

ARLINGTON.

Above the tide that seeks the sea, Through groves of song and haunts of bee, A mighty camp in silence lies...

No thrilling dreams of war invade The camp deep in the cedar's shade; No charge across the crimson plain...

Beneath the pine's uplifted crest Sweet blossoms fall on many a breast; No roll of drum or life so shrill...

O sacred bivouac 'neath the rose! Thy tenants rest secure from foes; The fight that stir'd their blood of yore...

-T. C. Harbaugh.

AN ECHO OF MEMORIAL DAY.



THE time was the early autumn of 1863. Excitement ran high in the little town of Dunham—higher than it had risen at any previous time during the war...

guage of the town, "a chip of the old block." He was lazy and unambitious, droll and good-hearted, and also honored the call to toil more in the breach than in the observance.

A STORM THAT HAS PASSED.



day before, and through the mother love which still filled her breast she jumped to a conclusion. "Drafted?" she half whispered, half cried...

the blue-clad stream of human life flowing to the shores of Death. It was only a year afterward that the news came to the woman with quickly whitened hair...

RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

The red rose of valor that flushed the brave cheek; The white rose of sacrifice, holy and meek; The blue ranks that heard the death-messengers speak.

The red blood of carnage that vexed the wet sod; The white foam of death where the great armies trod; The blue of dim eyes as the soul sped to God.



"GRAND-PA WAS A SOLDIER."

The red of the sunset that ended the day; The white clouds, like angels, that stooped o'er the fray; The blue of soft skies where the dead soldiers lay.

The red rose of love on the warrior's still breast; The white rose of peace, north and south, east and west; Forget-me-nots, blue, where the brave takes his rest.

A Mother's Memorial Day.

The old flag guards, the old skies bless, Unchanged his grave from year to year; But not the same a mother's love; And not the same a mother's tear!

The Dwindling Muster Roll. For time is the foe that is cutting them down, and shorter year by year Grows that once mighty muster roll for those who can answer "Here!"

The St. Louis cooking school has just turned loose 118 graduates.

THE YANKEE GIANT.

A Decoration Day Story.



FOR obvious reasons I shall not tell you in what town the school is located, but when you know that it is on Locust street you can immediately guess; and when you have guessed that, it will be easy to imagine what cemetery it is that the Locust street schoolboys and girls visit every Memorial Day...

Died, September 10, 1862. THE YANKEE GIANT. "Our country's lost its noblest man."

"The Yankee Giant!" he exclaimed. "Isn't that interesting, Bess? I wonder how tall he was."

A weather-beaten though not a very old man, leaning on a heavy oak stick, who stood behind them answered the query.

"He fought in the battle of Antietam in the Civil War," commenced the soldier, for such Jack immediately knew him to have been, "and the reason I know about him is because I fought in the same battle—only—"

"Better kill me," said I. "No," he replied, "I promised my mother I would fight my best for the cause, but that I'd kill as few as possible."

"Why didn't you kick him or throw him down?" interrupted Jack. "I was so surprised that I made no resistance, even though I felt my blood boil in my veins; but it wouldn't have done any good to resist—he was as strong as an ox."

"Don't do that," he said. "You'll be sorry if you do. Besides," and he drew out his revolver with the other hand, "I shall have to shoot you if you do. Now I will trouble you to put me on your back and take me yonder to join my friends; just remember, if you feel inclined to stop or to throw me off, that I have this revolver ready."

"The young fellow had such a way of saying what he meant that before I realized what I was doing I was off toward the Union lines with him on my back, his limp, helpless feet dangling on each side."

"Such a shout as rose when we came into the lines you never heard; the men thought it was a giant coming along, and they cheered and cheered when they saw how the clever boy had brought in a prisoner."

"Well, I was kept close prisoner for a few days, until the tenth of September, when the sergeant came and told me that the young man was dying, and I went and saw him. His last words were to send a message to General McClellan begging him to release his prisoner."

"And then he died?" said Bessie softly. "Yes," said the old soldier, "and they buried him right where they were; no one knew his name, and his mother never knew how her boy kept his promise. I was wounded just before the war ended, and when I was well enough I had his body brought here among the other soldiers."

The old man had removed his hat, and Jack did the same, feeling very much as if he were in church. "These are all the flowers I can afford," continued the soldier, "but they show that there's one old man who remembers and loves the memory of the Yankee Giant who saved his enemy's life by refusing to shoot a fellow man."

Bessie placed a wreath of myrtle tenderly on the grave as the soldier turned and hobbled slowly off, the tears gathering in his eyes; and Jack reverently planted his cherished flag, which he was saving to place as a memorial on the grave of the most noble man buried in that soldier's resting place, by the stone which bore the date of the Yankee Giant's death; and then they both joined the others

In the River Llanos, in Texas, islands of floating sand are sometimes seen.

THE REALM OF FASHION.

Two Attractive Stocks. To make a very showy taffeta stock get one yard of taffeta to match your gown. Cut it in two strips lengthwise and sew the ends together. Line throughout with white ribbon. Upon



A TAFFETA STOCK. ROBIN RED BREST STOCK.

the ends sew white needlework embroidery, or if you choose you can procure fringe or chiffon ruffling.

A standing collar must be worn with this stock, which is tied around the neck. Tie in one loop and two ends, and pull the loop through until it hangs almost as long as the short end. This will be found very useful all summer to wear with the gown it matches.

"Any color at all as long as it's red, is the color that suits me best," sang Eugene Field. And the same theme is echoed by many tastefully dressed women who find no toilet complete without a touch of the robin red breast hue.

The most brilliant scarlet satin is used in neckwear, and you can scarcely have too many or too vivid combinations. One of the showiest of these consists of a plain red satin

The skirt is cut in seven gores and fits smoothly across the front and over the hips, all the fulness at the back being laid in deep plaiting to give the fan effect. The rever which make the only trimming, is attached to the left front seam and lays over smoothly upon the cloth.

To cut this waist for a lady of medium size 2 1/2 yards of material forty-four inches wide will be required. To cut the skirt, which measures four yards at the lower edge, five yards of forty-four inch material will be required.

Gingerbread For Soldiers.

The women who have been wanting to do something to help or comfort the men in camp will be glad to learn with what enthusiasm the efforts of the women of Topeka, Kan., in this direction were received by the volunteers stationed there. An immense quantity of gingerbread was baked by private individuals and sent to the camp. Each soldier was given a loaf of it, and their appreciation of this gift from the women of Topeka was loudly expressed.

Prudent Advice.

A lofty young person who manages to keep above the maelstrom of current events wrote to a city friend the other day: "Do give me a suggestion for a costume for a Spanish gypsy. We are going to have a fancy dress ball." The city friend wrote back: "The safest costume for a Spanish gypsy to wear just at present would be one made of cast iron, spangled with steel."

Pocket Bibles in War.

Every girl should give her soldier boy sweetheart a pocket Bible to carry in his vest pocket. Statistics gathered from religious periodicals and women's magazines will show that fully half the bullets fired in the late war were



WAIST WITH BLOUSE FRONT AND SEVEN GORED SKIRT WITH REVERS.

stock with a red satin bow in front. Back of the silk loops are three showy loops of white embroidery with a bright red satin bow to set them off. At the back there is another red satin bow, backed by white embroidered ends.

A Striking Feature of the Season.

Two striking features of the season's styles are delineated in the large engraving in this handsome costume of Hussar blue glove cloth, viz., the blouse with revers that cross in surplice fashion, and the single rever on skirt meeting right rever on waist to give the desired princess effect.

The revers of white satin are overlaid with lace net, gathered frills of soft blue taffeta finishing the edges. The blouse fronts are gracefully disposed over linings fitted with the usual bust darts, the seamless side back and under arm gores rendering a glove fitting adjustment. The stylish two-seamed sleeves are formed in puffs by gathers at the top, and three downward turning plaits at each edge of the upper portion, small round cuffs that correspond with the revers finishing the wrists.

A full plastron and collar of taffeta closes in centre back, showing to advantage the four-in-hand tie of white mouseline here worn. The belt droops slightly in front, closing at the left side with a mother of pearl buckle. Smooth faced clothes, armure, henrietta, cashmere, serge, plain or mixed light weight chevots, or novelty fabrics in silk or wool, will all develop stylishly by the mode, contrasting fabrics such as silk, velvet, etc., braid, applique or any desired decoration being used for cuffs.

turned aside from the heart of the man shot at by a pocket Bible given him by his weeping sweetheart or his mother.

The New Buttons.

The new buttons are almost handsome enough to be used for brooches and promise to be one of the foremost dress garnitures. Buckles in all metals from gold to steel, and in all sizes from a very diminutive one to five inches long, are a perfect craze.

How to Use Independent Tresses.

How to use independent tresses without detection is one of the accomplishments most coveted by women. In this picture is presented a comb with hair attached, which comes as near reaching the desired end as anything yet devised. The hair can be



NEW AIDS TO HAIR DRESSING.

arranged in a moment in any manner desired without the least chance of detection, the chief virtue of the re-ward to graceful coiffure being its simplicity.