

8ª MAJ . GEN. O. O. HOWARD -3

RING the latter part of the war, in 1864, and until its close, in 1865, I was connected with the armies under Gen. Sherman, usually desig-

nated the Army of the Ten-nessee, the Army of the Cumberland and the Army of the Ohio, wrote Maj.-Gen. O. O. Howard. The campaigns were exceedingly active. From Chattanooga to Atlanta Sherman's soldiers were under fire every day, except the three just before crossing the Etowah, for 113 days. There was not a day or night in which there were no soldiers clain. The screeching shells burst over our heads while we were sleeping, but, wonderful to tell, the sol-diers had become so used to this conflict that they lost very little sleep in consequence of the fitful and random firing at night.

In that period of 113 days there were 19 sizable battles fought. In one at-tack I made at Pickett's Mill I lost 800 killed and three times as many wounded within the space of 15 min-utes. At night I sat among the wounded and realized something of the horrors of war. It seems to me to-day as I think of it like a terrible nightmare, but it was a more terrible reality, which I will not attempt to describe

When I come to think of the "March to the Sea" and later the "March Through the Carolinas," what occurs to my memory first is the exceeding hardihood of the soldiers. They re-covered quickly from their wounds, I mean from those that were not too severe, and there was scarcely any But when Columbia was on illness. fire an untold number perished in the flames. Still more perished from ac-cidental explosion of confederate shells at Columbia and Cheraw. We like to turn away from the mangled cornses and distorted faces of the

had gone out 1,000 strong; it had been recruited and re-recruited; it had been veteranized and added to in other ways and now it was bringing home less than 300 of all the men who had gone out from that section of the country from which it had come. The joy of going home for the 300 was great, but it was a tearful joy the in-stant one thought of the 800 or more who could not go home, who never did go home, who were buried somewhere in the broad land over which the 300 had marched, and too often with a headpiece marked "Unknown."

After the war I stood in the large cemetery near Murfreesboro, Tenn., with Gen. R. B. Hayes (afterward president) and Mrs. Hayes (intervalue president) and Mrs. Hayes. I remem-ber how Mrs. Hayes, who was an ex-ceedingly handsome woman, looked up into the faces of the general and words or here how the general and myself as her large, dark, speaking eyes were flooded with tears, when she said: "Just look there, that plot of ground is covered with headstones marked 'Unknown.' Unknown, ungave his life that his country might live!" known," she repeated, "and yet

It was a touching picture, but every time I think of it I say to myself: "Really, that 'unknown' soldier, apparently unknown, recorded unknown, was not really unknown. Somebody knew him. His comrades knew him. A mother, a sister, a wife and children, if he had them, knew him. There is a better record somewhere than that in the soldiers' cemetery." Our faith is so strong that we all believe in the resurrection and in the future life and have a great satisfaction in feeling that no sacrifices and particularly not that of life itself for duty, for what one sincerely believes to be duty, has ever been or ever will be made in vain.

The saddest pictures of all, to my mind, are those connected with a los-ing battle like that of Fredericksburg, and still more that of Chancellorsville. At Fredericksburg the army of Burnside went straight forward to its own destruction. The lines of Lee, half encircling Burnside's points of attack, were complete. It was like a trap into which an animal deliberately puts his feet. We sprang the trap, and it is a wonder that Lee had not dealt with Burnside's army as the sturdy Thomas dealt with Hood's at Nashville. I can see in my mind's eye those immense plateaus in front of the Marve Heights and other confederate intrenchments and barricades covered with the dead and dying. The plateaus were fairly blue, as they were dotted with the wearers of our uniform

Gen. Couch was standing by my side in the steeple of a church, near the close of that battle, where we together fresh reconnoissance when I noticed that his voice trembled as he spoke to me. He said: "Oh, Gen. Howard, look there! Look there! Se the ground covered with the boys in blue, and all to no purpose." After we had returned, all of us who could return, to the other shore of the Rappahannock, the depression of the soldiers was greater than at any other time during the war. We could hardly speak to each other. Now, after years, we can recognize the fact that our grief was balanced by the joy of the confederates over a great victory, and yet not a decisive one, gained by them. At a moderate calculation there were sent into eternity more than a million of men, who left home in the prime of health and in strength; more than a million of souls by the terrible conflict. For one, I am glad, indeed, that there is an effort on foot to set the difficulties without bloodshed. Of Of course, the waste of human life is not all of it. There is in every war a waste of possession, a destruction of proper-ty and a degradation of character hard to avoid at the best. I know that there are some things worse than death. I know that the union of our states was worth all that it cost, and I know that humanly speaking, it was necessary that we should be purged as by fire; but is it not wise now to do all that we can to hold up to the world the blessings of a great peace; even the peace that passeth understanding. which never must exclude any of the noblest qualities of a womanly woman or a manly man?

THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

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- My son, and only one, was battle And now, throughout the fair and slain. blessed land.
 - And he was all the world, and morial day. more, to me;
- I gave him at my country's sacred We go, a flower-laden, faithful band, To spread on hero graves the bloom fane. When Sherman marched his legions
- to the sea.
- In danger's threat'ning cloud, at countru's call.
- He left my side, and parting said to me:
- "If in the battle, mother, I should fall.
- My country and her God will care for thee."

AT A PATRIOT'S GRAVE

Grandmother's Memorial Day Speech By DORA OLIPHANT COE. RUNCH AND ADAC MUNCH ADAC ADAC

RANDMOTHER ADAMSON had reached into the depths of her rose-sprigged bandbox, but just as her fingers touched the stiff ruching in the front of her best bonnet her attention was arrested by a ring at the front door. As though suddenly petrified in her

stooping position, grandmother waited while Susan Ann, her daughter, creaked through the passage way leading from the kitchen. At the first words of greeting grand

mother straightened with a snap like a jack-knife, and an angry color flamed on her cheeks.

"Why, Marthy Ellen, what lovely roses! Did you ever see the flowers so handsome as they are this year? Come right in. It's dreadful hot, ain't it? Seems like I never knowed it to warm up as early as it has this it to warm up as early as it has this season, but, then, it's been awful fine for the flowers. 'Pears like the roses for the flowers. Pears has fust tried and laylocks and pinies has just tried theirselves to see who could do the most bloomin'. Now, that's a pretty idee, ain't it, Mrs. Rayburn, that lay lock wreath?

"Yes; laylocks was Dick's favorite flower, and he set this bush out hissel, and I thought I'd make a wreath to hang on the cross on his tombstun."

The expression on Grandmother Adamson's face would have made a good study. From a blaze of anger it passed through all the stages of horrified scorn to a stony determination

The development of the conversa tion beyond the paper-covered board walls collected her nebulous chaotic emotions into a stern resolve.

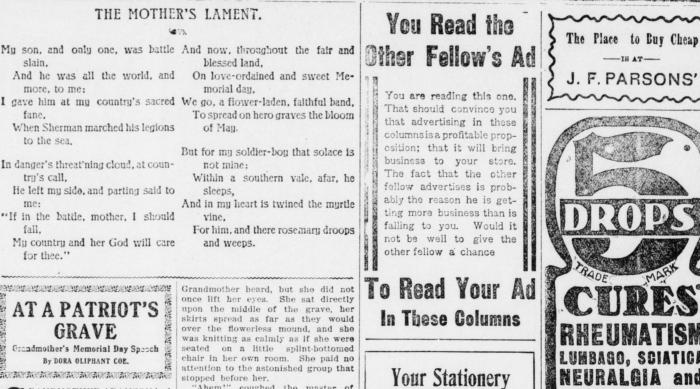
Susan Ann was stout, and she had grieved all the morning over the long walk to the graveyard. As she sank ponderously into a chair, she lamented:

"I get heavier on my feet every day I live, and the heat to-day is just awful on me. If mother hadn't had her heart so set on it, I wouldn't try to go to the cemetery. I just know I'll be sick."

"Couldn't she walk up with us?" Mrs. Rayburn asked. "We'll not walk fast

"Oh, mother's as spry on her feet as you be. I hadn't thought of her goin' with any one else, but I don't see why she couldn't. It'd be \mathbf{a} real help. She ain't got nothin' to carry, for she took a big basket of flowers up this morning, before breakfast. She's just that wrapped up in Decora-tion day I couldn't disappoint her about goin'. She's gettin' ready now. I'll go and see if it'll be all right."

But grandmother, with what was al-most one movement, had stooped forward and slipped off her congress gait-ers, at the same time taking from its box her bonnet. She slipped a hand through the round handle of a little



"Ahem!" coughed the master of ceremonies, Henry Blake. Grandmother looked up. "Howdedo, Henry." Then, looking down again, "one, two, three, widen; one, two, three, turn."

"We've come to decorate Comrade Adamson's grave," hesitated the puzzled Blake.

Henry."

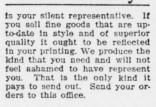
"Comrade Adamson's grave don't need no decoratin'-five, six, narrow; two-

'You hain't forgot it's Decoration day, have you?" questioned the man. "If I have, I've been the only one that has." A flourish of her needle indicated the flower-decked mounds. "But Comrade Adamson was a hero, and he-

"Because he was a hero is why I don't want him decorated. That's the only way to distinguish him from them as ain't heroes."

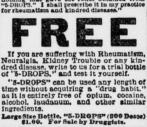
With a little sweep of her skirts, grandmother rose to her feet. "It's jest because Jeremiah was a

hero that his grave ain't goin' to be strewed with flowers jest like the ones



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KIONEY TROUBLE

PS" taken internally, rids the blog

BROPS" taken internally, rids the blood the poisonous matter and acids which is the direct causes of these diseases. piled externally is affords almost in-ant relief from pain, while a permanent re is being effected by purifying the bood, dissolving the poisonous sub-nace and removing it from the system.

DR. S. D. BLAND

Brewton, Ga., writes: had been a sufferer for a number of yet Lumbago and Rheumatiam in my ar

SWARSON RHEUMATIC CURE COMPANY, Dept. 80. 160 Lake Street, Chicago.



You can drive him out quickly if you use the mail order houses' own weapon -advertising. Mail order concerns are spending thousands of dollars every

THERE AIN'T NO MEMORIAL DAY NO MORE! where the babies and copperheads lies. The babies might a-growed up to be heroes, if they'd had a chanst, but they didn't, and they's three hun-dred and sixty-four and a quarter other days in the year to decorate their graves in. It's almost a insult to-

"Well, this day don't mean nothin' no more. It used to be set apart that we might honor the nation's dead, but the day, like me and some of the others here, has outlived our useful-ness and our time. Let it be Decoration day, if you want to, but don't call it Memorial day any more. It's just a holiday for the young folks to have ball games and picnics, and the older folks to put flowers on the graves of their dead. Jest look through them trees. Can you tell whch is the graves of soldiers who fought, bled, and died for this beautiful country? If this day was what it was named fur, there wouldn't be a flower in this hull graveyard ex-ceptin' on a soldier's grave. I reckon it's little enough we do, even when we set aside a whole day out of a year to them as give their hull lives, and mighty promisin' lives some of 'em was, too.

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corpses and distorted faces of the wounded that cannot be described. I feel the same horror and depression in view of these things as I did at Gettysburg, where on both sides up-ward of 50,000 men were placed hors de combat. For several days poor fel-lows, union and confederate soldiers, waited in patience, unattended by sur aply because there were not enough of them.

Without further detail, imagine the joy that came over the armies of Sher-man as they gathered about Raleigh, N. C., in 1866, and were told that Lee had surrendered and that Grant had sent Lee's soldiers home to begin life anew; that Johnston had surrendered on the same terms as Lee and all that belonged to Slocum's, Schofield's and Howard's armies were to march on the morrow toward Washington, the capital of the nation, soon to be mustered out of service and then to go I remember the sudden depression at the news of Lincoln's death: but still this going home produced too great a joy to keep ever this catas-trophe of their heavy loss very long before their minds. They marched habitually at 20 miles a day from Raleigh to Richmond, and never seemed weary at the close of any march-the camp fire was bright, the old songs were sung over and over and the comradeship knitted again during the war would never cease-it was at its best when the word "peace" filled all the air.

I know that we were proud when we marched past the president of the United States in our last great review: but, as I remember it, it was a all o tearful pride even then. A regiment war

A soul full of memorial greetings to all our sorrowing comrades of the civil

basket and scurried down.the passa; way and out through the back door. On the step she delayed just long enough to put on her shoes; then, with her best bonnet carried more carelessly than ever before in its dozen years of use, she hurried out through the back gate.

The cemetery was being made bright with flowers when grandmother passed through the iron gateway, and her face hardened as she recognized some of the stooping figures and the graves over which they bent.

At a brilliantly-decked mound she stopped and, kneeling, said:

"I hate to do it, Jeremiah, but I know you'd want me to. I won't take them to any one else, though, Jeremiah, though I know you'd say fur me to, if you was here. But dearie, I've keered fur these things ever sence they was buds, jest as tender as if they'd a b'en babies, and jest so's you

could have them to-day, and I jest can't see any one else have 'em. How would you like to look over these posies and see that laylock wreath a-hangin' on old Dick Rayburn's tombstun? You fought, bled and died al-most fur nothin', Jeremiah, when that old copperhead gits jest as many flow-ers as you do."

Grandmother had turned up the skirt of her black alpaca dress and, into the receptacle thus formed, had put every flower that had lain on Jeremiah's grave. She carried them all over to a far corner of the cemetery and buried them under a pile of last year's leaves. Then she went back to the bare mound.

Soon the faraway notes of "Cover Them Over with Beautiful Flowers. told that the procession was coming. that country.

"Take your flowers. Put 'em on any grave you happen to see. It don't matter. This is jest Decoration day. There ain't no Memorial day no more."-Los Angeles Times

Memorial Day.

No pages of a nation's history are more interesting to its people than those which record the brave deeds of its soldiery and no nation on the face of the earth has established so beau tiful a custom as that which is con-templated by Memorial day, the strewing of spring flowers over the graves of her departed soldiers.

May the full meaning of the day some to us with all its solemnity and all its beauty, and with the patriotic lesson it presents.

Sides with England.

The ameer of Afghanistan says that the British government is within its rights in building strategic railways in



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week in order to get trade from the home merchants. Do you think for a minute they would keep it up if they didn't get the busi-ness? Don't take it for granted that every one within a radius of 25 miles knows what you have to

sell, and what your prices are. Nine times out of ten your prices are lower, but the customer is influenced by the up-to-date adver-tising of the mail order house. Every article you advertise should be described and priced. You must tell your story in an interesting way, and when you want to reach the buyers of this com-munity use the columns of this paper.

A MOST TOUCHING APPEAL

falls short of its desired effect if addressed to a small crowd of interested listeners. Mr. Business Man, are you wasting your ammunition on the small crowd that would trade with you anyway, or do you want to reach those who are not particularly interested in your business? If you do, make your appeal for trade to the

largest and most intelligent audience in your community, the readers of this paper. They have count-less wants. Your ads will be read by them, and they will become your customers. Try it and