

CLOSING UP THE RANKS.

VETERANS OF THE CUMBERLAND IN ANNUAL MEETING.

Rosecrans and His Gray-Haired Boys Again Shake Hands—Eulogizing "Little Phil"—A Memorable and Pleasant Gathering of Old Comrades.

[Chicago special dispatch.]

The nineteenth annual reunion of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland was held in this city, and an unusual number of old men were present. White hair and faded features were more conspicuous than the blue coats or gold-corded hats. The tread of these old men was slow and heavy. Their limbs, shrunken and a-quiver now, once marked in elastic step the quick, military "time." The hands that accompanied the "hello, Jim," with a whack on the shoulder, were thin and seamed. The stroke was heavier than the voice. The old men gathered in little groups or sat in clustered chairs in the hotel rotunda, and talked about the war. They were not the gay, rollicking fellows who told wild yarns of the war over the social glass twenty years ago. Their talk was about Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, or Stone River, and scarce



GEN. ROSECRANS.

an incident did not awaken the recollection of the death of one or more of the actors in it. In a few years these war stories will become traditions, and the warriors themselves reminiscences.

Gen. Rosecrans was the most distinguished appearing soldier present at the reception in Central Music Hall, and conspicuously in the front row of chairs on the stage was one chair draped with the national flag and folds of black. Above the chair, leaning from the organ balcony, was a life-size portrait of Gen. Sheridan. A knot of patriotic ribbon at the bottom of the picture relieved the heavy border of draped. At the time of his death, Gen. Sheridan was President of the Army of the Cumberland, and the society was holding a public meeting in honor of its dead chief. Strands of bunting hung from the organ and draped the stage balcony and platform. At one corner stood the tattered flag which floated over Gen. Thomas' headquarters during the Stone River campaign.

Beside the vacant chair sat General Rosecrans, Chairman of the meeting. A smile glinted through the short-cropped gray mustache when Mayor Roche spoke in a eulogistic strain of the Army of the Cumberland. General Rosecrans organized the Army of the Cumberland, and was its commander until September, 1863. Another old fighter in the front row of chairs was General James E. Morgan, of Quincy, the oldest member of the society. Mr. Morgan enlisted in 1864 and served a year in the Mexican war. He entered the Union army a month after Fort Sumter was fired on and served through the war. He is in his seventy-ninth year, but his step is as brisk as it was when he was mustered out twenty-three years ago.

In the same row of chairs was a thin-faced, bright-eyed, pleasant-looking man, with a narrow, almost white beard on his chin, a long, drooping mustache, and dark-gray hair, thin in front, and of moderate length. The low-cut vest, sea of white linen, the broadcloth claw-hammer, and the patent-leather boots were something of a contrast to the ragged garments worn by one Russell A. Alger when a barefoot lad he sparred with the world for a chance to fill his stomach. Now a ten-millionaire and an ex-Governor, with the added distinction of having made a close race for the Presidential nomination, the tall, straight, fashionably attired gentleman was received with rounds of hand-clapping as he walked to his chair.

On the platform, also, was Gen. Parkhurst, with a mass of white hair and beard and black, heavy eyebrows. On Gen. Rosecrans' left was Gen. T. L. Wood, whose misinterpretation of Gen. Rosecrans' order at Chickamauga was one of the causes of the disastrous results of the two days' fight. Among the distinguished men on the platform were: Generals T. T. Crittenden, Nathan Kimball, Warren Keifer, C. C. Doolittle, J. A. Barnett, J. C. Robinson, S. D.



EX-GOV. ALGER.

Atkins, and J. E. Smith. A number of local warriors were also on the stage.

Major Roche extended to the old soldiers the regulation address of welcome.

Gen. Rosecrans presented the orator of the evening, Col. Henry Stone, of Boston, Mass. Col. Stone said that the society met under the shadow of a deep grief for the loss of its President, Gen. Phil Sheridan. In a brief tribute to the dead leader, he said: "While other armies have shared in his later victories, he is all ours." After twenty-three years, continued the speaker, the wonderful progress of our country seemed like a dream. Then followed the history of the origin and achievements of the Army of the Cumberland; its members coming chiefly from Indiana, Illinois, and Ohio, it was the central part of the nation's army. Its first commander was Gen. Anderson, a native of Kentucky and a soldier of the nation." Col. Stone described the attempt and failure of Kentucky to maintain neutrality; how its action in

arming its State militia roused anger on both sides and kept all in suspense; how the schemes of Buckner, Polk, and Pillow were frustrated, and the State entered, first by the Confederates at Columbus, and then by the Union troops under Grant at Paducah.

The name of Joe Holt, Secretary of War during the "unspeakable administration of Buchanan," called forth loud applause, as did the reference to "the proverbial shyness of Gen. Thomas, for which he was distinguished, and which always enabled him in some miraculous manner, to be in the right place at the right time." Col. Stone spoke of the time when Gen. Sherman was in command, and of the appointment by McClellan of Gen. Buell, saying that at this time they learned to become soldiers, and that this was the beginning of the end, that the triumphs which followed were the result of the discipline of the training camps. After relating the subsequent victories of the Army of the Cumberland, the speaker closed with the words: "Such scenes may never return, but the cause for which we struggled is immortal. The past is secure, the future wakes no fear."

Gen. Alger, after the applause incident to his introduction had subsided, entered upon his eulogy of Gen. Sheridan. After reciting the chief incidents of the General's career, he said:

"Let me sketch Sheridan to you as he appeared standing in front of his tent on the eventful May morning when the letter appointing him Colonel of the Second Michigan Cavalry, sent by Michigan's famous war Governor, Austin Blair, was handed to him. In stature about 5 feet 5 inches, weight 135 pounds, with a large head, piercing eyes, broad shoulders, and tapering to his feet much like an iron wedge, and, as his command afterward learned, about as firm. As was always his custom, his uniform coat was buttoned to his chin, and he looked every inch a soldier, as he was. When he received his appointment, his surprise and delight seemed about equal. Soon he was surrounded by his brother staff officers, who were profuse in their congratulations, and when one of them proposed his health with the hope that his Colonel's commission would be 'only a step to a Brigadier's star,' Sheridan replied instantly: 'No, thank you; I am now Colonel of cavalry and have all the rank I wish.' His supposed zenith was but his horizon. Thus we see how little men know even of themselves. The fondest ambition gratified gratifies not at all. The things we think will fully satisfy us, once gained, are found to lack the pleasure we anticipated. We are constantly looking beyond, eager for the morrow that never comes, and too apt to forget the blessings of to-day. Perhaps it is well it is this, else man would be content with this life, giving little thought to the life beyond."

As before stated, the evening of the day Col. Sheridan received his appointment he appeared in camp and assumed command of his regiment. He wore his captain's uniform coat, with its row of buttons and a pair of infantry colonel's shoulder-straps; the latter probably were all he could procure after his appointment. He was a resolute man, and his command soon learned the fact that, unless in camp, two parties were in constant danger—the enemy and themselves. He was always genial and easily approached except in battle, when his whole nature seemed to change, and woe to the man who crossed him while the fight was on. Speaking of this fact not a year since, when told



he was always ugly in battle, he replied: "I guess that was so; it was the way I always felt."

Of the secret of Gen. Sheridan's success the speaker said:

"One of the strong characteristics of Gen. Sheridan was his intense devotion to the cause of the North. Soldiering with him, was not a mere occupation, a road to gratify personal ambition, but he believed intensely that rebellion was a crime and that it ought to be punished. He had no patience whatever with the people of the North who either sympathized with the rebellion or spoke discouragingly about putting it down, or disparaging of the force that was crushing it. It was this intense earnestness that made his success. His appearance upon the field at any time during a battle always created the wildest enthusiasm. He handled a regiment as though it were an army, and an army was managed by him as though it were a regiment."

Gen. Alger quoted expressions of Grant and Sherman extolling the genius and qualities of Gen. Sheridan, and pointed the lessons to be drawn from his career. Continuing, he said:

Sheridan was happy in living in the glory of his own fame, and his fondest friends can hope for no more than that the future may concur with his own time in doing him honor. People have a longing to look into the hearts of great men. There is often disappointment as well as pleasure about it. The unthoughtful are apt to believe that great men are entirely great. The truth is they are much like other men in their general characteristics, and often only marked by some single superior quality. They are often as unknown to themselves as they are to others. Their future lies concealed from them. Sheridan was one of those who accepted good fortune as it came, content to fill the place assigned him to his best ability, and with very little of that consuming ambition which peers into the future, and from the cabin at one end of life's journey sees the palace rising at the other."

After paying a glowing tribute to the veteran soldiers of the Union cause, and invoking upon them the nation's gratitude and blessings, Gen. Alger concluded with this peroration:

"Great soul; loving father; devoted husband; loyal friend! Your life, your affection for your country, your record as a soldier and as a man, are the heritage of a grateful nation. A country broken you helped to rebuild; a divided sentiment you helped to unite; a divided nation you helped to bring together. On the bow of promise which spans this great land, assures us that peace, unity, and concord shall remain forever, are inscribed the names of the men who placed it there, and at its apex shines in letters as bright as the day, that shall never fade, the immortal name—Sheridan."

A CURIOUS theft was committed by an old woman of Orange, N. J. She dug up cobble-stones from the highway to pave her cellar floor.

How to Help Your Digestion.

Almost every day we feel the unpleasant sensations of indigestion. Try ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS, and be relieved. J. F. Davenport, of Canarsie, New York, writes:

I have been very much troubled with a violent pain below my chest bone. I was told by several physicians that it was rheumatism of the diaphragm. It resulted from cold and exposure. I had very little appetite, and digested my food with great difficulty. I placed one ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER below the breast bone and two on each side. In the course of twenty-four hours all pain ceased, and I was able to eat and digest a good square meal, something I had not done before in two weeks. I got better constantly, and at the end of seven days found myself entirely well. Since then I have used ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS for colds, coughs, and pains in my side, and I have always found them quick and effective.

"House of the Broken Goblet."

Not far from the place of execution outside the Suh Chee Gate, in Pekin, there stands an old-fashioned tavern, which is generally known by the name of the "House of the Broken Goblet." Many years ago its former proprietor was tried and condemned to death, but afterward received a free pardon. Since that time every culprit, on being led to execution, receives at the door of this tavern as much wine as he likes to drink. He is given a goblet, and when he has drained it to the last drop the vessel is solemnly dashed on the ground; hence the designation of the house.—*Exchange.*

Eat with Comfort and Be Happy.

It is by no means uncertain, but, on the contrary, a well-ascertained fact, that upon the well being of man's stomach depends that modicum of happiness which is vouchsafed to him in this world. Dyspepsia, the foe of all others to the stomach's tranquillity, and most to be dreaded, is a complaint to the preliminary relief and eventual cure of which Hostetter's Stomach Biters is especially adapted. It enables those who use it with a reasonable degree of persistence to eat with relish, because it imparts a healthful appetite; to digest with ease, because it strengthens the stomach, and to assimilate the food which is eaten and digested, thus benefiting health, increasing flesh and restoring the exercise of the physical and mental faculties. It, moreover, facilitates the secretion of healthy bile, actuates without discomfort the habit of the body, and tends, when taken upon rising, to produce healthy slumber. Malaria is conquered

An Object Lesson.

Dean Burdon on a certain occasion not long ago, was expatiating on the nature of man. He pointed out that great distinction between human beings and the lower animals consisted in the capacity for progress. "Man," exclaimed the Dean warming to his theme, "is a progressive being; other creatures are stationary. Think, for example, of the ass! Always and everywhere it is the same creature, and you never saw a more perfect ass than you see at the present moment."

Cleanliness and Godliness.

Omaha Man—"So old Milkcan has got religion, eh?"

Suburban Resident—"Yes, joined the church last Sunday."

"I buy milk of him every day. Wonder if I'll notice any results of his conversion?"

"Guess you will. I saw him driving home yesterday with a ten-gallon filter."—*Omaha World.*

NO PLACE, no company, no age, no person, is temptation free.—*Prince Consort.*

GOOD breeding is like affection; one cannot have too much of it.

Moxie has created the greatest excitement as a beverage, in two years, ever witnessed, from the fact that it brings nervous, exhausted, overworked women to good powers of endurance in a few days; cures the appetite for liquors and tobacco at once, and has recovered a large number of cases of old, helpless paralysis as a food only.

HOW TO GET EVEN WITH SOME MEN—PAY THEM WHAT YOU OWE THEM.

S. JACOBS OIL

For Lumbago.

FRESH, STRONG EVIDENCE.

Prompt. Port Byron, Ill., May 22, 1888.

Last Spring was taken with lame back and suffered months; was cured by S. JACOBS OIL and has no return of pain.

JACK GILLISPEE.

Sure. La Salle, Ill., May 22, 1888.

I suffered with pain in back about 10 months ago which lasted two months. I was cured by S. JACOBS OIL, and there has been no return of pain.

WILLIAM STRENTZ.

Permanent. Fenton, Mich., May 20, 1888.

About the Spring of '87 I was taken with aches and pains in hips and back; was cured by one bottle of S. JACOBS OIL and has remained permanent ever since.

G. CERIS FUNNEL.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

THE CHARLES A. VOGEL CO., Baltimore, Md.

Diamond Voca—Cure

FOR DYSPEPSIA.

AND ALL STOMACH TROUBLE, SUCH AS:

Indigestion, Sour-Stomach, Heartburn, Nausea, Giddiness, Constipation, Flatulence, after eating, Food Rising in the Mouth and Disagreeable Taste after eating.

Nervousness and Low-Spirits.

At Druggists and Dealers or sent by mail on receipt of 25cts. (5 lbs. \$1.00) in stamps. Sample sent upon receipt of 2-cent stamp.

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YOU WILL SAVE MONEY,

Time, Pain, Trouble,

and will CURE

CATARRH

BY USING

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Apply Balm into each nostril.

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REMEDIES.—"Sarsaparilla,"—Cough and

Consumption Remedy,"

"Hope and Buchu,"—

"Extract,"—"Hair Tonic,"—

"Liver Pills,"—

Plasters," (Porous-Electrical),—"Rose

Cream," for Catarrh. They are like

Warner's "Tippecanoe," the simple, ef-

fective remedies of the old Log Cabin

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RADWAY'S

READY

RELIEF

Following Instructions.

"Remember, Bridget," said Miss Clara, "that I am out to everybody but Mr. Sampson."

A little later Bridget answered a ring at the door,

"Who was it, Bridget?" asked Miss Clara.

"Young Mister Beaune: axip, mum."

"And did you say that I was out?"

"Yes; I sed yez were out to everybody but Misster Sampson."—*New York Sun.*

THREE MORE HARVEST EXCURSIONS

At Half-Fare Rates to Points West, North-west, and Southwest from Chicago.

Only three more chances at extraordinarily low rates to see the wonderful country and crops of the Great West during the Harvest Season of 1888. Improve the opportunity afforded by the Great Rock Island Route, which offers (in addition to round-trip half-fare tickets) the inducements of a delightful full journey in its famous palace cars.

Dates of Excursions—Leave Chicago Tuesday, September 25, Tuesday, October 9, and Tuesday, October 23, 1888, for points in Kansas, Nebraska, Northwestern Iowa, Minnesota, and Dakota.

The Rate—One Fare for the Round Trip.

Tickets first class and good thirty days for return passage. Be sure your tickets read via the Great Rock Island Route, which enjoys the superior advantage of operating its own lines to principal points in the above-named States.

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