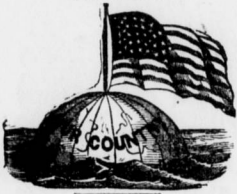


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FREELAND, PA., JUNE 27, 1898.

For an Effective Army.

From the Philadelphia City and State.
We are going to give a little wrinkle to our strong war friends which is valuable enough to tempt them to forgive us all for our peace heterodoxy and to make our peace friends wonder if we have deceived them. It is an invaluable recipe for bringing the war department up to the highest state of efficiency, scraping from its sides and bottom all the political barnacles which make it sail so slowly in the rough waters of war. It is a specific—this tip that will give quite gratuitously—a sure cure for all those symptoms of bad management that have been effectively aired in Mr. Poultony Biglow's letters to the New York Times and from other sources. There are evidences which show us indisputably that the same little wood-worm of personal favoritism and partisan selfishness which has perforated the timbers of Spanish power through many centuries is also hard at work making a meal on our young military service. If our hint is agreed upon and carried into practice speedily, we may even yet be thanked for aiding the war to a quick conclusion.

But we must keep our readers no longer in suspense, nor can the country afford at such a crisis as this the loss of precious time, so here it is: Secure, by petition to the president, the retirement of General Alger as secretary of war, providing at the same time for the recall of Theodore Roosevelt from service in the field so that he may take the vacant place. Those who know anything of what goes on behind the scenes know the inestimable value of Mr. Roosevelt's services to the navy department, and that if it had not been for his extraordinary energy and ability the navy would not have been in the splendid condition of readiness that it is today.

What Mr. Long and Mr. Roosevelt have done for the navy, Mr. Roosevelt would do for the army if he were in a position of authority. He is a genius for action—which General Alger is not. He is young, but older than Pitt, Wolfe and Napoleon when they had become famous and had done noble work. Mr. Roosevelt is a thoroughgoing civil service reformer; he knows well the utter incompatibility of the spoils system with an efficient service. He knows that to secure the best results in the army, as in any other branch of the public service, there must be one invariable rule—the merit rule; and he could be trusted to apply that rule unsparringly.

The protest of the saloon men of town, against paying brewers the whole of the war tax, thereby allowing the latter to get scot free of the government's levy, should cause a revival of the movement to erect a brewery in the town. There is no reason why an investment of this kind would not pay. A local manufacturer could surely sell as low as outside brewers, and as long as Freeland consumes enough to keep a big plant going steadily it should manufacture the beverage itself. Co-operation on the part of the saloon men in such a movement would result in giving them cheaper beer and the money invested would give good returns.

Democratic success in the state next fall is assured if the convention at Altoona this week minds its own business. The delegates should nominate none but tried and true Democrats for the several offices, then pass resolutions affirming the national platform and calling attention to the reckless abuse of power and unnecessary expenditure of the people's money by the Republican party in Pennsylvania; then adjourn. The moment they get out of their line of duty to advance the interests of any clique or faction, that soon they destroy all chances of victory.

County candidates are somewhat backward in announcing themselves for places on the Democratic ticket this year. There are some fat plums hanging on the political tree, controller and sheriff being among them. Why our nation-savers are so modest at this time is not apparent. The chances to win are even, in fact appearances lean slightly in favor of the Democrats. Make known your wants, gentlemen.

Dog days have come earlier than expected, a severe case of rabies having appeared in the White Haven Journal office. The victim becomes violent when "new county" is mentioned. "Too much 'pap'" is said to have caused the disease.

A SOLDIER'S LETTER.

Continued from First Page.
faring better than the Spaniards, and that, with the belief that we will soon be at the front, is enough to keep our spirits up.

We rise every morning at 5 a. m., breakfast at 5.15, company drill 5.30 to 6.30, battalion drill 6.45 to 7.45, then we have until 3.15 p. m. before we drill again. It is too hot between 8 and 3 to do anything. Our afternoon drill is for one hour, followed by supper at 6. At 9 o'clock we go to bed and as the nights are cool we sleep soundly. There are no mosquitoes here to bother us, but there is a species of the ant in this locality that gets quite friendly and bites worse than the mosquito. He always leaves his mark after him.

Water is very scarce and sometimes you will stand in line three hours waiting for a drink. Some regiments have to carry water two and three miles. A bath here is a luxury that all cannot enjoy.

IT IS NEARLY FIVE MILES to the Tennessee river from our camp, and when we first came here some of the boys went looking for a place to bathe and when they found it they stayed so long that the lieutenant colonel shut down on swimming.
The Ninth Penn'a is encamped about four miles from us and I often get to see the boys from old Luzerne. It is a pleasure to me, for I seldom run across men who can talk about mines and mining. The Ninth is the only coal region regiment in this camp, the Eighth (Schuykill) and Thirteenth (Lackawanna) being stationed at Camp Alger in Virginia. I have just learned that one of Freeland's boys, Sime Neuburger, is here with the Ninth, and I shall look him up. I think when we move that the Ninth will be with us. It is a regiment thought highly of by Major General Brooke, commander of the First corps, of which the First and Ninth are a part.

We are being equipped with the very latest Springfield rifles (1895 model). There are nearly 350 sharpshooters in the First and 200 of them hold first-class marksman's medals from the National Guard. The rest will be good shots too, for in a few days a rifle range will be opened for this regiment to practice.

Every company has its singers here and at night we have some good concerts. It is not all work and our amusements are many.
Every regiment here has its chaplain, and as all religions are represented in each corps every man can have his spiritual needs attended to by clergy of his denomination.

The Southern troops are very courteous men and it is no wonder the Northern soldiers could not put them down sooner than they did. All hands look as though they can fight while life lasts.
Grigby's Rough Riders are encamped near us. They are a very nice set of men, but you should see them ride. They beat anything ever seen in circuses or Wild West shows and I am sure they will play a very prominent part in this war. They ride like demons and shoot as straight as "Dewey did."

Each regiment here has eighty mules and they are worse than the notorious mules used in the mines. Every one of our mules must have been selected on account of his kicking ability or his disposition to balk. The men of the First have to get outsiders to handle our lot. I was hoping that our regiment would get a few drivers from the mines in our new recruits, but it seems they did not. They are the only men I know of who could master the mules assigned to us.
As every army must have its scouts, those of the First corps have been selected and are receiving instructions daily in this branch of the service. Picked men from the twenty-seven regiments comprising the First corps form the scout company, and

IT WAS MY FORTUNE to be one of the chosen few. The work is said to be extremely hazardous in actual war, but when the Pennsylvania boys said "yes" at Mt. Gretna they prepared themselves for everything that may come, even death itself.
There is a feeling among the men that the war is going to be of long duration. They have not the same opinion of the Spanish soldier as the citizen has. We think he will put up a good, stiff fight when the time comes, and are preparing ourselves to meet desperate men.
The heroes of this camp are Dewey and Hobson. All mascots are named after either of these brave men, while every mule in camp is known as "Weyler" or "Blanco."

A rumor that seems to be reliable is that we will go to Porto Rico under command of General Fitz Hugh Lee, and we all hope it is so.
There is nothing to break the monotony of a soldier's life like a letter from a person you know, and I would suggest that everyone who has a friend in the army should write to him. If civilians could only see the expressions of happiness flowing from the soldiers' faces when they receive letters they would surely write often. I would be pleased to hear from any person in Freeland at any time and promise to promptly answer the same.

Now, Mr. Editor, I shall bring this letter to a close and if you will allow the space I shall try and let your readers know often of the doings of the boys at the front.
Hoping to hear from some of my Freeland friends, I am,
Yours respectfully, C. F. Hagoney,
Company A, First Regiment,
Penn'a Volunteer Infantry,
Camp Thomas, Chickamauga Park,
Lytle Postoffice, Walker County, Ga.

A WAR ENCYCLOPEDIA.

A Few Important Things Worth Knowing at This Time.

Privateering is nothing more or less than legalized piracy, and is now treated as such by most civilized nations.
The crews of such vessels were formerly allowed to draw lots, and the unlucky ones had either to "walk the plank" or hang from the yardarm.
Those who escaped this fate were forced to enter the service of the enemy.

It has become such a dangerous business in these days of steam and electricity that few men could now be found to take the risks.

War is an expensive luxury. The cost per day of maintaining in commission an ordinary warship is \$1,500. The present outlay for the United States Navy is more than \$50,000 a day. On a peace footing it cost the Government \$391,065.00 to maintain the cruiser New York during 1897.
A single charge of ammunition for some of the great guns costs as much as \$500. Such a shot may do a million dollars' worth of damage to the adversary against whom it is sent.

The custom still prevalent of beligerents in war seizing the merchant vessels of the enemy on the high seas is a survival of the old custom of preying on all private property found in an enemy's country.

What are called the rules of civilized warfare forbid an army to molest non-combatants, or to interfere with the homes, persons or property of peaceful citizens.

A great writer on the laws of nations begins his monumental work on "International Law" with the frank admission: "There is no international law."

The reason there is no such law that is binding on the nations is found in the fact that only the signers are bound by any international agreement.
Any of these may retire whenever such agreement seems to clash with her interests.
There is no power except the sword to hold them.

American college men always come to the front in time of war.
The students of the old King's College in New York, the foundation of the Columbia University of to-day, were among the first patriots to offer their services to the popular cause when the Revolution broke out.

It was the same with the college men, North and South, when the war of secession came. It is the same to-day when a foreign enemy has to be dealt with.
President McKinley, desiring that the present war shall be carried on in a civilized manner, has proclaimed the following rules for its conduct:
The neutral flag covers enemy's goods, with the exception of contraband of war.
Neutral goods not contraband of war are not liable to confiscation under the enemy's flag.
Blockades in order to be binding must be effective.

President's Flag for the Army.
It is thirteen feet long and eight feet hoist. In each of the corners is a five-pointed white star and in the center a large white star. Inside of this is another white star. Inside of this is another separated by a band of white three inches wide. This inner star is a blue field, on which the coat of arms of the United States is inscribed. There are other stars scattered over the flag, one for every State in the Union.

It is impossible for man's head to solve the difficult problems of the present day," remarked Miss Rose Scott at a recent meeting of the Women's Suffrage League in Sydney; "but when," she added, "man's head is joined to woman's heart, there is some hope." This was used as an argument in favor of granting to women the right to vote. Miss Scott went on to say that women did not want to work and walk on alone. They wanted to be side by side with the men of the day, and assist them in working out satisfactory solutions to the great problems which affected the community at large.

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The Volunteer.
Beneath his country's starry flag,
Where thousands stood before,
Prepared to fight till life shall flag
And darkness gathers o'er.
Garbed in his uniform of blue,
Ready to answer "Here!"
A man and soldier through and through,
He stands, the volunteer.

'Tis not the joy of clashing arms
That calls him to the fray,
'Tis not the love of war's alarms
That bids him haste away;
For him there's pain and grief and woe,
A wife—a mother's tear,
But loud his duty calls, and lo!
He comes, the volunteer.

O, mighty nation, proud and great,
Of strength he is a tower!
Behold him, warlike and elate,
In this, your darkest hour.
For you he lives, for your he'll die,
And sell his life blood dear,
And glory's gates will open on high
To greet the volunteer.

Never.
Patriotic Customer—Yes, I'd like to buy that flag you have just showed me, but the price is too high. Can't you come down a couple of dollars?
Dealer—What! Lower Old Glory? Never!—Cincinnati Enquirer.

All the flowers of the arctic region are either white or yellow, and there are 762 varieties. Nature does not paint towns red with flowers in chilly places where there is no chance for a hot time.
It is friendly to ask a fast man to go a little slow.

GUARD THE FLAG.

Guard the flag—forever guard
Freedom's universal sign;
Let its blue field, thickly starred,
Ever yet more brightly shine.
Guard it—for our heroes' dust
Speaks from days of far long yore;
Guard it—'twas their dying trust!
Round it let the laurels twine.

By the blood those heroes shed,
As their hands still grasped its shaft;
By the green graves of our dead,
By the speaking cenotaph,
By the hearts that it hath borne
Dauntless through the fiercest fight;
By its folds, all scarred and torn,
Yet in triumph ever bright;

Guard the starry-spangled sign
Of our speech, our faith, our home;
Whether o'er the ocean's brine,
Or upon the gilded dome;
Where'er in triple hues
To the winds that flag is flung,
Let it tell a nation's hopes
As with clarion's silver tongue.

Guard the flag through storm and night,
As in this sweet age of peace;
Let it shine forever bright,
And its triumphs never cease;
Guard the flag through shot and shell,
Through the battle's wildest surge;
Guard it and its glories tell
To the earth's remotest verge.

Guard the flag—Columbia's pride—
Which shall still unconquered be,
As our navies proudly ride
At their will in every sea;
As we go from strength to strength,
God with us, we fear no foe;
Let our starry banner wave
Where the reddest tempests blow!
—William B. Chisholm.

The Admiral's Flag Raising.

The warships of the Pacific Squadron were riding at anchor in the harbor of Port Angeles, Wash. Admiral Beardslee, in command of the fleet, which had assembled for the summer's drills, had rented a cottage on the bluff overlooking the bay, and was settling his wife for two months' housekeeping.

Of course, the whole neighborhood was agog with the business, but, above all, the boys, rid of school in midsummer, were ever on hand to see and note everything going on.
They already knew that the Admiral was a great fisherman; that he had caught in a lake near the town the biggest and rarest trout, had even discovered a new species called by his name. They also knew Mrs. Beardslee to be a judge of Jellies, jams, preserves and cake; for they had tasted the same at her cottage.

What wonder that there was always a boy somewhere in sight, either dogging you as you went in at the gate, or lying on the grass, looking up at the sky and dreaming his dreams—such dreams as only boys dream of ships and guns, with the Stars and Stripes floating over all.

The last touch to the house had been the purchase of some hens with broods and the building of a chicken coop. The Admiral was in the grounds inspecting—for you know an Admiral will have everything ship shape—when the boys, who had gathered in force, approached him, and one said, pointing to a stick nailed to the corner of a small house just over the fence: "Admiral, will you put a flag for us on my flag pole?"

The Admiral looked at the stick, shook his head slowly, and replied: "No, I cannot do that. But I'll tell you what I will do; if you boys will get a good flag pole I'll set it up for you and furnish the flag."

Within a week a slender, shapely tree lay on the ground quite near the Admiral's gate. Astride of it sat a fine lad, with a knife which he grasped firmly by its two handles and passed swiftly to and fro along the surface. People said: "What can the boys be about?" But the boys had their secret and they kept it.

One fine bright morning, when Mrs. Beardslee sat in her little parlor chatting with a friend, "Taka," the Japanese steward, entered the room with a quick step, approached her and said, in a tone suppressed with excitement: "All ready boys' flag."

At once Mrs. Beardslee arose, her face animated, her eye kindled, and, turning to her friend mystified by her saying, "Come, and put on your hat, I shall put on one of the Admiral's," placing on her head a soft gray felt which lay at hand. Both ladies stepped into the small yard at the rear of the cottage.

There stood a dozen boys, ranging from eight to twelve years old. The Admiral, who was unavoidably absent, had been as good as his word. The flag lay there, and the carpenter with his gang from the flagship had already raised the pole—as fine a pole as you ever saw, the boys had done their part so well. It was firmly planted in the ground, and securely stayed with strong ropes, called, in sea language, guys.

The carpenter saluted Mrs. Beardslee and reported, "All ready, madam." With another touch of the cap, he said: "I promised the boys that the one who could tell the number of stars in the flag should have the honor of hoisting it; but they all know, so they must all have a hand in it. I've made a list of their names for the Admiral."

"Very well," she replied.
The eyes of the boys were intent upon her. Turning to them, she said, impressively: "Boys, take off your caps; never hoist the flag with the head covered. Mrs. W. and I, you see, take off ours." Sulfing the action to the word, both ladies stood, hat in hand.

At once every cap was on the ground and every boy's hand again grasped the halliards. At a nod from Mrs. Beardslee the carpenter called out

Justly: "Hoist away!"

How the boys pulled, and how that flag flew to the top of the pole, every bare head turned aloft and every eye straining after it! Then grandly it floated; hands relaxed and faces beamed.

The names of the boys were communicated to the Admiral at once on his return, and that evening he and Mrs. Beardslee gave them a reception. There were many good things to eat and many fine words were spoken, both lasting memories for the boys.
Day after day, according to the Admiral's orders, when the flag on the flagship was run up at eight o'clock in the morning or lowered at sunset, so was the flag on the pole beside the cottage raised and lowered by the boys, caps off.—Caroline Henderson Washburn, in N. Y. Independent.

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

That Famous Old Document and What it Contains.

The Declaration is divided into two parts: First, the statement of certain general principles of the rights of men and peoples, and, second, an attack on George III. as a tyrant, setting forth in a series of propositions the wrongs done by him to the Americans which justified them in rebellion. Criticism has been directed first against the attack on the king, then to the originality of the doctrines enunciated, then against the statement of the rights of man, Jefferson's "self-evident truths," and finally against the style. The last criticism is easily disposed of. Year after year, for more than a century, the Declaration of Independence has been solemnly read in every city, town and hamlet in the United States to thousands of Americans, who have heard it over and over again, and who listen to it in reverent silence and rejoice that it is theirs to read. If it had been badly written, the most robust patriotism would be incapable of this habit. False rhetoric or turgid sentences would have been their own death warrant, and the pervading American sense of humor would have seen to its execution. The mere fact that Jefferson's words have stood successfully this endless repetition is infallible proof that the Declaration has the true and high literary qualities which alone could have preserved through such trials its impressiveness and its savor. To those who will study the Declaration carefully from the literary side, it is soon apparent that the English is fine, the tone noble and dignified, and the style strong, clear and imposing.

Request of Our Fathers.
The great principle of our republican institutions cannot be propagated by the sword. This can be done by moral force, and not physical. If we desire the political regeneration of oppressed nations, we must show them the simplicity, the grandeur, and the freedom of our own government. We must recommend it to the intelligence and virtue of other nations by its elevated and enlightened action, its purity, its justice, and the protection it affords to all its citizens, and the liberty they enjoy. And if in this respect, we shall be faithful to the high bequests of our fathers, to ourselves, and to posterity, we shall do more to liberate other governments and emancipate their subjects than could be accomplished by millions of bayonets.—John McLean.

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The Kidneys and Blood

If you want to be well, see to it that your Kidneys and Blood are in a healthy condition. It is an easy matter to learn what state your Kidneys are in. Place some of your urine in a bottle or tumbler, and leave it stand one day and night. A sediment at the bottom shows that you have a dangerous Kidney disease. Pains in the small of the back indicate the same thing. So does a desire to pass water often, particularly at night, and a scalding pain in urinating is still another certain sign.

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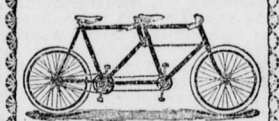
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