

REPORTER ADLETS

DO THE BUSINESS

And reach the people you want to do business with. ADLETS cost but little when you consider the circulation the Reporter has. It reaches all the people in this section.

CALL UP 564. PLACE YOUR WANT

FOR SALE

FOR SALE SMALL ICE BOX, LARGE... FOR SALE SOWS AND PIGS; ALSO...

FOR SALE 173 LANSFORD AV. 8 ROOM... FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000.

FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000... FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000.

FOR SALE UPRIGHT PIANO, BUTTER... FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000.

FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000... FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000.

FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000... FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000.

FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000... FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000.

FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000... FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000.

FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000... FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000.

FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000... FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000.

FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000... FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000.

FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000... FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000.

FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000... FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000.

FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000... FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000.

FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000... FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000.

FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000... FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000.

FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000... FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000.

FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000... FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000.

FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000... FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000.

FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000... FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000.

FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000... FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000.

FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000... FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000.

FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000... FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000.

FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000... FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000.

FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000... FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000.

FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000... FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000.

FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000... FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000.

FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000... FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000.

FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000... FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000.

FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000... FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000.

FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000... FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000.

FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000... FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000.

FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000... FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000.

FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000... FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000.

FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000... FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000.

FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000... FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000.

FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000... FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000.

FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000... FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000.

FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000... FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000.

FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000... FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000.

FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000... FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000.

FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000... FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000.

FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000... FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000.

FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000... FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000.

FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000... FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000.

FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000... FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000.

FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000... FOR SALE 1/2 AC. FINE FRUIT, WORTH \$2,000.



Teddy's Big Stick has found a place Resting in a museum case. Out of date! Not an with our line of Premium and Star Brands.

MOCHEL & M'CAE, 87 South Main Street, Telephone 25.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

W. H. BARNHART Real Estate, Renting and Insurance Agency. All business entrusted to me will receive prompt and careful attention.

Readers of The Reporter will confer a favor on the publishers by patronizing those merchants who advertise in its columns.

Wanted - To Buy First Class Fold... Wanted - To Buy First Class Fold... Wanted - To Buy First Class Fold.

T. H. SLUSSER ATTORNEY AT LAW

Office at residence, 57 Highland Ave. Chicago office - 125 Monroe St. DOWNS GROVE, ILL.

L. KLEIN Meat Market

Fresh or Salted Meats Fish or Game in Season. Beef by the Quarter at Wholesale Prices.

NARAMORE AND FOSTER Real Estate and Insurance

24 S. Main St., Downers Grove

You'll Need Them WHEN YOUR FIFTY AND POSSIBLY SOONER

You never think of your eyes when you are reading by electric light. If you used gas you would save them. The light is st-aler, whiter, brighter and more economical.

Western United Gas and Electric Company

SEEDS Fresh, Reliable, Pure

For 10 cents we will send you our famous collection of seeds. 1000 Blue Jay Beans, 1000 Red Beans, 1000 White Beans, 1000 Green Beans, 1000 Yellow Beans, 1000 Black Beans, 1000 Brown Beans, 1000 Purple Beans, 1000 Orange Beans, 1000 Pink Beans, 1000 Grey Beans, 1000 Silver Beans, 1000 Gold Beans, 1000 Bronze Beans, 1000 Copper Beans, 1000 Iron Beans, 1000 Steel Beans, 1000 Lead Beans, 1000 Tin Beans, 1000 Zinc Beans, 1000 Nickel Beans, 1000 Cobalt Beans, 1000 Manganese Beans, 1000 Magnesium Beans, 1000 Calcium Beans, 1000 Sodium Beans, 1000 Potassium Beans, 1000 Barium Beans, 1000 Strontium Beans, 1000 Bismuth Beans, 1000 Antimony Beans, 1000 Arsenic Beans, 1000 Tellurium Beans, 1000 Selenium Beans, 1000 Molybdenum Beans, 1000 Vanadium Beans, 1000 Chromium Beans, 1000 Manganese Beans, 1000 Iron Beans, 1000 Nickel Beans, 1000 Cobalt Beans, 1000 Manganese Beans, 1000 Iron Beans, 1000 Nickel Beans, 1000 Cobalt Beans.

Stop That Cold

To check early colds or gripes with "Prevention" means you defeat the germ. Prevention is safer than to let it run and then cure it afterwards. To be sure you will cure even a deeply seated cold with "Prevention" as it acts on the head of the germ.



JOLLY JOKER

Teacher—What is the highest form of animal life? Scholar—The giraffe. Stella—Does she accompany on the piano? Bella—No, she just sits in the audience and hums—Puck.

"A case of love at first sight, eh?" "No, second sight. The first time he saw her he didn't know she was an heiress."

"Do you really love me, George?" "Didn't you give me this, (he dear) "Yes, love. Why?" "Well, ain't I wearing it?"

"My dear, I saw a perfectly lovely flat this morning." "All right," replied her husband. "When do we move?"—Detroit Free Press.

"What do you know about this man's reputation for truth and veracity?" "It's good. I understand he never goes fishing."—Detroit Free Press.

Tommy—Pop, what is a skeptic? Tommy's Pa—A skeptic, my son, is a person who doubts anything you are sure of.—Philadelphia Record.

"So you are an optimist?" "In a certain sense," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "Whenever I go into a deal I hope for the best of it."—Washington Star.

"You are charged with larceny. Are you guilty or not guilty?" "Not guilty, judge. I thought I was, but I've been talking to my lawyer, and he's convinced me that I ain't."

Caller—Nellie, is your mother in? Nellie—Mother is out shopping. Caller—When will she return, Nellie? Nellie (calling back)—Mamma, what shall I say now?—Short Stories.

"Is Jones an optimist?" "Is he?" He found a ticket entitling him to a chance in an automobile drawing the other day and he is building a garage."—Boston Transcript.

"Who gave the bride away?" "Her little brother. He stood right up in the middle of the ceremony and yelled, 'Hurrah, Fanny, you've got him at last!'"—London TH-Hits.

Mr. Henpeck—We're going to remove to the seaside, doctor. Doctor—But the climate may disagree with your wife. Mr. Henpeck—It wouldn't dare!—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Secretary (writing advertisement)—Wanted, an intelligent young man, unmarried—Old Grouch—Leave out the "unmarried," you said "intelligent," didn't you?—Exchange.

Browning—What do you know about this poultry business, Greening? Is there any money in hens? Greening—You bet there is. I put all of \$50 in mine last winter. — Chicago Daily News.

"After all, this is a very small world," said the ready-made philosopher. "I gather from that remark," rejoined the precise person, "that you have not been compelled to figure much on railway or steamship fares."—Washington (D. C.) Star.

Poet—Will you accept this poem at your regular rates? Editor—I guess so—it appears to contain nothing objectionable. Go to the advertising department and ask them what the rates are. How many times do you wish to have it inserted?—Cleveland Leader.

"When there is company here," said Mrs. Hewlitz, after the caller had gone. "I wish you wouldn't make such pointed remarks about women's hats?" "Pointed remarks?" exclaimed Mr. Hewlitz; "why, I never talked more bluntly in my life!"—Chicago Tribune.

He—So you favor woman suffrage? She—I certainly do! He—Well, in the last election, for instance, would you have voted for Mr. Taft or Mr. Bryan? She—I would not have voted for either. When I vote I'll vote for a woman or not at all!—Yonkers Statesman.

"Hallo, old man!" exclaimed Dubley, at the Literary Circle reception. "It's a pleasant surprise to meet you here." "Good of you to say so, old chap," replied Brown. "Yes, you see I was afraid I wouldn't find anybody but bright and cultured people here."—Punch.

"Lady," said Meandering Mike, "you don't want to listen to my hard-kick story, do you?" "Not a bit of it." "You relieve my mind. If you want to hear somethin' worth while, you jes' gimme a chance to show what I kin do as an after-dinner speaker."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Gramercy—If you want a nice hall rug why don't you get one of those tiger skins with the real head on it? Mrs. Gayboy—I never could use one of those things in my hall. You don't know how imaginative my husband is every time he comes home late.—Brooklyn Life.

Stage Struck—Is the manager in? Manager—He is out. Stage Struck—Fanny, a gentleman at the entrance just told me that you are the manager. Manager—That's true enough, but I'm out, all the same. I'm out about fifteen hundred dollars on that last play I staged.—Boston Courier.

"I like my house all right," said Luncheon, "except for one thing. I guess you'll have to fix that." "What is it?" asked the architect. "Several times lately I've nearly broken my neck reaching for another step at the head of the stairs when I got home late, so I guess you'd better put another step there."—Catholic Standard and Times.

The Sister States. Probably the sister States are: Miss Ours, the Misses Sippi, Ida Ho, Mary Land, Callie Fornia, Allie Bama, Louisa Anna, Della Ware and Minnie Sota.—Letts Iowa Record.

It is nice in the books to have a masterful man for a hero, but such a man is called downright bossy by the neighbors in real life.

Every man has some particular sort of genius. If the time in which he lives makes a market for his genius, he becomes great.

Never take any one's word when you can get a contract.

GOLD PRODUCTION NOW.

World's Yield Increasing, but No Danger of Its Losing in Value. The statistics of gold have heretofore been written in ounces, but so enormous has the production become of late years that recent writers have come to compute the production in tons. Thus we are told that in 1883 145 tons of the yellow metal was produced; in 1890, 200 tons, and in 1906, 608 tons.

Since 1906 the annual production has shown steady increase. From the time of the discovery of America to the discovery of gold in California the world's production was 4,621 tons; in the forty years following it was 7,160 tons. Since 1890 it has been 6,378 tons, and the total from 1403 to 1907 is stated at 18,160 tons. The estimated value of this quantity of gold is \$12,500,000,000, says the Minneapolis Tribune.

This estimate in tons contains a more definite idea to the average mind than the estimate in ounces. It gives at a glance a tangible idea of the stock of the precious metal at the world's command. For the future Prof. De Launay, the author of a recent book on the world's gold, estimates that the 18,000 odd tons extracted from the earth's surface up to now is only about one five hundred thousandth part of what may be obtained.

Such an estimate as this is calculated to give one a mental vision of a glut of gold in the future, and of the time when the yellow metal will be of no greater value than that of the white silver metal today. But Prof. De Launay gives us quieting assurances upon this point. He says the requirement of gold for the arts, for hoarding and waste—is increasing faster than the production and faster than the world's population.

The greater quantity of gold is taken not from rich deposits, but from reefs and lodges that show only a small percentage of yield. Thus the question of increased production is after all a practical one. The cost of mining and treating the poorer ores is likely to regulate the price, and any marked slump in the price would at once diminish the aggregate yield.



LITERARY LITTLE BITS

The Wharton novel which recently ran through the Revue les Deux Mondes was not, as many people thought, a translation, but was written in French by Mrs. Wharton herself. It is interesting as a tour de force, but, according to a contemporary, cannot be compared with her best work in English.

Princeton men are likely to enjoy most highly, though others will also appreciate, the story told by Maximilian Foster, author of the novel of mystery, "Corrie Who" of walking not long ago in the university town along with Jesse Lynch Williams, Robert Rudd Whiting and others. "Isn't that an historical house?" asked one, pointing to a modern mansion built in careful imitation of some colonial model. "Yes," Whiting instantly responded, "that's where George Washington became the father of his country."

In the opinion of Emerson Hough, the trouble with the world is that it is all wrong. For instance, everybody goes South for a vacation in the winter time, whereas everybody ought to go North and try snowshoeing and camping out in the snow. Mr. Hough has proved scientifically that this is the only right way to do, for when he takes his vacation in that way he is the healthiest known man. Life in the city, according to Mr. Hough, is only a compromise. We endure it, but don't thrive under it. The whole theory of education in America today is based on the idea of getting rich and living in a city. When we are educated to get poor, live in the country and take our vacations in the winter time and in the North, we may get on better!

Quite the most interesting personal announcement of the season, says a London daily, is that concerning Sir W. S. Gilbert and Edward German. The knowledge that the author of the "books" of the incomparable series of Savoy light operas and the composer of some of the most delightful music that enriches our national treasury are collaborating on a new work will be welcomed in all quarters. Mr. German, who has an individual expression as distinct as that of Sullivan himself, was born in Whitechurch, Salop, a little over forty-seven years ago. When he went to study at the Royal Academy of Music it was as a violinist that he first distinguished himself, but at Sir George Macfarren's advice he successfully gave greater attention to composition. Sir W. S. Gilbert detests even the slightest unauthorized alteration in the words of his "books," and on one occasion when a lady, who had to rush on the stage exclaiming "Stay!" came on crying "Stay! Stay!" the author rebuked her with: "One stay, my dear young lady, not a pair of stays!"

It Would Not Show. That everything should be neat and shipshape is most important aboard a yacht. A writer in the Mariner's Advocate tells the story of the captain of a certain sloop, who crossed the deck in a hurry, seemingly very much perplexed. A lady stopped him and asked what the trouble was. "The fact is, ma'am," he said, "our rudder's broken."

"Oh, I shouldn't worry about that," said the lady. "Being under water nearly all the time no one will notice it."

Design in Trousers. Dasher—Why do you wear such lopsided trousers, old fellow? Masher—So that I can't hear my tailor when he comes to collect his bill.—Boston Courier.

We have noticed that when a traveling man entertains a customer at the restaurant for dinner, the customer does not stint himself in ordering.

Never take any one's word when you can get a contract.



MEMORIAL DAY 1909



MEMORIAL DAY. WEARS FOR THE BURIED DEAD. WHO ARE REVOLVING WITH THEIR GOD FOR THE BLUE AND THE GRAY. FOR THE UNITED TODAY. UNDER THE TREE SHEDDING BLOOD.

WHITE FOR THE STAINLESS SCULPTURE OF THE MEN IN THE BLUE AND THE GRAY. FOR THE BLOOD THAT HE HAS LIKE A FLOOD AT THE GLESE OF A CRUISEUR DAY.

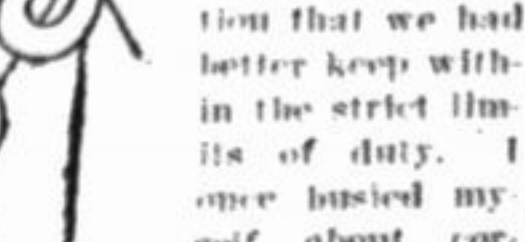
WHITE FOR THE LILY FAIR, AS FRAGRANT AS CANTON'S BREATHE, FOR THE BLOOD THAT HE HAS LIKE A FLOOD AT THE GLESE OF A CRUISEUR DAY.

WHITE FOR THE GALLANT DEAD, AS FRAGRANT AS CANTON'S BREATHE, FOR THE BLOOD THAT HE HAS LIKE A FLOOD AT THE GLESE OF A CRUISEUR DAY.

WHITE FOR THE GALLANT DEAD, AS FRAGRANT AS CANTON'S BREATHE, FOR THE BLOOD THAT HE HAS LIKE A FLOOD AT THE GLESE OF A CRUISEUR DAY.

THE SPY.

By ORMSBY MACKNIGHT



THE older we grow the firmer becomes the conviction that we had better keep within the strict limits of duty. I once busied myself about correcting an evil and instead of receiving thanks for doing so got nothing but kicks and cuffs. That was when I was a very young man. Since then I have known better.

I was a private in the Union army operating in Virginia. While we were in camp between marches and skirmishes I was one day on picket when I saw a girl up in a tree making signals to the enemy. She thought she was concealed from our picket line by the branches. So she was, from every one but me. Between her and me was an opening just big enough for me to see her wiggling with a white handkerchief. I should have called the corporal of the guard and reported the matter; but, thinking I might win promotion for myself by attending to the matter personally, I left my post, went to the tree, ordered the girl down and marched her to the headquarters of the general commanding.

The general took her in charge, then rated me soundly for leaving my post. I was arrested for a breach of duty, but was soon after released with a reprimand.

A few weeks later came a fight in which, with others, I was taken prisoner. We were kept temporarily in an open field waiting transportation south when she should pass by on the road but the girl I had seen wiggling to the enemy. She saw me, recognized me, but passed on quickly without noticing me.

"There's one of your spies," I remarked to a Confederate guard. "I saw her one day in the Union lines making signals to your men. I turned her over to our general and supposed she'd been put out of the way of doing any further damage. I guess she escaped, after all."

Without making any reply to me the soldier called for the officer commanding the guard. I saw him point to the girl and say something, whereupon the officer went rapidly after her.

The next day the officer came to me and thanked me for putting him on to a Union spy. I asked him to explain, and he said that on my information the girl had been arrested. She had been loitering about their camp, and complete information was found upon her as to every corps present, includ-

ing artillery and cavalry. The general commanding was puzzled what to do with her since she was a woman, and he resolved against hanging her. I told the captain that we were making a mistake since I had myself seen her making signals to the Confederates. But he told me the girl stoutly denied ever having been within the Union lines. To this I replied that the troops confronting the Union forces could not have been the same as now. I think I impressed him that possibly a mistake was being made, but whether he followed the matter up or not I didn't know. I asked him the next day what had become of the spy, and he said she was under guard awaiting information from some one who knew her to be a good Confederate, but after the finding of the documents on her no one doubted that she was a Federal spy.

The next morning at daybreak I heard a volley, followed by artillery firing. Then I saw a line line scurrying across a cornfield, and then—well, I lunged the ground to escape a hail-storm of bullets. It wasn't a minute before the Federal troops passed over me, following the Confederates they had surprised, flying in every direction. They rallied and made a stand just beyond the limits of their camp and put up a good fight, but they didn't succeed in recapturing the ground they had lost.

I was in the wildest state of excitement imaginable, for I had been saved from what I dreaded most—a southern prison. While I was shouting the general hurried past, and with him, riding straddle on a strayed Confederate horse, was the girl spy. She caught sight of me and roared in, with flashing eye and scowling brow.

"Hold on, general," she said. "There's the man who gave me away." Dismounting she ran up to me, hit me a sharp blow with her fist and before I could recover from my surprise knocked me down and stamped on me. All the while she was calling me the vilest names and swearing at me like a pirate. The officers of the general's staff laughed immoderately at the grotesque sight, but the general evidently considered it a serious matter.

"That'll do, captain," he said at last. "Let him up. He's only a fool who doesn't know enough to attend to his own business and leave others to attend to theirs. You're lucky to escape a halter, and you'd have been dead before this if they'd have found out you were a man." Then, turning to me, he said: "This last blunder is too much. Report to your captain under arrest. The most I can do with you is to try you for deserting your picket post, but that I'll do."

However, he thought better of it, for it would have been hard to convict me since all I had done was through ignorance. The spy was young MacCracken of his staff, one of the most daring boys of the army. He had signalled the Confederates to gain their confidence preparatory to going into their lines for information. Had I not given him away he would have gone back with a full knowledge of the enemy's strength and position. That was years ago. Since then I have attended to my own business.

At Gettysburg. The fields of Gettysburg are green Where once the red blood ran; The oak leaves throw a dancing sheen Where perished horse and man; The saplings whisper on the hill Where rolled a fiery tide, And song birds splash the laughing rill Whose armies fought and died.

A marble sentry stands the field And granite cannons frown Where dusty regiments once wheeled And shot and shell rained down, But ever the sentry's martial face Now sits the cooling dew, Breaking the silence of the place With murmuring notes of love.

The only colors in the glades Are those of buds and flowers; The swift and sudden fatalities Are made by passing showers, Huge haws carry now are chariot cars; And soldiers, boys at play; The only stumpers are the stars; The fiery glory, day.

Thank God that all things in life Together move for right; That Night and her half sister, Strife, Shall die in joy and light; That through a mystery alone His mercies ne'er shall cease; That out of hate shall issue love, And out of war come peace. —New York Mail and Express.

A Woman's Welcome to the Flag. A resident of Monticello, Ky., speaking of the manner in which the people received the Federal troops in the advance on that place, says, "One old lady said as she saw the column rushing on after the Confederates, 'When I seed the old flag a-comin', I just threw my old bonnet on the ground and stomped on it.'"

Taps. Dear old emblems of the G. A. R., Laid away in an unused drawer, You will not shine on parade to-day When the bugles call the Blue and the Gray.

For a grave that's new Marks another blow, That answers the silent bicorne lay.

Sacred relics of a noble band, Filing onward to that unknown strand, Golden memories of sixty-one, When young hearts throbb'd to life and drum.

Many soldiers true