

**Political Slogans.**

DEMOCRATIC:—"Anything to get in."  
REPUBLICAN:—"Anything to keep the other fellow out."  
PROHIBITION:—"Anything legitimate to save humanity from the destruction caused by the legalized liquor traffic."

**Prohibition Promises Prosperity.**

Los Angeles, Cal., Nov. 17.—The census enumeration of population of California counties and cities recently made public contains many instructive facts and figures. The comparisons with 1890 show that the entire state has made an increase in population of not quite 23 per cent.

No Prohibition county lost population in the decade.

Nine saloon counties show losses in population varying from 2.23 to 22 per cent.

Every Prohibition city showed handsome gains in population.

Seven saloon cities suffered losses from 6 to 36 per cent.

The great saloon city of San Francisco, the great trade center of the state, gained only 4 1/2 per cent, or less than two-thirds the average gain of the state.

The capital city, Sacramento, the political hub of the state, and in the center of a great valley producing a larger wheat yield, per acre, than any other region on earth, gained only 10 per cent, in population, or less than one-half the average gain of the state.

Only one saloon city made a gain larger than the average growth of the state—Los Angeles—and that city annexed a very extensive suburban area, which makes it difficult to ascertain the actual growth from 1890 to 1900.

The figures for the Prohibition cities are significant:

Riverside, 70 per cent. gain in population.

Pasadena, 86 1/2 per cent. gain in population.

Redlands, 152 per cent. gain in population.

Berkeley, 159 1/2 per cent. gain in population.—The New Voice.

**What Will We do?**

There seems to be a great future in Chicago just now over the question of crime. So there is in other places. But what did, and do, people expect? Nothing else would be the logical outcome of social, financial and political conditions.

There has just culminated an overwhelming endorsement of the legalized saloon business. The seven hundred thousand more or less people engaged in the liquor traffic have been informed that this great christian nation is behind their business, that the immense amount of capital invested in the business and the immense volume of liquor business transacted is a part of the great "national prosperity."

Why should they not then consider themselves a "protected industry," a privileged class? But the saloon business is the prolific source of most of the crime in society.

Close up the saloons and we have taken an immense stride towards stopping crime and illuminating criminals. But what will we do? What can we do when city mayors, city attorneys, city aldermen, justices and judges, sheriffs, constables and city marshal's all visit not only the "legalized saloons" but also patronize the "wide open" "blind pigs"? It is reported that

a certain "blind pig" in this city has recently been patronized not only by a sheriff and constables, but by the judges of courts, and even by a states attorney, knowing that the place was illicitly carried on. How can we expect anything else than a carnival of crime?

**GRAY'S LAKE.**

Ben Butterfield and family have moved to Hainesville.

Mr. Emory Adams has been quite sick for over a week, with no change for the better as yet.

Allen Murrie and family moved to Lake Forest where they will make their future home.

George Fredericks and wife have rented the Murrie house recently purchased by Dr. Schafer.

Mrs. Harry Wheelock left Monday for Sumner, Iowa, to visit her brother, from there she will go to Denver, Colo.

The Twentieth Century Club will meet at Rev. Stevens' Monday night, Nov. 26th. Paul Fischer is the president for the coming year.

Rev. Stevens has prepared a series of ten sermons on the theme, "Popular Misconceptions concerning Faith, Life and Service," which will be the subjects for evening services for coming Sabbath evenings.

The merchants of Gray's Lake have entered into an agreement to close their stores at 8 p. m., with the exception of the two weeks previous to Christmas. This effect Monday night and will until March 1st, 1901.

Some of our readers will learn with regret that Melville E. Stone and family are soon to leave their beautiful new home in Glen "Stonehaven"—for a residence in New York. His position as general manager of the Associated Press in the executive offices being in that city, compels this change, for at least. The Stones have been subscribers to the NEWS-LETTER the first and wanted every issue sent to them while traveling in Europe.

Get your calendars printed at the NEWS-LETTER office.

**RED ROCK CLINGS TO NAME.**

Story of How Town Came by and Its Sturdy Resolve Not to Change It.

"Up in Columbia county," said a man who spent the summer up the Hudson to a New York Sun reporter, "Red Rock, a small hamlet, 26 miles from Albany and near East Chatham Creech Lake. Now, Red Rock is not much of a place, but there is something interesting about it that I fancy all the world doesn't know. The name is not the one it has borne, and what its other name was I don't know. Whatever it was, people did not like it, and they would change it. There is no particular reason why they should change it, but that was the name upon, and so Red Rock it became. Then in the course of time there came an inquiring turn of mind to ask why the place had such a name, and as no reason could be given, the new-comers to the neighborhood began to want a name that meant something. This insistence grew so strong that the old residents began to look around for a reason for the name of their place, and at last they found a huge boulder near by which they said was suggested the name. But the boulder was gray instead of red and the progressionists insisted that that not do. At last, the old-time residents hit upon a new plan, and procuring a barrel of red paint, they painted the rock red. Red Rock, indeed, it was now, and not only was all opposition to the name overcome, but the place became an annual festival, and the people celebrate it with a big picnic and celebration. It was a new idea, and if there is any other town where on earth that is christened with red paint or an color, I don't know where it is."

**FAMOUS ARMY NURSE.**

Career of Miss Harriet P. Dame, Who Served Through the Entire Civil War.

Miss Harriet P. Dame, president of the Army Nurses' association, and one of the few women to go through the civil war as a nurse, died a few days ago, says the New York Sun.

Miss Dame was born in North Barnstead, N. H., on January 5, 1815, the daughter of James and Phebe Dame. In 1856 she removed to Concord, N. H., and when the war came in 1861 opened her house in that city as a hospital for the sick volunteers who came from all parts of the state to enlist. When the Second New Hampshire regiment was ordered to Portsmouth to be mustered into service she insisted on going with it so that she might continue the work she had begun, and when the regiment finally went south she accompanied it in spite of the protests of Gov. Berry, who declared that inasmuch as the United States government did not and would not recognize nurses on the field, the journey was hazardous.

There were seven other women who served as nurses on the field during the war, and Miss Dame was the only one to enter the service when the war started and remain until the close. During the peninsular campaign she shared fortunes with the soldiers, her first night at Yorktown being spent in a feed box in the stable. At Fair Oaks a shell tore through the top of the tent in which she was nursing sick and wounded, but she escaped injury. During the retreat of the James Miss Dame led the little army of sick who had been in her care, wearing a heavy pair of rubber boots, and a thin netting of mosquito cloth covering her head. On the march one of the soldiers dropped dead from exhaustion, and Miss Dame halted the procession while a grave was dug and the dead soldier buried. Then she placed a slab of pine wood over the mound and gave orders to march. At the railroad station at Harrison's Landing soldiers were being loaded on the train and Miss Dame insisted that the sick ones should have the first chance for accommodations. She won her point.

During the second Bull Run campaign Miss Dame had her headquarters at Stone Church. Near there she was taken prisoner and marched to the headquarters of Stonewall Jackson, who, after listening to her story and learning her mission within the lines, ordered a guard of eight picked men to escort her to the northern lines. She soon after organized the New Hampshire Relief association, and was sent by Gov. Gilmore to South Carolina to investigate the condition of the northern soldiers. Her mission was opposed strongly by Miss Dorothy Dix and others, on the ground that it was dangerous for a woman. But Miss Dame was obdurate and started on her journey. The result of her investigations was embodied in a report to Surgeon General Barnes, who promptly ordered that the conveyance Argo and Fulton be converted into hospital ships, and they were the first ones used in such service. At the battle of Gettysburg Miss Dame did valiant service on the field, and the week following the close of that great battle organized the New Hampshire Soldiers' Relief association. In the spring of 1864 she took the field with the army of the James



A GRAVE WAS DUG AND THE DEAD SOLDIER BURIED.

and during the Cold Harbor campaign she had headquarters at the white house and later at the Eighteenth Corps field hospital at Broadway Landing on the Appomattox. From there she issued supplies, gave orders and sent messengers. With the surrender of the confederate army and the cessation of hostilities she remained with the regiment until its disbandment, and then returned to Washington.

In 1867, through the efforts of Mr. Chandler, of New Hampshire, and in recognition of her great services on the field, she was appointed to a place in the currency division of the treasury department, and remained there until 1895, when she returned to Concord. A few years ago she presented the Second New Hampshire regiment a handsome building at The Weirs, N. H., where the annual reunions are now held. At the recent state encampment of the grand army in Con-

cord resolutions were passed by the veterans expressing their deep regret at her illness.

When the Army Nurses' association was organized in Washington a few years ago Miss Dame was elected president.

**A Post of Danger.**

The colonel of a regiment occupies the post of danger. According to the record more colonels have been killed in action, in proportion to their number, than officers of any other grade. A general can keep under cover, more or less, but the colonel's position is with his regiment, and when it advances he is expected to lead.—Indianapolis News.

**GOVERNOR AND CAPTAIN.**

An Instance of Prompt Recognition of Gallantry on the Field of Battle.

"There were some very amusing incidents during encampment week," said the captain, relates the Chicago Inter Ocean, "illustrating changes in the status of officers and of men who served in the ranks. There were in the city a good many privates of the old army who now rank high in business life or civil office, and one of these approached the captain of his old company in the union army. The private of the old time greeted his superior officer warmly, saying enthusiastically that he was proud to have belonged to the old company. The captain was busy with some political friends and he responded to the enthusiastic greeting in a busy man's way.

"He could not quite conceal his annoyance at being interrupted, but said, perfunctorily, that he was very glad to see any member of the old company, dropped the subject, and turned to resume his conversation with his political friends. The private hung around as though he would like to have a little more talk, and finally the captain turned to him with a show of cordiality, and asked a few stereotyped questions, winding up with 'How is the world using you? What are you doing now?' The member of the old company looked up surprised, realized at once that he had not been recognized, and said, with a smile: 'I am trying to be governor of Ohio.'"

"That reminds me," said the major, "of a story they used to tell of old Gov. Tod, of war times. There was a private in one of the Ohio regiments who exhibited great courage and dash at the battle of Corinth. As the lines came to close quarters the confederate color bearer was shot dead and fell with the flag under him. A young man in the union regiment sprang forward, tore the flag from the confederate's hands, stained as it was with the dead man's blood, and started back to his own regiment. He was the mark at once for a hundred rifles, and before he reached his own line fell flat on the captured confederate flag.

"There was a stormy, furious fight about him, but he held on to the flag, and, although he had three serious wounds, he carried back the colors stained with the blood of the confederate color bearer and himself. The newspapers got hold of the story, enlarged upon the incident, and made a touching appeal for the sorely wounded man, who was slowly dying in a hospital. Gov. Tod read the reports, and, moved by a fine spirit of friendliness toward the private soldier, sent the dying private a commission as a captain. This fact was also enlarged upon by the newspapers as an instance of prompt recognition of gallantry on the field.

"In the course of months the man, whose case had been regarded as hopeless, recovered—or recovered sufficiently to be sent home on a furlough. He still had the governor's commission and his note of warm congratulation, and it occurred to him that it would be only right to call upon Gov. Tod and thank him for his kindness and for the commission, which had up to this time been of no benefit to him in the matter of service or pay.

"He went into the executive office, believing in his heart that the governor would in some way recognize him. His case was so exceptional that



TORE THE FLAG FROM THE CONFEDERATE'S HANDS.

it seemed to him only natural that the governor should spring up when he entered the door and greet him with

outstretched hands. The governor did nothing of the kind. He was engaged in earnest conversation with three members of congress, and he turned impatiently toward the man, who came in with a painful limp, to say: 'Well, sir, what can I do for you?' The gallant fellow, who had been coddled and praised for six months, stood for a minute abashed and indignant. Then he burst out with: 'Why, Gov. Tod, I am the man who captured the confederate flag at Corinth, to whom you sent a captain's commission.' The governor looked the man over and said on impulse: 'Is it possible? Lord bless you, man, I thought you were in Heaven long ago!'

"This came like a wet blanket to the poor fellow, who had expected a warm greeting from the soldiers' friend. He showed his disappointment so keenly, he looked so grieved and crushed, the governor jumped up, went to him, and spoke words of appreciation and praise that made amends for his careless speech. He asked at once if the captain had been assigned to any command. The private with a captain's commission said he had not, and he asked the governor's intervention. The governor intervened, but the war department was against him, and the man who captured the confederate flag at Corinth was discharged from the service as private holding the governor's commission as a captain's."

**HELEN KELLER IS A MARVEL.**

Deaf, Dumb and Blind, Yet She Gains a Thorough Education—Her Student Life.

Helen Keller, the deaf, dumb and blind girl, has overcome tremendous obstacles and is now progressing well as a student at Radcliffe, says an exchange.

The bulk of her preparation for college was accomplished under Arthur Gilman's instruction, aided by Miss Sullivan, for several years her teacher. By the employment of several ingenious instruments she mastered geometry and algebra, while with raised letter books she has secured a grasp on English, Latin and Greek. Her examination papers were in the Braille raised point system and the answers she wrote on a typewriter, in the use of which she is an expert. Besides passing in all the required subjects, Miss Keller has entered Radcliffe with freshman English and advanced French, to the good.

At the lectures Helen is invariably accompanied by Miss Sullivan, who sits close beside her and gives her, in the manual language, whatever the instructor may be saying. The fineness of her soul and the exquisite nature of her thoughts are evidenced by the essays written during her preparation.

For all Helen Keller's remarkable intellectuality she is, in the main, just a pleasant, normal girl. She rides a tandem, sews, crochets, embroiders, and, most marvelous of all, plays a capital game of chess. She is without doubt the most wonderful college girl the world has yet seen.

**A STORM IN THE TROPICS.**

Impressive Memory of a Night in the Bight of Benin—Blinding Flashes of Lightning.

The sun disappeared behind a mountainous mass of leaden-colored clouds which rose rapidly in the southern and western quarters, says J. Taylor Ward in the Atlantic. To the eastward, also, the signs were threatening. Night came on suddenly as it does in the tropics. Soon the darkness enveloped us, a palpable veil. A noise like the march of a mighty host was heard, which proved to be the approach of a tropical flood, heralded by drops as large as marbles. It churned the still waters into a phosphorescent foam which rendered the darkness only more oppressive. The rain came down as it can come only in the Bight of Benin. The avalanche cooled us, reducing the temperature ten or fifteen degrees, giving us new life, and relieving our fevered blood. I told Mr. Block to throw back the tarpaulin over the main hatch and let our dusky friends get some benefit of it. In half an hour the rain ceased, but it was as calm and ominous as ever. I knew this was but the forerunner of something to follow. We had not long to wait, for suddenly a blinding flash of lightning darted through the gloom from east to west, followed by one in the opposite direction. Without intermission, one blaze after another, and thunder crashing until our eyes were blinded and our ears deafened, a thousand times ten thousand pieces of artillery thundered away. We seemed utterly helpless and insignificant. "How wonderful are Thy works," came to my mind. Still no wind; the brig lay helpless.

**A Beneficent Discovery.**

A Frenchman has discovered a remedy instantaneous in its effects for the horrible burns caused by the use of oil of vitriol. It is a soft paste of calcined magnesia and water, with which the parts burned are covered to the thickness of an inch. It alleviates the pain almost immediately and when the paste is removed no scar remains.