

# GARDENS OF FLOWERS

### They Were Laid on the Graves of the Nation's Honored Dead.

## OBSERVANCE OF THE DAY

### Appropriate Services in the Various Cemeteries.

In the afternoon there was a parade and at night patriotic entertainments were held under the auspices of both posts of the Grand Army of the Republic—Parades at Dunmore and Petersburg—Memorial Day Sermon Delivered in Many of the Churches Last Night—Lessons That Were Drawn by Some of the Speakers.

Memorial day was fittingly observed in the city Saturday, despite the circus and other such events which it was expected would withdraw in a great measure the interest which attaches to the veteran and his departed comrade on this one day set aside for them especially. There were large throngs at the cemeteries during the morning services, the parade was witnessed by the usual sized holiday crowd and the afternoon and evening exercises were well attended.

Col. Ezra S. Griffin Post 129, G. A. R. combined in conducting the memorial services at the cemeteries, having previously decided by lot which cemetery each should look after. In this work they were assisted by the Ladies Circle No. 19, G. A. R., Camp 8, Sons of Veterans, children from various public and parochial schools and members of P. O. S. of A., Jr. O. U. A. M. and the Young Men's Institute.

At Forest Hill cemetery the services were in charge of a squad from Col. Griffin Post, composed of Past Commander A. B. Stevens, E. W. Pearce, George H. Geary, B. H. Atherton and Attorney Long. Rev. G. C. Lyman was in his absence Rev. J. B. Sweet, pastor of the Simpson M. E. church, spoke extemporaneously, choosing as his theme, "The Day and Its Deeds." He urged a more reverential observance of Memorial day.

The pupils of public schools Nos. 27 and 28 sang "America," and then the roll call and reading of Lincoln's address in honor of the unknown dead was presented by Commander Stevens took place. The forty-six soldiers graves which the cemetery contain were decorated with flowers and flags by forty-six little girls and a large floral emblem in honor of the unknown dead was presented by Woman's Relief Corps No. 60, Mrs. Fred J. Warner, making the presentation and Mrs. E. W. Pearce the acceptance.

The firing squad was composed of First Sgt. E. Frank Garter, A. W. Clency, J. C. Fadden, W. J. Edwards, John Mover, Albert Erblich, and W. E. Cahoon. The detail consisted of August Fadden, J. G. Cahoon, M. J. Graham, H. R. Long, F. R. Stark, John D. Carr, E. C. Moore, Hartwick, William H. Horn, F. W. Martin, Charles Trego, William Pfeiffer, W. N. Cole, S. A. Cahoon, S. J. Hardy, C. A. Ridgeway, C. C. Battentberg, Weynatt Pfeiffer, Walter Smithing, H. J. Fraley.

## DUNMORE CEMETERY.

The services in Dunmore Protestant cemetery were in charge of Past Post Commander Smith B. Mott, the officer of the day being J. W. Marshall. The firing and detail squads were composed of the following: Detail, commander; William Widener, J. W. Bullock, Peter B. Sawyer, G. A. Gardner, J. W. Cammer, Berton Huff, M. C. Bullock, Ed L. Anderson, Lewis Sawyer, M. G. Haug, J. B. Hunter, Moses Monninger, W. J. Marlatt, V. P. Long, J. B. Doud, W. H. Doud, James Doud, J. H. Widener, G. H. Manner, W. H. Crompton.

Council 28, Y. M. I., Camp 236, P. O. S. of A., No. 1022, U. U. A. M., assisted in the exercises. The singing was by a choir of 250 school children. Rev. A. B. O'Neil delivered the address.

Colonel Monies post had charge of the services at Hyde Park Catholic cemetery. Rev. P. J. McManus, of St. Paul's Catholic church, Green Ridge, delivered the address: Rev. J. A. O'Reilly, rector of the cathedral, made the opening prayer and also pronounced benediction. The singing was by the choir of St. Peter's cathedral. Past Post Commander F. J. Amnden conducted the G. A. R. ritualistic services. The roll call of the dead was read by H. W. Loftus, officer of the day.

The salute was fired by the following squad from the Sons of Veterans: Fred Schmidt, commander; Frank Schmidt, M. G. Haug, J. B. Hunter, Moses Monninger, W. J. Marlatt, V. P. Long, J. B. Doud, W. H. Doud, James Doud, J. H. Widener, G. H. Manner, W. H. Crompton.

The detail was as follows: C. W. Blume, William Brown, Dennis Blackledge, John Blackledge, William Collins, J. S. Burke, C. A. Bennett, Jacob Cammer, Jacob Pfeiffer, Harry Peters, J. E. Jewell, A. F. Allen, W. H. Crawford, A. L. Davis, G. A. Fleck, J. H. Foust, Comrades Henry W. Loftus, P. J. McManus, N. M. Gardner and Moses Monninger were in charge of the exercises.

In Dunmore Catholic cemetery Past Post Commander Moses Morey was in charge of the services, J. W. Marshall, being the officer of the day. Rev. M. B. Donlan, of St. Mary's church, delivered the address and St. Mary's choir rendered the music. The committee in charge was J. W. Marshall, John B. Holiday, Michael Costello, C. Hager, G. A. Fadden, J. W. Cammer and Moses Morey.

## WEST SIDE CEMETERY.

Commander John D. Jones was in charge of the services at Washburn street cemetery and E. L. Hass acted as officer of the day. J. Archie Jones,

a body to the First Presbyterian church in the evening and heard a Devotional Day sermon preached by the pastor, Rev. Dr. James McLeod. Rifles stacked in front of the pulpit and the presence of several flags to the large number of blue uniformed soldiers who were sent to military air to the service. The music was suitable to the occasion.

Dr. McLeod's sermon topic was "The Holiest War." It was in matter and subject a discourse particularly calculated to interest and help the soldier audited. The text was: "Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life," 1 Timothy, vi: 12: Dr. McLeod said:

St. Paul, in his Epistles, makes frequent use of martial metaphors. This is not strange when we remember that he was a Roman citizen, and that both as a citizen and as a soldier he had seen war. He was brought into close contact with Roman soldiers. Moreover, a state of nature is so suggestive of spiritual conflicts that he naturally resorted to them, and under the guidance of the Divine Spirit, he used them as a holy warfare.

Although St. Paul was a man of peace, and although he was an ambassador of the Prince of Peace, he nevertheless believed in holy war. He believed in the peace-at-any-price party. He was too stalwart a character for that. He carried his Bible, he carried his sword, he carried his divine authority with him. He was not afraid to fight, and he was not afraid to die. He was not afraid of the hosts of Israel were marshaled to fight the battles of the Lord. He was not afraid of the hosts of the Lord who had raised up mighty men of valor whom he commissioned and expressly commanded to make war upon nations, on account of their sins. He said: "I will, until they were utterly destroyed."

St. Paul knew the meaning of the words of Christ: "I will make peace on earth; I will bring down peace from heaven, and I will send peace, and a sword." He knew that there are times when war is inevitable, and when to be a faithful soldier, is to be a faithful servant of God.

HOLY WARS DEFINED.

But what are holy wars? When we think of the horrors of war, of battlefields covered with the dying and the dead; of weeping widows and fatherless children; of the orphaned and the maimed; when we think of the sick and the wounded; and the bereaved; when we think of all the dreadful calamities and sufferings which war brings down upon the human race, we can understand why it is possible that any war can be just. It is not a righteous God who has created a world, it has been the severest and most deadly instrument for the punishment, and sometimes, for the destruction of nations. Undoubtedly, wars originating in ambition, and avarice, and the accused thirst for power, and the desire of a tyrant's appetite for conquest; wars like those of Alexander and Napoleon; such wars have not a single redeeming feature.

There have been holy wars. And if ever a war was holy, that war of which this day we remember. It was a war will not try to stir you to any blood, but a recital of the causes which led to our awful civil war, and by recalling the dreadful carnage, and the suffering which this war has brought down upon us, and it will be handed down to the generations following. It was a fearful war, but it killed slavery, and it saved the nation.

It is a blessed fact, for which this generation might well be thankful, that in this broad land with its seven millions of souls, our glorious flag does not float over the head of a single slave. The war of the rebellion was a holy war. It made and it will keep us a united people.

THE HOLIEST WAR.

But there is a holier war of which St. Paul speaks, when he speaks of the holy to fight the good fight of faith, and to lay hold on eternal life. This is the holiest war, and it is the most important in spiritual tactics, is the Bible. The young soldier, who reads this study the Bible, it is God's book. In you will find his mind and will plainly revealed in the book of the Christian soldier, and it is the most important of all. It is the most important of all. It is the most important of all. It is the most important of all. It is the most important of all.

REV. MR. GIBBONS' SERMON.

In the Dunmore Presbyterian church last night, an eloquent sermon on "God's Banner," which was filled with thoughts on Memorial Day. The services throughout were of a patriotic character, and were attended by a very large congregation. Several anthems were rendered by the choir in specially fine manner. The speaker took his text from Psalm vi: "Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee." Part of Mr. Gibbons' sermon was as follows:

The Israelites were not a warlike people; they were the sons of peace. But for conquest, they were encouraged to expect help from God in repelling the heathen foe, who would have invaded their inheritance. There are certain expressions in which God likens himself to the banner of Israel. Like Henry of Navarre, who used the white banner of the Lord, the captain of Israel would urge his people to deeds of glory, because he is their leader. "Jehovah-nissi" the Lord my banner; this is the royal purple banner of God's sovereignty, the banner of God's Fatherhood. Beneath it stand the young men, courageous men, have been marshaled.

I see following this banner such sun-crowned men as Augustine, Calvin, Jonathan Edwards and a host of mighty men of valour, who have lived in the world? We answer, a clear vision of the heavenly father, who gave them their victory? They answer with mighty shout of triumph, "In the name of the Lord will we set up our banners." They will follow him, until they reach the King's "eternal immortal, invisible." Let us turn to the New Testament to study their blood-red banner of salvation, the banner of God's Son. Notice that the word banner of the text was used not merely concerning a flag, such as the modern word means, it is a symbol of an army, and it is to uphold and preserve such a symbol that the true soldier would lay down his life.

The cross of Jesus Christ is the symbol of the Christian soldier. It is the symbol of the Christian soldier. It is the symbol of the Christian soldier. It is the symbol of the Christian soldier. It is the symbol of the Christian soldier.

# The Home Reading Circle

## AT DEVIL'S RUN.

By CHARLES B. LEWIS.

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On this June morning there is peace in the land.

PART I.

The Indian agent at Fort Bliss reservation is congratulating himself on the meek and humble demeanor of the 3,000 subjects under his care, and today his monthly report will announce that the war fever which seized upon some of the bucks a week or so ago has entirely vanished. Even "Bald-Faced Charley," a sub-chief, and the worst of the lot, has settled himself down to be "a good boy."

At six o'clock in the morning Sergeant Yates rode out of Fort Bliss with seven troopers to repair the bridge at Devil's Run. Fifteen miles to the west, Devil's Run cuts across the military road as it comes up from the Union Pacific railroad. It is a mountain torrent rushing through the rock gorge twenty feet wide, and the spot is wild and lonely.

Half-past nine o'clock, after guard-mount, and before the men are ordered out for forenoon drill, Lieutenant Day and Miss Phelps center out of the fort for a ride across the country to the west. The officer is one of the three or four unmarried men at the post; Miss Phelps is Major Haldy's niece, here on a three months' visit from the east. It is a beautiful morning, and so full of the calm of peace that the sick men in the hospital feel the effects of it like a tonic.

At eleven o'clock the soldier telegraph operator at the post, who is smoking his pipe and looking out of the window at a troop drill, catches a faint glimmer of light on the eastern sky. It is not long before the sun is seen in full glory, and the officers of the adjutant with a telegram from the Indian agent, which reads:

"Bald-Faced Charley and fifty fighting bucks jumped the reservation last night and headed for Little Valley." So, while congratulating himself on the humble attitude of his charges, a war party had slipped off under cover of darkness and had doubtless found their first victim on the road out of camp. So Sergeant Yates and his seven men had departed for the exact spot where the Indians would seek to cross the military road to fall upon the half-dozen settlers in Little Valley. And so, the first of the day's events, the green-covered foot-hills, Lieutenant Day and Miss Phelps were liable to ride into an ambush within ten miles of the fort. The signs which signified peace were base deception. Ten miles to the west, on the military road, Fort Bliss was in a state of turmoil.

Under cover of darkness the renegade Indians made straight for Little Valley, thirty miles from the agency, and they were not seen until they were within five miles of it. They had six hours before daylight, and meant to fall upon the settlers in the early morning. After midnight a fog came on which reduced progress and finally checked it altogether. At that moment the daybreak found the war party still to the north of the military road, and they did not propose to cross it until night came again. The bulk of them went into camp for the night, but scouts were sent out in every direction to pick up information. Two of these scouts, from their position on the crest of a ridge, saw the two riders as they came loping over the plains. A sign brought two more scouts to their assistance, and the four Indians, run on their feet, made a hasty race of a mile and entered a dry ravine and waited. Ten minutes after their arrival the riders passed them, headed straight for the Indian camp, and with the four warriors in their rear. The pair were cut off and as good as captured. For a mile or more they rode on in ignorance of the situation. They had seen nothing of the attack. The officer looked back and noted the four Indians following. There were plenty of redskins riding about every day in the week, but even the way these subjects rode, that they dispatched what stuck to hang on as he did! No, he isn't dead! Here Wilkins, get some water, and you Green, help me to cut his clothes off and dress these hurts. Grant, you lead the lady away a bit and talk to her till she calms down. The rest of you keep your eyes open for Indians. A hand has jumped the reservation and will try to cross here, and we may have the whole crowd down on us at any moment.

"The lady from the east," as the soldiers called her, had never seen a hostile Indian in her life, and such a crisis as she had passed through would have weakened the nerves of almost any man. She pulled herself together in a few minutes, however, and as she reached the side of the wounded officer to offer assistance he opened his eyes and looked about him and asked:

"What is it, sergeant—what has happened?"

"You got a run from the Indians, sir, and you are wounded in three places. I'm patching you up, lieutenant, and in five minutes I'll send a man to the fort for the medical case."

"And Miss Phelps?"

"Unhurt, and here to answer for herself, sir."

"Thank God for that!"

A few minutes later, while the bluff, big good-hearted sergeant and the half-crying girl were "patching up" the wounded officer for his ride to the fort, a trooper was sent off to the fort with a message. He had not been gone ten minutes when the reports of rifles were heard, and in another ten he was back and reporting.

"Sergeant, the reptiles are in ambush along the road beside that big dead tree! I caught sight at least five or six of them as they fired, and my horse is hit and I've a bullet in my leg!"

"We are cut off, sir!" reported the sergeant, in turn, to the lieutenant.

But the officer had faintly heard the loss of blood and the pain of his wounds.

PART II.

It was lucky for the honor of the old Cavalry that Sergeant Yates had been sent out in command of that bridge-repairing party. It was lucky for the wounded lieutenant, for "the lady from the east" and for all concerned, except the Indians. The sergeant was a veteran Indian fighter and a man of nerve. The little troop had come out with only their blankets and cooking utensils, expecting to pass only a night in the run, and had camped so close to their work that the position was an exposed one, and the first move was to seek a better one. So a place was at hand among the boulders on the hillside overlooking the

bridge. Two troopers were sent up the road a quarter of a mile to act as videttes, two more down the road to see if the Indians had reached it on that side, and as the lieutenant recovered consciousness again the sergeant saluted and said:

"We are going to move up among the rocks, sir. There come the men from below, and it's sure we have the redskins on both sides of us. No fear about our standing 'em off, however. Now, boys, easy with him, and charge down into the bed of the Run to take care of themselves. All the canteens, coffee pots and kettles were filled with fresh water and carried up to the new camp, and without fuss or excitement the entire party and all their belongings were soon posted on the hill. With their axes the men lopped off branches to make a bed for the wounded officers, and loose rocks were piled between the boulders to make the position impenetrable. When the sergeant reported to his officer what he had done the latter replied:

"Very well. You have done just the right thing. I am better now, and I'll try to help you with advice. If the Indians attack see that Miss Phelps is well sheltered. If the reds are above and below we can't expect help. How are the men?"

"All right, sir. Davis is wounded, but not disabled, and there'll be eight of us to hold the place. We can hold it for a week. If the lady will look after you we'll take care of the murdering redskins."

The officer felt his position keenly, but it could not be helped. Such was the pain of the wound in the hip that he was compelled to lie at his own length. He had been able to sit up with his back to a rock his pistol arm was useless. After her rally the girl had taken hold in a way to prove that she had plenty of pluck, and she now advanced her feet to take charge of the helpless man. Do you look for love and romance here? If so I must disappoint you. Miss Phelps was already engaged to a young man in her home city, and her intention, yet, had been a confirmed bachelorhood. Her heart was big with gratitude, however, for his gallantry and courage, and on his part he had that chivalrous reverence and admiration for the sex which had been in him since he was a boy, but always showing the stronger at the posts farthest from civilization.

"If you had not covered my retreat you would not have received those bullets!" she reproachfully said, as she laid the hands of her army officer. "They are more scratches and won't bother me a month," he stoutly replied. "My only regret is that I can't sit up and take a hand in. You must act as my aide as well as nurse. How are the men posted?"

"On the three sides of the square," she replied. "I do not want to call the sergeant away. Go down to him and ask if there are any signs of the army officer. They may cross the road without attacking us."

In five minutes she returned to report:

The sergeant says the Indians are closing in from the west and the north, and he expects a rush within ten minutes. He has counted as high as 30, but believes the party is much larger.

The Indians did not wait ten minutes. They had left men at the camp most open to attack—to be about 30 in the rear of the hill. At a signal a whistle whop they came tearing up the slope, covered with trees, shrubs and bowlders, and never did red men display more pluck and determination. The soldiers opened fire as soon as a stormer could be sighted, and with her face as white as the clouds above and her heart in her mouth, Miss Phelps reported to the grunting officer on his knees and firing over the rocks. They do not seem at all excited. There is an Indian on the north side—I see two others down there! How they shriek and yell! One has leaped the rocks! There comes another, but the sergeant—

"And I lying here helpless!" shouted the officer. Is the sergeant down? For God's sake, tell me what is happening!"

"What's up, mum?" called the sergeant, as he rode up and dismounted. "He is dead—don't you see he is dead," she wailed in reply.

"Looks like it. Shot in the leg, hip and shoulder. You know what a shock to hang on as he did! No, he isn't dead! Here Wilkins, get some water, and you Green, help me to cut his clothes off and dress these hurts. Grant, you lead the lady away a bit and talk to her till she calms down. The rest of you keep your eyes open for Indians. A hand has jumped the reservation and will try to cross here, and we may have the whole crowd down on us at any moment."

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argin. If they do, we'll fall back here and—and—"

And die together, he meant, though he did not utter the words. The officer understood and smiled grimly; the girl understood, and in her heart she felt more admiration for the weather-beaten old sergeant than for any other man living.

The Indians did not rush again. They had lost thirteen in killed and five or six wounded, and they did not know how great a loss they had inflicted on the defenders. They laid in to Little Valley must be given up, and they would sneak back to the reservation and become "good Indians" again. Before going, however, they wanted revenge for their dead and wounded. Scattering about, and two or three of them climbing trees to get a plunging fire, they began a desultory fusillade, and at the end of a quarter of an hour Private Barnes was shot through the back, but Miss Phelps was reporting the tragedy to the lieutenant when Sergeant Yates came up and saluted and announced:

"Barnes is gone, sir; but I'll do the best I can alone. I think the devils are about to give up the fight, but the lady must lie close or some sharpshooter will pick her off. Please keep down, miss. Any orders, lieutenant?"

"None urgent. The news of this party getting away from the reservation must have been telegraphed to the fort, and no doubt troops have been sent out. We ought to be hearing from some of them soon."

"That's it, sir, and I'll go back to the big boulders and try and get the red devils in the big tree."

After that the fire of the Indians slackened to an occasional shot, and the wounded officer read the sign of retreat. The discomfited redskins were making ready to retire. Scarcely ten minutes had gone by when the reports of carbines were heard to the east, followed by cheers, and as the sergeant cheered and Miss Phelps clasped her hands, the lieutenant exclaimed:

"Thank God for that! It is a detachment from the fort, looking after us and the sergeant's party, and we are saved! Listen to the hoof-beats of the horses!"

"Hoorsay! Hoorsay! It's our boys coming!" shouted the sergeant, as he swung his cap and danced about.

There was just one more report from a rifle, but neither the sergeant nor the officer gave it any attention. They were looking for the rescuers, and as the troopers came in sight on the road below, Miss Phelps climbed over the rocks and called to them. A captain was in command, and as he scrambled up the hill, followed by a dozen dismounted men, he reached out for the hand of the hysterical girl and shouted:

"Thank God we have found you alive! Where is the lieutenant?"

She pointed to the helpless man on the bed of boulders, but could not utter a word.

"Oh, old man, did they get you?" asked the captain, as he bent over his comrade.

"Lines got me pretty bad. It was a hot little fight, but I was not in it. The sergeant, God bless him, deserves all the credit. You came just in time. He told me a moment ago that all his men had been wiped out."

"And for the love of the Lord, where is Yates?"

"Down that way."

"Yes, I see him kneeling beside the big rock. Oh, sergeant!"

The sergeant did not move nor answer. The captain walked down to him and clasped him on the shoulder and said:

"Oh, sergeant! Get up here and let's shake hands over this. Day has been telling me how cool and brave—"

The kneeling man suddenly toppled over sideways, and then the captain saw that he had been talking to a dead man! The last bullet had struck an Indian had struck him fair in the forehead. It was what the army folks call "the wipe-out" at Devil's Run.

THE END.

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