

THE SACRED THIRTIETH DAY OF MAY.

When Columbia Chants the Praises and Decorates the Graves of Her Dead Heroes.



AFTER THIRTY YEARS

ATURE was in her gentlest mood. The sunset was gorgeous, the air clear and light, and the pretty cottage home of Widow Morton looked neat and inviting as a palace, yet its occupant sat at the vine-covered window, sad, tearful and depressed. The morrow was Decoration Day, and that was for her always an occasion of subdued sorrow. Mingled with memories of the hero she faithfully mourned, however, was now a fresh and therefore more poignant grief, and when she arose and went out into the little garden the sacred, tender emotions that always hallowed this season were clouded by the intrusion of a trouble scarcely her own. In the near cemetery rested her husband—a patriot who had turned the tide of a great battle by his heroism, and who for twenty years after the war was the pride of the little community in which he lived. How faithfully she mourned him the carefully nurtured flowers always gathered on the eve of the coming memorial day, as now, told to every neighbor, who, with her, revered the memory of a true man and a brave soldier. "Poor Barry!" she murmured, lifting her tear-filled eyes, and glancing anxiously



LOVE CONQUERS ALL.

ly down the road. "It will break his heart when he knows—when he knows!" When he knows—what? Widow Morton looked across the valley to where a stately summer home reared its turrets, as if to silently answer the question. The place had been occupied by a stranger since February, a wealthy city banker, who had brought his only child, a daughter of 18, and his servants thither early in the year, tired of the city season. He had come down to Lupton only occasionally during the past three months, but winsome Eleanor Morse had been there all the time, and had become the favorite of the village. The favorite of Barry, her Barry, Widow Morton's Barry, as well! The widow had trembled when she first noted the evidences of their sincere attachment. But how could she have the heart to dim the bright joy in Barry's eye; how could she point out to him the insurmountable barrier of wealth that would oppose his love some day! And now the end had come.

Banker Morse had learned that his daughter had given her heart to a struggling young village physician. She, Mrs. Morton, had learned that afternoon of an angry scene at the mansion, in which the purse-proud Morse had told his child he would rather see her dead than the wife of a nameless, penniless country doctor, and they were packing up now to leave Lupton forever.

"Madam, can you direct me—I am looking for the home of Dr. Morton?" The widow looked up. Then her heart began to tremble. She knew the speaker, though he did not know her—the great man from the city. She saw in his nervous, suppressed manner the anger that was ready to flash forth at slight provocation. She guessed his mission—he had come to parry bitter words with the young man who had stolen his daughter's heart.

"Will you not come in and wait for him?" "I am his mother, sir," she said simply. "Yes, there is my hero!" She was heart full, and, pointing to a picture on the wall, she left the room, weeping over a tender memory, weeping because she knew this proud man had come to crush her Barry's heart.

"That!" echoed the banker, arising, pale and startled, "that!" but the widow was gone, and did not hear him. Like a man in a dream he sat for fully ten minutes staring at the picture. Then, trembling, rapt, he arose and scanned the framed record of John Morton's war service.

"Chattanooga," he read. "That picture!" and he took a small, faded, ragged counterpart from his pocketbook and compared them. "The same man—after all these years!"

When Widow Morton re-entered that room shortly afterwards, to her infinite surprise she found it untenanted, her visitor gone. She had not the heart to tell what she had learned of Eleanor Morse, to tell of her mysterious visitor to Barry that day. The next, as they sat by John Morton's grave in the beautiful Lupton cemetery, after they had placed the flowers upon the mound revered, she was about to speak of it, when, glancing up, she saw approaching—the man who had visited her so strangely the day previously.

He bowed to her gravely. He lifted his hat, he placed beside her own simple flowers on her husband's grave an exquisite wreath of roses. And then he sat down beside them. His eyes were full of tears. Memory and fidelity had broken down all his pride, and in that moment the widow comprehended that her darling boy would never know how nearly he had lost the woman he loved.

A soldier had saved Richard Morse's life at Chattanooga at the risk of his own—nobly, heroically. There had been a hurried exchange of photographs, a promise never to forget, a quick alarm, scattered forces, and the two parted never to meet again in life. But Richard Morse had never forgotten, and gratitude sealed the lips of pride and sanctioned the appeal of love on that bright, beautiful Memorial Day.

Pure and Undeified Patriotism. Patriotism, pure and undeified, is one of the noblest sentiments that can inspire a human heart, and no page of history chronicles more sacrifices, more unselfish effort and more lofty and determined en-

deavor than characterized the period of that bitter and uncompromising struggle. The hundredth part of it has never been told, and only in the books of the recording angels above are many of the entries to the credit of those who gave up everything that they held dear that the honor of the American nation might be upheld; and upon the historical battle grounds of the disputed territory, as well as upon the scattered graves all through the entire Union, it is fitting and proper that garlands be laid and that patriotic tears may fall.

No Oath Needed.

It is a pleasing sight, albeit a sad one, to see the veterans of battles and campaigns keeping time to the music by which they once marched to fight for the Stars and Stripes. Then those men were in the fire and flush of first youth; now they emphasize their speech with a crutch. A story is told of a man who was in court as a witness in a case at litigation, and who was ordered by the judge to hold up his hand and be sworn. He held up his left hand.

"Hold up your right hand!" roared the judge. "I can't, your honor," said the man. "Fine him for contempt of court, and send him to jail until his fine is paid!" "All right, your honor, but there isn't any hand to my right arm. It lies buried at Shiloh. I am a soldier!" "Remit his fine. He needs't be sworn. Now, tell us what you know about this case," said the judge, wiping his eyes suspiciously hard.

LAY HIM LOW.



CLOSE his eyes: his work is done. What to him is friend or foe-man. Rise of moon or set of sun. Hand of man or kiss of woman? Lay him low, lay him low. In the clover or the snow. What cares he? He cannot know. Lay him low.

As a man he fought his fight. Proved his truth by his endeavor. Let him sleep in solemn night. Sleep forever and forever. Lay him low, lay him low. In the clover or the snow. What cares he? He cannot know. Lay him low.

Fold him to his country's stars. Roll the drum and fire the volley. What to him are all our wars? What but death becom'ing folly? Lay him low, lay him low. In the clover or the snow. What cares he? He cannot know. Lay him low.

Leave him to God's watching eye. Trust him to the hand that made him. Mortal love weeps idly by. God alone has power to aid him. Lay him low, lay him low. In the clover or the snow. What cares he? He cannot know. Lay him low.

OUR TWO OPINIONS.

Us two wuz boys when we fell out— Nigh to the age of my youngest now; Don't rec'lect what 'twuz about— Some small difference, I'll allow; Lived next neighbors twenty years, A-havin' each other, me 'nd Jim— He havin' his opinin uv me 'Nd I havin' my opinin uv him.

Grew up together 'nd wouldn't speak. Court'd sisters 'nd marr'd 'em, too; Tended same meetin' house open a week, A battin' each other through 'nd through; But when Abe Linkern asked the West F'r soldiers, we answered, me 'nd Jim— He havin' his opinin uv me, 'Nd I havin' my opinin uv him.

But down in Tennessee one night Ther wuz sound uv firin' far away. 'Nd the sergeant allowed there'd be a fight With the Johnnie Rebs some time nex' day.

'Nd as I wuz thinkin' uv Lizze 'nd home Jim stood afore me, long 'nd slim— He havin' his pinyin uv me 'Nd I havin' my opinin uv him.

Seemed like we knew there wuz goin' to be Serious trouble fr me 'nd him— Us two shuck hands, did Jim 'nd me, But never a word from me or Jim! He went his way 'nd I went mine. 'Nd into the battle's roar went we— I havin' my opinin uv Jim 'Nd he havin' his opinin uv me!

Jim never come back from the war again, But I hain't forgot that last, last night When, waitin' fr orders, us two was Made up 'nd shuck hands, afore the fight; 'Nd, after it all, it's soothin' to know 'That here I be 'nd yonder's Jim— He havin' his opinin uv me 'Nd I havin' my opinin uv him!

THE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND.

RMINDA Bateet was a comely country girl, fair as a lily, upon whose face the roses blossomed, after the rains came home and Joshua Baldwin had stopped at the Bateet mansion on his way from work at his uncle's farm.

Joshua thought, nay, he would have made affidavit to the fact, that he loved Arminda, and the seven sisters shining in the blue dome above the Bateet home could not have convinced her that she did not love J. Baldwin, a tall, dark, black-eyed, curly headed man, a regular Adonis of the country hamlet in which he and his sweetheart resided. They didn't have much time to waste courting, as Arminda had to assist her mother at making cheese, butter and cooking for the farm hands, who were voracious eaters and never seemed to have their appetites appeased, not even when Mrs. Bateet made a dried apple pudding with syrup enough on each dish to make it swim. Joshua also worked from fourteen to sixteen hours a day, consequently between working and sleeping there was little time to plague the moon in company with his lady love. And so it came to pass that they had promised to become man and wife, though the day hadn't been set yet, nor had the lovely Arminda ordered her wedding trousseau. But both thought that time would not be far distant.

One evening while Arminda and Joshua were sitting as usual on the front porch—they didn't have much winter courtship, owing to the fact that old man Bateet was logging and the woodcutters slept in the spare bed room too near the parlor for undisturbed love making—Joshua looked rather blue and Arminda's face also bore a troubled expression. Joshua had enlisted and would start late that evening for the recruiting station. Both were feeling badly, and Arminda was bravely trying to keep back the tears. But "J—J—Josh was goin' to the war" and Arminda's pent-up feelings broke forth in a real hard crying spell.

Joshua held her hand for five minutes and lovingly kissed her cheeks and went away to the war. Joshua Baldwin made a splendid looking soldier and for two years stood the separation pretty well, but the third year of service those envelopes with a flag in the corner and Gen. Dix's famous saying, "If any man attempts to haul down the flag, shoot him on the spot," inscribed beneath, did not come as often as formerly. Joshua's eyes betrayed a far away look and the boys said he was getting homesick, a far more dangerous disease among soldiers than the camp fever, the doctors said.

Some of his comrades suggested a furlough, but Joshua said no, he would stay till his term of enlistment expired, and stay he did.

Finally the news of Lee's surrender came to the camp of the regiment upon the West Virginia mountains and then general orders for mustering out troops.

Joshua Baldwin's spirits seemed to revive at the reading of these and he told his tent mate that at last he was going to meet Arminda. He had saved up enough to buy a nice little farm and life seemed a bank of flowers to him.

Then the regiment turned in their arms and marched to the railway station, and in two days the train's human freight of heroes slowly drew into the station and Joshua's face seemed emblazoned with a halo of anticipation.

"I'll bet Minda will be there to meet me," and as the station was reached he peered into the crowd gathered there to meet the returning troops, but he saw no Arminda among that sea of faces. Hastily alighting, his aged father, mother and sister rushed up to him and there was a soldier that no one ever experiences but a soldier returning from the war. The first words that Joshua said were "Where's Arminda?"

"Married three days ago to John Merithew, a fellow who worked for her father when you went to the war," said Joshua's father. The soldier of twelve battles and twenty skirmishes turned pale, his stalwart form quivered, and his large dark eyes filled with tears for an instant, then coursed down his cheeks until his poor old mother drew forth her pocket handkerchief and wiped them away.

"There, Josh, don't feel bad," she said, tenderly. "There's as good fish in the sea as ever was caught out of it," and she put her trembling and half palsied old arms around his neck and her quivering lips implanted a kiss on the cheek of her soldier boy, now, after three years' prayers and tears, safe home again. Josh walked slowly along after his family, following them in a listless manner to the other side of the station, where the old family horse and wagon was awaiting to carry him home.

"Good-by, Josh; invite us to the wedding," cried out a dozen comrades, but Josh did not return the recognition with even a look of a smile.

Only a week afterwards I met the old

MEMORIAL DAY.



Tread softly! A hero is sleeping below. Kneel down here beside him, He never will know. Which flag did he fight for? What recks it to-day? They are sleeping together, The Blue and the Gray.

My papa oft tells me, When soft falls the dew, Of "Somebody's Darling," A hero in blue. Who laid down his life On the red field of Mars For the sake of the "old flag" All studded with stars. And down where the cypress Beds low o'er the way, Where the moss from the live oaks Hangs ghostly and gray.

Who knows but at twilight Some story is told, Of a soldier who died For the "Lost Cause" of old? They were brothers, these two; In memory to-day, We can see them again, The Blue and the Gray. Side by side now they sleep Beneath the green sod, The pride of two armies Both taken by God. Bring out the wild blossoms, The darlings of May, The budding June roses, For Blue and for Gray, Pile high the white lilies O'er each hero's breast; Leave God and His angels To watch o'er their rest.

of McPherson's mess, was employed as cook for a time and then became chief caterer. "Old Shady's" song made a hit by reason of the patronage of the generals and was taken up by the Lombard brothers, who managed a band of sinners that often entertained the soldiers in their camps during the winter season. The Lombards learned the song at McPherson's quarters,



"OLD SHADY."

Nearly a quarter of a century has passed since that time, and the wild laurel and balsam grows above Joshua's grave, "up in Halltown cemetery, while once a year, on Memorial Day, the Grand Army boys place a flag and some flowers upon the mound where lies a true and honest heart. The girl he left behind him might better have died, for only a week ago I read of her arrest in another city, charged with being drunk on the streets. Long ago she parted with her husband and entered upon a career which will probably end in the dark and turbid river. But the soldier and the girl he left behind him will never meet again. Their parting on the veranda of the old Bateet farm house was forever and aye. This story is true. The names are fictitious. There are flowers on Memorial Day for Josh and thorns for Minda.

where the colored minstrel sang it for them over and over until they knew it by heart. Finally it became a popular campaign song and had its day with "Sawannee River," "Oh! Virginians," "John Brown's Body" and other airs appealing to the sentiment of the hour.

Significance of the Day. There is a melancholy pleasure in considering this great anniversary, second only in importance to Fourth of July, but overshadowed by a vastly different sentiment. Independence Day is the birthday of American freedom. Memorial Day may well be called its day of baptism and consecration. On this occasion we turn from the everyday concerns of life and give ourselves up to the contemplation of acts of heroism that raise humanity above the common level and link it more closely to the Divine Spirit. These heroes whose graves we strew with flowers gave their lives for their country, sacrificed themselves and all that they possessed that liberty and peace as established by the Constitution of the United States might be freed from the bands that had been thrown around them, and might flourish untrammelled, unconditioned, and without reproach.

Civil War Victims. According to the official figures the Union armies lost 359,528 officers and men by death; the returns from the Confederate armies are incomplete, but those in the provost marshal general's report show that at least 133,821 officers and men lost their lives. The losses in battle were comparatively small in the revolutionary war. About 6,000 persons all told were killed, and the usual proportion of those who die of wounds is about two-thirds of those killed. That would give a total of 10,000. Then at least 11,000 prisoners died in the prison ships; so that probably not less than 25,000 to 50,000 persons lost their lives during and owing to the war.

Blake, or "Old Shady," as he was best known, joined the army as cook for the officers of the Seventy-first Ohio regiment and was on the field at Shiloh. He afterward shipped on the steamer Magnolia, which was used as transport for Grant's headquarters at the opening of the Vicksburg campaign. During that time "Old Shady" came to the notice of the commander, and he engaged him as cook; but, true to his vagrant nature, the darky asked for transportation home on a brief visit as a bonus and failed to report back for duty at the end of his furlough. Subsequently he fell in with the steward

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