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 When they marched gayly where they falter now.

A few are left. How short has grown the list !

We call it tenderly, with bated breath, Lest from our ranks should fade the noble band.

To answer to the roll-call of the ruler, Death,

Few, few are left. The ranks grow thin, and wide

Apart as the dim armies of the past. Silently and slow they come, who once

Their conquering forces on the foemen cast.

Only a few, with weak and faltering tread. And for a little while, their march they keep

O'er the rough ways of poverty and age, To bivouse-grounds of rest, so green and

deep.

wait. Who shared those hours of victory or de-

feat, And marble sentries guard the sacred spot

Where war-worn heroes rest in slumber sweet.

So few are left. Where are those gallant ones

Who lad the conquering bands to victory, Who out of darkness brought the light of poace,

And set a race of suffering people free?

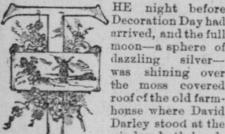
So few, but ah ! the golden-fruited years Have scattered memory-blossoms on their

Way And a glad nation comes with thankful heart

To tell its love on Decoration Day. -E. P. Matthews, in Harper's Weekly.

ON DECORATION DAY.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.



Decoration Day had arrived, and the full moon-a sphere of dazzling silverwas shining over the moss covered roof of the old farmhouse where David Darley stood at the window, both hands

buried deep in his pockets, and his wife sat knitting by the table. "Father," said the old woman.

"what be you lookin' at?" "There's somethin' goin' on at the schoolhouse to-night," chuckled Dar-

ley. "The children they're all goin' by with bags an' baskets.' "A picnic, mebbe," s aid Mrs. Dar

ley. "Not likely, this time o' year."

"A spellin' match, p'raps." "They ain't gwine to hev the spellin' match till June. What be they Here lie the nation's honored dead

neighborhood, had never before en- their teacher was the prettiest sight A HERO OF GETTYSBURG. through the village, old Burns was he had ever beheld. tered within its ponderous gates. In the shimmering moonlight she

soming laburnums. the little mite had wandered in here. full of snowy syringas, fragrant carna-And I don't blame her; it's like fairy tions and delicious roses. land, with the moonlight shining

through the arched roof, and all these delightful scents in the air-" "Augh, Oi've catched 'ee, have Oi?"

an' laft, loike 'ee was a pirate !" Ida turned and found herself con-

veteens. "Who are you?" said she. "Oi'm t' gairdener. Who be you?" "I am Miss Ilsley." "Miss Fiddlesticks!" wrathfully re-

IN A NATIONAL CEMETERY.

At sunrise the next morning, when looked here and there at the gleam of the little flower brigade, escorted by

white statues, the groups of Norwegian | their fair major-generaless, arrived at pines, and the feathery droop of blos- the cemetery to cover the graves with color and sweetness, Mr. Surrey was He Got Mad Because a Stray Bullet "Oh, here is the greenhouse !" said there before them, accompanied by re-Ida, aloud. "I shouldn't wonder if luctant Miles, wheeling a hand-barrow

> "I was afraid you wouldn't have enough," said he. "And did you ever know such a curious coincidence, Miss

lisley? The late mail last night brought croaked a voice that made Miss Ilsley | me a letter from my aunt, Mrs. Evelyn, start. "'Ee's the lass as has cut my in Wisconsin, telling me you were flowers an' broke they down reeght somewhere here, and asking me to try

and make things pleasant for you." "She is very kind," said Ida, colorfronting a stont, short man, in a ing. "I know her very well. But she paper cap and a suit of shabby vel- couldn't have foreseen that our first meeting was to be by moonlight, in tive part in assisting the Union troops for its property. John Burns was a

acter of a suspect.'

Surrey laughed.

torted the old man. "You be t' vil- said he. "Now have you got all the porch whereon Abraham Lincoln seat- American rebels. The whole world lage gell as steals ma floo'rs. But flowers arranged? Sure you have ed himself by the side of the old worships courage, and old John Burns Of've gotten 'ee now an' Oi mean to enough? Very well. Then go on, wounded hero and virtually canonized will ever remain inseparably asso-Thin grow the ranks. In silent camps they keep 'ee. Maister he bees a justice of Miles, and tell the housekeeper we're him as the civil hero of Gettysburg. ciated with the heroism so grandly ilpeace, an' we'll hev 'ee arrested like tother thieves. Oi'll call he now." And Miss Ilsley was left standing past of coffee and fruit and cake

THE STORY OF JOHN BURNS, THE Confederates, who removed him to his CITIZEN PATRIOT.

Advancing Confederates.

NEWSPAPER writer who and of all patriotic citizens." has visited the battlefields around Gettysburg says:

your gesenhouses, with me in the char- to resist the advance of the enemy.

secured for him the respect of the

home, where, four months afterward, in November, 1863, when Abraham

Lincoln visited Gettysburg, he was Killed His Cow-Firing Upon the still on crutches. President Lincoln's open attention to old Burns secured for him the respect of his neighbors

That is the story of old John Burns as told by one of his neighbors who I am almost tempted to re- knew him well, and although it may gret the trip, since it has been the divest the patriotic story of a certain means of shaking, if not destroying, halo of sentiment, it does not thereby my faith in one of the hallowed mem- detract at all from the personal courories of that bloody field-the story age and heroism of the old citizen of the unselfish patriotism of old John who, in defending his own property, Burns. Of all the citizens in the vil- occupied relatively the same position lage he alone, an old man of seventy- as the United States Government in two, shouldered a gun and took an ac- resisting force by force and fighting

type of the farmers of Massachusetts When we drove past his humble cot- who lined the fences along the road of tage in one of the village streets our the retreating British soldiers who had "It was all that dear little Janey," guide pointed out the little narrow marched to Lexington to disperse the

Decoration Day.

Lillies wet with dew, Olive branch and rue. Twine them in a chaplet, Bind them in a cross, For the soldiers sleeping

Roses, for our love and pride, Lillies, for our prayers ; Pansies, for our tender thoughts. Dewdrops, for our tears. And the rue for aching hearts. To mourn till life shall cease; Then last, and best of all, we lay The olive-branch of peace.

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. All accounts agree in ascribing the highest musical merits to the melody. One correspondent declares that everyone present was ravished by the charm of the masic, its mingled originality, simplicity and grandeur. The hymn occupied a quarter of an hour in its presentation, and was sung by the choir with piano accompaniment. The king was overcome with emotion and requested a repetition. This is by no means the first musical treasure of the ancient Greeks which has been brought to light and translated. There are the music, first, of the "Pythian Ode of Pindar," two hymns of Dionysius to Calliope and Apollo, and a hymn by

ME 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.

The head of a steamship company recently said to a Wall street broker : "I wish I could get a certain pier privilege; it's so and so."

"Well, why don't you go and get it?" asked the broker.

"I can't seem to get hold of it." "The pier business," said the

broker, "isn't in my line; but how much would you give me for this privilege if I get it ?" "I'll give you \$1,000 a month for

a vear.

The broker said that he would see what he could do. The pier was owned by a Philadelphia man and the next afternoon the man from Wall street walked into the office of the pier owner in Philadelphia.

"I want you to buy some bonds," he said.

"I don't want to buy anything," was the answer. I'm selling.

"But these are gilt-edged; you never saw anything better.'

"Can't buy anything. Haven't any money. Got a lot of things on my hands that aren't paying a cent. These are hard times, I tell you. I've got stores that I can't rent. bills that I can't collect. Why, there's a pier over in your city that isn't doing what it ought to do for me. A privilege there is just begging for some one to take it.

"Well," said the broker, "I want to sell you some of these bonds. We might make a 'dicker' on the pier. I guess I could get rid of it. Will you take the bonds off my hands if I take the pier off yours?'

"I don't want bonds."

"Wouldn't you take them to get rid of your pier?"

"No; I am carrying all I want."

"Well, maybe I'll take your pier anyway. How much do you want for it?

"Three thousand dollars a year." The broker thought he might as well take the privilege, even if they couldn't strike a bargain on bonds. The next morning he went to the New York steamship man.

"I can get that pier for you for a year," he said.

"At what terms?"

"Your own figures - \$12,000 a year.

The privilege was relet right then and there, the contract signed, and the broker was just \$9,000 better off. A short time after this the steamship man met the broker again.

"Say, X-" he said, "tell me now, just for fun, what did you make out of that pier business?'

"Carfare," answered the broker, unblushingly. "Carfare?"

"Yes, carfare-around the world."



Ob, gentle mourner, lightly tread-The graves are close and dense.

How dreary are their unkept tombs When winter is our guest. Above, the nased willow looms,

MAY 30, 1894.

Roses all a-glowing. Pansies shyly blowing

Neath the quiet moss.

Mesomedes. None of these are particularly enchanting to modern ears.

-Good Housekeeping. An Old Song.

a-carryin'? I'm blessed of I don't b'lieve it's flowers!"

"Flowers?" echoed his wife. "Oh, I know what it is! It's to dec rate the graves to-morrow. Miss Ilsleyshe's a stranger here, and her folks are all buried off in Wisconsin-and she says if she can't put flowers over her own people, she's bound to do somethin' for the graves nobody else thinks of here. There's some, you know, father, that always gets forgotten-Eben Peterson, whose folks moved away in '70; and them Swedes, that her. fought as well as anybody, but hadn't neither kith nor kin in this country; and Willis Holmes, that never had nobody belonging to him-and Miss lisley she's bound to see that none of they've sot out she shall have plenty o' flowers. They set a deal o' store by Miss Ilsley. Our Pete he ain't never had a schoolma'am as he liked better."

Mr. Darley whisted softly.

"That accounts for it," said he. "Accounts for what?"

got to. I was kind o' keepin' 'em to varra act." hang over Gran'ther Oliver's head- Janey dropped her apronful of prettiest gal I ever set eyes on. And stone. He warn't a soldier, an' he flowers and clung to Miss Ilsley's the nicest, too!" took 'em. He'd take the roof of the up a lantern. house if he thought Miss Ilsley wanted it.

"Miss Ilsley don't want nothin' that's "But don't scold him, father-he ain't made a mistake." nothin' but a child."

light of a smoky kerosene lamp, and What do 'ee call a-misteek?' sundry tallow candles stuck round the room, the children were esgerly sortgolden blossoms, putting them into think I can explain the situation." pails of water ready for the morrow.

Tommy Goldsmith. "I've got a lot bling old gardener. o' pinies, an' nowhar' to put 'em."

"She's gone to look for Janey Pike," of 'em till she comes back. Janey's cutting some more flowers for you." little, and Miss Ida's afraid she's gone too far."

In the white moonlight, up the Surrey road, Ida Ilsley was walking with that of the lord of the manor. the swift, light step of a practiced pedestrian, her black cambric gown blowing back in the sweet spring wind, her straw hat swinging by its ribbons from one hand.

On a bunch of briers, close to the gates of the old hall, she had found groaned Miles. one of Janey Pike's hair ribbons, and

Who died in her defence Yes, in these consecrated grounds, In servied ranks they lie. For them no more the battle sounds-

They muster now on high.

trees, half inclined to laugh and half ald Hill, and all your little people are to erv.

"Why," she exclaimed aloud, "what | don't say no !" does the man mean?"

the plant benches close by startled half, and so Miss Ilsley yielded. What

"Teacher! teacher!" cooed out a small, terrified voice.

'is that you?"

And little Janey Pike, with her 'em is neglected. And the children apron full of camellias, cape-jessamine rey Hall. And Pete he looked out wife or learn whether his house had from her hiding place.

"I got all them flowers," said she. 'And the old man came in and I heard | Fourth o' July picnic in Surrey Park | him scolding, and so I hid. And among the elms and beeches please, teacher, I'm lost, and I'm so

tired !'

"Theer !" cried the old gardener, Mrs. Darley missed a stitch in her unlocking the doors and flinging them curiosity, and had to pick it up again. open with a flouish. "Didn't Oi tell her out in Wisconsin," said Mrs. Dar-"Where all our white laylocks has 'ee so? Two of 'em, cotched in the ley. "Nor I don't blame him for did no more than his duty under the

never fit nowhere, as I knows on, but hand, as they saw a tall, handsome I allays like to put somethin' on his young man in evening dress, with a stone Decoration Day, so't won't look glittering diamond in his shirt front, himself to sleep. lonesome; an' I'll bet a cookey Pete's with old Miles, the gardener, holding

comprehend the whole affair.

"I beg a thousand pardons," said come by that way," said Mrs. Darley. he, "but my gardener has evidently dead?"

"A mis-teek !" shrieked old Miles. 'An' the orchids an' the the white In the little red schoolhouse, by the camellias a' over the flure at her feet!

Ida could scarcely forbear laughing. "The circumstantial evidence is cering out the snow white and rosy and tainly rather strong," said she, "but I

"Where's Miss Ida?" asked little nity which impressed even the grum-

"An excellent idea," said Otho Sur-Oi ever !"

"I think you're a very nice gentle- skins from the boards, and work them only to find that a stray bullet had man," said she, softly.

Miss Ilsley laughed.

"And so do I," she frankly admit- coloring desired, such as yellow ochre, ted.

"Oi wish-Oi hadn't called him now,"

she was determined to seek out the ket full of the most fragrant and rar-little wanderer, wherever she might be. est of his tropical flowers, but insisted the sheepskin, use aniline colors, to ter he was wounded in the thigh, and would direct the bullet into the an

Surrey Hall, a fine old place, was mostly left to itself, in these days— and Mia. Ilsley, a upy somer in the little children all rushing to meet the tableau of the tableau of the tableau of the little children all rushing to meet the little child

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.

alone among the palms and rubber servel under the pavilion on Emer- the hearts of his patriotic countrymen modern music has only two, the major to be my guests this morning. Please

The eager little faces of the chil-At the same time a rustling under dren all pleaded in Mr. Surrey's beelse could she do?

"I never seen the graves look so lovely as they did this Decoration about his life. The guide was a native "Why, Janey," cried Miss Ilsley, Day," said Mrs Darley to her husband. "All covered with furrin flowers, and them as costs lots o' money, from Surand rare white orchids, scrambled out that Gran'ther Oliver's headstun escaped destruction, even after the shouldn't be neglected. And the evacuation of the village, as the army children they say they're to hev

> "Looks like the squire had taken a notion to Miss Ilsley," said the far-

mer, chuckling. "It seems some of his folks knew

fancyin' her. I do think she's the law.

While little Pete, the grandson of the old couple, went to bed and cried

"I-I had laid out to marry Miss Ils-

ley myself when I growed up !" blub-In a second Mr. Surrey seemed to bered Pete. "I didn't want nobody else snoopin' around. Boo-boo! Boohoo-oo! I wish Squire Surrey was

Tanning Sheep and Wolf Skins,

added, for about twelve hours, or until all the loose pieces of flesh and make a halter around his neck?" the surface as smooth as possible; then "Well, I suppose it happened about dent of Churchill's addition. And she did so, with a certain dig- stretch out in all directions and tack this way," replied the guide. "The

with the hands until soft and pliable. To the wolf skin you may apply any

or for a drab color use blue clay with Mr. Surrey not only filled up a bas-wood, and then wet with alum water

Make gardens of each tomb. They blossom, washed by showers and dew, Apollo's hymn, however, is much They're radiant in May. They ourst in buds of Red, White, Blue, On Decoration Day.

Aye, but when spring returns again

The March winds an I the April rain

How wondrously they bloom.

ing. They had seven modes, whereas and minor. Apollo's hymn is of the as an example of unselfish patriotism. Such was my own belief up to the Dorian mode, which is described as period of my visit to Gettysburg. dignified, severe and grave, a sort of After a tour of the battlefields I met Gregorian chant. It will be published

Hunting the Hippopolamus.

"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 shallows, requires little skill provided the wind is fair. Neither is a steady potshot at a range of twenty-five yards, at a well-defined mark such as the beast's eye and ear, in a line between the two, as he lies perfectly still, half out of the water and possibly asleep, or floating quite motionless on the top "the pluck he showed when Gettys- of the water, a great test of prowess in shooting. When once scared, however, the conditions are changed, as hippos then become very cunning and take a great deal of circumventing, and will test the sportsman's patience as well as the accuracy and quickness of his aim to the utmost. If they have not been much shot at or disturbed, they will show up again in a few minntes after the first shot."-New York

Ilis Rainwater Stolen.

The larceny of rainwater in Arizona has extenuating circumstances. This observation has its origin in an inci-

Some time after midnight A. H. them to boards, with the hair or wool old man was, as I said, very poor; but Barber was aroused from sleep by a side down. Now make a paste of equal he owned a cow which he grazed in noise outside his bedroom window. parts of salt and alum, dissolved in the open fields on the outskirts of the Mr. Barber was not concerned; he rey, eagerly. "I wonder no cne else water, adding just enough coarse flour vil age. When the booming of the could think of nothing unlocked, the said Lucy Hall, the tall monitor pupil. ever thought of it. Go get a basket, to make it about the consistency of guns announced the approach of the stealing of which would impoverish "Where are the pinies? I'll take care Miles. Let us have the pleasure of thick cream. Spread this over the Confederates and the old man saw our him or enrich the thief, and he turned flesh side of the skins to the depth of soldiers falling back, he started out sleepily in bed. Suddenly he thought "Well," muttered the old man, "if half an inch. In three or four days to corral his cow and drive her home. of some ten gallons of rainwater scrape off and add another coat of the Undismayed by the musketry firing, which had been laboriously diverted Little Janey slid her cold hand into paste, and leave it on until dry; then he tramped across the open fields to from the roof and coaxed into a tub carefully scrape off and remove the the spot where the cow had been tied, and washboiler during Sunday's rain. He sprang from his bed, blamed himself for his carelessness in leaving "When he discovered his cow had the rainwater exposed and rushed out been killed he got so all-fired mad that into the darkness. The tub and boiler he grabbed up a dead soldier's musket were gons Mr. Barber dashed into soft soap, and for a dark brown color and cartridge box and immediately the house, and in about a second redeclared war upon the Southern Con- turned with a revolver and took a federacy. He kept blazing away upon shot at the wide world, breathing a

Ives and His Fateful Number. more grand and majestic. It is a melody of one part only, the Greeks not employing harmony or part sing-

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.

Ives started at 18, a green farmer's boy, on a salary of \$2 a week. It took him two years to force his salary up to \$10 a week. But after this close haul beat to windward he rounded the majority buoy, squared away, setting all sail, and in less than a year had scooped in \$30,000. Six months later he had "made" \$\$38,-264, and before he was 22 had "milked" \$2,000,000 out of a single railroad. The next year his assets mounted up to \$21,000,000.

All this was accomplished in just four years. Then began the decline, which ended in his death at thirty. Certainly all history has failed to produce another such a pyrotechnic display in the financial heavens as this.

A very remarkable feature in this man's career will interest those who incline to the old Pathagorean doctrine that our fates are ruled by numbers. The fateful number of Ives was eight.

He first broke the eighth commandment at 18. He consummated just eight deals, and at the close of the eighth was arrested and imprisoned in 1888. He finished the eighth year of his career at exactly 8 o'clock on April 18.

Of course, any assumed relation of our fates to numbers is fanciful and superstitious, though some of the ancients believed it. But as no man can know what his fateful number is. until too late to recover from disaster, the safest way is to go easy, be honest, earn what one gets and exercise proper economy with it .- [Boston Globe,

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, in 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. So that at this point in the city we shall have first a busy main thoroughfare, below that a steam railway, then a huge metropolitan sewer, then an electric railway, reaching its terminus at a depth of about sixty-three feet below the streets, and here it will communicate with another line-the Central London-which will lie at a depth of eighty feet .-- [London Daily News.

"However," continued the guide, burg was attacked changed everybody's opinion in the village, and changed his own circumstances from poverey to comparative affinence, as

every visitor to the Gettysburg battlefields wanted to see old John Burns, and none left without giving him substantial tokens, in the shape of greenbacks, of their patriotic regard. "Will you tell me," I asked, "how it happened that an old man of seven-

put an end to her existence.

"Yes. I knew John Burns well," replied the guide. "He was at one time a town constable, and later made himself quite unpopular with the villagers by his activity in catching and

the guide who had pointed out the in Paris shortly .- New Orleans Pica-Burns cottage, and asked him to sat- yune. isfy my curiosity concerning the old hero by giving me some particulars

of Gettysburg, and was in the army during all the battles, within sight of his own home yet unable to visit his

was at once ordered forward in pursuit of Lee's retreating forces.

strangling stray dogs, although he

ty-two years of age was the only citi-If the skins are dry and hard, soak | zen of Gettysburg who had the courthem in soft water, with a little salt | age to take up arms in its defense, for, as you know, a civilian caught with softened; then take out and scrape off arms in his hands virtually fights with

Sun.

