

**OUR SLEEPING BRAVE**

WINE laurels to lay o'er the Blue and the Gray, spread wreaths where our heroes rest; Let the song of the North echo back from the South for the love that is truest and best! Twin wreaths for the tombs of our Grant and our Lee, one anthem for Jackson and Meade; And the flag above you is the banner for me—one people in name and in deed!

Clasp hands o'er the graves where our laureled ones lie—clasp hands o'er the Gray and the Blue; To-day we are brothers and bound by a tie that the years shall but serve to renew; By the side of the Northman who peacefully sleeps where tropical odors are shed; A son of the South his companionship keeps—one flag o'er the two heroes spread. Weave tokens of love for the heroes in blue; weave wreaths for the heroes in gray; Clasp brotherly hands o'er the graves that are new—for the love that is ours to-day; A trinity given to bless, to unite—three glorious records to keep; And a kinship that never a grievance shall sever renewed where the brave are asleep!

Spread flowers to-day o'er the Blue and the Gray—spread wreaths where our heroes rest; Let the song of the North echo back from the South for the love that is truest and best! Twine wreaths for the tombs of our Grant and our Lee, one hymn for your father and mine! O the flag you adore is the banner for me and its folds our dead brothers entwine. —S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.



**GRANDPA'S HEADSTONE**

HERE'S the flag, Polly; ain't it a beauty?" "Lovely! Grandpa'll be decorated splendid! My rosebush has two roses and three buds." "You ain't goin' to pick the buds?" "Didn't grandpa die for our country? Didn't we live, till mother died, on his

penation? I think a whole bushel of buds wouldn't be too much!" Jack was glad Polly did not know about the ten-cent flag he could have got; he had thought five cents enough to spare out of their scanty earnings, when making the purchase; but after that speech he felt small. What if he were but a bootblack, earning a most precarious living, and Polly making only an odd dime now and then by scrubbing a floor or tending children for the neighbors? Jack wished he had done more for his soldier-grandfather! But a thought struck him. "Oh, Polly! I'll tell you what I'll do."

"For to-morrow?" "Yes! You know it'll be years before we get a monument for grandpa, for we must get an edification first; and though the flag'll show it's a soldier's grave, I think folks ought to know more. Well, I've learned to print real clear, and I'll print a real nice headstone, and we'll fix it down on the grave, and folks'll see it for that day, anyway."

"That's splendid; you do it, and I'll get supper."

Jack rushed out for stiff brown paper and ink, and the kind shopkeeper, who knew the children, learning what he intended to do, gave him two large sheets of manilla paper and showed him how to use the "grease crayon," thereby saving the boy from innumerable spatters of ink. Jack purchased the ten-cent flag on the spot and returned with his prize.

"We can eat dry bread awhile," he said, as his sister looked doubtfully at the flag; "that's my buds!" Planning to write a headstone was one thing—quite another to do it. "We can't say 'rected,' for it's goin' to be staked down; how would you begin, Polly?" "My teacher says" (Polly's teacher was her unflinching standard) "if you're

writing, to just tell what you've got to say as short as you can." "Let's see," and Jack printed rather crookedly, but clearly:

JOHN DOYLE  
Wounded at Bull Run  
Died  
at  
42 Charles Street.

"Do you remember when he died?" Jack asked, glad to rest awhile, but delighted with his progress. "Why, I wasn't born, Jack! But can't we say his loving grandchildren have—have—fixed this to his memory?" "Why, Polly!" said Jack, admiringly. "That's real tomb-stony! That's good enough for the monument. Let's see;" and Jack sat with pencil poised, then, slowly and laboriously printed—Polly's bright eyes watching eagerly:

This is writ by  
Polly and Jack Kerr  
in memory of  
Grand Pa.

"Oh, Jack! it's just lovely! And—oh—oh—I've got something!" and Polly, her bright face growing sweetly solemn, stepped to the old bureau and opened her most precious possession—an old box which held her peculiar treasures. "Here's four of mother's hairpins," she said, solemnly. "I've saved 'em, but they'll be just the thing to fasten down the headstone—better than bits of wood."

The children could hardly sleep from excitement. Bright and early they were about, stopping a moment to gaze rapturously on "the headstone," and to water the precious rosebush, which any florist would have admired, so perfect were the buds and roses. Then Jack started out to black boots and attend to one or two furnaces, while Polly washed dishes and tidied rooms for three different families, receiving five cents from each. At noon they were ready to start, the roses carefully wrapped within the headstone, lest the sun wilt them, the flags carried by Polly.

It was a long, long walk to Evergreens; but the children's rent was due in two days, and they dared not spend money on car fare. On they trudged, the thought of the honor to be done to grandpa keeping Polly's tired feet going. But before they had accomplished a quarter of the distance Jack caught sight of a great ex-

were used to such neighborhoods in their visits of charity. As soon as they entered Evergreens each watched for some soldier's grave.

"Oh, aunt, there's one! I see a flag! Two of them! John, John! Stop! What a queer thing! What is it?" and Mary knelt by the children's "headstone." "Aunt, Aunt! the flowers—quickly!" said the impulsive girl, her eyes overflowing. "Oh, if I could only find Polly and Jack Kerr!" Aunt Mary came with lilies and heliotrope, hyacinths and geraniums—Mary would not have one other rose beside the lovely ones the children had laid there. Smilax was carefully wreathed about "the headstone," and then Mary rose, only half satisfied.

"Forty-two Charles street—I think we might call there, aunt." "Not to-day, dear, we are too late already. We must hurry home."

"I'm afraid we've lost the way." "No, there's the big cross—grandpa is just near there. I always know our grave by that. But I don't remember any other grave that was decorated, Polly!"

Jack could say no more, and Polly, catching sight of the wreath of flowers and smilax frame at the same moment, the children knelt, speechless with amazement.

"Do you think it was angels?" asked Polly, in an awe-struck voice. "No," said Jack, sturdily; "it was this headstone that did it, Polly! Somebody read that!"

"That was the proudest moment of Jack's life. Polly nodded her head, acquiescently, still too awe-struck for words.

"And by next year we must have a real one!" "But the eddication!" "We'll do it all," said the boy, with a new confidence in his powers. "Now let's take a few of these home to remember the day by."

They took a bit of heliotrope, a hyacinth and spray of smilax, and walked, with no sense of weariness, so exalted were they by what they had found, back to the rooms which had been grandpa's and mother's, one of which they had managed to keep by toil almost incredible in such mere children.

The next day seemed dull and prosy to Polly, as days do to all of us after unwonted excitement. The little girl had just settled down to study her lessons for the night school Jack and she attended, when there came a knock at the door. Polly opened it and was confronted by two ladies, one tall and slim, the other "fat and comfortable," as Polly told Jack. "There are our flowers," exclaimed May, who had given her aunt no rest till she took her to 42 Charles street, "so you must be Polly Kerr."

"Yes, ma'am," said Polly, much surprised.

This was the first of many visits May made to the neat little room. The general's granddaughter befriended the old soldier's grandchildren, and, with her help and counsel, Jack and Polly have "a real headstone" and an education!—Frances Harris, in N. Y. Independent.

**FELL INTO A TRAP.**

Boers Fall Victims to an Englishman's Strategy.

Desigers of Mafeking are Allowed to Capture a Fort and are Then Surrounded and Overpowered — Dundee Surrenders to Buller's Troops—Other War News.

London, May 15.—Gen. Buller's turning of the Biggarsberg position was effected by a bold movement. The Boers evacuated Helpmakaar, but are making a stand at Bleskoplaagte, seven miles from Dundee. The correspondents on the spot regard this as a rear guard action intended to cover the retreat of the army. Last night Gen. Hildyard took Indoba and it is reported that the Boers withdrew in disorder.

Gen. Buller, who seems to be employing his full strength, is expected to push on. His first marches were 45 miles in three days. He is thus breaking into British territory which had been administered for six months by the Transvaalers as though it were part of the republic, they holding courts and levying taxes. His success, therefore, has political as well as military consequences.

While Lord Roberts' infantry are concentrating at Kroonstad, where they will rest for a day or two, his horsemen have penetrated 18 miles northward. Two hundred Boers who had hidden in the river jungles near Kroonstad to escape service, surrendered to the British and took the oath of allegiance.

London, May 16.—"Food will last until about June 10," is the latest official word from Col. Baden-Powell, the British commander at Mafeking, sent to Lord Roberts under date of May 7. Five days later the Boers attempted to storm the town, and it is possible that they succeeded, although nothing is known of the attack or of its results except through Pretoria sources.

Maj. Baillie has sent to the Morning Post from Mafeking, under date of May 7, this message: "This morning the Boers attacked us. Result as usual. There is an aching void here. 'Pass the loaf.'"

The Transvaal army has taken a position at Blaauwbachdoort Pass, near Heilbron Road Station, 50 miles north of Kroonstad. Its rear guard is still holding the hills north of the Valsch river, while the Boer scouts are in touch with British reconnoitering parties 20 miles north of Kroonstad.

The Free Staters are surrendering in larger numbers than after the occupation of Bloemfontein.

The relations between the Transvaal and the Portuguese are strained. The Portuguese consul at Pretoria, according to reports from Lisho, has been ordered by President Kruger to leave the country. The Portuguese declaration making food and clothing contraband has nearly destroyed the usefulness of Delagoa bay to the Transvaal.

A dispatch to the Daily Mail from Lorenzo Marquez, dated Tuesday, says: "There is now no doubt that there was desperate fighting at Mafeking Saturday, but it is believed to have been in favor of the garrison.

The war office has received the following dispatch from Gen. Buller: "Dundee, May 15.—We have occupied Dundee. About 2,500 of the enemy left yesterday for Glencoe. Their wagons also left yesterday. Almost every house in Dundee is completely looted."

London, May 18.—England still waits with intense interest for news of the relief of Mafeking. One thing seems clear. The town still holds out. Were it otherwise the Boer wires laid to the camps of the beleaguered would have flashed the news.

Skeleton messages from Lorenzo Marquez, based upon information that leaked out at the Pretoria war office, show that the Boer stormers suddenly fell into a trap. Col. Baden-Powell permitted them to seize one fort and he then surrounded and overbore them before the large forces near at hand perceived the stratagem. It was thus that Sarel Eloff, President Kruger's grandson, and part of his commando were taken and 50 Boers killed.

Michael Davitt, according to a dispatch from Lorenzo Marquez, is said to have advised the Boers, while he was in Pretoria, that if they could hold out until the presidential election in the United States, they might feel "pretty sure of intervention."

The Standard says: "From pro-Boer sources we learn that the first great stand by the Federals will be on the bridges near Johannesburg. This position has been strongly entrenched and the burghers believe they can hold it for some time. If driven from that point, part of the force will be thrown into Pretoria to withstand a siege, while the main body will retreat to the Lydenburg district, with the intention of keeping up a guerilla warfare from that mountainous region."

**Murder in a Department Store.**

New York, May 18.—Mary Brannigan, 24 years old, a clerk in a department store, was shot and killed yesterday in the store by Edward Hall, who was keeping company with the girl. Hall made no attempt to escape. The police say he shot the girl because she refused to marry him.

**The Amalgamated's Convention.**

Indianapolis, May 17.—The most important action taken at Wednesday's session of the convention of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers was the passage of a resolution that the Amalgamated Journal be the official organ of the union. Heretofore the Labor Tribune, of Pittsburg, has been endorsed as the official organ. The reading of the president's annual report showed the organization is in good condition and that the increase in the number of members during the past year has been 50 per cent.

**GOVERNOR OF HAWAII.**

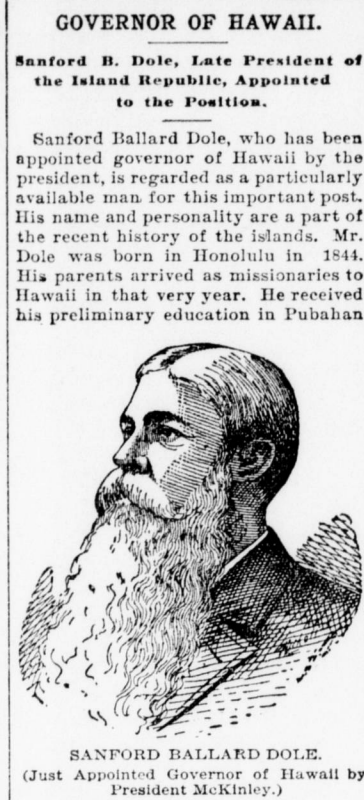
Sanford B. Dole, Late President of the Island Republic, Appointed to the Position.

Sanford Ballard Dole, who has been appointed governor of Hawaii by the president, is regarded as a particularly available man for this important post. His name and personality are a part of the recent history of the islands. Mr. Dole was born in Honolulu in 1844. His parents arrived as missionaries to Hawaii in that very year. He received his preliminary education in Pubahan college, on the island, and was later graduated from Williams college, in the United States. He studied law and was admitted to the bar in Boston and returned to Honolulu, where he took up the practice of law. In 1887 he was appointed to the supreme court of the kingdom. Mr. Dole, as member of the Hawaiian legislature, took part in the reform movement which culminated in the revolution of 1893. On July 4, 1894, he was made president of the republic of Hawaii. Mr. Dole was the choice of the conservative element of the island for the position of governor. He is thoroughly familiar with the needs and the affairs of his country, and it is believed his administration will be just and wise.

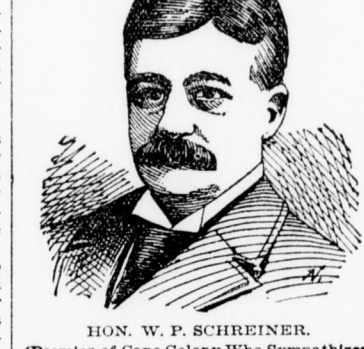
**HE FAVORS THE BOERS.**

Mr. Schreiner, Premier of Cape Colony, is Filling a Most Difficult Place Just Now.

W. P. Schreiner, premier of Cape Colony, who is now threatening to resign his office, has had a very difficult place to fill during the British-Boer war. As leader of the Afrikaner element in the Cape, he was ostensibly opposed to war, although doubtless in sympathy with the Boer states. He made many efforts to preserve the peace between the peoples, and was more than once called a traitor while negotiations were under way. As to his intellect, he is certainly clever enough to have been for many years an adroit and not entirely unsuccessful opponent of Cecil Rhodes. Mr. Schreiner was born in Cape Colony, is of Dutch descent, and was educated in England. He studied at London and Cambridge Uni-



SANFORD BALLARD DOLE. (Just Appointed Governor of Hawaii by President McKinley.)



HON. W. P. SCHREINER. (Premier of Cape Colony Who Sympathizes with the Boers.)

**WILD WITH JOY.**

Englishmen Rejoice Over the Relief of Mafeking.

**A STORM OF PATRIOTISM.**

Glad Tumult in Every Section of the Empire.

**LONDONERS WENT CRAZY.**

No Such Demonstrations of Delight Have Been Known in the Metropolis Since the War Began—Other British Successes are Reported.

London, May 19.—London's millions spent half of last night in the street and this morning troops of young men are promenading, singing and cheering, and there are crowds in front of the Mansion house, Marlborough house, the clubs on Pall Mall, the war office and in Parliament square, waving flags and joining in the national airs.

This uproar of hundreds of thousands amazes the Englishman who ceases for a moment to be an actor and becomes merely an observer. London is beside itself with emotion. Gusts of patriotism have set the town quivering twice or thrice before during the war, but nothing has equalled last night's hundred square miles of almost furious demonstration.

It was all brought about by a 20-word telegram from Pretoria that Mafeking had been relieved. Although the government has not a word, and although nothing confirmatory has been received from any African source except Pretoria, nobody questions the news.

The London fire insurance laws make fireworks impossible at night and the city lacked the blaze of illumination characteristic of American cities during similar rejoicings. The Britisher, therefore, relied upon lung power, and from St. Paul's cathedral to Westminster Abbey, and up through Piccadilly to Hyde park, there was a Niagara-like roar, incessant, rising and falling hour after hour, as the surging masses poured through London's thoroughfares like the processions on the eve of a presidential election in the United States.

At Carlton hotel, which is filled with Americans, the bands played "Marching Through Georgia," which has been recently adapted to an English song entitled "Marching to Pretoria." "Dixie" and other American airs were played.

Ten thousand people stood in front of Mrs. Baden-Powell's house cheering and singing; and a score of cabs brought congratulations.

In unrestrained jubilation the provinces were not behind the metropolis. Although London had the start by a few minutes, the great industrial centers and surrounding towns suddenly burst into patriotic demonstrations. Bells clang in their steeples; village bands turned out, and people gathered in the squares to chant "God Save the Queen."

From all parts of the empire comes the same story. Bombay, Hong Kong, Colombo and the Australian cities are rejoicing. Continental cities received the news sadly.

The relief of Mafeking had the effect of suspending for a moment interest in the operations elsewhere in the field of war. Nevertheless yesterday brought important official announcements. Lord Methuen entered Hoopstad on Thursday. He is now 70 miles from Kroonstad and 50 from Bothaville.

Gen. Buller entered New Castle Thursday evening. Lord Roberts is not idle. While waiting for stores at Kroonstad, he is using his mounted men to search a wide tract of country. Col. Broadwood occupied Lindley on Thursday and the same day Gen. Hutton captured one of the Bothas, 30 miles from Kroonstad. Gen. Rutledge, on Thursday, encamped at Cloacan. British successes are thus reported at every point.

Pretoria, May 19.—The siege of Mafeking was abandoned on Tuesday, a British force from the south taking possession of the place. President Steyn left here for the Free State Thursday night. Addressing a crowd on the platform, he urged it to be of good cheer. It is reported that 5,000 British troops have surrounded Christiansburg and that the landrost and other officials have been taken prisoners.

A Lorenzo Marquez correspondent, telegraphing yesterday says: "New peace proposals will probably be put forward by the Boer government. The recent reverses are causing despondency."

According to other advices from the same point, President Kruger and other high officials purpose leaving almost immediately for Lydenburg. The British prisoners will be conveyed there; and the foreign consuls at Pretoria are leaving for Lydenburg.

In Kroonstad it is said that Kruger will surrender when Lord Roberts crosses the Transvaal frontier.

**He was Easy for McCoy.**

New York, May 19.—"Kid" McCoy easily defeated Australian Dan Creedon at the Broadway Athletic club last night before one of the largest crowds that ever assembled at the club. Creedon made a very poor showing. At no time did he land a blow that hurt McCoy.

**Stage Coaches Held Up.**

Stockton, Cal., May 19.—Both the Yosemite Valley stages were held up Thursday night by a lone highwayman at Big Neck Flat. About \$200 was secured from the passengers. The ladies were not molested.

**Memorial.**

A Nation's pride, a Nation's fame,  
A Nation's battle-glory;  
Aye, these have held an honored name  
In lyric, song and story.  
But more than such are more than all  
A light with heavenly splendor  
The tributes o'er her dead that fall,  
Their requiems low and tender.

A Nation's wealth, a Nation's power,  
Her place among the nations;  
Aye, these may win her for an hour  
A waiting world's oblations.  
But fadeless and forever fair  
The record God is keeping  
Of Love that lays its tribute where  
Her soldier sons are sleeping.  
—Lalla Mitchell, in Good Housekeeping.

**On Beautiful May Mornings.**

On beautiful May mornings I often wait  
And wait  
Where lilies of the valley grow beside the  
garden gate;  
For when the white flowers open in frag-  
rance and in grace,  
A lovely garland I shall make for my sol-  
dier's resting place.  
When I lay the wreath upon his grave on  
Decoration day,  
I shall dream of the bright May morning  
when the soldiers marched away,  
When to all they loved so dearly they said  
a sad good-by.  
And think how grand a thing it was for  
their native land to die.  
—Mary F. Butts, in Youth's Companion.



**LESSENING RANKS.**

A little band of comrades, year by year,  
Bring the red, white and blue  
To plant with care upon those lonely  
graves;  
Each year their ranks grow few.  
—Mary E. Averill.

**Decorating Soldiers' Graves.**

The idea of Memorial day originated among the women of Maryland, who put flowers on the graves of both federal and confederate long before the surrender of Appomattox. The women of other states soon began following the custom.

**The Best Memorial.**

The best memorial of our heroic dead is a reincarnation of their virtues.—Boston Congregationalist.