



"A STARRY FLAG, A FLORAL CROWN, ABOVE EACH HERO'S BREST."

Decorations Day.

HE pine and palm are one to-day. Beneath a halcyon sun, The colors of the blue and gray Have blended into one: The bayonets, to plowshares turned In peaceful sods are thrust, And cannon in the fields insured— Their mouths are stopped with rust, One brotherhood rules all the land, One nation day and night, As side by side again we stand Like those who seal a height— And looking down across the fields When autumn pours her horn, We bless the largest peace now yields, The cotton and the corn.

No more shall these our banners be In strife fraternal raised, From lake to quif, from sea to sea, This message far is blazed: "We mourn our dead, our loved and lost, With tears for all who fell; The little sky's depth, the gray stars' host Shall be their sentinel."

LINCOLN AT GETTYSBURG.

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave up their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note or long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.—Lincoln's Gettysburg Dedication Address, November 19, 1863.

A GLAD DECORATION DAY.

On Decoration day the little mountain town was full of men who instinctively kept step to martial music and white-robed girls conscious more of the part they took in the ceremonies than of the real significance of the day. The entire population was abroad enjoying the pageant, and an old soldier saw nothing odd in the deserted appearance of a small house before which he paused. "It must be near here," he said. "I'll stop and ask my way, though everybody seems to have gone to the ceremonies—which I am likely to miss unless I do my errand quickly." He knocked, and while waiting a reply his eye caught the tiny garden. "Strange," he said, aloud, "this is the only place I've seen to-day where flowers remained ungathered."

Footsteps echoed from the back of the house and an old woman opened the door. "Can you tell me where to find a Mrs. Graham, madam?" he asked. "She looked listlessly over his head. "Which Graham? There's lots of them hereabouts. Don't go; maybe I can help you, an' I'm likely the only person at home to-day. What's your errand? My own name's Graham, too," she added.

"It is regarding her son, who died gloriously at Chickamauga 34 years ago. I come as his comrade— Are you his?" "No!" cried the old woman, fiercely. "Why did you come here to-day, of all days, to taunt me? My son died at Chickamauga, too. He"—her voice sank to a whisper—"he was shot in the back."

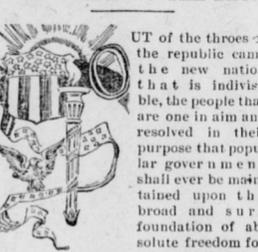
"That was no time to turn one's back to the enemy, madam." "How do you know what temptation he had?" she flashed out, "and him just 19! Abram Reese, he brought the news back. He only said at first that John was shot in the back. Later, he told that he was running away. That was when Averilla Mays agreed to marry him."

"John Graham a coward? Why, madam, he was a hero! Almost alone he fought his way into the enemy's ranks. He was bringing back their colors when the bullets found him!" The old woman staggered back against the door. "My John a hero!" she cried; "and for over 20 years his own mother doubted him!"

A strain of music reached them now; she ran out, bareheaded, and began to gather huge armfuls of flowers. "They shall all go—all!" she cried. "I've longed to send them every year, but the mother of a coward had no right. Now," her voice, quavering before, had the note of a trumpet, "now, the mother of a hero shall lay them on his comrades' graves!"

ELISA ARMSTRONG.

THE LESSON OF THE DAY.



UT of the throes of the republic came the new nation that is indivisible, the people that are one in aim and resolved in their purpose that popular government shall ever be maintained upon the broad and sure foundation of absolute freedom for men of all classes and conditions. The issues that led up to the internecine strife are become but memories that are fading, of the loag, long ago. They are being forgotten in the living questions that have sprung from the greater nationality that points to a greater and surer development in the coming days.

These ante-war contentions led to strife, when blood flowed like torrents made of the summer rain. Brother dealt brother murderous blows and the death angel hovered constantly over the camps of north and south alike. The days of those years were long before the coming of peace, but their perils called out the noblest qualities of man's nature. Heroes were thick as leaves upon the ground in autumn days; men went readily to death for the glory of their cause; the republic survived because valor was all-abounding.

Why count the reckoning one by one, or argue that one was braver than another? The glory of the individual is swallowed up in the general action of all, which led to the final consummation. Heroes die, but the memory of their deeds shall never perish from the face of the earth. Because the brave were so many, the nation, a grateful and glad people, said: "Let there be one day set apart in each year from all the remaining days in which to recount the prowess of all the braves, the living and the dead, who fought to make men free, and save the union of states forever." Thus was born Memorial day—Decoration day, a time in the patriot American calendar similar to that in the church consecrated to all the saints who have died and the martyrs who were slain for the word of God and for the testimony of Jesus."

History tells of the sacred holocaust at Thermopylae, of the charge of the Six Hundred and of the heroism at Lucknow; but history in all its pages usually dwells upon the glories of kings and valorous chieftains, who claimed and received all the honor that came of the deeds of their following as well as of their individual acts. In the struggle between the states, all were kings and nobles, with hearts of mighty and proud chieftains, brave to endure, courageous to act, daring to die. To these, to all of these, men and officers alike, belongs the one sacred day of memory, in which flowers are placed on graves and the flag the sleeping ones loved floats proudly over them.

None are neglected, but all alike receive the ministrations of loving hands, while grateful hearts grow tender in recollection of the stirring scenes through which the heroes passed. They think upon a union saved and a people forever free, and they feel that they themselves are honored in enjoying the distinction of paying homage to the dead who died "for God and native land."

Come the years and go. Time has brought whiteness to soldier locks that were brown or black when the bugle call summoned to war; steps then elastic with youth's glowing blood have grown stiff and weary; but Memorial day is now fresh and radiant, instinct with the reverence of millions of beneficiaries of their transcendent courage. The nation lives, and breathes and glows with the strength and beauty of unity. Its oneness is the glory crown of Memorial day.

WILLIAM ROSSER COBBE.

The Grandeur of the Day. A nation may be judged by its holidays, and to no nation can come a grander day than the one we celebrate now. A day chosen when nature is at its loveliest, when flowers unfurl the colors of the flag and blue skies bend lovingly over the last camping places of those who wore the blue. Not a day of mourning this, but of solemn rejoicing. Rejoicing for the men who knew not selfishness nor fear and so obeyed their country's call. Men who lie today, perhaps, in alien graves, their only personal monument a numbered headstone, but men who live immortal in Fame's unforgotten roll as the saviors of the union, the teachers of patriotism!

The Boys of Sixty-One. They are fewer, these old soldiers, than they were a year ago; their heads are whiter, shoulders are more bent and footsteps are slower than they were; and yet to each other they are always "boys." The old jests make them smile, the old nicknames are in use, the old stories are retold, until the present fades away and only the brave past remains.

To the watchers they may seem bowed with years, but they know it not; to them, in fancy, their youth comes back. It is not old men who stiffly march out to pay a tribute of respect to fallen comrades. It is "the boys of '61."

The Lesson of Patriotism. Teach the children patriotism; let them learn the names of heroes who died that a nation might live. Let Decoration day mean to them no mere jumble of flowers, music and addresses, but a living tribute to the glorious dead. These children are the future custodians of a country's honor, the men and women of another day, who may be called upon in their turn to defend it. Let them, then, learn early their sacred lesson of patriotism, that it may be stamped indelibly upon their hearts, never to fade away.

Third for Knowledge. City belle—I hope your stay in our city will not be short, Mr. De Science. Mr. De Science (member of the American Ornithologists' union)—Thank you, but my sojourn must be brief. I am here attending the ornithological convention at the Museum of natural history, and the sessions will soon be over. "What kind of a convention, did you say?" "Ornithological—about birds, you know." "Oh, yes, yes. How stupid of me! Do you think they will be worn much next season?"—N. Y. Weekly.

Appropriately Colored. "I reckon," said the old colored man, "dat I better change de name 'o' dat mule." "It doesn't make much difference about what you call a mule, does it?" "No. But I likes ter hab it somethin' 'ppropriate. Did you eber hayah tell 'bout sukumstances ober which you had no control?" "Yes." "Well, dat's what I's gwinter call 'im: Sukumstances!"—Washington Star.

An Insultation. The miserly old millionaire, as wicked as he was stingy, had yielded up the spirit and gone to his reward. "Well," remarked one, "I suppose he didn't take any of his wealth with him?" "No," was the reply. "I never heard that he had money to burn."—Town Topics.

Accomplishments. "Will you ever learn better than to sharpen a lead pencil with a razor?" he fiercely demanded. She smiled sadly. "I don't know," she answered, with a sigh. "One hasn't much time to acquire accomplishments when one keeps house without a servant."—N. Y. Journal.

All He Asked. "And do you really want to be my son?" asked the widow Mullins of young Spudds, who had asked for her daughter's hand. "I can't say that I do," replied the truthful sutor. "I want to be Helen's husband."—N. Y. World.

What He Wondered About. Clerk (as the "carrier," after an interminable time, comes back from the cashier's desk)—Here's your change, sir. Did you think you'd never get it? Victim—Oh, no; I've merely been wondering whether I'd get four or six percent for the use of my money.—Brooklyn Life.

A Realist. "There," said Miss Stoopid to her best girl friend, "is the portrait of me painted by that young artist we have been raving over. He has the feature to perfection, but there is not a particle of expression in my face." "How loyal and true to his art, he is!"—Detroit Free Press.

Wouldn't Mind Her Wanting. "No, Frank, I am sorry; but I am sure that we could not be happy together. You know I always want my own way in everything." "But, my dear girl, you could go on wanting it after we were married."—Odds and Ends.

The Real Sufferer. "And when you were a slave, Uncle Gabe, they once got up a butting match between you and a goat, did they? How cruel that was!" "Deed it were, miss. Dey had to kill de pore goat afterwards!"—Chicago Tribune.

A Shock. "A song," quoth he, "is in my heart;" And, with a pensive air, She murmured: "William, for my part, I wish you'd leave it there."—Washington Star.

Those Dangerous Frogs. Marinda—Sakes alive, Jonas, them mus' be mighty big frogs out in Kansas! Jonas—How's that? Marinda—Cause a man got his foot in one and wud killed.—Detroit Free Press.

Brighter Lights. My sweetheart rides her wheel at night, Yet shows no lantern proper; Her eyes so bright, shine full of light, And feel the watchful copper.—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

Domestic Felicity. Brown—Hello, Jones, how's your wife? Jones (a little deaf)—Very blustering and disagreeable this morning.—Townsman's Times.

Has Him on the String. Hewitt—My wife treats me like a dog, Jewett—I knew she had you on a string for a long time before you were married.—Town Topics.

Hopeful. "I hear that you are a widow," said the one who had been abroad. "Yes, just at present," said the one in black.—Indianapolis Journal.

Fiction Pure and Simple. "What I Told My Wife" is the title of a new book. It is almost needless to say that it is fiction.—Tit-Bits.

Beyond Question. The broadest assertions are often made by the narrowest men.—Chicago Journal.

Her First Thought. Benham—The wolf is at the door. Mrs. Benham—Tell him to wipe his feet.—N. Y. Truth.

FASHION'S FANCIES.

Fancy plaid ribbons will be used for children's hats. The paradise egret continues to remain in favor. Bow-knots are again shown in many of the new lace patterns. Black accordion-plaited chiffon gives lightness to satin braid hats.

The chapeau par excellence will be the Gainsborough. Plumes will still be worn on black ones. Spanish daggers are a very definitely established fad among the ornaments of the fin de siecle belle.

A black tulle hat may have color added to it by adjusting cerise roses with rosettes of cerise satin and moire. Hats will not have as massive trimmings as during the past season, nor will they be worn as far over the face.

Quite a pronounced tendency is shown again to birds, white ones in particular. White coq feathers are a new feature. Black and white ribbons in plaid as well as stripes, made into all kinds of shirred and standing bows, are considered very chic.

New chiffons show small black figures upon a ground of cerise, yellow, green, heliotrope, petunia; in fact, all light shades. The Paris leader of fashion, Mme. Caroline Rebeaux, is bringing a renewal of a fashion of long ago, consisting of long plumes from the side of a hat and sweeping to the back.

By adding a fold of velvet or of the same material, with a little braid or passementerie as a heading, the skirt may be easily lengthened, and thus have the appearance of being quite new again. Gorgeous taffeta ribbons in two tones, as, for instance, one edge of deep violet gradually shading into white, a deep cerise shading into pink, a deep yellow turning into white, etc., will be most effective.

Lace will have an extended vogue throughout the spring and summer. Of course, the fine webs are most suitable. Brussels seems to be the prime favorite. Many laces are also seen with spangles.

EUROPEAN WOMEN. The favorite beverage of Sarah Bernhardt is warm milk and water. She has never used wine or other intoxicants. The youngest daughter of Beerbohm Tree was christened recently at St. Marguerite's, Westminster, by Canon Eytton. Her godmother is the duchess of Portland and her two godfathers are Lord Granby and Lord Kowton.

Queen Victoria approaches her diamond jubilee in excellent health. Except a weakness of eyesight and a tendency to rheumatism, her physique is perfect, the brain, heart and lungs being in the same condition as those of a healthy woman of 20. She certainly takes as much interest in matchmaking and in the love affairs of those about her as a woman of 20 does.

The members of the Women's Vegetarian Union in London have a new craze. It is for vegetarian dress. They have concluded that it is as wrong to kill animals for clothes as for food. They wear vegetable boots, vegetable gloves, vegetable gowns, and even vegetable note paper. They have decided that the kid, the calf and the sheep shall be spared if their influence can do it.

BOOK GOSSIP. Mr. Frank R. Stockton's new book is a collection of nine short stories grouped under the title of "A Story-Teller's Pack." Henry Altman, of Philadelphia, has ready for publication a new child-life story, called "Trif and Trixy," by John Habberton, of Helen's Babies fame.

Mr. Benson, of Bedo fame, is writing a novel of Greek life of Greece at the time of her struggle with the Turks 70 years ago. It is to be published as a serial before coming out in book form. Pierre Loti has appealed through the French press for funds to equip a number of hospital ships upon the coast of Ireland, to which fishermen may be taken for treatment when ill.

The life of Tennyson, on which his son, the present lord, has been for some time at work, has now gone to the press. It is to be published in two good-sized volumes in the autumn.

A recent sale of books in London brought out a curious fact. It was a presentation copy of Keats's poems, 1817, first edition, with the autograph "To W. Wadsworth, with the author's sincere reverence," and brought \$230, but Wadsworth had never even out the leaves.

FOREIGN PICKINGS. England's Grand Lodge of Good Templars recently rode in full regalia from London to Brighton 100 strong. Gerard Wallop, Esq., is the name of the secretary of the British National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

The total number of periodicals published in the language of Holland is 973, of which 49 are printed in "foreign" countries. M. Levasseur, one of the pioneers in the horseless carriage movement in France, who generally comes in ahead in road races, recently died suddenly at the age of 55 years.

Patti has written some "confessions," in which she pleads guilty to a greater fondness for Longfellow than any other poet. Her favorite novelist is Dickens, and her greatest pleasure is in entertaining her friends. She says that she has no favorite flower, as she loves them all.

Dr. Nansen has received from the British government a complete set of the reports of the Challenger expedition in 50 large quarto volumes. It is asserted that he is the first private individual to whom a set has been presented.

SUNLIT MEMORIAL SONG.



"SUNNY," my soul, my soul, for the glory recalled to-day. Be thoughtful and thankful and sing to Heaven, true brothers blue and gray. For the flag we love so well is waving to-day for all, And every patriot, north and south, would answer in love its call.

To fight for the land now one, divided with hate no more, But strong and steady, alert and ready to hurl all foes from its shore.

Recalling the days of blood, death's whirls souls circled with flame, The land does homage to heroes all inscribed on its scrolls of fame.

So follow the tattered flags which away to the file and drum, And cheer the straggling ranks in blue as the gallant veterans come.

So many are maimed and old, with time-worn faces and forms, But the fires of patriot ardor burn through a thousand ills and storms.

Both blue and gray now mix in the garb the beards and hair, And under all the sturdy souls and resolute hearts beat there.

Let children cheer and sing, while scattering fragrant flowers, The echoes wake and the whole world ring as we honor these braves of ours.

Each blossom a scented prayer, with lessons of hope abound, And each a tinted pledge of faith to brighten the warrior's tomb.

Calm sleep once warring hosts when mingles their kindred dust, All hates annulled, the swords are dulled the cannon are red with rust.

But the memories all shine bright, though the bayonets clash no more, We write in blossom and song to-day the courageous deeds of yore.

And lay on the altars green our tributes on sacred sod, To send in the odorless incense up our praises and prayers to God.

For the newborn days are glad, though we jewel these tombs with tears, They sowed the harvests we have reaped through glorious peaceful years.

Clasp hearts, O stalwart men, who struggle in blue or gray, No true soul hates or nourishes hates to poison Memorial day.

Be happy, O glorious land, the laurel and palm entwined, Safe, safe at last, the fierce storm past, all promise and hope are thine.

Be grateful, patriot heart, no battle thy prospect mars, The constellation on thy flag now sparkles with promise stars.

I. EDGAR JONES.

OBSERVANCE OF THE DAY. Memorial day is for an observance not a celebration. It is sacred to the heroic dead. The distinction between it and other American holidays is very clear. Thanksgiving day, Christmas and the Fourth of July are all days of rejoicing. The first two have a divine character whose influence should be more marked than it is upon the character of their celebration, but the Fourth of July is very properly set apart as the date for the noisiest and most enthusiastic demonstrations of patriotism. New Year's day has come to have no great significance. It is little more than "a day off," and the nature of its celebration is a matter of moment.

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