

DECORATION DAY.

Thin grow the ranks. A few worn, weary men, With the white spray of age upon each brow, Come in sad memory of those far-off days...

ON DECORATION DAY.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.



HE night before Decoration Day had arrived, and the full moon—a sphere of dazzling silver—was shining over the moss covered roof of the old farmhouse where David Darley stood at the window, both hands buried deep in his pockets...

neighborhood, had never before entered within its ponderous gates. In the shimmering moonlight she looked here and there at the gleam of white statues, the groups of Norwegian pines, and the feathery droop of blossoming laburnums.

their teacher was the prettiest sight he had ever beheld. At sunrise the next morning, when the little flower brigade, escorted by their fair major-generals, arrived at the cemetery to cover the graves with color and sweetness...

IN A NATIONAL CEMETERY. MAY 30, 1894.



Oh, gentle mourner, lightly tread— The graves are close and dense. Here lie the nation's honored dead Who died in her defence.

How dreary are their unkept tombs When winter is our guest. Above, the naked willow looms, And often from her breast, When winds assail, when rude storms blow, There comes from her a sigh, A requiem for the dead below, A dirge unto the sky.

Aye, but when spring returns again How wondrously they bloom. The March winds and the April rain Make gardens of each tomb. They blossom, washed by showers and dew, They're radiant in May. They burst in buds of Red, White, Blue, On Decoration Day.

alone among the palms and rubber trees, half inclined to laugh and half to cry. "Why," she exclaimed aloud, "what does the man mean?"

serve under the pavilion on Emerald Hill, and all your little people are to be my guests this morning. Please don't say no!

the hearts of his patriotic countrymen as an example of unselfish patriotism. Such was my own belief up to the period of my visit to Gettysburg.

through the village, old Burns was left on the field; but his age and pluck secured for him the respect of the Confederates, who removed him to his home, where, four months afterward, in November, 1863, when Abraham Lincoln visited Gettysburg, he was still on crutches.

A HERO OF GETTYSBURG.

THE STORY OF JOHN BURNS, THE CITIZEN PATRIOT.

He Got Mad Because a Stray Bullet Killed His Cow—Firing Upon the Advancing Confederates.

NEWSPAPER writer who has visited the battlefields around Gettysburg says: I am almost tempted to regret the trip, since it has been the means of shaking, if not destroying, my faith in one of the hallowed memories of that bloody field—the story of the unselfish patriotism of old John Burns.

Decoration Day.

Roses all a-blowing, Lillies wet with dew, Pansies shyly blowing Olive branch and rue. Twine them in a chaplet, Bind them in a cross, For the soldiers sleeping 'Neath the quiet moss.

An Old Song.

Last Thursday there was a performance in Athens which has awakened great interest in Europe. It was the public performance of a "Hymn to Apollo," which was discovered after being lost for more than 2000.

Hunting the Hippopotamus.

"Hippo-shooting, compared with other sport, is poor," said Mr. Jackson, an African hunter. "In the first place, it depends more on accuracy of aim and proficiency in quick shooting than on stalking. To crawl up to the edge of a high bank, probably several feet above the surface of the water, in which a school of these huge beasts is lying basking in the sun on the shallow, requires little skill provided the wind is fair.

His Rainwater Stolen.

The larceny of rainwater in Arizona has extensive circumstances. This observation has its origin in an incident of Churchill's addition. Some time after midnight A. H. Barber was aroused from sleep by a noise outside his bedroom window.

HE MADE HIS CARFARE.

A New York Broker's Profitable Trip to Philadelphia.

The ways of the New York broker are artful and his eyes are always open for an opportunity. When he has a chance to "make a good bargain" he doesn't let the grass grow under his feet.

Ives and His Fateful Number.

The stories of the career of the late distinguished Henry S. Ives, Napoleon of finance, put King Midas, Monte Cristo and other gilded potentates into the shade in the line of startling effects.

A City's Subterranean Suburb.

It gives an impressive idea what subterranean London is fast becoming to learn that on emerging from the river the new City and Waterloo line will, by its passage up Queen Victoria street, run for part of the way underneath the low level main sewer, which in its turn runs along beneath the District Underground Railway.