THE LURE OF A TINY GRAVE

A MEMORIAL DAY RECONCILIATION

A GREAT tear fell on the pictured baby face Edith Winton held in her hands, and bowing her head on her arms, she sobbingly moaned "If baby had lived, maybe we—." She got no further, a perfect torrent of tears overwhelmed her, and shook her frail body. The past year of battling with the world, brooding sorrow and disillusionment, all had told upon her, and as she looked ahead to the long vista of lonely years, she regretted her hasty step, and was altogether ready to retrace it, if possible.

Indeed, she had not truly meant to leave Hugh! They had quarreled, quarreled bitterly, and many harsh and hasty words had been spoken on both sides, but she had not really expected that he would let her go. Once before, after a quarrel, she had begun to pack her belongings, and he had taken a little grip out of her hands in that strong, masterful way she loved, folded her in his arms, kissed away the angry tears, and all had been well. But this time she watched and waited in vain for the overtures toward reconciliation, but instead he had calmly watched her preparations to leave, and finally locked himself in his den.

Her parents, upon her arrival home, had been as ever, kind and considerate, but plainly out of patience with what they termed their childish quarreling. She had patiently waited there for a sign, a word, a letter, but the days had grown into weeks, and the weeks into months, and none had come. Finally a letter did come from their family lawyer informing her in a cold, matter-of-fact way that their household goods were stored, and enclosing a generous check, which, the letter read, would be forwarded to her each month, but she had promptly returned it, curtly refusing to accept any help. She would earn her own living, as she had so often told Hugh she could, in their little quarrels.

But she was finding it a hard task. She had not cared to take a position in her home town where every one wore that sympathetic, "I-told-you-so" smile, but had come to the city. She had readily secured employment in an office, but she found living expenses high, and it was sometimes hard to make ends meet, and she was very lonely!

The first few months of their separation she had felt resentment, their differences fresh in her memory, but long ago they had faded into a deep regret, a yearning for the sight of his face, the sound of his voice, the touch of his hand, the protection of his strong arm. She had indirectly heard that he had given up his position and left the village, where no one knew.

Exhausted by weeping, she again picked up the tear-wet photo and, as she had tenderly placed it in her dresser drawer, said bitterly: "Yes, he has forgotten us, baby—you and me—and tomorrow is Memorial day, and no one will place a flower on your little neglected grave." As the little green mound in the quiet cemetery came vividly before her, she felt it calling to her, that by its side only, could she find solace for the pain in her heart that was growing unbearable. It would be an ordeal for her to go back to the little village where, but a few short years ago she had gone as a happy bride, but she would take the early train from the city and arrive before many of the curious townspeople were about. She could ill afford the trip just now, but she could easily, too easily, dispense with some meals the coming week, would do her own laundry work and cling to her leaky rubbers. True, the cough still clung to her from the cold she had contracted the last wet day, but what did it matter? There was no one to care—perhaps it would be as well to be laid beside baby instead of struggling.

Early the next morning Edith Winton, heavily veiled and sad eyed, hugging to her a tiny bunch of white flowers that were like the little flaxen face and the hands of her baby as she remembered them, alighted at the little station, and taking a side street, wended her way to the cemetery. She

"Edith!" He Cried.

tried to avoid looking to the right or the left, for on every side arose the ghosts of buried hopes, sad memories and recollections of her young married life.

As she entered the cemetery, she could see the little white head-stone with the tiny lamb gleaming in the distance. She knew the path well, but it came to her that this was the first time she had ever come alone! They had always come together—she had had Hugh's arm to lean upon in her moments of weakness.

So overcome by emotion and blinded by tears was she as she neared the little grave that she was almost upon it before she discovered that some one else was bending over it, a man whose shoulders seemed to probe the depths of their souls. Surely, some one must have mistaken the grave! Yet, there was something strangely familiar about that close-cropped brown head! Slowly, the man, as if suddenly aware of her presence, arose and their eyes met in one long look which seemed to probe the depths of their souls. "Edith," he cried, and what a world of regret, of longing and heart hunger lay in the single word! "Hugh," she answered tremulously, and two tiny invisible baby hands reached up from the grave and re-united their hearts and hands forevermore.

WELCOMED A KICKING.

Odd Incident That Proved the Popularity of Dumas.

In "My Autobiography" Mme. Judith, the great French actress, writes of Alexander Dumas the elder:

"This giant of a mulatto, with his big, black, mocking eyes, his wide nostrils, thick lips, heavy chin, his crisply curling hair and his forehead with its strange bumps, like that of some unruly child who is always fighting with his comrades, was truly a representative personage, a type reflecting all the passion of the romanticists. There would have been something wanting to his time if this grandson of a negress had not been seen striding along the Parisian boulevards, if his laugh had not been heard on the terraces of the cafes or if he had not appeared playing his part with naive self satisfaction in official ceremonies and at the Tuileries ball, or walking about behind the scenes at the theater with his arm around the waist of some actress, or eating and drinking enough for four in the merry suppers at which authors and artists used to meet.

"His popularity was simply unequaled. There was a story current in my time of a singular wager made by Mery of Marseilles. Walking one day in some public garden with a friend, he suddenly said to him: 'Do you see that big, ridiculous looking fellow? I bet you 100 sous that if I kick him, no matter where, instead of flying into a rage he will make me a polite bow.'

"The bet was taken, and Mery, creeping stealthily up behind M. Prudhomme, gave him a tremendous kick in the small of his back. The man turned red with indignation, but Mery cried: 'Oh, I beg your pardon, sir; I took you for Alexander Dumas, with whom I have an account to settle.'

"His victim, only too proud to be taken for such a great man, at once relented and, taking off his hat in the most amiable manner, he said, with a bow, 'There is no harm done, monsieur.' The hundred sous were won."

ANSON SCORED LAST.

The Old Chicago Captain Made Two Plays to Dahlen's One.

Tim Hurst, the veteran umpire, told this one on Bill Dahlen when Bill was a youth toiling under Cap Anson in Chicago. Said he:

"Anson called Dahlen good and hard in a game I was umpiring in Chicago. Dahlen took it without saying a word, but a few minutes later Bill remarked to me, 'Watch me bark that old fellow's shins.' 'Ans' was not as agile then as he was in his younger days, and he stooped with much effort. All through that game Bill made great stops, only to throw the ball a few feet in front of the bag, and it was up to Anson to stop it with his shins.

"However, that was not the end of it. A few days later the White Stockings had to make a trip to St. Louis, and Anson told Dahlen he would not be taken on the trip. Bill had been told that several times and he thought 'Ans' was fooling. The train left Chicago about midnight and Dahlen was with the rest of the team.

"When the train was about twenty-five miles out of Chicago the conductor told Anson there were sixteen men in the party and he had received only fifteen tickets. Anson said there were only fifteen men and named the berths they occupied.

"'The man in berth No. 17 says he is a member of the Chicago team,' said the conductor, who was referring to Dahlen. 'He's stringing you,' replied Anson. Poor Bill was asked to cough up and couldn't. The train was stopped, and Dahlen was put off the train about thirty miles from Chicago. How he got back to Chicago only Bill himself knows, but he would not talk to anybody for a week."

The Reply.

A woman of advanced age required the services of a page boy and advertised, "Youth wanted."

One of her dearest friends sent her by the next post a bottle of Blank's celebrated wrinkle filler and skin tightener, a pot of fairy bloom, a set of false teeth and a flaxen wig.—London Opinion.

EQUINUNK.

Equinunk, May 26.

The Willing Workers served ice cream, coffee and sandwiches on the church lawn, also at the ball grounds on Saturday. A nice sum was realized.

Decoration Day services will be held here May 30th.

The home team lost to the Alerts of Aldenville Saturday. Score, 9 to 3. They played Lake Como on home grounds Saturday.

A religious sect, the Burning Bush, are holding meetings in Cain Lord's hall. They are attracting large congregations.

The chicken house of Charles Warren with over fifty chicks and brooder were destroyed by fire about noon Tuesday. But for the timely assistance of near neighbors, their home and other buildings would have been destroyed.

Dr. Frisbie accompanied Daniel Hall to the Methodist hospital in Brooklyn Friday. Mr. Hall has undergone an operation for cataract of the eye.

Hazel Warfield left last week for Mt. Vernon, New York, where she expects to spend the summer.

Rosabelle Pine is visiting relatives in New York city.

Edw. Lester, of Bradentown, Florida, is spending a few weeks at the home of his uncle, J. K. Hornbeck.

Mrs. Dillon left Wednesday for two weeks' visit with her sister, Mrs. Scott Beach, of Carbondale.

R. O. Woodmansee, of Lake Como, was a business caller here Tuesday.

Anna Lord accompanied her mother, Mrs. Virgil Beatty, to her home in Downsville Friday where she will spend two weeks.

Marshall Warfield and family have moved into the Hadaway house which was occupied by C. Murtha.

John Tompkins, who has been seriously ill with heart trouble, is recovering. Miss McHugh, a trained nurse of Dr. Burns' hospital in Scranton, has been caring for him.

Florence Cuddihe has gone to Mexico, New York, where she expects to spend the summer.

Miss Southwell, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. J. W. Farley left last week for Wilkes-Barre for a month's visit with relatives.

J. W. Farley and Lafayette Denio and wife were business visitors in Delhi last week.

Leonard Dillon made a business call at Cochecton Saturday.

Madeline Deitrich of Hancock, visited at the home of James Rollison this week.

WOMEN AS SCHOOL HEADS.

In Some States They Seem to Monopolize Educational Work.

There are in this country four hundred and ninety-five women county and four state superintendents of education, according to the United States bureau of education.

In some states women appear to have almost a monopoly of the higher positions in the public school system. Wyoming has a woman state superintendent, the deputy state superintendent is a woman, and of the fourteen counties in the state all but one are directed educationally by women. In Montana, where there are thirty countries, only one man is reported as holding the position of county superintendent.

The increase in the number of women county superintendents is most conspicuous in the west, but is not confined to that section. New York reports twenty-four women district superintendents, as against twelve school commissioners in 1900. Other states showing marked increase are Iowa, from thirteen in 1900 to forty-four in 1912; Kansas, from twenty-six in 1900 to forty-nine in 1912; Nebraska, from ten to forty-two in the same period; North Dakota, from ten to twenty-four; Oklahoma, from seven to fourteen. In only two states is a decrease reported. Tennessee had nine in 1900 and only five in 1912; and Utah has one less than a decade ago.

Together with the advancement of women in the administrative branch of education has come a demand for women on local boards, and this demand has been recognized in many communities. The following cities of 100,000 population or over report one or more women on the school board: New York, Chicago, Cleveland, San Francisco, Milwaukee, Washington, Indianapolis, Rochester, St. Paul, Denver, Columbus, Worcester, Grand Rapids, Cambridge and Fall River.

RAILWAY BUSINESS FOR MARCH.

For the month of March the operating income per mile of line decreased 31.3 per cent. for the railways of the east, increased 6.6 per cent. for the railways of the south and increased 9.4 per cent for the railways of the west as compared with March, 1912. The average for the railways of the entire country decreased 9.9 per cent.

This operating income for the 222,086 miles of line summarized by the Bureau of Railway Economics for the reports of the railways to the Interstate Commerce Commission aggregated for the month $52,137,897 or $235 per mile of line, which is equivalent to $7.25 per mile of line per day. Operating income is that proportion of their receipts which remains available to the railways for rentals, interest on bonds, appropriations for betterments, improvements, new construction and for dividends.

The aggregate of the total operating revenues for the month was $241,048,818, an increase of $9,864,272 over March, 1912. The operating expenses were $178,234,167, or $14,104,236 more than for March, 1912. The net operating revenue was $62,814,651, or $4,239,964 less than for March, 1912. Taxes were $10,418,258, an increase of 7.7 per cent. per mile over March, 1912, leaving the operating income 9.9 per cent. less per mile of line as stated.

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"BEAUTIFUL ever are the tender memories that come with Memorial Day, when a grateful nation renders homage to its defenders who have passed on and to those whom we still may honor in their life.

Hail, old heroes! In your presence the voice of party and of faction is hushed to silence. Republicans and Democrats and Socialists and Progressives stand with heads uncovered before you, with hearts throbbing with gratitude toward the men to whom we owe the fact that there is a nation to govern.

"Backward, turn backward, O Time in thy flight."

Backward to the May mornings years ago when we beheld the manhood of the land marching to wounds and death that the nation might live. "Marching along, marching along. For God and for country they went marching along," with the farewell tears of wives, and mothers, and sisters, and sweethearts, moistening as with a chrism the brave faces lit with the gleam of the bannered stars.

Again we behold them led by their brave captains. Sheridan—the Rupert who rode "to conquer or to fall." Sherman—whose army "sang the mighty chorus from Atlanta to the sea." Grant—

"Patient of toil, serene amid alarms,
Inflexible in faith, invincible in arms."

Logan, whose legions unvexed the current of the Mississippi from the Ohio to the sea. Hooker, whose men battled above the clouds at Lookout mountain. Meade, who drove the foe southward away from the soil of Pennsylvania, and all the generals and colonels, and captains, and—not least of all—the hosts, from the greatest commander to the poorest and most unlettered soldier who went over his doorsill to battle for the flag that sometimes knew disaster, but never knew dishonor.

Honor and reverence and gratitude for the gray survivors.

Loving remembrance to those who "sank to rest with all their country's wishes blest." When the banner fell from Sumter's battlements we had thirty-two wrangling and discordant states populated by 30,000,000 of people. Now we have forty-eight homogeneous and harmonious commonwealths, containing 90,000,000 of souls, and our flag floats from the Arctic to the Caribbean and reaches across seas to Orient isles. Then we had war and privation. Now we have peace and plenty.

Then we ranked fifth or sixth among the nations. Now we are not second to any power on earth. We are first in letters, arts and arms, first in freedom and prosperity and happiness.

These things we owe under the providence of God to the members, dead and living, of the Grand Army of the Republic. Again, and again, and yet again, Hail! to the veterans.

Fifty Years of History.

These are the semi-centennial years of the Civil war—years in which one may follow from day to day the events of that unparalleled conflict, and trace from stage to stage the policies which guided it and to which it gave birth. Fifty years seems a brief space through which to regard an historical interval of four years' duration, although in other lights 50 years is a far reach of time—half a century! And when we stop to reflect that 50 years represents more than one-third of the life of the republic to this date, and that the republic was only 85 years old when the Civil war burst into violence, we gain some sense of the potency of the years.

Soldiers' Graves Holy Altars.

Each recurring Memorial day consecrates anew the heroic sacrifice of those men who gave their lives that the Republic might live. It is a day of sacred, solemn memories. It dedicates us, the living, to the completion and the defense of the work begun by them, the dead. Every flower-strewn grave is an altar before which we pledge anew our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor that the blood of these soldier heroes shall not have been shed in vain; that free government of, by and for the people shall not perish from the earth; that this nation conceived in liberty shall be passed on to our children and our children's children still dedicated to equality and justice.

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