



O BEAUTIFUL, MY COUNTRY,
 O beautiful, my country!
 Be thine a nobler care
 Than all thy wealth of commerce,
 Thy harvest waving fair:
 Be it thy bride to lift up
 The manhood of the poor;
 Be thou to the oppressed
 Fair freedom's open door!
 For thee our fathers suffered:
 For thee they toiled and prayed:
 Upon thy holy altar
 Their willing lives they laid.
 Thou hast no common birthright
 Grand memories on thee shine;
 The blood of pilgrim nations
 Commingled flows in thine.
 O Beautiful, our country!
 Round thee in love we draw:
 Thine is the grace of freedom,
 The majesty of law,
 Be righteousness thy sceptre,
 Justice thy diadem,
 And on thy shining forehead
 Be peace the crowning gem.



MEMORIAL DAY

Tomb of General Sheridan--Arlington Cemetery.

THE FIGHTING BLOOD
 A Story for Decoration Day



CIRCULAR grass covered plot it was, on the outer edge of the cemetery, and the low stone wall surrounding it was surrounded in many places. An oblong tablet, supporting two monumental urns, rested in the center, and it was heaped high with wreaths and blossoms, the tribute of a nation to its honored dead. The inscription bore the name of one of the most famous generals of the Civil War, but Lucinda Randall, sitting idly on top of the rough coping, surveyed the memorial stone with gloomy eyes. At that moment she was wondering, as she had wondered many times before in her twenty-five years, if life were all that she had been led to believe that she would find it. In spite of her fixed belief in the general correctness of the scheme of the universe, she could not refrain from thinking that there were some things that she would have arranged differently. That very morning, in a despondent mood, she had confronted her cares and troubles, drawn up before her in formidable array, and, after a severe struggle with her common sense, had finally ordered herself defeated. Usually, Lucinda was a person on whom the perplexities of life sat lightly; but about every six weeks, as she put it, she was obliged to think, and the result was always disastrous. It was in this mood that, sitting there, the fresh, strong wind, straight from the ocean, whipping loose strands of her black hair from their fastenings, and buffeting her slight figure like a live thing, she withdrew her gaze from the wave-washed horizon, and looked again at the stone. "Killed, while gallantly leading a forlorn charge," she said aloud. "That I can understand. The heroism of the moment, the wild charge in the glory and blaze of battle; sudden, swift extinction, exulting in the face of death, that is a glorious way to die; but to wear out one's life in the tragedy of the commonplace, one's worst foe oneself, that is dying by inches; it is worse—it is a living death."

strange," he said, speaking with a Western accent, and laying one hand tenderly on the stone, "but I've saluted the general every Memorial Day for twenty years, miss; I've followed him in many a battle, and I don't forget; and somehow I can't think that the general does, either." His shining eyes looked across the tablet at the girl. "Maybe he did you a kindness, too, miss?" he asked, sympathetically. "He did many a one in his day, I'll be bound."

The girl flashed a pleased look at him. "General Eastwood was my uncle," she said, simply. The old soldier's face beamed. "Your uncle, miss?" he said, earnestly. "Well, I've wondered many a day if I should ever be lucky enough to run across any of the general's kin; but my time is getting so short now that I'd about given up hope."

He reached his hand impulsively across the grave to the girl. She took it, smiling in comprehension. "I am always glad to meet anyone who served under my uncle," she said, winningly. "I have often heard my mother tell how much he thought of his men."

Her eyes suddenly widened as she perceived a figure on the other side of the mound silhouetted against the sky. It was that of an old man, bent and shrunken with age, but Lucinda noticed the square set of the shoulders, the attempt at carrying them well set back, and a general air of alert briskness, which, to her observant eyes, proclaimed him to be an ex-soldier. He climbed the wall stiffly, his eyes fixed upon the sunken grave, with the flowers piled high above it, and the fluttering flags at either end. Wheeling sharply, as he reached the spot, he stood erect, and gave a smart military salute, with a precision evidently born of long training; then, stooping, he placed on the grave a small bunch of dandelions that he carried.

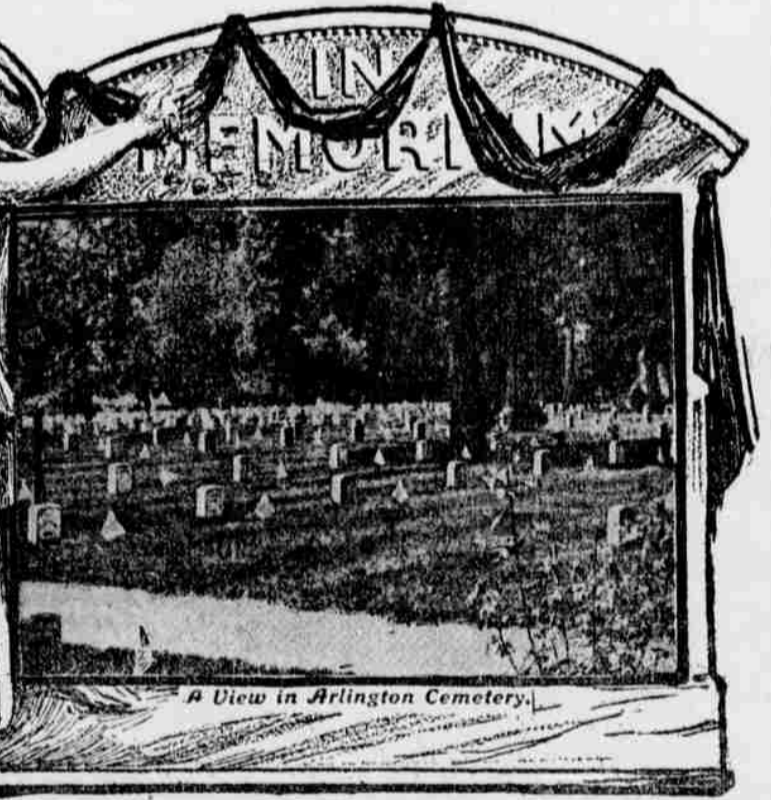
general had had them to endure, might have conquered even the fighting blood. "Don't you believe it, miss," began the old soldier, stoutly, but a glance at her downcast face checked him. "Yes, miss?" he said, interrogatively. "Yes, I do," she said, more firmly. "There are forms of battle of which the general had no conception. It is so different with a man! His life was one of action, vivid, stirring action, and each act was applauded by a nation. He stood high in the estimation of men. Did he ever know"—she went on, stormily—"what it means simply to exist, to spend one's life in waiting, till your youth and strength and hope are gone? Did he ever know the humiliating sensation of failure? Did he ever mean well, and try hard, and have it all end in defeat? No! he never knew these things. Even his courage might have given way before such overwhelming odds as these." The soldier's stiff features melted

heart, that gnaws at me night and day." She looked at the brave old face wistfully. "Do you think that the general could have borne that?" she asked. The old soldier felt a sudden queer tightening of his throat. He looked at the girlish figure in its rough blue serge, then hastily rose, striking his stick firmly into the gravel path. All the old martial fire and vigor were in his bearing as he stood in front of her. He felt intuitively that it was a case where action of some kind was needed. "The general would never have given up, miss," he almost shouted, all the more sturdily because conscious of an unwonted tremor in his tones, which he wanted to conceal. "Never! There wasn't anything that he couldn't have borne, and anyone with fighting blood in his veins ought to feel that way, too. Anyone belonging to the general is just bound to stand by his colors!" The girl looked up quickly, her lips parted, and her face was suffused with an inward glow.



"The Day We Made That Charge."

"That's right, too," said the soldier, eagerly. "Why, miss, the day we made that charge at—, it was hotter than blazes, and the general was in the thick of it, and always at the front, miss, always at the front." He shook his bony forefinger warningly—"Don't you forget that. The bullets were flying like hail, and the general was sitting his horse like an iron man, and we were plunging after him, and Dick Fallon's horse was shot under him, and he tumbled on the ground right alongside of the general. Dick expected it to be the last of him, for the cavalry was sweeping solid over the field. Was it? No, indeed! The general just swooped down on him sideways, and lifted him across his saddle bow, and led the charge just the same. Dick never forgot that. I've heard him tell it over and over, and not one of those who saw it ever forgot it, either. Oh, I tell you, miss,—the old man chuckled, carried out of himself by the memory of brave war days, and becoming loquacious in praise of his hero—"there never was anything could daunt the old general. He had the real blood in him—the fighting blood, we called it. Nothing ever beat it yet." He turned to the girl, his eyes luminous with feeling, and his white hair blowing in the wind. Her gaze was fastened on the vanishing line of smoke from an ocean steamer, and the old soldier looked disappointed.



A View in Arlington Cemetery.

into sympathetic lines at the girl's outburst, but his faith in his hero was not to be shaken. "No, miss," he said, patiently. "Begging your pardon, for I can see that you must have had a hard battle yourself, to talk like this, but even all you say wouldn't have made the general give in." His eyes met hers. "It's harder for a woman," he said, gently. The girl's eyes filled at the words, but she kept her head defiantly high. "I have lost all I cared for in the world," she said, steadily, "and there's only left me a big, empty, starving

He met her look directly. "And you his blood, miss?" he said, reproachfully—"the fighting blood!" The words stirred the girl's senses, like a call to arms. She sprang quickly to her feet, sweeping her long skirts aside, and drawing her lithe figure to its full height. "You're right," she said, abruptly. "The fighting blood does not give in. What is your name? Macallon? Now Mr. Macallon, we're ready for the enemy. Hurray for the banner of the fighting blood!" She smiled brightly at the old man, who, instantly divining her changed mood, and catching the spirit of excitement, swung involuntarily around. Together they saluted the grave, the old and the young eyes flashing in unison. The clear note of a departing bugle lent color and reality to the scene. The old man's voice quavered on the air. "Tention!" he piped, shrilly. "Eyes front! Forward, march!"—Lucy Baker Jerome, in Success.



ULYSSES S. GRANT

Chronicles of the Flag.
 Ne'er waved beneath the golden sun
 A lovelier banner for the brave
 Than that our bleeding fathers won
 And proudly to their children gave.
 Its glorious stars in azure shine,
 The radiant heraldry of heaven;
 Its stripes in beauteous order twine,
 The emblems of our Union given.
 Around the globe, through every clime,
 Where commerce waits or man hath trod,
 It floats aloft, unstained with crime,
 But hallowed by heroic blood.

STANDARD OIL'S METHODS

Men of Slaughtered Competitors Testify Against Oil Trust.
 SMALL DEALERS HAD TO QUIT.
 An Old Agent of the Standard Makes Full Confession of Its Methods.

A total of 19 witnesses was called by Inter-State Commerce Commissioners Proity and Clements in the Standard Oil Inquiry at Cleveland, O., in one day. Testimony bordering on the sensational was obtained from several witnesses. That of George L. Lane, of Mansfield, O., a former employe of the Standard Oil Company, was regarded as particularly important.

According to his evidence Lane was for about 14 months, in 1901 and 1902, employed by the Standard Oil Company for the express purpose of driving all the independent oil peddlers in a dozen or more of the principal cities and towns of Northern Ohio out of business. He said he was employed by G. E. Lyons, of the Cleveland office of the Standard Oil Company, to go to designated places and use every means, fair or foul, to force independents to quit. He described the methods pursued in detail. "My instructions," he said, "were to kill them, and I was told that if I could not do the job somebody else would be sent to take my place. I worked in Youngstown and surrounding small towns, Canton, Girard, Warren, Ravenna, Massillon, Mansfield, Elyria, Oberlin and other places.

In all the towns, with the exception of Youngstown, the independent peddlers were forced to abandon their business. In Youngstown a man named William H. Vahey was encountered, and despite everything we could do he held his trade. We gave oil away by the barrel and tank load, but it did no good. Vahey's customers threw it out."

Miss Elizabeth Proitzman, a stenographer and bookkeeper in the Dayton (O.) office of the Standard, testified that information concerning the oil shipment of rivals was brought into the office by draymen and that she made careful record of them and gave them to her superior. W. J. Cram, who was engaged in the oil business at Marietta from 1885 to 1897, testified that the Standard Company for years used coercive methods, and the Standard was so persistent in its efforts that his company was finally compelled to sell out to the General Oil Company, a Standard branch, at a lower figure than might otherwise have been obtained. Many other witnesses gave similar testimony.

CHURCHES UNITED.

Cumberland Presbyterians Absorbed by Presbyterians—Only Two Dissenting Votes.
 Union between the Presbyterian and the Cumberland Presbyterian Churches was consummated at Des Moines, Ia., when the general assembly of the former church adopted the report of the committee on church co-operation and union. But two commissioners voted against the union of the denominations, one being the Rev. Dr. William Laurie of Bellefonte, Pa., who asked his vote be recorded in the negative, and Dr. R. F. Cressy of Jacksonville, Ill. Dr. Laurie said his conscience compelled him to belong to a small minority.

PROHIBITION TICKET

Pennsylvania State Convention Meets at Harrisburg.
 The Pennsylvania State Prohibition convention met at Harrisburg and nominated the following ticket: Governor—State Treasurer W. H. Berry, Democrat, Delaware. Lieutenant Governor—Homer I. Castle, Prohibitionist, Allegheny. Auditor General—William T. Cressy, Democrat, Columbia. Secretary of Internal Affairs—E. A. Coray, Independent Republican, Luzerne. The platform provides for the enactment of laws providing for the imprisonment of officers, and employes of corporations, whether railroad, pipe lines, industrial, insurance or otherwise, who take part or assist in any act of discrimination personally or on the part of their company.

AMPLE RAINS HELP TRADE

Good Crop Weather Proves Important Factor; Building Operations Are Heavy.
 R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: Ample rains throughout the farming regions proved the most important commercial factor of the past week, large crops being essential to a maintenance of Nation prosperity at the maximum position recently attained. Retail trade responded to the stimulus of warm weather, light weight wearing apparel going freely into consumption, and there is an unusually liberal volume of wholesale business for this time of the year. "Mercantile collections are still somewhat irregular, but at most cities payments are improving, and the financial situation is more encouraging now than the San Francisco banks have resumed business without any disturbance. "Manufacturing plants are well occupied and building operations are heavy, but there are indications of a lower level for commodity quotations for the month of May. Customary summer quiet is noted in some departments, although there is less than the usual interruption, and preparations are already in progress for a very heavy fall season. "Labor conditions have improved the only new disturbance of note being locally among the painters, while the steel industry suffers less delay from old disputes. Railway earnings thus far reported for May exceed last year's by 11 per cent and foreign commerce at New York for the last week showed gains of \$1,934,259 in exports and \$1,134,601 in imports over the movement of 1905.

BURTON MUST GO TO PRISON

Supreme Court Decides Against Senator From Kansas.
 The supreme court of the United States rendered a decision in the case of United States Senator Joseph R. Burton of Kansas. The decision was against Burton, affirming the decision of the United States circuit court for the eastern district of Missouri, by which Burton was sentenced to six months' imprisonment in the jail of Iron county, Mo., required to pay a fine of \$2,500 and deprived of the right to hereafter hold office under the Government.

Senator Burton was prosecuted on the charge of violating section 1782 of the revised statutes, which prohibits senators and representatives from receiving compensation for services rendered before any governmental department in any matter in which the Government may be interested. He was specifically charged with accepting a fee of \$500 per month for five months from the Rialto Grain and Securities Company, of St. Louis, for services rendered that company, in an effort to prevent the issuance of an order by the post office department prohibiting the use of the mails by the company. This was Senator Burton's second appeal to the supreme court.

DEATH OF HENDRIK IBSEN

Was Great Poet and Dramatist of Norway.
 Henrik Ibsen, the Norwegian poet and dramatist, died at Christiania, Norway, May 23. Henrik Ibsen was born in Sken Norway, March 20, 1828, and was of mixed Scottish and German descent. At 16 he became apprenticed to an apothecary at Grimstad and there he composed his first works, "Hosten," a poem and "Catilina," a play, published in 1850, under the name of Brynjolf Bjarme. After a few months' work at the University of Christiania in 1850, he wrote "The Viking's Grave," and became manager of the new National theater at Bergen, after which he turned his whole attention to dramatic composition.

RAISED 10 PER CENT.

Increase of Cotton Mill Employes' Pay in Connecticut.
 A voluntary wage increase of 10 per cent has been granted all cotton mill employes in the Danielson Conn. district, notices to that effect having been posted in Moosup, Jewett City, Waaregan and many other places in Windham and New London counties. The action of the mill owners affects 20,000 persons.

TELEGRAPHIC BRIEFS

Dr. J. K. McClurkin, pastor of the Shady-side Church of Pittsburg, was elected Moderator by the United Presbyterian General Assembly at Richmond, Ind. Emperor Nicholas accepted the resignation of Admiral Rojestvensky, which was tendered on the ground of ill health, following wounds, received in the war with Japan. Pension Law Defect Fixed. The House passed an amendment to the present pension laws, curing a defect by joint resolution of Section 2 of the resolution approved July 1, 1902, construing the act of June 27, 1890. The resolution makes the section harmonious and equitable in its application to any enlisted man of the army, including regulars, volunteers and militia, who was honorably discharged from the last contract of service entered into by him during the Civil War.