

DEATH BY THE FLOODS.

FOURTEEN LIVES LOST IN NORTHEASTERN OHIO.

Life Savers at Cleveland Drowned in Discharge of Their Duty—Seven People Struck into the Lake on a Dredge by the Conneaut-Schooner Pelican Founders.

Beneath the Swollen Waters. The storm of rain and wind which began in Northwestern Ohio at noon on Monday and continued without cessation until Wednesday evening, produced a flood unprecedented in the history of that part of the State.

The tracks of the Valley and the Cleveland, Canton & Southern Railroad Companies were submerged to the depth of ten feet and all traffic was suspended, as was work in a score of factories in the flooded district.



ANTIETAM BRIDGE.

A broken reach of the Appalachians, this is a play of nature's forces, hit and miss, Mountains torn amain, And scattered o'er the plain Confused and rude, In hills and ridges strewed, Where the gray rocks protrude Defiant of the elements whose war Seamed their rough fronts with many a scar.

Here, on either hand a ridge, Is the bridge, Abrupt, uncarved, but still Arched with no common skill Spanning Antietam creek, whose shallow, sprinze fed stream Speeds o'er its stone-strewn bed with unobtrusive breeze.

LEGISLATIVE DOINGS.

WORK OF THE STATE SOLONS AT THE CAPITAL.

Record of One Week's Business—Measures Presented, Considered, Passed—What Our Public Servants Are Doing—In and Around Legislative Halls.

The House Wednesday struck out the enacting clause of the bill voting \$10,000 to aid in prosecuting ex-State Treasurers and their bondsmen for misappropriating interest on the bonds of the State.

The House Monday many bills were advanced on the calendar, many others read a second time and advanced to third reading, but none were passed.

The House had the Congressional apportionment bill up for consideration, and passed it. The House sent a message to the Senate officially informing that body of the selection of the State fair.

We often hear of accidents happening on the "So", the Panhandle, the Nickel Plate or some such line, but some of us are in a great many cases ignorant as to the location of the particular road.

The Nickel Plate line received its nickname from a remark made by Wm. H. Vanderbilt, who, about to purchase it, was grumbling at the price.

The Chicago, St. Paul and Kansas City road is called the "Mop" because the Pittsburg, Cincinnati and St. Louis the "Panhandle," which derive their names from the fact that if you draw a line around the cities after which the roads are named, the one will form a perfect leaf of the maple tree, and the other a mop.

The Missouri, Kansas and Texas line is nicknamed the "Davy Crockett," in honor of an engineer once had with a runaway engine, the latter being named the "Davy Crockett."

Philadelphia is a dingy city by the side of Paris; it is outdone by most of the world's centers in all by which the world reckons greatness; but no city that is, or ever was, has done more to have families, and therefore children, comfortable, if all Paris were to do so, past you every fifth person would be a child under five years of age.

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An Attractive Exhibit at the World's Fair

We gather from our Northwestern exchanges that a most attractive exhibit of products of the seven Northwestern States is being made by the Northern Pacific Railroad Company at the World's Columbian Exposition, which opened the 1st of May, and will continue until Nov. 1, 1893.

The exhibit building is one of the grandest of the Exposition buildings, and will contain for exhibit an extremely interesting collection of every known vehicle, vessel, conveyance or contrivance for transportation by land, water and air, both ancient and modern, from the finest modern locomotive to the most ancient known devices for transportation.

Hunted Squirrels and Found a Gold Mine. Andrew Barlow, of Gold Hill mining district, while visiting relatives in Spokane recently told a story of the discovery of the most valuable mines in that region.

Check the First Approach. Of rheumatism, and further attacks may be escaped, if proper precautions against exposure are taken, and there be no hereditary predisposition.

Spring Medicine. It is needed by nearly everybody to purify the blood, because the system of the winter's accumulation of impurities, and put the whole body in good condition for the summer.

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AT A NATION'S SHRINE.

FLOWERS DECORATE GRAVES OF THE DEAD.

An Occasion. When the Grand Army of the Present Honors the Grand Army of the Past—Memorial Day and Its Meaning.

Precious Memories. From the time when some private soldier (history should have saved the name) wrote to the Grand Army suggesting that soldiers' graves be strewn with flowers once a year, after an ancient German custom, Memorial Day has grown to mean more and more in the hearts of the people.

Infantryman. In these piping days of pens and plows we are apt to forget what a grand character—take him all in all—was presented by the American soldier of a quarter of a century or more ago.

Cavalryman. He was modest—save when facing a foe—the thought of gain did not appeal to him; he relinquished for a time, perhaps forever, sacred things dear to him, and all because of a high sense of honor—a love of his country.

Artilleryman. It was a strange metamorphosis, that of 1860-61. Men came from the field and factory, from the country store and the lawyer's office, raw-boned, awkward boys from the plow, merchants from the desk.

Overflow of News. The whisky trust reduced prices 1 cent per gallon. Gilchrist & Co., dry goods dealers, at Boston, have failed.

The report of the Cordage receiver shows assets of \$10,000,000. Burglars secured \$60 from the postoffice safe at Rushville, Ind.

Rain has fallen on the Colorado desert for the first time in seven years. Bishop Wigger did not attend the banquet of Mrs. Estell at Hoboken, N. J.

That was the America of it. The men were fighting for something dearer to them than all else; they knew the danger, but accepted it calmly; they were private soldiers with brains and hearts as new figures in war, and they fought all the more valiantly for it.

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Mineva springing armor-clad from the brain of Jove. In a space of time inconceivably short to the European mind, those farmers and lawyers and slim-boned boys were transformed into the sand and dust and through the pine woods, weary of body but stout of heart, with the bullets whistling and the blood flowing, but through a and through the graves of the bravest, grandest body of citizen-soldiers the world has ever seen.

True of the soldier, it was true of the sailor. A young man these days does not need to thumb the pages of civil war history to feel a thrill in his soul. He finds brave deeds that have no counterparts since wars began.

And when it was all over but the memories and tears, this incomparable citizen soldiery dissolved as in a mirage; the visions of battle and turmoil faded away, and in the place came the plow-boy whistling at his work, the merchant at his desk. It might all have been a dream but for those things which make this day so significant in our lives.

While in MEMORIAM. White muffled drums are beating, We go with mournful tread, Where low in peace are sleeping Our country's honored dead.

O'er all the land there's weeping While proud our flag doth keep Her loving, faithful vigils, Where'er our heroes sleep, And 'mid the tear-drops falling Upon this hallowed day, We weave unto their memories A fadeless wreath of bay.

To God, who rules the nations, Shall songs of praise as'er cease, Who, through the blood of heroes, Gives to the nation peace, For 'neath our vines and fig trees We sing of victories won, While they, who fought our battles, Have laid their armor down.

VETERANS OF THE WAR. The Grand Army of the Republic, Its History and Membership.

The patriotic demonstration of Memorial Day, the most impressive in the tribute paying, parade of the veterans, that noble body of battle-scarred warriors banded together as the Grand Army of the Republic. Their fighting is ended, but it saved a nation. In that line of rugged Grand Army soldiers, many there are whose sight is weak and imperfect.

A curious deception came to light in Paris recently in the course of a police raid on unmuzzled dogs. An old lady, whose pet had been seized among others, complained loudly when her pug was captured that the police allowed that of her neighbor, a painter, to roam at will without a muzzle.

TORTOISES have been known to live 300 years.

Scrill through the air the leaden missiles sang— Down went the column's head, A hundred stricken dead. The remnant swift retire, For the red path of death, From the broken face of the ridge Swept the approaches to the bridge; Again The leader called upon his men, And once again The flash of flame from out the devil's den Streamed like a demon's breath O'er the red path of death. Twice they sprang to breast the leaden hail; Twice their gallant charges fail.

At length, A test more of endurance than of strength, With twice one thousand men They strove the confederate army to reach, Dashed over the bridge, Scaled the steep and frowning ridge, Took the den in flank with a shout, And drove the confederate army back, Paid back a portion of the leaden score And crossed the entire corps.

Silence broods upon the bridge and dell; And still between those ridges high Silent the brave hearts lie Who fought and fell.

The Grand Army of the Republic, with its 308,270 members, represents almost one-sixth of the entire number of enlistments during the whole four years of the war. These numbered 2,000,000 men, and the Grand Army has 2,000,000 over war service, as many of them joined the army during the last year of the war and were saved from conflict by Lee's surrender.

During the war 328,943 men died from wounds or other causes. This leaves less than 2,400,000 of the enlisted men alive after the Confederates laid down their arms. The Grand Army is a proportion of membership of the survivors up still nearer one-sixth of the total.

The number who have died since the army disbanded is estimated at 1,119,300, leaving alive about 1,300,700 men who fought for the Union. Thus it is seen that the Grand Army of the Republic actually embraces more than a fifth of the survivors at the present time.

Since the first national convention of the Grand Army, at Indianapolis, Nov. 22, 1866, it has steadily increased in membership. Veteran after veteran has been added to its roster, and it has grown despite the vacancies left by a constantly increasing death rate.

The organization has, however, probably reached its maximum. The average age of the Union soldiers was about 21. During the few years immediately succeeding the war the ratio of mortality was over 65 per cent, as high as it was during the conflict itself, for many who had been wounded or wrecked by hardship and exposure lingered in life a few years after the war had ended.

During the few months that passed the death rate became exceedingly small, until the average age of survivors crept along through lapsing years to 40. That was in 1871, and since that time the number of old soldiers who pass away each year has constantly increased.

The death rate at the present time, when the average age of the veterans has climbed to 52, is very high. But, though their bodies die, their brave deeds live.

