

FLOWERS FOR THE BRAVE



HERE are blossoms in the clover, there is music in the pines, And a mouth of buds is falling o'er the brave blue-coated lines, And the muffled drum is beating, and one flag in glory waves.

Where the sunshine robes in Splendor's garb a multitude of graves; To the music of the river as it flows un vexed and free, Bearing outward to the nations Freedom's latest prophecy, March a people, Fame's descendants, with the summer's sweetest bloom, Which the dew shall crown with glory on the hero's silent tomb.

In the sunburst of the morning, every loyal heart to thrill, Come the echoes of the muskets that were heard at Bunker Hill; And the roses and the lilies in the shadow and the shine Lie on the breasts of those who stood one day at Brandywine; 'Neath the hemlocks and the cedars, 'neath the vines that greet the sun, The continentals sleep beside the Men of '61.

And the country, reunited by a love that can't be told, Sees the modest flower blooming in the cannon ruts of old. Down the street, beloved by thousands, march the veterans old and gray—The comrades of the brave who rest this fair Memorial day.

And they bring May's sweetest blossoms to the boys who with them stood, Where often raged the battle fierce deep in the Southern wood; No more the ringing bugle blast, no more the cannon's roar, No more the gloomy picket post along the ghostly shore; But side by side this sacred day beneath the spreading tree, With elbows touching, silent stand the men of Grant and Lee.

Columbia walks the guarded aisles with soft and holy tread. Where fall the shades of Arlington above her hero dead; Not long ago she stood and heard the dirge's mournful strain. O'er those who came in martial shrouds from Cuba's sun-kiss'd plain; And from her hands the brightest bloom that decks the field and wold falls gently on the bosoms of the tender and the bold;

And silent tears are falling from the farthest northern pine.

To where the golden orange hangs above the ocean's line.

Bring the fairest of the blossoms to re-crown the hero's tomb!

For this kind nature proudly yields the splendor of her bloom;

The skies are bright above us and the river sings its lay.

One flag, one country and one Love the Nation knows to-day; We crown the humblest and the great, alike the flowers fall.

With prayer and love and gratitude upon the breasts of all;

Ah! me! The drums are beating, for the flowers have been spread,

And we march to newer grandeur from the bivouac of our dead.

—T. C. Harbaugh, in *Ledger Monthly*.

"UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER," Story of the Blue and the Gray

LARISSA was absurdly unreasonable! Even grandfather, who adored her, was forced to admit that. Aunt Frances used to shake her head, white head, and sigh mildly. "The child has stayed abroad too long," she would say. "Her brain is filled with old-world notions. Conditions have changed, and America has grown too fast for her."

But when they attempted to remonstrate with Clarissa, that impious young person would get into a towering rage.

"Then there is no such thing as principle?" she would inquire, with withering sarcasm. "You didn't lose most of your property to the marauding northerners! You weren't forced to come from your own dear Maryland to this cold, bleak New England! You didn't bring your slaves along, after you had freed them of your own accord! Although most of them insisted upon remaining with you—to their credit. You're not my Grandfather Colonel because of your bravery at Antietam! You didn't sacrifice your only son, my father, to the lost cause! His death didn't kill my grandmother and my mother! Oh, no! I must have dreamed it all!"

"My dear! my dear!" grandfather would remonstrate, sadly. "God knows I acted as I thought best; perhaps I was mistaken. But conditions are changed, and it is the part of wisdom to conform to them."

"But the principle remains the same, grandfather!" would be the proud response; and Clarissa would weep a few obstinate tears upon the silken hair of Fifine, the French poodle which she had brought from abroad, and which, all told, was a most detestable little beast. "Fifine, darling, we belong to the Owings family, of Maryland, don't we, pet? And what do we think of the star-spangled banner?" and then Fifine would snarl and whine viciously, while her pretty mistress caressed and encouraged her.

Grandfather was distressed, but he was forced to smile at the absurdity of it all. "To be a rebel has gone out of fashion, my dear," he would say, exasperatingly; but Clarissa continued to regard herself as an alien, to heap fresh flowers daily before the picture of her beloved Winnie Davis, as before a shrine; to quote Father Ryan's stanzas upon the lost cause, and to deify the Lees and other heroes of the confederacy.

She was 23 now, and she had been

at schools in France and England since she was 12, shortly after her father's death, and that of her mother, which quickly followed. As Aunt Frances said, America had grown too fast for her.

There had been many changes in the neighborhood during her absence. On what had been Grandmother Owings' old-fashioned flower garden a handsome modern dwelling had been erected, and the two families used the dividing driveway in common. Down this driveway, several times each day, an athletic young man was wont to go, laden with golf sticks, riding a wheel, armed with gun or fishing tackle, or erect upon the back of a spirited black horse, which from the first had been Fifine's especial detestation. As in another celebrated and classical case, the neighborhood caused their acquaintance in the first steps of love. Even England and France could produce no more splendid specimen of manhood than was Robert Hale, as Clarissa was forced to admit to her unwilling self.

Perhaps that was why the winter which followed her home-coming

advantage which I appreciate. Better to know his faults now than when it might be too late!"

But Clarissa was by no means happy in what she glorified as her adherence to principle. She was fearfully and pathetically lonely, and she tried not to hear when the black horse and his rider dashed down the driveway on their way to the drills and parades, which became so frequent with the nearness of Memorial day.

The misunderstanding had deepened now; for there had been other and bitter words, and each studiously avoided looking in the direction of the other when they met, which was but rarely.

Fair as a garden of the Lord was the countryside upon the morning of Memorial day; but Clarissa could see no beauty in nature as she moped in the sewing-room which overlooked the driveway, confiding her unhappiness to petted, snarling Fifine.

Out at the stable the groom was putting the saddle on Black Don—for the coming parade, she knew; and presently Robert appeared at the side door carrying a flag, which he proceeded to run up the staff on the lawn.

"How handsome he looks in his uni-



A FLAG, WHICH HE PROCEEDED TO RUN UP THE STAFF.

proved such a pleasant one. As the weeks went by there was joy in both households over the very evident interest which the young people took in each other. They were not aware of the plans for their future which Aunt Frances so frequently discussed with Robert's widowed mother. In fact, they were not conscious of much beyond the joy of living, of propinquity, of the sympathy and understanding which existed between them, of a community of tastes and interests. Together they marveled at the miracle of life through death, in opening bud, and leaf, and flower; but so far no word of love had been spoken between them. They were young; there was no need of haste. It was the springtide of life, as well as the springtide of the year. But—

But Robert was evidently too busy; and it irritated the watcher as he began to whistle softly, and then to sing in an absent-minded fashion, as he went over a knot in the halyards: "There's just one girl in the world for me!" Oh, was she the girl? Clarissa asked herself feverishly; but there was no one to answer the question only Fifine, who yawned lazily and snapped at the lace upon her mistress' sleeves.

"I could be happy forever with just one girl!"

Robert kept on singing with cruel unctuous as he stood back and watched the folds of Old Glory unfurl, as they blew out from the masthead, catching the soft May breeze. Then Clarissa could bear it no longer.

She buried her face in the couch cushions and found refuge in that relief for all feminine woes—a good cry; while Fifine, disturbed in her morning nap, whined dismally.

Such an exasperating day as it proved! There were bands and military companies, and everywhere the stars and stripes were flying. Grandfather was in bed, suffering from a new ache in his wounded shoulder—a memory of Antietam; and this furnished the girl a pretext for keeping all the shutters closed and making theirs the only dismal house along the avenue as the parade went by. With white face and set lips she hid behind the blind, and sadly followed with tearful eyes the erect figure of Capt. Hale as he rode past at the head of his company.

"Oh, Fifine!" she murmured, sorrowfully. "I always knew that he was proud. But at least he might have glanced at the house, if not at me!"

"And my father was wounded at Petersburg," was the solemn response. "For the rest of his life he went around with only one arm. It seems like your father might have fired the shot which deformed one of the handsomest men that ever lived."

She knew that he was purposely mimicking her affected use of the southern like; but she would not unbend. He leaned his arm over Black Don's glossy neck, and regarded her mischievously.

"What an irony of fate, Clarissa!" he said, teasingly, as he stood gazing at her with a fondness which she haughtily ignored. "How ever did it happen that you should have the blue eyes, while mine should be the gray?"

As Memorial day approached, however, the breach between them grew undeniably serious. The older members of both households smiled, and shook their heads knowingly, and moralized on the inevitability of lovers' quarrels. Aunt Frances rashly took it upon herself to remonstrate with her niece, for Robert was her special favorite, and she could not bear to have him made unhappy by Clarissa's caprices. She was unprepared, however, for the rebuff which she met.

"Please don't ever mention Mr. Hale's name to me again, Aunt Frances. I have found him out—an

advantage which I appreciate. Better to know his faults now than when it might be too late!"

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SHALL WE REVISE THE CREED?

Debate on This Question Begins in the Presbyterian General Assembly.

Philadelphia, May 24.—With eloquence borne of the solemn importance of the question, commissioners to the Presbyterian general assembly yesterday began the debate on the revision of the confession of faith. Brilliant leaders of the church advanced their views in a calm, dispassionate manner and the entire discussion was void of acrimony. With a full realization of the great importance of the subject the assembly proceeded to consider thoroughly every detail of the proposed changes in the creed.

Calvary church was not large enough to accommodate the throngs who clamored for admission. Many of the spectators did not leave the church during the noon recess. Although frequently requested to avoid demonstrations, the audience repeatedly applauded the speakers. Among the spectators were many clergymen of other denominations.

The great question came before the assembly with the reading of the report of the committee on revision by Rev. Charles A. Dickey, chairman. This was followed by the minority report read by Rev. William McKibben, of Cincinnati.

A rule of the assembly gives chairmen the right to speak on their reports after they have been received, but before Mr. Dickey could secure recognition Rev. Dr. Samuel J. Nichols moved the adoption of the first recommendation in both reports. Rev. James D. Moffatt made a substitute motion to adopt the majority report and an amendment was offered substituting the minority.

Rev. Dr. George B. Baker presented as amendment a resolution to the effect that as the vote of the presbytery indicated a lack of unanimity, the entire subject be dismissed. Dr. Dickey secured the floor on this amendment and made a stirring address supporting the old confession. Rev. Herrick Johnson and Rev. Samuel J. Nichols aroused the unbounded enthusiasm of the audience convened the following morning, and which made a long investigation, was the resentment of a group of insubordinate cadets of the second class at the superintendent, and the moving of the gun from its accustomed place to a position on the plain in front of the superintendent's quarters, at the door of which the muzzle was pointed.

"I have the honor to report that on the evening of April 16, 1901, a large number of cadets engaged in an insubordinate demonstration directed at the superintendent of the military academy. The demonstration took place in the main sallyport of the barracks; then in the area of the barracks; on the plain north of the barracks and finally in front of the superintendent's quarters. It consisted of cheers, ending with the names of two recently punished cadets; several profane yells directed at the superintendent, and the moving of the gun from its accustomed place to a position on the plain in front of the superintendent's quarters, at the door of which the muzzle was pointed.

"The pretext for this demonstration was a punishment awarded Cadet Robert R. Ralston, second class, in orders published at parade that evening. The actual cause, as established by the testimony of cadets under oath, taken by a board of officers convened the following morning, and which made a long investigation, was the resentment of a group of insubordinate cadets of the second class at measures taken by the superintendent to enforce the law forbidding hazing. On March 27, 1901, Cadet Myron S. Grisby, second class, was punished for 'bracing' fourth class men.

"The evidence taken before the board shows that the group of cadets referred to, resenting the above punishments, engaged in secret meetings in which the superintendent's action was condemned, and ugly terms were applied to him before other cadets.

"I have read all the evidence taken by the board of investigation. It shows that considerable yet has to be accomplished to implant in cadets the essentials of good discipline."

West Point, N. Y., May 23.—The five cadets who were dismissed from the military academy and those who were suspended have all departed for their respective homes. There is not likely to be an uprising among the cadets, as was anticipated from some sources. There is a distinction between dismissal and discharge from the academy. When a cadet is dismissed it is final and he can be reinstated only by a special act of congress. He also forfeits his travel pay. In the case of a discharge a cadet may re-enter the academy by a reappointment and the approval of the academy board.

New York, May 23.—The five dismissed West Point cadets came directly to this city and last night gave out the following signed statements: "First—We are surprised at the severe punishment we have received for what we have never considered a very serious offense.

"Second—The manner in which we were dismissed from our cherished institution after years of labor was most surprising to us.

"Third—We have not the slightest knowledge of the evidence that has been obtained against us, nor the names of the witnesses, for we have not had an open trial such as is known to military custom. We would not feel dissatisfied if it had been by the decision of a court-martial."

A TRAGEDY AT ERIE, PA.

A Contractor Shoots and Kills a Man—Trouble Grew Out of a Strike on the Docks.

Erie, Pa., May 23.—"Are you going after fish for your seabs?" asked William Harrington of Contractor John Kane on the hill leading down to the Anchor line docks last night. Kane says Harrington threatened him. At all events, he pulled his gun and fired, the bullet passing through Harrington's body. He died while being taken to the hospital. There has been trouble at the Anchor line docks ever since the season opened, the longshoremen's union objecting to the contract system and the men refusing to go to work. A contract to supply the labor for handling package freight was let by the Anchor line to John Kane and Frank P. Coyle.

Twice, gangs of 75 to 100 men were brought here from Buffalo, but after being interviewed by the longshoremen's pickets they declined to go to work for Kane & Coyle, and their fares were paid to their homes by the freight handlers. The feeling has grown more bitter every day and last night, when Kane was taken to the police station, a crowd of nearly 1,000 men surrounded the place. The aspect was so threatening for the life of the prisoner that the police transferred him to the county jail. He is charged with murder.

Tunnel Builders Strike.

New York, May 24.—One thousand men employed on the Rapid Transit tunnel went out on strike yesterday and about 3,000 more will strike today. All underground work practically will be suspended except on three sections in Broadway. Some dirt shovelers and general workmen may remain with the bosses, but all the skilled mechanics in the sections between the city hall and One Hundred and Eighth street will strike. Trouble is feared, as the sub-contractors say they will employ non-union men.

"Teddy" Christens a Papoose. Buffalo, N. Y., May 24.—The Pan-American exposition was yesterday visited by three distinguished men, Vice President Roosevelt, Jules Cambon, ambassador from France, and Gov. Durbin, of Indiana. The vice president and Gov. Durbin went to the fair together. With them were President John C. Milburn. They went to the midway, saw the Rough Riders and a sham battle by the Indians, and the vice president christened an Indian baby that was born in the camp about a week ago. The papoose was named Pan-Anna Ettegoda.