

**MEMORIAL DAY.**



With June's first fair touch  
Felt through last breaths of May;  
With the world bloom-awglo,  
Comes Memorial Day.

A day, when with flowers,  
And slow, solemn tread,  
We go to the graves of  
Our dear precious dead.

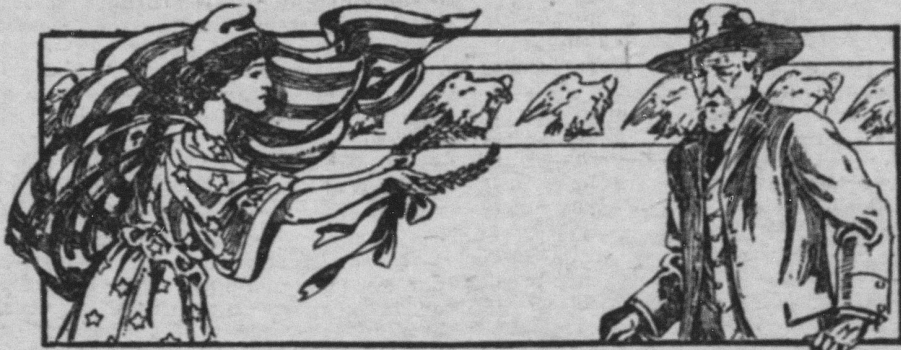
We whisper above them;  
Their souls surely hear!

And they feel that their loved ones  
Are lingering near.

The fairest of blossoms,  
All pink, white and red,  
Form soft, fragrant coverlets  
To spread o'er our dead.

Then gently and sweetly  
A farewell we say  
To those loved who are sleeping  
On Memorial Day.

—Age-Herald.



**The Sergeant's vow.**

IT WAS the evening after one of the greatest battles. The surviving soldiers of the battle were fatigued, and glad to drop down almost anywhere to rest. Those who had been on the reserve were caring for the dead and wounded, and in the hospital tent were those who wore the blue and those who wore the gray, groaning with the wounds received in battle, and being treated by the Union physicians.

Near the hospital about a dozen Union men were sitting upon the ground, around a fire of sticks and limbs, trying to "cook coffee." On the right and on the left, in front of them and in the rear, could be seen the dead bodies, dressed in the uniform of the friend and of the foe.

They were just taking the coffee from the fire when a soldier came up, and discovering that the dozen men were of his company, said:

"How is it, boys; are you dry?"  
"Trying to cook our coffee, Ned," said one of the soldiers, "but I guess it will be Virginia mud and water mixed together."

"I've got something good," said the first speaker, producing his canteen, which had hung across his shoulders.

"What is it?" asked one.  
"Whisky," replied Ned.  
"You're a trump;" "that's jolly;" "that is just the stuff;" "that will revive us;" and other expressions of satisfaction and pleasure were made by the men.

"Here, sergeant," said Ned, reaching the canteen towards a tall, noble-looking fellow who had been silent, "throw aside your temperance principles for once and take a drink."

"Not any, Ned, thanks," replied the one addressed as sergeant.

"Come, now! you have fought like a tiger all day. You do not know but what you might have to rally in five minutes."

"True, Ned, but excuse me."

"Not a drop!"

"Not a drop!"

"Say, sergeant," said Ned, "if it is agreeable to the boys, we shall adjourn the drink for five minutes and you tell us how you came to be such an advocate of temperance."



Memorial Statue of the Late General Franz Sigel, by Carl Bitter.

"I second the motion," said another soldier.

"And so do I!"

"And I, too!"

"Well, boys," said the sergeant, "I will tell you. It is a short story, and therefore soon told. When I was nineteen I had to leave school

owing to the death of my father. I came home to help my mother, who needed me. My father had been a prosperous farmer; he had that frugality and sturdy industry characteristic of the Vermont farmers. My mother I always considered the most handsome woman on earth, at least she appeared so to me; and as a mother, there never was one better.

"After my father had been dead about a year, somehow I acquired a passion for hunting, fishing, and especially cooning. There was nothing that delighted me so much as it did to take my dog and go out with some of the neighboring boys and bring home a number of coons. One night, three or four of our neighbors came to our house after me. They thought



THE SHERMAN MONUMENT, NEW YORK. —By St. Gaudens.

they had found a new place—a corn field—where there was plenty of game. I needed no urging. I kissed my mother good-by, told her that I would not be late, called my dog, and away we went.

"I drank some whisky, and on my return reeled and staggered around the yard a little in a vain attempt to find the steps to the house. I stumbled over something, fell down, and was unable to get up. After a little I went to sleep—a regular drunken sleep.

"It seems that in the night some time my mother became anxious because I did not come home. She had not been to bed, but had fallen into a slumber upon the couch. She awoke, as I said before, some time in the night, and fearing that harm had befallen me, arose from the couch, put her shawl over her head and started out to find me. And she found me in a condition most deplorable, indeed.

"At first she thought I was dead, or that I had been brutally treated by a highwayman. But when she stooped down to look at me, and saw, by the moonlight, my face, she knew that her only child was drunk. She tried to waken me; she tried to get me into the house, but she had not the strength. She went to the house and got a pillow and placed it under my head. She covered me with blankets; she protected my face from the dew by placing an open umbrella over me. She drew her shawl tightly round her shoulders and sat down by my side.

"In the morning I awoke just as the sun was rising. I found her there. Great tears were chasing each other down her cheeks. I saw at

once that my mother had cared for me that all night. She had faithfully kept her lonely vigil watching her drunken son, weeping and praying.

"I am awfully thirsty," I said. My voice sounded strange, weak and unnatural. I got up; my mother rose, went to the well and brought me a cup of water. As she handed the cup to me she bowed her head that I might not see her grief; but I saw



"I Took the Cup From Her Hand and Drank Its Contents."

a tear come down her pale cheek and drop into that cup. I took the cup from her hand and drank its contents, tear and all. Yes, boys, I drank my mother's tear, and I made a solemn vow that I never again would drink her tears.

"I led my mother into the house; I led her to the armchair, and as soon as she was seated I got down upon my knees.

"Mother," I said, "this is my first; it shall be the last."  
"Charles," said she, running her fingers through my hair, "I hope so. God bless you."

"I looked up and my mother had fainted. I took her in my arms, as one might take a child, and placed her upon a bed.

"It was the beginning of what came near being her death. Days and nights and weeks I was by that sick bed. I heard her, as her mind wandered, praying for me, and pleading for my reformation. And at times she would imagine that she was talking to my father. She would tell him of the plans which she had for her son, and that she hoped he would be a sober gentleman. Every word she said was like a knife cutting me; and many a time I wished that I had died before I ever tasted liquor.

**MEMORIAL DAY**

**TO HONOR G. A. R. FOUNDER.**

**All Posts Contributed to Monument For Dr. B. F. Stephenson.**

Every Grand Army Post contributed to the \$35,000 required for a memorial to Dr. Benjamin F. Stephenson, founder of the Grand Army of the Republic, the design for which, by J. Massey Rhind, the New York sculptor, has just been accepted by a commission at Washington.

The statue, which will be a triangular shaft, thirty feet high, with symbolical groups on each side, will be ready for unveiling on August 1, 1909. It will be erected at Pennsylvania avenue and Seventh street, N. W., Washington, on a \$10,000 pedestal for which Congress has made an appropriation.

The front panel of the shaft symbolizes Fraternity, a soldier and sailor clasping hands and holding the flag between them. Below is a portrait medallion of Stephenson, with Grand Army badges on either side and an inscription, "Grand Army of the Republic. Organized by B. F. Stephenson, M. D., at Decatur, Ill., April 6, 1866."

The other panels of the shaft sym-



Memorial to Be Erected by the G. A. R. in Washington to Dr. Benjamin F. Stephenson, Founder of the Organization—Front Panel of Triangular Shaft. —J. Massey Rhind, Sculptor.

bolize, respectively, Loyalty, with a female figure holding a shield in one hand and a large decorative sword in the other, and Charity, a female figure, heavily draped, caring for young boy standing at her side.

**The Missing.**

But, ah! the graves which no man names or knows;  
Unaccounted graves, which never can be found;  
Graves of the precious "missing," where no sound  
Of tender weeping will be heard, where goes  
No loving step of kindred—O, how flows  
And years our thought to them!

But Nature knows her wilderness;  
There are no "missing" in her numbered ways;  
In her glad heart is no forgetfulness;  
Each grave she keeps, she will adorn,  
We cannot lay such wreaths as summer lays,  
And all her days are Decoration days!  
—Helen Hunt Jackson.



ADMIRAL FARRAGUT.

**Our Nation Forever.**

Ring out to the stars the glad chorus;  
Let bells in sweet melody chime;  
Ring out to the sky bending o'er us  
The chant of a nation sublime:  
One land and a history glorious!  
One God and one faith all victorious!



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**Midnight Murderers.**

By W. T. HORNADAY.

The desire to murder for the sake of killing is born in some carnivorous animals, and by others it is achieved. Among the largest and finest of the felines, the lions and tigers, midnight murders are very rare. Individual dislike is shown boldly and openly, and we are given a fair chance to prevent fatalities. Among the lions, tigers, leopards, jaguars, and pumas of the New York Zoological Park, twenty-eight in number, there has been but one murder. That was the crime of Lopez, the big jaguar, who deserved instant death as punishment. It was one of the most cunning crimes I have ever seen among wild animals, and is now historic.

For a year Lopez pretended ostentatiously to be a good natured animal. Twenty times at least he acted the part of a playful pet, inviting me to reach him and stroke him. At last we decided to give him a cage mate, and a fine adult female jaguar was purchased. The animals actually tried to caress each other through the bars, and the big male completely deceived us all.

At the end of two days it was considered safe to permit the female jaguar to enter the cage of Lopez. She was just as much deceived as we were. An animal that is afraid always leaves its traveling cage slowly and unwillingly, or not at all. When the two sets of doors were opened, the female joyously walked into the cage of her treacherous admirer. In an instant, Lopez rushed upon her, seized her whole neck in his powerful jaws, and crushed her cervical vertebrae by his awful bite. We beat him over the head; we spiked him; we even tried to brain him; but he held her, as a bulldog would hold a kitten, until she was dead. He was determined to murder her, but had cunningly concealed his purpose until his victim was fully in his power.—From McClure's Magazine.

**Milk and Butter in Japan.**

There was a time when milk was regarded in Japan with the same abhorrence as cheese is in China, especially the pungent and strong-smelling variety. Recent statistics, however, according to Consul Wilbur T. Gracey, show that time has worked a great change in this respect and milk and butter are now in great favor in Japan. Whereas twenty-five years ago not more than one or two per cent of the persons visiting a European restaurant, or eating a European meal at a friend's house, would have thought of touching butter, fully forty or fifty per cent now eat it with a relish. They are, however, quite content to do without.

As to dairy farms, they have increased notably in recent years. Butter, however, is a byproduct at these places. It is to milk that they look for their profit. Milk has a curious history in this country. Thirty or forty years ago it was abhorred. The average Japanese could not induce himself to drink it. But to-day many a household consumes one or two bottles of milk daily, partly because doctors have recommended it as a unique and wholesome beverage. "Milk halls," too, are now quite numerous. Butter will probably take much longer to come widely into vogue, because of its expensiveness. A pound of fresh butter costs at least one yen (49.8 cents gold) in Tokio to-day, an extremely high price for Japan.

**Demand For Telephones in Peking.**

Advices received at Washington state that in Peking there are now about seventechn hundred subscribers to the telephone system, and that the demand for connections is more than the administration can keep pace with.

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