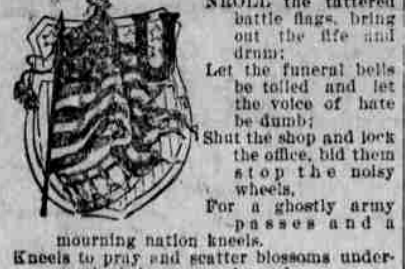


BATTALIONS OF THE DEAD.



ROLL the tattered battle flags, bring out the life and drum. Let the funeral bells be tolled and the voice of hate be dumb. Show the shot and jock the office, bid them stop the noisy wheels. For a ghostly army passes and a mourning nation kneels. Kneels to pray and scatter blossoms under their measured tread. And stoops to bless the spectral pale battalions of the dead. Once was weeping in the village, once were tears like winter rain. When that grand old army marched away and came not back again. There was music in the bugle blast and music in the air. But death was in the roar of battle, battle everywhere. With the thunder of the cannon and the shriek of shot and shell. In the shouting of the bluecoats and the growling rebel yell. With the rattle of the musketry, their comrades' dying cheer. Glory crowned the war-worn veteran and eager volunteer. And now the grim old pensioner, whose ranks are thinning fast. Fights all his battles over, from the first unto the last. Bull Run to Appomattox, from Atlanta to the sea. Each tells a different story, but the stories all agree. And we who stand and listen feel our eager pulses throb. As they tell the tales of slaughter, and we see them living still. And our hearts beat fast and faster yet against a cruel fate. That for the cause of war and arms our souls were born too late. But the graves are heaped with blossoms and the pensioners are few. For we honor still the living, and cannot forget the dead. -Edwin S. Hopkins.

ONE MEMORIAL DAY.

THOMAS JUDD, Jr., was perched on the school house fence, waving his arms wildly and talking, as he usually talked, at the top of his voice. But Tommy's rudeness didn't mind his voice in the least; and besides, they were very much interested in what he had to say, so they were all listening intently. Little Willie Lamkin, who was lame, sat quietly on an old tree stump, his crutches by his side, and looked wistfully up into Tommy's face as he went on with the story. It was a long story, all about a Memorial Day parade which Tommy had seen last year; and as none of these village school children had ever seen a Memorial Day parade, you can imagine how pleased they were to hear this interesting, though noisy account. Tommy had told them all about the lines of marching men, the bands of music, the waving flags and the sweet flowers on a hundred brave soldiers' graves, and now wound up by asking: "I say, why can't we have a parade to-morrow, ourselves? The girls can set the flowers. I'll bring my drum, and we'll sing to make the rest of the music; and I'll borrow Uncle Jim's flag. Won't it be glorious?"

With the final word Thomas gave an extra flap which landed him on the wrong side of the fence, right on his back. Nothing was ever known to hurt him, so he walked quietly in through the gate, setting his cap on his tumbled hair, and asked, "Now what do you say to it?" "Pretty good," answered little Charlie Sprout; "but where's your graves?" "Sure enough, Tommy hadn't thought of that. He scratched his head slowly, and went and looked over the wall which divided the little tangled graveyard, as they called it, from the schoolyard. The other children joined him one by one, even to little Lamkin on his crutches. They all stood in solemn line and looked over the old stone wall into the peaceful place. "They were so very still that the robins and bluebirds didn't mind their bit, and kept on with their twitter and flutter among the bushes and over the quiet mounds. Softly the children trooped back again, and it was a few minutes before

any one spoke. Then it was Tommy, who said, quite mournfully: "Yes, all the soldiers in our place came back alive, didn't they?" "Anyhow, my father was shot in both legs," piped up Mary Lee. "Well, he didn't die," replied Tommy; and all the children looked quite reproachfully at Mary. But a happy thought came to one of the little girls. There was, on the main road of this village, by the sea, a square granite stone placed there many years before in memory of a young soldier who had left the war with wounded lungs, and had come home to die. When he could go no farther in the jolting stage coach, he begged to be left to lie by the fresh, green roadside, under a beautiful tree, and here he died in his brother's arms. The telling of his simple story had always filled the children with awe. They never passed the place without reading on the plain headstone his name and the date of his sad death. They could not do much, but here was a little thing they could do for one brave soldier, whom they had never seen but whose name they loved. So the next day, which was Memorial Day, the neighbors looked out on a queer little procession, headed by Thomas Judd, Jr., beating lustily on his drum, and ended by little lame Lamkin with his crutches. And because he had no hand free to carry his flowers, he had the rest of the boys and girls do. Mary Lee had made a beautiful wreath of purple and white lilacs and placed it about his neck.

ANECDOTE AND INCIDENT

A clever mot, was made by a member of Parliament during another member's pious speech. The latter happened to yawn during his remarks, the other commented, "This man is not without taste, but he usurps our privilege."

A Scotch laddie, Jock by name, after being carried an unwilling patient, by his mother, to the bone-man to get his leg set, was asked if the manipulation had hurt him. "No," said Jock, "it didn't hurt me." "I told you it wouldn't be painful," said his mother. "Ah!" replied Jock, "the wonder; ye see, mother, I just let him fumble w' the sound leg."

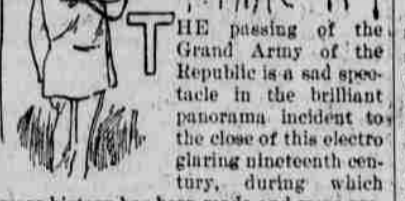


TOM ON THE FENCE.

beat softly and the Stars and Stripes waved tenderly above the sandstone. After that they marched slowly back with little hearts soft and grateful toward all the brave soldiers in all the brave land. The flowers kept fresh for several days, and to the birds' sweet songs above the place, the trees, waved a soft reply. Many passed by and saw the work of loving hands, while eyes grew moist and voices trembled as they said nowhere, on this Memorial Day, could a brave soldier have been more sweetly remembered than in this little village by the sea—Youth's Companion.

THE GRAND ARMY.

The Rapid Passing of the Organization is a sad Spectacle.



THE passing of the Grand Army of the Republic is a sad spectacle in the brilliant panorama incident to the close of this electro-glaring nineteenth century, during which more history has been made and more progress marked than in any other era since the acts of human beings were told in written annals. Within the next quarter of a century the participants in the great struggles of the civil war will be known only in memory, and the bravest army that defeated the bravest foe will have disbanded forever. The tragic drama will be told in song and story, but the actors in the scenes of carnage whose charmed lives defied the whizzing bullets and the screaming shell will have obeyed the immutable laws of Father Time, leaving to their descendants the glorious heritage of a valorous and unskillful name.

Decorating Soldiers' Graves.

The setting apart of a day for the decoration of soldiers' graves, a custom observed by North and South, had its origin with the French colonists. On Nov. 2, All Souls' day, the mourners would repair to the cities of the dead, there to twine garlands for the tombs. We have made this custom our own, and on Memorial Day all over the land the fairest flowers are laid upon the graves of fallen heroes. In the lower suburbs of New Or-



A QUEER LITTLE PROCESSION.

leans is the cemetery containing the world famed shrine of St. Roque. Daintily, tenderly reared women trudge the long, dusty road from the city to St. Roque, and there their costly favors are laid on the altar beside the humble offerings of the less favored sisters. Within, from the flower decked altar, the stertus of St. Roque smiles down upon the supplicant. In recognition of cures and favors granted through the intercession of St. Roque many have caused tablets to be inscribed and set in the wall.—Donahoe's Magazine.

Our Fallen Heroes.

No marble shaft it needs, with names engraved. To tell to whom the floral tribute pay; A nation recollects a nation saved. And knows the mounds it decorates to-day O'er graves of heroes fallen in the fight. These flowery wreaths that loving hands here spread, Like rings of adamant this day unite The memory of the living with the dead!

Children, bring your sweetest flowers! North and South and East and West, Bring the flowers you love the best, Lay them where the soldiers rest.

Children, bring your sweetest flowers! In memory of the gift they gave, Every noble man and brave, Who sleeps within a soldier's grave.

Daniel Webster was extremely fond of oxen, and all those on his farm knew him by sight and would follow him like dogs.

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The religious attitude in Hawaii is commented on by a recent traveler in the Islands. He quotes Captain Norris as being the ground with his stick, and angrily exclaiming, "No missionary shall stay on my ranch. When a Honolulu business man is asked about churches in the city, he bursts out: 'Churches, be—'. The author tersely says: 'One could see at first glance that my informant was an agnostic.'"

A Baltimorean had occasion to visit his country property the other day. His colored cook wanted to know "what is de news in town, sah?" The gentleman replied that he thought "I suppose I'll have to be looking for another cook, Bub, for you'll go in the army, of course." "You'll have to look for a new cook, boss; dat's sho', but dis nigger ain't a goin' in no army, sah. Dis nigger'll go in de woods and go fur, too."

Senator Proctor of Vermont is a cold and dignified man, but he has a sense of humor that sometimes causes his adversaries to wince. Senator Vest of Missouri recently delivering a speech, in the course of which he became quite impassioned. He quoted two verses of poetry, which, he incidentally remarked, had been set to music. "Sing it," said Mr. Proctor in his metallic way. The effect of the Missourian's remarks was totally spoiled.

Bishop Short, who held the see of St. Asaph, occasionally put questions to candidates for ordination that apparently had no connection with the discharge of their parochial duties. One such question was: "Which has the greatest number of legs—a cat or no cat?" As might be expected, this created a titter, but the bishop repeated the question, and desired some one to solve the problem. At last one of the candidates, smiling, said: "I should think, my lord, a cat." "No," retorted the bishop, "there you are wrong, for a cat has four legs and no cat has five."

Bishop Blomfield confesses that, as a country curate, he thought very highly of a sermon he had preached on "atheism," and was so impressed as to ask a farmer with whom he had walked from church how it struck him. "Well, sir," he replied, "for all you did say, and no doubt it was very clever, I still believe that there is a God." Loggia, Bishop of Oxford, who had not youth as his excuse for his vanity, asked his friend Canning to come and hear his first episcopal sermon. They dined together afterward, and from the politician's silence the other ought to have known better than to push him; but, being rather nettled, he exclaimed, "Canning, you have said nothing to me about my sermon!" "Well, it was short." "Oh," said the bishop, "it is better to be short than tedious." "But," replied Canning, "you were that, too."

Sir William Rowan Hamilton, professor of astronomy in the Dublin University, used to recall, with a humorous melancholy, his first meeting with his predecessor, Bishop Brinkley, when, said he, "I am afraid I offended him." Hamilton was a youth of 18 and sat next him at some public luncheon. They did not speak and the younger man felt that good manners required him to break the silence. His eye happened to rest on a large map of Van Diemen's Land hanging on the wall. "My lord," said he, turning to the bishop, "were you ever in Botany Bay?" The bishop turned to him with a look of severe displeasure. "Eat your soup, sir!" thundered the old gentleman; "eat your soup!" And then it occurred to Hamilton that the bishop thought he was asking whether he had ever been "transported," for at that time Botany Bay was where desperate criminals were sent.

When Queen Victoria paid her visit to the Emperor Napoleon III., forty-three years ago, Baltard asked Baron Haussmann to present him to the British queen. The baron promised to do so if Baltard would shave off his beard, pretending that Victoria had a great prejudice against whiskered faces. Baltard had a beautiful beard, but he made the sacrifice. He appeared at the fete clean-shaven, and took up his place near the prefect, who, however, paid no attention to him, despite Baltard's frantic attempts to attract his attention. At last the ceremony of presentation came to an end, and Baltard had not kissed the queen's hand. Haussmann, instead of taking notice of his omission, had deliberately looked

the other way, and, finally, when the queen moved away, asked Baltard, haughtily, "what he meant by it?" "What I meant by it?" was the irritated reply; "you promised to present me to the queen." "Who are you?" "I am Baltard." "I am sorry," said Haussmann, "but, my dear fellow, I did not recognize you; you look like a scarecrow." Baltard never forgave him.

TOOTHBRUSHES AID TO HEALTH.

Sound Teeth and Body Only to be Had by Their Frequent Use. It is but a little thing, yet on its proper use depends much of the happiness of modern man. Why civilized teeth should be so rotten is a question which has often been debated, and probably the true answer is more complex than some would think. Many good mothers are content to put all toothache down to lollypops, but that sugar in itself is not responsible for bad teeth is proved by the splendid "ivories" often possessed by negroes, who practically live upon the sugar cane and thrive upon it too during the whole of the season when it is in maturity. Dental decay is common enough, however, among negroes in towns, and it seems clear that the caries of the teeth which is so common among most civilized races is due not to any particular article of diet so much as to digestive and nutritive changes imposed upon us by our mode of life, and to some extent by the fact that, by hook or crook, we do somehow manage to live, notwithstanding in a state of nature the toothless man soon dies.

Recognizing, then, that until the time arrives when some great social reformer either mends or ends our present social conditions our teeth will tend to rot, and that, whatever the predisposing causes, the final act in the production of caries is the lodgment of microbes on and around the teeth, we see that for long to come the tooth brush will be a necessity if the health is to be maintained. It is only by the frequent use of this little instrument that those minute accumulations that are removed which are at the root of so much mischief. A few elementary lessons in bacteriology would, we fancy, greatly startle many people and certainly would show them the futility of trusting to one scrub a day. The fact is, that if people, instead of looking at the tooth brush from an esthetic point of view and scrubbing away with tooth powders (to make their front teeth white, would regard it merely as an aid to cleanliness, they would see that the time to use it is after meals and at night, not just in the morning only, when the debris left from the day before has been fermenting and breeding acid all night through. They would also see how inefficient an instrument the common tooth brush is unless it is used with considerable judgment. One of the secondary advantages of spending a good deal of money on dentistry is that at least one learns the value of one's teeth. By the time we have got them dotted over with gold stoppings and gold crowns we learn to take care of them, even although that may involve the trouble of cleaning them more than once a day and using, perhaps, more than one brush for the purpose.—Hospital.

An Absent-Minded Man.

"When I was younger than I will ever be again," said the professor with a three-story head and eyeglasses of telescopic power, to a Free Press man, "I was the victim of such intense mental abstraction that I removed myself entirely from the world of practical affairs. I was in the boundless realms of thought, and paid but fleeting attention to the active field of human action. It was necessary to notify me when I should attend my classes, eat my meals, and even when I should retire. "I was at one time requested to lecture in a Western village, and agreed to do so. The theme was one that had received my best thoughts, and the mere prospect of delivering it was a physical pleasure. When I arrived at the depot my thoughts were concentrated upon the proposed address. I realized that my train was an hour late, and that I must hurry, but beyond the mere fact of hurrying I did not grasp a detail. "Drive fast!" I shouted to the driver of a dingy-looking vehicle, as I sprang in and handed him a five-dollar bill. "Spare neither horse nor whip." "Away we went with a plunge. The carriage rolled like a ship in the trough of the sea. Street lights seemed a torch-light procession moving rapidly the other way. Constables shouted, dogs barked, small boys chased us, and business ceased that people might stand on the sidewalk and gaze. Up one street and down another we dashed madly. We took corners on two wheels, grazed telegraph poles, and knocked over such movables as ash barrels and dry goods boxes. "After half an hour of this bewildering experience, I struck my head from the window, and shouted, 'Are we nearly there?' "Where did yez want to go, sor? came the edifying answer."

His Lovely Countenance.

Beauty is in many instances a profitable dowry. Edward IV. had a habit of calling his wealthy subjects together and asking them pleasantly what they meant to give him for the maintenance of his wars. He was so extremely handsome and this so won upon a widow of good estate that she exclaimed: "By my faith, for your lovely countenance's sake, you shall have £20." This was so much more than he expected that the King kissed her. Whereupon she gave him £20 more.

The Fair Divorcee.

Wabash—Jove! old man; but that's a stunning-looking woman. Ogden—Isn't she, though? Wabash—Wonder if she is unmarried. Ogden—Yes; three time, I understand.

Advertisement for Dr. Jordan's medicine, titled 'MEN! You can be cured'. It describes various ailments like syphilis and gonorrhea, and offers a cure. Includes a small illustration of a man.

Advertisement for O.C. & E.R.R. Co. Yaquina Bay Route. Lists steamship services, routes, and fares. Includes 'RIVER DIVISION' information.

Advertisement for South Oregon City, titled 'The Most Desirable Suburb...'. Describes the location, amenities, and offers lots for sale. Mentions T. L. Charman, Trustee.

Advertisement for Winchester Repeating Arms Co. 'DON'T GO TO KLONDIKE WITHOUT TAKING ALONG A WINCHESTER'. Features an illustration of a man with a rifle and a map of the Klondike region.

Advertisement for O.R. & N. (Oregon Railway & Navigation Co.) 'TO THE EAST'. Lists routes to Spokane, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Chicago, Salt Lake, Denver, Omaha, and Kansas City.

Advertisement for East and South Southern Pacific Co. 'The Shasta Route OF THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC CO.'. Lists train schedules and services between Portland and Corvallis.

Advertisement for Alaska Points, 'ALASKA POINTS'. Promotes ocean steamer services to Alaska and San Francisco.

Advertisement for Patents, 'PATENTS'. Promotes scientific and mechanical patents, mentioning 'Scientific American' and 'Munn & Co.'.