

# Muffle the Drums

By E. A. Brininstool

Muffle the drums! Let the bugles blow  
Softly their music this hallowed day!  
March with reverent step and slow  
Homage to war's martyred heroes pay.  
Over the graves  
Of our fallen braves  
Low drops the flag, while a nation is weeping  
Blow, bugles, blow,  
Softly and low,  
Over the fields where our best dead are sleeping!

Muffle the drums! 'Tis a sacred day,  
Hallowed and honored its memory keep.  
Naught but Love's tokens we bring to lay  
Over the graves where our fallen sleep.  
Blow, bugles, blow,  
Softly and low,  
While fairest flowers Love's hand is here strewing,  
Over the graves  
Of a nation's braves,  
Over the sod which our tears are bedewing!



Muffle the drums! See, the flag is furled!  
Shouts of the battle have died away,  
Over the fields where war's dust-cloud whirled  
Peace and tranquilly reign to-day.  
Clashing of arms,  
Wild bugle alarms,  
Ne'er shall be heard where our heroes lie sleeping  
Rest, soldier, rest,  
While o'er thy breast  
God's sacred watch-fires their vigil are keeping!

Muffle the drums! On steep mountain heights,  
Down in the valleys, on land, o'er sea,  
Thundered the guns through wild days and nights,  
Spilling the life-blood for you and me,  
Charging brigades  
Met flashing blades,  
Stern was the contest on battlefields' gory:  
Sleep, heroes, sleep!  
O'er land and deep,  
There was the contest, and there be the glory!

# RHETORIC OF MEMORIAL DAY

BY JAMES R. CAMPBELL.

A FEW more years and the grave—perhaps a nameless one—shall hold the last soldier of the Civil War. Let us take a glimpse into the literature of Memorial Day. It fairly teems with beautiful thoughts and noble sentiments. It shows that the orator, statesman and bard have not forgotten the men who fought to preserve this Republic of ours.

The first of a whole series of famous orations on this patriotic theme was delivered one November day in 1864 on the battlefield of Gettysburg, when a tall, gaunt, sad-faced man arose amidst the plaudits of his hearers and uttered the words of as great an address as ever fell from the lips of a Demosthenes or a Webster—words that will burn in the American heart as long as it remains susceptible to the fires of patriotism. It is needless to add that we refer to Abraham Lincoln and his famous Gettysburg address. It has come to be classic in literature.

land. Before he was narrowed, appropriated, shut up to you; now he is augmented, set free and given to all. Before he was yours; he is ours. He has died for the family that he might live to the nation. Not one name shall be forgotten or neglected; and it shall be by and be confessed of our modern heroes, as it is of an ancient hero, that he did more for his country by his death than by his whole life.

Robert G. Ingersoll's Masterpiece.

It is said that the best of the feast is always reserved till the last. It seems so in this case, for the following is said to be one of the most eloquent extracts in the English language. This seems strange, too, since the speaker has never been given much credit for having beauty of soul or purpose by the world in general; but he was a born orator, and he gave utterance to many a beautiful thought and noble sentiment in the course of his career. Listen to Robert G. Ingersoll's vision:

"The past, as it were, rises before me like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle for national life. We

them in the ravines running with blood—in the furrows of old fields. We are with them between the contending hosts, unable to move, wild with thirst, the life ebbing slowly away among the withered leaves. We see them pierced by balls and torn with shells in the trenches of forts, and in the whirlwind of the charge, where men became iron with nerves of steel. We are with them in the prisons of hatred and famine, but human speech can never tell what they endured. We are home when the news comes that they are dead. We see the madden in the shadow of her sorrow. We see the silver head of the old man bowed with the last grief. The past rises before us. We hear the roar and shriek of the broken shell. The broken fetters fall. Three heroes died. We look. Instead of slaves we see men and women and children. The wand of progress touches the auction block, the slave pen and the whipping post, and we see homes and firesides, and school houses and books, and where all was want and crime, and cruelty and fear, we see the faces of the free.

"These heroes are dead. They died for liberty—they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or storm, each in the windowless palace of rest. Earth may run red with other wars—they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death.



LIEUT.-COM. FREDERICK POOLE, OF THE CHINESE NAVAL RESERVES, PLACING A WREATH ON THE GRANT MONUMENT IN NEW YORK.

Guardians of Regret.

Far in the gloom-wrapped wilderness,  
Where crooning pine trees wave,  
The wild winds wail a requiem  
Above a soldier's grave.  
No gleaming shaft appears its head  
To mark the nameless tomb,  
No comrades come with martial tread  
To deck the spot with bloom.

Yet ever when the fields are clothed  
In richest hues of May,  
One woman holds within her heart  
A lone Memorial Day;  
And on that distant, unmarked grave  
In sombre shadows set,  
She lays a wreath of faithless love  
And garlands of regret.

—The Household.

Decoration Day.

Memorial Day is here again, and the flowers, fragrant offerings of love and gratitude, will soon make the graves as beautiful as the memory of the soldiers' deeds is precious. Each year diminishes the number of veterans who assemble at the cemetery to conduct the memorial exercises; each year increases the number of mounds to be decorated, but the living may be trusted to perpetuate the custom even when the survivors of our wars have entirely disappeared. Sorrow for the dead is the one sorrow, it has been said, from which the living do not care to be warded, and this is the more true, when with that sorrow there is mingled the appreciation of patriotic service. The living can rejoice that the animosities aroused by the Civil War have been so completely buried that those who wore the blue and those who wore the gray can march together in the "silent city of the dead" and join in showing respect to the valor and sacrifice of those who, in the war between the States, proved the strength of their convictions by the offer of their lives. The living, also, should be in the presence of the dead con-

# Black Adventure.

## LION SHOOTING IN INDIA.

Mr. Percy Cross Standing describes in the Christmas number of the Pall Mall Magazine some hunting adventures he shared with the famous cricketer in India: "In the very small hours I was aroused from sweet slumber by Ranjitsingh," he says, "who rushed into my tent in a greater state of excitement than I had ever witnessed in him before. 'For the Lord's sake, get up, man, get up!' he cried, dragging me from under the sheltering mosquito-curtains. 'Do you know what has happened?' No, I didn't know. But I rushed from the tent in his wake, to find that a lion and lioness had just been into camp, had seized and killed one of our horses while we were all asleep, had almost entirely devoured the carcass, and had then made good their escape across the river. The remains of the horse (which had been tethered by itself) presented a sickening spectacle, little being left save the head and the haunches. Disturbed by the flashing of torches ere they had finished their meal, the lions had rushed right through our camp between the line of tents and had afterwards, with consummate audacity, returned to finish their supper. It had meant short shift for any of us who had been picked up that night; for our sentries were fast asleep, and in any case they could not have made a very formidable show with the muzzle-loading rifles with which a beneficent Government consents to arm the infantry of India's ruling chiefs.

"About eleven o'clock the familiar roaring broke out from the further bank of the river. The night was dark. The roaring continued at intervals for a couple of ours—so did the carefully regulated beating of a terrified gong, which had been tied up to a sapling. But in the meantime the lion and his mate had stealthily passed over the river, and about 1.15 a. m. the lioness suddenly emerged from the darkness, seized the goat, snarling and all, and disappeared as swiftly as she had come. The occupants of the mancha had been fitfully dozing, but now they were well awake. A few seconds later the lion appeared. He had been to look at the horse's skeleton. He was in no particular hurry. He was a little puzzled at the non-appearance of his wife, that was all. But the delay was his own undoing.

"Crack!" went the expressoes. The lion staggered convulsively, then disappeared in the dark."

# WHY ALMOST EVERYBODY EATS EGGS.

They Are Very Easily Digested and Furnish an Almost Perfect Substitute for a Meat Diet.

Almost everybody eats eggs. There is perhaps no article of diet that is more commonly eaten in all countries than eggs. Hens' eggs are used more than any other kind, although some people eat duck eggs, goose eggs, the white of the guinea fowl. Turkey eggs are not so often eaten; they are generally kept for hatching.

Eggs consist of protein and fat, water and mineral matter. It is the protein or nitrogenous matter that builds up and repairs the tissues of the body, while the fat supplies energy. The white of an egg is often said to be pure albumen, but it also contains phosphoric acid and sodium chloride or common salt. The yolk contains the fatty part of the egg, phosphorus, calcium, magnesium, potassium and iron. Eggs also contain sulphur, and this probably accounts for the dark stain left by eggs on silver.

Eggs are very easily digested. Raw eggs are more quickly digested than cooked eggs. Soft-boiled eggs, roasted eggs and poached eggs are more easily digested than fried or hard-boiled eggs. The stomach will digest a raw egg in from one and a half to two hours. Soft-boiled and roasted eggs require from two and a half to three hours, while hard-boiled or fried eggs must be allowed from three and a half to four hours for digestion.

Eggs furnish a good substitute for meat, and we believe it would be far better for the average person if eggs were more frequently used in place of meat.—Medical "talk."

WISE WORDS.

The more law in a land the fewer the laws.

Liking is the effect and not the cause of loving.

Nothing enters the mind without leaving its mark.

Sometimes one sandwich is worth many a sermon.

No man was ever pulled down by lifting another up.

A good many sins walk under the name of "circumstances."

A man attracts by what is in him more than what he has on.

To help the young soul, add energy, inspire hope, and blow the embers into a useful flame.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

"The flattery of one's friends is required as a drum to keep up one's spirits against the injustice of one's enemies."

For whoever would be fairer, illumination must begin in the soul. The face catches the glow only from that side.—William C. Gannett.

"Be not overanxious to convert thy friend from that which thou deemest the error of his thought to that which may be the error of thine own."

These, then, are the three—reverence and self-forgetfulness and active obedience. "With twain he covered his face, and with twain he did fly." It is because of irreverence and self-conceit and idleness that our lives are weak.—Robertson.

The more we pray for our fellowmen, the more inevitably we yearn to help them; and this yearning quickens our energies and enlarges our capacities for helpfulness, in a way and to an extent that we cannot fail to recognize as part of the answer to our prayer.—J. R. Illingworth.

Poisons That Produce Idiocy.

"The more dreadful poisons," says a chemist who has been interviewed by the Chicago Chronicle, "are only known to a few men. Mercury methide, for instance, the inhalation of whose fumes produces incurable idiocy, can be manufactured by two Italians and by no one else in the world. Dithoara is a poison used in India. It, too, produces incurable idiocy. A British army officer told me of a sad case—a case of two rival talons, one of whom gave the other a small dose of dithoara. The victim of the drug remained an idiot all the rest of his life. He sat and moved his empty hands as though he were sewing. He was a formidable rival no longer. Mercaptan produces a melancholy so great as to terminate nearly always in suicide. No government would permit the manufacture and sale of this poison. Dithoara, Mercury methide, mercaptan, and some twenty other poisons are neither made nor sold in any public way. They are only experimented with. Such poisons would be formidable weapons in unscrupulous hands. Driving their victims to suicide or to insanity, they leave behind them nothing suspicious or untoward. The giver of these poisons is secure from any fear of punishment."

Midshipman Easy.

During the South African war a Midly (who had been twice mentioned in dispatches, but who ultimately had to be invalided home for blowing himself up with a patent bomb which he had made out of gunpowder and inferior matches) was riding out of camp with a friend, when he passed a superior officer, evidently in a bad temper, whom he addressed with a cheerful salute and a "Good morning, sir!" "Who are you?" was the answer. "William —, sir, naval adviser of Lord Kitchener, sir," was the genial rejoinder.—London Spectator.

Ambulances on Railroads.

Railway carriages transformable into ambulance compartments for the use of sick passengers have been provided for express routes.—Detroit Free Press.



# THE NEW SPIRIT OF MEMORIAL DAY

Yet the world did note, and it will long remember, what was said and done on that November day, forty years ago. Five years afterward Bayard Taylor wrote an ode founded on the words of that oration. It contains some beautiful thoughts on the dead heroes, and the following is an extract from it:

This they have done for us, who slumber here—  
Awake, alive, though now so dumbly sleeping;  
Spreading the board, but tasting not its cheer;  
Sowing, but never reaping;  
Building, but never sitting in the shade  
Of the strong mansion they have made;  
Speaking their word of life with mighty tongue,  
But hearing not the echo, million-voiced,  
Of brothers who rejoiced,  
From all our river vales and mountains rung.  
So take them, heroes of the songful past!  
Open your ranks, let every shining troop  
Its phantom banners droop,  
To hail earth's noblest martyrs, and her last.

Take them, O Fatherland!  
Who, dying, conquered in thy name;  
And, with a grateful hand,  
Inscribe their deeds who took away thy blame.  
Give, for their grandest all, thine insufficient fame!

Take them, O God! our brave,  
The glad fulfillers of Thy dread decree;  
Who grasped the sword for peace, and smote to save,  
And, dying here for freedom, died for Thee!

To see what "gentlemen of the cloth" I append the following from the lips of one of the most honored of that noble vocation, Henry Ward Beecher:

"Oh, tell me not that they are dead—that generous host, that airy army of invisible heroes! They hover as a

hear the sound of preparation—the music of the boisterous drums, the silver voices of the heroic bugles. We see thousands of assemblages, and hear the appeals of orators; we see the pale faces of women and the flushed faces of men; and in those assemblages we see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers. We lose sight of them no more. We are with them when they enlist in the great army of freedom. We see them part with those they love. Some are walking for the last time in quiet, woody places with the maidens they adore. We hear the whisperings and the sweet vows of eternal love as they lingeringly part forever. Others are bending over cradles kissing babes that are asleep. Some are receiving the blessings of old men. Some are parting with mothers who hold them and press them to their hearts again and again, and say nothing; and some are talking with wives, and endeavoring, with brave words spoken in the old tones, to drive away the awful fear. We see them part. We see the wife standing in the door with the babe in her arms—standing in the sunlight sobbing. At the turn of the road a hand waves—she answers by holding high in her loving hands the child. He is gone, and forever.

"We see them all as they march proudly away under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the wild, grand music of war—marching down the streets of the great cities—through the towns and across the prairies—down to the fields of glory, to do and die for the eternal right. We go with them one and all. We are by their side on all the gory fields, in all the hospitals of pain, on all the weary marches. We stand guard with them in the wild storm and under the quiet stars. We are with

"I have one sentiment for the soldier, living and dead—cheers for the living and tears for the dead."

By way of conclusion nothing could be more fitting than one of the stanzas from that touching poem called "The Blue and the Gray." It was written from an incident that happened in the South in which the graves of the Northern and the Southern soldiers were impartially covered with flowers by the noble women of the place. This spirit is gradually infusing itself into the hearts of all in these latter days; and, after all, it seems just, for they all were soldiers—they all fought for the cause they thought was right:

No more shall the war cry sever,  
Or the winding rivers be red;  
They banish our anger forever  
When they laurel the graves of our dead.  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the Judgment Day—  
Love and tears for the blue,  
Tears and love for the gray.

secrete themselves anew to the work that lies before the nation, to the end that the wise and prompt solution of the present problems may insure permanent peace and prosperity to our beloved land.—The Commoner.

Fighting Obsolete.

The history of the Thirty-fourth Ohio Infantry includes accounts of several battles which are not generally mentioned in war chronicles. It fought a great deal out of the beaten track of armies, doing much fighting in West Virginia against the guerrillas. In 1863 the regiment served as mounted infantry, fighting as such at Wytheville, Va., July 18, where Colonel John T. Toland was killed.

ON CEMETERY HILL

Hail, haunted acres of encamping dead,  
Whose hills, reared with guns in battle line,  
To-day repeat and echo the divine  
Appeal of war! Here gallant Sickles sped  
His living thunderbolts, and Hancock bled,  
Calm Meade arrayed, and fortune rose and fell  
Here Devil's Den was war's distander hell,  
And angry guns debated o'er the dead  
With mousie chime with shot and whistling shell!  
Gory has decked, with bronze and maric pose,  
Her battle-chiefs, in honor fixed alone—  
But o'er this waste of graves, pale sorrow throned  
Her star of tears, to mark each little stone.  
"All hail, O, sacred circles of 'Unknown!'"



SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' MONUMENT, NEW YORK.  
Frederick D. Pangborn.

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. It was your son, but now he is the nation's. He made your household bright; now his example inspires a thousand households. Dear to his brothers and sisters, he is now brother to every generous youth in the