

MEMORIAL DAY ODE



How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest:
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have e'er trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung:
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

—W. Collins



FOR DECORATION DAY,

Why should she lay upon his grave a rose,
A simple rose made sweeter by her tears—
A fragile bloom to fade ere morning smile,
Unlike that flower of more exquisite grace,
Her love, that blossoms there through all the years?
—R. K. Munkittrick.

REUNITED.

We'll scatter sweet flowers of May,
To brighten each patriot's grave;
Alike o'er the blue and the gray,
The flag of our Union shall wave.

The living have fought side by side,
Together have vanquished the foe;
And one they will ever abide,
And truer and stronger grow.

We'll garland the graves of our dead,
And to our loved country be true:
For the flag that to every victory led
Was borne by the gray and the blue.

Now, as reunited we stand,
Our warm tears bedewing the sod;
We'll commit the dear, silent band,
To the love and the peace of our God.
—M. E. Leonhardt.

THE UNKNOWN GRAVE.

The nameless grave! The rest is just as sweet
As if 'twere pillowed on an honored name.
A citizen lies there, although to fame
Unknown, perhaps, like many you may meet
Upon the highways or the public street.
A soldier dead, with dumb, unceasing prayer,
Pleaded a little dirt to hide the bare,
Cold limbs. Ah, more, indeed; one called to meet
The death-tide as it welled from battlefield,
And valiantly in the line of duty fell.
Still more, if the truth must fully tell:
He looks the hero which he was, and sealed
His claim by his life's blood. The unknown grave
Is known to be a brother's that was brave.
—L. O. Little.

SONGS OF THE SOLDIERS.

Comrades known in marches many,
Comrades tried in dangers many,
Comrades bound by memories many,
Brothers ever let us be!
Wounds or sickness may divide us,

Marching orders may divide us,
But whatever fate betide us,
Brothers of the heart are we.

Comrades known by faith the clearest,
Tried when death was near and near,
Bound we are by ties the dearest,
Brothers evermore to be,
And if spared, and growing older,
Shoulder still in line with shoulder,
And with hearts no thrill the colder,
Brothers ever we shall be.

By communion of the banner,
Battle scarred but victor banner,
By the baptism of the banner,
Brothers of one church are we!
Creed nor faction can divide us,
Race nor language can divide us,
Still, whatever fate betide us,
Children of the flag are we!
—Miles O'Reilly.

THE PHANTOM ARMY.

And I saw a phantom army come,
With never a sound of rifle or drum
But keeping step to a muffled hum
Of wailing lamentation;
The martyred heroes of Malvern Hill,
Of Gettysburg and Chancellorville—
The men whose wasted bodies dead,
The patriot graves of the Nation.

And there came the unknown dead,
The men
Who died in fever swamp and fen,
The slowly starved of prison pen;
And, marching beside the others,
Came the dusky martyrs of Pillow's fight,
With limbs enfranchised and bearing
bright
I thought—'twas the pale moonlight—
They looked as white as their brothers.

And so all night marched the Nation's
dead,
With never a banner above them
spread,
No sign save the bare, uncovered
head
Of their silent, grim Reviewer;
With never an arch but the vaulted
sky,

With not a flower save those which lie
On distant graves, for love could buy
No gift that was purer or truer.

So all night long moved the strange
array;
So all night long, till the break of day,
I watched for one who had passed
away
With a reverent awe and wonder;
Till a blue cap waved in the lengthening
line,
And I knew that one who was kin of
mine
Had come, and I spoke—and lo! that
sign
Wakened me from my slumber.
—Bret Harte.

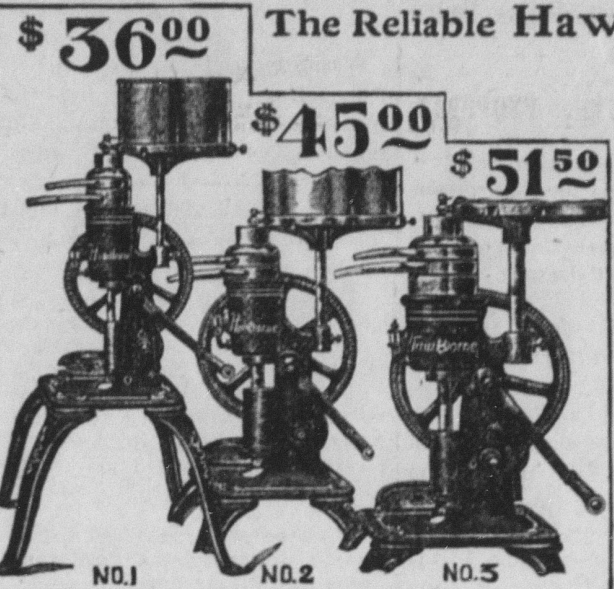
MAY THIRTIETH.

A flag and a fading wreath
Are out in the falling rain;
The stars and the withered buds
May never be fresh again.

But the memory wreath of the brave,
We twine of immortal bay
Is green in the Nation's heart
And never shall fade away.
—N. A. M. Roe.

Newspaper women ought not to be
bashful about marrying millionaires.
Be sure you write, then go ahead.

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Melodies and Mysteries

Couldst thou know what the blithe bird
pipeth,
High in the morning air?
Wouldst thou know what the bright
steam singeth,
Rippling o'er pebbles bare?
Sorrow shall open the fountains of knowl-
edge,
And the words declare.

Wouldst thou find in the rose's blossom
More than thy fellows find?
More in the fragrance of the lily
Than odor on the wind?
Love Nature and her smallest atoms
Shall whisper to thy mind.

Wouldst thou know what the moon dis-
courseth,
To the docile sea?
Wouldst thou hear the echoes of the music
Of the far infinity?
Sorrow shall open the fountains of knowl-
edge,
And heaven shall sing to thee.

Wouldst thou see through the riddle of
Being
Further than others can?
Sorrow shall give thine eyes new luster
To simplify the plan;
And love of God and thy kind shall aid
Thee
To end what it began.

To Love and Sorrow all Nature speaketh
If the riddle be read,
They the best can see through darkness
Each divergent thread
Of its mazy texture, and discover
Whence the ravel spread.

Love and Sorrow are sympathetic
With the earth and skies;
Their touch from the harp of Nature
Bringeth
The hidden melodies;
To them the eternal chords forever
Vibrate in harmonies.
—Charles Mackay.

Took Payment in Lives

Chief among the stock owners was John Chisholm, whose brand was on thousands of range cattle. Billy worked for Chisholm a short time, but soon he had his inevitable quarrel with his employer. It was over a question of wages, Billy claiming that Chisholm had not squared their account. Only the fact that Chisholm was surrounded by a guard of hard-fighting cowboys, with reputations as "killers," kept him from assassination when he and the young desperado parted. As it was, Billy managed finally to exact a terrible penalty from Chisholm. It is more than likely that the Kid swore his vendetta against Chisholm and other cattle owners simply as a matter of course instead of a punctilious affair of principle.

Billy would naturally take sides with the rustlers, who were making life miserable for honest men in Lincoln county. He soon became a leader of the desperate crew and was in the thick of many of the deadly encounters that took place during the course of the "war." It is estimated that he put a round dozen of necks on his gun handle during this fierce

of range feuds, every notch representing a human life. Two of his victims were a sheriff and his deputy, who had driven him and part of his gang into an adobe house.

One day the Kid turned up at one of the Chisholm cow camps. He had not forgotten his old feud with the cattle king of the Peecos. Three of the cowboys were at a fire cooking supper and twenty yards away Barrett Howell was hobbling a cow pony. Billy rode up to Howell and asked him if he worked for John Chisholm. On being answered in the affirmative, the Kid shot the cowboy through the head at the same time crying in his high-pitched voice, "Well, there's your pay."

The cowboys at the fire sprang to their feet as they saw their comrade fall, but Billy's revolver spoke twice more and two of them fell dead. Then, covering the remaining cowboy with his revolver, Billy shrieked this message:

"You tell John Chisholm he owes me money. I'll credit him with \$5 on the bill every time I kill one of his men. If I kill him the account is wiped out."—Outing.

Old Times in Washington

Dr. Edward Everett Hale in an article on "Washington Then and Now," in the Outlook, discourses pleasantly of the capital as he first knew it: "The city has grown, in those sixty years, from a mud-hole which had 30,000 people, perhaps, within its borders, to a city of 250,000 inhabitants. The only part of this common (not far from the corner of I and Seventeenth streets) which was fenced in must have been near where the British embassy is now. We called it the gymnasium, I think. That was the high-sounding name for a bowling alley which the young men kept up. I remember one afternoon we persuaded Mrs. Madison, who was still alive, to visit us there, and with great effort

she got a ball down the middle of the alley and was complimented on her knocking down the king. President Tyler came over and played with the young gentlemen sometimes. Everything had the simplicity and ease, if you please, of a small Virginia town. Whenever the weather would serve, a great many of the southern members of the House or the Senate rode to the Capitol on their saddle horses. There were thirty or forty posts in front of the Capitol near where the statue of Washington now stands. You rode up to one of those posts and hitched your horse. You left him while you went in and attended the meeting of the House; you came out and unhitched him and rode him to your 2 o'clock dinner."

Northward

Under the high unclouded sun
That makes the ship and shadow one,
I sail away as, from the fort,
Booms sullenly the noonday gun.

The odoriferous air blow thin and fine,
The sparkling waves like emeralds shine.
The lustre of the coral reefs
Gleams whitely through the tepid brine.

And glitters o'er the liquid miles
The jeweled ring of verdant isles,
Where generous Nature holds her court
Of ripened bloom and sunny smiles.

Enchanted by the faithful seas
Involute gardens load the breeze,
Where haunt like giant-warders
plumes
The pennants of the cocoa-trees.

Enthroned in light and bathed in balm,
In lonely majesty and palm
Beasses the isles with waving hands—
High-priest of the eternal calm.

Yet Northward with an equal mind
I steer my course, and leave behind

The rapture of the southern skies—
The wooing of the southern wind.

For here o'er Nature's wanton bloom
Falls far and near the shade of gloom,
Cast from the hovering vulture-wings
Of one dark thought of woe and doom.

I know that in the snow-white pines
The brave Norse fire of freedom shines,
And faint for this I leave the land
Where endless summer pranks the vines.

O strong, free North, so wise and brave!
O South, too lovely for a slave!
Why read ye not the changeless truth—
The free can conquer but to save?

May God upon these shining sands
Send Love and Victory clashing hands,
And Freedom's banners wave in peace
Forever o'er the rescued lands!

And here, in that triumphant hour,
Shall yielding Beauty wed with Power;
And blushing earth and smiling sea
In dalliance deck the bridal bow.

—John Hay.

Picture to Be Widely Circulated.

It is not often that a young woman's picture gets a wider circulation than will be given the picture of a young woman living in Orange, Va. A half tone of her appears on an advertising circular. The number, which will go far into the millions, will reach every country in the world, and will be printed in twenty-five languages.

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