



O BEAUTIFUL, MY COUNTRY.
 "O Beautiful, my country!"
 Be thine a nobler care
 Than all thy wealth of commerce,
 Thy harvest waving fair:
 Be it thy pride to lift up
 The manhood of the poor;
 Be thou to the oppressed
 Fair freedom's open door!

For thee our fathers suffered;
 For thee they toiled and prayed;
 Upon thy holy altar
 Their willing lives they laid.
 Thou hast no common birthright;
 Grand memories on thee shine;
 The blood of pilgrim nations
 Commingled flows in thine.

O Beautiful, our country!
 'Round thee in love we draw:
 Thine is the grace of freedom,
 The majesty of law,
 Be righteousness thy sceptre,
 Justice thy diadem,
 And on thy shining forehead
 Be peace the crowning gem.

THE FIGHTING BLOOD
 A Story for Decoration Day

A CIRCULAR grass covered plot it was, on the outer edge of the cemetery, and the low stone wall surrounding it was defaced and sunken in many places. An oblong tablet, supporting two monumental urns, rested in the center, and it was heaped high with wreaths and blossoms, the tribute of a nation to its honored dead. The inscription bore the name of one of the most famous generals of the Civil War, but Lucinda Randall, sitting idly on top of the rough coping, surveyed the memorial stone with gloomy eyes. At that moment she was wondering, as she had wondered many times before in her twenty-five years, if life were all that she had been led to believe that she would find it. In spite of her fixed belief in the general correctness of the scheme of the universe, she could not refrain from thinking that there were some things that she would have arranged differently. That very morning, in a despondent mood, she had confronted her cares and troubles, drawn up before her in formidable array, and, after a severe struggle with her common sense, had finally owned herself defeated. Usually, Lucinda was a person on whom the perplexities of life sat lightly; but about every six weeks, as she put it, she was obliged to think, and the result was always disastrous. It was in this mood that, sitting there, the fresh, strong wind, straight from the ocean, whipping loose strands of her black hair from their fastenings, and buffeting her slight figure like a live thing, she withdrew her gaze from the wave-washed horizon, and looked again at the stone.

"Killed, while gallantly leading a forlorn charge," she said aloud. "That I can understand. The heroism of the moment, the wild charge in the glory and blaze of battle; sudden, swift extinction, exulting in the face of death, that is a glorious way to die; but to wear out one's life in the tragedy of the commonplace, one's worst foe oneself, that is dying by inches; it is worse—it is a living death."

Her eyes suddenly widened as she perceived a figure on the other side of the mound silhouetted against the sky. It was that of an old man, bent and shrunken with age, but Lucinda noticed the square set of the shoulders, the attempt at carrying them well set back, and a general air of alert briskness, which, to her observant eyes, proclaimed him to be an ex-soldier. He climbed the wall stiffly, his eyes fixed upon the sunken grave, with the flowers piled high above it, and the fluttering flags at either end. Wheeling sharply, as he reached the spot, he stood erect, and gave a smart military salute, with a precision evidently born of long training; then, stooping, he placed on the grave a small bunch of dandelions that he carried.

"That's right, too," said the soldier, eagerly. "Why, miss, the day we made that charge at —, it was hotter than blazes, and the general was in the thick of it, and always at the front, miss, always at the front." He shook his bony forefinger warningly—"Don't you forget that. The bullets were flying like hail, and the general was sitting his horse like an iron man, and we were plunging after him, when Dick Fallon's horse was shot under him, and he tumbled on the ground right alongside of the general. Dick expected it to be the last of him, for the cavalry was sweeping solid over the field. Was it? No, indeed! The general just swooped down on him sideways, and lifted him across his saddle bow, and led the charge just the same. Dick never forgot that. I've heard him tell it over and over, and not one of those who saw it ever forgot it, either. Oh, I tell you, miss,"—the old man chuckled, carried out of himself by the memory of brave war days, and becoming loquacious in praise of his hero—"there never was anything could daunt the old general. He had the real blood in him—the fighting blood, we called it. Nothing ever beat it yet." He turned to the girl, his eyes luminous with feeling, and his white hair blowing in the wind. Her gaze was fastened on the vanishing line of smoke from an ocean steamer, and the old soldier looked disappointed.

"I think," Lucinda said, slowly, her hands unconsciously destroying the daisies that she had, "that there are, perhaps, some things which, if the



"The Day We Made That Charge."

Then he turned to Lucinda, smiling cordially.

"I reckon you think this kind of

strange," he said, speaking with a Western accent, and laying one hand tenderly on the stone, "but I've saluted the general every Memorial Day for twenty years, miss; I've followed him in many a battle, and I don't forget; and somehow I can't think that the general does, either." His shining eyes looked across the tablet at the girl. "Maybe he did you a kindness, too, miss?" he asked, sympathetically. "He did many a one in his day, I'll be bound."

The girl flashed a pleased look at him.

"General Eastwood was my uncle," she said, simply.

The old soldier's face beamed.

"Your uncle, miss?" he said, earnestly.

"Well, I've wondered many a day if I should ever be lucky enough to run across any of the general's kin; but my time is getting so short now that I'd about given up hope." He reached his hand impulsively across the grave to the girl.

She took it, smiling in comprehension.

"I am always glad to meet anyone who served under my uncle," she said, winningly. "I have often heard my mother tell how much he thought of his men."

general had had them to endure, might have conquered even the fighting blood.

"Don't you believe it, miss," began the old soldier, stoutly, but a glance at her downcast face checked him. "Yes, miss?" he said, interrogatively.

"Yes, I do," she said, more firmly. "There are forms of battle of which the general had no conception. It is so different with a man! His life was one of action, vivid, stirring action, and each act was applauded by a nation. He stood high in the estimation of men. He had wealth, power and fame. Did he ever know"—she went on, stormily—"what it means simply to exist, to spend one's life in waiting, till your youth and strength and hope are gone? Did he ever know the humiliating sensation of failure? Did he ever mean well, and try hard, and have it all end in defeat? No! he never knew these things. Even his courage might have given way before such overwhelming odds as these."

The soldier's stiff features melted

into sympathetic lines at the girl's outburst, but his faith in his hero was not to be shaken.

"No, miss," he said, patiently. "Begging your pardon, for I can see that you must have had a hard battle yourself, to talk like this, but even all you say wouldn't have made the general give in." His eyes met hers. "It's harder for a woman," he said, gently.

The girl's eyes filled at the words, but she kept her head defiantly high.

"I have lost all I cared for in the world," she said, steadily, "and there's only left me a big, empty, starving

He met her look directly.

"And you his blood, miss?" he said, reproachfully—"the fighting blood!"

The words stirred the girl's senses, like a call to arms. She sprang quickly to her feet, sweeping her long skirts aside, and drawing her lithe figure to its full height.

"You're right," she said, abruptly. "The fighting blood does not give in. What is your name? Macallon? Now Mr. Macallon, we're ready for the enemy. Hurray for the banner of the fighting blood!" She smiled brightly at the old man, who, instantly divining her changed mood, and catching the spirit of excitement, swung involuntarily around. Together they saluted the grave, the old and the young eyes flashing in unison. The clear note of a departing bugle lent color and reality to the scene. The old man's voice quavered on the air.

"Tention!" he piped, shrilly. "Eyes front! Forward, march!"—Lucy Baker Jerome, in Success.



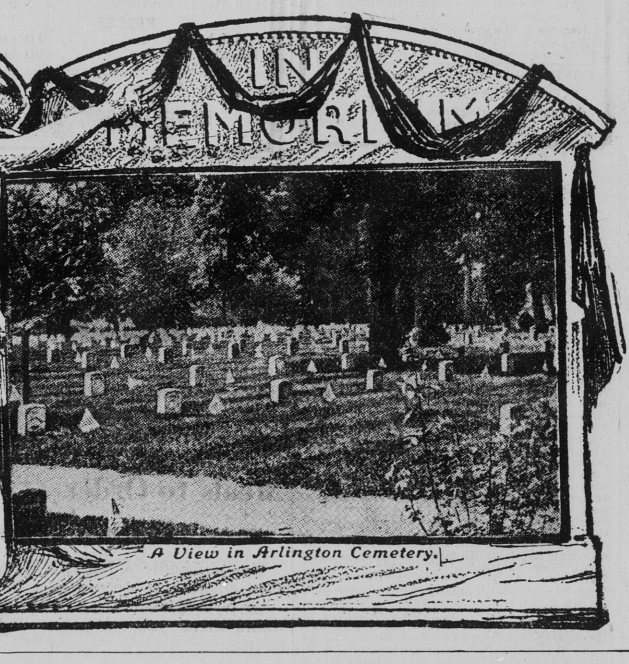
Tomb of General Sheridan—Arlington Cemetery.

heart, that gnaws at me night and day." She looked at the brave old face wistfully. "Do you think that the general could have borne that?" she asked.

The old soldier felt a sudden queer tightening of his throat. He looked at the girl's figure in its rough blue serge, then hastily rose, striking his stick firmly into the gravel path. All the old martial fire and vigor were in his bearing as he stood in front of her. He felt intuitively that it was a case where action of some kind was needed.

"The general would never have given up, miss," he almost shouted, all the more sturdily because conscious of an unwonted tremor in his tones, which he wanted to conceal. "Never! There wasn't anything that he couldn't have borne, and anyone with fighting blood in his veins ought to feel that way, too. Anyone belonging to the general is just bound to stand by his colors!"

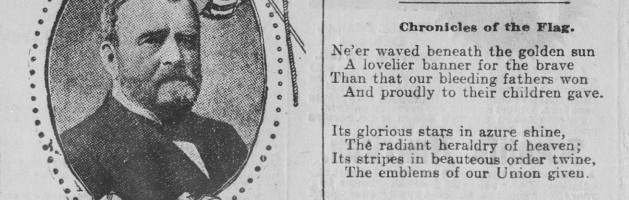
The girl looked up quickly, her lips parted, and her face was suffused with an inward glow.



A View in Arlington Cemetery.

Archaeological Finds.

Africa this week yields several items of interest in the world of archaeology, says the London Globe. One is an Egyptian royal tomb, or "mastaba," which has been acquired for the Brussels Museum of Antiquities from Sakarah. The tomb is in perfect preservation, and on the inside walls are paintings representing scenes from the life of the monarch buried there. Tunis has also yielded several interesting relics. One is a stone cornucopia with the dedication of an altar to the Carthaginian god, Sadrafa. Then, with a leap to the seventh century of our era, there is a leaden bulla, bearing the name of the Bishop Fortunius of Carthage, whose name is mentioned in the Council of 655.



ULYSSES S. GRANT.

CONSIDER THE CLOCK.

No Lock, No Language, and a Face Without a Feature.

Did you ever take time to consider the clock? You should have done so if you have not, seeing the clock gives you the time whenever you ask it. (No, this is no joke. It is a plain statement of fact.)

The clock is so sensitive that it constantly keeps its hands before its face. This is due to the fact that through no fault of its own it has been doing time for many years in the most public manner. It may be that as the face of the clock has no eyes, nor mouth, or nose, nor chin, nor cheeks, nor any of the usual facial appurtenances, it keeps its hands over it to hide these defects. But this can scarcely be, we fancy, because its hands have no fingers nor thumbs, nor has it any arms, and any attempt to conceal one defect would only expose another.

Most clocks have only two hands, but many have three, and it is somewhat remarkable anatomically as well as numerically, that the third hand is the second hand. It may also be remarked that the minute hand is not the minute hand, for it is longer than the hour hand.

The clock has neither feet nor legs, but it runs just the same. It may be fast or slow, but it does not walk. It always runs, but it never runs up. It runs down unless it is kept running round. Providence wisely did not give feet to the clock.

The clock has a key, but no lock, and for that reason even the most ignorant person never tries to open a clock with the key.

Some clocks strike and some do not, but no clock ever strikes with its hands. Just why a clock should be so peculiar is no affair of ours.

(Of course this is no joke. The striking of a clock may be an affair of hours, but it is not spelled the same way. We are not trying to be funny. This is a dignified article. Please do not interrupt us again.)

That passage in Scripture which says, "By their works shall you know them," does not refer to clocks, but it might well have done so, because that is the way a good clock is known.

The clock speaks a universal language, and no matter whether it is a German clock, or French or Spanish or Italian, it can tell you the time just as distinctly as if it were plain Yankee.

The clock differs from all other human affairs in that while their operations end when they are wound up, the clocks do not begin until they are wound up.

There are no clocks in heaven, because there is no time there. Neither is there any night, and an eight-day clock would not know when to stop.—San Francisco Call.

Honeymoon Reading.

The house had quieted after the wedding; mother and Aunt Mary were in the parlor talking it over.

"So it's over," said Aunt Mary, smiling into mother's eyes.

"Yes," said mother, bravely, although a little tearfully, "it's over—and begun."

"They'll be happy, I'm sure."

"Yes. They are very well suited to each other."

"Very. I could see that. They both have studious habits."

"Yes. But, Mary"—mother paused, and the gleam of mischief evoked by Aunt Mary sooner than anybody else darted into her eyes. "Mary, they can't have much sense of humor. Though it's my own girl, I say it."

"Do you know what she took to read on their wedding journey? Stevenson's 'Travels with a Donkey.'"—Tit-Bits.

A friend from West Florida says he came East to look up those highways we have been talking about. He wanted an automobile, and chose one he would buy if the agent would take him on a spin to Miami by way of teaching the management and proving its usefulness. And then he was amazed to be told that he couldn't go anywhere except on car or boat—that he had no decent road that would carry an auto out of hearing of Big Jim. And he came around to ask the newspaper boys whether the garage was fooling him for a tenderfoot. Said he: "I thought the East Coast did things, and I first read of this road from Miami to Jacksonville when I was courting my wife." Well, "all things come to those who wait."—Jacksonville Times-Union.

A Bad Result.

One of the results of bad wagon roads is that life on the farm becomes isolated and barren of social enjoyments and country people in some communities suffer such great disadvantage that ambition is checked, energy weakened and industry paralyzed. Common sense sums up for us the benefits of good roads. Like good streets, good roads make habitation along them most desirable; they economize time and force in transportation of products, reduce wear and tear on horses, harness and vehicles, and enhance the market value of real estate. They raise the value of farm lands and farm products to the producer and yet cheapen the latter to the consumer who now buys from the middleman, and they always beautify the country through which they pass; they facilitate rural mail delivery and are a potent aid to education, religion and sociability.

Postage Reduction in France.

Consul General Mason, at Paris, advises the promulgation of a new French law providing that from April 16, 1906, the rate of postage on letters throughout France and between France and the French colonies shall be 10 centimes (2 cents) for each 15 grams or fraction of 15 grams. This is a reduction of 50 per cent. in the existing rate, which is 15 centimes per 15 grams for letters in Paris and throughout France. Letters bearing insufficient postage will be subject, as hitherto, to a penalty on delivery of double the amount of such deficit.

Mrs. De Navarro (Mary Anderson) contemplates a visit to her old home in Louisville this summer.

Chronicles of the Flag.

Never waved beneath the golden sun
 A lovelier banner for the brave
 Than that our bleeding fathers won
 And proudly to their children gave.

Its glorious stars in azure shine,
 The radiant heraldry of heaven;
 Its stripes in beauteous order twine,
 The emblems of our Union given.

Around the globe, through every clime,
 Where commerce wafts or man hath trod,
 It floats aloft, unstained with crime,
 But hallowed by heroic blood.



GOOD ROADS

Government Becoming Interested.

The press dispatches announced some days ago that Postmaster-General Cortelyou had become so far interested in the subject of good roads as to agree to co-operate with officials in Illinois in measures to be taken for their improvement in that State. We are not advised as to the authority the Postmaster-General may have in this direction; perhaps he has none, and only now intends his good offices in the matter, but it is encouraging to the friends of National aid to road improvement to know that so distinguished a member of the Administration is even looking into the subject. This is all that is needed—to get the men of affairs to studying along the line of the Brownlow-Lalmer good roads bill. The necessity for road improvement is everywhere apparent. How to get them improved has been a problem since the country's earliest days. The States have handled the trouble in almost as many different ways as there are States, and yet the roads are no better than forty, fifty or sixty years ago. In fact, many of them have gone from bad to worse until present highway conditions, taking the country over, are simply intolerable, and the time has come—is here now—when something must be done to relieve the situation. The annual loss to American farmers because of bad roads amounts to more than one-half billion dollars. Does any sane man propose to say that this dreadful drain is not a National menace; that it will not directly destroy National prosperity, and tear down the American farm home—the bulwark of National integrity and of National life? It is time for the people to go after the Nation's lawmakers, the Senators and Representatives in Congress, and press the demand for relief from these unhappy conditions. We shall have no systematic road improvement until we have National co-operation with the States, and we shall not have this National aid until the people demand it of Congressmen and those who aspire to be Congressmen. It is a mighty good plan to ask for a thing when one wants it, and we believe the people have a right to demand expression on this road question before the Congressional elections are held this year.

The Roads in Florida.

The good beginning is half the battle. When we have a graded highway on the East Coast from Miami to Jacksonville, Palatka and Ocala and Gainesville will hasten to make a circuit by joining connection, there will be an extension to Tampa and we shall have a new Florida as soon as the West sends down her long arm from Pensacola. Do we remember what a boom we had as soon as the system of railways became certain? Expect another when the system of highways is no longer doubtful. Of course, everything would not be done in a day, but Rome would not have been built had not Romulus gone to work and left the plan behind him.

Now, don't you forget that it is only the natural kindness of the State Health Officer and his innate gentleness that make him "recommend" the cleanliness that is next to godliness and the precautions necessary for health and useful living. He prefers the gentle touch, but if this is not effective he has the steel glove, and the whole population of this State and every friend of Florida everywhere give weight to the blow when he is compelled to strike. Listen to his recommendations, however, take his advice and he will roar you as softly as a sucking dove and smile as sweetly as your mother while he turns a flood of fire and water on your premises and drives you to the woods with his formaldehyde and other big words. And he is all right every time—better smell than microbes.

Not Old For China.

When Wong Kai Kah was temporarily a sojourner here—alas, that this Oriental gentleman who endeared himself to all who met him is no more!—one of his new-made acquaintances asked him as to the antiquity of his family.

"Oh," he said, with naive modesty and yet with a merry twinkle in his eye, "my family is new in China; indeed, we have nothing to boast of as to long establishment in that country, for we have been there only 2500 years, having come from a place to the south and east of the Caspian Sea"—Indianapolis News.

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