silence of the

night—
o you hear my
slogan cry?
with mighty pinions waving,
fleres joy of battle craving,
to engle hastens
by.

by.

quickly to the
respine, where
the scylic of
death is sweeping, I the wheat stands ripe and

con the grav dawn will be creeping where silently lie sleeping.
Our grim and scornful dead.

Fast the young recruits are thronging, from country, and from town.

To the music of my call.

Midst mounting of the dying where the leaden hat is flying.

There is glory for you all.

Deliance sternly flinging; my strident tones are ringing.

are ringing
O'er distant vale and bill;
What though this mora awakieg a million
bearts are broaking
My voice shall not be still.

You shall hear my shricking chorus o'er the thunder of the strife.

As the troops go swinging by.
Though the shattered ranks he wavering, my notes shall not be quavering.
When the scattered squadrons fly.
I shall mock you with my calling, while round you, wounded, falling,
Your comrades die like men,
Till the lust of blood shall win you and the demon spirits in you
Shall turn and fight again.
—George T. Pardy.

C * PROFOICHE MENOREMENTANCIA NOME PROFONENCE At the bead of the Procession.

By Annie Hamilton Donnell. REMOMENTAL METALLING AND A MOREOVERNO METALLING



LWAYS have I rid at the head o' the pro-cession an' I'm always a going to!"

Ephraim Captain Enty waved his empright sleeve violently in emphasis of his words. His large, smooth face was red

with wrath. The meek little face of his wife echoed

meek little face of his wife echoed his indignation faintly.
"Sh, sh, Ephr'im," she murmured soothingly, "you'll get all het up."
"I am all het up. I tell you, Rhody, I'm not a-going to give up my place to no new upstart of a soldier, that never fit in a battle."
"He was in the way. Ephr'im—he

"He was in the war, Ephr'im-he was in it clear from the beginnin', an' he ain't never been with anything

"I ain't sure, hey? I ain't sure?"
thundered the captain. "Well, if he
fit, where's his scars? What's he got
to show for it?—that's what I want to know. Where's his crutches or his-

The empty sleeve drooped elo-quently before Rhoda Enty's fright-ened face. She hid it suddenly in the faded blue folds and sobbed softly. She could never "get over" Ephr'im's

empty sleeve.

The thrifty little village of Dixville was, once a year, at any rate, fervent-ly patriotic. On the thirtieth of May they marched in solemn procession to the tune of the Battle Hymn, and strewed flowers on their dead heroes' ing heroes. The oldest had honorable precedence, and Captain, Ephraim his meals very much." Enty was the oldest. His place, on his lumbering old gray horse, at the



"We've got to stick by our rules," old Uncle Basil had said rather excitedly, thumping his cane at every word. "We've got to stand by 'em, I tell you! If it's the rule for the old-est vet'ran to lead the percession, then the oldest vet'ran's got to! Be-cause we'd all a sight ruther have Eph ain't any excuse for breakin' rules. If the Lord didn't see fit to send him along till three years after he sent Joseph Patten, why that ain't our fault—nor it ain't the Lord's either. I guess He knew what He was doin'."
All but Uncle Basil stood by Cap-

tain Ephraim, however. It wouldn't seem like Memorial Day at all unless Eph rid at the head, with the wind flappin' his empty coat sleeve, they said. That empty sleeve added a touch of pathetic dignity to the occa-sion—they were all proud of it.

Little feeble, tottery Joseph Patten



JOSEPH PATTEN.

-how would he look sitting astride a

—how would be look sitting astrice a horse gay with the trappings of war?

Ten months before, Joseph Patten and his invalid wife had moved into Dixville—into the little unpainted, unbeautiful house next to the trim. well-to-do Enty home. The invalid wife had succumbed weakly to the winter's rigors.

Joseph Patten himself had managed

to outlive them—by the help of the town. That was what "they said."
"There he is goin by now, Ephrim," whispered Rhody shrhy.
"He's been down to Uncle Basil's sawin wood I mess and he's graves—lavishly, unstintingly, with awed, serious faces. The thirtieth of May was one of Dixville's great days. At the head of the line rode their liv-ing heroes. The oldest had honorable so. He don't look as if he relished

Rhoda Epsy laid aside her knitting and set about getting tea. very head of the solemn rows of towns- hummed a hymn quaveringly, as she folks, had never been disputed. For worked—it was the Battle Hymn. As one day in her uneventful, monoton, she passed the Yindow toward Joseph one day in her uneventful, monoton-she passed the Yindow toward Joseph eus year, Rhoda Enty was an honored Patten's cottage, she looked search-

wontedly peaceful gathering. There with the warm, odorous biscuits and had even been a few -a very few-hot put on her sunbonnet.

"Where you goin' to, Rhody?" "Me? O, I'm just goin' out on an arrant—you go right ahead an' eat, Ephr'im.

"But what you goin' to do with them biscuit?—that's what I want to " persisted Captain Ephraim, know. laughing.

Rhoda Enty's little figure in its calico gown faced about in the doorwsy. "Well," she said unflinchingly, "then I'll tell you. I'm goin' to take em over to Joseph Patten, for his supper-an' I've got some preserve in this saucer, an' I'm comin' back after a pitcherful o' .ten." She held the plate and saucer with a firm grip and smiled across the kitchen at Ephraim

Then something else happened. To Rhody's amazement Ephraim pushed back his chair and crossed over to her with the teapot in his hand.

"I'll go along with you and tote the drink," he said, good humoredly. "It'll save you makin' another trip, an' I shouldn't relish my supper all alone, anyway. It won't take us but a minute to run over'n back."

They went away together on the little "arrant" of mercy. Instinctively they both began where they had left off in the Battle Hymn, just be-

They went in, through the kitchen, to the half-open sitting room door. Then they hesitated, looking at each other doubtingly. A strained, cager voice came out to them. It sounded broken and strange to their ears.

broken and strange to their ears.

"They don't believe I fit, Lord.
They don't believe it I can see it in their faces that they don't. They think I'm pretendin'. O, Lord, pretendin'. Can't you make 'em believe? I want that more than I want anything also bet her. It's broken's was heart. else but her. It's breakin's my heart because they don't believe—why, Lord, an' I fit all through the war! Thou knowest I did—I bore the fevers an' dampness an' hunger an' I'd have bore the bullets an' the knife if they'd come, too. I could have bore them casier than the weakness an' pain that's lasted all these years. Why, Lord—dear Lord, I never thought of flinchin'! I wouldn't tell anybody but lives or deeds of valor of those men you—but I never did. I never did. never did, I never did, Lord! I liked it-I wanted to fight!"

Ephraim and his little wife held their breath. Then, when the eager sobbing voice began again, they hurried softly away.

Memorial Day was very near. There was one more meeting of the committee of old soldiers, and Captain under a mass of blossoms as large as Ephraim attended it as usual. There was no anger or heated discussion in children are apt to join them, and all that meeting. All the last arrangements were made and the minutize of the day's celebration attended to. was noticed by some of the old soldiers' wives how serious and gentle the veterans were when they came home. Rhoda was unsurprised.

The great day itself dawned in a setting of red, white and blue, as it Dixville awoke and rejoiced at the brilliant East and the white of the apple blossoms and the blue of the sky overhead. The whole little town was alive with patiotism and zeal. At ten the procession formed in front of the town hall, and went winding away through all the streets, that were bright with flags. The borrowed band played the Battle

Hymn finely.
At the head of the little line rode Joseph Patten on Captain Ephraim's old gray horse. He was little and bent and weak, but no one noticed that. They all noticed how straight he sat and how his face shone—and how his brass buttons and the bit of gilt cord around his hat caught the sunlight splendidly. He was coated in army blue and nobody chose to see the coat was much too big and the sleeves were turned up at the wrists. If anyone gibed, it was never known in

woman by virtue of her wischood and the fact that she was permitted to hold the Post's battle-scarred flag while the graves were being decorated. It was all the glory she asked for.

But this year there were some slight forebodings of disturbance, as May crept into her twenties, and close to her thirtieth day. Already at the meeting of the old soldiers to arrange the programme for the celebration, there had been hints of trouble in the

GARLANDS FOR THE BRAVE.

Beautiful and Appropriate Observance of Memorial Day.



N all the year better time could be chosen for the exhibition of patriotism than Memorial Day-never could it find more graceful expression than by placing nature's loveliest types of immoriality upon the graves of those

feliad their lives for their country. There is a patriotic little matron iving in a New England town, who boasts of coming of soldierly lineage, and who, in anticipation of Memorial Day, gathers her small brood about her to listen to thrilling tales of heroism and self-sacrifice—chronicled during the Civil War-thus educating



are as household words.

The devoted little family are up There was a moment's utter still- with the first streak of dawn on May ness, and while it lasted Captain the 30th, to gather wild flowers-full of enthusiasm about doing honor to their favorite heroes.

It is a pretty sight to see the little procession march down the village street, laden with flowers and flags, The youngest toddler feels the dignity of his position as he stumbles along are welcomed who will bring a contribution.

When beyond the limits of the town they seek the outlying cemeteries, they all break forth into singing as tramp along—shouting lustily the old war songs—under the leadership of the sturdy little mother whose warm



heart thrills with the thought that the "brave boys" sang those very airs as a vent for their enthusiasm, or perhaps to reanimate their courage or stiffe homesickness.
In another town a dozen young girls

who upon graduating from school, banded themselves together "to try to make the world a little brighter happier for their being in it," teach a very pretty "object lesson" in patriot-Upon each Memorial Day they drive through the principal streets in carriages filled and decked profusely with flowers—bound for "God's Aere." Arrived at the cemetery they unfurl a little blue banner upon which are the

words, "A grateful country honors her dead heroes," and with reverent hands proceed to cover each little mound with the lovely blossems.

THE REALM OF FASHION.

AND A PARTECULAR DE L'ARTEC DE L'

New York Crr (Special).—This darts taken up at the waist line, and lainty yet simple waist formed part of underlying plaits meet with cloth, a dressy toilette of gray and white satin foulard seen of the Avenue a few placket opening in centre back.



lay's ago, the yoke being of tucked white mousseline over satin. The trimming consists of gray and white silver clasp encircles the waist.

The waist is supported by fitted linings that close in centre front. The yoke is shaped from "ready made" tucking or the material is tucked before being shaped by the pattern. The lining backs are covered to yoke depth with the tucking, the front yoke being included in the right shoulder seam and closed over on the left. A stylish feature is the extension of the shoulder portions on front and back to form prettily scalloped epaulettes over the

back are also shaped in scallops, the at the left side.

Black fancy straw turban is trimmed with wings, satia bow and strass-buckle.

Attractive suits in this style may have basques of tan, brown green, blue or red cloth, the rule being to select the shade that harmonizes the best with the coloring that prevails in the plaid.

Suits having skirt and basque to match may be of plain, cheeked or figured cheviot, serge, veiling, camels' hair, Venetian, broad or covert cloth, and braid, gimp, satin piping, or velvet may be used to trim if a less severe completion be desired.

To make this basque in the medium size will require one and three-quar-ter yards of material forty-four inches wide. To make the skirt will require four and a half 'yards of the same width material.

A White Lace Novelty.

White lace appliqued on colored stockings is a novelty. When lace is introduced in hosiery it is usually inserted, but the new style is to place a lace motif on the front or sides of a stocking and embroider the edges with colored silk "applying" the lace of the stocking and embroider the edges with colored silk, "applying" the lace at the same time. Openwork hose have long points from instep to knee in front and zig-zag stripes at the sides.

Pretty Waist For a Miss.

Gray cashmere is here prettily associated with grayish green satin, tiny satin buttons and silk passementerie forming the attractive decoration. Satin ribbon in the same shade is used The upper edges of the fronts and for the crush belt that is prettily bowed



right front lapping slightly over on the left and closing invisibly. The fronts are arranged with a modified blouse effect, the back having closely lapped plaits at the waist line.

The neck is finished with a standing collar to which is added scalloped portions that flare gradually from behind the ears to the back.

The two seam sleeves are of stylish shape, fitting the arm closely to near the top where the slight fulness is disposed in gathers. Stylish cuffs with pointed ends flare over the hands completing the wrists. All-over lace, corded or tucked taf-

feta or spangled net may be used for the yoke, and if the sleeves are made from the same material, a pretty guimpe effect will result. Applique, lace, spangled bowknots, irregular in-sertions, ruckings of chiffon or ribbon, passementerie or chenille trimming will make stylish and effective decoration.

To make this waist in the medium size will require one and one-half yards of material forty-four inches wide.

A Striking Tailor Suit. Among the many striking combinations shown this season, black and white effects are much favored. The circular skirt of fancy black

and white plaid shown in the large and white plaid shown in the large illustration by May Manton, is styl-ishly worn with a tight fitting basque of fine cheviot or broadcloth, which is scalloped on the lower edge and strictly tailor finished. The perfect adjustment is accomplished by double bust darts, under-arm and side-back gores. The fronts lap slightly in double-breasted style, and above the closing smart lapels meet the rolling collar in notches.

The two seam sleeves are fashionably close fitting with gathers adjusting the slight fulness at the slfoulders. The sheath fitting skirt flares stylishly at the foot, the front being cut
on the bias fold of the material. The
skirt is shaped in one piece and meets
in a seam at the centre back. It is
three-fourth yards of material fortysnugly fitted over the hips by short four inches wide.

The waist is arranged to close in front, the linings in centre and the material under the box plait at the left side, but the closing may be made in centre back.

A stylish feature is the draped front, double box plaits being laid at each shoulder, which break into loose easy folds that blonse slightly at the waist line. Tapering box plaits are applied on the smooth back from shoulder to waist. A standing collar finishes the

The close fitting sleeves have gathered puffs at the top, over the lower edge of which the material is applied in pointed outline, the wrists being shaped and trimmed to correspond.

Waists in this style may match or contrast with the skirt, attractive combinations being possible.

All-over lace, net, corded or tucked



DRAPED WAIST.

taffeta, fancy silk, satin or velvet, shirred or tucked mousseline, with soft wool or mixed fabrics, may have gimp, insertion, ruched or plain rib-bon or applique embroidery for deco-



THE HELD THE POST'S BATTLE-SCABRED FLAG WHILE THE GRAVES WERE