

DECORATION DAY.

All the earth is blooming, Beautiful and green,
All the skies are smiling, Tender and serene,
Violets are flaming, In a purple sea,
Lilies white and roses red,
Twinkling in the sea,
Set the bumbles humming
Through the blossoms spray,
All the land knows this is
Decoration Day!



Bluebirds in the maple,
Robins in the grass,
Butterflies of golden sails
Flutter as they pass—
Lyrics in the tree-top,
Lyrics on the wing,
Giving to our fancies
Such a merry swing
That we listen spellbound
To a witching wisp,
Surely, surely, this is
Decoration Day!

Streamers on the mast top
Flapping in the air,
Bunting on the flagstaff
Blowing everywhere,
Music on the highway,
Music on the sea—
The Home of the Brave and
The Land of the Free,
Played for the Blue and
Played for the Gray,
Brothers are more on
Decoration Day!

R. K. WINKLETTICK

**IN PEACE AND WAR
A REMINISCENCE**
BY HELEN EVERSON SMITH

TELL you, Brother Carruthers, exclaimed Uncle James, "the thing is impossible. The South can't really mean war. No, no! There are too many strong ties between the North and South, too much real love, too many mutual interests, too many men of brains and sense."

Uncle James Linlith, thus standing with his back to the fire, his six feet high above the low mantel, his benevolent and powerful face surmounted by his halo of thick and wavy silver hair, dominated all others in the room, as cathedrals dominate the cottages at their feet, yet there were several persons present whose future deeds were to show them to be men and women of far more than usual strength in the times that "tried men's souls to prove what manner of men they were."

The little gathering on this special evening occupied the large back parlor of a broad red brick and white marble house on St. Mark's Place, a quarter of New York City which had long held its own among the most fashionable, but into which the blight of the boarding-house was just beginning to make insidious inroads. The time was early perhaps in January; I do not quite remember, but I know that it was shortly after the meeting of the fiddle so called Peace Commission, whereby well-meaning men of both sides had thought to plant olive trees, and only succeeded in sowing heavier crops of thistles. At least two of the men present had been members of that Commission, and had returned from Washington oppressed by the consciousness that matters were in a much more serious condition than the others were willing to admit.

The little assembly of fine-looking men and women before the speaker was just now very grave. There were friends from north and south of Mason and Dixon's line—honest, whole-souled persons, all of them, though their sentiments differed as widely as their faces. Some were young, and some there were that we, the youthful ones, thought were very old indeed. I believe that one of them must have been almost sixty years old, and was treated with reverence by all save Uncle James, who boasted nearly as many years and had a far more venerable appearance, by dint of wearing his own beautiful white hair, while the elder man felt himself compelled to disport a shiny, dark brown wig.

This gentleman, Uncle Carruthers, had just risen to make some reply to his tall brother-in-law's remarks, when the persistent and shrill heaving of "Extra! Extra!" penetrated the closed doors and windows. "Extras"

at that time commanded an attention which they seldom receive to-day. For an instant all maintained the attitudes in which they had been caught by the newsman's cry. Then there was a break, a dash for doors and windows. Alas! there was no mistake. The words were plain and each syllable was like a bullet: "The flag is fled upon at Fort Sumter." The next morning proved this to have been a false alarm, but the effect on the peaceful little group of old and young was the same that it might have been later when the sad tidings were true. Among those present were North and South Carolinians, citizens of Connecticut and New York, Virginians and people from Massachusetts, one from Louisiana and one from Ohio; and with the exception of two or three who were in feeble health, I believe there was not one who did not, in the sad days to come, take a creditable part on the one side or the other in differing but active ways. In one corner stood Bessie Calvert from Charleston and Philip Schuyler from Albany. The high back of the old-fashioned sofa had shielded the hands while sitting which they had forgotten to unclasp as they unconsciously rose and gazed at each other with blanched faces. Near them stood Wallace Graham, of Beaufort, N. C., who had involuntarily flung his arm around Nina Suydam, as if he would defy and rending of the betrothal ties which had so lately united them. The old men stared at each other, white to the lips with unspoken grief, while unnoticed tears stole down their strong faces; the young men glared at each other with a fierce amaze, and the women, whether old or young, sobbed with a grief that could not be uttered. For a few moments this smothered sobbing was the only sound in the lately so animated room; but soon there was commotion enough for a revolutionary assembly, during which every one talks and no one hearkens. I hardly remember how the party broke up, but I know that it proved to be the last meeting on earth for some who had loved each other well, and the last for many months or years of others.

The next morning beheld a parting that was stormy on the one side and tearful on the other between Wallace Graham and Nina Suydam in the same old parlor. Wallace was hot-headed, a furious States' Rights partisan, and Nina was a loyal daughter of the Union, looking upon war only as a last resort. True, it had not yet been declared, but all felt that it soon would be, and Wallace Graham left New York that night to "go with his State."

New Yorkers of thirty-five years ago will remember the fine but sadly unsanitary old City Hospital set fifty feet or more back from Broadway on the west side, opposite the head of Pearl Street. A day or two after the

news of the first terrible "Seven Days before Richmond," it was rumored that this old hospital was to receive some of the wounded who had been deemed able to travel so far from the field where they were stricken. This was work for women, and at home. So far there had not been many women engaged in hospital work, although in the labor of preparing hospital supplies they had been incessant and tireless.

Among the first in New York City to ask admittance to the hospital as a nurse was Nina Suydam. She was "too young and pretty," said gruff old Surgeon Daily, a good man and kind. But in spite of the old surgeon's objections Nina obtained a pass, "for one day only, to walk about, cry, and get sick of it," said the good-hearted old chestnut burr, as he signed the paper.

That very day Nina happened to be passing the door of the operating room just as a fainting attendant was being carried forth, and the old surgeon, without raising his eyes from his work, was crying out:

"Somebody come and take this sponge, and be quick about it!" Nina's father was also a surgeon (now at the front), and she had been taught by him how to make herself useful in emergencies. This day's work proved her efficiency, and was the beginning of a long and arduous service in hospital wards. Young, pretty, and endowed with a nameless attraction which is more potent than youth or beauty, and continues to exert its force when these are gone, Nina soon found her way to "the front,"—the sad, terrible, magnificent "front," where all the virtues and all the vices fought side by side in the same great cause, and so learned lessons from each other; for even vices—so long as they are not inhuman—have aspects which are not all bad, and can sometimes support the virtues with an unexpected strength.

At the "front" was much evil, but also much good. Weakness was made strong, and harshness was softened. Death and hardship are stern masters, but good metal is welded under their blows. Maidenly and sweet young women tended in hospitals where the

but were anything-else by now, were getting about between the parallel rows of suffering or unconsciousness men as best they might. Words were few, but voices were not hushed. The grievously wounded had not keenly sensitive nerves to anything external to themselves; it is only convalescents who possess these incumbrances. One poor fellow who had been removed from his comfortable cot to make room

for another in a worse plight than himself, raised his voice in complaint against the "racket." A cheery voice exclaimed, "Is that you, Johnny Gilder? I'm glad to hear that grumble! It's a sign you're getting better." At the sound of the nurse's cheery voice, a sorely wounded man opened his one unbandaged eye, and gave a faint cry of, "Nina! O Nina!" She stopped and turned. The woman, trained by months of service to meet and minister to all forms of suffering without a tremor, swayed and almost lost her precious burden; for beef tea was precious in those ill-provided days. A quick-eyed orderly, springing forward, caught the pitcher and his bearer.

Another instant and Nina was kneeling on the floor, the tanned and bloody head pressed close to her bosom, her whole being thrilling to



—Drawn by W. B. Brown.

"ANOTHER INSTANT AND NINA WAS KNEELING ON THE FLOOR."

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MEMORIAL DAY



EMANCIPATION MONUMENT.
Lincoln Park.

rough and the gentle of those who had worn the blue or the gray lay side by side, and never by word, deed, or look were harmed by any. Hundreds are still living who will willingly testify to this.

There had been a terrible day in the hospital at Fortress Monroe. It was after fatal Fredericksburg, and the wounded had been almost piled in the wards, filling the floors so closely that passing between the lines of prostrate men was a difficult matter. There were not nearly enough mattresses and cots to provide for all, for by one of these blunders which are always being made by no one knows whom, a big shipment of these essentials which had been forwarded to Fortress Monroe by the ever-to-be-blessed Sanitary Commission, had been sent back to Baltimore. He who had a cot had not a mattress, and yet, even so divided, the supply was so far short of the need that bare floors were thankfully accepted, if in any place where the wounded could be under shelter.

Overworked surgeons, hurrying orderlies, deft-handed colored assistants, and light-stepping women in short, cool gowns of linen or gingham which might have been clean in the morning,



FOR DECORATION DAY.

Songs of the Soldiers.
Comrades known in marches many,
Comrades tried in dangers many,
Comrades bound by memories many,
Brothers ever let us be!
Wounds or sickness may divide us,
Marching orders may divide us,
But whatever fate betide us,
Brothers of the heart are we.

Comrades known by faith the clearest,
Tried when death was near and nearest,
Bound we are by ties the dearest,
Brothers ever to be,
And if spared, and growing older,
Shoulder still in line with shoulder,
And with hearts no thrill the colder,
Brothers ever we shall be.

By communion of the banner,
Battle scarred but victor banner,
By the baptism of the banner,
Brothers of one church are we!
Creed nor faction can divide us,
Race nor language can divide us,
Still, whatever fate betide us,
Children of the flag are we!
—Miles O'Reilly.

May 30th.
It seemed to be but chance, yet who shall say
That 'twas not part of Nature's own sweet way,
That on the field where once the cannon's breath
Lay many a hero cold and stark in death,
Some little children, in the after-years,
Had come to play among the brassy spears,
And, all unheeding, when their romp was done,
Had left a wreath of wild flowers' over one
Who fought to save his country, and whose
It was to die unknown and rest forgot?
—John Kendrick Bangs.

The Unknown Grave.
The nameless grave! The rest is just as sweet
As if 'twere pillowed on an honored name.
A citizen lies there, although to fame
Unknown, perhaps, like many you may meet.
Upon the highways or the public street.
A soldier dead, with dumb, unceasing prayer,
Pleaded a little dirt to hide the bare,
Cold limbs. Ah, more, indeed; one called to meet
The death-tide as it swelled from battle-field,
And, faintly in the line of duty fell,
Still more, if the truth must fully tell:
He looks the hero which he was, and sealed
His claim by his life's blood. The unknown grave
Is known to be a brother's that was brave.
—L. O. Little.

Memorial Day.
The highways teem with wanton bloom;
The gardens, wrapped in rich perfume,
Dream out the latest days of May—
Lo, 'tis the land's Memorial Day;
And where the pines, intoning, stand
Beside low graves, or where the bland,
Soft Southern breezes stir the leaves
Of the palmetto—each receives,
Sleeper in Blue, or Gray, his crown.

Over the dark and the terrible road,
Where war's dread rivulets once ceaselessly
Flowed,
Fluttered the gentle, immaculate dove,
Emblem of peace, of reunion and love,
Out of the martyrs' dark, battle-torn
Springeth the Heart's-ease in glorified
waves,
And through the land, for the Blue and
Shrined in the hearts of the people for
Tears fall alike, this Memorial Day.

The Soldier's Grave.
How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By their country's wishes blest;
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.
By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there.
—William Collins.



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Low Grade Division.
In Effect Nov. 29, 1903. Eastern Standard Time

STATIONS.	EASTWARD.				WESTWARD.			
	No. 109	No. 113	No. 101	No. 107	No. 108	No. 104	No. 116	No. 110
Pittsburg	5:15	9:00	1:30	5:15	5:15	9:00	1:30	5:15
Lawsonham	5:25	9:10	1:40	5:25	5:25	9:10	1:40	5:25
New Bethlehem	5:35	9:20	1:50	5:35	5:35	9:20	1:50	5:35
Oak Ridge	5:45	9:30	2:00	5:45	5:45	9:30	2:00	5:45
Mayville	5:55	9:40	2:10	5:55	5:55	9:40	2:10	5:55
Summersville	6:05	9:50	2:20	6:05	6:05	9:50	2:20	6:05
Brookville	6:15	10:00	2:30	6:15	6:15	10:00	2:30	6:15
Fuller	6:25	10:10	2:40	6:25	6:25	10:10	2:40	6:25
Reynoldsville	6:35	10:20	2:50	6:35	6:35	10:20	2:50	6:35
Pancoat	6:45	10:30	3:00	6:45	6:45	10:30	3:00	6:45
Falls Creek	6:55	10:40	3:10	6:55	6:55	10:40	3:10	6:55
DuBois	7:05	10:50	3:20	7:05	7:05	10:50	3:20	7:05
Sabula	7:15	11:00	3:30	7:15	7:15	11:00	3:30	7:15
Winterburn	7:25	11:10	3:40	7:25	7:25	11:10	3:40	7:25
Pennfield	7:35	11:20	3:50	7:35	7:35	11:20	3:50	7:35
Tyler	7:45	11:30	4:00	7:45	7:45	11:30	4:00	7:45
Hennetette	7:55	11:40	4:10	7:55	7:55	11:40	4:10	7:55
Grant	8:05	11:50	4:20	8:05	8:05	11:50	4:20	8:05
Driftwood	8:15	12:00	4:30	8:15	8:15	12:00	4:30	8:15

JONSONBURG RAILROAD.

S. M.	WEEKDAYS.	S. M.
10:40	at Jermonville	10:55
10:45	at Woodvale	11:02
10:50	at Quinwood	11:09
10:55	at Shuck's Run	11:16
11:00	at Instantar	11:23
11:05	at Straight	11:30
11:10	at Gales	11:37
11:15	at Jonesburg	11:44
11:20	at Ridge	11:51

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