



SPRING WITH DEWY FINGERS COLD, RETURNS TO DECK THEIR HALLOWED MOULD

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest  
By all their country's wishes blest:  
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than fancy's feet have e'er trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung:  
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;  
And Freedom shall awhile repair  
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

—W. Collins



## THE STORY ABOUT MARK'S 'MEMORIAL DAY

If they only hadn't given me such a name I could do something in the world," cried Mark, savagely, as he looked across the alkali plain, stretching away from the outskirts of the big Arizona town. "But it's Mark Twain and the Shining Mark and Marked Copy, and Make your Mark till I'm sick of the whole business. Why couldn't I have had a common name, like Thomas or John or Paul, I should like to know?"

An old man just then went across Mark's line of vision, stooping over badly and walking very feebly. He had 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 scrubby 'leete plant' he set out on his son's grave, thinkin' 'twill bloom out 'Memorial Day. Well, 'twont I can tell him that much and it just makes me wild, thinkin' I can't get that tombstun for his son he's been hopin' to get for 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 send East; horns as big as a bull's; just see here."

Boy number one carefully lifted the cover of a basket the tiniest crack 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 Massachusetts as specimens of what Arizona



can do in the way of raisin' critters, why, you'd better fly de coop. They'll just laugh at us out here."

Boy number two, this was Marshall Turpin, nodded his head in token that he agreed with Mark.

"Besides, if you'd go to work and ketch some of these fellers and try to sell 'em to train folks when the east bound comes in, 'stead o' scoopin' 'em in fur schoolmarm, an' the like, 'twould be time better spent."

The boys looked at Mark in astonishment, for he was generally the schoolmarm's devoted slave, and as for making money, as the boys around town generally did, selling bunches of wild flowers to tourists, who passed through the town, or engaging in any other such little scheme for becoming millionaires, Mark was simply "not in it."

"What do you want us to do with the money, eh, Mark? Ping-pong set, broncho, canoe? Out with it! What game are you up to?"

"Well," began Mark, rather reluctantly, and casting a side glance at his chums. "It's just that I want to get a tombstone."

"A what?" shouted the boys. "Feel bad, do you, Mark? Feel like's if you was goin' to die? Has Kittle gone back on you again this week?"

"Quit foolin'—will yer?" exclaimed Mark, angrily. "No, it's nothin' of the kind. You know 'Memorial Day, Decration Day is comin' along fast; and poor old Daddy Western won't see another 'taint likely, and every year he's been hopin' he could see a stone raised over his boy, who died a soldier, or soon after the war was over, from gettin' wounded in one of the battles; Bull Run, I think they called it. There he comes now, out from the graveyard with his old tomato can watering pot; been in, tryin' to fix up the grave a bit, cut grass, and water that scraggy plant he had sent on from York State last week from the old place he used to live in—'rosemary,' I think he called it—the plant, I mean."

"What was his son?" asked the boy from the East, "a general?"

"No," said Mark.

"Colonel?"

"No."

"Captain, eh?"

"No, No," answered Mark, pettishly, "now you've got the whole lot in, most, haven't you? He, Daddy Western's son, was—a high private, that's what he was," and Mark winked to his Western chums.

"How did Daddy happen to get out here?" said he, at last.

"Why, you see, after the war, his son was so sick from his bein' in prison, that he and his father took a v'yage to California, and there, 'Billy' died. Daddy stayed in 'Frisco a while, an' then fell in with a party goin' to Arizona, prospectin'. He came along; struck it rich in the mines, went back to 'Frisco, an' brought on Billy's body, 'cause he was goin' to stay in Arizona, and build a fine house, an' mauws—oh, what do you call it? a marble house for rich people who die an' don't get buried?"

"Mausoleum," hinted the boy from the East, delighted to show that he did know something.

"Yes, that's it," said Mark, briefly. "Well, poor old Daddy's mine petered out, went to nothin', and he never got his house, nor the 'mauserleeyum' neither. He's potted around and done odd carpenterin' jobs ever since, so my father says."

"Say," said the boy from the East, "if you couldn't get the tombstone in time, I mean, couldn't raise the money 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 be bought cheap for Daddy's son's grave," cried Mark angrily. "He's no pauper, is Daddy, 'if he is old and hasn't any money."

Roland hung his head and looked so mortified that Mark generously 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 iron, 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, stooping over something at one side. Mark surveyed this with fine scorn.

"What's the woman doin', pumpin'?"

"Woman? Pumpin'? Why, it's an angel, putting a garland of laurel around an urn."

"Looks mighty like a pump, the urn, and the garland for the handle," answered Mark, contemptuously.

"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 glid the urn, and make some letters for his name across it; it would do to stand up over the grave, Decoration Day."

"Daddy'd better go to heaven and leave that trained magpie 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 iron gate, "to mark the spot."

There was dead silence for a moment; 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 magpie, sitting on his wrist.

"Howdy, boys?" said Daddy. "Come in. Jack an' me's been havin' a talk."

The boys sat down, Mark on the half barrel chair old Daddy had made a long time ago, and Roland and Tim on a wooden bench.

"I've been out to the graveyard to water that little plant I sent back to the old place fur to set out on Billy's

house, and some one was singin' in there. Oh! What a beautiful voice! Mark listened till the last, rich note died away. "Jimminy!" he said, "I guess up there," and he looked up to the stars in the Arizona sky. "They don't have any better voice than that."

The singer listened with wide open eyes. He tapped the ground restlessly with one foot. Then, when the story was finished, he snatched up his hat, and ran out of the clubhouse. The club men followed him, bewildered. The singer stationed himself on the street corner and began to sing. Not any "high-flown thing," as Mark said afterward, but something that took you "right straight up." And as the crowd gathered and the singer went

on singing "The Land of the Leal," there was such stillness in the street "you might a-heard a pin drop," said Mark again. Then the men began to rub their coat sleeves across their eyes, and still the singer went on singing, and this time it was a grand old church hymn that almost every one had heard before, and as the rich, full voice rolled it out the crowd could hardly keep still, and then the singer dropped into the "Star-Spangled Banner" for a Decoration Eve song. The people began to cheer and the song went ringing far and wide.

Then the singer took off his hat and went among the crowd, laughing and holding out his polished "beaver." The president of the club did the same, and there on the street corner he told the story of Daddy, while the nickels, dimes and quarters poured into the hat.

And I saw a phantom army come,  
With never a sound of file 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 men  
Who died in fever, wamp and fen,  
The slow'st of dread of prison pen;  
And, reaching beside the others,  
Came the dusky martyrs of Pillow's fight,  
With limbs enfranchised and bearing  
Bright  
I 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 lie  
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 passed away  
With a reverent awe and wonder;  
Till a blue cap waved in the lengthening  
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.

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## 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.

Soldier's Rest! Thy Warfare O'er,  
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,  
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;  
Dream of battlefields no more,  
Days of danger, nights of waking,  
In our isle's enchanted hall  
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,  
Fairy strains of music fall,  
Every sense in slumber drowsing,  
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,  
Dream of fighting fields no more;  
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,  
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,  
Armor's clang, or war-steed champing,  
Trump nor pibroch summon here  
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.  
Yet the bark's shrill life may come  
At the daybreak from the fallow,  
And the bitter sound his drum,  
Booming from the sedgy shallow,  
Ruder sounds shall none be near,  
Guard's or warder's challenge here;  
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,  
Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.  
—Sir Walter Scott.

The Phantom Army.  
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## The Funny Side of Life.

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

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 engagement 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 had used her teeth instead of a knife."—Chicago News.

FOR ETERNITY.  
Barlow—"Crandish does not believe in divorce. He says when a man marries 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 operating on the stock market."  
Lambkin—"Mistake, all a mistake. I thought I was operating on the market, but it turned out that some of the 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 were 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 do?"  
Prisoner—"Nothing, Your Honor. He pressed the button and I did the rest."

EXASPERATING DOCILITY.  
"He seems to be such a lamblike man."  
"Yes, I always feel sheepish after I've been in his presence a little while for not knocking him down, just as a protest against his confounded aggressive humility."—Chicago Record-Herald.

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 papers for many months. He's quit the ministry, hasn't he?"  
"No. He's getting \$5000 a year."

AN INAPT REMARK.  
"Accum—'Why on earth did you speak of Swindell as a 'bad egg' before Barnes? Don't you realize how sensitive Barnes might be?"  
O'Bill—"Why, is Barnes related to Swindell?"  
Accum—"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."  
"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 job."  
"Well, what kind of job do you want?"  
"I 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 'Pygmalion,' and it's having quite a sale in Chicago."  
Towne—"Indeed?"  
Browne—"Yes, I believe the people there were misled by the first syllable. They thought the book had something to do with their great home industry."—Philadelphia Press.

HE WOULDN'T DO.  
Railroad Superintendent—"Yes, I have decided to open a bureau of information for the accommodation of passengers who wish to know about trains, and I am looking for a good chap to run it."  
Applicant—"Well, sir, I have been a railroad ticket agent for a good many years."  
Superintendent—"Then you won't do. I want a man who is accustomed to giving information."—New York Weekly.



## "THE CALL TO ARMS."

[The Soldiers' Monument at Troy.]

One is prominent waist. I mend it (roduced ally worn but qua desirable. It will p to the removing the finger posed to many d merciful.

Do you breathe? When w through ing the and the by the The hal breathing surface, tance th you hav establish this man able thin all poin All the healthy in a gre for the which t fact-wit of the vital pr of furna air is c other el to life, t upon th manner

Perhaps wives h the last, wrestle Most wo They w men do clesly, usually, been all have pende ing, with difficult women i midst o spasmod of this minds a an's fin quence careful, hindered bands, credit of upon be methods to asser husband's them ev of self d ation th into the worse t Harper's

From granted Territory, velopme and peti of the Gra two day gambler ally fied, the have ne experience seen a honest these." Howe w summon peedly as to t the first ming, S Edward error as votes a been the guilty l adds: of jurors release gime of not only without virtues, but goo seen." Attorn in a pul if wom answer find but They se glance, neither pleading from th never es tried by Much character ing the Wyoim its mos women

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