HONOR THE HEROES.

Cover them over with beautiful flowers; Deck them with garlands, these brothers of

Lying so silent by night and by day, Sleeping the years of their manhood away:

Give them the meed they have wen in the

Give them the honors their future forecast; Give then the chaplets they won in the strife; Give them the laurels they lost with their life. -New York Press.

HIS DAUGHTER'S CHILD.

A DECORATION DAY STORY.



One was a young man of about thirty, dark of hair and complexion, and athletic of build. Noboly would hesitate a moment in pronouncing him | hands. a Southerner. The other was a venerable old gentleman, whose garb indicated the clergyman. His general ap-

"Excuse me, sir," said the Texan, for such he was, approaching the old gentleman, "my wife and myself are strangers in Boston. We would like throats was-Frank Kennedy," retort-



KENNEDY, OF TEXAS.

very much to see the Decoration Day ceremonies. Would you be so kind as to inform me where, and how, they can be seen to the best advantage?"

"With all the pleasure in the world," replied the older gentleman. "I expect to participate in the ceremonies, myself. If you and your wife will accompany me to-morrow, you will have the opportunity you desire. My name is Winthrop, Reverend John Winthrop, of this city.

For a moment there was a s'range expression on the young Texan's face, but it was only momentary. Extending his hand, he said, cordially:

"I am happy to make your acquaint-Frank Kennedy, of Frio County, Texas.

Instead of taking the proffered hand of the young man, Mr. Winthrop recoiled as if he had put his foot upon daughter, my father, Frank Kennedy, a rattlesnake. Gazing at the stranger with an expression of mingled horror

"Frank Kennedy from Texas!" "that is my name. Is there anything surprising in that?"

Mr. Winthrop had sunk into a chair, and gazing at the young man, repeated the name as if he could hardly credit his senses.

"Yes," replied Kenedy, "I am not in the habit of traveling under an assumed name. It seems to me, if you are the gentieman you seem to be, you will, at least, give me some ex-

planation for this extraordinary scene." "I will do so, sir, painful as it is to me. I will tell you why your name fills me with horror. Do you really wish to know?" asked the old man,

"That's precisely what I do want," responded the Texan, drawing up a chair and seating himself opposite to

the clergyman. "At the beginning of the Rebellion," said Mr. Winthrop, speaking very rapidly, "my only daughter was living with her husband in your State, in the city of Austin. Being isom the North it is not strange that their sentiments were in favor of the old flag, and that they should desire to return to their own people. My son-in-law delayed his departure from Texas until the only avenue open to them was to return home by way of Mexico.

The Texan nodded gravely, as much girlos to say he understood the situation

perfectly. "My son-in-law and his wife, with their infant, had almost reached the parents. In their haste the assassins Rio Grande, when one morning they did not see her. My father took her places, where you moved with the While year by year above their hallowed were treacherously murdered while in | into his own family, raised her with | front line and never backed from your camp. My daughter's husband was his own children, and she-"

past-

to the vultures. And this was done by Confederate soldiers." "It was not!" replied the Texan, with deep emphasis. "It was, sir!" thundered the old man. "Other Union refugees flying for their lives were eye-witnesses of the tragedy. They recognized the wagon and team that belonged to my son-in-law. They saw the gray uniforms of the Confederate soldiers.

They heard the shooting, and as they looked back in their flight they saw the body of my daughter's husband swinging in the air. It was still there later. This was the terrible tale they told me," and Mr. Winthrop shuddered, and covered his face with his

"It is not true that this horrible outrage was committed by Confederate soldiers. My father was a Confedpearance indicated that he was a New erate soldier and he could not find Englander, if not a native of Boston words for expressing his horror of such acts.'

"I can understand your motive for making that statement. The name of the Confederate captain of those cuted Mr. Wintbrop.

The Texan did not express any emotion. He took a deep breath, and looking calmly at the agitated old man, replied in measured tones:

"Mr. Winthrop, believing as you do that my father murdered your daughter and her husband, it would be strange if your feelings towards me were other than they are. I have list-ened to your story. Will you listen

Mr. Winthrop nodded mutely. "This occurred in June, 1861?" Another nod.

"At a water-hole called Resaca?" "And your daughter's maiden name

was Mary, her husband's name was David Lindsay.' Once more Mr. Winthrop gave as-

"Mr. Winthrop, your people were murdered by a gang of Cortina's bandits from Mexico, led by a notorious criminal, Pedro Gomez. They committed dozens of such murders on unsuspecting Americans encamped near the Rio Grande. My father, Captain Frank Kennedy, was detailed to exterminate these ruffians. He came upon Gomez and his thugs while they were plundering the camp of your unfortunate relatives. All of those Mexicans were shot, except the leader Gomez. He was captured alive, and it was always a source of pride to my father, who has since passed away, that, with his own hands, he hung the leader of the thugs. The swinging body your ance, and we will gladly avail our- friends saw on the tree was not that selves of your kind offer. My name is of your daughter's husband. Your people was decently buried by those Confederate soldiers. Their assassins were left to rot on the prairie. Instead of being the murderer of your

was her avenger." Mr. Winthrop had slowly risen from and anger, the old gntleman ex- his chair, and was gazing with unspeakable emotion at the Texan.

"Yes," replied the astonished Texan, know nothing of these things person-"I was a child at the time. and ally. All I know is what I learned from my father and from the letters that were picked up in the camp of your murdered dear ones."

"My God! can this be true? "Mr. Winthrop, I have indisputable testimony of the truth of what I say.



THE PARSON'S GRANDDAUGHTER.

But I have not told you all. There

was a golden-haired, blue-eyed little "My daughter's child!" moaned the

old man, in heartrending accents.

living?" almost shrieked the old man. | career ce a tramp who died a pauper

"Frank, are you ready?" In the door of the parlor was a fair dressed for the street.

my wife.'

On Decoration Day people wondered clergyman, who fell at the head of his Frank Leslie's, regiment in Virginia. One aged man, who remembered Mary Winthrop before the war, gazing on her daughter, shook his head and asked: "Am I dreaming, or has his dead sister come back to put flowers on his grave?"

THE PAUPER SOLDIER.

ALEX. SWEET.

filled with the good-hearted villagers with membership as follows: who had gathered there to do reverlaid in profusion, commentorative of Kansas, 17,716; Kentucky, 3973; the love the living bore for the dead, Louisiana and Mississippi, 1093;

sleeping so peacefully below. good old preacher, whose long, white Minnesota, 7947; Missouri, 20,822; hair swept about his head, as he lifted his face toward the blue, cloud-fleeced | Hampshire, 5211; New Jersey, 7798; sky and asked God to bless the loved New Mexico, 292; New York, 40,444; ones who gave up life for the cause of North Dakota, 535; Ohio, 45,522; Okwhen other refugees passed a few days | right, and for all the dead who had lahoma and Indian Territory, 552; taken part in the great struggle of Oregon, 2052; Pennsylvania, 43,168;

soldier."

The stranger turned away and vision of female levliness, a young walked with bent head out of the woman with golden hair and blue eyes, graveyard. He passed on down the village street, looking neither to right "In a moment, Mary. Mr. Win- nor left; and when he reached the throp," said the Texan, laying his brow of the hill beyond he turned toon the old man's shoulder, ward the peaceful town, waved his "that is your daughter's child-and hand, whispered "Forgotten," and

then he disappeared. When the straggling ones in the who were the tall, dark young man churchyard drew near the pauper's and the beautiful woman who assisted corner they wondered whose grave the old clergyman in strewing flowers there had been strewn with violets, on the graves of the Union soldiers in and they wondered who had placed Forest Hill Cemetey, and, particular- | them there; but the little birds among ly, on the last resting place of Colonel | the brambles knew, and they kept the Winthrop, the only son of the aged secret to themselves. - H. S. Keller, in

THE GRAND ARMY.

Some Facts and Figures Concerning Its Membership.

A most impressive feature of every Decoration Day demonstration is the appearance in the thousands of parades of the veterans who compose the Grand Army of the Republic. It Memorial Day in a Country Town. now numbers about 400,000 men, di-The little country churchyard was vided into forty-four departments,

Alabama, 324; Arizona, 293; Arkanence to the dead heroes. Upon the sas, 2200; California, 5812; Colorado mounds, marked by little flags whose and Wyoming, 2901; Connecticut, stars and stripes fluttered in the soft 6807; Delaware, 1280; Florida, 471; breezes that dallied with the whisper- Georgia, 455; Idaho, 439; Illinois, ing leaves, flowers and wreaths were 32,329; Indiana, 24,726; Iowa, 20,174; 1093: Maine, 9700; Maryland, 2423; Massa-Kind words had been uttered by the chusetts, 23,781; Michigan, 19,280; Montana, 626; Nebraska, 4144; New Potomac, 3312; Rhode Island, 2856; And when flowers were laid upon South Dakota, 2769; Tennessee, 3719; two graves lying close side by side, Texas, 1305; Utah, 184; Vermont. the tears gathered in the gentle old 5487; Virginia, 1422; Washington and man's eyes as he recalled the pair of Alaska, 2783; West Virginia, 2633;



"HERE'S A BLOSSOM, PARD, FOR THE SAKE OF SEVEN OAKS."

the sunny South.

the good people departed, leaving be- with its 400,000 members, represents hind a few scattering ones walking almost one-sixth of the entire number among the narrow paths of the quiet of enlistments during the whole four churchyard, whose silence was broken | years of the war. These numbered alone by the twittering of birds among 2,778,304. Of the enlisted men less the rustling leaves.

struggling about his brouzed, weath- the last year of the war and were er-beaten face, stood upon the outside, never in battle. About 950,000 was leaning with crossed arms upon the probably the greatest number in the white picket fence. His clothes were Northern army at any one ragged and dirt stained; his shoes time. During the war 328,were battered, out at the toes, down | 943 men died from wounds or at the heels. He was a dilapidated other causes. This leaves less than specimen of humanity, a voyager up- 2,400,000 of the enlisted men alive afon life's troubled stream, drifting ter the Confederates laid down their from point to point as purposeless as arms, and carries the Grand Army's a bubble upon the crest of a wave. | proportion of membership of the sur-

one corner of the churchyard where total. The number who have died briers and bushes covered in tangled since the army disbanded is estimated masses a few mounds. "Forgotten at 1,119,300, leaving alive about 1,300,-again. Poor old pard! They mean 700 men who fought for the Union. well, but they don't finish the work." Thus it is seen that the Grand Army The words fell from the lips of the of the Republic actually embraces strange man in soft, low whispers. | more than a third of the survivors at From a pocket of the ragged coat he the present time. drew a bit of red cloth and wiped away | Since the first National convention the tears that rolled down the seamed of the Grand Army, at Indianapolis,

and passed through the little turnstile. ship. Veteran after veteran has been No one noticed the poor, ragged iel- added to its roster, and it has grown low who slowly wended his way along despite the vacancies left by a conthe narrow pathways toward the tan- stantly increasing death rate. The orgled corner of the churchyard. When ganization has now, however, reached he reached the spot he took off his its maximum. The average age of the hat and stood there with bowed head | Union soldiers was about twenty-four. gazing mourefully before him. Then During the few years immediately suche reached out his hand and pulled ceeding the war the ratio of mortality the briers and bushes aside and bent was over 66; per cent., as high as it

forward. They didn't know you, old pard. They | hardship and exposure lingered in life didn't know how brave you was in a few years after the war ended. When time of war. There is no flag to mark these months of death had passed the your grave. They didn't know how death rate became exceedingly small, proudly you carried the Stars and until the average age of survivors crept Stripes above you at Malvern Hill." along through lasping years to forty. The birds in the bushes were not dis- That was in 1871, and since that time turbed by the stranger's whispered the number old soldiers who pass away tones. There was something so quiet- each year has constantly increased. ing in the softened words that the lit- The death rate at the present time, tle birds hopped about among the when the average age of the veteran branches so near that his trembling has climbed to fifty-three, is very hands could have touched them.

The man gathered a bunch of violets from the grass near the fence, and then went back to the brambles and

palled them aside. "Here's a pretty blossom, pard, for the sake of Seven Oaks; here's another for Lookout Mountain, where you was great; here's four or five for Malvern Hill, where you was a hero a Nation could be proud of; and here are all the others for Antietam and other duty. And my tears are for your strung up to a tree, his body left a prey | "Do not torture me further. Is she | long days and long nights spent in the

handsome sons who had gone from the Wisconsin, 13,710. The Department quiet parsonage years ago to dye with of Ohio is the largest, with that of their heart's blood the vernal sod of Pennsylvania second and New York third.

And now all was over and done, and The Grand Army of the Republic, than 2,000,000 ever saw service, as A man with wild unkempt hair many of them joined the army during His eyes were fixed intently upon vivors up still nearer one-sixth of the

November 22, 1866, it has, until re-He walked around to the entrance cently, steadily increased in memberwas during the conflict itself, for many "Just as I thought. Forgotten. who had been wounded or wrecked by DAVID PERKINS. high.

Our Heroes.

Into the valley of the awful shade Proudly they marched with clear, unfaltering eyes; Nor flinched they when the angel came and

Upon their brows the wreaths of sacrifice. The earth, their mother, keeps her sacred

trust And hields them ever from the suns and dust Remembrance, fragrant as the violet,

-Clinton Scollard.

Honey as Food.

A correspondent who inquires as to the value of honey as food will find

her answer here: Honey has been known from the earliest times. The Scriptures make mention of it, and Pagan writers celebrated its virtues. It was called "the milk of the aged," and was thought to prolong life. Honey was also used in the embalming of the body after death.

This food, as useful as it is delicious, was esteemed most highly by the Greeks, who celebrated its virtues alike in prose and verse, so that the fame of Attic honey has been transmitted unimpaired to our own day Used in all kinds of pastry, cake and ragouts it was also esteemed as a sauce. Pythagoras, in the latter portion of his life, was a vegetarian, and lived wholly on bread and honey, a diet which he recommended to his disciples. And this gentle philosopher reached the ripe age of ninety years before he departed this life.

The true source from which honey is derived was only discovered in later years. Virgil supposed that its delicious sweetness fell from heaven upon flowers in the shape of gentle, invisible dew, a belief which he shared with Pliny and even Galen. It was left to modern observers to study with enthusiasm plant life and bee life, and learn from them some of the most wonderful lessons of na-

Honey was often served by the ancients at the beginning of a banquet in order that the uncloyed palate might enjoy to the full its exquisite flavor. It took the place that sugar occupied after the discoveries of the properties of the sugar cane, so that all conserves, cakes and beverages. were dependent on honey for their sweetness.

Library in Her Head.

The newest society sensation in St. Petersburg. Russia, is an old peasant woman with a wonderful memory. Her name is Irina Andrejewna Fedosova; she is 70 years of age, can neither read nor write, but knows by heart over 19,000 legends, folksongs and poems! When she gives a public rec'tal the scene is a striking one. A little bent figure appears, hobbles on to the platform, sits down on a chair, with hands folded, and withered face quite expressionless. Amid a hush of expectation she begins to speak; then her face brightens, her eyes open widely and sparkle, while her voice grows clear and penetrating. She looks ten years younger in her enthusiasm, as she half speaks, half sings the legends of her youth, tales of great wars, old fairy tales, long lost tragedies or tender love stories, while the audience, carried away by her strange magnetism, listens spellbound, laughs or weeps at her will. She is the "rage" in the Russian capital, and we hear that two emi- | 'cur miles. nent literary men have written down a number of her memory stored treasures which they intend to publish in book form, when it should prove a rich find for lovers of folk-

Don't Vail the Babies.

While dainty vailing enhances the beauty of a young girl's face it is not always advisable to thickly cover young children's. The fresh air does them much more good. "There, if you pull this vail off another time I shall take you right home! Do you want to get sore eyes again?' And the foolish mother fastens more tightly the thick vail over the little child's face. The pleasure of the walk is spoiled for the child, and the benefit she should derive from the pure air is taken from her. Nature never meant a little child should have sore eyes. Improper feeding sometimes brings it about. Nature designs the pure air shall purify the blood and strengthen the weakess of the eye. This being a fact, throw aside the thick vails for little children.

The Superfluous Guest.

Sailing vessels in the Australian trade frequently carry only one or two passengers, who share the saloon with the captain and chief officer. Aboard one vessel there was once only one passenger, and the captain and mate generally contrived to get the most and best of what was on the table. One day there was a rolypoly pudding, with sweetmeats in the middle. "Do you like puddin'ends, sir?" asked the captain. "No, I don't like puddin'-ends, sir," said the guest. "Well, me and my mate do," said the captain, cutting the pudding in two, and putting one-half on the mate's plate and the other on

Pretty Dress Accessories.

Never since dress became an object of interest have there been more magnificent trimming materials and pretty accessories for the "finishing touches" of a costume than we have now. The dominant note of dress decoration is lace, and nothing but the most severe tailor-made coat and skirt escapes a touch of it. How the feminine side of humanity ever achieved any dainty or picturesque success in dress without the aid of lace and chiffon is a difficult question to answer at a time when both seem indispensable additions to almost every article of dress.

A "size" in a coat is an inch, in underwear two inches, in a sock an inch, in a collar half an inch, in shoes one-sixth of an inch, and in hats oneeighth of an inch.

Misapplied Missionary Work. She was athin, narrow, dark-visaged woman with "specs" on, and she carried a package of tractlets and leaflets, which she scattered broadcast among the sinners in the Cass avenue car on which she rode, says the Detroit Sun. When only one or two of the pamphlets were left a man got in. He was on his way to the depot, a countryman going home, evidently. He had a big turkey, which he disposed tenderly on the seat next to him, and a glass flask with a rubber cork stuck boldly out of his coat pocket.

"Heugh!" he exclaimed, as he stuffed his fare in the box. "Colder than blazes up here, ain't it?"

Everybody looked cold disapproval at him, as good, polite Christian people do when spoken to in a street car, all but the woman with the "tracts." She had fished out one and extended it to him. "Thankee,' he said, receiving it in a

brown paw. "Comic almanac, hey?" "No, sir," said the woman, firmly, in a high falsetto voice. "It is to save your immortal soul. Touch not, taste not, handle not the wine." And she pointed with a crooked forefinger to the glass flask protruding from his breast pocket.

"Oh, I see," said the man, smiling good-humoredly on his sour-visaged vis-a-vis; "but this bottle ain't for me, ma'am."

"Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink," quoted the woman, fiercely. "He ain't eggsactly my neighbor, eyther," said the man. "You see, it's the new baby, and wife calculates to fetch him up by hand, and this bottle's for him, bless his pootsy tootsy, Where's the rigging of it?" And diving into another pocket he fished out some india rubber tubing, etc.

The woman didn't wait to finish her dissertation on temperance, but got out without asking the driver to stop.

The Baujo.

Lexicographers have agreed that "banjo" is a corruption of the Spanish "bandore," which has words of similar sound, spelling and significance in many tongues. It is quite likely that the Arabs, in their conquest or by trade, may have introduced the guitar and banjo into Western Africa, whence it was brought to this country.

Championship.

In all the out-door sports of the season the weather is playing champion to knock out and close up games. A change will come, of course, and with hot weather will come the flereer struggle to make up for lost time. All this means a greater amount of wear and tear to the body, to its muscles, nerves and bones. What the damage in all will be from sprains, bruises, wounds, burts, inflammatione, contusions and the like, no one can tell, but there is a championship to be won, important to all, to which few give sufficient consideration, and that is the triumph over all these pains and mishaps in the surest, promptest way. St. Jacobs Oil is the champion remedy for all such ailments; it does not disappoint and never postpones a cure for any cause whatever.

If all the cabs in London were placed in a ine there would be a total length of forty-

To Cleanse the System

Effectually yet gently, when costive or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently cure habitual constipation. to awaken the ki ineys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, to discel headaches, cold or fevers, use Syrup of righ.

Steven was the original of Stevenson Stephen, Steenson, Stinson, Stimson and

Is Your **Blood Pure**

of life and ambition; you will have a good appetite and good digestion; strong nerves,

sweet sleep. But how few can say that their blood is pure! How many people are suffering daily from the consequences of impure blood, scrof-ula, sait rheum, rheumatism, catarrh, nervousness, sleeplessness and

That Tired Feeling. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies, vitalizes and enriches the blood. Therefore, it is the med-

It will give you pure, rich, red blood and strong nerves.

It will overcome That Tired Feeling, create an appetite, give refreshing sleep and make

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the Only True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye today. Hood's Pills the after-dinner pill and family catherile. 25cta.







*THE BEST *