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J. H. Mulville,

110 East Main Street, St Patrick's Block.

Chickamauga Park.

Sept. 19 and 20, 1863, the great battle of Chickamauga was fought. The dedication of the battlefield as a national military park, Sept. 19 and 20, 82 years later, will be an occasion of profound interest to both north and south. Unanimous as was the good feeling between the old Union and Confederate soldiers who took part in the Gettysburg exercises, it will be probably exceeded in demonstrativeness at the opening of Chickamauga. More of the soldiers on both sides than have ever come together since the war are expected to meet there. They are those who fought each other on the field of Chickamauga till it ran in blood. Now they meet as brothers to consecrate the ground where comrades on both sides fell and to dedicate monuments to the fallen.

It will be melancholy to the survivors to recall how few of the generals are left to take part in the exercises Sept. 19 and 20, 1895. Bragg, commander in chief of the Confederate forces, died in Texas 19 years ago this very September. General Longstreet, who commanded the Confederate left wing at Chickamauga, will revisit the scene of his former thrilling experience.

Soldiers from 28 states fought in the battle of Chickamauga. Kentucky had regiments on both sides. So did Missouri. The state of Missouri has erected monuments to her fallen, and with perfect impartiality has divided them equally among Union and Confederate dead. It will be news to many of our readers that the United States government has set up eight monumental shafts to the memory of eight generals killed at Chickamauga, and four of these generals are Confederates—Helm, Deshler, Colquitt and Preston Smith. The Union officers to whose memory the national government built monuments are General W. H. Lytle and Colonels Hogg, King and Baldwin.

New National Song.

A song which we may hope will take its place along with "Rally Round the Flag" and the "Star Spangled Banner" has been written by Dr. Thomas Dunn English, who lives in Newark, N. J. If the new song is as successful as Dr. English's great "Trilby" lyric, then we shall have par excellence the American national air. We need good patriotic songs very much in this country—stirring airs and burning words that will thrill the hearts of the boys and girls at school. We want something that will roll on the air gloriously on the Fourth of July, songs our American boys can march out to battle by, to victory or death. Who will write the words? Who will write the music? We cannot have too many of them.

Dr. English calls his national anthem "Old Glory," which is a very good name. He is 76 years old, but declares he is not done with the world yet, whereat his countrymen will rejoice. Dr. English wrote the words of "Old Glory," and a friend, also an American, composed the music. The refrain is patriotic enough. It is:

Old Glory, Old Glory! Our banner, grand, Old Glory! Old Glory, Old Glory! Hurrah for you, Old Glory!

No doubt many Americans are exclaiming in their minds against the "unjust discrimination" of foreign countries against American beef cattle. They are apt to attribute it all to the jealousy of foreign governments toward this great and prosperous country. Well, the report of the United States consul at Havre would throw some light on the minds of these patriotic Americans. Mr. Chancelor says the arrangements for our foreign cattle shipping show that common sense is badly lacking in the shippers. No proper provision for the safety and comfort of the animals is made, he declares. The importation of United States cattle into Europe was stopped because the steers came "jammed into steamers, seascak, battered, bruised, crippled and furnished." Consul Chancelor further says that no live beavers should be shipped unless they are provided with padded stalls, swings and other appliances to keep the lurching of the vessel from crushing them. Above all, they should be shipped in the care of "humane, reliable and intelligent attendants, who will not beat and prod them from wanton and vicious cruelty."

The state of Tennessee has practically discovered herself since the war. Yet as a state she antedates Ohio by six years. At the celebration of her centenary of statehood in 1896, however, Tennessee will show that in the matter of thoroughbred horses, Jersey cows, coal and iron mines and moonshiners she beats the world. If the spirit of Andrew Jackson can look down upon her next year his heart will swell big with pride.

Our navy is quite up to date, and there is considerable of it too. Our army will soon be up to date too. By the end of September all the infantry of the regular army will be furnished with the smokeless powder Krag-Jorgensen rifle. What is more, the new rifles were made out and out at the United States army gun factory.

The sublime porte is sending its bloomers in the effort to escape being brought to account for the Armenian atrocities.

The first plant for pressing cotton in the new cylindrical bales is to be built in Arkansas.

WOMAN'S WORLD IN PARAGRAPHS.

A Lay Preacher's Sermon, and a Very Profitable One.

One of the best sermons I have read in a long time has been preached by Eleanor Kirk in her "Idea." The text is "Mine Own Arm." She quotes from Isaiah, sixty-third chapter, fifth verse: "I looked, and there was none to help, and I wondered that there was none to uphold. Therefore mine own arm brought salvation unto me, and my fury, it upheld me." There never was a difficulty that there was not a way out of it. Eleanor Kirk herself has demonstrated that, and she now socks with all her enthusiasm, "fury," the text would call it, to make other women see the same thing. Whatever we want or need in reason we can get it in this life, and we can get it ourselves. The reason that men have nearly all the power, property, learning, influence and everything else good in this world is that they have simply gone and taken this good with their own arms. Women have hung back and waited for men to bring it to them. When men did not, because they wanted it for themselves, and there was not enough left over to do any good after they got what they desired, women simply sat down and wept and suffered in silence. Had not these they loved bidden them always to be meek and quiet and told them that was the kind of women men liked best? But the time came when women were forced into breadwinning occupations by the changes in our civilization. They did not want to go. They thought it was not aristocratic. They lingered, shivering on the brink till they were absolutely shoved off the ragged edge into the current of work. Once there they found they could swim just as well as men could, and they liked it. By their own brains, thinking and planning by their own hands, they conquer all things. A lady tells me that she had always depended on others to provide for her old age. She was approaching middle life, and no provision had been made. She faced the inevitable; then she pulled herself together with mighty resolve. She determined that thence on she would never depend on any human being but herself to take care of herself. She would enter into business, get money and lay up money. From the moment she made that resolution things seemed to come her way. The determined will to secure good is the key that unlocks all the treasures of the universe. The lady prospered and laid up money and is already in possession of a modest competency. Oh, my friends, you can work miracles "by mine own arm."

A friend who lives on Staten Island writes: Mrs. Julia K. West, the school commissioner elected two years ago in Richmond county, N. Y., has displayed more backbone in ferreting out and organizing local evils in the county school system and resisting the encroachments upon her rightful authority of the state superintendent's department than any man official in the county. She is now making a hot fight against the state superintendent in the matter of his recent decision declaring her acts in a certain district reorganizational case null and void. The superintendent quotes law to her, and she says she will give him more law than will please him. Even her political opponents declare that she is the right person for the place, because, womanlike, "when she will she will and when she won't she won't," not if the heavens fall.

One woman, a Mrs. Butler, voted at the last parliamentary election in England. By an oversight her name had been put on the registry list at Barrow. The judge of elections decided that he had no right to go behind the returns and inquire into the sex of a person whose name had passed the registering officer.

Miss Mary C. Francis, a talented and plucky girl, formerly connected with the Cincinnati press, has become editor of Fern, the new fashion and society periodical in New York. Miss Francis has established in her magazine a club department, which is to be conducted in the interests of women's clubs all over the country.

Mrs. Henry D. Cram, the Boston derrick builder and rigger, will construct the hoistings used in erecting the structures for the Paris exposition of 1900. The Paris exposition buildings this time will be made of stone, and Mrs. Cram has the contracts for putting up and operating 75 derricks. "By her own arm" she built up this profitable and unusual business.

When a woman in New York does at length find a foothold in journalistic work, she is kept so busy that the work she does is almost beyond human power to accomplish, one would think at first glance. Miss Frances M. Benson furnishes a case to the point. She is sole editor of The Queen of Fashion. She selects or writes every line of that paper and gets the illustrations for the fashions and other things. Besides editing the paper itself she has also charge of the extensive paper pattern department which is operated in connection. There is not a newspaper man in New York city who can do more work than this energetic and brilliant young woman.

At the Atlanta exposition there will be 125 models of inventions by women.

Instead of trying to pass an ordinance that women bicyclers should not wear bloomers, on the ground that it was prejudicial to the peace and good morals of the "male residents" of Chattanooga, Alderman Crabtree ought to have introduced a resolution prohibiting the male residents of Chattanooga from looking at the bloomer women.

It is indeed unfortunate that in this land of light and liberty either men or women cannot wear exactly what they please, so long as they are decently covered. ELIZA ARCHER CONNER.

SHALLOW TRICKS.

ABSURD ARGUMENTS OF THE ENEMIES OF THE TARIFF.

Contradictory Assertions of the Calamity Howlers Put Them in Ludicrous Positions—Reckless Agitation About Wool. It Has Come to Stay.

In their eager search for arguments against the new tariff the calamity howling organs fall into the most contradictory and ludicrous positions, says the Philadelphia Record. In one and the same breath they assert that the tariff is ruining the woolen industries of the country and that the enormous importation of wool is death to sheep growing on the Rocky mountain ranges. They next assert that the enormous increase in importations of "shoddy" (which they estimate at 1,000 per cent) is destroying the production of woolen fabrics—a statement which may be left to the slandering manufacturers themselves. As the importation of shoddy was practically prohibited by the McKinley tariff, this percentage trick is as shallow as it is dishonest.

But the organs do not mention that the imports of rags, waste, noils and other materials of shoddy do not amount to more than 7 1/2 per cent of the free imports of wool under the new tariff. This fact would completely destroy the trick of percentages. Nor do they mention that the imported materials of shoddy cost American manufacturers by the pound 33 per cent more than most of the wool imported under the McKinley law. Now yet do they even mention that the importations of wool now consist for the most part of the finest foreign fleeces, which formerly seldom reached the mills of this country.

As for the poor woolgrowers, the enormous annual slaughter of sheep for the American consumers of mutton is attributed by the calamity organs to the destructive influence of the new tariff. If no domestic wool should be used by American manufacturers, sheep growing would still be profitable in this country for its meat. With most American farmers who raise sheep the wool is the least consideration. But with the enormous destruction of domestic sheep, and with the enormous importations of wool, what has become of all the wool if the woolen industries have been as ruthlessly destroyed as the calamity howlers assert? The manufacturers must have eaten the wool along with the mutton in order to engage exclusively in the production of shoddy fabrics! In their eagerness to misrepresent the new tariff its enemies are ignorant of recognizing the absurdities in which they are involving themselves.

But what do the calamity organs expect to accomplish by this reckless agitation against the woolen industry of the new tariff? Do they imagine that the consumers or the manufacturers of this country will ever consent to a total abrogation of the McKinley duties on woollens or to the repeal of W. 127 in the free list? If they entertain such a foolish notion, let them make the manufacturers themselves. How possible then a woolen manufacturer, situated where in consulting price lists for a year, may express a desire to return to McKinleyism. But there is a side of the manufacturers' world yet that is not mentioned by the calamity organs. It is the side of the farmer, the sheep raiser, the manufacturer of woollens. They have seen and felt the effects of McKinleyism in its temptations to fraudulent valuations and smuggling.

It is not conceivable that these wild awake patriots of American industry would give up the advantages which the new tariff has secured them in opening, for the first time, the markets of the world for their raw materials. In the recent London wool sales the appearance of American markets in the front rank of buyers for the best qualities was a new feature in the trade. This shows once more the promptness of American manufacturers to avail themselves of every opportunity. Is it likely that after enjoying the benefits of free wool they would consent to be driven out of the world's market and driven back to the waste graves of England, France and Germany shall have picked out the finest fleeces? Not at all. Free wool has come to stay, and men are so well satisfied with this discrimination as the American manufacturer of woollens.

Harmony in the Empire State. The "Cleveland Democrats" and the "Hill Democrats," who have for so long a time been making war against one another in New York, have just made their banners and rallied around the party of "plain Democracy" regardless of individuals. Old wounds are healing rapidly; the organization of the party is at last being perfected, and the Democrats of the Empire State, which is bright and radiant throughout, Democratic and walking ready for a united and successful campaign against their common enemy at the polls in November next.

California's Colored Voters. The Atty. American voters of California, to the number of about 9,000, are attempting to perfect an organization which shall secure some recognition from one or two of the great political parties in the next election. Just what they will ask is not announced.

Needed at Home. The finances of the state of John Sherman and William McKinley are in a shocking condition. What a pity it is that these two statesmen are kept at home!—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

A Surprise For Mr. Reed. Speaker Crisp was surprised to learn that the speaker of the British house of commons is not a Quaker. When Tom Reed hears it, he will be astonished.