Lif.'s Seasons. When all the world is May-day, And all the skies are blue, Lord Life and Youth take play-day Among the Buds and dew: When all the world is May-day. And clouds are far and few.

When all the world is Summer And dusks are poppy beads Love is the shy new-comer. Who nests in liv-bods; When all the world is Summer, And clouds are rosy reds.

When all the world's September. And morns are golden mist. Regret may still remember The long-torgotten tryst; When all the world's September. And clouds are twillight-klass !.

When all the world is Winter, And all the sky, slarm, Ghosts' eyes, that burn and splinter. In Age's ashes form : When all the world is Winter, And clouds are driven storm. -[Madison Cawein in Youth's Companion

## A WEDDING IN HAWAII.

BY POLLY KING.

It was Christmas morning in Oahu some thirty years ago, Oahn that gem of the Hawaiian Islands, about which so much has been said and written. The little town of Honolulu still slept; but out on the sugar plantation the twittering birds believed in early rising and awoke Roger Baring, the young master of Waikiki, with their chirping Christmas carol. He arose and went so the window, looking out waving cane and the sandy slopes of was a mass of pink clouds fleeting before the rising sun, and Roger drank in the beauty of the scene, though his heart was heavy and his waking full of disappointment and unrest.

For the past two weeks he had been expecting the arrival of a ship from England that bore a precious gift-Mary Jameson, his sweetheart; and here was Christmas morning and she was still on the high seas.

In those days of slow-sailing ships, bridegrooms could not rush home from the Autipodes in a couple of timid women who have never before left their native land, bravely took from home. the long, weary journey around the cape, to fu fill their plighted word.

Mary Jameson was one of these. had only served to strengthen the devotion of this pair of lovers; and Mary , stifling many pangs at parting with her beloved home and country, had sailed for Oahn as soon as possible after R sger wrote her that Waikiki was ready and waiting for its mistreas.

Sailing vessels varied very much in the time of their passage, and there was really no cause as yet for anxiety; but Roger, who was burning with impatience for the arrival of the "Androme la," had felt the last week drag slower and more heavily than the Merry Christmas the ights, his mind each other in common curiosity. was full of shipwrecks and disasters. land laden with holly and mistletoe, island as his wife? where they had first met. He could hear the children's voices piping the Christmas carols, and feel the cold, biting air instead of the magnetiascented breezs.

He could see his mother and the children packed into the rectory pew. and his father beaming down from the pulpit with messages of peace and good will. A great wave of homesickness came over him, and then he laughed at his folly. At home he was only one of the rector's sons, while here he was master of all Walkiki. and had already laid the foundation for a large fortune. He whistled "Rule Britannia" in derision and, rolling himself up in a burnous, stepped out of the French window into the garden. Hidden in a grove of paudanus trees near by was a beautiful clear pool, where Roger came each morning to bathe, and sporting in the cool water allegiance to his witching adopted land was soon restored.

"You can't bathe outdoors on Christmas Day in England," he thought, contentedly, as he swam in the soft water that was so clean and clear that he could see the pebbles lying at the bottom.

A vigorous young man of twentyfive, however, cannot live on acenery and reminiscences alone, and by the time Roger was dressed be could have

servants were running around the house, gentle, brown creatures with soft voices, calling "Aloha! Aloha," in Christmas greeting. In honor of this day that the missionaries had taught them was the greatest in all the year, they had decorated the house with branches of hibisens, and woven wreaths of smilax and jessamine around the windows; even the master's breakfast table was strewn with red pomegranate blossoms.

Roger and a pile of necklaces, gewgaws and print gowns that he had hoped Mary would have saved him the embarrassment of distributing.

"I'm in for it now," he thought, as he carried them down stairs and called to the steward to collect the woman servants. They came slowly and timidty with downcast eyes, their freshest garments donned for the festival and their long black hair bound and plaited with gay lauhala buds. What a picture they made, grouped together against a background of huge cactus; their manner, always gentle, was as different from an English servant's strong acceptance of a Christmas tip, as their loose garments and flower-bound bair differed from a trim cap and apron. They kissed Roger's hand again and again with gratitude and affection.

"Aloha! Melly Kismas, haole!" otto lale maibl ?

"Ke lande maiki lon."

"Aloha! Aloha! Melly Kismas! Melly Kismus!" they called back in their soft, pattering speech, as they on the sweeping plain, covered with ran away to their quarters to exhibit and examine their treasures, leaving the distant hills on which the enchant- hun in peace to his strange breakfast ment of dawn still lingered. The sky of taro cakes, baked breadfruit and

Roger forgot his healthy appetite and swallowed the food mechanically as he watched a small figure that was coming down the narrow, dusty road from Honotula. There was no mistaking the long, loping gait of the professional messenger.

"A ship is signalled! English flag!" called the native, and scarcely stopping he was gone, to carry the news on to the next plantation. For at this time the arrival of a ship was an event, and the arrival of this one weeks as they can now, and many doubly so, laden as it would be with Christmas presents and messages

The man was scarcely gone before Roger was on his way to the town. Could it be Mary's ship? There were Time, separation and infrequent mails several vessels overdue, so he must not be too sanguine. He hurried along trying to keep down his excitement, and repeatedly telling himself that he would not be a bit disappointed if the sighted ship was not the "Andromeda."

On the quay were gathered most of the inhabitants of the little town, a motley and picturesque crowd; missionaries and their wives in the garments of civilization; royal personages and natives with flower-bound hair and flowing robes; swarthy half-nude bearers and divers, their smooth brown skins gleaming in the sunlight; whole three years since he had left Chinamen and venders of wreaths and England, and this morning, instead of lauhala buds for the hair, all jostsing

The ship had just dropped anchor He felt that he would have given the outside the reef to wait for the rising fields he was so proud to own, nav. all time: it was the "Andromeda!" the wealth of this heavenly island to Roger could scarcely believe his eves be in England with Mary on this and good luck. A sudden determinanome holiday. The tropical vista tion seized him, Why delay? Why faded to the little church in Cumber- could not Mary first set foot on the

> Explaining his plan quickly to a good old missionary, who was conveniently on the spot, Roger soon procured a boat and six stalwart rowers to take them out to the ship. From the quarter-deck the captain watched the little boat put out.

"Go and tell Miss Jameson a boat is coming," he called to his wife; for the pretty English girl had won the hearts of every one on shipboard, and he did not doubt that the approaching boat contained her lover! "It's Mr. Baring, sure." he called in another few minutes; and his wife rushed down the companion way again to Mary, who had buried herself in a corner of the cabin, too shy and overcome now that the long separation was so nearly over, to dare peep out.

How the captain's wife arranged it. I don't know, but when Roger climbed up the ship's side, every one was on deck, seemingly much more interested in his companion than in him, and he could slip away unnoticed to find Mary in the little cabin alone.

Was this really Mary? This lovely fair-haired creature who seemed a'most dazzling in Roger's eyes, in contrast with the dusky women he had lived among so long.

Was this Roger? A moment's embarrassment and besitation - then seen no more welcome sight than the their eyes met. Blue English little table on the veranda that was eyes do not change for time being made ready for breakfast. The | ar climate, and with a little cry | crops."-[Boston Cultivator.

of happiness, her journey ended, Mary was in her lover's arms. It was odd how suddenly her fit of shyness vanished, though certainly this bearded, sunburned man had little in common with the young lover of three years before, and with what little persuading she was willing to fall in with all his rapid lover-like plans. So it came about that in a little while the crew drew up in line in their Sunday clothes, the good old clergyman bared his gray head and found a place in the centre of his prayer book, and the captain's wife whispered a hurried explanation among the wondering pasengers. Then Mary came upstairs on the captain's arm, looking more like au angel than a woman, Rogor thought, in her simple white muslin, as she stood up to be married on the broad deck of the "Andromeda." What a bridal, with the sunshine beaming a blessing on her yellow head, and lighting the blue bay and the distant island into a fairy scene! The bells calling to service were born softly on the wind; and the earth, sea and sky lent all their poetry to make the service impressive in this wonderful eathedral of nature.

What a welcome Roger's servants gave the new bride, strewing rushes far up the road under the feet of her bearers and smothering her with roses and jessamine.

"Aloha! Aloha!" "Ka wahine haole!" "Aloha! Aloha!" they repeated, with smiles of welcome.

"It is Paradise," cried Mary, as she caught sight of the tropical garden and the flower-strewn path up to her new

"Yes, darling," answered Roger. drawing gently into its quiet shade-"This is the garden of Eden, and we are spending our first Christmas in Paradise together."-[The Independ-

#### Prehistorie Ruins in Africa.

"I have just returned from Europe," said Howard Hoffman, "where I have sojourned ever since my return from Zanzibar, six months ago. I have been persuing a course of investigation in the British Museum that I had hoped would throw some light on the recent discoveries that have been made in Africa. Not far into the interior of Africa from Zanzibar I, in company with others, recently discovered traces of a prehistoric city of no small dimensions. This city that I speak of must have been a capital of some anclent province or kingdom. It was some five miles square and was surrounded by a wall of masonry, the foundations, with a few projections, of which stiff remain and indicate an excellent knowledge of masonry. The wall was undoubtedly meant for protection against enemies, for it was strongly built and must have been at least 20 feet high. It is now overgrown by great tropical vines, and parts of it extend through Impenetra-

"Inside a few remains of houses still exist, and the outlines of a great temple or palace on the highest ground within the enclosure. Some excavations have been made and a few relies brought to light, such as postery of the Egyptian type, and broken bits of welded copper that may have come from a suit of mail. Some idea of symmetry must have obtained in that distant period, for the houses were built along streets or winding lanes, the precursor of our modern thoroughfares. The whole is overgrown at present by a mass of tropical plants and great old trees that have been standing for hundreds of years. To what nation those people belonged cannot be told, but the ruins would indicate that once Africa's shores were the seat of a great civilization and a great commerce."-[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Boasts of Old-Fashtoned Crops.

All the big stories of enormous crops that were said to have been grown in the early history of the country must be taken with some allowance. Men do not mean to tell falsely, but the guesswork about the size of acres is not always very close. Besides, if crops were grown on stumpy land some deduction of the area was always made for land that was occupied by stumps. "No," said the old farmer with whom we talked this matter over, "crops in olden times were not bigger than now. I doubt whether they averaged as large. A farm that has been kent in clover, with occasional dressings of manure, is not growing poorer, and I believe that some of the acres I now till that my grandfather cleared up are richer in available fertility and will produce more wheat per acre than he ever secured. Of course with the modern facilities for harvesting the wheat crop costs much less than it used to do, and this holds good also of other

# KEYSTONE STATE CULLINGS.

TWO HEBREWS HANGED.

FIRST OF THEIR BACK TO SUFFER THE DRATE PRINCIPLE AMERICA.

TUNEHANDOCK -Harris B ank and Isaac Rosenswig were hanged here for the murder of a fellow peddler named Jacob Marks on March 18, 1892. The execution forms an eroch in the criminal history of the country as the men were the first Hebrews to suffer the death penalty not only in the United States but in North America. Rabbi Radin of New York, who prepared the condemand men for death, says that only two other Hebrews were ever sentenced to death in this country—Rubenstein, in New York, who died the day before the day set for his execution, and the other was converted to Protestantism. A number of Hebrows of Wilkesbarre have obtained permission to bury the bodies according to the ites of the church.

### MINE INSPECTION REPORTS.

BITUMINOUS PRODUCT EXCREDES THE ANTHRA-CITE. THE SUNGRANCE OF PORESINERS

STEMINOUS PROBECT EXCREDES THE ANTHRACUTE. THE INNORANCE OF POREBINDES

THE INNORANCE OF POREBINDES

HARMISHIES MANY DEATHS.

The total production shown for the eight districts of the anthracite region was 45.823.991 tons. In that region the number of lives lost was less than during 1891 except in the Eighth district, which includes part of Schuyikill and Carbon counties.

The bituminous coal region is also divided into eight districts, and the total production for 1892 was 46.018.247 tons.

In the First district, comprising parts of Allegheny, Westmareland and Fayette counties, there were 24 fatal accidents, four more than in the previous year. The number of days work, 19.590. Inspector Loudit reports a general disposition on the pert of the operators to obey the provisions of the law relative to the safety of employes. There were 74 mines operated, three abandoned and five opened. The number of persons employed inside was 9.990, and outside 2.519. The number of days that 64 mines were in operation was 211.

In the Third district, composed of parts of Indiana, Westmoreland and Jefferson counties and the whole of Armstrong, Butlers Orlands, Westmoreland and Jefferson funding the Westmoreland and Jefferson counties and a vertice of Jefferson are respected to be in much improved condition. The number of fatal accidents increased, while those not fatal diminished. Four of fatal accidents under section of Jefferson are respected to be in much improved condition. The number of fatal accidents increased, while those not fatal diminished. Four of fatal accidents were incidental and the others were indeed the total condition and Cambria counties and a verticular district, composed of fatal accidents underson. Lyonning Clinton and Cambria counties and a verticular accidents increased, while those not fatal diminished. Four of fatal accidents were accidental and the others were indeed the there were 23 fatal accidents and

of miners
In the Fifth district, comprising parts of
Fayette and Somerset, there were 23 fatal
accidents, 18 of which were caused by falls
of roof and the others by mine wagons. Of

secidents, IS of wir ch were caused by falls of roof and the others by mine wagons. Of 60 non-fatal accidents, 10 were caused by falls of roof and 33 by mine wagons. In the Sixth district.comprising the whole of Cambria and Blair counties, and portions of Clearfield, Indiana, Jefferson, Westmoreiand and Somerset counties, the number of fatal accidents was 14. The accidents are ascribed to the fact that those killed were foreigners, and did not appreciate the dangers to which they were exposed.

The Seventh district is composed of Allegheny, Washington and Westmoreland counties. Inspector Blick reports the number of fatal and serious personal injuries on the increase, because of the large number of foreigners employed in the mines in the district. The number of non-fatal accidents was 23, and the number of non-fatal accidents 66. Of the 14 men killed by falls of coal and slate, 7 were incompetent. Three others lost their lives by their own carelessness. In the kighth district, composed of Bedford, Center and Huntingion capaties. the Eighth district, composed of Bedford, Center and Huntingdon counties, and a part of Clearfield county, 12 fatalities and 35 non-fatal accelents were reported.

PHILADELPHIA.—The 2 year-old son of Mrs. Susan Ehiron of No. 54 B origett street has just had a narrow escape from being killed by a large game rooster that attacked him in a vicious manner. The child was playing on a vacant lot near his home when the fowl, the property of a resident in the neighborhood, flew at him and pierced his cheek with its sharp spurs. The child was too frightened to run away, and the rooster repeatedly attacked him, each time plunging its spurs i.to the little one's face and neck. A woman who heard the child's screams ran to his assistance and beat the rooster off with a club. A physician was rooster off with a club. A physician was summonded, who pronounced the child's injuries of a serious nature. A warrant was sworn out for the arrest of the owner of the bird, which is said to have attacked and seriously injured other children.

WILL OFF FOUR PER CENT WILKISBARRE — Assignee W. H. Stoddard, of the defunct banking house of F. V. Rockafellow, has filed his first partial account with the court. Four per cent of the \$500,000 represented by the depositors will be paid. This is about the limit of the assets.

A FERIGIT train on the J. & B. division of the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburg road, north of Du Bois, ran down a heavy grade and collided with a work train. Wednesday afternoon. A freight brakeman was killed and three of the men on the work train were buried under the week. The wreck took fire consuming the three bodies.

SAMUEL CORNELIUS and William Cleits were carrying a carboy of sulphuric acid into Burbaker's drug store. New Brighton, when the neck of the carboy struck against the wal, breaking it and spilling the contents on the unfortunate men. They were horribly burned and may not recover.

NEAR Kensington a big oil lamp used to heat a chicken incubator exploded in the poultry vard of J. B. Sutton, on the Free, port road, causing a fire in which 20c chickens were roasted alive, besides destroying several hundred eggs in the incubator,

John Bowley, charged with killing Stephen Young at Monougahela City last March and convicted in the Washington county courts of voluntary manslaughter, has been sentenced a year and three months in the penit miner. in the penit ntiary.

On Friday a set of counterfeiting dies was found near the residence of Jacob Koontz, in Springfield township, Somerset county, by some school children. They also found about \$100 in dollars and 50-cent pieces of the spurious coin.

CHARLES WALKER, of Allegheny county convicted at Carilise of robbing the general sto e of J. D. Rowe, at Shepherd-town, se-curing some \$8,000 in cash and papers, was sentenced to seven years in the Eastern Pen itentiary. SCRANTON is excited over the confession o

Peter Hunter, the watchman employed at the Methodist tabernacie, that he is the firebug who has caused the destruction of that place of worship twice within the past

Sixteen women of Driftwood attacked Theodore Hackett with fence rails, with tokers and other weapons, and drove him out of town. Theodore had come home drunk and beaten his wife.

Mns. W. A. DENNISON. of Butler, jumped from a runaway team with an infant in her arms. The child was injured so seriously that it died and the mother's arm was shattered.

# DECORATING THE GRAVES.

## REMEMBERING THE HEROES WHO SLEEP AT ARLINGTON.

Beauties of the National Cemetery. Its Romantic Situation and the Memories Which Cluster About the Historic Spot.



WHEN the reopie tates assemble, a throngs to cover the graves of their fall en heroes with flow vers, the thousands whose remains lie almost within the shadow of the Na-tional Capitors Idome will not be

t may be doubtet if m all the land there is a more beautiful, more suggestive burist place than Arling on National Ceme-tery. It lies southwest of Washington, just across the Fotomic—a line drawn from the Capitol, through the Washington monument ncross the Potomic—a line drawn from the Capitol, through the Washington monument and across the river, fails nearly within the gates of Ariogton. To reach the cemetery one misst drive past the White House, the War, State and Navy Buildings and through historic Georgetown suggestive of the Faller of Hist Country in the existence of a number of moss grown buildings which sheltered him more than a hundred years ago.

Just as you enter the aqueduct bridge you cross the Cumberland Canal, which was the first public enterprise with which the name of Washington was associated. It is a poor old canal now, and its rotting boats afford but seart livelinood for the men who sail them. Yet the time was when it was one of the most useful and most prosperous transporation lines in the country.

On the hill, as you approach the bridge almost overhanging the reasway, is the cuttage of that prolific novelest once so popular Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, now an old woman, passing the evening of life in quiet peace. A little tarther away rises the spires of Georgetown Collegest atholic, one of the oldest and most famous institutions of learning on the Continent. Its centenary was celebrated a few years ago.

At the left of the bridge, which the canal once crossed on its way to Alexandria, George Washington's country town, lies a low, that man, showing even in decay traces of former splendor. It was formerly the house of

flat island. Its only building is an old man-sion, showing even in decay traces of for-mer splendor. It was formerly the house of the Masons, a well-known Virginia family, and is last occupant was the Mason of Mason & Sidell fame. Analosan island the title which the Mason estate has borne for a century and a half, is now occupied by an athletic club, with its ball grunds and ennis courts. So here, within sight of each other, are famous old Virginia home-steads devoted to strangely different pur-poses—one to modern sports and pastimes, the other to the dead of the war between the States.

the other to the dead of the war between the States.

The approaches to Arla gron are scarcely less interesting than Ardington itself. Below the bridge, the wharves of the city. Anolosion Island, the Washington monument, the Capitol, old Long Bridge. Alexandria in the distance. Above the bridge, wooded nills, rocky islets, the Chain Bridge (a noted strategic point in the late war), and Cabin John's aqueduct, the celebrated missonry span which till recently was the longest in the world. At the Virginia end of the bridge you are abruptly introduced to the South—the yellow Virginia soil, the hovels of the colored people, the typical planter, sedate and dignified even in his adversity and reduced estate. Soon you cross a pretty woodland stream and stop at a spring—the Martha Curds spring. For many more than a hundred years have thirsty passengers halted there to drink.

A little farther on and you are a mild a line for the rolls.

a hundred years have—thirsty—passengers halted there to drink.

A little farther on and you are—amid—a nin-ter of pretty villas, with cannon shot on the green sward, and beyond the city—of Washington-pread out like—a panorama. These are the officers' quarters—at—Fort Myer, and no millionaire in the land has a more beautiful place to—live—than these veterans of the plains, who recently—came—in from the Indian country to—settle—down to we-bearing rest at this ornamental boot. Behind the villas are the barracks and the stables and as you look, thoops of—black horses, ridden b—black cavairymen, and troops of bay horses and gray horses bearing white cavair men, clatter—out of—the yards with salers flashing and busies blowing to the drill ground near—by—Hundreds of carriages, containing the—ide,—curious people of the city—have—a sembled,—and while the visitors are eagerly watching the evolutions of the cavairymen, the savage thrust ment of the remains bluster we leave the erciases, the furious charge, the savage thrust and cut of the gleaming blades, we leave the scene of play war and pass on to where war in real and terrible earnest has left it marks in thousands of little white headstones

marking as many graves.

As soon as you pass within the gates of Arlington you seem to have entered a new world. The present is torgotten in this city of the past. And if anything were needed besides the seemingly endless vista of head stones in long parallel rows of white to stir the emotions and inspire belitting senti-ments it is found in a poem. By the roadside your eye falls upon an iron tablet bearing in letters of white the first stanza o. O' Hara's world famous elegy:

On Fame's eternal camping ground Their si ent tents are apresd. And Giory guards with so enn rounc The bivouse of the dead.

As you pass on other tablets appear, one after another, till the entire poem has been brought before your eyes. Exactly similar tablets surround the great monument or the battlefield of Gettyshurg. It is curious to note the facination which these undying nnes of the Kentucky poet have for the average visitor. Hundreds of carriages in a single afternoon stop before one tablet after another that their occupants may commit to memory the beautiful words. Few of the visitors know the name of the author, and

visitors know the name of the author, and two curious notions concerning the origin of this elegy have become prevalent.

One is that the verses were written by Thomas Buchanan Read, the other that they were written in honor of Confederate dead and first read over the graves of those who had fallen in defense of the lost cause. In had fallen in defense of the lost cause. In fact, the poem was written by Theodore O'Hara, an Irish Kentuckian soldier, and read by him on the occasion of the unveiling of a monument to the dead of the Mexican War at Frankfort, Ky. Of the eight stanzas of this poem the first is most popular, but all are worthy of the noble use to which they have been put at Arlington. The remaining seven stanzas are:

The muffled drum's sad roll has best The soldier's last ratroo; No more on life's parade shall meet "hat brave and fallen lew.

No rumor of the foe's advance Now swells upon the wind; No troubled thought at midnight haunts Of loved ones left benind.

No vision or the morrow's strife The warrior's dream alarms; Nor braying horn nor screaming fife At dawn shell call to arms.

The neighboring troop, the flashing blade. The bugle a stirring blast;
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are past.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead, Dear as the blood ye gave; No impious footsteps here shall tread

The herbage of your grave. Nor shall your glory be forgot While Fame her record keeps, Or Honor points the hallowed spot Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Nor wreck, nor change nor Winter's blight. Nor Time's remoraeless doom. Shall dim one ray of holy light. That gilds your glorions tomb.

There could not be a more glorious tomb than Arlinaton. From these hills the Capital City is seen, spreading out like a picture framed by the Potomac and the heights which surround it. Here is the fine old mansion, home of the leas, with its huge colounale, the great porch the big fireplaces, the out-tichens and s are quarters. Everything is maintained as nearly as possible in the condition in which it was when General Lee left here.

when General Lee left here. Occasionally the mansion and other building are repainted, but always with the same duil yellow, which was their original hue.

The most beautiful monument in Arlinston, the one which at racts more visitors than any other, is that to Sheridan. It stands on a sharp declivity, nearly in front of the mansion, where its simplicity is shown to great advantage. Helow for some distance is open great swand, farther down a native

forest and beyond the river and the city-in the latter the tower of the Church of the Covenant, near which General Sheridan so long had his home, and where his widow now lines showing conspicuously. Not far away, on the same hillshie is the grave of Admiral Porter, asyst unmarked by a monument.

More pathetic than anything else in Arlington is an oblone granite pile which marks the site of a pit wherein were buried

the bones of 2.111 unknown soldiers gathered after the War from the fields of Buil Run and the route to the Rappaliannock. The inscription of this monument relis the story and whoever wrote that inscription—simple, strong and loving—was a poet, probably without consciousness of it:

Here ites 'he bones of 2,111 unk; o vn seldiers. That re in I is could not be identified, but their names and deaths are recorded in the archives of their country, and its grateful-citious home them as of fact noble army of manyrs. May they rest in peace.

Turn from this sad spot to the interior of he old mansion and read from a tablet upon the wall these figures:
INTERMENTS IN ABLINGTON CEMETIERY.

 
 Officers
 9

 White soldiers
 10,798

 Colored soldiers
 343

 Sailors
 .3

 Officers wives.
 .3

 Officers children
 .3

 Soldiers wives
 .3

 Soldiers children
 .29

 Quartermaster's employes
 .267

 Contrabutch
 .3

 .7
 .7

 .7
 .2
 Contrabands 3,757
Confederate officers 5
Confederate soldiers 25
Legs and arms 46

On every Decoration Day when loving hands come to cover the graves of these fallen hosts with flowers, the Confederate officers, the Confederate Soldiers, even the legs and arms, will not be forgotten. Thus the tragedles of war and the glories of peace bland at Astinaton. bl end at Arlington.

## ORIGIN OF DECORATION DAY.



HE name of the person who first suggested Decoration Day is not now known. The story as to the origin of Memorial Day is that Gen. Chipman received a letter from a comrade who had served as a private soldier, in which the writer spoke of the writer spoke of

he custom of his native country.

the custom of his native country. Germany, assembling in the springtime and scattering flowers on the graves of the dead. He suggested that the Grand Army of the Republic inaugurate such an observance in memory of the Union dead.

Gen. Chipman at once acted upon the idea, and in 1968 laid the plan before. Gen. Logan, who warmly approved of it, and designated May 30 for the purpose of strewing with flowers the graves of comrades who had deed in defense of their country during the last rebelifon, and whose bodies are lying in almost every city, village, hamlet and churchyard.

Somewhere else I have read the following

lage, hamlet and churchyard.
Somewhere else I have read the following story: A Northern lady visiting in the South was out walking in commany with a friend. They had gathered their hands full of wild flowers when they came to one of those meuraful quiet cities of the unknown dead. When she read in the small headstone the words "Unknown dead" she knelt beside the neglected grave and burst

When her grief was spent she arose and began to strew the flowers on the grassy plots for nature had not forgotten them. She saily remarked to her friends. Somewhere I have a boy. He was a soldier in the late civil war and fell while flighting for his country. Where he lies God only knows. I cast these fragrant flowers, and who knows his than the source of the sail that the sai least these fragrant flowers, and who knows but that some one may decorate the resting place of my lost boy.

Some say this kind act suggested the idea of the Memorial Day.

Decoration Day 1893.

Again they summon us, the years
Whose call was stormy once with tears.
Whose cry was fierce and wild with woe—
How soft their voices now, and low.
Among the graves, where heart's-case
grow!

No buels stirs the blood to war o bugge-tire the bloom to war, o hillside shows the camon's scar; The winds are sweet with mignonette, O gentle, healing years—and yet Ye would not have our hearts forget!

Along the dear, accustomed way
Once more with wistful feet we stray.
Alone with our dead past; no sounds
From the rough world may pass these
bounds.
'Tis calm beside the low, green mounds.

Toll, passion, pride—not yours to sway The heart on this its holy day; Here grief has learned to love her seat, Here youth and age with reverence meet, Mingling in one communion sweet.

O years, how tender is your touch
To souls that sorrow over much!
Deep down the dataied sod beneath,
The sabre crumbles in its sheath.
But deathless is affecting a wreath!
—John Pack Bocock.

## The Cause of Bank Failures.

Secretary Carlisle in speaking of the failure of so many national banks said that the banks were evidently in bad condition and failed of their own weight without any connection whatever with the general financial condition of the country. Comptroller Eckels said that without exception reports from the failed banks show that their officeers were engaged in outside business or speculation and used the funds or credit of the bank for their individual purposes.

Pinkertons Cannot Be Deputies. Governor Rich of Michigan signed a bill fixing the qualifications of deputy wiffs This act preven's the appointment of Pinkerion rasa by sheriffs as deputies.