

Memorial Day is the day upon which we look back into 1 of them as disembodied spirits, but hardly as looking the living, but also to the quiet dead.

It is unique, this memorial day. Other nations have had their wars and heroes, but there is nothing else in the world like this day of ours, when, year after year and decade after decade, we cease from active business life, when we send our school childre, out with fluttering flags and martial songs, when we bring roses and wreaths to lay upon shaded graves, and when we cheer with a lump in our throats at the ever-dwindling, ever-more tottering column in parade.

It is an indissoluble part of our national life. It makes one the nation and its history; it teaches our children the compact glory of an undivided union; it makes us better patriots because it has stirred our patriotism for over 40 years, and better men and women because it never yet has failed to touch our hearts.

Among the profound and beautiful things Abraham Lincoln uttered in his Gettysburg address was the remark that it was out of the power of the patriotic citizens there assembled to consecrate that battlefield. On the contrary, they had assembled that the battlefield might convectate them.

What a beautiful sentiment that was, and how true! The herolem of the men who had fallen in that bloodstained arena could acquire no added brilliance from the tears and plaudits of men who had made no such sacritice, but these men themselves perhaps might be stimulated there to a higher devotion to the principles which were snatched from extinction on that ever-memorable field.

There is a somewhat similar feeling appropriate on Decoration Day. The noble dead whose last resting places will be visited and aderned with lovely flowers are far beyond the reach of human praise. In the opinten of some they are in an eternal sleep. Others think I

the bloody '60s, and bring our meed of tribute not only to down on what takes place over their mortal dust. They have all passed away.

Even if they were consciously present they could not in any strict sense receive additional honor from the people of the present day, who have done nothing and may never do anything for humanity. Decoration Day, therefore, is for the living. Its exercises are intended to sanctify and ennoble a generation of people who are wholly employed in enjoying the good things which are the dear-bought purchase of those who are sleeping

Ruskin has said: "Do not think it wasted time to submit yourself to any influence which may bring upon you

any noble feeling." Decoration Day, then, is not wasted time, unless it be spent in gayety and sport. It is uplifting to any man to visit a beautiful church and to have a hush of solemnity . come over his spirit for an hour. It is equally ennobling for him to stand over the decorated grave of a soldier of the republic and ruminate on the nobility of soul that is necessary to constitute a good soldier.

It has been many years since the surrender of Lee, and sometimes it may seem as if that was long enough to hallow the memory of the soldiers of the civil war, but it is not.

That war was the most dreadful war ever waged, and its results were more momentous than those of any other war in history. When every other soldier's grave in the world lies forgotten the graves of these heroes ought to thrill men's hearts as they garland them with flowers.

A round century is a short enough time for the observance of Decoration Day, and it would be a reproach to the people of this country not only to discontinue its solemn and loving observances altogether, but to devote the day principally to hilarity and selfish enjoyment.

On Memorial Day the colors ought to be at half-mast in every patriotle heart.

MEMORIAL DAY AT GETTYSBURG

These graves, which show where blood These mounds, now strewn with roses

Recall past days of bitter strife. When brother sought his brother's life,

That hate, which once had unknown Has turned to love in this glad hour;

No more shall war, with threat'ning air,

Each soldier brave who now survives Recounts the blessings be derives From untold hardships be endured And what to all has been secured.

Arise to drive us to despair.

The gray, the blue, their loves here show For comrades resting still and low: Beneath these mounds their forms will lie Till Gabriel calls them to the sky.

Soon all these living soldiers, bent With years that Father Time has lent, Will rest within these hallowed grounds; Still friends will strew with flowers their

mounds.

Where once was hate, love reigns instead: Love rules the heart and guides the head: Dread civil war we no more fea... Since love grows strong from year to

May peace throughout all time be ours, A pledge be these expressive flowers, And as each coming year they bloom, May they adorn a soldier's tomb.

Here Meade, the bero of this field, Caused Lee, with all his hosts to yield To force of arms as well controlled As those of Marathon of eld.

Now two score years have passed, and

Since those dark days of war were o'er. Yet time moves on, and on and on: Soon our last veteran will be gone.

There'll soon be none to answer "Here!" Then all will be enrolled on high. Where are no tears, nor e'en a sigh.

Still songs will be forever taught To tell of deeds through valor wrought By those who fought and died to save Our land from a dishonored grave,

Annual State of the Control of the C

THE 30TH OF MAY.

Memories Recalled by the Great National Auniversary.

The return of this national anniversary has a testimony to offer you. Every Decoration Day witnesses a smaller number of northern and southern veterans. The maximum is passed; the minimum in creases daily and annually. The flowers upon graves and chaplets woven around faded banners bear testimony that the republic cannot forget her old soldiers, can never allow them to be visited with social contempt. Mr. Lincoln, the greatest figure of the past tempest, declared that the world "can never forget what they did." Decoration and Deed go together. Some things may cause controversy, but when men have fought and bled and suffered, no wordy war can supplant their claims on our respect.

Let two veterans meet who fought on opposite sides, and their stories are mingled with their tears. No warmer comradeship, no more fraternal intercourse could be desired. There is no more honorable feeling than that of one brave man for another equally brave. To-day the feeling will predominate, and among the reminiscences of strife will be the actual over-broading presence of peace, good will and loving unity.

Decoration Day is the gift of the womanhoul of our land thirty or less years ago. They gave it not with triumphant pneans of victorious rejoicing, but amid heartache and grief and tears were these first graves decorated, the name bestowed and the date perpetuated. If there is a more sacred gift than that born of a suffering woman's holy love, one does not know it. And we are convinced that the soldier's mather who prayed for him in the closed room of intercession, and his sweetheart and his wife who loved him as none other did or could, will demand that Decoration Day shall ever represent their hearts, and its flowers their hopes beyond the veil, and its tears and joy, like rain and sunshine in spring's mingling of both, be indicative of the mingled feelings with which they reconseerated the places where lay the dead of

blue and of gray. The Senates and Legislatures of federal and State governments have decreed many public occasions. Here is one ordained by those whose common suffering and charity and patience have ever redeemed the credit of a people, whose silence enhances their glory-the women of the

war, who gave us Decoration Ime. The lessons of patriotic value taught by this day can be discerned by all. Amid chaos the country struggled into more permanent being. Disasters enriched her. In strife more than in lassitude she de reloped her latent forces, and the red rain of blood brought forth a harvest of

devotion immortal in our annals. The spirit of those days was rude but she evoked great men to control them, and as one surveys the list of heroes, the question forces itself: "When

shall we look upon their like again?" Peace has dangers no less great than those of strife, and sometimes the more to be dreaded because the less to be discerned. The rights and privileges purchased for us during the past century and a half are ours to keep, increase and bequeath to those who come after us. Now. shall we not act so as to earn, if not the soldier's glorious wreath, at least a modest flower of remembrance for the main

For if Washington and Lincoln could ride at the head of every festal procession in this nation on May 30, they would cry aloud; "Maintain! Maintain! Let cour birthright, purchased in blood, be kept in undefiled security !"

Decoration Itay bears one last word of testimony to our peaceful unity and solidarity as a nation. "Irrepressible" conflicts are repressed, schisms are healed, localities and sectionalism lost sight of in the truer, saner view this day affords. East and West, North and South are as indivisible in that common sentiment of American patriotism which no party discussions can disturb as are Rhode Island and Connecticut. Express trains have abolished physical barriers; mutual dependence in commerce facilitates an already natural intercourse. Between ocean and ocean lives a mighty race, whose guiding forces and aspirations are a unit. One law, one element, one blood,

and, henceforth, one language. And as the watchers of God look down on hill and hamlet, on mighty seas, and over great shoulders of mountains, right down on the spots thirty years ago crimsoned with strife and now fragrant with spring's gifts, their thankfulness will be that in this great land there is peace, sweet peace.-New York Ledger.

The Field of Flowers. es, bring the fairest roses-Carnations white and red



MEMORIALADAY

-National Tribune.

And pansies, royal blossoms, Their ranks grow thin each passing year: To deck each soldier's bed; But bring the dainty field flowers, too-Daisies and violets white and blue.

HANGING A GUERRILLA. He Accepted His Fate Without a

Word or Tear. rode along the highway in column of fours, and a trooper recled and pitched could be heard in all parts of the from his saddle, shot through the heart. prison: The shot was fired by a guerrilla hidden in a corn field, and we got the order to throw down the fence and ride Cabe, who knew full well that there through the field. He was captured at | was not a single dollar in all that great the far end of it, rust as he was about crowd of shivering Yankee soldiers to gain the woods. He was a man 50 The sally caused an outburst of laugh years old, grim and grizzly and with ter, notwithstanding the uncomfortableeyes of defiance.

"Wall, what is it?" he quietly usked | Star.

of his captors, "Do you live about here?" "In the cabin down thar."

"tiot a family?" "Yest."

"Want to bid 'em good by?" "I reckon."

"Come plong!" The cabin was reached in five min

utes. A gray-haired woman and a girl of 15-wife and daughter-stood in the open door. "What is if, Jim?" asked the wife as

the man stood before her. "Gwine to kill me, I reckon!" he re

"What fur?" "For killin' one of them."

"Hn! good-by, Jim!" "Good by, Daddy!" from the girl.

"Good by !" No hand shakes-no tears no senti ment—no plending. Ten rods below the house was a large shade tree. Two or three halters were knotted togetherthe rope thrown over a limb-a more slipped over the man's head, and next moment he was daugling clear of the ground. He had no excuses made no cial distinction for some visitor, he denth with stoicism of an Indian. Wife | bazaars it was also exhibited, and thousaw all, but there were no tears-no of sitting under its shelter. the spot, looked at the body for half a moment, and then turned to ask: "Is Jim dead?"

"Yes," answered the captain, door, and we rode on and left the

corpse hanging.—Introit Free Press.

New Story of Bishop McCabe. An interesting incident of life in Lib by prison was recalled by Colonel C. E. Bradshaw addressing a meeting of representatives of the patriotic organizations of Washington. The name of

"I recall one of the darkest, stormlest, Colonel Bradshaw. "The Union pris- 2,000 unknown soldiers.--Youth's Comoners were huddled together on one of panion.

Bishop McCabe was mentioned.

cess of good nature he saw the hu morous side of even such a situation as I have described. While our boys, hungry and cold, were trying to keep warm A shot had been fired at us as we and dry, a voice was raised above the howling of the tempest outside and " 'Hands on your pocketbooks!" "The voice was that of Chaplain Me-

ness of the situation."-Washington The Nation's Dead. "Glory guards with solemn round"

the resting place of thomsands of gallant officers and soldiers in the great National Cemetery at Arlington. The spot had an interesting part in history before it was adopted as the burint place of heroes. In old colonial days it was included in a grant of 6,000 acres made by Governor Berkeley to Robert Howsen as a reward for services in bringing settlers luto the country. How sets seems to have held the gift in small value, for he soon after traded the whole tract for aix hogsheads of to

A little later it came into possession of the Creatis family, and descended to "Jacky" Custle, the stepson of George Washington, His belt, George Washington Parke Custle, built the imposing Arlington mansion with its beautiful Greek columns, and stocked it with relics and treasures of the country's inther.

Among other things he prized an old tent of Washington's which, as a speplea-asked no mercy. He went to his would pitch on the lawn. At charitable and daughter stood in the doorway and sands of people paid for the privilege

outburst. As we were ready to ride A Custis married Robert E. Lee, and away the woman came slowly down to lived in the stately mansion until the general's conscience led him to take arms on the Southern side in the Civil War. As the estate was entailed, could not be confiscated, but in 1964 the "Hu!" And she walked slowly back | government bought It for taxes. Later to the house and entered it and shut the General Lee's beir entered a suit to recover the property, and the United States, in recognition of the claim, appropriated \$150,000 to purchase the es-

Two hundred acres now comprise the first and largest of more than eight; national cemeteries. Eighteen thousand soldiers are buried at Arlington. The graves of General Sheridan and Ad miral Porter are there, and there General Joseph Wheeler was lately buried rainiest nights at old Libby," said [1 tider one stone lie the bodies of over

It is quite a problem to know just the lower floors, and the rain was com- how to do up lawn and muslin dressing in on them in a perfect deluge, es so they will not be too stiff. The following rule is an excellent one: Among the captives in blue was Bishop Dissolve a tablespoonful of gunt McCabe, then a chaplain. In his ex arable in about three quarts of water and use this liquid in place of starch. After the articles are dried, sprinkle and iron as usual. The gum arabic will not stick to the iron and gives the goods the stiffness and look of new material. Once tried you will never use starch for delicate fabrics. -Boston Post.

> FOR FREEZING. Many people would freeze their

FOR THIN SEAMS.

If the material to be stitched

long strip of newspaper next the feet

This will prevent puckering or smark

seam from stretching.-New York

TO PRESERVE ORIENTAL RUGAL

Oriental rugs are not intended to

be walked over by heavy boots and

consequently they wear out sometimes

with alarming rapidity. Their en-

durance may be prolonged ten-fold by

laying them over a soft mat or pac-

ding instead of putting them directly

against the hard flooring.-New York

TO REMOVE MILDEW STAINS.

from white goods by wetting the spots

and rubbing plenty of good laundry

soap on the spots and a generous

amount of powdered "French chalk."

Place the cloth out of doors on a line

if in the city, if out of town spread

on the grass. As the cloth dries,

dampen it again, and if all spots are

not removed try another application

and all marks will be removed .- Box

TO LAUNDER MUSLIN DRESSES.

Mildew stains may be removed

the machine is very delicate in

ing. Paper will also keep a l

World.

World.

ton Post.

loes, especially biscuit glace; in initividual molds if it were not for the trouble of keeping the cases air-tight If one does much entertaining it pays to buy one of the circular molds and freezing tubs for small ices. Of just the mold need be bought, as I

can be put in any small wash tub. The mold looks much like a round cake box with a shelf on which many of the individual cases can be stood This mold is then put into the tub packed in the usual way and covered with a carpet until the loss are frozen -- New Haven Register.

WASHING BLANKETS

A famous housekeeper says that shy washes her blankets at house cleaning time with great success in the following manner: She makes a suds in her bath tub with some good soap powder and warm (not hot) water then she puts the blanket in and with a perfectly new and clean broom "souses" it up and down in the water; any very soiled spots she rabs with the hands, when the water is soiled she lets it out and prepares another suds; and after this two or three clear, warm, rinsing waters, until the last one shows no evidence of soap. Then the blankets are ready to be drained and hung out to dry, and she says they emerge from this process soft, clean and as fluffy as at first,- New Haven Register.

RECIPES.

Marshmallow Souffe-Chop up half pound of marshmallows and beat lightly into half a pint of cream which has previously been whipped until stiff. Flavor with any desired flavoring and put into glames with # cherry or other preserved fruit on

Shrimp Salad-Use fresh or cannot shrimps; if fresh cook and shell them, pile on a platter or flat salad dish which has been covered with lettace leaves; garnish with hard boiled egge cut in quarters; pour over all a mayonnaise sauce.

Scotch Scones-One quart flows sifted with 2 teaspoonfuls yeast powder, 1 tablespoonful sugar, 1-2 tenspoonful sait, 1 tablespoonful lard, 2 beaten eggs and a pint of sweet milk, To be eaten hot with butter. Bake in muffig rings in bot over.

Creole Eggs-Cook 1 tablespoonful of minced onion in 1-4 cup of butter for 3 minutes; add 1 can of tomatoes stewed until reduced to 1 pint and cook 5 minutes, then add 1 table spoonful of caper, 1 teaspoonful of sugar, a dash of pepper and salt to taste. Beat 4 eggs slightly, add to the tomatoes, cook and stir constantly until the eggs are set; serve on rounded pieces of toast buttered.

Graham Bread-One cup water, 1 cup milk, 1 cup molasses, 1 teaspoon soda, pinch of sait, 3 cups of grahams flour. Place dish in water, set in oven, steam 3 hours, last half-hour remove your bread in dish to bottom

Floating Island Pudding-Allow 1 egg, I tablespoon of sugar and I can of milk to each person. Put the mill in a dish, beat the whites of east to a stiff froth and drop in the boil ing milk gradually, turn and place on a platter. This done, stir in the beaten yolks and flavor with vanille When cold pour custard in a deep

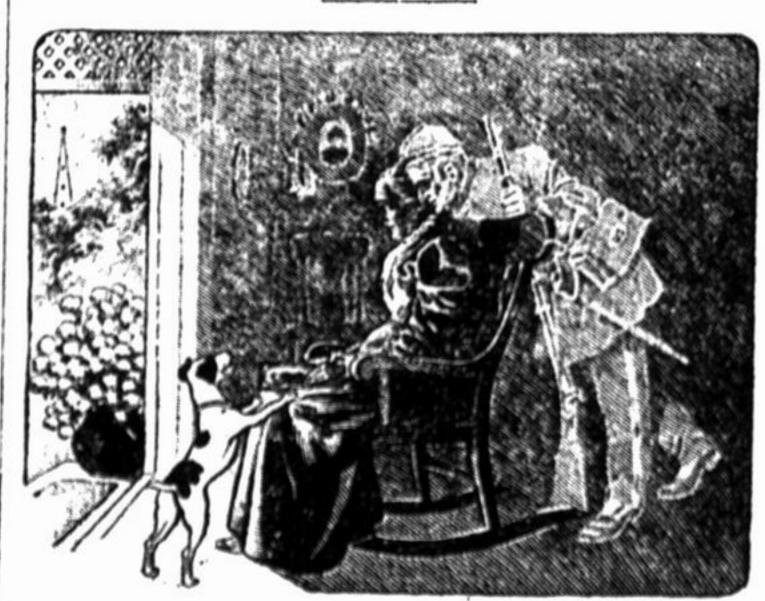
dish and put the whites on top.

Impossible to Match.

"The president," said a P vania avenue bootmaker, " pleased if he knew what a pretty all said about him in my shop the m

"She came in to order be some riding boots. I showed last idea in riding boots, a

A MEMORIAL DAY RESTROSPECT.



"Here." Still their regiments nre marching many march with tierine level treat. And the hagles mental "necessably" in the bivouse of

THE GRAND ARMY.

Day by day their ranks are thinning, one

And at each succeeding roll call fewer

by one they disappear.

the dead. Cheriotta tales of gallant se PY have erlar still on evers hand Charge and slege and bitter bardship - comrades lest on sea and land.

Now a reunited nation joins to bless the bediered dead. Though forgetful of the living who have

likewise fought and bird. Hata are reverently lifted to the heroes lying here;

all with cheef on cheef. Not for long will they be with us; soon each regiment will be

Tented here beneath the blossoms of the land it helped to free. the flag at half most waves,

the grass above their graves, Still another weary winter shrouded in the snow they lay;

Let them rest in honored slumber, while their praise, from shore to shore, Eighty million throats are swelling-we

Now we bring them crowns and garlands

of the loveliest blooms of May.

are free forevermore! -Elsie Florence Fay in Success. 201

FEEDING CONFEDERATES

Lee's Soldiers Drew Three Days' Rations from Sheridan.

Post as follows:

I was General Grant's chief commissary and was present in the room | a month, and under, of course, during the interview between him and General Lee. After the terms of the surrender had been agreed upon, General Lee said to General Grant

chief commissary, and said "Colonel, feed the Confederate army." I asked: "How many men are

there? General Grant asked: "How many men have you, General Lee?" General Lee replied: "Our books are

lost; our organizations are broken up the companies are mostly commanded by non-commissioned officers; we have nothing but what we have on our backs-"

Interrupting him in this train thought, I suggested, interrogatively "Say 25,000 men."

He replied: "Yes, say 25,000 men." I started to withdraw for the purpose of giving the necessary orders, and at the door met Colonel Kellogg, the chief commissary of General Sheridan's command. I asked him if he could feed the Army of Northern Virginia. He expressed his inability, having something very important to do for General Sheri-

I then found Colonel M. P. Small, the chief commissary of General Ord's army, and asked him, as I had asked General Sheridan's chief commissary. if he could feed the Army of Northern | ery foot of land on the globe. Virginia. He replied, with a considerable degree of confidence: "I guess-so." child in an attire of which kings and I then told him to do it, and directed queens would be proud.

Lift them to the living heroes-hail them

his order. Both Colonels Kellogg and Small are fill it with able professors.

But to-day the drums are muffled and to spure may be wondered at when the gospel of peace. Keeping green dead between memories as

That we had any rations on the spot place of worship consecrated to the swiftness and extent of the pursuit are considered, but we had, and we som found sufficient to supply the famishing

BOOK THAT SAVED A LIFE.

Affecting Meeting Between Two 01 I nion Soldiers.

When Andrew French was a mere

routh he resolved to become a soldler in the Union army. He thought that may hap, as he was only nineteen, the parental authority might intervene and so, in common with thousands of others, as it has turned out, he went in under another name, that of Andrew Page. He enlisted in Company There having been some controversy | D. Third Maryland Infantry, and provas to the incidents connected with Gen- ed himself a gallant soldier, says the eral Grant's issue of rations to Lee's Baltimore American. He was wounded General Smith's house, and the plazza troops at Appenattos, General Michael at Chancellorsville on May 3, 1863, and R. Morgan writes to the Washington subsequently received an honorable discharge. Some time after the war he applied for and secured a pension of \$6 army name. The special pension examiners found, among other things, that the palm lay a bronze medal, which no one knew of any Andrew Page at the address given, but did know An-"General, I would like my army fed." drew French. The "alias" made an General Grant turned to me, as his identification requisite under the rules of the department, and French was identified as Page by Colonel J. M. Ladsburg and two comrades. Here is where a story comes in.

Previous to Chancellorsville Page, or French, had given a comrade named George Wannall a diary, and, as it turned out, it was a lucky gift for George. At Chancellorsville Wannall had the book in a side pocket, and stuffed in with it was a towel. A Confederate bullet struck him in the breast and penetrated through eight thicknesses of the towel and part way through the diary and then stopped. When French wanted witnesses to the fact that he was Page in the army, be hunted up, William H. Walter, whom he knew as a comrade, and the latter brought with him Mr. Wannall also. whom French had not see since the war. French didn't recognize Wannall until the latter called to mind the diary given him and which had saved his life. Then the meeting became affecting between the two old soldiers.

Charles Sumner on War. Give me the money that has been spent in war, and I will purchase ev-I will clothe every man, woman and

him to give the men three days' ra- I will build a schoolhouse on every

tions of fresh beef, sait, hard bread, billside and in every valley over the

roffee and sugar. He mounted his horse whole earth. immediately and proceeded to carry out | 1 will build an academy and endow it, and a college in every State, and

I will crown every hillside with

I will support in every pulpit an able teacher of righteoneness, so that every

Sabbath morning the chime on one hill will answer to the chime on another around the earth's wide circumference, and the voice of prayer and the song of praise should ascend like a universal hologaust to heaven.

Soon after the close of the Spanish war Admiral Schley visited Bangor, Me. General Joseph Smith tendered him a reception, to which many of the townspeople were invited. The people gathered from far and near, and the streets were filled with those who wished to get a glimpse at the admiral.

Mrs. Penrsons lives directly opposite

dered at Manila. "If ye please, will ye read what it "To the Man Behind the Gun."

got there for safety, and could blame him, now?" - Boston Globe. The Bible on the Battlefield. Among the dead of one of the battle fields before Richmond was a young

Confederate soldier who lay unburical several days after the conflict. Already the flesh had been eaten worms from his fingers, but underneath one skeleton hand lay an open Rible the fingers pressed upon these words of the Twenty-third Pealm: "Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."



The Man Behind the Gun.

and the steps of her house were crowded when up the steps came Mrs. Caser, a comely Irish woman, clutching something tightly in her hand. Coming up to Mrs. D., who was seated on the piazza, she held out her hand, and in was given to her son for services ren-

says?" she asked, and Mrs. D. read: "That's him," exclaimed Mrs. Casey; "that's him; that's my son! He



THE WAR TIME PHOTOGRAPH



"My goodness, gran'pa, were you ever as young as that?" "That was taken the day we marched away . . forty-six years ago. I was the drummer boy. * * * The men used to laugh at me and my big drum, and they called me the baby of the regiment." "They don't laugh at you new, do they, gran'pa?"

"Not many of them, poor fellows. " " Why, my goodness, I'm just as young as that now, but, you see, I have to look older because I'm a grandpa, you know. I just do it to keep up appearances."-Chicago Tribune.