

DECORATION DAY.

Thin grow the ranks. A few worn, weary men. With the white spray of age upon each brow. Come in sad memory of those far-off days...

ON DECORATION DAY.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

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

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 blossoming laburnums.

their teacher was the prettiest sight he had ever beheld. At sunrise the next morning, when the little flower brigade, escorted by their fair major-generals, 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 carnations and delicious roses.

A HERO OF GETTYSBURG.

THE STORY OF JOHN BURNS, THE CITIZEN PATRIOT.

He Got Mad Because a Stray Bullet Killed His Cow—Flinging Upon the Advancing Confederates. A 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.

IN A NATIONAL CEMETERY.

MAY 30, 1894.



Oh, gentle mourner, lightly tread—The graves are close and dense. Here lie the nation's honored dead. Above, the naked willow looms, And often from her breast, When winds assail, when rude storms blow, There comes from her a sigh, A requiem for the dead below, A dirge unto the sky.

How dreary are their unkept tombs When winter is our guest. Above, the naked willow looms, And often from her breast, When winds assail, when rude storms blow, There comes from her a sigh, A requiem for the dead below, A dirge unto the sky.

Aye, but when spring returns again How wondrously they bloom. The March winds and the April rain Make gardens of each tomb. They blossom, washed by showers and dew, They're radiant in May. They burst in buds of Red, White, Blue, On Decoration Day.

through the village, old Burns was left on the field; but his aged pluck secured for him the respect of the Confederates, who removed him to his 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.

Decoration Day. Roses 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.

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.

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.

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 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 washbowl during Sunday's rain.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

Buttons should be sewed on loosely, the knot of the double thread on the right side of the garment under the button. A pin with a small button should be inserted between the cloth and button when sewing to make the stitches loose, and then, when withdrawn, the thread should be wound around the stitches, making a shank for the play of the button-hole. Buttons 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 wear.