

**ARLINGTON.**

Above the tide that seeks the sea,  
Through groves of song and haunts of bee,  
A mighty camp in silence lies  
At even 'neath the starlit skies;  
No sentries guard with stately tramp  
At dawn or dusk that sacred camp,  
Where peacefully, 'neath shade and sun,  
Repose the brave of Arlington.

Beneath the pine's uplifted crest  
Sweet blossoms fall on many a breast;  
No roll of drum or life so shrill  
Can wake the sleepers on the hill;  
Above the carpet Nature spreads  
O'er all the violets lift their heads,  
And once a day the sunset gun  
The soft leaves stir at Arlington.

No thrilling dreams of war invade  
The camp deep in the cedar's shade;  
No charge across the crimson plain  
Could rouse the dead to life again,  
Beyond the river, flowing down  
Past ruined fort and ancient town,  
The Nation's dome shines in the sun  
Which lights, at noonday, Arlington.

O sacred bivouac 'neath the rose!  
Thy tenants rest secure from foes;  
The light that stirs their blood of yore  
Is a vision past forevermore;  
And once a year the fragrant bloom  
Of May falls softly on each tomb,  
The land is peace, the victory won,  
O love-invested Arlington.

T. C. Harbaugh.

## AN ECHO OF MEMORIAL DAY.



HE time was the early autumn of 1863. Excitement ran high in the little town of Dunham—higher than it had risen at any previous time during the war. Even in April, 1861, when the thrilling news was wafted North that Fort Sumter had been fired upon, and that an internecine war would ensue, sleepy little Dunham had not been very deeply impressed. Nothing less than a local bombardment would have caused the lethargic country town to stir itself. The war seemed to be so far away, and then, too, Dunham was so comfortable in its secluded laziness, that its plain country folk could not realize the general suffering which must visit even them, before the coming of that "bitter end."

But many days did not pass before the magnetic drum-beat of awakened loyalty was heard even in distant Dunham. Those who had spirited sons who were patriotic enough to serve their country on bloody fields had seen them enlist, and, with streaming eyes, had bidden their champions a tender "good-bye," as they marched away with all the display and pomp of a country military organization.

But these repeated departures covered two long years before Dunham had wearily accepted the burden of the bitter struggle and had grown accustomed to such scenes. Homesick letters had been received with ominous regularity, and there was even one young villager, grown desperate with home-longing, who had managed by hook or crook to return. It was not asked how he returned; he was too speedily followed by officers searching for the delinquent to give much time for an exchange of sentimental confidences.

The officers failed to find him; but every woman's heart beat quick with sympathy for the agonized mother who knew where her fugitive son was hidden in the haunts of the wooded hills behind her lonely home. And there were few, if any, men or women, who did not hope that young Van Valkenburgh would escape detection.

The stain of blood now obscured the vanished gleams of martial glory. Dunham was heavy-hearted.

And, so it transpired that quiet was again restored to the little village. Country folk went their ungentle ways, and "the war" was only something to be talked of at the store, or in the tavern, and "the boys" were nearer the vital interest than the war. Pipe and mug filled up the hours of gossip in the dreamy valley where no cannon echoed.

Autumn came, and with it Lincoln's call for the enrolling of a vast addition to the national forces. Several of the villagers were drafted for three years' service. The volunteering fever had flickered, faded and died away. Then, indeed, was there heart bitterness and sympathetic condolences. Sad-eyed women congregated in groups to wail over the man-eating lines of battle hidden in the far-away thunder smoke of war.

Among the residents of Dunham was a family who had migrated years before from Connecticut. The father was one of those easy-going, shiftless characters, types of which may still be found on warm days sitting on the village store stoop whittling with greater or less vigor; and on cold days cunningly shifting their position from the sunny corner of the stoop to a barrel in the store.

Occasionally Wagner did a few days' work. Several spring times he had helped make garden around town; he had lent a passive hand in haying; he had stacked straw during threshing, with due caution as to over exertion, and he had helped quarry the stone for the squire's house when pushed by need, and had on one occasion of unusual vigor handled lumber. But these laborious times were only grave emergencies when he had to "help out" the neighbors. As a regular profession he chewed a straw, and scientifically loafed. His scanty and irregular earnings were duly passed over the tavern bar, an offering to Bacchus. Wagner loafed on principle and lived on his family, his pleasurable society being an offered equivalent for his board.

The patient wife had sunk from any former approach to activity and energy which may have once characterized her into the faded, washed-out, tired-out woman of all work, and spent her time when not employed with her interminable household duties in aimlessly gossiping with a neighbor. The keynote of the home was pitched in accord with the despondent parents.

There were two sons. The eldest son was like the father; in the lan-

guage of the town, "a chip of the old block." He was lazy and unambitious, droll and good-hearted, and also honored the call to toil more in the breach than in the observance.

On the day of the fateful draft he came home, walking slowly as usual, and, without comment, made his way to his mother's side, mutely pointing to the red ribbon on his arm. The mother was not mentally quick of apprehension, but the draft had formed the greater part of her conversation with her timid neighbor the

## A STORM THAT HAS PASSED.



day before, and through the mother love which still filled her breast she jumped to a conclusion.

"Drafted?" she half whispered, half cried, one bony hand clutching at her faintly beating heart, the other reaching for her boy, while her eyes peered anxiously into his downcast face.

"Looks like I be," was the drawled-out reply. "Yes, mother, looks mighty like I be."

With all the misery of the ominous words ringing in her ears, the mother supported herself against the case, her heart pulsating with a fear that grew greater because of its lack of knowledge of the full extent of its cause.

But a gleam of hope suddenly shot through her breast. While talking the day before had it not been said that a drafted man may become exempt upon the payment of \$300 for a substitute? Three hundred dollars! Where was it to come from? The half-distracted mother lay awake late that night in thinking of every avenue of help, and early upon the following morning she made her way to one of the wealthy men of the town and told him her simple story. The house she lived in was her own. She had possessed a little nest egg of money when she married, and she had also "worked out" by the day at odd times. She had toiled until she had saved enough to buy this house for a refuge in her old days.

But her boy was drafted, and she could not let him go away to the war, the dreadful war, which was so cruelly devouring the ill-fated men that had gone before. Why, it was only a few weeks before that young Becker was brought home dead, killed by a poisonous fever, which was worse than the mercifully quick bullet.

And wasn't young Van Valkenburgh even now in the hills, trying to escape the vigilance of the government? No, she could not let her cherished son go, and so a mortgage was given for the \$300, and Algeroy remained at home.

But Chaucer, the second son, was made of a different metal. It was he who always built the fires for his mother, kept her wood-box filled, and saw that the water pail was never empty. He had even washed the dishes when the sick headache got the better of the mother. His kind hand lightened the daily dragging burden. And it was he, and he alone, who saw how, after a time, the added load of interest money to be paid would sadly increase the burden which the aging mother was even now too feeble to bear.

It was then that the offer of \$1000 bounty for an enlisted soldier reached young Chaucer's quick ear. One thousand dollars! It was a fortune! And what would it not mean to the over-burdened mother, whose home was now in jeopardy, the shelter of her age.

He sat up late alone that night thinking very gravely about the crisis. He went out in the backyard and stood for a long time in the dark shadow of the old apple tree. He was not eager to go away to the now doubtful war. He was afraid, for one reason,

of the terrors of battle; then too, he couldn't bear to think of leaving that beloved mother.

The moon had long since gone down, and, at last, the stars began to disappear one by one. Still he kept the vigil and the struggle in the night.

Far in the East the faint gray of dawn began to tinge the hills. He saw the familiar scenes of his boyhood in the morning's uncertain glow.

There, in the far blue hills, the fugitive Van Valkenburgh still crouched low, like a hunted animal seeking the darkest lair.

Nearer was the willow-shaded cemetery on the little side hill. Becker lay there, a useless sacrifice. The flowers were still fresh upon the grave which had not yet been sodded over. The night wind moaned. Chaucer turned toward the house: "I will pay her the debt I owe. It is the only way," he sighed.

Yes, he was still afraid, but in a recognition of some higher law his mind was made.

He threw himself on his couch, and when he arose, without even mentioning his intention, he enlisted.

There was the thousand dollars which barred the door forever against want, and it was the offering of a silent affection. The dangerous mortgage was paid off. The rest of the money was invested in the mother's name, and Chaucer gently put aside the thinned arms clinging round his neck, drew his mother to his breast in a last tender embrace, and joined

the blue-clad stream of human life flowing to the shores of Death.

It was only a year afterward that the news came to the woman with quickly whitened hair, safe in her little home, that the soldier of Love was killed.

Somewhere along the Shenandoah he sleeps with the unknown Federal dead. He may not have his name enrolled on any page of that history reserved for glowing heroic deeds, but on that vast Register, whose stern pages of faithful record shall be opened on the Last Day, let us believe that this one humble name shall stand far up in the line with those who are enrolled as heroes.

A hero of home, a soldier of love, the man who died that the chill blast of adversity might spare the unrequited mother who bore him.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that he layeth down his life for a friend."



**"GRAND-PA WAS A SOLDIER."**

The red of the sunset that ended the day;  
The white clouds, like angels, that stooped o'er the fray;  
The blue of soft skies where the dead soldiers lay.

The red rose of love on the warrior's still breast;  
The white rose of peace, north and south, east and west;  
Forget-me-nots, blue, where the brave takes his rest.  
—Mrs. George Archibald.

**A Mother's Memorial Day.**  
The old flag guards, the old skies bless,  
Unchanged his grave from year to year;  
But not the same a mother's love,  
And not the same a mother's tear!

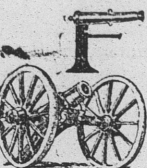
Not less the grief; but more the pride  
In courage on a young heart grained.  
He loved, and lived, the truth divine,  
There is that's lost and yet is saved!  
—George T. Packard.

**The Dwindling Muster Roll.**  
For time is the foe that is cutting them down,  
and shorter year by year  
Grows that once mighty muster roll  
for those who can answer "Here!"

**The St. Louis cooking school has just turned loose 118 graduates.**

## THE YANKEE GIANT.

A Decoration Day Story.



OR obvious reasons I shall not tell you in what town the school is located, but when you know that it is on Locust street you can immediately guess; and when you have guessed that, it will be easy to imagine what cemetery it is that the Locust street schoolboys and girls visit every Memorial Day, when they carry their flags and flowers to decorate the graves of those brave soldiers who sacrificed their lives for the cause they believed to be the true one.

Last year, when the scholars went as usual, Jack Bobbs and his cousin Bessie discovered way back in an overgrown corner of the cemetery a gravestone they had never seen before, by the side of which was planted a torn and dilapidated flag and a small bunch of cut, half-faded flowers.

The two gazed silently at the weather-beaten mound; all that each had read about that cruel period in the early sixties came trooping up in martial array and arranged themselves in their fancies with pathetic regularity.

Jack read the inscription aloud. This was all the stone told:

Died, September 10, 1862.  
THE YANKEE GIANT.  
"Our country's lost its noblest man."

"The Yankee Giant?" he exclaimed. "Isn't that interesting, Bess? I wonder how tall he was."

A weather-beaten though not a very old man, leaning on a heavy oak stick, who stood behind them, answered the query.

"He fought in the battle of Antietam in the Civil War," commenced the soldier, for such Jack immediately knew him to have been, "and the reason I know about him is because I fought in the same battle—only—" and the old man paused, "only I was on the other side. It was this way: We came up face to face in the hurried retreat, and of course I knew he was a Yankee, and he knew I was a Seeces. He was as fine a looking young fellow as you want to see, only a boy of eighteen or nineteen, I should say. I was just raising my gun when he knocked it from my hands."

"I suppose I ought to kill you," he said pleasantly, "but somehow I don't care to. No; on the whole I think I'll take you alive."

"Better kill me," said I.

"No," he replied, "I promised my mother I would fight my best for the cause, but that I'd kill as few as possible," and then with a quick turn he took me like a little baby, flung me on his back and started off towards the Yankees."

"Why didn't you kick him or throw him down?" interrupted Jack.

"I was so surprised that I made no resistance, even though I felt my blood boil in my veins; but it wouldn't have done any good to resist—he was as strong as an ox," continued the old man. "Well, he had carried me about half a mile when suddenly he dropped to the ground, shot through both legs. I was up in a minute and had reached for his throat, but the plucky fellow, though the pain must have driven him nearly crazy, laid a heavy hand on my arm."

"Don't do that," he said. "You'll be sorry if you do. Besides," and he drew out his revolver with the other hand, "I shall have to shoot you if you do. Now I will trouble you to put me on your back and take me yonder to join my friends; just remember, if you feel inclined to stop or to throw me off, that I have this revolver ready."

"The young fellow had such a way of saying what he meant that before I realized what I was doing I was off toward the Union lines with him on my back, his limp, helpless feet dangling on each side."

"Such a shout as rose when we came into the lines you never heard; the men thought it was a giant coming along, and they cheered and cheered when they saw how the clever boy had brought in a prisoner."

"Well, I was kept close prisoner for a few days, until the tenth of September, when the sergeant came and told me that the young man was dying, and I went and saw him. His last words were to send a message to General McClellan begging him to release his prisoner."

"And then he died?" said Bessie softly.

"Yes," said the old soldier, "and they buried him right where they were; no one knew his name, and his mother never knew how her boy kept his promise. I was wounded just before the war ended, and when I was well enough I had his body brought here among the other soldiers."

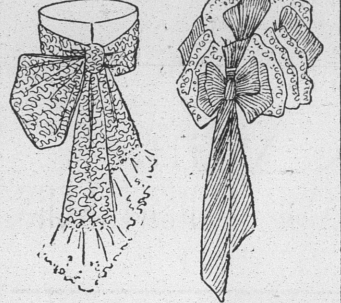
The old man had removed his hat, and Jack did the same, feeling very much as if he were in church.

"These are all the flowers I can afford," continued the soldier, "but they show that there's one old man who remembers and loves the memory of the Yankee Giant who saved his enemy's life by refusing to shoot a fellow man."

Bessie placed a wreath of myrtle tenderly on the grave as the soldier turned and hobbled slowly off, the tears gathering in his eyes; and Jack reverently planted his cherished flag, which he was saving to place as a memorial on the grave of the most noble man buried in that soldier's resting place, by the stone which bore the date of the Yankee Giant's death; and then they both joined the others

## THE REALM OF FASHION.

**Two Attractive Stocks.**  
To make a very showy taffeta stock get one yard of taffeta to match your gown. Cut it in two strips lengthwise and sew the ends together. Line throughout with white ribbon. Upon



A TAFFETA STOCK. ROBIN RED BREAST STOCK.

the ends sew white needlework embroidery, or if you choose you can procure fringe or chiffon ruffling.

A standing collar must be worn with this stock, which is tied around the neck. Tie in one loop and two ends, and pull the loop through until it hangs almost as long as the short end. This will be found very useful all summer to wear with the gown it matches.

"Any color at all as long as it's red, is the color that suits me best," sang Eugene Field. And the same theme is echoed by many tastefully dressed women who find no toilet complete without a touch of the robin red breast hue.

The most brilliant scarlet satin is used in neckwear, and you can scarcely have too many or too vivid combinations. One of the showiest of these consists of a plain red satin

The skirt is cut in seven gores and fits smoothly across the front and over the hips, all the fulness at the back being laid in deep plaiting to give the fan effect. The revers which make the only trimming, is attached to the left front seam and lays over smoothly upon the cloth.

To cut this waist for a lady of medium size 21 yards of material forty-four inches wide will be required. To cut the skirt, which measures four yards at the lower edge, five yards of forty-four inch material will be required.

**Gingerbread For Soldiers.**  
The women who have been wanting to do something to help or comfort the men in camp will be glad to learn with what enthusiasm the efforts of the women of Topeka, Kan., in this direction were received by the volunteers stationed there. An immense quantity of gingerbread was baked by private individuals and sent to the camp. Each soldier was given a loaf of it, and their appreciation of this gift from the women of Topeka was loudly expressed.

**Prudent Advice.**  
A lofty young person who manages to keep above the maelstrom of current events wrote to a city friend the other day: "Do give me a suggestion for a costume for a Spanish gypsy. We are going to have a fancy dress ball." The city friend wrote back: "The safest costume for a Spanish gypsy to wear just at present would be one made of cast iron, spangled with steel."

**Pocket Bibles in War.**  
Every girl should give her soldier boy sweetheart a pocket Bible to carry in his vest pocket. Statistics gathered from religious periodicals and women's magazines will show that fully half the bullets fired in the late war were



WAIST WITH BLOUSE FRONT AND SEVEN GORED SKIRT WITH REVERS.

stock with a red satin bow in front. Back of the silk loops are three showy loops of white embroidery with a bright red satin bow to set them off. At the back there is another red satin bow, backed by white embroidered ends.

**A Striking Feature of the Season.**  
Two striking features of the season's styles are delineated in the large engraving in this handsome costume of Hussar blue glove cloth, viz., the blouse with revers that cross in surplice fashion, and the single revers on skirt meeting right revers on waist to give the desired princess effect.

The revers of white satin are overlaid with lace net, gathered frills of soft blue taffeta finishing the edges. The blouse fronts are gracefully disposed over linings fitted with the usual bust darts, the seamless side back and under arm gores rendering a glove fitting adjustment. The stylish two-seamed sleeves are formed in puffs by gathers at the top, and three downward turning plaits at each edge of the upper portion, small round cuffs that correspond with the revers finishing the wrists. A full plastron and collar of taffeta closes in centre back, showing to advantage the four-in-hand tie of white mouseline here worn. The belt droops slightly in front, closing at the left side with a mother of pearl buckle. Smooth faced clothes, amure, henrietta, cashmere, serge, plain or mixed light weight chevots, or novelty fabrics in silk or wool, will all develop stylishly by the mode, contrasting fabrics such as silk, velvet, etc., braid, applique or any desired decoration being used for cuffs.

turned aside from the heart of the man shot at by a pocket Bible given him by his weeping sweetheart or his mother.

**The New Buttons.**  
The new buttons are almost handsome enough to be used for brooches and promise to be one of the foremost dress garnitures. Buckles in all metals from gold to steel, and in all sizes from a very diminutive one to five inches long, are a perfect craze.

**How to Use Independent Tresses.**  
How to use independent tresses without detection is one of the accomplishments most coveted by women. In this picture is presented a comb with hair attached, which comes as near reaching the desired end as anything yet devised. The hair can be



NEW AIDS TO HAIR DRESSING.

arranged in a moment in any manner desired without the least chance of detection, the chief virtue of the reward to graceful coiffure being its simplicity.