

THE SILENT SOLDIER.

INTEREST IN THE GREAT UNION WAR LEADER.

Promised Completion of the Grant Monument - How Grant Waited for His Call - Anecdotes of His Career - His Pathetic Close.

HE coming year will probably witness the completion of the great Grant monument now being erected in Riverside Park, overlooking the Hudson River, New York. This monument, which will be one of the noblest ever erected to a military hero, and its completion and dedication should be the great event for Decoration Day, 1905.

Interest in the great northern leader of the civil war will be revived as the time approaches for the completion of the great monument. It has been said that forty years of Grant's life were passed in waiting for the opportunity



Lieut. Grant in 1847.

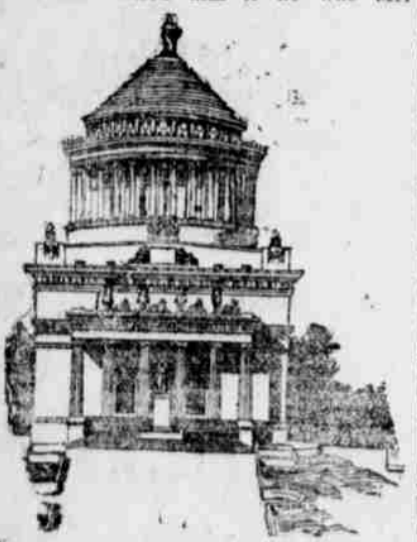
that came at last. Fate seemed to have destined him for an illustrious career. He was not a successful financier. Trade was not his forte, and he had no aptitude for farm life. He called his farm at Gravelots "Hard-scrabble," because his life there was a hard scramble for existence. While he sold wood, Mrs. Grant kept house without the aid of a servant, and cleared a small space on the untilled soil for a flower garden. In Galena, their friends were all in better circumstances than they, and Mrs. Grant lamented the straightened circumstances that prevented her from giving a neighborhood tea party, because she had no decorated china tea service. The sequence to that life of genteel privation reads like a fairy story. From civilian to soldier, from soldier to President of the United States and commander-in-chief of the American army and navy, maintaining



Grant's Birthplace.

ing the same grave, inflexible demeanor through all his successes that he had worn in his days of waiting, when his life appeared to him as "failure, crowding failure to the end," with but one alternative, to work or starve, his career is unsurpassed in American history for its remarkable changes.

Regarding Grant's period of waiting at Galena for the tremendous strain of responsibility and activity that was before him, H. H. Kohlsatt tells a characteristic story. One day, when he was seven years old, he rode into Galena with his father on a load of garden produce. "They drove to the market square. My father had received from Mr. Grant an order for a basket of vegetables," said Mr. Kohlsatt. "He told me to take the basket over to Grant's hide store. I went over there, and I remember distinctly that the hide and rolls of leather made a very bad smell. When I walked into the store I saw a man tipped back in a chair with his feet on a stack of hides. He was smoking a cigar and reading a newspaper. I went up to him and asked him if he was Mr.



The Grant Monument.

Grant. He looked around and nodded his head. Then he told me to put the basket over by the counter. When I was going home with my father I told him that Mr. Grant must be a lazy man. The one impression I received was that he must be a poor business man, so indolent and indifferent did he seem as he sat tipped back there smoking his cigar."

The modesty of the great soldier was always as great as his apparent indifference to the smaller concerns of life. When Gen. Grant and Gen. Sherman were given a big reception in Chicago at the close of the war, this characteristic story was related of the hero: He sat with Sherman in the gallery of the sanitary fair building on Dearborn Square, where the reception was held, and there were loud cries for a speech from Gen. Sherman. "Speech, speech!" rang out in trumpet tones from the mass, but Sherman would not respond.

Then came the cry, "Command him to make a speech," to Grant, who arose slowly, took his cigar from his mouth, and said with the incomparable brevity which was the soul of his wit:

"I never commanded a man to do that which I cannot do myself." A pathetic story, recently published, relates to the last brief journey he ever took from the cottage on Mt. MacGregor. The general had a favorite walking-stick without which he never went abroad, even on his drives, and his walking-stick had its own place in the corner of his room; no hand but his own ever put it there or took it thence. Day after day the journey from his chair to that corner before he set forth, from the corner to his chair after his return, and the replacement of the stick in its own place, grew more difficult to the general's nerveless and weary feet. And there came that day, at last, when on coming in, he glanced towards the corner, stood for a moment, silently, waveringly, a little quiver on the brave and steadfast lips, and then with a gesture which was a wordless renunciation of life and all dear associations, he opened his tremulous hand and let the old stick drop from it to the floor at his feet. It was but a few days later that he entered, with a soldier's courage, that shadowy valley of the journey through which David said: "Thy rod, Thy staff, they comfort me."

Pie Eaters. The Southern idea of pie is extremely crude when applied to that succulent Northern dish, and subtly refined when directed to the political variety, says the Washington Post. The farthest development in the pie line that the native Southerner has attained is to a manufacture of sweet potato, which is a State prison confection and forgery of the New England pumpkin pie, and even that base imitation has obtained foothold no farther south than South Carolina. Congressman Crane, of Texas, says that the people of Texas regard the pie family as Caesar regarded Gaul—divided into three kinds, "the kivered, the un-kivered and the cross-barred."

"I overheard," said he, "some years ago a great debate between a Northern printer and a Southern compositor on the subject of the late war. The Southerner was hot, impetuous and sentimental. The Northern elation calm, cool and even phlegmatic. "Why, didn't we lick you out of your boots at Manassas?" "Granted," said the Northern type-setter. "Didn't we smash you at Cold Harbor, and wipe the ground up with you in the Wilderness?" "Granted," said the other. "Didn't we tie you all up in knots and make rags of you all through the Peninsula campaign?"

"Granted," said the Southerner, "but how was it at Appomattox?" "Yes, how was it at Appomattox?" shouted the Southerner, growing sentimental as the mingled beers and whiskeys they were consuming rose to his head. "We had thirteen thousand poor, ragged, footsore, tired, starved, veterans, without a single round of ammunition, while you had three hundred thousand fat, sassy soldiers, provided with every luxury, and every m-m-mother's s-son of 'em," he sobbed, "plumb t-full of pie!"

Not Exactly Afraid.



Gus (a Harvard freshman)—Why should a girl be afraid of a little harmless powder? Grace (a Wellesley graduate)—Who said we were afraid of powder? We merely do not wish to advertise our fearlessness.

His Favorite Animals. Sunday School Teacher—Do you love animals? Boy—Yes'm. "That's right; I'm glad you do. What animals do you like best?" "Snakes." "Goodness! Why do you like snakes?" "Cause it ain't wicked to kill 'em." —Good News.

A Soldier's Courage. A very interesting pianist, when sitting next to Col. Ramollet at the dinner table, asked him, in a winning tone of voice, "Are you fond of music, colonel?" "Madam," replied the warrior, rolling a savage pair of eyes, "I am not afraid of it."

No Solution. Hills—I hear that the girls at the seashore have a new game this summer. Hills—What is it called? Hills—"The Missing Man Contest."

CHANCELLORSVILLE. Oh, fatal field! Fatal, alas, To many a noble heart! Thy litter tale may never pass From memory's train—it is part of sorrows that shall never fade Until death has quenched their smart. The rank green grass has hid from sight, The bloodstains deep and red, And daisies spring where raged the fight, And the ground lay thick with dead; And where he fell, the hero youth, The violets make their bed. Where sang the Minnie's awesome notes, The songs of birds resound; Upon the air to echo float A note Of battle's rage profound; The peace of God is on the field, And all is holy ground. —G. H. Benedict.

George Francis Train says that he is for "ballots, not bullets." This train is on the right track just at present.

Lippincott's Magazine For June, 1894.

The complete novel in the June number of LIPPINCOTT'S is "The Wonder-Witch," by M. G. McClelland. It is a charming romance of Virginia, beginning in war times, and nappily concluded long afterwards. The title refers to a ring, which had a strange story of its own, and the supposed power of keeping its wearer constant to its giver.

Gilbert Parker's serial, "The Tresspasser," reaches its close after carrying the hero through queer adventures and dire social and moral dangers.

"The Rumpety Case," by Anna Fuller, the well-known author of "A Literary Courtship," tells how justice was done upon a domestic tyrant by the joint action of Providence and an honest farmer, after the forms of law had failed to reach the case.

"Two in the Other Half," by E. Ogden Hays, is a powerful and pathetic sketch of the lowest life in New York.

Under the heading "Sea Island Cotton Respun," Dora E. W. Spratt tells how those islands, with their simple population, passed under northern care in war times.

In "The New Northwest Passage to the Orient," J. Macdonald Oxley writes of the Canadian Pacific Railway and its line of steamers to Japan.

In "Hot Work on the Pampas," Morgan S. Edmunds describes the suppression of brigandage in the Argentine Republic in 1873.

The venerable poet and essayist, R. H. Stoddard, supplies in "My First Literary Acquaintances," one of those pleasant semi-autobiographical sketches with which our readers are familiar.

Agnes Repplier discourses, in her own brilliant vein, of "The Passing of the Essay." It is safe to predict that the essay will not pass away while Miss Repplier wields the pen.

"Dusk in the Desert," by M. S. Paden, is a remarkable poem, full of strength, originality, and beauty. The other verse of the number is by Ella Gilbert Ives, Sarah Matthews Handy, Ulysses Francis Duff, and Charles G. D. Roberts.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

"The speculation in grain has again broken records with the lowest price ever made for wheat," says *Dun's Review*.

Facts Worth Knowing.

In all diseases of the nasal mucous membrane the remedy used must be non-irritating. Nothing satisfactory can be accomplished with douches, snuffs, powders or astringents, because they are irritating, do not thoroughly reach the affected surfaces and would be abandoned as worse than the disease. A multitude of persons who had for years borne all the worry and pain that catarrh can inflict testify to radical and permanent cures wrought by Ely's Cream Balm. Your druggists has it.

I Can Procure You Money

for the purchase of real estate, the erection of buildings or making of other improvements on lands or to pay off an incumbrance at a very low rate of interest and you can have from 5 to 20 years time to repay loan in easy monthly installments. Loans are made on either farm or city property. Building loans are made and the amount of loan advanced as work progresses. Call on or address

J. F. HARKINS, Evans Block, Bloomsburg, Pa. 3-25-tf.

Fashionable Livery.

The well known horseman has opened a fashionable livery in connection with his boarding stable at the Exchange Hotel Stables, where fine turnouts can be obtained, single or double. He has well broken and safe saddle and driving horses for ladies, all at reasonable rates. Orders left at the Exchange Hotel will receive prompt attention. Drivers furnished when desired.

W. A. HARTZELL, Proprietor

Pure blood means good health. Reinforce it with DeWitt's Sarsaparilla. It purifies the blood, cures Eruptions, Eczema, Scrofula and all diseases arising from impure blood. It recommends itself.—W. S. Rishton, Druggist.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

You Need Flesh.

When you are without healthy flesh you are weak somewhere, or else your food does not nourish you.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver, with hypophosphites of lime and soda, finds weak spots, cures them, and stores up latent strength in solid flesh to ward off disease. Physicians, the world over, endorse it

SCOTT'S EMULSION cures Coughs, Colds, Weak Lungs and Wasting Diseases. Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. Druggists sell it.

ELKHART CARRIAGE and HARNESS MFG. CO.

Advertisement for Elkhart Carriage and Harness Mfg. Co. listing various models like No. 37, No. 77, No. 1, and No. 3, with prices ranging from \$11.00 to \$43.00. Includes text about wholesale prices and carriage specifications.

The best is, aye, the cheapest. Avoid imitations of and substitutes for SAPOLIO

Advertisement for Ely's Cream Balm for CATARRH, THE POSITIVE CURE. Price 50 cts.

Advertisement for Little to gather, featuring an illustration of a man with a rake and text about manure and crop raising.

Advertisement for BAUGH & SONS COMPANY, 20 S. Delaware Ave., Philada. MANUFACTURERS OF RAW BONE MANURES.

Advertisement for I AM NOW A MAN! featuring a testimonial and a portrait of a man, with text about curing ailments.

Advertisement for BLOOMSBURG LAND IMPROVEMENT COMPANY, Capital Stock, \$30,000.

Advertisement for PARKER'S HAIR BALM, featuring an illustration of a man and text about hair care.

Advertisement for CONSUMPTIVE, featuring text about health and medicine.

Look Here!

Do you want a PIANO? Do you want an ORGAN?



Do you want a Sewing Machine?



Do you want any kind of a MUSICAL INSTRUMENT?

Do you want SHEET MUSIC?

If so, do not send your money away from home, but deal with a reliable dealer right here, who will make things right, if there is anything wrong. For anything in this line the place to go is to

J. Saltzer's.

Ware-rooms, Main Street, below Market.

THE MARKETS. BLOOMSBURG MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY. RETAIL PRICES.

Table listing market prices for various goods: Butter per lb., Eggs per dozen, Lard per lb., Ham per pound, Pork, whole, per pound, Beef, quarter, per pound, Wheat per bushel, Oats, Rye, Wheat flour per bbl., Hay per ton, Potatoes per bushel, Turnips, Onions, Sweet potatoes per peck, Cranberries per qt., Tallow per lb., Shoulder, Side meat, Vinegar, per qt., Dried apples per lb., Dried cherries, pitted, Raspberries, Cow Hides per lb., Steer, Calf Skin, Sheep pelts, Shelled corn per bus., Corn meal, cwt., Bran, Chaff, Middlings, Chickens per lb., Turkeys, Geese, Ducks, COAL.

Advertisement for PARKER'S HAIR BALM and CONSUMPTIVE, featuring text about hair care and health.