HANCOCK AND GRANT.

Relations Between the Two Soldiers Was Always of the Closest Friendship.

Adam Badeau gives the following interesting account in the Chicago Tribune of the relations of these two great soldiers

Hancock and Grant were at West Point together. They were good friends there, and Hancock used to call his future chief by the familiar nickname of "Sam Grant." Long afterward during the Wilderness campaign—it was the day after the great attack at Spottsylvania, when Hancock reported "I have finished up Johnson and am now going into Early." Grant nominated Hancock for brigadier general in the regular army. Hancock remembered the old relationship of cadet times, and said to the brother-in-law of the general-in-chief, who told him the news: "I love Sam Grant."

The regard was mutual. At one moment in the battle of the Wilderness things looked very dark; Warren was driven back to the center, and a rush of stragglers came hurrying in towards Grant's headquarters with news that Hancock was routed. Grant was seated on the ground whittling a stick; he simply turned his stick around and whittled the other end, and when it was again reported that Hancock had been driven he said, grimly: "I don't believe it." In a few moments word came directly contrary to the early rumor. Instead of retreating Hancock had pushed the enemy. Then Grant looked up and said with as much enthusiasm as I ever knew him to betray: "Hancock's a glorious soldier."

He never changed this opinion. Hancock was always given the advance or exposed position. He bore the brunt of the battle of the Wilderness; he made three terrible assaults at Spottsylvania; he led the march to the North Anna; he was in the thickest of the fighting at Cold Harbor; his troops were the first of the army of the Potomac to come up before Petersburg; and in the subsequent movements on both sides of the James, at Deep Bottom, and at the explosion at Burnside's mine, always, until the opening of an old wound compelled him to leave the field, Hancock was given the command which required the most superb daring, the clearest head, the most sustained military ability. More than once I heard Gen. Grant say that if Meade were removed he should give the command of the Army of the Potomac to Hancock.

TO HONOR CIVIL WAR NURSE

"Mother" Bickerdyke Monument Will Be Erected at Galesburg, Ill.

At Galesburg, Ill., on May 22, the opening day of the Illinois G. A. R. encampment, will be unveiled a monument to "Mother" Bickerdyke, the famous nurse of the civil war.

Mrs. Mary A. Bickerdyke, or "Mother Bickerdyke," as thousands of soldiers called her, was an army nurse who attached herself to the forces of Gen. Sherman and followed his army to Atlanta and accompanied sanitary

THE "MOTHER" BICKERDYKE MONUMENT.

wonders without the aid of hospital appliances. As an agent in the field of the Chicago branch of the sanitary commission she took particular delight in tracing any neglect or rascality in the distribution of supplies. When Mrs. Bickerdyke was not cooking food or dressing wounds upon the battlefield she was investigating these things and sending her complaints to headquarters for the discharge of the offenders.

Photographing the Enemy.

The newest thing in war is to photograph the enemy's troops or defenses by a camera raised hundreds of feet in the air by a balloon or kite, thus obtaining accurate information at a distance of ten or 12 miles. Views of the country to be fought over and pictures of fortifications are invaluable. The expert determines by photographs the velocity of projectiles fired from a gun, and the course and speed of torpedoes, and he records their effects in the same manner.

Y. M. C. A. Building for Army Post.

The finest army Y. M. C. A. building in the world is to be erected at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., the largest military post in the United States. It is a gift from a woman who withholds her name from the public, and it will cost $45,000.

A SOLDIER'S EXPERIENCE.

A Kicking Gun That Was Better in the Hands of the Enemy—Burying the Dead.

My first gun was a Harper's Ferry musket, altered over, and it would kick worse than a mule, says Comrade C. E. Smith, in telling of his experiences in the American Tribune. It kicked me on the head, in the face, in the eye and on the shoulder, and all at one discharge. The last time I fired it it kicked itself out of my hands onto the ground, and there it lay kicking when the captain put his foot upon it and made it stop. The right way to fight with that gun was to send it to the Johnnies, and there would have been a succession of discouraged soldiers on that side—if not dead ones. There was one thing certain, with that gun to carry any soldier would be ready to sing:

"Come, welcome death, thou end of kicking,
I am ready and willing to go."

My next gun—the next day—was a Springfield rifle—a dandy.

In chasing Gen. Price we made a march of 109 miles in three days, with only nine large-sized hard tack for rations. In this march the boys beat the oldish men. Of our company of 96 men, but 14 were there to stack arms at the end of three days—of these 12 were under 21, three under 18, and three under 17 years of age, and I was one of the last three.

After all our hard marching Price was not there when we arrived—he had been gone six hours. We were six days in marching back over the same ground.

We arrived at Shiloh in time for me to be detailed to help bury the dead. That is a duty in connection with army work seldom described. The mind dislikes to dwell upon it. The killing of the man is an exciting work. There is some excitement even in being in line with shot and bullets—in seeing who gets hit—in feeling that you are yet whole—but there is no redeeming feature in going out to the field of the dead and gathering the men like sheaves in a harvest field and arranging them in a trench and covering them with earth. There is no other form of death so sickening as that of a well and hearty man killed by the accidents of battle.

Hour after hour we worked on at burying the Shiloh dead. I wish I could shut out the memory of that labor from my mental vision forever.

At Farmington I was again detailed to bury the dead, and there helped to bury 700 as fine-looking soldiers as man ever saw. Here ended my service in this direction, as I soon after joined the cavalry and was put upon a new line of duty.

DISHING UP MUD.

Trying Experience of a Soldier Which He Turned Into an Amusing Joke.

It was the 6th day of April, 1862. Our regiment, the First U. S. S. S. S. were marching up toward Yorktown and getting pretty near to the works of the enemy, they commenced firing shot and shell, says a correspondent of the American Tribune. As they flew high we noticed that their aim was at a collection of officers in our rear, supposed to be Gen. Porter and staff, but soon our batteries got into position—think it was Griffith's and Mott's—and shot and shell howled in every direction. Our skirmish line was in the road, near a mud hole, and one of our boys, already with his Yankee wit, discovered a spur and strap sticking in the mud, and stooped to get the treasure, saying, "I guess"—but that was all of that sentence, as a shell struck in that mud hole and plastered him from head to foot, besides filling mouth, eyes and ears. As soon as John K—— could spit out the mud and get breath, he cooly remarked, "I wish they would fill their cursed shells with oysters; I could relish them better." We were quite hungry at that time. Cannot say that I should like to take oysters in that shape. But as my mind wanders back to that scene, I cannot but laugh over the memory of that incident, as I did at the time.

An Old Battlefield Unearthed.

A curious discovery has been made in a course of some excavations that have been in progress in St. Martin de Re, in France. The excavators unearthed trenches in which law skeletons which were presumably those of the citizens who fell in defending the town against the English in 1672. Among the skeletons was found a spherical iron bomb containing a moist black powder, which was found to consist of about a third of nitre, a third of carbon, and a fifth of sulphur, the remainder being iron oxide derived from the rusting of the iron shell.

In the French Army.

In the French army an officer whose duty it is to report on a junior is obliged to show him the original report and obtain his signature to it, as a proof that he has made himself master of the contents. The general officer is not permitted to express any opinion on the matter until he obtains from the one accused a written defense.

Historic Building Goes Begging.

Suter's tavern in Georgetown, where Washington and Jefferson often stopped on their journeys to and from the north, and where the commissioners who laid out the city of Washington met and discussed their work, was put up at auction the other day, and not a bid was made for it. And yet the building is practically as it appeared more than a century ago.

THE AMERICAN HOME

WM. A. RADFORD EDITOR

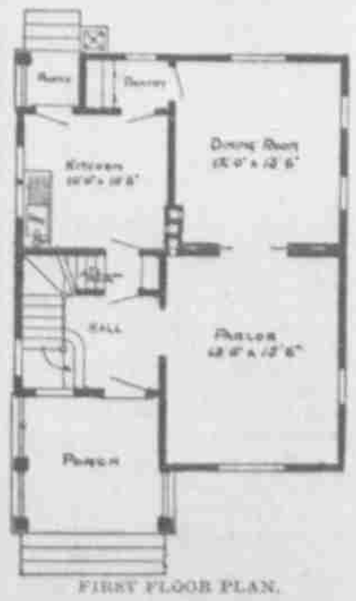
Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 194 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

Three rooms and a hall downstairs, three rooms and a bathroom upstairs, quickly describes this house plan. But every house has a distinguishing feature. There is an endless variety of features in house building. There are more combinations of rooms, passage ways, windows, positions of doors and other necessaries than most people realize. The distinguishing feature of this house upstairs is the number of closets. In all my experience I never knew a woman to have closet room enough. Of course a builder cannot bring himself to turn the whole upstairs into closets, and it would not satisfy anyone if he did. But the architect has taken advantage in this plan of the peculiar shape of the roof to work in two closets for each of the front bedrooms and one for the other bedroom.

Another good scheme in this plan is doing away with the upper hall. You land in the middle of the house within arm's length of any one of the four doors that open into the different rooms. There is no floor space wasted here.

The study of architects for a hundred years has been to save room. It costs money to inclose a lot of unnecessary atmosphere, and it costs a whole lot more to heat it every winter for a lifetime afterwards. Thirty years ago high ceilings were fashionable. A lot of fellows who had more money than they knew what to

do with built great big expensive barns with 12 or 15-foot ceilings and called them houses. They had not money enough afterwards to heat them properly because in building they neglected the proper proportions, and neither they nor their architects understood the principle of the circulation of warm air. These fellows and their families burned thousands of tons of good anthracite coal in their efforts to keep themselves comfortable in the winter time. But they always kept mum about their actual feelings. After freezing for several

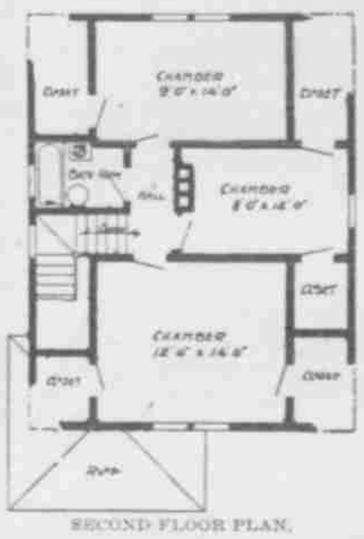


FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

mornings at breakfast the men habitually swore in private. Their convictions were never given out for publication, and they would not have been published if they were. Unfortunately when a man with considerable money starts a fad others follow as nearly as possible and it becomes a fashion. But the high ceiling house fashion has completely run itself out. Honest, conscientious architects have done their share towards killing it, for which we should be duly thankful.

The size of this house is 24 by 31 feet, exclusive of porch; a small house when the size and number of the rooms are taken into consideration, and it can be built for $1,000 to $1,200 under favorable conditions, according to location. The arrangement of the kitchen, pantry and dining-room is a model of perfection. Where the cellarway is handy like this and the business section of the house confined to a nutshell, as in this plan, a woman can do her own work and dress for company at two o'clock every day.

There is only one chimney, but there are three flues; one for the kitchen



SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

range, one for the furnace, and one is provided for a grate in the parlor if the parties building the house so desire. Personally, I am very fond of a grate. A good grate with a handsome mantel helps very materially to furnish a room, and there are thousands of mantel designs to choose from. They are made in all prices from ten dollars to any amount of money a person wishes to spend. Modern tiling goes a long way toward making a grate attractive, and tiling for this purpose gets better and cheaper every year. When pretty tiles are set with a fitting mantel the design is extremely pleasing.

But it is the utility part of the grate that offers the strongest inducement to put one in. Our grandfathers did not appreciate an open fire because they had no other means of heating a house. Houses were not constructed as well then as they are now, and grandfather was obliged to warm one side of himself at a time. The process of turning around, alternately freezing and thawing his different sides, tired the old man, and his remarks on the subject were well calculated to discourage open fires in the houses of the coming generation, because what grandfather said was true whether he understood the subject or not. Since that time we have learned how to make a house airtight by means of building and better workmanship, and we have other heating devices.

A fire in the kitchen will take the chill off the whole house in mild weather and a small fire in the parlor grate in the afternoon and evening will attract not only every member of the family, but several of the neighbors who are not fortunate enough to own a grate. The greatest bid for popularity when the chilly evenings of fall and spring come around is an open fire. Any woman may be a social leader in her community if she understands how to manipulate an open fire, and is willing to throw in a smile or two as occasion offers.

The Disappearing Eagle.

The genuine bird lover will note with some dismay the increasing value of the eggs of eagles, as evidenced by the higher prices obtained each year for these now somewhat rare trophies of the collector. A couple of eagles' eggs from Scotland have recently brought as much as £1 ($10) apiece in the auction room, while a short time before two Reay specimens realized 30 shillings each.—Pall Mall Gazette.

SHORT MISSOURI ITEMS

McDonald county has gone "dry."

Chillicothe is to have a canning factory.

Missouri is first in farmers' organizations.

A Joplin woman calls all her servants Mary.

Missouri is the greatest apple bearing state in the union.

Elocutionary contests are becoming popular in Missouri.

Ore at a depth of only 14 feet has been found in Barry county.

A stock company is being formed in Monett to erect a packing house.

Township organization in 17 counties in Missouri has been abolished.

Fifty employes at the "Katy" car shops have been laid off at Sedalia.

Southwest Missouri editors have planned a trip to Winnipeg next July.

Former Gov. Stephens of Missouri is out in the advocacy of a "banking bureau."

Missouri has developed a new industry in the growing of squabs for market.

Thousands of miles of country roads will be improved in Missouri this summer.

Several farmers in Harrison county, have sold their farms and gone to Western Canada.

"As a hen gathereth her chickens," was the subject of a Missouri minister's sermon Sunday.

A Springfield philosopher has discovered that loafers are merely geniuses out of a job.

The sample of spring is all right, says the St. Joseph News-Press, and orders a large supply.

Whooping cough is the latest fad here, says the Locust Grove correspondent to the Columbia Statesman.

A woman was caught smuggling morphine to a prisoner in the Jefferson City prison. She declared she was his mother. The drug was divided into many small packages. The officials say the woman was wholesaling it to the prisoner to be retailed by him among the others.

The Jefferson City Tribune scores a Nevada man because it avers he "done" something the Tribune thinks he did not do. Read: A prominent citizen at Nevada (and all the citizens in that town are prominent) avers that he has hatched 100 chickens from 108 eggs. From this statement he does not admit that he called any hens in to help him hatch the eggs, or that he fell back on an incubator—he just simply done the whole thing himself. If he "set" on the eggs, he does not say so, but the natural presumption would be that he did.

Jack Willis, clerk in the office of the state board of railway and warehouse commissioners, says the Jefferson City Tribune, owns seven razors which he cherishes carefully. They are named each for a day in the week. If by any chance Mr. Willis is prevented from using "Monday" or "Tuesday" on the days to which they are dedicated they repose in the case until their proper time rolls around again. Mr. Willis believes in the old Southern definition of a gentleman, "a man who never permits any other hand than his own to shave him, and who never blacks his own boots."

Some "wild animals"—goodness only knows what they were—arrived in Columbia the other day. Here is the Statesman's account of the matter: Tuesday night's Wabash express brought in a half dozen heavy crates which contained some new species of wild animal and for downright fierceness they shame a mountain lion into what Grover Cleveland would call "inocuous desuetude." They are covered with a sort of reddish hair and their slight resemblances to a degenerated hog caused some onlooker to suggest that they might have resulted from a cross between an Arkansas "razor back" and the missing link; this remark was hotly resented by an old chill and ague looking sort of man who announced that he was born and bred in the aforesaid state and that the swine of his native heath were a thing of beauty and a joy forever in comparison to the brutes in question. They were consigned to some university professor.

Judge Fox of the Supreme court was once a winner at foot racing. He made his reputation years ago in Wayne county. He was but 20 years old at that time and his running weight was 200 pounds. A tin horn gambler came to Greenville under the guise of a book agent, and soon had all the money of the sports of the town, and also won a cow and calf. Then he commenced "blowing" about his wonderful speed and challenged any man in the town to run him a foot race. Judge Fox accepted a bet of $5 to run fifty yards. The judges were to stand at the end of the course. The gambler was a small, wiry chap and felt that he could easily distance the judge. When they started, the gambler ran against the judge and the latter caught his head under his arm and held on. They ran in a half circle, in place of the straightaway course selected, but the judges kept afteod of them, and when they finally came out, Judge Fox was declared the winner by six inches. That was the judge's last foot race. He retired on his record.

A Monticello Munchausen told of some grouse near there which exploded when shot by a rifle ball. They had been eating dynamite in a stone quarry.

Henry Rodgers, serving a sentence in a St. Joseph jail for embezzlement has nearly convinced the reporters that he really is a scion of a noble Danish house. He receives twenty-five letters a day from Denmark in care of the club where he was formerly cashier. He recently received a photograph of a Danish "dream of loveliness," whom he says he is to marry. The other prisoners agree that she looks to be every inch a princess.

Curious Place Names.

There has recently been published a report on the place names of the United States, from which a few interesting instances are given below. Chicago is an Indian word, meaning wild onion or skunk weed; Chesapeake is also Indian, and is variously interpreted as highly salted water, great waters or country on great river; Chautauqua is also an Indian word, and has several interpretations—as a foggy place, a bag tied in the middle (referring to the shape of the lake), a place where a child was washed away, where the fish are taken out, place of easy death or, finally, place where one was lost. Des Moines is usually supposed to refer only to the Trappist monks, and it is also connected with an Indian word meaning the road. Niagara is an Indian word, signifying across the strait, or at the neck. Shenandoah is Indian, and means the spruce stream, or a river flowing alongside of high hills. Massachusetts means near the great hills, or the hill shaped like an arrowhead, or again, the blue hills. Mississippi means great water, or gathering in of all the waters, or an almost endless river spread out.—Leslie's Weekly.

His Dress Suit.

There is a young man living up on Ogden street who vows he'll never wear full dress. He is just 20 years of age and last week his father gave him a full dress suit. The young man's fraternity held a small banquet at a downtown hotel the other night and he attended dressed in his new swallow-tail. To say he was proud of that suit would be putting it mildly. His crowd held forth at a table in the corner of the dining room. Over at a table near the door was a young and very pretty girl seated with her father and mother. The youth liked the looks of the girl and found it necessary to leave the room several times to buy cigarette. Each time he passed the girl he straightened up and showed his new dress suit off to best advantage. The fourth time he went out, however, something occured that didn't please him. He was just passing the girl when her father beckoned to him. The young man stopped.

"Say," said the old gentleman, "bring me a mild domestic cigar, please."

The young man bowed. He was delighted to think he had been asked by the girl's father to perform a service for him. There was a chance now that he'd meet the girl. The cigar was quickly brought. The old gentleman dropped a quarter on the table. "Keep the change," he said.

The young man smiled. "No, thank you" he said.

"What's the matter?" asked the girl's father. "Have you quit accepting tips?"

The young man walked haughtily away. He had been taken for a waiter. From that moment his dress suit has been in extreme disfavor.—Denver Post.

A Cure for "Insomny."

Casey—The docthor sez what I hov is "insomny."

Cassidy—Oh! sure. Oi've had that throuble meself an' there's only wan cure for it.

Casey—What is thot? What d'ye do?

Cassidy—Didn't go to sleep an' forgit all about it.—Philadelphia Press.

World-Weary.

The steel millionaire was trying to grow poor.

There came a knock at the door.

"Opportunity awaits without," announced a servant.

The steel millionaire yawned.

"Tell him I'm not at home," murmured he.

He—Has she been married long?

She—No; she still thinks that her husband eats cloves because he likes them.—San Francisco Call.