



**AFTER MANY YEARS.**

By H. Luquer.

OW, Miss Jinney, you is a want-in' a story about dem tryin' times in Ole Caroline, an' I's jes don' tole ye all I knowed ober agin."

And our own colored cook, Tilda Jackson, unoked the ashes out of her pipe on the hearth of the kitchen range, which to us children was a preliminary sign that old Tilda had in reserve one of her reminiscences of her life on the Old Carter plantation, near the city of Charleston, and of the civil war.

We children, my sister and I, used to love to steal down to her especial domain in the gloaming, and tease for a story of that enchanted land of flowers, and especially of those battles fought near the Carter place, and of which the old negress was an eye witness.

Reddiling her pipe, and settling herself in her easy chair, she continued:

"I jes done recollecter one moah ob dem yams, but it's erbout how my ole missus kep Decoration Day all by her lone self, an' how she done put poses on one grave fur fifteen long years afore she found out who de poah young fella was."

Here old Tilda stopped and lighted her pipe, puffing away with a retrospective glance at us two girls, as we crept closer to this oracle in ebony, and, having stimulated our curiosity, she continued:

"Wal, jes' a couple o' days after dat

right up an' made Lige an' ole Minkie, de coachman, go and bring dat poah feilash to de house. She an' me a fxin' up a bed fur him while dey is gone.

"Byenby dey toats him in an' lays him in it. He was outen his hade lake, an' missus send right off fur a doctor, and he foun' he was shot in de side, de ball goin' roun' by de spine, an' he say dat air pooh boy dun got he death blow, and de doctor recon' he was eider shot while on picket duty or had dropped behind when he dun got hurt, while de army marched on an' lef' him. Anyway, dar he was, an' he doant know nobody ner nothing, an' de doctor say he was parlished, so he couident even move his pooh tongue.

"Wal, missus an' me nussed him till we both pretty nigh dun drop in our tracks fur a week. Den at las' he dun went home to glory, and de sun was settin' lake in a sea of fish.

But jis afore he breaved his las' he kinda com'd to his senses, an' kep' a lookin' at missus—an' he try'd so mighty hard to speak an' was dat distressed case he couidn't, de big tears roll outen his handsome black eyes all in her white frock and sky blue sash.

Miss Liddy she lay dar swingin' in de hammak, and Massa John, after a little, gits up and starts for de grove, too. Den Miss Liddy lafs and sais kinder scornful lake: "Is it Miss Nell or de grave that takes you out dar dis hot mornin'!"

He jes laugh back at her an' say: "Ob corse it's de grave, dar's my 'ligious duty, ye know, 'specially when dar's a lovely young lady in de bargain."

De ole missus allus like to habe us all come up dar, too, so I war dar jes' as Mr. John got dar, an' as usual, my missus opened dat sojier's Bible an'

school frien', Nellie Munson, an' she was as putty as a picter, with eyes as black as de night when de moon don't shine, an' de color ob her cheeks war like de roses in de gardin.

Wal, sach time as dem young critters had, Day was boatin' an' fishin', an' honstack ridin' ebry day ob der lives. Wal, one sweet, putty mornin' my ole missus say, dis is Decoration Day; ef you young ladies want to go wid me to put flowers on my grave, I would like yer company. Miss Liddy she jes' dun stretch herself outen de hammock on de veranda, an' she say: "Scuse me, aunty, I'm awful tired of dat grave; eber since I was a baby I recollecter it."

But Miss Nellie she dun jump up an' say:

"Please let me go, I've dun hear how good you war to dat poah sojier an' I know some day you will git yer reward." So she an' missus walked off in de bright sunshine, de bees war a hummin' and de birds a singin', and de carried a great basket of poses—de hunney suckle an' roses, an' jasmamine, an' Miss Nellie de prettiest flower of all in her white frock and sky blue sash.

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"SO SCART I LET DE SOPE BILE OVER."

ere big fight at Charleston my ole man, Lige Jackson, he was down back o' de field a cuttin' bresh, an' all at once I seen him drop de axe, an' start fur de house on a run. An' I was dat scart I let de soap boil over, case I was makin' soap out in de yard, an' was bound dat a snake had bit him, or he had got a lick wid de axe—fur Lige was de laziest niggah in de whole kentry, an' I knowed something had happened when I seen him git such a move on to him. An', shore enough, when he came up, all out of bresh, I knowed it was time to git scart, an' says he: "Tiddy, tell de missus dar's a sojier lyin' down dar back ob de fence, by de run, an' I recon he is powful bad hurt, 'case he's a growatin' an' done seem to sense nothin'."

Wal, my missus wan't berry ole in dem days, but she was jus' doin' fadein' like a putty posay, along ob dat dread-dread walk, expecting to heah dat de missus was killed, an' all de oder niggahs about de niggas gittin' free, and de place half waked an' just one niggah takin' rattens and den de oder one is 'sore like dat, 'sabout much lef'."

Wal, I is pulled de stick from under de missus' feet, an' run roun' to de house, an' what missus was sittin' on, she see what Lige seen. She got

up an' made Lige an' ole Minkie, de coachman, go and bring dat poah feilash to de house. She an' me a fxin' up a bed fur him while dey is gone.

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**HOW WONDERFUL ARE THY WAYS, OH LORD.**

was jus' goin' ter read when Miss Nellie saw de leetle tintype, and she gabe a leetle cry lake, an' takin' it from de missus han' she said:

"Oh, Mrs. Carter, my ma has got jes such a picture, an' it hers an' mine when I was a baby." Den she laid her haid down into missus' lap an' began ter cry, an' she sobed out dat her pa was in de wah, an' disappeared, an' day dun tried ebry way to fine out something erbout him. Missus axe her what was her pas and mas name, an' she tole her dere names war "George an' Lucy." An' missus opened de Bible, an' dar was writ on de leaf "From Lucy to George." Den she took de poah young lady in her arms, an' said: "How wonderful are dy ways, Oh, Lord!" An' my chile, dare under all dem flowers sleeps yer father, an' in this peaceful spot. He has not been like a stranger, or neglected, so now in de Providence ob de good Lord, de dearest wish ob his heart is fulfilled. I trus' you will be comforted.

Massa John walked erway wipin' his eyes, an' ole missus read a comfortin' varse or two outen dat little Bible, an' we uns sang a hymn, and de decoration was ober fur dat day, an' missus said to all ob us:

"Let dis yar teach yer a lesson ob

faith. Do your duty, no matter how long de way is, or how dark de cloudda."

Wal, chillen, it is time ye were in yer beds. Its jes erbout true, dis yar. Ebry word is as true as de gospil. Yas, Miss Jinnie, dat are grave is decorated ebry year when dis day comes aroun', though de ole massa and missus is lyin' down beside dat young sojier boy, an' it's Miss Nellie's grave now, for she dun gon' an' marr'd Massa John, an' he jes' lubs de ground she walks on. De ole missus lubed her, too, and you ought to a seen what care Miss Nellie dun took ob de ole missus in her las' sickness, fur months afore she dun went to her reward, and she say ober and ober agin:

"No kind act is overlooked by de Master; an', honey, I'm gittin' my pay now for honorin' de dead by a few flowers on a lonely grave upou de day de nation set apart to 'memorate dose dat fell."

**TWO HOLIDAYS.**

**Two Little Relation Maintained Between May 30 and July 4.**

There is far too little relation maintained between Independence Day and Memorial Day. One is the natural sequence of the other, and the celebration of both should be observed with due solemnity as well as with comely and becoming rejoicing. A sacred service to begin the day, a service of thanksgiving, of grand and appropriate music, then with the congregation pouring out into the highways and byways of the earth, the spirit of peace and good-will might be merged into a feeling of joyousness and a giving way to all forms of hilarious sport and innocent amusement. We have in one of these days honored our forefathers through whose wise and determined efforts the country was established, and in the other we have remembered those who rescued us from danger and saved us for a great and glorious future. These days are the red-letter days in the American calendar—impressive because they are reminders of great struggles, because they made our present condition of existence possible; happy because we know by them, and what they typify, that the spirit of patriotism, self-sacrifice and the great and all-comprehensive spirit of divinity that was originally planted in the hearts of men has neither been dimmed nor extinguished. It has only slumbered and smoldered; the living fire is there, and needs but the breath of treason or the slightest blow from an assaulting hand to bring it full-grown to its feet, a stalwart young giant able to cope with any adversary that threatens the life and the union of the states.

**AT THE SOLDIERS' GRAVES.**

**GAIN, GOOD friends, we gather here, Each with his grateful offering.**

The earliest blossoms of the Year, And greenest laurels of the Spring.

To deck anew the turf that rests Above our patriot comrades' breasts.

Roses and lilies, all are fair, With bays to grace each soldier's grave.

But they grow fainter resting there, If, with the odorous blooms we gave, A love as strong and sanctified, As theirs who for our Union died.

When on the battle field they fell, It was not in a sordid cause, But in their Country's, loved so well.

For her dear Homes and Freedom's laws, And so, at need, their love was shown— To save her life they gave their own.

O, that was love of precious worth, Allied to love that is divine! From Heaven alone it came to Earth, In human hearts to live and shine, And fill them with the high desires, That light and foster Freedom's fires.

How well it is with them who sleep About us here—old friends of ours! Comrades, for them we do not weep, But on their graves place May's sweet flowers, While brave "Old Glory" floats above, Proud of their deeds—proud of their love!

And in this Home of Liberty— Her birthplace and most sacred spot— Her loving children, happy, free, Come forth from mansion and from cot, With fragrant blossoms of the May, To help us keep Memorial Day.

And they and theirs in time will stand Beside our graves and here relate How we had fought to save the land, Now grown so powerful and great, That Kings and Czars beyond the sea, Quake at the name of Liberty.

We know not, Comrades, what's ahead— If for our land waits good or ill, But not till faith in God is dead, Shall evil trifle with the will That nerved our brothers' arms to fight, And win for Freedom, Truth and Right.

So here, among the memories, That round these graves responsive start, Let us anew the moment seize, And pledge again each Union heart Shall be, though helpless else to do, To Flag and Country always true! —D. Brainerd Williamson, in Philadelphia Inquirer.

**EFFECT OF A SERMON.**

**Confession That May Save an Innocent Man from the Galliotie.**

An extraordinary charge of perjury has occupied seven days at Riom assizes, says a Paris letter to the London Times. In August, 1892, a man named Louis Cauvin was convicted of the murder of Mme. Moutet, a rich widow living near Marseilles, chiefly on the evidence of her maid servant, Marie Michel, 15 years of age, who stated that she assisted in the crime and who had previously been tried as an accomplice and acquitted. Cauvin was sentenced to hard labor for life. In March, 1895, Marie Michel went before the Marseilles magistrate and stated that she alone had committed the murder and that Cauvin was innocent. Her confession was scarcely credited, for some of the details appeared inconsistent with the facts, but she persisted in it and at the instance of Cauvin's family she was put on trial. According to her own account, some Lenten sermons filled her with remorse, and she first confessed to a priest, who advised her to go to the magistrates. At the trial the judges showed skepticism as to her story, urging that the scratches found on the face of the victim could not have been made by a girl, but she maintained the contrary, and explained the tardiness of her confession by saying that she had hoped that Cauvin's innocence would be discovered without her intervention. Cauvin, being of course, brought up from prison, and on his appearance Marie Michel, with sobs, implored his pardon. He was a traveling oil dealer and had called at Mme. Moutet's house. His version was that an hour afterward the girl went to his house and told him that she had heard her mistress scream, whereupon she was frightened and had run to inform him. He went back with her and found that Mme. Moutet had been murdered. He denied the girl's former allegation that he had promised her money if she would help in the crime. Mme. Moutet had told him that she had made a will in his favor and had desired him at her death to take possession of the bonds at once, so as to avoid paying legacy duty. He accordingly, finding her dead, took the bonds, which were found in his possession, and this, of course, was regarded as confirmation of his guilt. Medical evidence was given as to hysteria and much irrelevant matter was introduced, but eventually the prisoner was convicted and sentenced to five years' imprisonment. She expressed delight that Cauvin's innocence had thus been recognized. The jury at once signed a petition in her favor. Cauvin, being informed by his counsel of the result, said: "I owe my life to you, but who will restore to me my poor wife?" His wife died heartbroken when he was sentenced. He will now be tried over again.

**Appallingly Near.**

Our fair city came appallingly near lying in ruins last night. A fire broke out in an ash barrel in the rear of the residence of our fellow-townsmen, Mr. Balaam B. Binns, and had it not been for the fact that there was no wind blowing and it was raining, and had not Mr. Binns discovered the fire and put it out in its incipency, it might have been our sad duty to record a frightful conflagration such as the city has never known and such as we pray heaven it may never know.

**Ben Feels Seven Months.**

Farmer Keusch, near St. John's, Mich., accidentally covered a sitting hen as he was filling his barn last fall. A few days ago in removing the hay he was surprised to find the hen still alive, after seven months without food or water. It would make a still better story to relate that the eggs all hatched and that the old hen was surrounded by big spring chickens, but that isn't so; the eggs dried up.

**Can't Sell at Any Price.**

Farmers in New York state are selling potatoes for 3 cents a bushel or burning their crops because they cannot sell at any price.

**"SCRAPS."**

The span of Padrowski's hand takes in eleven keys. Jerusalem is 5,495 miles east of our national capital. Doctors affirm that spirits harbor the tone of the voice. China was the first country to manufacture harmoniums. The silk moth emerges from its cocoon in from fifteen to sixteen days according to the temperature. The Turkish government has strictly forbidden the cutting of timber in the forests near Jerusalem. The robin and the wren are the only birds that sing all the year. All the other birds have periodical fits of silence. The big rattlesnake at Greenwood garden, Peak's Island, Me., has just completed an unbroken fast which lasted a year. Paris has seventy-five foreigners to the one thousand, London has twenty-two, St. Petersburg twenty-four, Vienna twenty-two and Berlin eleven. Fifty bicycles were impounded on one day in Paris recently because they had no plates bearing the owner's name and residence soldered to them as the new law requires. Magistrate (severely, to prisoner)—Last time you were here I let you off with a caution. Prisoner (coolly)—Yus, that's why I'm 'ere ag'n; it sort of encouraged me!—Fun. The origin of the term "Guinea" dates back from the reign of Charles II., when gold dust was brought from the coast of Guinea, and the coin received its name from that country.

**He Was Reformed.**

A superb-looking couple they made as they strode the other day from the Hotel Savoy—the man, a tall, lithe figure, his companion a dashing Juno, and both of the Spanish type.

"That man had a curious episode in his life years ago, when he was a wild blade, drinking, dueling and gambling. He comes of a rich creole family in Louisiana," said a hotel lounge, "and they could not reform him. One night, when he was brought home dead to the world, after a debauch, an old relative then on a visit to the plantation was inspired. She dispatched a trusted negro to New Orleans for a casket, silver handled and satin lined. Another slave gathered flowers and then came candles and crucifix. When the coffin arrived they tucked him in it and proceeded to 'sit up with the remains.'"

"When he woke up and realized the ghastly closeness of his call he joined the reform party, and is with it yet."—New York Herald.

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**A Casket.**

Baron X. had been going over the museum of a little country town and when about to leave asked the curator if there was anything more to be seen. "Yes, baron," was the reply; "there remains a little casket." "No doubt used as a deposit for the jewelry of some eminent personage?" inquired the baron. "No, sir; that is where I put the tips given to me by visitors to the museum."—L'illustration.

The woman who takes three hours in which to dress for a party may be vain, but she will never wear short hair, or try to act like a man.—To Date.

**That**

Extreme tired feeling afflicts nearly everybody at this season. The hustlers cease to push, the tireless grow weary, the energetic become enervated. You know just what we mean. Some men and women endeavor temporarily to overcome that

**Tired**

Feeling by great force of will. But this is unsafe, as it pulls powerfully upon the nervous system, which will not long stand such strain. Too many people "work on their nerves," and the result is seen in unfortunate wrecks marked "nervous prostration," in every direction. That tired

**Feel-**

ing is a positive proof of thin, weak, impure blood; for, if the blood is rich, red, vitalized and vigorous, it imparts life and energy to every nerve, organ and tissue of the body. The necessity of taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for that tired feeling is, therefore, apparent to every one, and the good it will do you is equally beyond question. Remember that

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