

DECORATION DAY.

With acclamation and with trumpet tone,
With prayer and praise, and with triumphal state
Of warlike columns, and the moving weight
Of men, whose firmness never overthrown,
Proved itself steadfast; which did add to fate
Speed, vision, certainty, and ever grown
More terrible as more enduring shone
A fire of retribution and swift hate,
All visibly advancing—with these we keep
Unsullied in our breast and pure and white
The spirit of gratitude that may not sleep—
A Nation's safeguard against shame and blight—
Since sacred memories and the tears men weep
Alone can keep a Nation at its height.

—Langdon Elwyn Mitchell.

DECORATION DAY.

Now Peace begins her gentler reign,
The Bow of Promise burns above;
The winded flowers bill the battle plain;
On silent tides the war-ships move.
War folds her long unweaving tent;
The echoing trills of bugles cease,
And safe in cannon, thunder spent,
The purple swallow broods in peace.

The heroes rest,
Their graves are ours,
Beneath the iris march of flowers,
Here, comrades, come with reverent tread,
And lift the flag above the dead.
The west wind in each blooming bough
All whisper, "Hail, where art thou?"

Unfold the Red Flag to the sun!
The Red stripe waves for conflicts gone
That made peace possible to men,
But Chokamanga's lurid morn
The world will never see again.
Unfold the red flag to the sun!
No more the still Potomac's waves
Shall bear the blue brigades of old,
But ever on their serried graves
Shall smokeless suns go down in gold!
The rolling drums
No more are heard.
The hollow bugles' summoning word—
For memories grand of heroes dead,
Forever float, O Stripe of Red!
Unfold the red flag to the sun!

Unfold the White Flag to the air!
The White Stripe waves forevermore
The emblem of the future grand,
For it the fields were stained with gore,
And pierced the land the hero's hand.
Unfold the white flag to the sun!
O Stripe of white, the trace of God
Has stilled the earth, be thou our hope
That nevermore the flower-lipped sod
To drink the blood of men may open!
For heroes dead
That lifted these
O'er stormless fairs, o'er land and sea,
And gave thy promise to the light.
Forever float, O Stripe of White!
Unfold the white flag to the air!

Unfold the Blue Flag to the breeze!
O Blue Field of my country's flag,
The blue that calls us true to be
To every vale and battle crag
Where martyrs wrought their faith in thee!
Unfold the Blue Flag to the breeze
To victors crowned forever true,
To all they left for us to bear,
For dead hearts listening, float, O Blue
Forever in celestial air!

Here with our tears!
Shall spring's first flowers
Descend upon their graves like showers
Fragrant, while battle numbers cease.
They died upon the march to peace:
As Egypt's two immortal sons
Who drew their mother to the shrine,
And resting in the propylon
Were crowned by death and made divine,
So they received the best rewards
From highest councils of the gods—
Unfold the Blue Flag to the breeze!

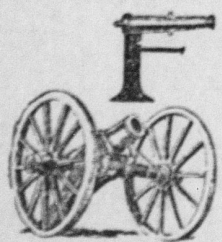
They do not die who on the march
For man and God are seen no more,
But they have gained the victor's arch,
And they coronal go before.
They live among the sons of light,
The gleam of glory on their shields,
And every contest for the right,
They enter on life's thousand fields.
Unfold the flag above the flowers,
And with uncovered heads go by:
The onward march of Peace is ours,
But they have gained the victor's arch,
True as the stars that never cease
Their courses in the march of peace.

We strew the flowers
This hymn and prayer,
And set the flag among them there,
And love's eternal pledge renew:
The Red Stripe for the old; the White
For Peace in Heaven's unfolding light;
For future years, celestial Blue,
Comrades, we go—to those who fell
No heart will ever say Farewell,
They rise forever in review!
March forward—to the Right!

—Hesekiah Butterworth, in Youth's Companion.

SECRET OF THE ROSES.

A Story of Decoration Day



Far away, in the olden days and golden, folk held the rose a flower of silence, wisely discreet as to all which came within its ken. Time's change—manners with them—why not flowers as well? Possibly it is nature's kind provision. Otherwise—but a story should begin always at the proper beginning.

Somehow, in spite of the muffled drums, the arms reversed, the line of scarred and grizzled veterans, now grown pitifully short and thin, there was distinctly a holiday air about the crowd which streamed into the ragged cemetery. Indeed, there could not help but be—for the lilacs, snowballs, bridal wreath and flowering almond were all riotously in blossom, the syringa clumps green miracles of swelling white buds. Within the week a late spring had grown suddenly toward; the winds were warm and scented like the breath of June, and the birds sang in full high-summer chorus, warmed and melted by the golden heat of May.

In the face of that youth could not be sorrowful, even though it came out to mark the land's old desolation. It was mainly those too young to remember that time, save as a vast vague cloud of storm and distress, who came in line beyond the veterans to deck their comrades' graves. Not a man in the fire-new Graysville cadets, marching as escort to the old soldiers, was over thirty. And though for long men and matrons of sober years had contented it their privilege to bring hither flowers and greens, upon this day the work had fallen wholly to the girls and younger women.

The light frocks and fluttering ribbons, massed or singly, seemed to repeat and accentuate the tints of the flowers in bloom there in the cemetery, and the knots and wreaths and loose handfolds they bore in their baskets or heaped in the hollow of the arm. But nobody was quite so much the day's

embodiment as Peggy Farley—who had on a white gown, fine and clinging, a broad blue sash and a sheaf of red, red roses made fast to her belt. She was easily the prettiest girl in Graysville, the best liked, too, for all she had certain little willful, proud ways. Over against them were to be set the kindest heart, the readiest hand, lips wholly free from guile. Everybody had received over her engagement to young Grahame, the fine, tall captain of the cadets. He had women friends in legion, yet not one had hinted that he was a "sacrifice." Likewise Peggy's adorers, masculine, from seven to seventy, agreed that while he was not quite good enough for her, he came as near it as mortal man was likely to be found.

So when the engagement was broken with no word said in explanation on either side gossip ran riot, nor were there lacking shrewd folk to note that the break came just a week later than Miss Barbara Grahame's return to the old home. She had been five years away, seeking vainly to escape her arch enemy, rheumatism. Naturally her temper had not improved; besides, it had been known always that she had really loved but two things—her brother John's memory and her own way—though it had pleased her to imagine herself devoted to her nephew.

Captain John Grahame, the elder, had not died in battle, albeit he slept to the head of the cemetery's soldierly. He had come from the long fighting with a bullet in his chest, but had grown within a year of peace so much his old self, handsome, hearty, sunny-tempered, that he had married rejoicingly the sweetheart he had left behind him. When young John was born it seemed there was nothing left to wish for—but almost in the first joy of fatherhood the end came. The bullet had touched a vital spot—with a smothered gasping cry, a red torrent gushing from his mouth, the gallant gentleman rendered up his soul.

His widow sobbed piteously, but in a year was consoled—a twelvemonth

later married again. Then Miss Barbara adopted little John, saying grimly as she took him upon her knee: "John, you are never to forget it is through the wickedness of war you are fatherless and worse than motherless."

She was not of the throng to-day; her old enemy had her hand and fast in his clutches. If she walked at all it was by the help of crutch and cane, and she was marvelously sensitive about appearing thus in public. Neither would she take the carriage nor be wheeled in her bath chair. But she had stripped garden and greenhouse for the flower-bearers. Three, whose baskets she had filled, were talking eagerly together as they stood listening to the minute guns that marked the close of the ceremonies.

"I asked if these were not especially for her brother, and oh, the look she gave me!" one pretty creature said.

"It was petrifying," said her mate, "and only fancy her saying: 'I wish you children of to-day would understand it is the cause, not individuals, that one honors. Give my brother his share, but no more.'"

"Do you know, I am as certain as can be she is at the bottom of that," the third said, nodding faintly toward the place where Peggy and Captain



AT HIS FATHER'S GRAVE.

Grahame, in unlooked-for encounter, were saluting each other with elaborate if tremulous indifference.

"Oh! that couldn't be! Why! Miss Barbara could not hang a rag of objection anywhere about Peggy. She has grown up here—we know all that is to be known of her—her mother is the loveliest sweet lady, and her grandfather almost the richest and quite the best man in the village."

"But her father—may be you have never heard that he fought through the war on the other side—and all the time engaged to her mother, whom he had met while at college—Harvard, I think."

"Oh!" and "Oh!" cried the others in concert. "Wherever did you find that out? We knew Mrs. Farley was married in London, and that her husband died five years after in Italy. But this story—why, it's like a play! Do tell us every scrap you know!"

"Hush! There comes Peggy with her grandfather and three beaux. That must be interesting for Captain Grahame. Peggy, dearest, aren't you glad it is all over and that everything went so superbly, just as you had planned?"

Peggy nodded with her most dazzling smile. All day she had been very gay and high with those about her. The cadets had wheeled for the cotter-march. Now they came trooping past the group in the shade at the wayside. Again fate set the captain of them where his sweetheart's eyebeams must stream straight into his heart. The poor lad was so stoic. He felt himself color, and for a minute saw all things blurred and dim, because, forsooth, a young creature who did not come up to his shoulder had waved her

hand at him and flung him a rose from the cluster on her breast.

The soldiers were out of sight, the town folk for the most part well homeward when Peggy, who had lingered unaccountably and was just outside the cemetery gate, said hurriedly: "Oh, I have forgotten something; don't wait for me," and ran back before anybody could say a word. She ran so deviously that though they looked after her her companions could not keep track of her. "She is the dearest odd creature!" they said. "No doubt she will go home by the other gate. It is ever so much nearer. It is not worth while to wait."

When young Captain Grahame got home to his delayed dinner he found his aunt in wait for him with a most unusual look in her eyes. She trembled all over, too, and there was an odd break in her voice as she bade him sit beside her so she might take his hand. Wondering, he obeyed, and the wonder grew to amaze as he heard her say:

"John, I am a wicked woman; I have brought sorrow to one who is—but listen: I did go to the cemetery to-day; after all the crowd had gone I wanted to touch your father's shaft and read his name on it and the names of all the battles he fought in. I was just coming to it—stiff, hobbling, a bent and withered old woman—when I saw a vision, something white, with the motion of the wind. It ran and knelt by my dear grave, softly kissed some royal roses, touched the blossoms to your father's name, and hid them in the greenery about the shaft. Then it said: 'Oh, Fathers up in heaven! surely you two understand and forgive and are happy. Please help John to be happy—I can bear everything but that.'"

"It was not wholly you," John said wretchedly. "I had too little patience. I raved when I should have soothed her; told her she did not care for me, if she would let scruples of her father's memory or anything come between us—"

"You have no time to waste recalling folly," Miss Barbara said severely. "I shall never forgive you if you do not go to her at once and fetch her here, that I may ask her pardon!"

Peggy came stately under her mother's wing and peace was made upon the instant. But the why and wherefore is still a secret in Graysville. Everybody knows though that there will be a brilliant wedding very early in the fall.

DECORATION DAY.

Importance of the Proper Observance of This Solemn Festival.

Decoration Day is a solemn festival for the Nation. All over the land the patriotic and true-hearted citizen and his family make ready and go out with appropriate ceremonies and a wealth of blossoms to mark another milestone on the Nation's highway of peace and prosperity. Truly, it is a fitting and beautiful way to emphasize the story of the great and good work wrought by the patriot souls and the faithful hands of the fathers, sons and brothers of this grand and glorious Republic.

And with every passing year the proper observance of this National day becomes more important. To the children born since the war it lacks the heart-touching and tender sentiment and the tearful memories that cluster around the days when our loved ones were brought home to us from the field of war and were laid with reverent and trembling hands in hallowed graves and bedewed with the bitterest drops of anguish that can fall from human eyes.

"Slain in Battle." "He fell with his face to the foe." These were the messages that were flashed over the wires and sent to the waiting ones at home by brave and thoughtful comrades. Those who lived through those trying times need not be reminded how sacred is the trust committed to our charge. They know what the day means in all its comprehensive and broad significance, and it needs no burst of martial music, no flourish of trumpets or beating of drums to tell the story. They know the history of those trying days, and the most eloquent efforts of oratory cannot make it more clear or more dear to them.

But to those who are to come after us—those who know the war only as a sad and awful tradition—the day and its meaning must be made plain. They cannot know the sorrow, the pain, the tireless anxiety and the ever-present watchfulness that filled those wearisome years of struggle, and that had, by the greatness of Divine power, strength and courage to wait for the fullness of time, that bright and shining and glorious time when the youngest Nation of the earth would shake off the burdens and unloose the shackles of discord, and rise in her might, a daughter of the gods, divinely fair, divinely strong, and royally gracious in her supreme and conscious strength, and stand once more, clothed and in her right mind, in her own proud position as the grandest and most to be envied of all the Nations of the earth.—New York Ledger.

The Veil of Separation.

Ah, sir, there are times in the history of men and nations when they stand so near the veil that separates mortals from immortals, time from eternity, and men from their God, that they can almost hear the breathing and feel the pulsations of the heart of the Infinite. Through such a time has this Nation gone, and when two hundred and fifty thousand brave spirits passed from the field of honor through that thin veil to the presence of God, and when at last its parting folds admitted the martyred President to the company of the dead heroes of the Republic, the Nation stood so near the veil that the whispers of God were heard by the children of men.—James A. Garfield.

THE JOKERS' BUDGET.

Jests and Yarns Made and Told by Funny Men of the Press.

THINGS WOMEN SAY.
"What very engaging manners he has."
"Yes, more engaging than marrying, they say."

WHY HE WENT.
"Do you go to school my little man?" asked the smiling visitor.
"Naw," drawled the hopeful; "I'm sent."

THE BELTING PASSION.
"I bet that girl's always borrowing trouble. She has such a sad face!"
"Yes, she's probably looking for a sorrow to match."

THE NEW CLASSIFICATION.
"You know Buggins, the prize fighter, don't you?"
"Some."
"What sort of a fighter is he—kincio-scope or phonograph?"

HER FIERCE GRIP.
Dolly Swift—Miss Odgal holds her age wonderfully, doesn't she?
Sally Gay—Oh, yes! She has been holding it at twenty-six ever since I can remember.

HIS ALIBI.
Wife—And you pretend to tell me that you came home as early as midnight?
Husband—Truly, I did. Just ask our neighbors on the street. They must all have heard me.

A POSER.
Bertie—Please, Auntie, was every living thing drowned that didn't go into the ark?
Auntie—Yes, Bertie.
Bertie—Fishes?
ITS HOUR HAD STRUCK.
Bibman—Did your watch stop when you dropped it on the floor?
Magley—Of course it did. Did you think it would go through?

HER PREFERENCE.
Rose—Why do you prefer Charley Gillig to Fred Ileton? I think Fred's twice the man that Charley is.
Minnie—He may be, but Charley buys much the finer candy.

TRUTHFUL JIMMY.
"I saw your mother going to the neighbors as I crossed the street. When will she be home?" asked the lady caller.
"She said she'd be back just'soon as you left," answered truthful Jimmy.

UNAPPRECIATIVE.
"Might I ask what school of poetry you prefer?" inquired the young man who writes.
And the old gentleman replied:
"The homeopathic school. The smaller the dose the better it suits me."

CONCEALED.
Mr. Crimsonbeak—I don't believe a man ever stole anything but his heart to regret it.
Mrs. Crimsonbeak—You stole my heart, once, John.
"Yes."

A CAREFUL BOY.
"Freddy," said the teacher to Freddy Fangle, "you have spelled the word 'rabbit' with two 't's. You must have one of them out."
"Yes, ma'am," replied Freddy, "which one?"

A COURTEOUS DEBTOR.
"Well, did he pay you anything?" asked the business manager.
"Yes," replied the female collector; "he paid me a compliment. He said he wouldn't be afraid to trust me with the money if he had any."

UNCHANGED.
Mrs. Jarway—You used to say that there was no other woman in the world like me, and you were so glad about it.
Mr. Jarway—Well, ain't I still glad about it, I should like to know.

A HINT TO THE KING.
Mr. Bellefield—It seems to be true that "neasy lies the head which wears a crown."
Mr. Bloomfield—No wonder. I should think a king would put on a more comfortable nightcap.

GENIUS AND INSANITY.
Perry Patetic—All these great men is just a bit nutty some way.
Wayworn Watson—What set you thinking of that?
"Old Gladstone. Look how he goes around choppin' wood when he don't have to."

A BRILLIANT SMILE.
"It does me good to see Bilker smile."
"I don't know. Never hit me that way, why?"
"Oh, he has such a nice mouth full of gold, plugged with teeth."

EQUALIZE IT.
Fond Parent—If your enemy should smile you on the right cheek, what is the proper thing for you to do?
Bobby—Turn my left cheek to him to smile.
Fond Parent—That is right, Bobby.
Bobby—"Cos it looks better not to have it all red on one side."

WELL NAMED.
"The month of May is very appropriately named," remarked the youth to his friend.
"In what regard?"
"Because its weather is so uncertain."
"How does the name May apply to uncertain weather?"
"Well, it may be hot or it may be cold, it may be wet or it may be dry."

Mean Breadth of the Country.
The distance across the United States is found to be 2,625.2 geographical miles from the lighthouse, six miles north of Cape May, New Jersey, to the lighthouse six miles south of Punta Arenas, following the 39th parallel of latitude as closely as possible. This is conceded to be about the mean breadth of the country. A glance at the map will show that the United States is much wider toward the north and much narrower toward the gulf coast, but the 39th parallel is about as fair an average as can be drawn. The measurements were made by triangulation—that is, by taking observations from fixed landmarks and verifying them by astronomical tests. This distance across the continent thus obtained is 140 feet longer than that reported by Bessel in 1856, and ninety-eight feet longer than that reported by Professor Clark in 1866. It has

also been discovered that the radius of the equator is twenty-six and one-half miles greater than when the earth was last measured. This is attributed to errors in former calculations and defective instruments, rather than to any material change in the globe.

There has been very great improvement in scientific apparatus during the last few years, both as to accuracy and convenience. The instruments now used are so much superior in every respect to those employed thirty years ago that more confidence may be placed in the results of the recent surveys. The officers of the coast survey are making some interesting discoveries in resurveying the coast of the United States. They find, for example, that Coney Island is a mile and a half to the westward of where it was twenty-five years ago.—Chicago Record.

NESTING OSTRICHES.

The Big Birds Take Turns in Sitting On the Nest.

As the breeding season approaches a cock and a hen will pair, and, having selected a site congenial to their inclinations, proceed to make a nest. I believe that in all cases, in the first instance, one cock and one hen, having paired, selected the site and make the nest.

The nest is simply a hollow depression, more or less deep according to the nature of the soil. It is made by the pair together. The cock goes down on his breast, scraping or kicking the sand out backward with his feet, cutting the earth with his long and powerful nails. The hen stands by, often fluttering and clicking her wings, and helps by picking up the sand with her beak and dropping it irregularly near the edge of the growing depression.

When satisfied with their work (and they are easily satisfied, often too easily) the hen begins to lay an egg in the nest every other day. During the laying period the nest is often unattended, and is not slept on at night. A nest in which only one hen is laying contains on the average about fifteen eggs; but she often begins to sit before she has laid her full complement. Sometimes she will lay four or five after beginning to sit, though not often so many; sometimes only one or two; while sometimes she will lay her full complement. The hen generally begins the sitting; she will occasionally sit for one or two days and nights before the cock takes his turn. When sitting assumes its regular course, the hen sits from 8 or 9 a. m. to about 4 p. m., and the cock from 4 p. m. to about 8 or 9 a. m. The bird whose turn it is to be on the nest keeps its seat until the other arrives to relieve it, when they at once change places.

It is quite incorrect to say that the cock alone sits, or that during the day the eggs are left to the heat of the sun. The cock and hen sit alternately, regularly and steadily, night and day, during the whole period of incubation. The color of each is admirably adapted to the time spent on the nest, and furnishes interesting examples of protective coloration. It is scarcely possible to conceive a more effective disguise than the sober brownish gray of the hen for day sitting, and the black of the cock for night. When on the nest the ostrich lays its head, neck and tail flat along the ground; its naked "thighs" are covered by the wings, the plumes lying close together on the earth almost hidden against the bird's body. Thus only the low, long-curved body projects above the surrounding level. The cock, at night, is, of course, almost perfectly hidden, while the hen, at daytime, closely resembles a stone, bush, antheap or any little inequality of the veld. One is surprised to see how close such a large bird can lie to the ground and how even an ostrich farmer may almost walk over a sitting hen in full daylight without seeing her. The cock is simply indistinguishable at night, except to the practised eye, and then only at a few yards' distance.—The Zoologist.

A Widow, Yet a Wife.

An application at Washington for a pension every now and then brings to light a romance. This is true in the case of Mrs. Frederica Wolfe, of Fort Wayne, Ind., who recently wrote to Senator Fairbanks requesting him to introduce a bill to give her a pension, she being a soldier's widow. It appears that her former husband, Jacob Stenebrenner, who was private in Company E, Twenty-first Regiment, Indiana Heavy Artillery, was mustered out of the service at Baton Rouge, La., on October 29, 1865, and disappeared. She made repeated efforts to find him, but without success. She then applied for a pension, but the Pension Office rejected her claim on the ground that she could not produce sufficient evidence to prove the death of her husband.

Believing her husband dead, Mrs. Stenebrenner married Mr. Wolfe in the year 1875. Now being a widow once more she again applies for a pension, which she hopes to obtain through the medium of a private pension bill. The case was turned over to Major J. H. Stine, historian of the Army of the Potomac, to investigate. The result of the investigation was the discovery of the Enoch Arden, Jacob Stenebrenner, an inmate of the National Military Home at Marion, Ind., and he is drawing a pension of \$6 per month. These facts have been communicated to Mrs. Wolfe, who, for thirty years, has mourned for her supposed dead husband.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

In 1894 there were in England and Wales only nine board schools (of 2-32) in which no religious instruction was given.

Bishop F. D. Huntington, Episcopal, of Syracuse, N. Y., has confirmed 22,000 persons during the 27 years of his episcopate.