

THE ARMY IN THE PINES.

I AM old and I am weary, and my marching days are o'er, I can hear the misty River, breaking on its ghastly shore;

At the window, with my crutches, as the daylight fades away, I sit and watch the shadows 'neath the hoary maples play. It is then I hear the music of a bugle loud and shrill, and the long roll in the twilight seems to come from yonder hill. But awake or dozing ever I can see the old blue lines, and again the army marches—marches underneath the pines.

With a tread that echoes ever in the veteran's heart to-day, Marches still that grand old army, 'mong the trees so far away; I see the banners floating proudly 'gainst the azure sky, just as though beneath my window it today were passing by; I can recognize the comrades touching elbows as of yore, with a beautiful devotion that will live forever more; And the sun in cloudless heavens upon blade and bayonet shines, and the breezes stir the pennons of the army in the pines.

Sitting here I count the marches one can never more forget, I can see the gleaming camp-fires when the stars their watch have set; Yonder rides the graybeard colonel, with a comrade's smile for all, That morning in the wilderness, he was the first to fall; I remember how we laid him 'neath the dark green branches low, and turned to meet the charges of the ever valiant foe; I seem to hear war's thunder as it rolled along our lines, Waking not the dear old colonel, sleeping sweetly 'neath the pines.

But my crutches oft remind me that our battle flags are furled, That where we fought the angel Peace proclaims to all the world, That love cements the sections and that brothers true to-day, Beneath the stately banner fair stand both the Blue and Gray; The roses bloom in beauty where we heard the mad shells scream, And southern blue grows beside the squadrons guarded stream, And everywhere, this sacred day, love gratefully entwines A fragrant wreath in memory of the army in the pines.

The sound of music thrills me; they are coming down the street, I plainly hear upon the wind the tramp of many feet, With nature's treasures beautiful they march again to keep Memorial day and crown the boys where side by side they sleep; They see me at the window and salute me as they pass, I lift my hand and smile on them, but very soon they pass, My old, old eyes grow misty and I cannot see the lines, Though I seem to hear the army once again among the pines.

There's another army marching 'neath the heavens soft and blue, Its leaders are not many now, its privates, too, are few; One by one they cross the river to the camp where all is still, Where drums to battle never beat and bugles never thrill; Memorial day grows sweeter as the long years glide away, And loving nature yields her gifts alike for Blue and Gray; And soon where the last veteran sleeps will creep the summer vines, And evermore will silent be the camps among the pines.

—T. C. Harbaugh, in Ohio Farmer.

ceipts from her butter and egg sales. No, the case would have to go over awhile, but he wouldn't give it up, he would teach his contrary brother the needed lesson in time.

In the dark days of '61 three brothers responded to President Lincoln's call for troops. They came from a quiet farm home in one of the northern counties of Indiana. All of them left home for the battlefields with a mother's blessing on their heads, but the mother's heart went out especially to the youngest, "her baby." He was but a boy of 19 to whom the hard work of the farm had always been more of a burden than his frail body could bear, and for that reason he was made much of by the other members of the family. But men were needed, her sons thought it their place to go, and it was not her part to stand in the way of their duty to their country.

Month after month wore away. The mother watched anxiously for each mail, and was occasionally rewarded with a letter, always from "her baby." He told her of his brothers, of the army, of their camp life, of their marches and their battles, but of himself he told her little except that he was as well as usual. But the mother read between the lines. The hardships of campaigning was wearing away "her baby's" health, and how she longed for him.

And then one day a letter came from Hiram. His brother, the mother's "baby," was ill, and they would send him home to her. She could feel al-

ried out his intention of putting the pig into his own pen, and in less than 24 hours afterwards he was arrested on a warrant sworn out by his brother.

The case went through the justice court with a decision for Josiah; when appealed to the grand jury the decision was the other way. At a retrial the decision was again reversed, and then it went to the state courts, where it was tried time after time, until now it had reached the supreme court, and Hiram hoped to have the last decision against him reversed.

During the progress of the case both brothers had become heavily involved in raising the money needed to pay court and attorneys' fees. Hiram's farm had been mortgaged, his crops sold to pay the same kind of bills. The needs of his family had counted for naught against this legal monster. If a boy had left school that he might see the place of a hired man and save that expense, as well as that incurred by his schooling. The daughters had done without the clothes they were accustomed to. They and their mother had worked over their old ones until they would wear no more, and then came this plea for just \$50 more. Every plea of this kind had promised to be the last one since the case was first started, and "Ma" Walker had finally rebelled.

"I tell you, girls, something's got to be done so's your father and Uncle Josiah'll make up this senseless quarrel of theirs. I can't, for the life of me,

ner he was going to the cemetery, saying she believed she would go with him. "I guess I'll go this morning," he replied. "The girls tell me Josiah has took a notion to annoy me by goin' in the afternoon, an' I guess I'll let him have his own way."

After the quarrel of five years before Josiah had built himself a house as far from that of his brother as possible, and at his place there was no sign of his intention of varying his usual custom of visiting the cemetery in the morning. The girls had worked their plans quite successfully, and the change were the brothers would meet at a place where, for a time at least, the must drop their quarrel over a spotted pig.

Josiah Walker was kneeling beside the little marble monument clipping the dead branches out of a rose bush over his brother's grave, when he became aware that some one was approaching the grave from the other side of the bush. Glancing around he saw it was his brother. As he rose from his position beside the bush Hiram paused at the side of the grave opposite him.

"Why do you come here at this time?" demanded Josiah, thoroughly incensed at what he considered an imposition.

"And why did you tell my girls that you was comin' in the afternoon," answered Hiram. "I came this morning because you told them that."

"I never told the girls nothing of the kind, and you know it. You come here at this time to spite me."

The whole scheme that the girls and their mother had worked came to Hiram in a minute, and stepping a little nearer he said:

"Josiah, the girls told me that, and now I know why. They can't see any sense in this quarrel of ours, and want us to forget it. They thought here at Charley's grave would be a good place for us to meet. Don't you think it is?"

Without a word of reply Josiah extended his hand across the grave, where it met that of his brother.

"Hiram," he said, "we have quarreled for many years. I thought I would never again speak a kind word to you, but beside the grave where our brother and comrade sleeps our quarrel should be forgotten for the time at least. Shall it be?"

"Why not let it be forgotten for all time, Josiah? Is a spotted pig worth the amount of happiness it has cost us?"

"It was my pig, Hiram."

"No, it was mine, Josiah."

"Let's call it our pig, Hiram, as it really was?"

"That's best, Josiah. Now let's fix up Charley's and mother's graves, and then you must go home to dinner with me, for I suspect 'ma' and the girls will be expecting you."

The lawsuit was settled out of court. "Ma" Walker and the girls got their summer dresses, and abundant supply, for they came from both farms, and Josiah is back at the old home again to live.



THE BROTHERS MEET.

most glad that he was sick for it would bring him back. How carefully she would nurse him, and by the time the war was over he should be well again.

But the mother's hopes were not to be realized. "Her baby" came home to her only to be taken away again forever. She watched beside his bedside; she did all the many little things that only a mother knows how to do, but without success. Long before the war was over they had laid him in the little cemetery, and his furlough was extended into eternity.

When the old folks died the farm of more than 200 acres was left to Hiram and Josiah Walker, to be divided equally or worked together, as the brothers might choose. For several years they farmed their land together, and then Hiram married. After that the land was divided, Hiram taking the part on which the home stood for himself and his bride, and Josiah was to make his home with them.

Added to the ties of blood were the ties of comradeship on the battlefields of the south, and they seemed inseparable. Nothing, it seemed, could come between them. They assisted each other in their work, they shared each other's earnings; they made it a point to plant at the same time; they reaped their crops at the same time, and they sold the products of their farms to the same men. Their lives were the happy ones of peace and good will.

And then came a time of doubt, of hard words, and all the comradeship of the past was forgotten.

It was in the winter time, and both brothers were fattening hogs for market. The pens in which their hogs were kept adjoined, and day after day they had stood together and remarked about the condition of the stock. One morning as Josiah came out to the barnyard he found his brother counting his hogs, and as he reached his side Hiram turned to him and said:

"Josiah, there's a board loose and one of my shoats has worked its way into your pen. I think it's the spotted one in the corner there."

"Guess you're mistaken, Hiram; that's my pig; this old sow here is his mother. You'll have to look again, Hiram, to find your shoat."

"But I guess I know my shoat when I see it, Josiah, and I tell you that spotted pig's mine. I'll git in an' catch it and put it back in my pen."

"You'll do nothin' of the kind. That spotted pig's mine. I tell you, an' you'll let it alone where it is. I don't believe you've lost a shoat, anyway."

And so the quarrel started. A pig that either would have gladly given the other had he asked it to be come between them.

At his first opportunity Hiram car-

ried out his intention of putting the pig into his own pen, and in less than 24 hours afterwards he was arrested on a warrant sworn out by his brother.

The case went through the justice court with a decision for Josiah; when appealed to the grand jury the decision was the other way. At a retrial the decision was again reversed, and then it went to the state courts, where it was tried time after time, until now it had reached the supreme court, and Hiram hoped to have the last decision against him reversed.

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WRIGHT A. PATTERSON.

A GREAT BOOK THIEF.

Strange and Interesting History of Count Libri's Acquired Library.

Probably the most audacious and successful book thief that ever lived was Count Libri of Florence, who, emigrating to France, became in 1842 secretary of a government commission to examine and catalogue the books and manuscripts in the many communal libraries of the country. Availing himself of his opportunities, of the carelessness and ignorance of the custodians, and a consummate knowledge of the treasures unveiled to him, he quietly and leisurely despoiled the libraries of hundreds of their choicest manuscripts and most precious heirlooms, carefully obliterating afterward all signs that might lead to their identification.

How the collection thus acquired came into the possession of the late Lord Ashburnham; by what means Libri's robberies were afterwards discovered and traced back to him; together with the recent sale of the library at a stupendous increase of price, and the methods by which the French government finally recovered a portion of their long-lost treasures, form a most remarkable and romantic chapter in literary history.

THE NAMELESS DEAD.

To deck, with flowers, the lonely spot of earth That holds the dust of heroes—nameless dead— Columbia comes; nor asks the place of birth; They were her sons. In grief she bows her head. While from her heart she breathes the prayer Heaven has joined in love fraternal there. —Kam's Horn.

Mahogany. Mahogany is now very generally substituted for hickory in the manufacture of wagon wheels in France, it being found cheaper and quite as durable.

ARMY AND NAVY WIVES.

Women Who Conduct Themselves Bravely as Their Husbands Go to the Front.

A Chicago woman who was in Washington when Capt. Sigsbee, formerly of the warship Maine, left to take command of the St. Paul, happened to be at the railroad depot when he took the train. The captain was accompanied by the members of his family and when seen by the people at the station was given a hearty cheer. The captain kissed the women of his family affectionately before he passed through the gate for his train, but they made no fearful demonstration. They looked thoughtful, but apparently had themselves under perfect control and refrained from making even the slightest suggestion of a scene. The Chicago woman and some female friends who were with her marveled at the quiet parting and could not help commenting on the scene.

"How can they let him go at all?" they inquired of each other. "After what he has been through, saved from death only by a miracle less than two months ago, now can they see him departing to face more danger without being simply out of their minds? If he were my husband he shouldn't go!"

The women who made these comments did not bear in mind the fact that this sort of self-restraint, which appeared so strange to them, is as a rule the fruit of years of training on the part of women whose male relatives are attached to the land or the sea forces of the government. Self-control is bred in the bone of army and navy women. In no country in the world is there so much "service" intermarrying as there is in the United States. There are extraordinary ramifications of relationship by marriage in the American army and navy. The result of this is that most of the women whose husbands, fathers and brothers are now likely to mix in the thick of the impending war are thoroughly imbued with that spirit of abnegation that animates the men. They are subscribers to a code of nerve of their own, and the very first clause of this unwritten but all-pervasive code is that it would be quite as weak-kneed and cowardly for them to wail in the face of trouble as it would be for their men to show the yellow. There is, of course, no lack of womanly feeling on the part of the feminine members of the households of American army and navy officers, but their whole environment is such as to bring out the strongest common sense of which human beings are capable when the danger to their men becomes most imminent. Their spirit is such that they would take shame upon themselves if they interjected any whimpering into the preparations for departure of their men. —Chicago Chronicle.

GUNS SAVED FROM EROSION.

An Important Invention in the Line of Gun Shells Has Been Successfully Tested.

An official trial of a specially prepared shot from Vickers' Sons and Maxim's six-inch quick-firing gun was successfully carried out at Swanley on March 25. The trial was of considerable interest, as it is well known that after a gun has fired many hundreds of rounds the velocities fall off to some extent, due to erosion and other causes. The point of difference whereby this projectile differed from others was that an arrangement was screwed on the base of the shell by which a specially prepared ring was made to expand in the eroded portion of the bore, so as to overcome the injurious effect of erosion, caused by smokless powders, as well as to prevent the shot being overrammed should the bore be worn by this or other causes.

The general principle of the gas check depends upon the compression of this specially constructed ring by an annular copper ring, which conveys pressure to the specifically constructed ring in such a manner that a specially constructed ring makes a perfectly metallic seal against the bore, and completely prevents any gas at a high temperature and pressure passing the base of the shot, and hence does away with the principal cause of erosion in guns.

Four rounds were fired with this specially banded shot, and four with the ordinary device shot, and it was found that the whole of the energy of the charge was utilized after upward of 250 rounds had been previously fired. The actual ballistics obtained were 2,964 feet a second for a pressure of 13 tons with a 25-pound charge of cordite. By increasing the charge by a moderate amount and slightly increasing the initial chamber pressure a velocity of 2,960 feet a second could reasonably be expected.

It is claimed that this simple device is capable of being applied to almost any design of shell at a very moderate cost, and by its application it is confidently expected that guns after firing many hundreds of rounds will be equally efficient, as far as energy is concerned, as a new gun. —London Engineering.

DOORS CLOSED TO SCRIBES.

The Navy Department issues an Order curtailing the Supply of Information Given to Newspapers.

Washington, May 17.—An order posted Monday and signed by Secretary Long relative to the publication of news emanating from the navy department had the effect of considerably curtailing the supply of information that heretofore has been rather freely given out. The secretary's order was directed to Capt. Crowninshield, chief of the navigation bureau, and he in turn gave it effect by making an order in his own name that no person connected with his bureau in any capacity should have any conversation whatever upon subjects in any way pertaining to the navy with representatives of the press. As an offset it was ordered that bulletins of such facts as have actually occurred and are proper for publication and are not connected with existing or projected movements, shall be posted on the bulletin board.

The sum total of the information published yesterday under this rule was a notice of the intention to start the Philippine relief expedition and of the permission given to some foreign neutral vessels to pass the blockade at Havana. An explanation of the issue of this order the naval authorities say that some of the leading American newspapers have been so far lacking in patriotism as to print plans of campaign and projected movements of naval ships, with the result that the war board has been obliged to completely revise its plans, knowing that the Spaniards had promptly taken notice of the publications and were prepared to profit by them. Complaint was made to Secretary Long that the newspapers were working injury to the government in such cases.

The opening of the blockade at Havana to certain vessels is rather a curious proceeding that may lead to considerable widening of the blockade itself, so that in the end neutral vessels not loaded with contraband or supplies, the carrying of which into Havana would interfere with the naval and military operations laid down by the United States, may be allowed to enter the port.

THEY WERE IN HIS SHIRT.

How a Scientist Carried Plans of the Fortifications and Harbor of Manila to Admiral Dewey.

Cincinnati, May 18.—William Doherty, an ornithologist and entomologist who, in the interest of science, has traversed the four quarters of the globe and has achieved a reputation as far reaching as his travels, has just returned from the Philippine islands via Hong Kong and San Francisco, to rest a year with his parents in this city. His latest distinction was in successfully passing the Spanish customs officers at Manila with complete plans of the city, the harbor, the fortifications and minute details of their armament, from Consul General Williams to Admiral Dewey. It was a dangerous proceeding, but Mr. Doherty carried it to a successful accomplishment.

The plans and drawings were concealed in a newly laundered shirt, which was folded, pinned up and banded in the usual style and put with other clothing in his trunk. Arriving at Hong Kong early in April he delivered the important papers to Admiral Dewey on the Olympia.

AN EXCITING CHASE.

A Messenger from Gomez is Pursued by a Spanish Gunboat Before Being Rescued by an American Ship.

Key West, May 18.—Another commissioner from Gen. Gomez, the insurgent commander-in-chief, arrived here Tuesday. John F. Jova, the former United States vice consul at Sagua La Grande, who was landed by an American gunboat on the coast of Cuba about ten days ago, was picked up Monday afternoon after an exciting experience with a Spanish gunboat which the American gunboat chased into her harbor. Mr. Jova succeeded in reaching the camp of Gomez and has brought back dispatches from Gomez to Commodore Watson. He reports that Gomez and his troops are in the best of spirits.

Mr. Jova reports that Spanish troops are moving westward, keeping in the cities. He made part of the journey along the coast in a small boat and was being chased by a Spanish gunboat when the American gunboat hove in sight. The Spaniard fired a number of shots at the American vessel. The latter picked up Mr. Jova and his two companions, and then chased the Spanish gunboat into port.

Spain's New Cabinet.

Madrid, May 19.—The new Spanish cabinet has been formed as follows: President of the council of ministers, Senor Sagasta; minister of foreign affairs, Leon y Castillo; minister of war, Gen. Correa; minister of marine, Senor Anon; minister of finance, Lopez Puigeciver; minister of public instruction, Senor Gamazo. No political programme has been formed by the cabinet. The cabinet undoubtedly will be short lived. With the exception of Sagasta and Gamazo it is not composed of eminent men.

Dons Demand Reprisals.

Madrid, May 18.—The newspapers here assert that letters for Spain, even letters containing checks and other valuables, have been stopped at New York and destroyed. The papers demand that the government make reprisals upon Americans in Spain, especially in the case of the correspondence of American newspapers.

Haltstead's Sentence.

Havana, May 18.—News from Porto Rico confirms the report that Freeman Haltstead, the American newspaper correspondent, has been sentenced by court-martial at San Juan to nine years' imprisonment, after having been convicted of taking pictures of the forts.

Insurgents Will Attack Manila.

New York, May 18.—A dispatch from Hong Kong says that Consul Wildman has returned there from Kowloon bay, where he took Gen. Aguinaldo, the insurgent leader, and his cabinet on the McCulloch. An arrangement was made for the insurgents to storm Manila.

AT A BROTHER'S GRAVE.

"DON'T you ever goin' to quit lawin' over that shoat? You an' Josiah have both spent more'n its worth fifty times over, an' it ain't no nearer settled than it was five year ago. No I won't give my consent to spendin' another nickel in lawin', and 'Ma' Walker gave her foot a determined stamp on the polished kitchen floor to signify that she meant all she said.

To those who knew "Ma" Walker the stamp she gave meant much. Her mind was made up, and no amount of coaxing and argument could change it. She didn't intend to throw good money after bad in a vain endeavor to get payment for a four-dollar shoat for which they had already mortgaged the farm for more than they could pay in the next five years.

"But, 'Ma,' the lawyer says he can git a judgment in the next court, an' then I want to teach Josiah that he can't have everything his own way. The lawyer says he'll only need \$50 more."

"Hiram Walker, you might just as well quit talkin', for I tell you I won't consent to spendin' another cent. I declare to goodness, it's a downright shame that two brothers can't get along without spendin' all they make in lawin'! It's had enough for Josiah, and for you, what's got a family to care for, it's still worse. You had just better spend that \$50 in buyin' me an' the girls some new clothes. Goodness knows, we need 'em bad enough; I haven't had a new dress since this lawin' business began, five year ago; neither has the girls."

Again the foot of "Ma" Walker struck the floor with a thump that was certainly impressive, and her husband, finding that he could accomplish nothing by argument, left the house. If his wife wouldn't consent he had no thought of doing what he wished against her wishes, and, besides that, the money that he wanted was her own, the re-