

how sleep the brabe, who sink to rest By all their country's wishes blest : When Spring, with dewy fingers cold, Returns to beck their hallowed mould. She there shall dress a sweeter sod Than Fancy's teet habe eber trod.

By taery hands their knell is rung. By torms unseen their birge is sung: There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray, To bless the turt that wraps their clay; And Freedom shall awhile repair To dwell à weeping hermit there.

-W. Collins



and the second THE STORY ABOUT MARK'S 'MORIAL DAY



badi something in his hand and Mark, looking closely at him, said, "There he goes, with his old tomato can full of water, to the graveyard to water that is rubby 'leetle plant' he set out in his son's grave, thinkin' twill bloom out 'Morial Day. Well, 'twont, if can't get makes me wild, thinkin' I can't get makes me wild, thinkin' I can't get fur so many years," and Mark threw his hands downward with a wild swing.
"Hello, Mark," and first one, and then another and still another boy rounded up from the thicket of bristly cactus.
"Say, we've caught some beauties for the school teacher to sent East; horns as big as a bull's; just see here,"
Boy number one carefully lifted the cover of a basket the tintiest crack and Mark, looking in, saw three horned toads hadded together.

"Yes, that's it," said Mark, briefly. "Well, poor old Daddy's mine petered out, went to nothil, and he never got his house, nor the 'mauserleeyun' neither. He's pottered around and done odd carpenterin' jobs ever since, so my father says." "Say," said the boy from the East, "If you couldn't raise the mompt to buy the thing in time, why, I saw something to-day that, I bet, could be bought cheap, and do for a kind of mark for the grave." "But I don't want anything that can hasn't any money." Roland hung his head and looked so mortified that Mark generonsly said. "I didn't mean to hurt your feelin's, Roland Come along and show us what this is." Roland went ahead to a shop, where a pile of old iron was standing around and pointed to a square of open work from, which, evidently, had been used as a gate for a fence around a grave, There was wrought into this rusty old thing a figure of a lob-sided angel, Mark surveyed this with fine scorn. "What's the woman doin', pumpin'?" "Woma? Pumping? Why, I'fs an angel, putting a garland of laurel around an un."

around an urn." "Looks mighty like a pump, the urn, and the garland for the handle," an-swered Mark, contemptiously. "Well, you see." said Roland, "I thought we might paint the thing up with white enamel paint, and make it look kind o' clean and new, and gild the urn, and make some letters for his name across it; it would do to stand up over the grave. Decoration

stand up over the grave, Decoration Day." "Daddy'd better go to heaven and leave that trained magple of his to shout out Billy's name whenever strangers went through the graveyard so as folks will know whose grave it is, 'stead of leavin' such a thing as that." pointing contemptuously to the from gate, "to mark the spot." There was dead slience for a mo-ment; then Mark said, "Come along, all of you, and let's go see old Daddy." The boys strolled along till they came to a small cabin; then went in upon the old man, with Jack, the mag-ple, sitting on his wrist. "Howdy, boys?" said Daddy. "Come in. Jack an "e's been havin' a talk." The boys strolled along dill they came to a small cabin; then went in upon the old man, with Jack, the mag-net. The boys strolled along till barrel chair old Daddy had made a long time ago, and Roland and Tim on a wooden bench. "Tve been out to the graveyard to the old place fur to set out on Billy's'

Hard State

No. of the second



The Parade Ground at Fort Munroe. The Gun's and Howitzers in the Foreground Were Captured From the British at Yorktown





For Decoration Day. Why should she lay upon his grave a rose, A simple rose made sweeter by her tears-A fragile bloom to fade ere morning smile, Unlike that flower of more exquisite grace, Her love, that blossoms there through all the years? -R. K. Munkittrick. -R. K. Munkittrick.

Soldier's Rest! Thy Warfare O'er.

Soldier's Kest: Thy wannes of a Soldier, rest! thy warnes of a Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking; Dream of battlefields no more, I bays of danger, nights of waking, In our isle's enchanted hal Hands unseen thy couch are strewing, Fairy strains of music fall, Every sense in slumber dewing. Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er, Dream of lighting fields no more; Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking, Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

Nor of toil, hor hight of wardig. No rude sound shall reach thine ea.; Armor's clang, or war-steed champing, Trump nor pibroch summon here Mustering clan, or squadron tramping. Yet the lark's shrill fife may come At the daybreak from the fallow, And the bittern sound his drum, Booming from the sedgy shallow, Ruder sounds shall none be near, Guards or warders challenge here; Here's no warsteed's neigh and champing Shouting clans or squadrons stamping. —Sir Walter Scott.

The Phantom Army.

And I saw a phantom army come, With never a sound of fife or drum But keeping step to a muffled hum Of wailing lamentation; The martyred heroes of Malvern Hill, Of Gettysburg and Chancellorsville-The men whose wasted bodies fill The patriot graves of the Nation.

And there came the unknown dead, the

Who diel in fever (wamp and fen, The slow's starved of prison pen; And, marching beside the others, Came the dusky martyrs of Pillow's fight, With binbs enfranchised and bearing bright thought—'twas the pale moonlight— They looked as white as their brothers.

And so all night marched the Nation's dead, With never a banner above them spread, No sign save the bare, uncovered head Of their silent, grim Reviewer; With never an arch but the vaulted sky, With not a flower save those which he On distant graves, for love could buy No gift that was purer or truer.

So all night long moved the strange array; So all night long, till the break of day, I watched for one who had pased away With a reverent awe and wonder; Till a blue cap waved in the lengthening line

line, And I knew that one who was kin of mine Had come, and I spoke—and, lo! that sign Wakened me from my slumber. —Bret Harte.



Gen. Fitzhugh's Charge.



INGENUITI. The man who writes the novel Has ancient plots, you'll find. The advertisement writer Has the most inventive mind. —Washington Star.

One 1 promine waist. mend it

troduced ally wo but qua desirabl

It will ;

to the

removin the fing

posed to many d merciful

Do yo breathe When w

through

ing the and the by the The ha

breathin

surface, tance th you hav

establish

this man able thi all poin All the

healthy

in a gro for the which t

tact wi of the

vital pr of furns air is c other e to life, t

upon th manner

Perha wives 1 the last

wrestle Most we

They w men do closely.

usually

been all

have be pendence ing, wit difficult

women midst of spasmoo of this

minds a an's fin quence careful,

hindere

credit o upon he methods

to asse husband them ev of self

ation th into the

worse Harper'

WON From granted

Territor velopme and pet of the ' the Gra

two da

bands

TI

CAUSE FOR JOY. He-"Have you noticed how happy Miss Elderleigh looks this evening? I wonder if she is engaged?" She-"No, it isn't that. She has quit wearing tight shoes."-Chicago News.

MA WAS ALARMED. Ma-"Did you hear that awful racket in the parlor just then? Pa-"Yes; I wonder what it was?" Ma-"I don't know, but I hope it wasn't Clara breaking off her engage-ment with young Gotrox."-Chicago News.

REMARKABLE WOMAN. Diggs—"My wife is a genius." Biggs—"Indeed!" Diggs-"That's what. Why, she can actually sharpen a lead pencil without making it appear as if she shad used her teeth instead of a knife."--Chica-

go News. FOR ETERNITY. Barlow-Crandish does not believe in divorce. He says when a man mar-ries it is for eternity." Hillrox-"Yes, I suppose it does seem like eternity in Crandish's case, I've heard something about Mrs. C."-Boston Transcript.

ENTIRELY DIFFERENT. Billings—"I hear you have been op-erating on the stock market." Lambkin—"Mistake, all a mistake. I thought I was operating on the mar-ket, but it turned out that some of the follows there were experient. fellows there were operating on me." • -Boston Transcript.

SIGN OF A GOOD STORY. Nellie-"I'll bet that was a good story Fred was telling as we came

in." Kate-"What makes you think so?" Nellie-"Didn't you notice how he dropped his voice as we hove in sight?"-Boston Transcript.

HE DID THE REST. Magistrate—"There was no reason for you to assault this man and break his camera because he tried to take a snapshot of you. What else did he

Prisoner-"Nothing, Your Honor. He pressed the button and I did the rest." EXASPERATING DOCILITY.

do?

"He seems to be such a lamblike

man." "Yes, I always feel sheepish after Tees, I always teel sneepish after Tve been in his presence a little while for not knocking him down, just as a protest against his confounded aggres-sive humility."-Chicago Record-Her-ald.

NO NECESSITY FOR HUSTLING. "What's become of that hustling pastor of yours who used to be so remarkably active?'

"He's still here." "I haven't seen his name in the pa-pers for many months. He's quit the ministry, hasn't he?" "No. He's getting \$5000 a year."

'AN INAPT REMARK.

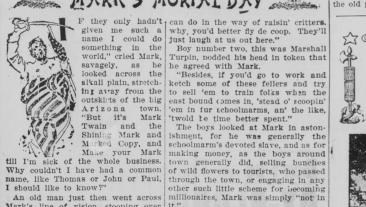
Ascum-"Why on earth did you speak of Swindell as a 'bad egg' be-fore Barnes? Don't you realize how sensitive Barnes might be?" O'Bull-"Why, is Barnes related to Swindell?"

Ascum-"Certainly not, but Barnes is an actor."-Philadelphia Press.

A YOUNG NATURALIST. A mother was trying to impress on her four-year-old son the importance of going to bed early.

"You know," she began, "the little chickens always go to bed with the sun"

An old man just then went across millionaires, Mark was simply "not in Mark's line of vision, stooping over it." "What do you want us to do with had something in his hand and Mark, the money, eh, Mark? Ping-pong set, looking closely at him, said, "There



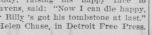
111 stand up over the grave, Decoration Day.

and Mark, looking in, saw three horned toads huddled together. "Big as a bull's horns," cried Mark, contemptuously, "all in a horn, I guess. Why, if you're goin' to give those toads to Miss Brown to send to Massathose chusetts as specimens of what Arizona

know something.

The function of a stoomin along fust; and poset is another think and were were the set in the forest own were the set in the forest own were the set in the forest own.
 The function of the set is the set is

that? He was passing a new club-



"THE CALL TO ARMS." The Soldier Troy.] "Yes, mama, but the big hen always go along, too."-Philadelphia Ledger.

HARD TO FIND.

"My son, what does this mean? Have you lost your situation again?" "Out again, dad. But it's all your fault. You didn't get me the right kind of ich." kind of job.

"Well, what kind of job do you want?"

want to work at a job where there isn't any work to work at."-Puck.

MISLEADING.

Towne-"De Riter has had a novel published, I hear." Browne-"Yes, it's called 'Pygmal-ion,' and it's having quite a sale in Chi-oare " cago

Towne-"Indeed?"

Browne—"Yes. I believe the people there were misled by the first sylla-ble. They thought the book had something to do with their great home industry .- Philadelphia Press.

HE WOULDN'T DO.

HE WOLLDN'T DO, Railroad Superintendent-"Yes, I have decided to open a bureau of in-formation for the accommodation of passengers who wish to know about trains, and I am looking for a good chap to run it." Annlicant-"Well sir I have been a

Applicant—"Well, sir, I have been a allroad ticket agent for a good many

Superintendent-"Then you won't do. I want a man who is accustomed to giving information."-New York Weekly. gambler ally flec the ind have n perience honest these." Howe v summon peatedly as to t the firs ming, S Edward ernor a voices been th guilty adds of juror release gime of not onl without virtues, but go seen." Attor in a pu if wom answer find but They s glance, neither pleading from th never es tried by Much charact ing the Wyomin its mos women

