

A clever criticism of Americans is that of an Austrian archduke, who recently traveled in the United States. He says we are disposed to be more than life-sized.

The Toronto Canada Globe exclaims: The Americans have rid themselves of the bitterness of one of the greatest wars in history in a way that shows in marked contrast to many lingering antagonisms inherited from earlier centuries.

One great moral influence not yet credited to the bicycle is indicated, chronicles the New York Sun, in the fact that horses are now so cheap in the West that horse stealing is no longer worth while, and that species of crime has practically disappeared.

Lovers of afternoon tea will hardly appreciate the gressome reminder that tea leaves are much used in China for preserving corpses. Well-to-do Celestials often embalm the mortal remains of a specially loved relative in a chest of tea, which preserves the body for many years.

The State of New York has been building a new capitol at Albany, undertaking to do the work itself without the intervention of contractors, but the job has cost so much that the work has been suspended and contractors are invited to make bids for the completion of the structure.

George W. Smalley, correspondent in the United States for the London Times, told the Yale students that neither wealth, fame, honor nor rank alone could give a person admission to English "society." It needs a combination and Mr. Gladstone, he says, is decidedly on the outside.

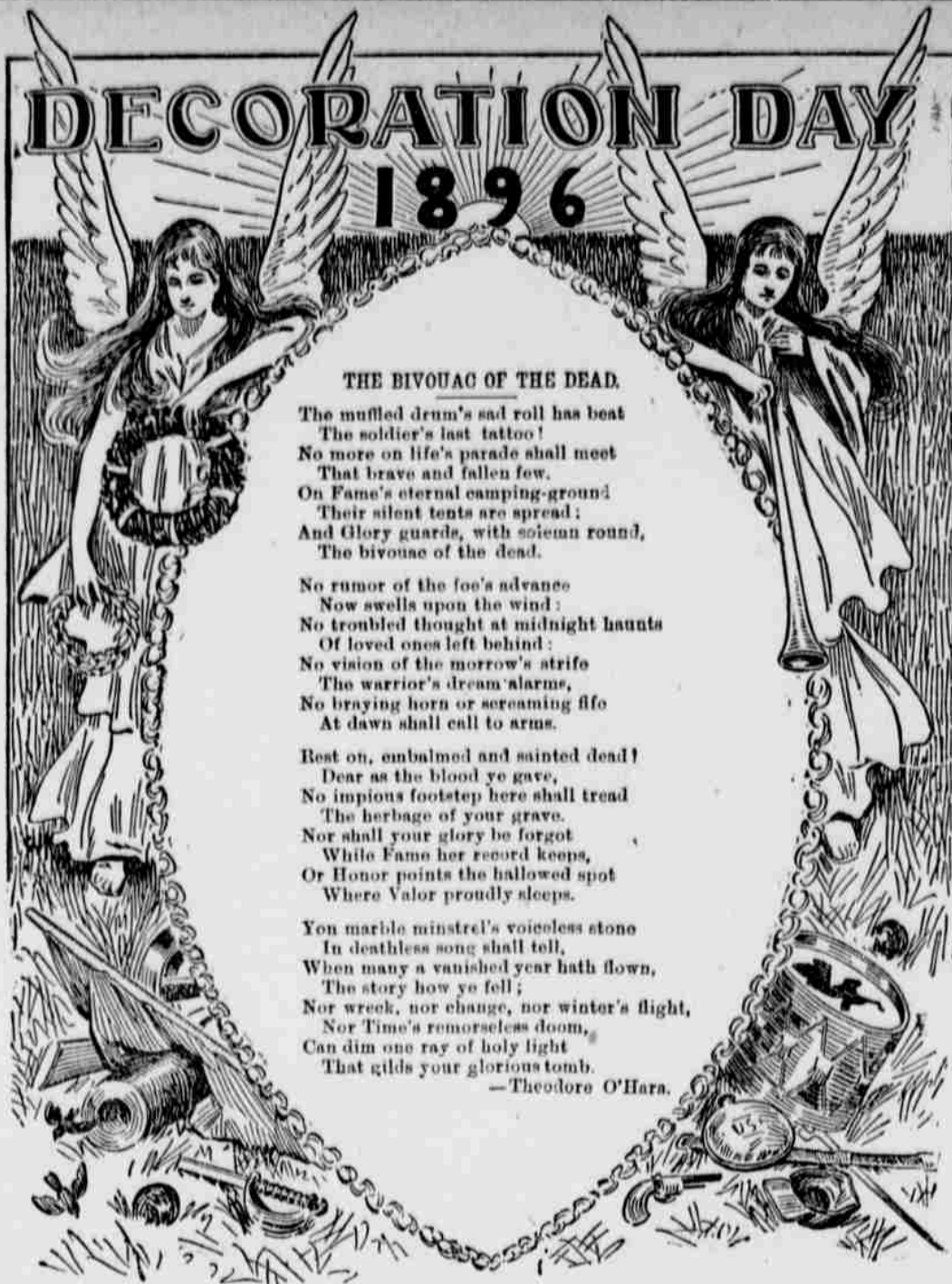
Frenchmen from the south of France are not easily bluffed. When President Faure stopped at Arles on his recent tour and said he would inspect the hospital there the authorities were in a fix, as there happened to be no patients. They sent out a call for volunteers, however, and when the president appeared he found all the beds occupied by convalescents.

The nicety of the plans for the frequent travels of the Queen of England is shown in the chalk mark drawn across the platforms of stations where the royal traveler will alight for any purpose. This broad white mark is readily seen by the engine driver, and he rigidly toes the line, thus bringing the door of his sovereign's carriage directly opposite the carpet spread for her royal and rheumatic feet.

It is one of the facts which must make Frenchmen fear for the future of their country that France has remained almost stationary in population for ten years, the actual increase being only 67,000. In the same decade Russia's population has swelled by 12,510,000, equal to the increase of all the remainder of Europe. This shows that the Slav will be a great power by the middle of the next century unless some scourge checks its growth.

A statistician has given some interesting figures relative to theatres. Between 1751 and 1895 no fewer than 750 European playhouses were destroyed by fire. The average life of a theatre is found to be twenty-two and a half years. In striking contrast to the comparative short life of a theatre is that of the actor. In spite of late hours, hard work and a Bohemian atmosphere, the average duration of life in the theatrical profession is high.

Wolf von Schierbrand writes from Berlin to the Chicago Record: The nationality question plays a most important part, not alone in America, but in Prussia as well. The 2,000,000 Polish speaking subjects of the crown, the several hundreds of thousands of French and Danish speaking people in Lorraine, Alsace and Schleswig, respectively, give the government an immense deal of trouble. All those people of foreign race, tongue and thought, though annexed to Prussia, refuse to be swallowed up and amalgamated. In the Polish provinces the resistance is most strenuous and bitter, and every recurring session of the Prussian diet this question is heatedly discussed by the delegates from these provinces. But more than that the Poles refuse to Germanize even when they have gone away from home and reside in the very midst of a wholly German population. Here in Berlin, for instance, there are 40,000 souls in the Polish colony and they persist in educating their children as Poles, not as Germans. All the measures of the Prussian government to make them Germans are skillfully frustrated by the leaders of this large Polish colony.



THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo!
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread;
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms,
No braying horn or screaming file
At dawn shall call to arms.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave,
No impious footstep 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.

You marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished year hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's flight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Can dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

—Theodore O'Hara.

ON MEMORIAL DAY.

Warm grow the airs with summer,
Hill tops are covered with bloom,
Voices of the song bird cometh
Out from the thicket's gloom;
Move we in all this glory
Gently with bended head,
Memoirs live before us—
This is the day of the dead,
Memorial Day.

By the low mound in the graveyard
Walk we with reverent tread,
Where a brave soldier reposes
Headless of tears we shed;
After the noise of battle,
Blood, and the flash of spears,
Here is the quiet of rest-time
In this soft bed of years—
Memorial Day.

Cover them over with fragrances
Of the sweet-hearted flowers,
Laden with the dews of homage
And loving thoughts of ours;
Heroes! God bless them forever,
Give them eternal peace
While from their life of hardships
We joy in their glad release,
Memorial Day.

Onward we march to the future,
Braver for those brave men
Who fought and fell for freedom,
That Peace might be ruler again;
The flag that was blood-stained is
honored,
The rifle now rusts away,
But in the midst of these blessings
Let us not forget to pray,
Memorial Day.

—Ethelva T. Abbott.

WOMEN IN THE ARMY.



Two cases well authenticated, and only two, of women, commissioned by the Government who served disguised as men.

In "Michigan in the War," a historical sketch of the Michigan regiments which served, carefully compiled by the Adjutant-General, there is an allusion to Frank Thompson, which says: "In Company F, Second Michigan, there enlisted at Flint, Franklin Thompson (or Frank, as usually called), aged twenty, ascertained afterward and about the time he left the regiment to have been a female, and a good looking one at that. She succeeded in concealing her sex most admirably, serving in various campaigns and battles of the regiment as a soldier. She remained with her command until April, 1863, when, it is supposed, she apprehended a disclosure of her sex and deserted."

Such in brief is the history which is attached to the record of Sarah E. E. Seelye (born Edmonds) in the war department. She was able to serve two years as a man before she was forced to desert in order to conceal her sex. But she found her way back into the service in another capacity, and served throughout the entire war.

She shared all the trials and privations which befell her regiment; participated in the first battle of Bull Run; followed McClellan through the Peninsula campaign, and was never

absent from duty while wearing the blue. Her captain said years after the war that she was driven from home by a stepmother when only sixteen years old, and that she adopted male attire and was a publishing house canvasser. He also says she made a tour of Canada, reaching Flint, Mich., in time to enlist. Her sex was never suspected and her desertion was the topic of every camp fire, for Franklin was a great favorite. This desertion was never satisfactorily accounted for. She claims she was constrained to dress as a man and become a soldier through a strong impulse which she could not resist.

She says of that period: "I had no other motive in enlisting than love for suffering humanity. I felt called to go and do what I could for the defense of the right; if I could not fight I could take the place of some one who could and thus add one more soldier to the ranks. I had no desire to be promoted to any office; I went with no other ambition than to nurse the sick and care for the wounded. I had inherited from my mother the rare gift of nursing, and when not too weary and exhausted there was a magnetic power in my hands to soothe the delirium."

Actuated only by such motives, she enlisted under the name of Franklin Thompson as a private soldier in company F, Second Michigan Infantry Volunteers about the 25th of May, 1861, and was mustered into the service by Lieutenant-Colonel J. R. Smith, U. S. A. At first she enlisted for three months and afterward for three years or during the war.

Her first duty was at Fort Wayne, Detroit, Mich., where she drilled, did fatigue duty and performed all the necessary duties of a soldier in camp. When off duty she assisted in caring for the sick and she did this so well that she was often detailed for hospital service afterward. She came with her regiment to Washington, stood guard and picket duty and drilled with her company until the regimental hospital became filled with cases from sunstroke and other causes, when she was detailed for hospital work. She found, though, she could fight, and when the sick were sent to city hospitals and preparations made for the march to Bull Run she joined her company and went along.

All during the fight she remained with her comrades and did her duty like the man she was supposed to be. When the Union army retreated to Centerville Heights, stacked arms, and threw itself on the ground, as she supposed for the night, she went into the stone church, which was used as a hospital at Centerville, and became so much engaged in doing what she could for the wounded and dying that she forgot everything outside the hospital.

Before she knew it the entire army had retreated to Washington. She escaped under cover of the darkness and made her way alone to Washington, reaching camp twenty-four hours after her company. Her coolness on this occasion and her general conduct as a soldier led to her detail shortly after as mail carrier to the Second Michigan, and subsequently postmaster and mail carrier for the brigade to which the Second Michigan was attached. In this capacity she went to the peninsula with General McClellan's army and remained there as postmaster and mail carrier all through the campaign.

During this disastrous campaign she bore herself bravely and well. While Yorktown was besieged she carried the mail on horseback for the brigade

from Fortress Monroe—letters, papers and packages averaging from two to three bushels each trip—the distance being about twenty-five or thirty miles. Owing to the condition of the roads, she was often compelled to spend the night along the roadside. When she first began her trips it was reported that the bushwhackers had murdered a mail carrier on that road shortly before and robbed the mail. The report seemed to have some foundation, for in the most lonely part she found the ground still strewn with fragments of letters and papers. She was at the battle of Williamsburg, but was sick when the battle of Fair Oaks occurred.

While the army lay in front of Richmond the floods frequently carried away the bridges over the Chickahominy and the young mail carrier was more than once obliged to swim her horse across the swift, running stream. Often she sat in the saddle drenched for hours, sometimes remaining all night by the roadside watching for daylight to pick her way through the dangerous mudholes through which the mule teams had wallowed. She was in the seven days' fight crossing the peninsula to the James River and more than once barely escaped with her life.

At one place she was ordered to procure some stores from a farmhouse, and while there was caught between two fires, the enemy opening up and her comrades responding. She secured the provisions, though, and returned unhurt. After the army went into camp at Harrison's Landing she resumed her old duties of postmaster, and when the army left the peninsula came to Alexandria with her company. The company was sent up the Shenandoah Valley and she went to a hospital. She rejoined her command, though, in time to take part in the second battle of Bull Run. She was at Fredericksburg and at the battle acted as orderly to General O. M. Poe.

About the middle of March, 1863, she accompanied her company to Kentucky. Here she was debilitated by the chills and fever. She applied for a furlough, but it was refused, and fearing that her sex might be discovered, she deserted. She reached Oberlin, Ohio, some time in April, and for four weeks wore the costume of a private soldier. Then she went back to petticoats again and has never been in disguise since. Civil life had too few attractions for her, and soon after she returned to hospital duty once more under the auspices of the Christian Commission at Harper's Ferry. She remained in the Department of the Cumberland during the remainder of the war. That she was able to so long hide the secret of her sex has been to soldiers a great wonder.

The second authentic case on the records is not so interesting. The heroine was only able to remain in the service sixteen weeks. Her sex was then discovered, she was sent to the hospital and as soon as cured sent home. She enlisted under the name of Charles Freeman. When discovered she refused to give her correct name, and she left the hospital a mystery.

Charles Freeman was a member of the Fifty-second Ohio and was sent to the general hospital at Louisville, Ky., November 10, 1862. The diagnosis set against his name was "sexual incontinuity and remittent fever." December 3, 1862, Charles Freeman was discharged "as a woman in disguise as a soldier." In the war department this diagnosis is regarded as

the gem of the hospital records. These two are the only cases of women, disguised as men, entering the army that are known on the records. There may be more, but if so, the department knows them not.—Chicago Record.

They Are Not Dead.

How bright are the honors which await those who, with sacred fortitude and patriotic patience, have endured all things that they might save their native land from division and from the power of corruption! The honored dead! They that died for a good cause are redeemed from death. Their names are gathered and garnered. Their memory is precious. Each place grows proud for them who were born there. There is to be ere long in every village and in every neighborhood a glowing pride in its martyred heroes. Tablets shall preserve their names. Pious love shall renew their inscriptions as time and the unfeeling elements decay them. And the National festivals shall give multitudes of precious names to the orator's lips. Children shall grow under more sacred inspirations whose elder brothers, dying nobly for their country, left a name that honored and inspired all who bore it. Orphan children shall find thousands of fathers and mothers to love and help those whom dying heroes left as a legacy to the gratitude of the public.

Oh, tell me not that they are dead, that generous host, that airy army of invisible heroes! They hover as a cloud of witnesses above this Nation. Are they dead that yet speak louder than we can speak, and a more universal language? Are they dead that yet act? Are they dead that yet move upon society and inspire the people with nobler motives and more heroic patriotism?

Ye that mourn, let gladness mingle with your tears. He was your son, but now he is the Nation's. He made your households bright. Now his example inspires a thousand households. Dear to his brothers and sisters, he is now brother to every generous youth in the land. Before he was narrowed, appropriated, shut up to you. Now he is augmented, set free and given to all. He has died from the family that he might live to the Nation. Not one name shall be forgotten or neglected, and it shall by and by be confessed, as of an ancient hero, that he did more for his country by his death than by his whole life.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Where Sheridan Sleeps.

Arlington Cemetery at Washington, always beautiful, is especially lovely in the pleasant month of May. Here rests General Phillip H. Sheridan and many another hero of the war. Sheridan's grave is completely covered with ivy, so carefully trimmed that its shape is distinctly marked in the short grass, although there is lit-



GENERAL SHERIDAN'S GRAVE.

tle or no mound. At the head of the grave stands the monument erected by Mrs. Sheridan, a pyramidal piece of granite, bearing on its front in bronze a medallion portrait of Sheridan's bust, showing his medals, the face looking south, the likeness remarkably good, the medallion being superimposed on a graceful flag. Below it in large, plain letters is the single word "Sheridan." His monument is always the center of attraction for visitors on Decoration Day.

Memorial Day Observances.

Memorial Day seems to have lost many of its features of sorrow. Not funeral dirges only do the bands play, but lively marches, ringing martial tunes and patriotic airs as well. Many of the thousand flags which float in the soft May breeze wave proudly from the highest points of their staffs and not at half mast. A simple knot of orange on the unfurled banners is the only emblem of sorrow. There is more of triumph, and joyful hope, and holy peace than of sorrow in the speeches.

Time, which has effaced from the bloodiest battlefields of the awful fratricidal contest all traces of the dreadful wave of war, with its flotam of sorrow and jetsam of corpses, has soothed the troubled souls of the bereaved. The sun of glory which shines above the dead dries the tears shed for them.—Chicago Mail.

Memorial Day.

Flutter of flag and beat of drum
And the sound of marching feet,
And in long procession the soldiers
To the call of the bugles sweep.

And the marching soldiers stop at last
Where their sleeping comrades lie,
The men whose battles have long been fought,
Who dared for the land to die.

Children, quick with your gathered flowers,
Scatter them far and near;
They who were fathers and brothers once
Are peacefully resting here.

Flutter of banner and beat of drum
And the bugle's solemn call,
In grand procession the soldiers come—
And God is over us all!

—Harper's Round Table.

The coliseum of Rome was built to accommodate 100,000 spectators.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

BOILING FISH.

When it is not convenient to broil fish over an open fire it may be nicely broiled in a very hot oven. Prepare as for the usual way of broiling, and lay with the skin down over a fish rack or on a piece of oiled paper in a roasting pan. Cook on the upper grate of the oven until browned, seasoning it at first with salt, pepper, melted butter, and dusting with flour. To be palatable broiled fish should always be garnished with parsley and cress and sliced lemon or a piquant sauce.—New York Post.

HOW TO COOK CUCUMBERS.

Apart from the service of cucumbers, sliced, raw, and seasoned with salt, pepper, and vinegar, to serve as a salad—or, more properly, with fish—few cooks use them; those few may fry them, and roast them. Not only may they be fried plain or rolled in flour, seasoned with salt and pepper, but they may be stewed, broiled, boiled, or baked, still retaining their appetizing qualities. A delicious addition to certain fish sauces is grated cucumber, or just enough of the juice to flavor a salad dressing. The juice should be sparingly used, because it has a decided medicinal action, but the grated pulp differs little from the sliced vegetable in its effect.—New York Times.

A SPANISH DELICACY.

Some very odd but delicious cooking is done among the Spanish families of San Francisco. Here is a recipe that will be found piquant and appetizing: Heat an earthen dish over a moderate fire and melt in it a good-sized piece of butter; add a small onion minced fine, salt, pepper, a teaspoonful of minced parsley and as much minced Chile pepper, or a tablespoonful of sweet pepper; break the eggs one by one into the boiling butter and turn them as soon as they are wet, using great care not to break the yolks. Serve very hot in the same dish, which may be placed inside one of silver.—New York World.

TEMPTING COCOCTIONS OF EGGS.

Eggs with Rice—To 1 teaspoonful of boiled rice add 1 teaspoonful of milk, 1 tablespoonful of batter, 3 beaten eggs, 1 teaspoonful (scant) of salt and bake a light brown.

Creamed Eggs—Remove the shells from hard-boiled eggs, halve them lengthwise, and arrange them on a platter cut side down. Pour sweet cream around, not over them. Dust with salt and pepper. Set the platter in the oven to heat the cream. Serve hot.

Eggs with Cheese—Slice hard-boiled eggs, lay in a buttered dish sprinkled with bread crumbs, on each piece lay a thin slice of cheese corresponding in size, scatter over bits of butter, a tablespoonful or two of cream, dust freely with pepper, sprinkle on bread crumbs and bake five minutes.

Egg Gams—Chop together equal quantities of stale bread and fragments of cold meat or fish, season with pepper, salt and a very little minced onion, moisten with cream or milk and a little butter. Grease gem pans very thoroughly, fill two-thirds full with the mixture, break an egg on each, sprinkle with bread or cracker crumbs, and bake 10 minutes.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A little saltpetre added to the water in which cut flowers are put will keep the flowers fresh a long time.

To extract the juice from an onion, cut the onion in half and press it against and move it slowly over a grater. The juice will run off the point of the grater.

To bronze a plaster of Paris figure, cover it with a thick coating of shellac varnish. When this is dry mix some bronze powder with the varnish and apply to the figure, then cover with another coat of clear varnish.

Palms, rubber plants, and all foliage plants used in the house should have a weekly wash day. Using a soft cloth or sponge, each leaf should receive a light washing with lukewarm water, and the soil should be loosened about the roots. Plants breathe through their leaves, and cannot grow unless they are kept free from dust.

Ink may be taken out of paper in the following way if the stain is not too old: take a teaspoonful of chlorinated lime and pour over it just enough water to cover it. Take a piece of old linen and moisten it with this mixture, and do not rub, but pat the stain, and it will slowly disappear. If one application does not remove the stain let the paper dry and then apply again.