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The population of the almshouses of the United States is estimated at 74,000.

The Germans published 28,000 books last year--as many as England, the United States, France and Italy combined.

The Railway Age says that though times are hard, there will be more than 22,000 miles of railroad built in this country during 1894.

The Hessian fly is gradually extending its ravages in Europe, as, in the summer of 1893, it was recorded, according to Nature, as occurring in Norway, and injuring barley.

Russia has few stranded actors. When a manager takes a troupe on the road he must make a deposit with the Government to pay the way home for the members in case they become stranded.

The New York Sun contends that all papers printed and intended for circulation in this country should be in the English language. It says that foreigners in the United States are seriously hampered every way by their ignorance of the vernacular of the country, and that they should set themselves at once to the task of mastering it.

Since the lull in the silver mining business has emphasized hard times in Colorado the New York Recorder avers that the good people of Morrison, in that State, have found their principal industry in the catching or killing of coyotes, which are unusually common around there. The coyote is good enough as a distraction. He isn't good for anything else.

The Russian Government, in its efforts to suppress the Polish national spirit, recently ordered the police of Warsaw to visit all the stores and studios and destroy all the busts of the Polish heroes, Kosciuszko and Powniatowski, which they could find. All sculptors in the city were obliged to send a written communication to the city officials, promising not to make busts or statues of the two men in the future.

The railways that have been established in Australian colonies, and indeed, in practically all new countries, have not, in the estimation of the Railway Review, yielded results as a rule that were sufficiently satisfactory to encourage capital, considered merely as an investment. Take Australia as a case in point. In Victoria the Government railways only return 2.64 per cent. in the form of net revenue on the invested capital; in Queensland the return is 2.65 per cent; in New South Wales 3.67 per cent; while in South Australia the amount rises to 4.85 per cent.

The export of cottonseed oil to the Netherlands for adulteration of butter has rapidly increased. In 1889 we furnished the Dutch butter-makers with 1,739,341 gallons. In 1893 it was 3,736,155 gallons, and during the first eight months of the present fiscal year it was 2,227,631 gallons. Our imports of olive oil from Spain have decreased very rapidly owing to the increased use of cottonseed oil on the tables of the United States--in 1890, 80,392 gallons; in 1891, 11,252 gallons, and in 1893, only 320 gallons. A similar decrease is shown in our imports from Italy. Our exports of cottonseed oil to Italy last year were much smaller than usual, for in 1890 we sent 2,197,311 gallons and took only 448,964 gallons of olive oil. In 1891 we sent 1,159,163 gallons of cottonseed oil and took 326,748 gallons of olive oil. In 1892 we sent 1,004,200 gallons of cottonseed oil and took 431,322 gallons of olive oil.

A St. Louis drummer says that the typewriter has cost him a good many customers in the backwoods districts of Arkansas and the Indian Territory. He tells of a visit that he made in the country some thirty miles from Newport, Ark., to a customer, who had always received him gladly, and entertained him loyally. This time, relates the Atlanta Constitution, the merchant would hardly speak to him, and his wife and daughters turned their backs and walked out of the store when he entered. The situation was soon explained. Said the merchant, tossing a type-written letter toward him: "You think up there in St. Louis that us n' my darters can't read 'ritin', do you? an' so you've gone to havin' my letters printed!" In vain the drummer explained the machine on which the work was done and the universality of its use by business houses, the man would not believe that there was any such machine, and persisted in considering the letter as a printed circular and a personal affront.

SOLDIERS' GRAVES.

HOW THE NATION CARES FOR ITS HEROIC DEAD.

The National Cemeteries Show the Republic's Gratitude--History of Their Establishment and Maintenance.

OUR national cemeteries, eighty-three in number, contain 330,700 honored dead. Every individual grave is marked by a stone tablet of granite or marble. Treasure has been spent without stint to make them what they should be and are--the simplest and yet the grandest and loveliest God's acres in the world, lavishly adorned by nature, perfected by art and guarded ever by the starry flag. There the sun shines softest, the grass grows greenest, the flowers bloom brightest, the trees spread most luxuriantly. No weeds or brambles or thistles are suffered to enter in. The very atmosphere around them is sacred, and the sympathetic visitor may fancy a halo hovering over them, for there rests exclusively the heroes who died in the cause of freedom.

In all this the American republic sets an example altogether unapproached by any other nation under the sun. All civilized nations have taken pains to inter the bones of their military leaders and high officers, but have been content to allot only the hasty ditch or trench to the remains of the common soldiers. The ancient republic of Athens, it is true, decreed by law that the obsequies of all its citizens who fell in battle should be performed at the public expense. But first of all modern Governments the United States Government has shown during and since the Civil War that it knows how to reciprocate the sentiment of patriotism by interring the remains of its soldiers and sailors, and further, unlike any other Government, ancient or modern, by securing and watching over those remains ever afterward, regardless of whether death came in actual battle or from the result of hardship, wounds, disease or confinement.

This showing was only rendered possible by the exercise of wise forethought almost from the very outset of the war. In September, 1861, the Secretary of War by a general order directed that accurate and permanent records be kept of deceased soldiers and their places of burial. To this end the Quartermaster-General's department, which previously had charge of burials in a general way, was required to print and place in every hospital blank books and forms, very minute and specific, for the purpose of classifying and preserving these records; and in order to guard against their loss or destruction, the hospitals were required to transmit copies at once to the Adjutant-General's office in Washington for filing. In addition the Quartermaster-General's department was charged with the duty of providing means for a registered head-board, to be placed over each soldier's grave for future identification. These orders were afterward embodied in the permanent regulations of the Army. In obedience thereto surgeons of regiments and hospitals immediately began to take pride in keeping a perfect record.

On the battlefields where the Union armies were victorious the interments were so conscientiously made that over ninety per cent. of the dead were afterward identified. Where time permitted the Confederate dead were also religiously buried and their graves marked as carefully as those of their Federal antagonists. On the fields where the Union armies were defeated and driven off the enemy carried little for the fallen except to get them out of the way and undergird with the least expenditure of time and trouble. In most of the Southern prisons the Union dead were buried and their graves marked by their living comrades, often under the most adverse and trying circumstances. The result of that admirable system has been that the mortuary record of the Union armies in the War of the Rebellion excels in completeness, by long odds, all similar records ever before known.

Many thousands of bodies were removed from the places of their first interment and brought together in the new cemeteries. In most cases some part of a battlefield was chosen as a cemetery site. Such bodies as had been buried in the near vicinity were interred there first and then those collected from the radius of from twenty to forty miles. Removals were also made in great numbers from the hospital burial grounds in near-by cities and towns, so that the bodies could be better cared for at the central established points. Owing to the vast area over which the operations of the Union armies had spread, the collection and removal of bodies were found to be exceedingly laborious. Frequently bodies were carried many miles in wagons over rough country roads and the search for lost remains in tangled swamps and obscure mountain passes was attended with much difficulty. In the progress of the work were found many a deep ravine and valley full of dry bones--very many that were very dry, and again, very many that were not dry. But the faithful men to whom the work was entrusted did not flinch from their ghastly and gruesome task. Pains were taken to preserve all the remains of identity found on the remains--from the scrap of letter hastily pinned on the breast or buried in a can or bottle beside the remains, to the rudely inscribed headboard set up by the wayside. But in thousands of cases there was not a vestige of mark or anything by which identification could be made. This was the

larly true of many remains found on the battlefields that were most disastrous to the North, and notably so at the prison pen at Salisbury, N. C., where records of the interments, if any existed, had been destroyed. Throughout the State of Virginia, which had been the great theatre of the war in the East, it was found necessary to lay out not less than seven national cemeteries at the most convenient points. In Tennessee and Kentucky, the chief battle grounds of the war in the West, thirteen more were established, seven in Tennessee and six in Kentucky. Four more were placed in North Carolina, four in Louisiana, three in Mississippi, three in Maryland, two in South Carolina and two in Georgia. In the North and West four were established in Illinois, three in Missouri, two in Indiana, one in Iowa, two in Pennsylvania, two in New York and two in New Jersey. These latter, except those in Missouri and that at Gettysburg, far removed as they are from the scenes of battle, were established mainly for the reception of the remains of unfortunates, who had died in the Federal hospitals, and in some instances of Confederate prisoners of

the friends of deceased are constantly having bodies removed from the cemeteries to private burial places, so that the total number of graves under the care of the Government changes but little from year to year. The most beautiful of all the national cemeteries, and the greatest as regards the number of identified dead, is that on Arlington Heights, near Washington. It contains 16,565 interments--12,216 known and 4349 unknown. Its location, overlooking the Potomac and directly facing the Capital, is, perhaps, the finest in the world. Interments of soldiers were first made in it on May 13, 1864, and the first soldier placed beneath its sod was a Confederate. Previous to that time most of the interments in and about Washington were made in the Soldiers' Home Cemetery, northeast of the city. Eight thousand soldiers who had died in the innumerable hospitals around the Capital had been buried there. Further room was becoming scarce, and Quartermaster-General Meigs, glancing over the magnificent Arlington estate one evening in company with President Lincoln, suddenly conceived the idea of devoting it to the needs of the hour, and the order was

old Lee mansion on the east side is the "Temple of Fame"--a circular structure composed of eight columns, surmounted by a dome, the pillars bearing the names of Washington, Lincoln, Grant, Farragut, McPherson, Sedgwick, Reynolds, Humphreys, Garfield, Mansfield, Thomas and Meade. Among the prominent Generals buried there are Ricketts, Baxter and Crook. On a par with Arlington in public regard, although comparatively insignificant as regards the number of their dead, are the national cemeteries at Shiloh and Gettysburg, the former marking the scene of the most important contest in the West, and the latter the turning point of the war. The Shiloh necropolis contains only 3597 tablets in all its rows and aisles and avenues--1235 for the known, and 2362 for the unknown--and that of Gettysburg just five headstones less--3592; but their situation and the deathless memories attaching to them the goal of countless pilgrimages. The bodies that sleep there are almost exclusively those who fell in action. Not all of those who fell are there, to be sure, but all those that are there

Pillow and other faces. The Andersonville (Ga.) Cemetery, the companion institution to that of Salisbury, contains the bones of 13,702 prison victims, whose names, happily, are all known save 923. Fortunately the Union prisoners there were permitted to bury their comrades and to keep careful record of interments. In the Chattanooga (Tenn.) Cemetery sleep 18,058 of the fallen from the gory fields of Chattanooga, Chickamauga and Resaca. Next to it in populousness is the Chalmette cemetery, near New Orleans, La., on the site of part of the old New Orleans battlefield. There lie the bodies of 12,640 Union soldiers and sailors, brought thither from all parts of the State. The Jefferson Barracks National Cemetery--once an old military post, but enlarged--contains the bones of 11,682 soldiers, including 1106 Confederate prisoners, taken in the early battles of the war in Missouri. At the Marietta (Ga.) Cemetery repose the remains of 10,160 Union soldiers, collected from various parts of Georgia, and at the Beaufort (S. C.) Cemetery rest 9279 bodies of soldiers and sailors who died on the seaboard of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida. Half of these are unknown.

THE WOMAN ACROSS THE WAY.

My windows open to southward,  
And the sun shines in all the day;  
My windows all look northward,  
My neighbor's across the way.  
My windows are draped with curtains  
Of lace, like a flimsy spray;  
She has only shades of linen,  
The lady across the way.  
There are diamond rings on my fingers  
That over the casement stray;  
I have never noticed any  
On my neighbor's across the way.  
But what cares she for sunlight,  
This lady over the way,  
When a baby face illumines the place  
Like the light of a summer's day.  
What need has she for curtains  
Of rare and costly lace  
When the light shines through a golden  
mesh  
Of curls round a baby's face.  
Jewels are plenty for money,  
But sold to the light that lies  
Reflecting the image of souls that meet  
In the heaven of baby's eyes.  
And I sit alone in the darkness  
When night comes down, and pray  
That God will keep her treasure safe  
For the woman across the way.  
--Frances R. Haswin, in Boston Transcript.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Girls may be a little slower about talking, while infants, than boys, but they make up for it when they once get started.--Harford Journal.  
Tom--"Are you sure you will never forget that it was I who gave you that locket?" Miss Bangles--"Sure! I'm going to note it down in my memorandum book."--Chicago Record.  
Mrs. Earle--"Your daughter has been studying painting, has she not?" Mrs. Lamoyne--"Yes; you should see some of the sunsets she paints. There never was anything like them."--New York Observer.  
Wool--"That was a mean trick Clarklet's rival played on him." Van Pelt--"What?" Wool--"He wrote 'Oh, maid of Athens, ero we part,' etc., in the girl's album, and the rival changed the 'Oh' to 'Oid.'"--Harlem Life.  
"By Jove!" said Dawson, as he glanced over a copy of the Russian almanac. "What a terrible thing it must be to be deaf and dumb in Russia! Think of having to make those letters with your fingers!"--Harper's Bazar.  
Ragged Richard (insinuatingly)--"Say, mister, have yer got any suggestions ter make ter a feller w'at ain't able ter raise er dime ter git shaved with?" Grumble (pacing on the corner).  
"You can always depend on the newspapers," remarked the man who was unpleasantly notorious. "What do you mean?" "No matter how naughty you may be, they will never turn your picture to the wall."--Washington Star.  
Pegg--"Sometimes the absolute faith my boy has in my wisdom makes me almost ashamed of myself." Potts--"You need not worry. It will average up all right. By the time he is twenty he will think you know nothing at all."--Tit-Bits.



war who had succumbed to wounds and disease. In many places elsewhere throughout the country, especially in New England and in the State of Illinois, the Government purchased burial places of limited extent, where both Union and Confederate dead were interred. For instance, in the cemetery near Alton, Ill., there is a Government plot in which are buried 163 white Union soldiers, and near by are buried 1304 Confederate prisoners. In Oakwoods Cemetery, Chicago, the Government also owns lots in which are graves of twelve Union soldiers and 4039 Confederate prisoners who died in confinement at Camp Douglas. Likewise at Rock Island there is a lot of three acres in which 1928 dead Confederate prisoners repose.

By the end of the year 1868 seventy-two of these national cemeteries had been founded, at great expense, and in them, in connection with 320 local cemeteries in various places, the Government assumed charge of 316,233 graves. Of these the names of 175,764 had been preserved and were indicated on the headstones. Concerning the remaining 140,469, it is only known that they died fighting in the Union armies, and the only inscription that could be placed over them was "Unknown United States Soldiers." Of the whole number then gathered into these cemeteries less than one-fifth repose in their original graves, and these lay on battlefields where Union victory made it possible to inter them carefully and which afterward happened to become the sites of the cemeteries. More than four-fifths were removed from the rude trenches of the battlefields at some distance or from their roadside graves or from hospital burial plots. Since 1868 thirteen additional national cemeteries have been established, with 14,459 more graves, making a total of 330,932. Four of these contain the remains of soldiers other than those engaged in the war for the Union--one being that located near the City of Mexico, established back in 1851 for the American dead from the war with Mexico, and three others being used solely as attachment points for the military parks in the West--one of these is of exceptionally and interest--that on the Center battlefield in Montana, where now lie the bones of 318 regulars, massacred by Red Cloud and his rampant Sioux. In recent years, by provision of law, the interment of any prisoner discharged from a national cemetery upon application to the proper authorities. But such interments now-a-days are not numerous and comparatively few of the national cemeteries receive additional interments at this date. On the other hand

all went down in the glory of battle. No grounds are finer or better kept than the seventeen acres at Gettysburg Cemetery. There are 1980 labeled graves and 1612 nameless, yet each bears a marble headstone at the end. There Lincoln participated in the ceremonies attending the formal consecration of the place on November, 19, 1863, and there his immortal words, uttered on that supreme occasion, are cut on the pedestal of the Government monument in imperishable granite:  
"Let us here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."  
Other noble monuments abound, but none are more highly admired.  
But the biggest national cemetery of all in point of population is the Vicksburg (Miss.) Cemetery, where 16,633 heroes sleep, gathered from the scattered graves all about the Union lines at Vicksburg and from neighboring fields and hospitals. Of these the known number 3913 and the unknown 12,720. The Nashville (Tenn.) Cemetery comes close to it in number of dead, having 16,546 sleepers, taken from hospitals and outlying battlefields, with a much smaller proportion of unknown. But the Fredericksburg (Va.) Cemetery, which ranks next to Nashville in number of dead, is the greatest of all in the number of its unknown. Of the total 15,274 soldiers buried there, 12,786--an enormous proportion--are unknown. The cemetery occupies Marye's Heights, the celebrated entrenched position held by Lee when Burnside's troops charged and recharged against it in vain with dreadful mortality. Under those circumstances the Union dead remained where they fell and identification and individual burial were impossible. Hither also were removed many bodies from the Wilderness and Chancellorsville.

The Vicksburg Cemetery stands second to Fredericksburg in the number of its unknown sleepers, and next to it is the mournful inclosure at Salisbury, N. C., the site of the old Confederate prison, where, out of a total of 12,137 interments, all but 102 are unknown. When the place came into the hands of the Government the dead were found piled promiscuously in eighteen trenches, each 240 feet long. These were opened and the bodies tenderly reinterred in an orderly manner.  
The Memphis (Tenn.) Cemetery contains 13,881 graves--1160 known and 12,721 unknown--collected from the camps and hospitals around Memphis and from Island No. 10, for



DECORATION DAY IN A NATIONAL CEMETERY.

From the first interment down to the close of the war Arlington became the central resting place of the dead from all the Washington hospitals, and as soon as the war was ended the recovered bodies from all the battlefields in the vicinity and north of the Rappahannock, notably Bull Run and Chantilly, were gathered into it. Sheridan's grave, with the unique monument that marks it, is an unending source of interest to visitors. Of the 43,849 unknown dead there the bodies of 3111 rest together under a large granite sarcophagus bearing this simple inscription:  
"Here lie the bones of 3111 unknown soldiers. Their remains could not be identified, but their names and deaths are recorded in the archives of this country, and its grateful citizens honor them as of their noble army of heroes. May they rest in peace."  
Another structure, situated near the

Next to the above in point of size are the cemeteries at Hampton, Va., with 6556 interments; Richmond, Va., with 6545; the Soldiers' Home, District of Columbia, with 6424; Stone River, Tenn., with 6146; Poplar Grove, Va., with 6199; Corinth, Miss., with 5724; Little Rock, Ark., with 5158; Mound City, Ill., with 5263; Cypress Hills, New York, near Brooklyn, with 5100; Antietam, Md., with 4736; Winchester, Va., 4482; Florence, S. C., with 3013; Woodlawn, near Elmira, N. Y., with 3075, of which 2968 were Confederates; Fins Point, N. J., with 2645, of which 1434 were Confederates. Over nine thousand Confederates are buried in the national cemeteries, all told, principally, however, at Woodlawn and Fins Point and at Jefferson Barracks, Camp Butler, City Point and Loudon Park.

Found on Decoration Day.

Among the boys who ran away from home and enlisted in the army in 1863 was one from Central New York, whom all his comrades called "Sonny," on account of his youthful appearance. But no truer soldier or more devoted patriot wore the blue than this brave boy. He had been little away from home, and his gentle manners soon made him the pet of the regiment. Every possible comfort was given "Sonny," and great pains taken by the soldiers to lighten his load.  
His mother had died soon after the firing upon Sumter and his army life was never brightened by a mother's loving epistle, so cheering to a soldier. His sister wrote to him, but it was only to convey the local gossip and inquire after army news, closing with the sentence that if John lived to return they would be married and "Sonny" could live with them after the cruel war was over.  
But after the next engagement the sad intelligence reached "Sonny" that he who was to become more than a brother-in-law to him was among the killed in battle. This was a terrible blow to the sister in the far-away home, amid the hills made sacred by the death of General Herkimer, at Oriskany, and it well-nigh destroyed her reason, but poor "Sonny," while he was not numbered with the killed in battle, soon found himself a prisoner and among the dead and dying in the prison pen at Andersonville.  
But having a strong constitution for a boy he bravely fought his daily battle with disease and the living death of the prison. Time rolled on; his sister's life was very sad and lonely. Her brother, whom she thought dead, had been discharged, but with reason so dethroned that he could not locate his early home.  
Years passed and on one Memorial Day a regimental monument was to be dedicated at Gettysburg. It occurred to "Sonny's" sister that perhaps she might secure some shew from the hundreds in attendance; so she undertook the journey. The ceremonies were about to begin when she saw a man, small of stature, step forward to hold the horse of the marshal of the day, and by an old-time smile his sister recognized "Sonny."  
The restoration, the long journey home and the thought of no more separation made this Memorial Day the happiest in their lives.  
"Sonny's" mind soon recovered its healthful vigor under the influence of his old home and the kind care of his beloved sister.--Mail and Express.

Soldiers Asleep.

The voice of the wind as it passes  
Makes musical hum.  
But hark! through the rustle of grasses  
The least of the drum--  
A sob and a low wail that troubles,  
A down-drooping head,  
The morning of Maxtime dissolves,  
We meet by the dead.  
But all are as one in their ending,  
No sound of the strife  
Comes up from the dust that is blending  
To fashion the life  
Of grasses and sweet-scented briars,  
And deep-tinted blossoms  
That burn out their delicate fires  
By numberless tombs.  
The maiden who mourns for her lover  
Or friend for his friend  
Laments here that the battles are over:  
That this is the end.  
And mothers, who weep in their sleeping,  
With quivering mouth  
Ask not if their ones that are sleeping  
Have forgotten I or South  
When I, a stranger, in letters of life

A stranger in Galveston asked an old resident how malarial fever could be distinguished from yellow fever. "As a general thing," was the reply, "you can't tell until you have it. If you ain't alive, then it is most likely yellow fever."--Texas Siftings.

A Woman's Wait--"Wait just half a minute," said the lady to the elevator man, "and I'll ride down in your car." "All right, ma'am," said the sagacious elevator man, as he checked his lever over and began to sink below. "The elevator will be running three hours longer."--Chicago Record.

"Remember, witness," sharply exclaimed the attorney for the defense, "you are on oath!" "There ain't no danger of my forgettin' it," replied the witness, sullenly. "I'm tellin' the truth fur nuthin', when I could have made \$4 by lyin' fur your side of the case, an' you know it."--Chicago Tribune.

"Ah," remarked the man who wasn't minding his own business to the man digging a trench in the street, "my friend, you surely earn your living by the sweat of your brow." "I don't know about that," replied the man, as he never stopped his digging. "I git the same pay whether I sweat or not."--Detroit Free Press.

Little Boy--"I stayed in the parlor all last evening when Mr. Spucezem was callin' on sister, just as you told me." Mother--"That's a good boy; and here is the candy I promised you. Did you get tired?" Little Boy--"Oh, no. We played blind man's buff, and it would have been lots of fun, only I was 'it' nearly all the time."--Good News.

The young clergyman had consented at the last moment to act as substitute for the venerable man who was accustomed to go to the Bride-well Sunday morning and preach to the prisoners. "My friends," said the embarrassed young man, as he rose up and faced the assembled toughs and vagrants, "it rejoices my heart to see so many of you here this morning."--Chicago Tribune.  
An evening party Danley was introduced to a young lady, and after a remark about the weather he said gallantly: "And have I really the pleasure of meeting the beautiful Miss Blossom, whose praises are being sung by everybody?" "Oh, no, Mr. Danley," the lady replied, "the beautiful Miss Blossom to whom you refer is a cousin of mine." "Oh, that's it! Well, I thought there must be a mistake somewhere," said the gallant Danley.--Tit Bits.