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Philadelphia is to have pneumatic mail tubes. New York is also to have the same method of saving time in the dispatch of mail-matter.

Since the year 1880 the Paris police authorities have arrested as many as 29,000 children who are being trained for begging and vice.

Scientific cultivation trebles the sugar crop on the Hawaiian plantations, declares the New York Tribune. An acre which formerly would not support in comfort one cannibal now grows a maximum of eleven tons of sugar, a crop never equalled elsewhere.

The Balkans have been well described as "the lumber room of Europe." These "fragments of forgotten peoples" are found in profusion and confusion. But it is possible that continental policies may yet be built out of some of these loose, unattached joints.

Near the East Tennessee coal yards at North Knoxville a father has made a practice of chaining an eight-year-old child in his cabin to keep it off the streets. "Some people," says a local newspaper mildly, "think that the Humane Society should investigate the case."

Says Bradstreet's: "It is pointed out, with probable accuracy, that not a little of the disfavor with which what is termed 'Wall street' is regarded throughout the country is the result of experiences with bucket shops and so-called syndicates, and the absence of actual knowledge as to what the legitimate stock market really is."

It may interest young New Yorkers whose careers have been pretty much coterminal with the period of elevated railways and cable roads to learn that a correspondent of a daily newspaper recalls the time, some thirty-five years ago, when mules or asses were used to draw street cars on the Sixth avenue road. The experiment was soon abandoned, however, as the hoofs of the animals aforementioned could not bear pounding on the stones, nor were the mules capable of making a spurt of speed when a car was behind time. Truly, the world moves, if the mules did not.

A correspondent of Cycling Life writes from St. Louis: "Every house called on recently, not only in bicycle but in other lines as well, emphasizes the fact of an immense improvement the last few years in general conditions in the South. Nowhere else in the country have the years of business depression proved such a blessing in disguise. The iniquitous credit system which has been such a hindrance to business in that section has received its death blow. Bankers and brokers have been forced to discontinue loaning large amounts on growing or prospective crops. The planters have been forced to a cash basis or something near it. Merchants are better able to discount their bills and are doing it." This is true, says the Louisville Courier-Journal in corroboration. Except for the floods there is no reason why the South cannot expect to prosper.

Dr. Walter Nyman, Surgeon-General of the United States Marine Hospital Service, advocates the annexation of Cuba as a sanitary measure necessary to the welfare of this country, because it is the worst plague spot upon the map and the source of nearly all our epidemics. From the beginning of the century until now there have been only nine years in which this country has been free from yellow fever. It has been proved that in twenty-three of the eighty-five years the disease came from Havana direct, and in twelve cases from elsewhere in Cuba. The source of its infection in many other years is believed to have been the same, but there is no positive evidence. Since 1862 there have been twenty-six invasions of yellow fever. The sources of nineteen are absolutely known—sixteen from Havana, two from elsewhere in Cuba and one from Honduras. Since 1893 there has been no yellow fever in the United States, which, the Chicago Record declares, is due to the extraordinary precautions taken by Dr. Burgess, the United States inspector at Havana, who will not give a certificate of health unless he is sure that it is correct, and without his certificate no passenger can leave Havana for this country.

When a man gets down, he is nearly as hard to get on his feet again as a

ON DECORATION DAY.



To deck, with flowers, the lonely spot of earth That holds the dust of heroes—nameless dead— Columbia comes; nor asks the place of birth: They were her sons. In grief she bows her head, While from her heart she breathes to heaven, the prayer That all are joined in love fraternal there.

THE STORY'S SEQUEL.

A Decoration Day Happening.



WISH you'd tell us the story, grandfather. The speaker was a little maiden, flaxen-haired and rosy-cheeked, one of a party which had gathered beneath the shade of a sheltering maple, in the heart of the great silent cemetery. It was Decoration Day—that unique festival upon which the nation yearly honors its dead defenders, and every member of the group carried some wreath or floral token, with which to decorate the graves of departed soldier friends.

"My dear, the story will keep," answered the person addressed as "grandfather," a tall, grizzled veteran with medals on his breast; "let us first of all place our flowers upon the 'different graves.' This is Old Soldiers' section of the cemetery, you know, and every tomb covers the body of some brave fellow. . . . By the way, yonder is a grave without any tombstone—not a new grave, either. I wonder who he is that lies beneath."

He pointed towards where, near the confine of the Old Soldiers' section, a humble mound of earth marked the last resting place of some warrior less fortunate than his fellows.

"Come, children," continued Colonel Flanders (such were his name and rank), "I have a fancy to lay an offering on that poor deserted grave. If any wreaths are left when we have decorated the tombs of my dear comrades, we must bring them over there. Who knows but that some gallant lad lies beneath that nameless grave?"

"But the story, grandfather! Tell us the story as we go along," insisted the flaxen-haired little woman who had first spoken.

Colonel Flanders shrugged his shoulders, still broad and straight as in campaigning days. He knew that it was useless to contend against this tyrant in short dresses, and so, as they wandered from monument to monument, leaving here a wreath and there a fragrant nosegay, he told for the twentieth time the tale demanded. It made a pretty picture, and a tender one withal—this of the old fighter, surrounded by his flower-laden grandchildren, recalling times of storm and stress, while he lovingly decked the gravestones of comrades and kin. Many a passer-by stopped to look after the little procession with smiles bright or wistful, and one spectator especially stared so hard that he drew the colonel's kindly eyes in his direction. This was a lad of twelve or thereabouts, pale and pinched of face, with great dark eyes and clothing that was even ragged.

"Poor little chap!" commented the kindly veteran. See how enviously he eyes our flowers. Perhaps he has got some relative buried here, too. I must ask him."

But the boy, as though divining his purpose, had turned, and was already hastening down the gravel walk. Colonel Flanders sighed and continued his story.

"It was at the siege of Vicksburg," he said, "and the fighting was fast and furious. I think I never, before or since, saw war in all its terror or in all its glory as at that siege. . . . We had captured a Confederate fort and held it from 10 o'clock in the morning until 4 o'clock in the afternoon; with shot and shell rattling about us from a dozen different directions. At 4 o'clock the Confederates came down upon us in force. Our men fought like the staunch hearts they were, but we could do naught against numbers, and were finally, after a desperate struggle, driven out of our position and back to the Federal lines. It was only when we rallied—with half of our men dead or missing—that a discovery was made dire beyond telling to the soldier's ear. One of the tattered flags which had

waved all day over the fort—were in the hands of the enemy. You have no idea, my dears, of the disgrace brought by the loss of his regimental colors upon the soldier. Some of our men, when they heard the news, actually sat down and wept like babies; others went almost mad and wanted to storm the fort then and there. But wiser counsels prevailed, and finally a man volunteered to slip back into the fort, under cover of darkness, and, if possible, recover the flag.

"That man was you, grandfather, wasn't it?" asked little flaxen-haired.

The colonel nodded his head gravely.

"Yes," 'twas I," he said. "There were many volunteers, but I was chosen for the attempt. At nightfall accordingly I slipped past our sentries and by creeping behind mounds and even crouching among the dead bodies on the battle field, I succeeded in passing the enemy's pickets and reaching the ditch, below the encampment of the fort. Here I lay for some moments listening to the steady tramp of a sentinel on the escarpment above. Then, knowing that quickness of action was everything, I clambered up the bank, hand over hand, and rolled into the fort.



WITH ONE ARM ABOUT THE BOY, THE OLD SOLDIER KNELT BY THE GRAVE.

Fortunately I fell upon a pile of sacking, so that my fall did not disturb the sentry, whose gray-coated back I saw in the moonlight at some distance. . . . In that quick look around I saw something else as well. Our dear flag had not even been torn from the staff to which it was nailed, but still hung there (awaiting orders from headquarters, no doubt) with the Confederate colors flaunting above it. . . . It took me just a minute to dart across the enclosure and wrench both flags—our own and our enemy's—from the pole. Then I sprang behind a broken gun carriage, just as the sentry turned and began his return beat.

"I can tell you, my dears, that your old grandfather's heart beat a tattoo on his ribs, while that sentry was passing. Would he see me? Would he notice the absence of the flags? Fortunately he did neither. He was not a very good sentry, that one; for he never looked up as he paced along the escarpment. . . . When I thought I might venture forth I arose and ran in a stooping position for the breastworks. My foot

was on the escarpment—in another instant I should have slid triumphantly into the ditch; when the sentry turned. Down I ducked behind the friendly pile of sacking. But my movements were hardly quick enough. Clearly the sentry had seen something suspicious, for he retraced his footsteps and came towards me. What was to be done? My mind was made up in a trice. I measured the approaching man in the dim light, and saw that he was of slender build—a mere boy in my hands. Then, as he reached the heap of sacks, I suddenly leaped up and grappled with him. It took less time than I spend in telling you to wrest the bayonet out of his hands.

"Just as he recovered nerve enough to shout I threw one arm over his mouth, and clutching him around the body with the other, we rolled over the escarpment and fell side into a ditch. He was underneath. The fall stunned him; and as he lay with expressionless eyes staring at the starry heavens, I saw his face for the first time—!"

"And—and you know who he was?" eagerly exclaimed Miss Flaxen-hair.

"My dear," said the colonel with a rather sad smile—"you know the story by heart. Yes, you are right; I saw who my prisoner was, the moment I looked into his face. There he lay, at the foot of the escarpment, dressed in the gray uniform of the Confederates—my own brother, Jack, the son of my father's house, my schoolfellow and playfellow since babyhood, and now, by stern fate, my foe!

"There was no time to be lost. Even for my brother, I could not wait; so I took out the brandy flask that the captain of our company had slipped into my pocket, and laid it in his nerveless fingers. Then, just as I was about to go, I remembered the Confederate flag which I carried. There was no absolute need for me to bring back those colors; and if they were missed, it might go hard with the sentry on duty. My object, after all, was only to recover our own flag; so I took the rebel stars and laid them on Jack's breast. Then I forced some of the brandy between his teeth, and, without waiting for the result, ran with all speed toward the Federal lines. Luck was with me to the last, and I escaped scot free, to receive a great ovation in our camp. They made me a captain for that night's work."

"And Uncle Jack—what became of him?" queried Flaxen-hair.

"He must have recovered; for I saw his name in the Confederate reports many times afterwards. Finally, he was severely wounded and left the army. Notwithstanding all my researches I have never been able to trace him. When my father died he shared his property between Jack and myself. I set to work by every means in my power to find the lost brother. Personal in newspapers, paid agents, and the like, all failed to discover his whereabouts. Perhaps the poor fellow died of his wounds long ago.

girls approached they saw that it surrounded two persons—the one a stately man in the uniform of a cemetery warden, the other a small boy. An exclamation escaped from Colonel Flanders when he recognized in the boy the same pale, ill-clad urchin whom he had noticed in the path earlier in the afternoon. The cemetery official was clutching the lad by the shoulder, as our worthy veterans, bidding Flaxen-hair and her companions stay where they were, hurried through the cordon of onlookers and gained the culprit's side.

The brass-buttoned warden, recognizing in Colonel Flanders one of the cemetery governing board, saluted respectfully.

"This boy has been pulling flowers from the shrubs and creepers," he explained. "I caught him in the act."



WE ROLLED OVER THE ESCARPMENT.

The colonel looked at the boy. "Come, my lad," he said, "how does this happen? Have you any excuse for destroying the shrubs?"

Up to this the little prisoner had borne up bravely, and even surlily; but the gentleness of the newcomer's tone and manner proved too much for him. "I w-w-was picking a few flowers for my father's grave," he said, gulping down a sob. "Mother's too poor to buy flowers, and—and I didn't like to see the grave without flowers on Decoration Day."

The listeners were visibly affected. There was a spontaneous movement, and a murmur of sympathy. The cemetery official relaxed his grip on the boy's ragged collar.

"Where is your father's grave?" asked the colonel.

Tears welled into the little fellow's brown eyes, as he pointed towards the simple mound of grassy turf, the same "nameless grave" which the colonel and his grandchildren had noticed.

"That's the grave," he sobbed; "we couldn't buy a tombstone."

The coincidence keenly affected Colonel Flanders. Hastily he told the warden that he would be responsible for the boy's appearance before the cemetery governors at their next meeting, to answer the charge of plucking their flowers.

"Very well, colonel," said the relieved official, letting the boy go free. "To tell the truth, I just hate to make a charge against him. I'm a veteran myself, you see."

The spectators applauded heartily, as Colonel Flanders, taking the boy's hand, led him across the greensward towards where Flaxen-hair stood.

"My dear," he whispered, "this lad's father lies in the nameless grave yonder. Won't you give him that 'real nice cross' of yours to lay on the spot?"

Without hesitation Flaxen-hair handed the cross to the shrinking boy. "Put it on your father's grave," she said; "we were keeping it for him all the day."

When the simple ceremony of decorating the grave by the maple tree had been completed, Colonel Flanders began to question the brown-eyed boy in his quiet, kindly way.

"What regiment did your father belong to?" he asked.

"He—he wasn't a Union soldier at all," stammered the lad.

"Not a Union soldier?"

"No; he fought for the South. . . . But you shan't say a word against him." (this with a flash from the dark eyes). "He was a good man, my daddy. Even though you are kind to me, you shan't say a word against him."

"Heaven forbid that I should speak against him," answered the colonel earnestly. "Many brave and noble men fought for the South. . . . What was your father's name, my lad?"

Quick as a flash the answer came, and the grizzled colonel heard it with an astonishment that was almost awe.

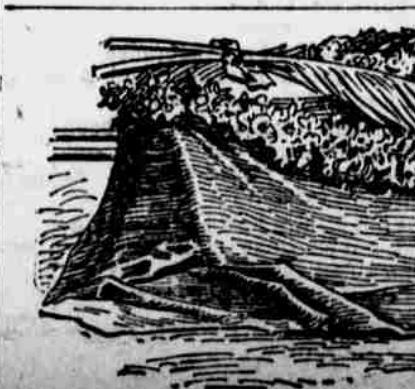
"His name was Flanders—John Seaton Flanders," and the boy, in a paroxysm of grief threw himself on his knees beside the grave.

"Why, grandfather!" exclaimed Flaxen-hair—"that was Uncle Jack's name!"

Answering never a word, with an arm about the weeping boy, the old soldier knelt by the grave of his Confederate brother.—Gerald Brennan, in Atlanta Constitution.

In London there is one doctor to every 880 people.

GETTYSBURG, 1897. The fields of Gettysburg are crowded with the graves of the fallen. The oak leaves have turned to gold. The saplings whisper of a fiery tide. And songbirds splash the laughing raindrops on the grass. Where armies fought and died. A marble sentry scans the field. And granite cannons frown. Where dusty regiments once stood. And shot and shell rained down. But o'er the sentry's martial face. Now sits the cooling dew. Breaking the silence of the place. With murmuring notes of love. The only colors in the glades. Are those of buds and flowers. The swift and sudden festal hues. Are made by passing showers. Huge hay carts now are chafed. And soldiers, boys at play. The only camp fires are the stars. The fiery glory, day. Thank God that all things in this world are made for our use. Together move for right. That Night and her half-sister. Shall die in joy and light. That through a mystery above. His mercies we shall know. That out of hate shall come peace. And out of war come good. —Margaret



AT THE CALL OF DUTY.

The American Soldier Perished That the American Nation Might Live.

At the call of duty as each understood it, they abandoned all hope and fruit of life, and cast all into the steady, ardent, deadly struggle for supremacy. How magnificent the sacrifice, how sublime the self-absorption! As the springtime clothes with more than kingly raiment the length and breadth of the continent, so simultaneously came these flowers of the people's hearts to the work of the soldier. By day and by night, through forest and over desert, over mountains and through swamps and rivers, suffering physical tortures not to be expressed in words, burned by summer suns, frozen by winter frosts, hungered and athirst, often half-clad and half-shod, wasted by disease and shrunken by unwonted exposures, they crowded with emulation and jostling eagerness to the banners of their choice, and in camp and hospital, in skirmish and set form of battle, in solitary out-post, and in the hurly-burly of shot and shell, and the dust and smoke of fields encarnadined with the glorious blood of their youth, they came to death as to a feast, and perished that the American Nation might live. Who shall be heard to say that we who survive them, and all the generations yet to come, shall not continue forever to give them our grateful remembrances, and the tears of regret at their untimely taking off, and bestow the choicest garlands that human hands can weave upon the blessed grass, beneath which they rest from their labors, and await the reveille of the archangel of the resurrection.—W. H. L. Baran

The Soldier's Heritage.

If ever the morning stars sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy, it was when this was made a free republic in fact as well as in deed. Cherish it, live for it, be prepared to die for it; nourish it so that it will endure, that it may be the faithful guardian to your children and their children after them; make it worthy of the dead who died for it; make it worthy of the generations who are going into the future to possess it. So, guarding the spirit, the circling centuries will wheel above our country in all its splendor, crowning it with the beauty of age, without robbing it of the beauty and beauty of youth. It shall stand and at the last day, when the nations shall be called, the Egyptian shall come up in the day of the glory of intellect; Rome, the panoplied of arms; Italy, the instrument of beauty of art; Germany, the instrument of learning, started with France gemmed and jeweled with philosophy and art; England, the image of law and splendor of commerce; America shall come up in truth, sandalled with peace, and with the stars of the Union, and with the diadem of freedom.—New Booth.

Sherman's Last Resting Place.

General William Tecumseh Sherman rests in Calvary Cemetery, St. Louis at the junction of Bethany and Holy Rosary walks. The grave is directly in front of the centre granite of that of his son Willie, who died at the age of nine years. At the base beneath the granite cross, lies that of Mrs. Sherman, who died in 1864, and at the right is the grave of Charles, who died in 1864, after having lived less than a year.

Paying Paris Profession.

One of the paying professions in Paris is said to be that of a packer. In many of the little shops you can hire a man who will pack your trunk artistically, in expensive gowns and other garments in tissue paper, and stowing away a brie-a-brac in the safest spot.

On June 15, 1895, there were 329 peddlers in the German Empire including 38,485 women.

Harvard has for the fourth time the intercollegiate fencing championship.

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