

**IN A NATIONAL CEMETERY.**  
 Sleeping, still sleeping, after all the years!  
 My earliest memory recalls them so—  
 Stretching away, white row upon white  
 row.  
 This meet the avard still velvet green ap-  
 pears,  
 The wall its solemn weight of ivy wears,  
 But they—so many men with blood  
 aglow!  
 To see them still so patiently laid low,  
 It stirs a pain too passionate for tears.

Strange! For the buried struggle had  
 grown tame  
 When first my father told me: the ire  
 of battle but a story and a name,  
 Yet, still they sleep as one who never tires,  
 And still, where autumn sets the trees  
 aflame,  
 Some ghostly sentinel tends their signal-  
 fires.  
 —Charlotte Wilson, in Scribner's Mag-  
 azine.

**A PATRIOTIC TRIO**  
 by Marguerite E. Gookin

"Gee whizz!" sighed Punks, "th' cop said 'twus ten miles out here to th' cem'try. More like twenty, ain't it, Lonesum?" The yellow dog whom Punks addressed bent his tail affirmatively upon the sidewalk, as the boy dropped to the curb for a rest. "When it's dark," continued Punks, "we'll shin th' fence."

Punks had a vague idea that his undertaking must be carried out under a charitable mantle of darkness; he might not be permitted to enter the cemetery, he feared, because he had no "folks" there and had not come with a funeral. He was glad to rest, anyway, for he was very tired, and the dog was, too. When Punks had started out that afternoon there had been a small hole in his shoe. By the time he had reached the cemetery, the whole bottom was off, and his foot had been scraped raw in places. He had meant to flip cars all the way out, but shortly after leaving the downtown district, the yellow dog had claimed fellowship with him, and persisted in keeping up with him. Punks flipped twice after that, but it made him feel sorry when the dog ran so hard to keep even, so he decided to walk along with his new companion, whom he dubbed "Lonesum" when he noted the appealing look in the dog's eyes.

Suddenly Punks jumped up and peered over the fence. "Yep, that's it. It's right next that big monument with th' ball on top where Johnny and his old man is. Straight south o' this fence post. We'll find it all right in th' dark. Say! th' flowers look kinder tired." Punks looked ruefully at the big bunch of carnations which he held. He had spent forty cents of his day's income on them, and that, coupled with the fact that he had missed the evening's sale of papers on account of this trip, meant that he would have no supper.

When it was quite dark, Punks dropped Lonesum and his flowers over the fence and followed. Carrying the direction well in mind and followed by Lonesum, who kept a discreet silence, Punks came to his haven. It was a grass-grown and weed-decorated lot in an almost abandoned part of the cemetery. To find the wooden headboards that marked the resting places of Johnny and Johnny's grandfather, Punks had to strike several matches; in the flare of the third he was startled to see a man sitting on a wire bench back a yard or two away. Lonesum, too, saw the man, and for the first time in his acquaintance with Punks, showed fight. He bristled and growled so threateningly that the stranger, who had been asleep, awoke in bewilderment.

The match had burnt quite down to Punks' fingers before he realized that the man was old and quite harmless in appearance, and then the visions of arrest that had momentarily floated before Punks' eyes faded away.

"Cut it out, Lonesum," he commanded. "Th' old feller's all right." The man sat up. He wore a frayed and faded gray suit and big soft hat, which, though Punks did not know it, would have recognized as the Confederate uniform. Where his left foot should have been, the end of a wooden leg appeared.

"Why, what you doing here, boy?" the stranger inquired.

Lonesum, who came to heel like a high bred hunter. But Isalah's wooden leg would go thumpy-thump on the gravel and just as they passed the caretaker's office, that functionary darted out, calling, "Halt!" Lonesum again showed fight, but Punks bade him be quiet, and the three were driven before the caretaker toward the office, the captor threatening shrilly that he was going to have the culprits locked up. As they reached the porch a young man in the uniform of a colonel of cavalry stepped out and asked:

"What's the trouble, Matthews?"

"Caught them this time—two desperate characters," answered the caretaker.

Colonel Horton smiled as he inspected the crippled old man and the thin, ragged boy, before whom a hungry looking dog stood in an attitude of defiance, as one who says, "Who touches these fellows gets hurt."

"Come for flowers, that's what," complained the keeper. "Do it every year and sell them over. I'll make 'em pay for it, now they're caught. Thieves!"

Isalah Riddon drew himself up very straight. "The boy is all right," he said. "I know his story. You wouldn't do anything to a little fellow like that. And I, sir," addressing himself to Colonel Horton, "am no thief. You'd call me a Rebel, sir; that I was once, but never a thief."

**THE PRESIDENT'S FLAG.**



The Design Which is Being Used Largely in the Decoration for Memorial Day.

The colonel gazed at Isalah. His eyes took in the meaning of the stripes on the sleeve of the old man's uniform; he noted the wooden leg; "I believe you, sir," he said, and then he did that which brought the color to Isalah's cheek. As a subordinate to his superior officer, Colonel Horton saluted Isalah Riddon.

The colonel soon had the story of the adventure. Punks insisted on telling how the old man had walked miles and miles to put flowers on an old comrade's grave; Isalah declared that Punks, in carrying out his promise to Johnny, had showed a soldier's spirit, and finally the colonel took the old man, the boy and the dog, in charge.

The following morning, in the Memorial Day parade, the spectators marveled to see an old, white-haired man, in the uniform of a Confederate soldier, riding in one of the foremost carriages as the guest of the colonel of the regiment. They had already noticed, by the side of the colonel, a boy who rode his horse as though it was an old story to him; it was a boy who had been appointed the colonel's special aide for the day, and if any one had asked him his name he would have answered "Punks." And also, close to the heels of Punks' horse, there trotted a yellow dog, a good meal within and a happy look in his eyes. The spectators couldn't know, however, that these were not to last of the good things that were to fall to Isalah and Punks and Lonesum; there were, in fact, many more good times to come, for the colonel was rich, but better than that, he had a heart of gold.—Ram's Horn.

**Women's Realm**

**Thin Skinnedness.**  
 "The most unpleasant kind of vanity to meet with," writes a reader, "is thin skinnedness. The thin-skinned person is always on the lookout for slights and takes every allusion to himself. His amour propre must be consulted on every occasion, thereby making every one around constrained and unnatural for fear of hurting him. He is a wet blanket everywhere, and one cannot help a feeling of relief whenever he leaves."—Horns Chat.

**The Two Kinds of Vanity.**  
 "There are two kinds of vanity," points out one reader. "The superficial 'powder puff' feminine vanity, the masculine 'swagger,' are always apparent and comparatively harmless. But the people who will never brook interference, never own to a fault, who are never in the wrong, never doubt themselves, never change in opinion and who always 'do everything for the best,' these are the vain ones indeed. Their vanity is not always apparent at first, but it is all the more harmful because it lies deep."—Home Chat.

**Business Woman's Card.**  
 The bachelor maid—or matron—compelled to use a personal card in her daily work, has now a neat little calling card exactly like her brother's in size and with her name and address engraved in the simplest, Old English and fancy lettering are not considered good form for the business card, for there are forms and conventionalities for business as well as social life. For these neat little cards the bachelor woman has her dainty card case of exquisite finished pin seal or morocco leather, or of gun metal decorated with her monogram in oxidized silver.—Washington Star.

**The Girl Who "Arrives."**  
 The prompt girl.  
 The willing girl.  
 The one who is courteous, thoughtful and tactful.  
 The girl who knows when silence is golden.  
 She who does not make her own in-

**Fruit Cobbler.**—Use pineapple, plums, peaches or fresh strawberries for this. Fill an earthenware dish with the fruit. If the canned variety is used, allow only the juice that adheres to the fruit. For the berries no water or juice will be necessary. Cover the latter fruit with a layer of sugar. For the canned fruit the sweetness must depend upon how rich it is, but a little lemon juice will add zest to the dish and take away the excessive sweetness. Cover the fruit with a baking powder biscuit rolled half an inch thick; slit the top and press the edges well down over the edge to prevent the juices from running out. Bake in a moderate oven until the crust is thoroughly done.—Anna W. Morrison, in Ladies' World.

**For Good Crop of Hair.**  
 Avoid strong soaps, alkalis such as soda and ammonia, hair tonics of which you are not sure, and too much hot water. These all dry up natural oil and make the hair harsh, dry and given to falling.

**Women in Agriculture.**  
 We heard a well-known lecturer say, not long since, that woman was rapidly usurping every vocation belonging by right to man, and that her latest "usurpation" was in the province of agriculture. "But the gentleman was in gross error, for woman's right to this work goes back to Biblical times. The Book of books tells us about the virtuous woman, whose price is 'far above rubies,' that 'she considereth a field, and buyeth it; with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard; she girdeth her loins with strength and strengtheneth her arms.'"

**Women in Agriculture.**  
 Women within the last decade have been remarkably successful as farmers, and many more are forging rapidly ahead as horticulturists. Statistics show that more than 60,000 women in our country are actively engaged in the cultivation of fruit, and many of the orange, olive, peach and apricot orchards of California are owned or managed by women. One of the most successful of these is Mrs. Harriet Strong. She owns many large orange groves and ships dozens of carloads of oranges every

**HOW SHE KEPT THERMOMETER COOL.**

**Woman Moved It Outdoors When Temperature Rose in Rooms of Her Dwelling.**

A prominent physician of Baltimore tells an amusing experience of the early days of his practice when he was residing in a small town where by far the majority of the workers were coal miners, says the Los Angeles Chronicle.

"I was greatly distressed by the unsanitary conditions prevailing in their cottages," says the doctor, "and among other things I tried to explain to each household the importance of maintaining a wholesome atmosphere in the sleeping rooms. I laid in a stock of thermometers, which were distributed to the households where they were most needed. I took pains to point out to each family in turn just how the thermometer would indicate the proper degree of temperature.

"As I was making the rounds one day I inquired of the woman at the head of one establishment, wherein I observed my thermometer proudly displayed at the end of a string, whether she had followed my instructions.

"Yes, sir," answered she. "I'm very careful about the temperature. I watch the thing all the time as it hangs up there."

"What do you do when the temperature rises above 68?"

"I take it down, sir," put it outside till it cools off a bit."

**Pigeon Whistle Concerts.**  
 A traveler in Eastern lands tells us the following little story of the Chinese and their most unique pigeon whistles:

"One of the most curious expressions of emotional life in China is the application of whistles to a flock of pigeons. These whistles, very light, weighing hardly a few grammes are attached to the tails of young pigeons soon after their birth, by means of a fine copper wire, so that when the birds fly the wind will blow through the whistles and set them vibrating, thus producing an open air concert, for the instruments in one and the same flock are tuned differently. On a serene day in Peking, where these instruments are manufactured with great cleverness and ingenuity, it is possible to enjoy this aerial music while sitting in one's room.

"There are two distinct types of whistles—those consisting of bamboo tubes placed side by side, and a type placed on the principle of tubes attached to a gourd body or wind chest. They are lacquered in yellow, brown, red and black to protect the material from destructive influences of the atmosphere. These whistles have either two, three or five tubes. In some specimens the five tubes are made of ox-horn instead of bamboo. The gourd whistles are furnished with a mouthpiece, and small apertures to the number of two, three, six, ten and even thirteen. Certain among them have besides a number of bamboo tubes, some on the principal mouthpiece, some arranged around it. These varieties are distinguished by different names. Thus a whistle with one mouthpiece and ten tubes is called 'the eleven eyed one.'"

**Oil For Shoe Soles.**  
 "What am I doing to my new shoes?" said a young woman from Camden, as she carefully placed them in a pan of some liquid. "I am going to let them soak over night in olive oil. Oh, no, I do not completely immerse them, uppers and all—simply the soles."

"It is a trick I was taught several years ago when a shoe manufacturer, the father of one of my friends, told me that shoes would prove much more durable if a treatment of this sort were given."

"Either olive or castor oil is equally good. Then I rub a cloth, dipped in the oil, over the upper part of the shoe."

"I am never troubled with creaky shoes, and my footwears lasts a remarkably long time," she continued.—Philadelphia Ledger.

**The Deadly P. S.**  
 "Harry, love," exclaimed Mrs. Knowall to her husband, on his return one evening from the office, "I have been d-d-dreadfully insulted!"

"Insulted!" exclaimed Harry, love, "by whom?"

"By your m-m-mother," answered the young wife, bursting into tears.

"My mother, Flora? Nonsense! She's miles away on a visit to poor Tom!"

Flora dried her tears.

"I'll tell you all about it, Harry, love," she said. "A letter came to you this morning, addressed in your mother's writing, so, of course, I—I opened it."

"Of course," repeated Harry, love, dryly.

"It—it was written to you all the way through. Do you understand?"

"I understand. But where does the insult come in?"

"It—it came in the p-p-postscript," cried the wife, bursting into fresh floods of briny. "It s-said: 'P. P. S.—D-dear Flora, d-don't f-fall to give this l-letter to Harry. I w-want him to have it.'"

**Marketing a New Product.**  
 Mrs. Dexter, from somewhere down State, was enjoying her first ride in a crowded street car in Chicago. It happened that a health officer, in the performance of his regular duties, was taking a sample of the air in the car. Mrs. Dexter saw his manipulations, but could not understand them, so she turned to a policeman who was sitting next to her.

"Beg your pardon," she said, "but can you tell me what that man is doing?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered the officer. "He's bottling th' atmosphere."

"For mercy's sakes!" exclaimed Mrs. Dexter. "What won't they do next! Do they can the air and sell it nowadays?"—Youth's Companion.

**Taken at His Word.**  
 While holding a term of court at Augusta once, Judge Walton sentenced a man to seven years in prison for a grave crime. The respondent's counsel asked for a mitigation of the sentence on the ground that the prisoner's health was very poor.

"Your Honor," said he, "I am satisfied that my client cannot live out half that term, and I beg of you to change the sentence."

"Well, under those circumstances," said the Judge, "I will change the sentence. I will make it for life instead of seven years."

It is almost needless to add that the respondent chose to abide by the original sentence, which the Judge permitted him to elect.

**Good Things to Eat**  
**AND HOW TO PREPARE THEM**

**Broiled Cold Ham.**—Slice cold ham very thin. Boil a very few minutes. Serve hot.

**Syllabub.**—Whip a small cupful of powdered sugar into a quart of rich cream, another cupful of sugar into the whites of four eggs. Mix these together and flavor to taste.

**Baked Heart.**—Wash carefully and stuff nicely, roast or bake, and serve with gravy, thickened with some of the stuffing. Very nice hashed with a little lemon juice added.

**Tea Cake.**—One quart of flour, one cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one-half pound of lard, one-half pound chopped raisins or currants. Roll two inches thick, bake in a quick oven, split open. Butter and eat while hot.

**Pond Lily Toss.**—Boil eggs fifteen minutes, separate whites and yolks. Cut whites fine, warm with cream or milk, butter, salt and pepper and spread over toasted slices of bread, press yolks through a fine strainer over the top, an egg to a person and one over.

**Delmonico Pudding.**—One pint of milk, put on to scald, three eggs, beat yolks, dissolve three tablespoonfuls of cornstarch and three tablespoonfuls of sugar in a little milk. Stir all in scalded milk. After it thickens pour into dish, beat the whites, put on the top and set in the oven to brown. Use one teaspoonful vanilla to flavor.



**Pretty Things to Wear**

A plain lace net with a tiny edge of color makes charming little jabots.

All colors, from the lightest to the darkest, are popular for walking hats.

One of the modish colors is ecru, a rather deeper shade than ashes of roses.

The purse oval in shape like the searab and colored to imitate it is a new idea.

Some of the new veils are of the color of straw, with thick, heavy chenille dots.

Sleeves must be close, but not so close at the elbows as they were during the winter.

There is no prettier fashion in this season of colors than the matching of one's gowns and frocks with hosiery.

Hatpins are enormous about the head and terrifically long about the pin, necessarily, with hats the size they are now.

There is now no doubt that the waist line, which has so long been hovering near the empire line, is rapidly descending.

Black pippins, black cord edges, black girdles and jet buttons are found together on many simple little gowns and suits.

The voices are less talked of among the fabrics than for some seasons, but their usefulness for general all-around wear insures them against retirement.

The patent leather hat is the latest comer at the milliner's. It is made in scuttie bonnet for automobilists, and in mushrooms, sailors and similar shapes.

Lingerie dresses are being made of the sheersat mill without a bit of lace of any kind, but covered with a bold floral design done in white and richly raised.

This is an off season for perfectly plain coats in cloth suits, but a very strong ode for the mannish mixtures. Few hats which are tilted back from the face have style.

Wear white petticoats—they are quite correct, but do not get them too full, and do not starch them. Some fasten them to the bottom of the corset instead of putting them into a band.

**HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.**

**Needed For Baby.**  
 In years gone by all little tots were made comfortable and grew up into sturdy men and women, but never were there so many pretty things for the baby as now; what was once considered a luxury is now a necessity.

It is an unfortunate baby indeed who is not presented with a lingerie basket at birth.

All around the inside are separate baskets attached to the sides, and in each one is kept some necessary article. The top basket has a lid, and the lower baskets are wadded and lined in blue or pink silk.

There is also an enameled washstand.—New Haven Register.

**Pretty Table Cover.**  
 One ordinary denim which can be purchased in all the durable shades for a very small sum. As it is narrow, take twice the required length of the cover and join the edges together with one over and over stitch, which is hardly discernible if done neatly. Turn a hem about five inches wide on the right side, the dark against the light making an effective border, finish the corners neatly in bias fashion and finish the entire hem with featherstitching or French knots in heavy silk. Press well and behold, you have a charming and serviceable cover for a small sum and little time.—New Haven Register.

**Brass Tea Service.**  
 A brass tea service is not only useful, but may be an exceedingly effective part of the decorative scheme. If possible a samovar should take the place of the kettle. They are really most practical and convenient—especially for serving tea to a number of guests—though so little understood and used in this country. Boxes for preserved fruit or ginger, and trays of all shapes and sizes can be had at very moderate cost, and are really beautiful. The brass is no harder to clean than silver, and a slight cloud of tarnish gives it a pinkish cast, much admired by artists, however it may affect the housekeeper. In a living room where a touch of warm color is needed, nothing could be better than a table set with well-selected brasses.—New Haven Register.

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