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Among other things which Evans inherited and continued from Lochren was his idea that Congress was a blundering fool, which did not know what it wanted to do, and that it was his business to revise, correct and amend the laws it passed.

THE Kansas volunteers, who are doing such splendid fighting in the Philippines, seem anxious to stay there until the game is finished. No requests for discharges have been received at Washington.

GEN. GROSVENOR makes the startling announcement that Representative Brosius, the Chairman of the House Committee on Civil Service, admitted to him that the committee had been made up with the express purpose of stifling all legislation on Civil Service.

AGAIN we have pleasant rumors about the President's issuance of that long-promised order undoing Cleveland's evil work in the Civil Service. Let us see: It is now 25 months since that order was promised, and the President has only 23 months more in which to arrive at a decision.

PLEASE PASS IT AROUND.

We shall consider it a great favor if our subscribers will be liberal with this issue of the paper, and lend it to their neighbors. There are several things in it we specially desire to be widely read.

EVANS MUST GO.

At the time of its passage the act of June 27, 1890, was intended to be in effect a Service Pension Bill. There never was a more thoroughly considered piece of legislation enacted into law. It had been under earnest discussion for over eight years. The comrades had talked it over most thoroughly in all their meetings, from those of the Posts to the National Encampments. They had discussed it with their Senators and Representatives, until the latter were fully possessed of their wishes. The press of the country, from Maine to California, had canvassed it, and also the opinions of the veterans. Both Houses of Congress, after tireless consideration of it in committee-rooms and on the floor, had repeatedly passed it separately in different Congresses. Then they both passed it once, and Cleveland vetoed it, which provoked another animated discussion all over the country. It was finally re-passed by the 51st Congress, and signed by President Harrison. By this time every man in the country fully understood that the intent and purpose of the law was to give a pension not exceeding \$12 a month, to every man who had served 90 days and been honorably discharged, who was suffering from any sort of disability. This made it an effective Service Pension law, for no man who had been in the army or navy between 1861 and 1865 was as good a man as he was at that time. He was then 25 years older, and age alone had impaired his faculties, to say nothing of the strains of his service, accentuated by the lapse of a quarter of a century of the sharp struggle for existence which the veterans had to wage after returning home.

The President of the United States interpreted it so, Assistant Secretary Bussey and Commissioner Raum, whom he appointed to conduct the pension system, interpreted it so, the 51st Congress appropriated money to carry out this interpretation, as did the succeeding Congress, which was Democratic. There had been up to this time no question that the law meant that every man who possessed the requirements of 90 days' service and honorable discharge, and was in any degree disabled from any cause not due to his vicious habits, was entitled to a pension. Then in came Cleveland, with his rancorous slanders on pensioners as a class and his malicious crusades against them, which were so expensive to the Treasury and so wantonly cruel to the veterans and their dependent ones.

Mr. Cleveland dared not have repealed the law upon which the veterans and their friends had spent so much effort, but he set Wm. Lochren to work upon devices and subterfuges by which it could be robbed of all the qualities which had been painstakingly given it. He was to worm-eat out all the heart of the law, and leave the veterans but the empty husk. Lochren worked for nearly four years with servile zeal to do his master's will. When he had finished the act of 1890 was scarcely more than a mockery of the bill which had been passed six years before. And the sadness of it was that each of those six years had made it more and more vitally important to the veterans that the law, instead of being eviscerated, should be more liberally interpreted, to meet their rapidly-increasing infirmities. Then Henry Clay Evans came in, with the mandate of the people to undo Lochren's wrongs, and restore to the veterans the law as it was passed by Congress and interpreted by Harrison, Bussey, Raum, and two Congresses. Mr. Evans has done nothing of the kind. He has treated the will of the people with contempt. Not a single unjust ruling of Lochren has been reversed, not one harsh interpretation has been corrected. He has rather improved upon the copy set by his predecessor, and given new harshness, cruelty, and injustice to the execution of the law. In towering conceit, he has assumed to be wiser than Congress and the President, by mutilating and curtailing a law to suit his own narrow and perverted ideas. He has done this so grossly and offensively as to become an intolerable load to the present Administration, which must dismiss him, if it attempts to make good the pledges by which it gained power at the election in 1896.

EVANS MUST GO.

SENATOR HAYWARD says that there is no clamor for the discharge of the Nebraska volunteers. He has only applied for one discharge, that of a young man whose mother is seriously ill, and this came at the instance of the mother's friends. He secured the discharge.

LET THE DEPARTMENT ENCAMPMENTS SPEAK.

There are several annual Encampments of great Departments of the G. A. R. yet to be held. The first duty of these is to take into most solicitous consideration the intolerable condition of affairs in the Pension Bureau created by the administration of Henry Clay Evans, and speak for the comrades in no uncertain tones as to the need of instant reformation. This is the most effective way of accomplishing the result in the shortest time. Letters from individuals and petitions from Posts accomplish little. What is needed is the voice of the united comrades, speaking through their recognized instrumentalities, to reach the ears of the President and the Secretary of the Interior. The voice of such great Departments as Ohio, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Kansas, etc., will be listened to, and its admonitions heeded. Now is the time to utter it, when there is a lull in politics, and there can be neither partisanship nor factionalism in it. Let us do it now, so that the desired and necessary change can be made now, and so avoid having to have an expression by the National Encampment. The matter ought to be cleaned up by that time, and so that the National Encampment may be able to pass a resolution thanking the President for having listened to the complaints of the veterans, and complied with their wishes by the appointment of a true comrade as Commissioner of Pensions who will execute the pension laws according to their true intent and purport. We want a Commissioner of Pensions who will not pore the laws down to suit his shallow and biased ideas, but execute them strictly in accordance with their spirit and tenor. We want a Commissioner who will consider himself as the agent and subordinate of Congress—not as its superior, censor, and corrector.

GOV. STANLEY, of Kansas, was elected on a pledge of substantial preference to the veterans in appointments and public employment, and right nobly he is redeeming his promise. There are more old veterans at work around the Statehouse than ever before. Of the three Judges of the Court of Visitation two are veterans, he has appointed veterans as Managers of the Soldiers' Home, his Adjutant-General, Assistant Adjutant-General, member of the Live Stock Sanitary Commission and Prison Director are all old soldiers. The comrades are very much pleased.

ACTING COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF W. C. JOHNSON formally assumed command of the Grand Army of the Republic April 24, and established National Headquarters at Cincinnati. The business Headquarters and records will remain at Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

SIR WM. WILSON HUNTER, author of the History of British India, has made a happy phrase, in saying that "The United States, in the Government of their dependencies, will represent the political conscience of the 19th century." He further said: "In her splendid and difficult task she will be trammelled by no Portuguese Inquisition of the 16th century, nor by the slave colonization of Holland in the 17th, nor by the cynical rule for gain of the rulers, which, for a time, darkened the British acquisition of India in the 18th."

SENATOR CREEL, of the North Dakota Legislature, has introduced a bill to compel all applicants for marriage licenses to pass a mental and physical examination by physicians appointed by the State. Good idea. A North Dakota man has a right to an assurance that his wife will be able to split her own wood, and hustle for dinner, while he is settling currency reform and the expansion question with his neighbors at the store.

The new Spanish Premier—Senor Silvela—announces sweeping reforms. Spain has had these announced periodically for centuries, but the difficulty has been that the mass of corruption is too firm and selfish to be affected by the efforts of any reformers, no matter how able and determined. The Cuban emissaries were very much chagrined at the derisive way in which everybody—official and non-official—received their bluff that unless the United States would come down with more than \$3,000,000 the Cuban soldiers would break up into banditti gangs and harry the island without rest. They were told that Americans have very effective methods for dealing with banditti, and that the worst sufferers are always the banditti.

THE CRIMINAL PROCEEDINGS AGAINST SENATOR QUAY CAME TO A CONCLUSION BY A VERDICT NOT GUILTY BY THE JURY.

The Legislature of Pennsylvania having adjourned, the Governor appointed him Senator. The question now is whether he will be seated. It has been held in the Senate, in the cases of Mantle, from Montana; Allen, from Washington, and Beckwith, from Wyoming, in 1893, and Corbett, from Oregon, in 1898, that where the Legislature adjourned without an election the Governor has no right to appoint—that it must be taken that the Legislature desired a vacancy. This is, however, no iron-clad rule. Each Senate is the judge of the qualifications of its own members, and precedents are only valuable in so far as they embody a principle. Some political considerations will influence both parties in deciding the case. Utah has a Republican Governor and Democratic Legislature. In Delaware it is just the reverse. In California the Governor and Legislature are both Republican. If Quay is seated the Republicans would therefore gain three Senators and the Democrats one.

THE after-dinner speech of Capt. Jas. B. Coghlan, in New York, has set two continents agog. He said in effect that the incessant nagging of the Germans at Manila stirred up every officer and man in our fleet to the explosive point, that it passed all endurance, and even the cool, self-controlled Admiral at last sent word to the German Admiral that it must stop, or there would be a fight. Capt. Coghlan's words come very awkward just at this time for the State Department and for Germany, both of whom are trying hard to let by-gones be by-gones, and get together peaceably over the Samoan business. The German Government has protested against Coghlan, and the State Department has promptly disavowed him. It is likely that he will be disciplined. All the same, everybody believes that he told the entire truth, and the people will remember it, no matter how much the State Department may try to forget it, and it will come up in after years to plague the German diplomacy.

It is already seen that the Czar's Peace Congress is doomed to failure. The Czar himself has hurt it immeasurably by his despotic course with Finland, which shows him a remorseless tyrant. Then Kaiser Wilhelm has appointed as his representative the most vehement apostle of militarism in Europe. He, Prof. Von Stengel, sees great dangers from America's colossal power, her commercial activity and greed and lust of empire, and wants a combination, with Germany at the head, to resist our aggressions in political and commercial dominion.

NOR only does Lochren's odious Order No. 225 still stand unrevoked in the Pension Bureau, but substantially every one of his drastic and cruel rules is still in force. This is doubtless a very pleasant compliment for Evans to pay to his predecessor, but it is desperately hard on the veterans who voted in 1896 to wipe out every vestige of Clevelandism and Lochrenism in the Pension Bureau.

THERE is a beautiful little fight going on in France between those who want to continue to import our cotton-seed oil, bottle it, and sell it back to us as "Huile d'Olive, Superieure," at 500 per cent. profit, and the olive-growers, who want to get rid of our ruinous competition. In course of time we shall learn to appreciate and eat our cotton-seed oil before its gets a French label.

THE report of the Inter-State Commerce Commission gives us the gratifying information that the enactment of the Safety Appliance Act in 1893 has resulted in a rapid decrease of casualties to railroaders. There were 1,034 fewer killed, and 4,062 fewer injured in the year ended June 30, 1897, than in the year ended June 30, 1893. Yet in 1897 there was the dreadful total of 1,693 killed, 27,667 wounded, among the railroaders of the United States, as against only 293 soldiers killed and 1,645 wounded in the war against Spain. It would seem that the proper field of effort for the Friends of Humanity and Peace are the railroads, and not the army.

A WONDERFUL WORK.

On page 8 we describe a wonderful book that we have just secured for our subscribers. We give it away. Read the offer. It is a money-maker for everybody.



SI Klegg and his chum Sharty, both of the 200th Ind., at Chickamauga engage in fierce battle. Si and Sharty capture a rebel flag, but both fall in the melee. They are taken off the field in bad condition. Deacon Klegg hears about it and journeys to the hospital. He fails to be able to buy some chickens for Si's broth on account of the owner's fear of taking U. S. money. So he rails his riot in the darkness, drops a \$5 bill at the feet of the owner, and dashes away in time to escape capture by the Johnnies. He makes a saviorish dash for Si and Sharty. Foraging again he surprises and captures a team containing provisions prepared for the men in a rebel camp by the same people from whom he got the chickens. Being conscientious, he tries to return the team later. Rebel artillery frightens the horse, which demolishes the wagon. A company of Union cavalry relieves the Deacon of the horse and gives him a cow, which is recognized by Mr. Klegg and consents to let Si and Sharty go home with him, which they do. Sharty gets a letter from a sweetheart he has never seen. The letter is read before the family, and makes Sharty so ashamed that he leaves secretly to return to his regiment, and wakes up at Jeffersonville, Ind.

SI and Sharty's Guerrillas Enter Kentucky. The bright, active minds of the 65 boys that Si and Sharty were put in charge of, were adrift with curiosity regarding every-



"HERE, YOU YOUNG BRATS, WHAT ARE YOU UP TO?"

thing connected with the war. For two years they had read on stories and incidents of the mighty conflict then convulsing the land. Every breath they had drawn had some taste of battle in it. Wherever they went or were they heard incessantly of the storm-swept "front"—of terrific battles, perilous adventures, heroic achievements, deaths, wounds, and marvelous escapes. The older boys were all at the front, or going there, or coming back with heroic marks of shot and shell. The one burning aspiration in every well-constructed boy's heart was to get big enough to crowd past the recruiting officer, and go where he could see with his own eyes the thunderous drama. There was concentrated all that fills a healthy boy's imagination and stirs his blood—something greater than Indian-fighting, or hunting lions and tigers. They looked on Si and Sharty with little short of reverence. Here were two men who had captured a rebel flag in a hand-to-hand fight, both of whom had been left for dead, and both promoted for gallantry. What heroic pinnacle of greatness could any boy hope to reach?

They began at once seriously imitating the walk and manner of their heroes. The tall, lank boys modeled themselves on Sharty, and the short, chubby ones on Si. And there at once rose contention between them as to which was the greater hero. "I heard," said Henry Joslyn, "that Corpi Elliott was the first to reach the rebel flag, he grabbed it the longest legs, but just as he grabbed it a big rebel knocked him, and then they all piled on to Klegg, and about had him finished, when Serg't Klegg leaped there at a charge bayonet, and he bayoneted everybody in sight, until a sharpshooter in a tree shot him with an explosive bullet that tore his breast all to pieces, but he kept right on bayoneting 'em till he dropped from loss of blood. Then they fired a cannon at the sharpshooter, and blowed him to pieces, just as you'd blow a chipmunk to pieces with a bullet from a bear-gun."

"I want that way all," said tall, lanky Sid Mackall. "A whole lot of 'em made for the flag together. A charge of grape-shot came along and blowed the rest away, but Serg't Klegg and Corpi Elliott kept right on. Then Corpi Elliott he lit into the crowd of rebels and laid a swath right around him, while Serg't Klegg grabbed the flag. A rebel Colonel shot him, but they couldn't stop Corpi Elliott till they shot a brass six-pounder at him."

The boys stood on the banks of the Ohio River, and gazed eagerly at the other side. There was the enemy's country—there the theater in which the great drama was being enacted. Everything there had a weird fascination for them, as a part of, or accessory to, the stupendous play. It was like peering under the circus tent, when they were smaller, and catching glimpses of the flying horses' feet.

And the questions they asked. Si had in a manner replied them by his curt treatment of Harry Joslyn, and his preoccupied air, as he bent a sad look, getting his orders and making preparations for starting. But Sharty was in an affable mood, and by pleasantly answering a few of their inquiries brought the whole fire of their questioning upon him. "Are any of them men you see over there guerrillas?" they asked. "Mebbe," Sharty answered. "Kentucky's full of 'em. Mebbe they're peaceable citizens, though."

"How kin you tell the guerrillas from the citizens?" "By the way they shoot at you. The peaceable citizens don't shoot—at least, in day time, and out in the open. They lay for you with sole-leather pies, and chuck-a-luck loaves and dozed whisky, and aid and abet the Southern Confederacy that way. They get away with more Union soldiers than the guerrillas do. But you can never tell

what an able-bodied man in Kentucky'll do. He may lay for you all day with wild-cat whisky, at \$5 a canteenful, to get money to buy ammunition to shoot at you at night. He's surer of getting you with a canteen o' never-miss whisky, but there's more healthy excitement about shootin' at you from behind a bank. And his pie is deadlier'n his apple-jack. A man kin get over an apple-jack drunk, but Kentucky pie's wuss'n a mix vomica on fish."

"Mustn't we eat none o' their pies?" asked the boys, with longing remembrance of the fragrant products of their mothers' ovens. "Nary a pie. If I ketch a boy eatin' a pie after we cross the river I'll back-and-jerk him. Stick to plain hard-baked and pork. You'll git to like it better'n cake by and by. I eat it right along, in preference to the finest cake ever baked."

Sharty did not think it necessary to mention that this preference was somewhat compulsory. "Why don't you hunt down the guerrillas, and kill 'em off, and be done with 'em?" "You can't, very well. You see, guerrillas is peculiar. There's somethin' in the air and water down in Kentucky and Tennessee that brings 'em on a man. You'll see a plain, farmer man, jest like them around your home, and he'll be all right, goin' about his place plowin' and grubbin' sprouts, and tendin' his stock, and tellin' you all the time how much he loves the Union and how he and his folks's always big for the Union. Next thing you know he'll be on behind a cedar bush, with a shotgun loaded with slogs, waitin' to make a lead mine o' some feller wearin' blue clothes. You see him before he does you, and he'll swear that he was out after the crows that's bin pullin' up his corn. He'll take the oath of allegiance like it was a dram of old apple-jack, and tears'll come into his eyes at the sight of the Old Flag, which he and his'n has always loved. He'll go ahead plowin' and grubbin' sprouts and tendin' his cattle till the fit comes on him again to go gunnin' for bluecoats, and off he is, to go through the whole performance again. You kin never tell how long his comin' interval will last, nor when the fit's losin'."

"So did I," chorused the others. The train made a long stop on a switch, and many eyes around about, taking on some cars found there, and Si and Sharty seeing nothing to do, went forward to another car, where they found some returning veterans, and were soon absorbed in a game of seven-up. Sharty had just successfully turned a jack from the bottom, and was smugly looking at himself, that his eyes had not lost their cunning by long idleness when the game was interrupted by a train-hand rushing up with the information: "Here, you fellers, you want to git out there and tend to them kids o' yon's. They've got a couple o' citizens down there in the brush, and I believe are goin' to hang 'em."

Si and Sharty ran down in the direction indicated. They found the boys, stern-eyed and resolute, surrounding two weak-eyed, trembling "crackers," who had apparently come from a train with baskets of leathery-crust dried-apple pies for sale. The men were specimens of the weak-minded, weak-bodied, lank-haired "po white trash," but the boys had sized them up on sight as dangerous spies and guerrillas, had laid hands on them and dragged them down into the brush, where they had taken an hour's crust-dried-apple pie for sale. The men were specimens of the weak-minded, weak-bodied, lank-haired "po white trash," but the boys had sized them up on sight as dangerous spies and guerrillas, had laid hands on them and dragged them down into the brush, where they had taken an hour's crust-dried-apple pie for sale. The men were specimens of the weak-minded, weak-bodied, lank-haired "po white trash," but the boys had sized them up on sight as dangerous spies and guerrillas, had laid hands on them and dragged them down into the brush, where they had taken an hour's crust-dried-apple pie for sale.

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would cut down trees, and sweep away companies of men?" "If all the rest of the men were killed, wouldn't the powder-monkey get a chance to fire his gun?" "Look here, boys," gazed Sharty, when he got a chance to answer, "I'd like to answer your questions, and fill you up plumb full o' information that your hides'd crack to hold it. But I ain't no complete history o' the war, with heavy artillery tactics bound up in one volume. All I know is that the worst dose them fellers ever give was to the fellers that had to build 'em. After you've dug and shoveled and wheeled on one o' 'em for about a month, you'll have the very sight of 'em, and never ask no questions about 'em. All you'll want to be to find and kill the feller that invented them brick-rat eruptions on the face of the earth."

This was a prosaic side of war that had not occurred to the boys. As the train ran out into the country there were a few stragglers around about, rivet the attention of the youngsters—stragglers, who the emancipated patients straggling feebly about, corrals of mules and horses, the waste and wreckage where camps had been, and bridges which had been burned and rebuilt. "But we ain't seen no guerrillas yet," said Harry Joslyn and Sid Mackall, whose minds seemed more fascinated with that species of an enemy than any other, and they apparently voiced the minds of the rest. "When're we likely to see some guerrillas?"

"O, the guerrillas are layin' party low now, betwixt here and Nashville," Si carelessly explained. "After we pass Nashville you kin begin to look out for 'em." "Why," Sid Mackall, complained to the rest of them, "Corpi Elliott said that we could begin to look out for guerrillas just as soon as we get to the Ohio—that the whole of Kentucky was full of 'em. I believe Corpi Elliott knows more about his business than Sargent Klegg. Sargent Klegg seems careless like. I see lots o' fellers along the road in butternut clothes that second season around about, and mebbe they looked at us in a way that made me certain they was spyin' us, and had their guns hid away somewhere, ready to jump us, when ever there wuz a good chance."

"So did I," chorused the others. The train made a long stop on a switch, and many eyes around about, taking on some cars found there, and Si and Sharty seeing nothing to do, went forward to another car, where they found some returning veterans, and were soon absorbed in a game of seven-up. Sharty had just successfully turned a jack from the bottom, and was smugly looking at himself, that his eyes had not lost their cunning by long idleness when the game was interrupted by a train-hand rushing up with the information: "Here, you fellers, you want to git out there and tend to them kids o' yon's. They've got a couple o' citizens down there in the brush, and I believe are goin' to hang 'em."

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