



MEMORIAL DAY

Jim's Grave

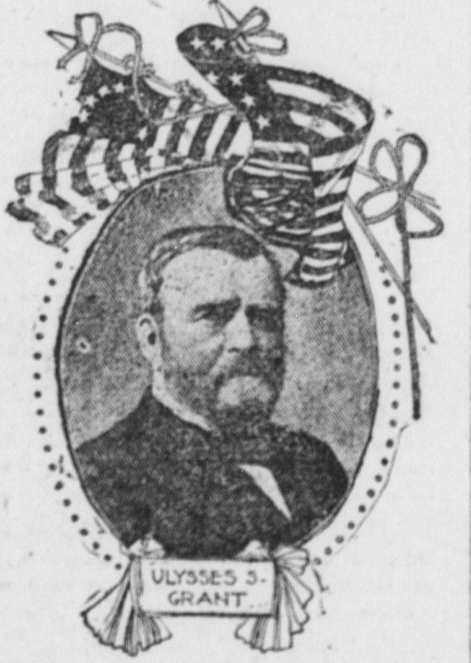
A Story for Memorial Day



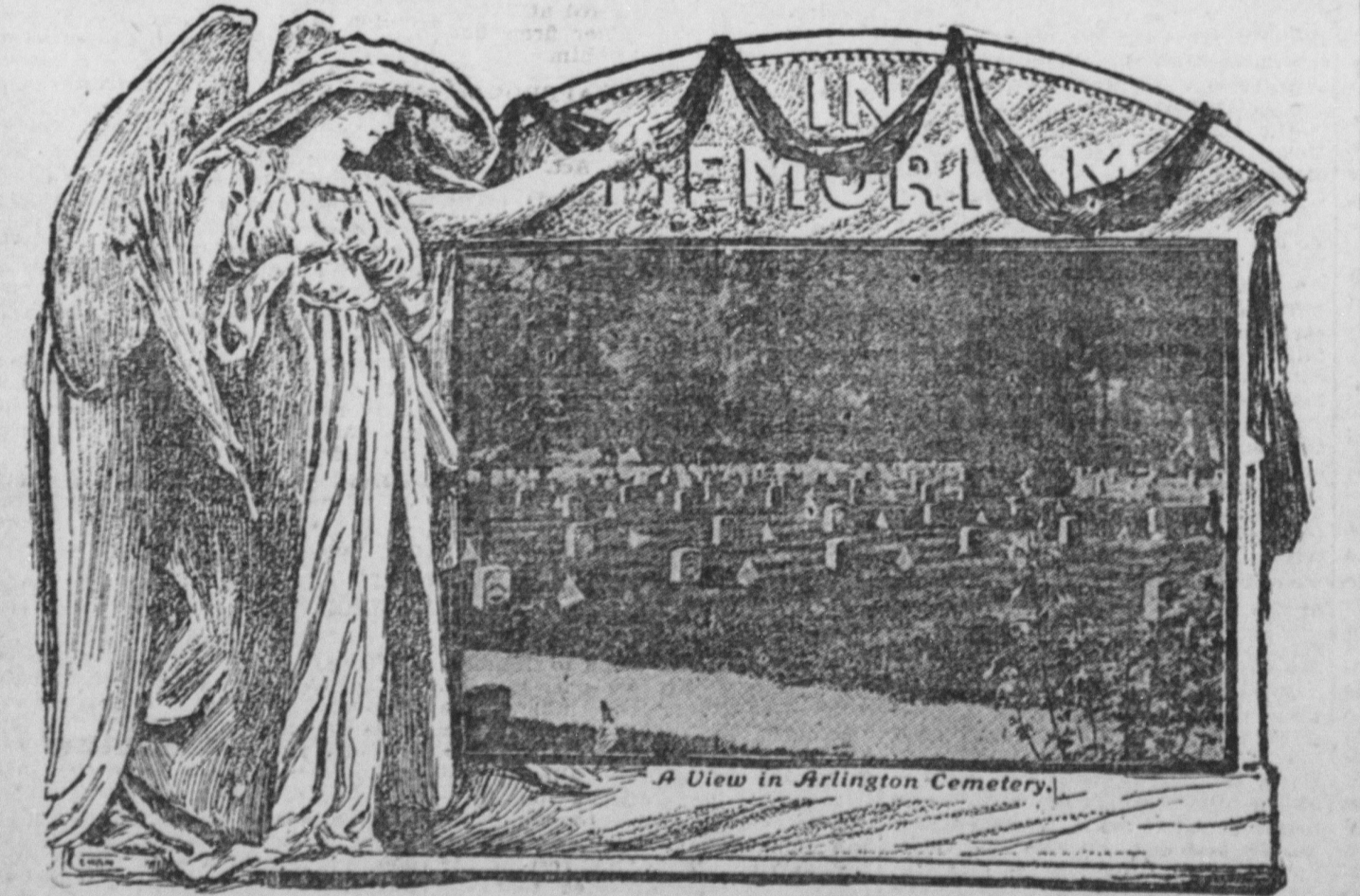
PINDLE and looms were hushed, stores and offices closed, and the busy working world at rest and freedom, for it was Decoration Day in a great Eastern city. This was God's day—the day of His dead; America's day—the day of her heroes; the Union's day—the day of her defenders; yea, Dixie's day—and the day of her martyrs! For did they not all suffer and die alike, according to conviction? Was the young life of a rebel worth less to his land—and his mother—than that of his brother or cousin who lived north of Mason and Dixon's line and wore a blue uniform instead of a gray one? Were they not fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same summer and winter? And was it not high time, as well as a beautiful re-assertment of humanity, that all such separateness of interests was forgotten, and the ugly scar of its former existence covered up with flowers? It was late in the afternoon. The great city was almost deserted, for its respective millions had flowed forth to the silent, pleading cemeteries, laden with blossoms for the sleepers, heart's-ease and forget-me-nots. The ceremonies were over, and the murmuring, surging tide turned homeward. In front the Grand Army of the Republic bristled and towered, with ribbons and medals on uniform-

cance of war, discipline, duty, muster and forced marches; Mayor, Council, and Aldermen, in staid municipal dignity; mounted police force; distinguished citizens; casual lookers-on in public cabs, chatting and laughing, forgetting that Decoration Day means aught but flowers, eager, pushing, crowding, jamming; the mob and rabble—striving, perspiring toward street car and open highway. Off from the line of march, upon the dusty roadside, was an old woman crying. Her dress was shabby, hands bare and toil hardened, her teeth gone, her thin, gray hair disordered. Tears of today ran down the beaten track of many yesterdays. And so she sat and wept, while the great people marched, bands played, gayly caparisoned horses pranced and the rabble shrieked and pushed. A child looked from a carriage window—a pink-cheeked, well-dressed girl of nine or ten years of age. There was none in the carriage except herself and a middle-aged nurse woman. Higher up the little face rose over the wheels, a flutter of yellow curls, blue ribbons and broad hat brim, and imperiously above the noise of men and wheels a shrill, sweet childish voice called "Stop!" She must have been a spoiled child, for the solemn driver obeyed instantly. The nurse remonstrated, but the big hat bobbed up and down determinedly, and two little hands gesticulated toward the old woman. The carriage turned out of the road, the footman leapt down and opened the door, and a bundle of white skirts, black hose, blue ribbons and yellow hair fluttered over and around the old woman.

at. That's plenty more soldiers in York. You're all I got! Don't go, Jimmie! But he would go. He had got buttons on stripes in his eye, an off he put, almost 'fore I could get his clothes fixed. An' I never seen him no more! He got killed in the first battle he fit, an' now they don't think enough uv him to put no posies on his grave!" with renewed sobbing. The child stood like an avenging goddess, her head thrown up, looking at the approaching column. Tears were on her cheeks which started in pity and rolled off in righteous indignation. "Where is the grave?" asked the child. "It's off a bit to itself." The child interrupted her. "That's the reason," she said; "they didn't see it." She sprang to the main road, where the police had cleared passage for the procession. Up to the open aisle she sped, like a bird skimming the ground, and was right in front of the grand marshal before any one could stop her—her hat, fallen off, suspended on her shoulders by its ribbons, the tears still dashing on her flushed cheeks. "Stop!" she cried, and the grand marshal obeyed, else she would have been trampled to death under his horse's feet. Something in the child's air told him that what she had to say was worth hearing. The column behind had halted and jerked, heads had been thrust out of carriage windows and orderlies galloped on ahead. The bands stopped playing, the people listened to hear what the matter was, and the grand marshal's horse pranced and trotted, while his rider asked: "What do you want?" "You forgot a grave!" a clear, small voice replied. "Whose grave?" "Jim's." "What do you mean?"



"Jim—I don't know his other name, but his mother does. There she sits crying because you didn't put any flowers on his grave. Jim was a soldier. I told her you didn't mean to slight her. Jim has a right to flowers on his grave, and—ready to cry, but still undaunted—"you'll have to go back and put some on it!" Then there was a yell. Such a yell of applause! The voice of the people, the keynote of our great democratic Constitution! The grand marshal called his orderly, and a whispered conversation took place. The orderly lifted the child to his pommel and galloped across to the old woman. Her totter-



A View in Arlington Cemetery.

ed breasts; the President of these United (yes, united) States, with Cabinet officers in solemn dignity; the Governor and his staff, scarcely less impressive; and holiday, and then the people—scarred veterans, gray-haired and tremulous, buoyed up almost to second youth by life and drum and marshaled pageantry; military companies, rank and file, knapsack, canteen, rifle and accoutred belt, with dusty feet and flushed, tired faces, surface signs of the inward stamf-

"What makes you cry?" "They didn't put no posies on Jim's grave!" the cracked, pathetic voice answered. "Who's Jim?" "My Jim—" "Was he a soldier?" "Yes, I knowed it warn't fur no good"—(by this time a crowd had gathered around the speakers)—"when he listed. Says I, 'Oh, Jeems, don't go!' They'll only put you pore boys in front fur the rebels to shoot

ing, ill-clad form was helped into the carriage with the child. Beside them rode the orderly, and behind them the grand marshal, reining in to suit their slower gait his restive, prancing charger. The line of march reversed, the bands resumed their playing, and back it crept—the Great Army of the Republic—to "put some posies on Jim's grave."—Belle Hunt.

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA

Latest News Gleaned From Various Parts.

Returning from the cemetery, where she had just directed a force of men who were erecting a monument over the grave of her late husband, Mrs. Tilghman Bloze, of Stratton, was thrown from her carriage and instantly killed. The horse which the party was driving became frightened at a dog which ran out and barked and the team ran away, upsetting the carriage. What is believed to be the last specimen of a gray wolf in Pennsylvania was killed a day or two ago by Jacob Royer and S. C. Long, at Beaver Dams, ten miles below Hollidaysburg. These farmers have been missing sheep for the past two years and never knew the cause until Royer discovered the wolf with a lamb in his powerful jaws and shot it. A so-called "prairie wolf" killed last year in Bedford County, is supposed to have been the mate of the gray wolf killed by Royer and Long. The skeleton will be mounted for the Carnegie Museum, Pittsburg.

Fire originating from the furnace ruined four rooms in Pennsylvania's fine public school building. School was not in session at the time. In carrying a line of hose into one of the rooms, School Director Charles Fries broke through a burning floor. Rev. George W. Lutz, the principal, went to Mr. Fries' aid and attempted to hold the hose, but the nozzle was whirled about with such violence that he was thrown out of a window. The loss is \$2,000 and insured ample.

A few days ago Andrew Kipple received a crate of chickens from Center County and in the lot was a rooster with four legs. It cost him twenty-five cents. Thursday he was offered \$100 for the freak, which was wanted by a showman for exhibition purposes.

A sick check forger has been operating in Chester and as a result over fifteen merchants have been defrauded out of sums of money from \$7 to \$20. The checks were signed John Morlock, superintendent of the Prudential Insurance Company and bore the stencil mark of the insurance company.

Thomas McCaulley, aged 60 years, died suddenly at his home in Upper Delaware County. Up until two years ago he was in business in Philadelphia and resided at Germantown.

Fred Davis, 18 years old, of Taylor, had his life crushed out by his clothes catching in the revolving shaft of a fan-wheel at the Holden colliery, and being whirled about until he was lifeless.

Harry Hartman, a son of William Hartman, of Loganville, had his left arm crushed by being caught in the cog wheels of a gasoline engine.

Harry S. Ebert, a York capitalist, has broken ground for thirty small dwelling houses valued at about \$2,000 and five \$10,000 residences.

Mrs. Ambrose Linebaugh was frightfully burned at her home at Davidsburg, nine miles from York. The woman was rendering fat for the purpose of making soap and in feeding the fire the wind blew her clothing across the blaze. Taking fire in a minute her clothing was a mass of flames. She died of her injuries a few hours later.

Henry William Vanderslice, aged 82 years, a veteran of the Civil War, died at his home at Cabin Run, Columbia County, after an illness of several weeks from a complication of diseases. Mr. Vanderslice was a school teacher for many years.

The body of George Boehmer, a German, quite well known in Clearfield County, who disappeared last December, has been found in the brush near DuBois.

Clark D. Lambertson, of Carlisle, who was graduated from Dickinson five years ago and who has been abroad for a year, has been appointed to the fellowship of Christian Archaeology by the American Institute of Archaeology having colleges in Rome, Athens and Palestine.

Three horses belonging to a gypsy camp decided to walk to Scranton by way of the railroad ties and while on a high bridge fell through as a train was approaching. The engineer stopped the locomotive in time to avoid running over the animals, but all had broken legs and were shot.

While fishing for trout about a mile from Tannersville, Monroe County, Clinton Diehl and Harry Sterner saw a big bear sitting on its haunches. The two boys took to their heels.

A Pennsylvania Railroad engine and twenty-eight freight cars were piled up in the bed of Scotch Valley Run, near Bloomsburg, when the engine jumped the tracks at the bottom of a steep grade. The crew escaped injury by jumping.

Near Duncannon a man was killed on the Pennsylvania Railroad and from a paper on his person he is believed to be John Christian Stein, of Cleveland, Ohio. Caught under a fall of rock at the Sayre colliery, near Mount Carmel, Howard Fertig, aged 33, was instantly killed. During a fight at Gilbert which followed a dispute on the relative strength of two men, George Ruvakusky was beaten with an iron pipe by five men who are under arrest. Ruvakusky's skull was fractured and his life is in danger. John N. Maahs and wife, of Landenberg, were awarded \$800 damages in the Chester County Court against the supervisors of Loudon Britain Township for injuries received in an accident by the bad condition of the public roads in that township. Ten-year-old William Law, of Bridgeport, at the risk of his life, rescued George Hummel, 5 years old, from drowning. The child fell into the river below the bridge. Law saw the little one's plight, and removing his coat jumped into the stream, bringing George safely ashore.

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THE FIRST GAS.
Soon after Argand invented his lamp, William Murdock, a Scottish inventor, showed the world a new way of lighting a house. It had long been known that fat or coal, when heated, gives off a vapor or gas which burns with a bright light. Indeed, it is always a gas that burns, and not a hard substance. In the candle or in the lamp the flame heats the oil which comes up to it through the wick and thus causes the oil to give off a gas. It is this gas that burns and gives the light. Now Murdock, in 1797, put this principle to good use. He heated coal in a large vessel, and allowed the gas which was driven off to pass through mains and tubes to different parts of his house. Whenever he wanted a light he let the gas escape at the end of the tube in a small jet and lighted it. Here was a lamp without a wick. Murdock soon extended his gas pipes to his factories, and lighted them with gas. As soon as it was learned how to make gas cheaply, and conduct it safely from house to house, whole cities were rescued from darkness by the new illuminant.—From S. E. Forman's "Stories of Useful Inventions," in St. Nicholas.

TREE THAT GIVES MILK.
In South America is a remarkable tree growing in the valley of the Amazon. Its sap is a milk singularly like the finest cow's milk. It is highly nutritious and will mix with water, hot or cold, and never curdles in hot mixtures. It keeps good for a week, even in this climate, and has much the taste of cow's milk in which cinnamon has been steeped. It is thicker than ordinary milk, and has the feeling in the mouth of liquid juice. If left standing for a time a thick, oily cream arises. When dry this has the consistency of wax. Mr. Paul Fountain, a recent traveler in South America, says he has drunk large quantities of it, both as it came from the tree and also mixed with tea or cocoa, with which it combines better than cow's milk. He declares that it is extremely nourishing. When he could get this sap he always preferred it to cow's milk. The sap is obtained either by wounding the bark or the trunk or by breaking the smaller branches. It runs freely, so that several quarts may be obtained from a single tree in the course of a few hours.—Chicago Tribune.

MAMMA WAS NEAR.
"Papa, what year was mamma born in?"
"In 1860. Her birthday's in February."
"That would make her forty-seven years old, wouldn't it?"
"Ahem! Not necessarily."—Denver Post.

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