

The Journal.

PUBLISHED BY Wm. S. BAXTER. AT SALINA, KANSAS. OFFICE—On Iron Avenue, three doors west of Postoffice.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION One copy one year \$1.00 Six months .60 Three months .30

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After four years of experience in the patent business, I am now prepared to take up my abode in the city of Salina, Kansas, and will be pleased to receive the attention of those who are desirous of securing patents for their inventions.

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Saline County Journal.

VOL. XXI.

SALINA, KANSAS, THURSDAY, MAY 28, 1891.

NO. 22

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK, SALINA, KANSAS. CAPITAL \$150,000. SURPLUS \$30,000. DIRECTORS: J. W. MORRIS, J. S. DANIELS, W. T. WELCH, F. D. LOCKWOOD, J. F. Mc III, F. M. Briggs, Thos H Davis, C Eberhardt, Oscar Seitz.

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CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC! (Daily Block, Iron avenue.) Teacher of Voice Culture: MISS ERNESTINE COTTON, who has recently returned from Europe, where she has been studying with Mme. Marchesi, of Paris. Teacher of Piano and Organ: Mrs. A. S. Harlan, Pupil of Mme. DeKroode Rice, of Chicago, Illinois. Teacher's and Artists' classes have been arranged and pupils will be graduated from each department upon completing the course. PUPILS RECEIVED AT ANY TIME.

A. LINDBLOM, Merchant Tailor, Has just received a complete line of Spring Goods. Now is the time to select your clothing, while the stock is new and complete.

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TO THE FALLEN BRAVE WHO HELD NOT SAFETY BEFORE HONOR & LIBERTY, BUT CHEERFULLY RISKED ALL FOR THE COMMON GOOD & DIED FOR NATIONAL UNITY, UNIVERSAL LIBERTY AND THE REIGN OF CONSTITUTIONAL LAW. FIRST SHOT APRIL 1861 LAST SHOT MAY 13 1865

FINIS CORONAT OPUS. LOWERED FOR THE dead, who are dead, but live, and shall forever live in splendid fame: Who doomed a life a little thing to give To save a nation from a dying shame. Are, heap their graves with flowers. With faded laurels. But drop no tears. Life has no been like death When honor leads the way to the grave. The end has crowned their work. The world knows how They entered into rest—and doubtless glory. No tears for them! Our tears have fallen, but we do not weep, recalling their great story. DAVID A. CURTIS.

A SOLDIER'S FORTUNES. BY GEORGE L. ELMER. (Copyright. All rights reserved.) 'OUVE done a foolish thing,' exclaimed Farmer Royce when his son came home with a bright new uniform one May morning in 1861. 'I don't know why it is foolish to enlist. You go in for the war, father,' said the boy respectfully. 'Yes, I do; but you don't suppose soldiering is going to be all holiday business, do you?'

'No, father, I do not. I am dead in earnest,' answered John. 'Well, if it's done well, it can't be helped. But you should have come to me first. I could have got a commission for you. With this the father turned away sternly, but he didn't evade the force of John's comment. 'Father,' said he, straightening himself proudly, 'I don't despise your well meaning interest in this matter, but I prefer to earn a commission or serve in the ranks. Farmer Royce waited to catch the closing words, but went on without replying. He was thinking that John was only a dreamer. John Royce, or Jack, as he was familiarly called, was a bright school boy just coming to manhood. His father was a man of influence and believed rather in deals and trades than in dependence upon hard work and merit. Another son, Dick, was like his father in his views about getting on in the world. He was studying law and aiming at the political field.

When Dick learned what Jack had done he said to him: 'Just like you, Jack, with your sentimental notions. You'll stick to be a nobody and disgrace the family.' 'Well, Dick, I'll agree not to do it in your name, but I'll do it in mine elsewhere,' said Jack. 'I'd advise you to a private soldier, do you? You might as well go driving on the coast.' 'So I would if I were going to enter the casual business. The bottom is the place to begin life.' 'Humph!' muttered Dick, and walked away loftily toward his office, where a freshly painted sign announced, 'Richard Royce, Attorney-at-Law.'

There was one more interview in the little circle of Jack's nearest and dearest intimacies, and the young soldier longed to know what his reception would be in that quarter. Carrie Westlake was the daughter of a neighbor, and as Farmer Royce had no daughters, and had lost his wife some time before, the Westlakes had helped to give social life to the old farmhouse. Mrs. Westlake and Carrie and their friends had often called in to brighten the leisure hours for the lonely household, and everybody who looked on fire. The enemy fought us a short time and then withdrew. 'How many men had you, sergeant?' asked General Sherman, smiling. 'Seven, sir.' 'You lost three killed?' 'Yes, sir.' 'And the other side lost?' 'Seven, sir.' 'Then you did the other side lose?' 'Yes, sir—on an average, yes.' 'And held your ground?' 'Yes, sir.' 'That will do, sergeant,' said the general, and then turning to his adjutant he said: 'Captain, in your report to headquarters of last night's skirmish, you will command the sergeant for his ably and conduct and mention him for promotion.'

'Thank you, general,' said the proud young soldier, blushing, and turning to go out of the tent. 'One more thing, sergeant,' the adjutant called out. 'Your full name, please.' 'John Sherman Royce, sir.' 'Where did you get the name of Sherman, young man?' said the general, with a searching glance. 'From my mother, sir. She was a New England Sherman.' 'My boy, I am glad to see you. Your mother has probably one of her connections, but I have been away so long to the wars and on the plains that I have lost track of many of my friends.' 'General, we all speak of you as a relative at home.' 'Then why didn't you come to me before. That name is good around these headquarters at any time.' 'I thought, general, that if I was a good soldier you'd find me out in the end, and if I was not you wouldn't want to know me.' 'Good! I've made your acquaintance in just the right way. You held your ground and whipped the enemy. Still, that might not make your fortune in those times without a friend at court, and that I'll look after myself.' Jack returned to his post with a lively spark of honest pride in his bosom. He longed to write all about it to the folks and feel their sympathies with him again, but he concluded to wait awhile. The news reached home at length through other hands with more particular interest. Carrie told it all to Dick one evening when he came to see her on another matter entirely, and her joy over the event was by no means half hearted. It happened a day or two after Dick lost his first suit at law, and he had really called to try another case as a solace for his disappointment in this. 'Jack has done splendidly,' the girl said, in a rattling, happy way, 'and I am sure you'll let him go that time without a pleasant word. He is a commissioned lieutenant and will become captain soon.' This was all to Dick, and Carrie looked at his discomfited face with pity for a moment, then added, 'Dick, why don't you enlist, too? All the young men are going.' Dick glanced down at his patent leather boots and broadsword, and straightening up like a peacock, said: 'No, thank you. I wasn't cut out for a soldier.' He got no nearer the tender subject on his mind, and Carrie, thinking that all his gloominess came from the thought it would please the father and at least one of his sons if Carrie would leave the notion after a while to come for good and change her name to Royce. Whether Jack or Dick would speak the winning word of invitation was a question the wisest matchmaker in the town could not solve. Jack waited that evening until he knew it was too late for a call from the other house and then strolled, somewhat nervously, in that direction. He found Carrie alone, in the flower beds of the front yard. Her greeting seemed like an echo of what he had just heard at home. 'Why, Jack,' she said, without taking a second look, 'I am astonished at you. Dick has just been here and he says you're disgraced us all.' There may have been a lump of tender feeling in Jack's throat, or he may have swallowed his pride as men will at such times. Something caused a little choke and stammer when he said: 'Carrie, I called to see you for the last time in a long while, perhaps, and—' 'Oh, ho! You'll be back again, and that's how long. Or if you can come yourself as a more common soldier you'd better stay away.' Jack stood in the path ready to take her at her word. But she turned at last for a better view, and her eyes rested fondly upon the bright uniform that set off his shapely figure far better than farm clothes or even a Sunday suit. 'Not there's nothing, come back for,' he began to say, half aloud. She advanced toward him, and drawing herself up with a most winning yet self composed manner, interrupted him with the thoughtless taunt: 'You, you'll have to come, you know, and show me that commission.' Dick says you are boasting you'll win. Ha! ha! ha! 'Do that as it may, Carrie, when I come again it will be because you need for me. With that he was gone, and the foolish girl regretted her words before he was beyond hearing. But Dick had been there, and filled her mind with Jack's ill behavior and his own glowing prospects under the charm of a new girl's smile, with her eyes over the door. The next morning before going away Jack went to his mother's grave, and there he wept as only many men do, weeping deeply and facing everything afterward.

when he stopped at Westlake's gate on the way home to tell the news. 'He has been studying hard at law during all his soldier business, has had military practice and got a good knowledge of common law. He could enter the bar in six months if he'd set about it.' 'But why doesn't he come home, now the war is over?' exclaimed Carrie. 'He is only waiting for some certain one here to give him the invitation. Maybe you know who,' said the old man merrily. 'Oh! is that all?' responded Carrie, and remembering a growing girl in the house. The duty took shape in a thin, flat parcel about 3 inches by 5 1/2 in size, addressed to some city in Georgia, and there Jack found the words he had waited for over five years. 'Dear Jack—Come home. It will never be the same here till you do. CARIE.'

Jack answered in person and soon took off his gaiters, married the girl whose faith had equalled his own, and settled in the village. In the winter of time a new shingle appeared on the street and read: 'ROYCE & BROTHERS, Law and Notary Public.' Nobody remained long in doubt as to who was the 'Royce' and who the 'Brother' who plied away at the deeds and mortgages and contracts in endless monotony, day after day. 'It is the Sherman in him, and Tom's company, setting him ahead on the start, that's brought it out. For two or three years when people praise the Honorable John's success. In the privacy of the family he adds, for the sake of harmony, 'Carrie had a hand in it, too.'

THE ARMY MULE AGAIN. How Private Peck Did Not Learn to Drive. Everybody knew I had been recommended for a commission, and they called me 'lieutenant,' but all the same I was doing duty as a private. For two or three days I was detailed to drive mules for the quartermaster, and that was the worst service I ever did perform. I kicked some at being detailed to drive a six mule team, but the colonel said I might see the time when I could save the government a million dollars by being able to jump on to a wheel mule and drive a wagon loaded with ammunition or paymaster's cash out of danger of being captured by the enemy. So I went to work and learned to 'gee-haw' a six mule team of the stubbornest beasts in the world hauling lumber, but there was no romance in taking care of six mules that kicked so you had to put the harness on them with a pitchfork for fear of having your head kicked off. If I ever got a pension it will be for my loss of character and temper in driving the mules. I have been in some dangerous places, but I was never in so dangerous a place in battle as I was one day driving those mules. One of the lead mules got his forward foot over the middle stone way, and I went to fix it, and the team started and 'straggled'.

As soon as I saw that I was between the two lead mules, and that the team had started, I knew my only safety was in trying to get the mule which was between the three pairs of mules and wagon going straight over me. The attempt to get out would mix them all up, so I fell right down in the mud, which was about a foot deep and, like a mortar, as the mules passed on each side of me, but I escaped everything except the mud, and when I got up my feet behind the wagon, and the quartermaster, who was ahead on horseback, had stopped the team. He called a colored man and told me I could go back. I tried to speak in the back way and not say anything, but when I passed the chaplain's tent a lot of officers, who had been sending his sanitary stores, came out, and one of them recognized me, and they insisted on my stopping and taking something with them. Honestly, there was not an inch of my clothing but was covered with red mud. They had fun with me for half an hour and then let me go. I have never to look at a mule since without a desire to kill it.—How Private Peck Put Down the Rebellion.

Not Quite Gone. A soldier of Bates' division of the Confederate army, after the command had run two days from Nashville, had thrown away his gun and accoutrements, and alone in the woods sat down and commenced thinking—the first chance he had for such a thing. Rolling up his sleeves and looking at his legs and general physique, he then gave vent to his feelings. 'I am whipped, badly whipped, and somewhat demoralized, but no man can say I am scattered.'—Moore's Collection.

A Fair Exchange. The day after the battle of Bull Run (July 22, 1861), while burial parties were busy at their unaccustomed work, Mike Flaherty, a member of the Second S. C. V., wandered away from his comrades, and while strolling through the woods came upon a Yankee, cold and stiff, with a new pair of shoes on his feet. Now, Mike's shoes were much the worse for wear, and the poor fellow looked long and wistfully at the new brogans. It wouldn't do to rob the dead, and yet he wanted the shoes. Finally he sat him down, untied the strings with many a furtive glance at the dead man's face, pulled off the shoes and tried them on. They fitted perfectly, and Mike sat eying them regretfully. Suddenly a brilliant idea flashed into Mike's brain. Why not swap? It was done. The old shoes took the place of the new, and were secretly tied on the dead man's feet, and Mike, with a long drawn sigh, said in a half apologetic manner, 'Them's plinty good enough for where you're goin'.'—Volunteer.

Empty Hoop. During the war a man, great in his own eyes, was by some influence, appointed a brigadier general. His sense of his own importance was greatly increased. He could hardly speak of anything else but his high dignity. Meeting a 'homosap' Yankee one day he accosted him thus: 'Well, Jim, I suppose you know I have been appointed a brigadier general?' 'Yes, and Jim, I heard so.' 'Well, what do folks say about it?' 'They don't say nothing,' replied James; 'they just laugh.'—Exchange.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria. In the battle of the Wilderness the Tenth Massachusetts regiment was in the thick of the fight, and one color bearer after another was shot down. 'THE REBELS HAVE DECIDED FOR US.' most as fast as the men could be replaced. But such was the eagerness to keep the flag aloft that at one time two color bearers were caught and the standard at once, as it was about to fall, and struggled for it. Just then a shot struck the staff, cutting it in two, and leaving one man with the flag and the other with the broken stick. 'Rebel!' said the man with the short end of the staff, 'the rebels have decided for us this time!' and went to loading and firing again as coolly as if nothing had happened.—Anecdotes, Poetry and Incidents of the War.



Instantaneous Deaths in Battle. The fact that a man is down and out of the fight is about all that friend or foe can take account of for the time being. It is reasonable to suppose, however, that some deaths are instantaneous, the men being literally killed in action. One such case I had an opportunity to study with unusual care at Fort Hancock, near the mouth of the Hudson, in front of Petersburg. The action there was defensive on our part, the enemy very small and the fight prolonged, hence many things were observed that would escape notice on an open field. At one time, just in front of me, as I looked toward the enemy, there was a soldier of our garrison firing his musket from a gun staking, that raised his head and showed about the parapet. He was the oldest man I ever saw in battle, and for that reason, doubtless, I observed him closely. His hair was white and his form had reached the stage of senescence. He fired very slowly, and after each shot he would scan the enemy's line as though watching the result of his last ball or spry out a target for the next.

Finally when I had my attention almost wholly on him he half turned to the right, and I saw his cap fly off smartly without any visible blow, and the large and heavy frame shrunk together and sank down into a heap. There was no sound of blood from his wounds, and I do not know how long he lay motionless until he rolled on his legs bent under the body, his head going down to his knee or to the trail of the cannon. A little stream of blood ran from his forehead and made a pool on the plank, and this blood reached the plank about the time that his frame settled down motionless. From the time that his hat flew off until he rolled on his back, I counted to ten, and the motionless body could not be seen. 'He is dead,' could not have been more than thirty seconds, and probably was about twenty. The fatal ball had penetrated the left temple, or near it. This was the only case that I ever saw where a man was killed so quickly that he never knew what hit him, as the saying is.—New York Sun.

A Battle Within a Battle. An officer of the Second Connecticut regiment, on his return home, says: 'The coolest thing I ever heard of happened at the battle of Fair Oaks. Right in the hottest of the battle two of the Second's boys got at longheads with their bayonets fixed to their rifles, and fell to it at Fair Oaks, and it took, picked up their arms and pitched into the rebels again. I have heard of a wheel within a wheel, but a battle within a battle is certainly something new.'—Selected.

The Bull Run Races. It is well known that John A. Logan, who was a member of Congress at the time the war began, led Washington with his horse, and was going to take a fight, and, wearing a musket, walked all the way to Bull Run, where he arrived just in time to take part in the battle. He had on a swallowtail coat, but he stood up to the shock as though he were a soldier. He was back in Washington next morning a good deal out of breath, and was telling some of his fellow congressmen all about it. 'Who gave you this account of the fight?' asked a member from the north woods of New York. 'Why, I was there myself,' said Logan. The New Yorker evidently had not heard the news, for he asked a little mystified, and asked, 'at what time solve the mystery of Logan's speedy reappearance.' 'Are the cars running?' 'No,' said Logan, 'the cars ain't running, but every other blank thing in the state of Virginia is, as long as I could find out.'—Chicago Herald.

Bring Your Hardest Flowers. After their grave dug over the bugle's call, like hidden treasures under ocean waves.—Elin Hadden, Walworth in Washington Post.

Over Their Graves. Over their grave rung out the bugle's call, like hidden treasures under ocean waves.—Elin Hadden, Walworth in Washington Post.

Now through the years the brown pine needles fall. The oak now rust by the old stone wall. By the bank, by the mossy stream the away. Over their graves. We love our dead when'er we hold in thrall.—The Old Soldier's Song.

A Love that's Greater than the World's. A love that's greater than the world's, with no successor when we're gone. 'Ours is all to stay your hands—our love—ours all.'—Over their graves.—Henry Furness.