



REST ON.
Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,
Dear was the blood you gave;
No impious footsteps here shall tread
The herbage of your grave.



What the Nation owes

WHEN Uncle John Forsythe sold his little farm and came to live with his widowed sister in Cedarville, Olive, the latter's daughter, was not particularly pleased. He was a tall, thin old man, with faded, kindly eyes and a shy manner that ought to have touched her young heart. But Olive was fond of style and full of foolish pride, and the worn old man, sitting in the easy chair day by day, did not, to her mind, improve the appearance of the family circle. He

liked old-fashioned things to eat, too, which Mrs. Stanley, his sister, took pleasure in providing, but which were not to Olive's taste. She did not take pains either to entertain her uncle or to be agreeable, and if a certain pair of dim, old eyes regarded her many times wistfully, she gave them small heed. Once, as the strains of her violin floated out upon the air, Uncle John tiptoed in. He had been sitting alone in the twilight, so full of memories.

"Olive," he said, gently, "did you ever play, 'Tenting on the Old Camp Ground?'"

Olive looked up. "No," she replied shortly.

"Or, 'Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching?'" went on the wistful tone.

"No," replied Olive, impatiently. "I don't know any of those old songs, or care to."

"It's a pity," replied Uncle John, gently; "you would, perhaps, if you realized what those old songs meant. I always remember how they helped us over the long, hard marches and the still watches of the night. Many and many a time we've sung 'em, not knowing whether another day's sun would set for us or not. It did not for a good many of my brave comrades—poor, poor fellows!"

There was a G. A. R. post in the little town, and it was not long before Uncle John found his way to it. He never missed a meeting, never forgot the evening it occurred, and by and by the old soldiers of the town fell into the habit of occasionally dropping in to visit with Uncle John at his sister's home.

"Mother, there are old Captain Pollock and Mr. Gage coming up the steps," Olive irritably announced one evening.

"Well, what of it?" smilingly asked her mother.

"Why, they're so old and shabby looking," cried Olive.

"Olive!" Mrs. Stanley's voice had

in it a note of pain. "Olive, do you know, dear, I'm afraid you're sadly lacking in patriotism and appreciation. Uncle John finds his pleasure now in looking back; 'Thinking back,' is what James Whitcomb Riley called it, I believe. He takes pleasure in talking over old times with these friends he has found. The battles of '61 to '65 are as fresh to him as if they had occurred but yesterday. I cannot expect you to realize this, or have sympathy with him; but, dear, tender him at least common courtesy. These brave men—nearing so rapidly their Father's house—to them, you younger generation owe a large debt. Their valor, their courage their bravery! Who does not know of it? And

one. After the singing and the repeating of Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg, the speaker arose, an erect man with a keenly intellectual face full of force and strength. He began with a tribute to the gray-haired veterans before him; told how, when a small boy, he first became a patriot by listening to a one-armed soldier in the city hall of Boston give the history of the different flags gathered there and the battles they had been in. He spoke of Lincoln, that tall, plain, angular man, who, at the firing of the guns at Fort Sumter, took the position he did. "Has it ever occurred to you," he went on, "that Lincoln might have acted a little too hastily or a little too late? But no; the psychological moment came. He seized it, and the war went on to a victorious close." He spoke of Grant, Sheridan, Sherman—and then he paused a moment. "May I ask," he added, "if there is anyone here who was in that march to the sea—that famous, memorable march, now passed into history?"

Olive sat still. She wished some one of those old veterans sitting near had been there. And then, in the hush and stillness, someone arose. It was Uncle John, old and bent and feeble, but with a faint flush upon his withered cheeks.

"Ah!" cried the speaker. "I congratulate this Post."

And then in the twinkling of an eye, handkerchiefs waved and hands clapped enthusiastically. It was all over in a minute, but how everyone enjoyed it! And as Uncle John sat down, lo! the years had rolled back. He heard again the martial music, the tramp of many feet, the gleaming of the old campfires. He saw again Sherman—Sherman the indomitable—Sherman the patriot—Sherman the leader. Ah, it was good to have lived in days like that.

It was all over at last, but Olive at the close did a new thing. She walked straight up to Uncle John.

"Uncle John," she said, suddenly, "I want to beg your pardon. I did not realize what real patriotism meant until to-day, or real bravery. Neither had I understood just how much the country owes to such men as you."—From the Home Herald.

For Our Dead.
Flowers for our dead!
The delicate wild roses faintly red;
The valley lily bells as purely white
As shines their honor in the vernal light;
All blooms that be
As fragrant as their fadeless memory!
By tender hands entwined and garlanded,
Flowers for our Dead!

Praise for our dead!
For those that followed, and for those that led,
Whether they felt Death's burning accolade
When brothers drew the fratricidal blade,
Or closed undaunted eyes
Beneath the Cuban or Philippine skies,
White waves our brave bright banner over-
head
Praise for our Dead!



A LATER GENERATION.
By Edith Do Blais Laskey

We stand beside the road and wait,
Expectant for a sign,
Till round the distant bend they come,
A proud though faltering line.

We linger in the wayside grass,
Drenched with the early dew,
To watch the closing of the march,
The start we never knew.

And so, 'mid bent and halting forms,
'Midst battle-flags of yore,
We catch no vision of the lads
Who went—and came no more.

These that we see are aged men,
Not strong and debonair,
As when they pressed to bloody fields
And left their boyhood there.

We young review with careless eyes
A great and moving sight;
Within our souls their bugle wakes
An echo all too light.

Ah, we should come with prayerful mien,
With hushed and reverent feet!
They strewed the blossoms of their youth
To make our Maytime sweet.

—Youth's Companion.

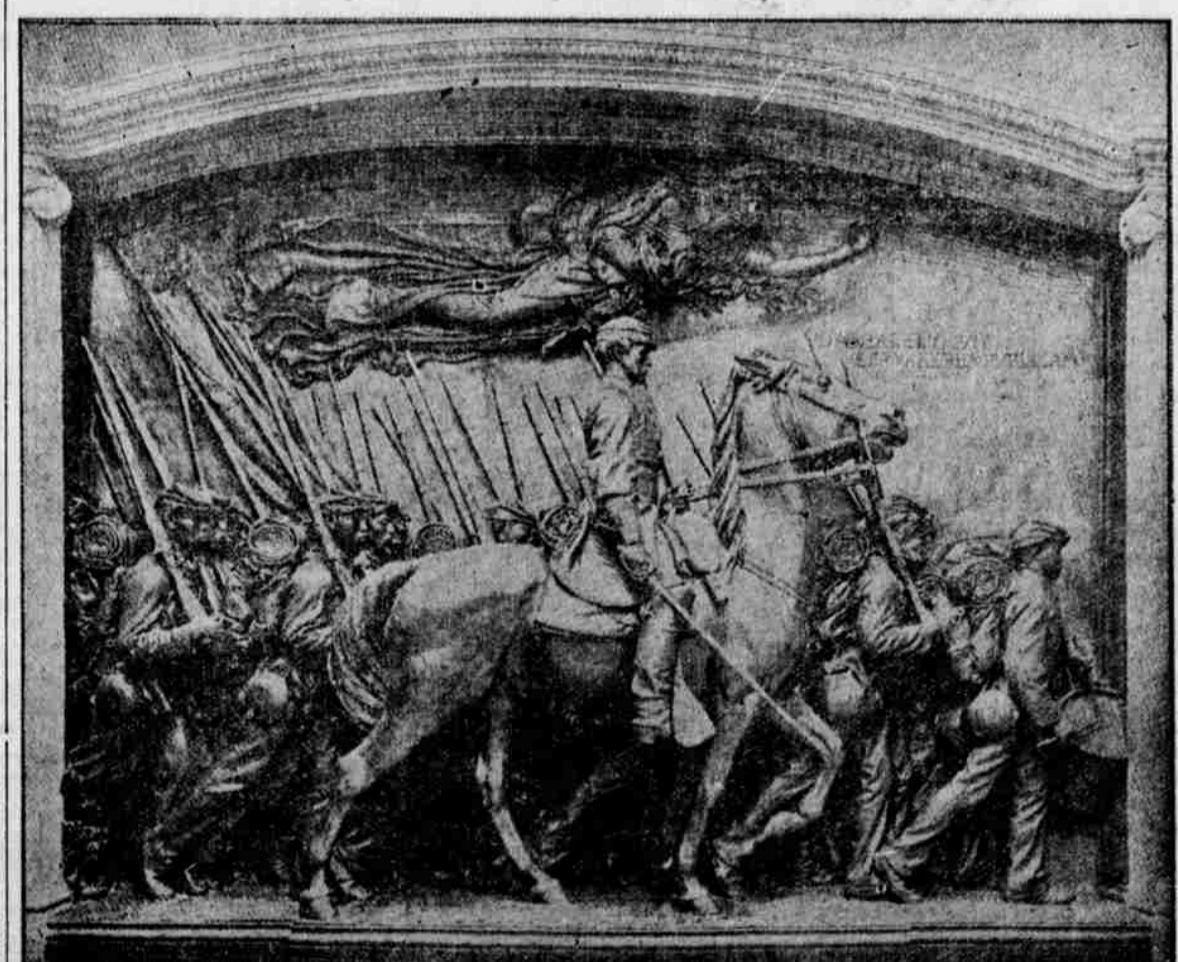
YOUNGEST OF SOLDIERS.
According to Lossing, the historian, the distinction of having been the youngest soldier that ever bore arms in battle probably belongs to



COLONEL JOHN L. CLEM, U. S. A.,
As He Appeared When Made a Sergeant
in the Union Army at the Age of
Twelve.—Givens.

Colonel John Lincoln Clem, assistant quartermaster-general, United States Army, who is at present stationed at San Francisco. Colonel Clem enlisted in the Union Army as a drum-

SHAW MEMORIAL, BOSTON.



—By St. Gaudens.

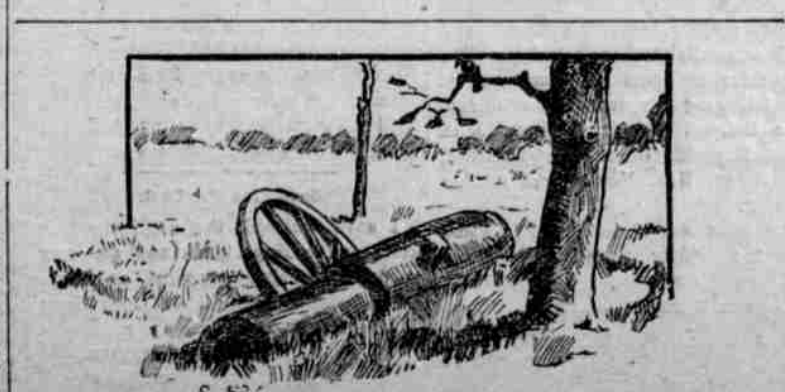
Olive, in the face of all this, will you not feel more kindly toward Uncle John? It is indeed pathetic to see how he loves you, and yet you pay him so little attention."

Decoration Day was drawing near, and a celebration was being planned to take place at the town hall. There were to be speeches and singing, and a famous speaker was coming up from the nearby city to address the old soldiers. Uncle John was up early that morning. He was to march in the parade with the rest of the Post, and seats were to be reserved for them in the hall.

"Olive, you must go," urged her mother at the last moment, and finally, reluctantly enough, Olive consented. But as she took a seat with her mother in the hall, festooned with its flags, its bunting, its flowers, a little quiver of patriotism swept over her for the first time. Memorial Day did mean something, and when, in a few moments, the old soldiers filed in, most of them old men with white hair and trembling steps, a tear shone on her long lashes, for Olive was not a wilful girl, only a very thoughtless

Love for our dead!
Oh, hearts that droop and mourn, be comforted!
The darkness path through the abyss of pain,
The final hour of travail not in vain!
For Freedom's morning smile
Broadens across the seas from isle to isle,
By reverent lips let this fond word be said—
Love for our Dead!
—Clinton Scollard, in Collier's Weekly.

mer boy in May, 1861, before he had reached the age of ten years. He served thereafter to the end of the Civil War, under Generals Grant, Rosecrans and Thomas, and took an active part in many important battles. When only twelve years old he was made a sergeant of Company C, Twenty-second Michigan Regiment, on the battlefield of Chickamauga



TOO OFTEN WE FORGET THE HORROR, AND SING OF THE GLORY OF WAR.

The Farm

Well-Cured Hay.
Feed the brood mares liberally, but not to excess. They should have the best quality of well-cured hay, oats and bran. Moldy hay that has been heated in the mow or bale, musty oats and bran that has soured, will not supply the proper nutriment for producing stake winners.—Horse Breeder.

Care of Mares.
Pregnant brood mares should receive special care from now until they drop their foals. They should take exercise in the open air every day. It is not sufficient to turn them loose in a large yard or paddock and leave them there. They should be kept moving. Some mares when heavy with foal are so sluggish that will not even walk around the yard unless some one is present to compel them to take exercise. This duty should not be entrusted to reckless boys. The exercise should not be violent.—American Cultivator.

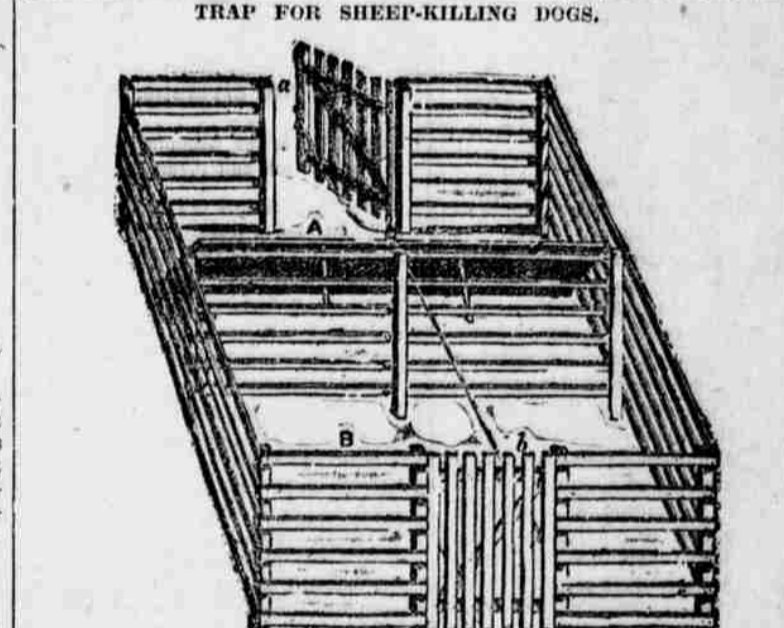
To Ripen Cream.
Cream left to itself will become sour spontaneous. This is the result of the growth of lactic acid bacteria, which feed upon the milk sugar and as a final process convert it into lactic acid. Other forms of bacteria are also present in cream; some have little or no effect in the ripening process, while others, if allowed to develop, produce undesirable and often obnoxious flavors. To cultivate and develop those "wild" germs is called "spontaneous" ripening and is often attended with uncertainty. Good butter making demands the use of a "starter" either home made or pure culture. The former should be made of selected skim milk.—Epitomist.

various experiment stations for the manufacture of the serum and further experiments with the treatment, with a view to stamping out hog cholera in any locality the minute it appears." — Guy E. Mitchell, in the Farmers' Home Journal.

The Profitable Brood Sow.
For fall pigs breed the sow in April or May. Early pigs bring the best prices. Breeding stock should not be fat, but should be in thrifty condition. If the sow is thin and poor the litter will be a disappointment. Such pigs will prove hard feeders and slow to make profit. The period of gestation is normally 115 days, but frequently less. It is a good rule to expect the young in a week less than four months. Choose a thoroughbred boar if one is obtainable. Do not let yourself be beguiled into the belief that a scrub or a grade is of anything of like as great value. Choose good stock every time, and you will invariably have better pigs and better prices for them. Experienced swine raisers think nothing of carrying a sow ten or fifteen miles to a choice male. The second day of heat is better than the first. The period of heat lasts three days. After a single service the sow should be removed at once, and kept alone for two days, where she cannot even hear other swine.

When driving a distance, see that the sow has a comfortable bed in the wagon and is not hungry. Small ropes may be tied to her forward feet and passed through holes in the bottom of the wagon body to keep her from making trouble and requiring a rack. In severe cold weather she should have a blanket thrown over her. At the end of twenty-one days

TRAP FOR SHEEP-KILLING DOGS.



In the meadow or field where sheep are pastured during the day, is a small pen, which is divided by a cross fence and covered on top by strong slats. Two gates are made so that they will swing open of their own accord and remain so, unless held closed or fastened. The gate is furnished with a latch by which it is fastened when closed. This gate is intended to admit the dog into the part of the pen A when he is attracted to it by a sheep confined for the purpose in the other part of the pen B. In the A part of the pen is a heavy board reaching across it. One edge of this board rests upon the ground against two pegs, which keep it from slipping backward. The other edge is kept up by means of two shaky, slender supports. A rope is fastened to the upper edge of this board and to the gates so that one-half of it when the board is propped up, allows the gate A to swing open and the other half holds the gate B shut and thus keeps the sheep confined. The trap is now set. A dog seeking entry into the pen finds the gate open and rushes over the board, thus knocking it down. The gate A is closed by the rope and fastened, while the gate B is allowed to swing open and set the sheep free.

The Scourge of the Hog Grower.
With a good piece of farm land to start with, few live stock industries present greater attractions than hog raising; but there is always the spectre of cholera, and once started in a locality it is likely to sweep away the majority of the hogs. Hogs have made the fortunes of many farmers; hog cholera has ruined many others. It was found from statistics compiled some years ago that in Iowa about eighty-five per cent. of the hogs were destroyed in droves attacked by the disease. The Bureau of Animal Industry went to work to find a serum which would render hogs immune. At that time two kinds of the disease were known—hog cholera and swine plague. In a series of experiments the use of the Government serum rendered about eighty-five per cent. of the hogs immune. In other cases it had practically no effect. Further investigation by the scientists of the bureau discovered a third distinct type of cholera. All three—hog cholera, swine plague and the new disease are due to blood destroying bacteria. A new serum was formulated, made from the blood of immune hogs combined with that from diseased animals. This was patented by the department in the interest of the farmer, and is believed to be an absolutely effective hog cholera preventive.

watch the sow and know whether she has been successfully bred. To breed and rear swine is not difficult, but care and watchfulness are necessary parts of the work. Let no beginner be discouraged at a few losses, if he will but learn from experience. A few litters of plump, rollicking pigs at good prices will make it all up to him.—William O'Brien, in the American Cultivator.

Raise More Sheep.
Prosperity in the sheep business during the past few years has attracted a good many farmers to the business who never owned sheep before. The great majority of them discovered to their surprise that there was more money in sheep than in any other kind of live stock they ever raised. They also found that the sheep were valuable in keeping down the weeds and fertilizing the farm. As an all around farm animal for profit there is nothing that compares with the sheep. We often hear farmers say as an excuse for not having sheep that they "don't understand them." Well, if this is true, then the quicker they get acquainted with the fleecy tribe the better it will be for them. Sheep are by nature sociable and easy to get on friendly terms with, so the matter of introduction is easy. There is plenty of room in all the central Western States for five times as many sheep as are grown at the present time. If farmers would put more time in sheep culture, and less at something else they would profit more. The dog nuisance is, of course, a handicap in some places, but if sheep were generally raised, the combined efforts of the shepherds would soon put the unnecessary dog out of business. It will be hard to combat the dog successfully when such a large amount of farmers raise the many curs instead of sheep.—Shepherd's Criterion.

"Stay in bed twenty minutes after you awake," advises a French savant



Aged Woman Reading Words of Consolation at the Flower-Strawed Grave of a Cherished Soldier.
—Mrs. J. Bernard, Long Island, in Leslie's Weekly.