavered badly, tried to hold escape. Sullenly we fell into column and resumed the chase. We pushed on, then broke and ran for cover. We were under fire for about ten minutes, and one-third of our division, Reynolds', was killed or wounded. Stunned, bewildered and hormakes a right angle. We were so close to ribly disappointed, we gathered in a pro-Schofield that he didn't dare to attempt to tected position and were speedily reformed. We were allowed to rest for awhile.

cross the river for fear of losing, not only his trains, but his army. The Yankees "Of course the planned simultaneous at-tack by several columns had failed. Of formed a battle line across the neck of land formed by the winding river. Their flanks rested on the water. Their conter was on a course they did not get off together. They went in one after the other, and they were low hill, where a couple of batteries stood in all whipped. Again we were formed into charging column. Our officers briefly explained the necessity of carrying the works. We swore to take them or die in the attempt. 'Ah,' said Thomas, 'it is easy to swear to do when you are no

.





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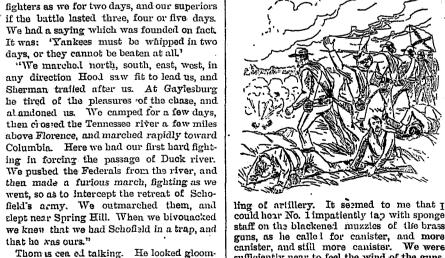
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STOPPED FREE Feeble Minded Children and Youth, AT KALAMAZOO, MICH: DR. C. T. WILBUR, Proprietor. Very Select School, Elegant Home, Thirty Years' Experience. TO ADVERTUSEEDS. Lowert Data Total I was born." He rattled this off with childtwo to one. The Confederates, though tired him; that if he erred perhaps I was to blame. like eagerness, happy in being the first to tell a bit of something interesting to another. "Were you in the war?" he asked. "Yes." and hungry, were keen to be led to the assault. We one and all prepared to fight at hard, exceedingly hard, to accomplish them.' Insane Persons Restored Dr. KLINE'S GREAT I know now that the passions, sorrows and evils of life became as nothing in the sweep of time. He was buried in the trenches We rushed to the assault again, again to be met by a fire the heat of which warped us ERVERESTORER once rather than to wait for an hour or two out of line. It seemed to me that the air was so full of bullets that I could have and be fed. After our bloody experience at Allafoona we dreaded to attack carthworks manned by vetoran Yanof Chickamauga. I cannot lay a flower on his or Nerve Affections. Fits, E all if taken as directed. N r use. Treatise and \$2 trial 1 "So was my gran'father. I have the pic-ture of a fight he was in. He was killed, too." This with a special accent of pride. It was something to be killed, evidently, in his writer grave, so I come on the day they hnow soldiers and lay my tributes on the earth that covers the boly of Wilbur, his best beloved friend. Somehow I feel that Willis ay's way. Tradise and \$2 trial bothe free to ients: they paying express charges on box when d. Send names, P. O. and express address on d to DR.KLINE out Arch.St. Philadelphia;Pa sis: BRWARE OF IMITATING FEADDOS caught some by simply grabbing on either side or above me. We advanced close to the field's army cooped. They could not re-treat. The river was behind them. We works, and again we broke and fled for cover. **TO ADVERTISERS.**—Lowest Rates for Ad 1 vertising in 971 good newspapers sent free Address GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., 10 Spruce st Y. 1014 The Yankees, now thoroughly angry, and his opinion. Riding close to the old fence I looked over GALIFORNIA EXCURSIONS understands and knows that in my heart are flowers of affection for him. They were Job Printing the description, at the RECORD STRAM PRINT ING HOSSE. Warranted to give stiefaction. merciless, began to shoot at every living obknew that if we attacked at once we could kill them, or capture them, or drive ject within range of their rifles. Wounded into the neglected place of the dead and saw both dear to me-very dear to me. "Yes, he surely understands. I have long Confederates, who moved a leg or an arm, Monthly. Lowest rates. Extra inducements. Ex press train time to all California points. Address A. PHILLIPS & CO., 89 Clark St., CHICAGO, ILL, the edge of a marble headstone and beside it them into the river. But we also knew that felt that, and have long ceased to grieve. the dark folds of a woman's gown.