DECORATION DAY.

Thin grow the ranks. A few worn, weary

With the white spray of age upon each STOR.

Come in sad memory of those far-off days When they marched gayly where they falfer now,

A few are left. How short has grown the Test.

We call it tenderly, with bated breath, Lest from our ranks should fade the noble tions

To answer to the roll-call of the ruler, Death.

wide

Apart as the dim armies of the past. filently and slow they come, who once

Only a few, with weak and faltering tread, And for a little while, their march they

- Konti Yer the rough ways of poverty and age, To become grounds of rest, so green and

Thin grow the ranks. In silent camps they

wait. Who shared those hours of victory or des Sent

and marble sentries guard the sacred spot Where war-worn heroes rest in slumber

to few are left! Where are those gallant Who led the conquering bands to victory,

Who out of darkness brought the light of

And set a race of suffering people free?

to few, but ah! the golden-fruited years. Have scattered memory-blossoms on their way

And a glad nation comes with thankful heart

To tell its love on Decoration Day. - E. P. Matthews, in Harper's Weekly,

ON DECORATION DAY.

BY RELEN PORREST GRAVES,



HE night before Decoration Day had arrived, and the full moon-a sphere of dazzling silverwas shining over the moss covered roof of the old farmhouse where David Darley stood at the window, both hands puried deep in his pockets, and his

wife sat knitting by the table. "Father," said the old woman, "what be you lookin' at?"

"There's somethin' goin' on at the schoolhouse to-night," chuckled Dar-"The children they're all goin' by with bags an' baskets.

"A prenie, mebbe," s sid Mrs. Dar-

"Not likely, this time o year." "A spellin' match, p'raps.

"They ain't gwine to hev the spell n match till June. What be they t-carryin'? I'm blessed of I don't

o'lieve it's flowers!" "Flowers?" echoed his wife. I know what it is! It's to decorate be graves to-morrow. Miss lisleyshe's a stranger here, and her folks are all buried off in Wisconsin-and she says if she can't put flowers over her swu people, she's bound to do somethin' for the graves nobody else thinks of here. There's some, you know, ather, that always gets forgotten-Eben Peterson, whose folks moved tway in 70; and them Swedes, that lought as well as anybody, but hadn't aeither kith nor kin in this country; and Willis Holmes, that never had achody belonging to him-and Miss lslev she's bound to see that none of em is neglected. And the children hey've sot out she shall have plenty o' flowers. They set a deal o' store by Miss Hsley. Our Pete he ain't never had a schoolma am as he liked

Mr. Darley whisted softly.

"That a wounts for it," said he. "Accounts for what?"

Mrs. Darley missed a stitch in her curiosity, and had to pick it upagain. Where all our white laylocks has got to. I was kind o' keepin' 'em to bang over Gran'ther Oliver's headtone. He warn't a soldier, an' he never fit nowhere, as I knows on, but I allays like to put somethin' on his stone Decoration Day, so't won't look onesome; an 'I'll bet a cookey Pete's mak 'em. He'd take the roof of the touse if he thought Miss Ilsley wanted

"Miss lisley don't want nothin' that's come by that way," said Mrs. Darley. "But don't scold him, father - he ain't | made a mistake." nothin out a child."

In the little red schoolhouse, by the light of a smoky kerosene lamp, and sundry tallow candles stuck round the coom, the children were eagerly sorting out the snow white and rosy and golden blossoms, putting them into pails of water ready for the morrow,

'Where's Miss Ida?" asked little Tommy Goldsmith. "I've got a lot o' pinies, an' nowhar' to put 'em.

She's gone to look for Janey Pike,' said Lucy Hall, the tall monitor pupil. "Where are the pinies? I'll take care of 'em till she comes back. Janey's little, and Miss Ida's afraid she's gone

In the white moonlight, up the Surrey road, Ida Ilsley was walking with the swift, light step of a practiced pedestr.au, her black cambrie gown blowing back in the sweet spring wind, her straw hat swinging by its ribbons from one hand.

On a bunch of briers, close to the gates of the old hall, she had found one of Janey Pike's hair ribbons, and she was determined to seek out the

little wanderer, wherever she might be. Surrey Hall, a fine old place, was mostly left to itself, in these days-

neighborhood, had never before entered within its ponderous gates.

In the shimmering moonlight she looked here and there at the gleam of white statues, the groups of Norwegian pines, and the feathery droop of blos-

soming laburnums. "Oh, here is the greenhouse!" said Ida, aloud. "I shouldn't wonder if the little mite had wandered in here. And I don't blame her; it's like fairy land, with the moonlight shining through the arched roof, and all these delightful scents in the air-'

"Augh, Oi've catched 'ee, have Oi?" croaked a voice that made Miss Ilsley start. "'Ee's the lass as has cut my Few few are left. The ranks grow thin, and flowers an' broke they down reeght

an' laft, loike 'ee was a pirate!' Ida turned and found herself confronting a stout, short man, in a veteens.

"Who are you?" said she. "Or'm t' gairdener. Who be you?" "I am Miss Hsley.

"Miss Fiddlesticks!" wrathfully retorted the old man. "You be t' vil-Or've gotten 'ee now an' Or mean to

tother thieves. Oi'll call he now."

At sunrise the next morning, when the little flower brigade, escorted by their fair major-generaless, arrived at the cemetery to cover the graves with color and sweetness, Mr. Surrey was there before them, accompanied by reluctant Miles, wheeling a hand-barrow full of snowy syringas, fragrant carna-tions and delicious roses.

"I was afraid you wouldn't have enough," said he. "And did you ever know such a curious coincidence, Miss Ilsley? The late mail last night brought me a letter from my aunt, Mrs. Evelyn, in Wisconsin, telling me you were somewhere here, and asking me to try and make things pleasant for you."

"She is very kind," said Ida, coloring. "I know her very well. But she Their conquering forces on the formen paper cap and a suit of shabby vel- couldn't have forceen that our first meeting was to be by moonlight, in your greenhouses, with me in the character of a suspect."

> Surrey laughed. "It was all that dear little Janey," said he. "Now have you got all the

THE STORY OF JOHN BURNS, THE Confederates, who removed him to his CITIZEN PATRIOT,

He Got Mad Because a Stray Bullet Killed His Cow-Firing Upon the Advancing Confederates.

> NEWSPAPER writer who has visited the battlefields around Gettysburg says:

I am almost tempted to regret the trip, since it has been the means of shaking, if not destroying, my faith in one of the hallowed memories of that bloody field-the story of the unselfish patriotism of old John Burns. Of all the citizens in the village he alone, an old man of seventytwo, shouldered a gun and took an active part in assisting the Union troops to resist the advance of the enemy.

When we drove past his humble cottage in one of the village streets our guide pointed out the little narrow porch whereon Abraham Lincoln seatage gell as steals ma floo'rs. But flowers arranged? Sure you have ed himself by the side of the old enough? Very well. Then go on, wounded hero and virtually canonized keep 'ee. Maister he bees a justice of Miles, and tell the housekeeper we're him as the civil hero of Gettysburg. context, an' we'll hev 'ce arrested like coming, You see Miss Ilsley, I've taken the liberty to have a light re-And Miss Ilsley was left standing past of coffee and fruit and cake coln has ever since enshrined him in

their teacher was the prettiest sight A HERO OF GETTYSBURG. through the village, old Burns was be had ever beheld. secured for him the respect of the home, where, four months afterward, in November, 1863, when Abraham Lincoln visited Gettysburg, he was still on crutches. President Lincoln's open attention to old Burns secured for him the respect of his neighbors and of all patriotic citizens.

That is the story of old John Burns as told by one of his neighbors who knew him well, and although it may divest the patriotic story of a certain halo of sentiment, it does not thereby detract at all from the personal courage and heroism of the old citizen who, in defending his own property, occupied relatively the same position as the United States Government in resisting force by force and fighting for its property. John Burns was a type of the farmers of Massachusetts who lined the fences along the road of the retreating British soldiers who had marched to Lexington to disperse the American rebels. The whole world worships courage, and old John Burns will ever remain inseparably associated with the heroism so grandly illustrated at Gettysburg, not alone of Northern or Southern, but of Amer .can valor.

Decoration Day.

Boses all a-glowing. Lillies wet with dew, Pansies shyly blowing Olive branch and rue. Twine them in a chaplet, Bind them in a cross, For the soldiers sleeping 'Neath the quiet moss

Roses, for our love and pride, Lillies, for our prayers Pansies, for our tender thoughts, Dewdrops, for our tears. And the rue for aching hearts, To mourn till life shall cause: Then last, and best of all, we lay The olive-branch of peace. -Good Housekeeping.

An Old Song.

Last Thursday there was a performance in Athens which has awakened great interest in Europe. It was the public performance of a "Hymn to Apollo," which was discovered after being lost for more than 2000. All accounts agree in ascribing the highest musical merits to the melody. One correspondent declares that everyone present was ravished by the charm of the music, its mingled originality, simplicity and grandeur. The hymn occupied a quarter of an hour in its presentation, and was sung by the choir with piano accompaniment. The king was overcome with emotion and requested a repetition. This is by no means the first musical treasure of the ancient Greeks which has been brought to light and translated. There are the music, first, of the 'Pythian Ode of Pindar," two hymns of Dionysius to Calliope and Apollo, and a hymn by Mesomedes. None of these are particularly enchanting to modern ears. Apollo's hymn, however, is much more grand and majestic. It is a melody of one part only, the Greeks not employing harmony or part singing. They had seven modes, whereas modern music has only two, the major and minor. Apollo's hymn is of the Dorian mode, which is described as dignified, severe and grave, a sort of Gregorian chant. It will be published in Paris shortly. - New Orleans Pica-

Hunting the Hippopotamus.

"Hippo-shooting, compared with other sport, is poor," said Mr. Jackson, an African hunter. "In the first place, it depends more on accuracy of aim and proficiency in quick shooting than on stalking. To crawl up to the edge of a high bank, probably several feet above the surface of the water, in which a school of these huge beasts is lying basking in the sun on the shallows, requires little skill provided the wind is fair. Neither is a steady potshot at a range of twenty-five yards, at a well-defined mark such as the beast's eye and ear, in a line between the two, as he lies perfectly still, half out of the water and possibly asleep, or floating quite motionless on the top of the water, a great test of prowess in shooting. When once scared, however, the conditions are changed, as hippos then become very cunning and take a great deal of circumventing, and will test the sportsman's patience as well as the accuracy and quickness of his aim to the utmost. If they have not been much shot at or disturbed, they will show up again in a few min-utes after the first shot."—New York Sun.

His Rainwater Stolen.

The larceny of rainwater in Arizona has extenuating circumstances. This observation has its origin in an incident of Churchill's addition.

Some time after midnight A. H. Barber was aroused from sleep by a noise outside his bedroom window. Mr. Barber was not concerned; he could think of nothing unlocked, the stealing of which would impoverish him or enrich the thief, and he turned soldiers falling back, he started out sleepily in bed. Suddenly he thought of some ten gallons of rainwater which had been laboriously diverted from the roof and coaxed into a tub

and washboiler during Sunday's rain. He sprang from his bed, blamed himself for his carelessness in leaving the rainwater exposed and rushed out into the darkness. The tub and boiler were gone. Mr. Barber dashed into the house, and in about a second redeclared war upon the Southern Con- turned with a revolver and took a shot at the wide world, breathing a fervent prayer that avenging fate would direct the bullet into the anatomy of the deporter of the rain-water treasure.—Phoenix (Arizona) Republican.

Among the hygienic foods there are

wear.

few articles of diet that are at once as wholesome and cheap as rice, yet an appetizing and properly cooked dish is rarer than a tender lobster. Even the girls in the training school for nurses find it the most difficult of all invalid foods to prepare. Improperly boiled, instead of sustaining strength it reduces it, for, if cooked to a paste, it is almost as indissoluble as glue. and if the grains are sharp or hard, the digestive organs are irritated and diarrhoeal troubles are apt to result. This highly nutritions and delicate food must be cooked slowly and kept on the fire until every grain is theroughly softened, but not cooked ac that the shape of the grain is de stroyed. This sort of boiled rice is acceptable to the sick, and there is nothing in the list of cereals for even people of bodily health more nu tritions. It is food for children and women, because of its digestibleness that is, the light tax it is to the stomach. - New York Advertiser.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

SEWING ON BUTTONS

the knot of the double thread on the

right side of the garment under the button. A pin with a small button and a darner with a large button

should be inserted between the cloth

and button when sewing to make the

stitches loose, and then, when with drawn, the thread should be wound

around the stitches, making a shank

for the play of the button-hole. But

tons on children's underwaists should

be especially strong. A bit of cotton folded double where the button is to

be sewed will prevent tearing out of

the waist itself. Such waists should never be passed through the wringer

when washed, but should always be

wrung by hand. A wringer will break

the buttons faster than any amount of

HOW TO COOK RICE.

Buttons should be sewed on loosely,

A FOOD EXPERIMENT.

Sixty-four per cent. of his income is what the average workingman pay for his food. In a food experiment undertaken by Miss Katharine David last summer it was satisfactorily proved that a workingman with an in come of \$500 could feed himself, with and three young children with nour ishing food for forty per cent. of h income, or at an average cost of fifty five cents per day. The following as some of the bills of fare used by Ma Davis : Breakfast-Milk toast, Boston baked beans, coffee with milk an sugar. Dinner-Brown fricassee of beef, scalloped potatoes, boiled onions dessert, hominy with sugar, syrup Supper-Fried bacon, bread and bu ter. The second bill of fare consists of corn-meal griddle-cakes, sug syrup and fried potatoes for bree fast; potato soup, baked liver a boiled rice with cheese and breat dinner: scalloped beef with homing biscuit and stewed prunes for a

Boiled eggs and bread constituted another breakfast. The dinner th day was of picked-up codfish with m gravy, mashed potatoes, bread a oatmeal pudding with hot sauce. Su per-Fried corn-meal mush and frie pork with milk gravy. Another is the family were fed on baked pot toes, minced beef with gravy a bread and coffee with milk and sur for breakfast; liver and baco and fried potatoes with bre for dinner, and a supper of pea son bread and sugar syrup. - New Yor

RECIPES.

Breakfast Gems-Two cups grahs flour, two tenspoonfuls baking p der, one egg, one teaspoonful sugi add cold water enough to make a st batter; bake in hot gem irons.

Escalloped Potatoes-Eight or large potatoes; pare, wash and ch fine; put them in a pudding pau a cover with sweet cream or milk s seasoning; put in a small lump of b ter; bake and serve hot.

Tomato Soup-One quart can to: toes, two tablespoonfuls flour, tablespoonful butter, one teaspoon salt, one tablespoonful sugar; put the tomatoes, with one pint water, a let come to a boil; mix in the ot ingredients with pepper and let

fifteen minutes. Hominy Croquettes-Mix two c of cold boiled hominy with one tab spoonful of hot milk, the beaten ye of two eggs, one teaspoonful of sugmix well, that there may be no lus of hominy left, and stand away to co Make into round croquettes, rol egg and bread crumbs and fry it

smoking hot fat. Mock Cherry Pie-One cup cr berries, three-quarter cup raisins. cup sugar, one-half cup boiling wa Seed and chop the raisins and the cranberries. Bake with two crus If boiling water is poured on rai the stones will come out readily. pie juice boils over in the oven a st

piece of bread keeps the burnt sm from other articles baking at the s Rhubarb Jam-This is most es

lent and healthful for children. W and dry the rhubarb and cut into pieces. Put over the fire with a po of sugar, and the rind of a lemon thin and minced, to every pound a quarter of the rhubarb; simmer the augar is dissolved, then remov a quicker fire and boil for one b Put in self-sealing jars. Unless asbestos mat be used it will requ almost constant stirring to keep burning. These little mats cost t ty-five cents and are made of asb strongly rimmed with tin. They be placed on the hottest fire u saucepans containing anything li to stick and burn, and will effect prevent its doing so.

IN A NATIONAL CEMETERY.

MAY 30, 1894.



Oh, gentle mourner, lightly trend-The graves are close and dense. Here lie the nation's honored dead

Who died in her defence.

Yes, in these consecrated grounds, In serried ranks they lie,

does the man mean?"

small, terrified voice.

from her hiding place.

"is that you?"

varra act.

up a lantern.

"Why," she exclaimed aloud, "what

At the same time a rustling under

"Teacher! teacher!" cooed out a

"Why, Janey," cried Miss Hsley,

And little Janey Pike, with her

and rare white orchids, scrambled out

"I got all them flowers," said she.

him scolding, and so I hid. And

please, teacher, I'm lost, and I'm so

flowers and clung to Miss Ilsley's

hand, as they saw a tall, handsome

young man in evening dress, with a

glittering diamond in his shirt front,

with old Miles, the gardener, holding

comprehend the whole affair.

What do 'ce call a-misteek?"

bling old gardener.

Oi ever!

In a second Mr. Surrey seemed to

"I beg a thousand pardons," said

"A mis-teck!" shricked old Miles.

'An' the orchids an' the the white

Ida could scarcely forbear laughing.

"The circumstantial evidence is cer-

And she did so, with a certain dig-

"An excellent idea," said Otho Sur-

"I think you're a very nice gentle-

"And so do I," she frankly admit-

"Oi wish Oi hadu't called him now,"

Mr. Surrey not only filled up a bas-

ket full of the most fragrant and rar-

est of his tropical flowers, but insisted

on carrying them to the schoolhouse,

tainly rather strong," said she, "but I

nity which impressed even the grum-

cutting some more flowers for you."

that of the lord of the manor.

man," said she, softly.

groaned Miles.

Miss Ilaley laughed.

think I can explain the situation.'

camellias a' over the flure at her feet!

he, "but my gardener has evidently

the plant benches close by startled

And often from her breast, When winds assail, when rude storms blow, There comes from her a sigh, A dirge unto the sky.

When winter is our guest.

Above, the nased willow looms,

alone among the palms and rubber served under the pavilion on Emer- the hearts of his patriotic countrymen trees, half inclined to laugh and half ald Hill, and all your little people are

> don't say no!" The eager little faces of the children all pleaded in Mr. Surrey's behalf, and so Miss Ilsley yielded, What

to be my guests this morning. Please

else could she do? "I never seen the graves look so Day," said Mrs Darley to her husband. 'All covered with furrin flowers, and them as costs lots o' money, from Surapron full of camellias, cape-jessamine rey Hall. And Pete he looked out that Gran'ther Oliver's headstun shouldn't be neglected. And the children they say they're to hev

> among the elms and beeches. "Looks like the squire had taken a notion to Miss Ilsley," said the far-

"Theer!" cried the old gardener, mer, chuckling. "It seems some of his folks knew unlocking the doors and flinging them open with a flouish. "Didn't Oi tell her out in Wisconsin," said Mrs. Dar-'ee so? Two of 'em, cotched in the ley. "Nor I don't blame him for fancyin' her. I do think she's the Janey dropped her apronful of prettiest gal I ever set eyes on. And

the nicest, too! While little Pete, the grandson of the old couple, went to bed and cried

himself to sleep. "I-I had laid out to marry Miss Ilsley myself when I growed up!" blubbered Pete. "I didn't want nobody else snoopin' around. Boo-boo! Boohoo-oo! I wish Squire Surrey was dead?"

Tanning Sheep and Wolf Skins.

If the skins are dry and hard, soak them in soft water, with a little salt added, for about twelve hours, or until softened; then take out and scrape off all the loose pieces of flesh and make the surface as smooth as possible; then stretch out in all directions and tack them to boards, with the hair or wool side down. Now make a paste of equal parts of salt and alum, dissolved in rey, eagerly. "I wonder no one else water, adding just enough coarse flour ever thought of it. Go get a basket, to make it about the consistency of Miles. Let us have the pleasure of thick cream. Spread this over the flesh side of the skins to the depth of "Well," muttered the old man, "if half an inch. In three or four days scrape off and add another coat of the Little Janey slid her cold hand into paste, and leave it on until dry; then carefully scrape off and remove the skins from the boards, and work them with the hands until soft and pliable.

On Decoration Day. as an example of unselfish patriotism. Such was my own belief up to the period of my visit to Gettysburg. After a tour of the battlefields I met the guide who had pointed out the Burns cottage, and asked him to satisfy my curiosity concerning the old "I never seen the graves look so hero by giving me some particulars levely as they did this Decoration about his life. The guide was a native of Gettysburg, and was in the army during all the battles, within sight of his own home yet unable to visit his wife or learn whether his house had escaped destruction, even after the evacuation of the village, as the army was at once ordered forward in pur-"And the old man came in and I heard | Fourth o' July picnic in Surrey Park | suit of Lee's retreating forces.

How wondrously they bloom

Maka gardens of each tomb.

They're radiant in May.

The March winds an I the April rain

They blossom, washed by showers and dew,

They purst in buds of Red, White, Blue,

"Yes. I knew John Burns well." replied the guide. "He was at one time a town constable, and later made himself quite unpopular with the villagers by his activity in catching and strangling stray dogs, although he did no more than his duty under the law.

"However," continued the guide, 'the pluck he showed when Gettysburg was attacked changed everybody's opinion in the village, and changed his own circumstances from poverey to comparative affluence, as every visitor to the Gettysburg battlefields wanted to see old John Burns, and none left without giving him substantial tokens, in the shape of greenbacks, of their patriotic regard.

"Will you tell me," I asked, "how it happened that an old man of seventy-two years of age was the only citizen of Gettysburg who had the courage to take up arms in its defense, for, as you know, a civilian caught with arms in his hands virtually fights with a halter around his neck?"

"Well, I suppose it happened about this way," replied the guide. "The old man was, as I said, very poor; but he owned a cow which he grazed in the open fields on the outskirts of the village. When the booming of the guns announced the approach of the Confederates and the old man saw our to corrsl his cow and drive her home. Undismayed by the musketry firing, he tramped across the open fields to the spot where the cow had been tied. only to find that a stray bullet had put an end to her existence.

"When he discovered his cow had been killed he got so all-fired mad that he grabbed up a dead soldier's musket and cartridge box and immediately federacy. He kept blazing away upon the advancing Confederates, even af-ter he was wounded in the thigh, and only desisted when he was disabled by a bullet in his hip.
"When the Union troops fell hack

To the wolf skin you may apply any coloring desired, such as yellow ochre, or for a drab color use blue clay with soft soap, and for a dark brown color apply strong oak-bark tea and logwood, and then wet with alum water to set the color. To color the wool of the sheepskin, use sniline colors, to be obtained at the drug stores, with mostly let to itself, in these days— where, as he declared, the tableau of directions for use accompanying each the lists lister, a new comer in the the little children all reading to meet | package.—New York Sun.