HEROES.

Mother Earth! Are thy heroes dead?
Do they thrill the soul of the world no more?
Are the gleaming snows and the poppies red
All that is left of the brave of yore?
Are there none to fight as Theseus fought,
Far in the young world's misty dawn?
Or teach as the gray haired Nestor taught?
Mother Earth! are thy heroes gone?

Gone? In a nobler form they rise;
Dead? We may clasp their hands in ours,
And catch the light of their glorious eyes,
And wreathe their brows with immortal flowers.
Whenever a noble deed is done
There are the souls of our heroes stirred;
Whenever a field for truth is won,
There are our heroes' voices heard.

Their armor rings on a fairer field
Than Greek or Trojan ever trod;
For Freedom's sword is the blade they wield,
And the light above them the smile of God!
So in his isle of calm delight,
Jason may dream the hours away,
But the heroes live, and the skies are bright,
And the world is a braver world to-day.

—Edna Dean Proctor, in Normal Instructor.

Two Soldier Boys.

IT was in Chickamauga, during August of '98. She was a Southern woman, her home within a few miles of the camp, but the sick and suffering soldiers that she ministered to in the camp hospital were boys from Northern homes. She had flowers for all, and various little delicacies for those that were permitted them; and now and then she stopped to brush back the damp locks from some aching brow, and to try to soothe the pain. Often she would write letters home for them with wonderful sweetness.

One day she stood by the side of a boy that would never send another message to his mother, and her tears dropped fast for the 18-year-old hero, now slipping away into eternal rest. She could not bear any more that day, and turned to go, but as she neared the entrance her eyes fell on a face she had not seen before; she smiled back at the pair of jolly dark eyes that met her own. The owner lay prostrate with lines of pain in his face; but a laughing mouth, and the mischievous eyes showed grit and fun. She was irresistibly drawn to the boy, and was thankful she had a few flowers left to offer him.

"Thank you," laughed the soldier lad, adding mischievously, "I knew I was going to get those."

"How?" she asked, interested.

"Oh," he said, gravely, "I had my eye on them, and I knew you wouldn't go by."

It was not a very satisfactory explanation, but she laughed at it, and so did some of the sick boys.

"When are you coming again?" demanded the boy, suddenly, after a moment's conversation, laying a detaining hand upon her dress, as if loth to have her go even then.

"Whenever you say," she said lightly, and the lad's face brightened.

"To-morrow," he said eagerly.

She went back to her home, and all through the night the dark eyes haunted her; she made up her mind that on the morrow she would show him a picture she had, and perhaps tell him a little about another boy that had dark, fun-loving eyes, and that, 30 odd years before, had worn a blue uniform, too.

But when she reached the hospital the next day the jolly-faced boy was too sick to know her, and all through the following week he lay near the shadowy land.

But the brave spirit did not quite go out and one day he smiled the recognition he was to weak to speak. And as she went home that night a new idea took possession of her; why not have him moved to her house. And now that he was out of danger, she could make him more comfortable and nurse him back to health, as years before she had nursed that other black-eyed boy. Her hair was whitening now; then it was brown and glossy, and she was young, her life before her. She sighed; if only she could know what had been the fate of that other, why he had never come back to her! But she had long before given up expecting to know in this world.

One day, a week or two later, when the soldier lad was comfortably ensconced in her home, and was growing strong enough to take interest in his surroundings, he said earnestly, "Why is it you were so good to us fellows in the hospital? You told me the picture in uniform there is of your father, that he was an officer in the Confederate army, and that your brother was in that army, too, and you know that it was our fathers who fought them."

"But that is all over now," she answered gently. "There were brave soldiers on both sides, and the sons are as brave to-day."

But the boy persisted. "Why did you bring me here instead of some of the other fellows?"

He was seeking no compliment; he asked in direct honesty.

"I wish I could have had the others too," she said, "but if you would like to know why I singled you out, wait a moment, Jack;" and she went upstairs to her room, quickly reappearing with a picture in her hand. This she silently handed to him.

The pictured face he saw was that of a young man in soldier's uniform; and on the margin was written in firm, manly hand: "Dorothy, from Edward, till this cruel war is over. April, '63."

For a moment the soldier on the couch gazed in speechless astonishment at the soldier in the picture. Then the woman broke the silence. "You see it, too?" she cried, "the strong resemblance? and it was even stronger than it looks there; for his eyes were just the color of yours, and the expression was very like. I am the 'Dorothy.' My name is Dorothy Ashton, his name was Edward Rendall. He was a Yankee soldier but we found him, my mother and I, wounded in our barn, where he had dragged himself after the battle. We were loyal to the Confederacy, but my mother was tender-hearted and loving, and this soldier, apparently dying, was just the age of her one son, my only brother, who was fighting far away from us; so with thought of the boy we loved, we took this other, our enemy, into a little hidden room, and nursed him back to life. We grew to care for him; for he was a gay, bright fellow, full of fun, even when suffering. He had a mother in the North whom he had not seen for many weary months. My mother, too, had not seen her soldier son for a long time, and so this established a bond between the Yankee and the rebel. And as for Edward and me, all differences fell away when we looked into each other's eyes. It was no time, then, to talk much of love; but when he left us he gave me this picture and I gave him mine; and he carried with him my promise to be true till the time when the war was over and he could return to make me his wife."

The woman's voice, which had been growing tremulous, broke then, and a tear fell on the coverlet. Then she went on quietly:

"My dear, he did not come back, and I have never heard of him since, but I have been true to him through all these years, and I know in my heart that he was true to me, and that, somewhere, before that terrible conflict was over, death claimed him. You see now that it was because of your resemblance to him that I brought you to my home."

As she finished, the boy before her, whose face was strangely sobered, reached up and clasped her hand.

"Now, let me finish the story for you," he said, earnestly. "You are right. He was true to you—he was. For your Edward Rendall was my uncle, my mother's brother! That explains the resemblance; they have always told me I looked very much like him. The picture is dated April, '63, three months after that he was again wounded, got better, and was furloughed home; on the way he was taken down with fever, and was brought to a New York hospital. He grew rapidly worse, and his folks were sent for. His mother reached him just as he was sinking into unconsciousness. He rallied a moment when he saw her. 'Mother,' he said, and, handing her a picture of a girl, he murmured 'Dorothy.' It was the last word he uttered, and they never knew who 'Dorothy' was. But my grandmother kept the picture and had it placed with one of his, both in the same frame, and my mother has them now."

For a few moments their tears fell together, the convalescent soldier lad and the woman with the whitening hair. Then she brought him some supper, and fretted a little lest the excitement might make him ill again.

A few weeks after Jack returned to his Northern home; but he did not forget his friend in the South. He and his mother sent many letters to her in the months that followed, and on Memorial Day, '99, when so many women decorated the new-made graves of their soldier dead. Dorothy Ashton, with Jack and his mother, visited a cemetery in Massachusetts, and laid, for the first time, a beautiful wreath upon the grave of her soldier-lover, who had died true to her and had slept his peaceful sleep for more than thirty-five years.—Boston Transcript.

ORIGIN OF MEMORIAL DAY.

Rufus P. Parrish of Kewanee Urged Commemoration of the Dead.

Memorial Day originated with a man who was recently followed to the grave at Kewanee, Ill., by one of the largest throngs of old soldiers that ever attended a funeral in a town of like size.

The name of this man was Rufus P. Parrish and it is admitted that a letter he wrote to Senator John A. Logan was chiefly instrumental in the action of Congress in establishing a day on which throughout the nation graves of the Union dead should be strewn with flowers and their brave acts commemorated.

It is a matter of history that the custom of decorating graves of soldiers was commenced in Kewanee in 1863, five years before Senator Logan secured the action of Congress appointing a memorial day. It is known here that Mr. Parrish, who had always taken the greatest interest in this observance, wrote an urgent letter to Senator Logan, urging him to take into serious consideration legislation that would set aside a day on which all could join in memorial services.

Aside from the interest that Mr. Parrish took in such patriotic movements he had a very interesting history. His grandfather on his mother's side carried a flint-lock musket in the Revolutionary War, and the father of his father was a recruiting officer in the war of 1812. He was one of fifteen men to organize the first Y. M. C. A. in the United States. During the war of the rebellion and before he was an outspoken abolitionist and figured prominently in underground railroad work by which slaves escaped to Canada. He was in the forefront of nearly every movement of enlightenment of the community serving to foster libraries and lectures.

Mr. Parrish was born in New Hampshire about eighty-seven years ago and came to Illinois in April, 1855. He is survived by his faithful wife, with whom he dwelt in wedlock for the unusual term of sixty-four years.

Hiram Snyder.

The author oif "Little Journeys to the Homes of American Statesmen" tells a story of the Civil War, when the days dragged gloomily, in anticipation of news from the front, and when grief was likely to overtake any who had boys in the ranks. He says:

One night the postmaster was reading aloud the names of the killed at Gettysburg, and he ran right on to the name of a youth we knew. The boy's father sat there on a nail keg, chewing a straw. The postmaster, for his sake, tried to shuffle over the name, and hurry on to the next.

"Hi!" said the father. Wha—what's that you said?"

There was nothing to do but to face the issue, and the postmaster repeated, with a forced calmness:

"Killed—Snyder, Hiram."

The boy's father stood up with a jerk. Then he sat down. Then he stood up again, staggered to the door, and fumbled for the latch like a blind man.

"God help him!" said the postmaster, wiping his eyes with his red handkerchief; "he's gone to tell the old woman."

The minister preached a funeral sermon for the boy and on the little pyramid that marked the family lot, in the burying ground, they carved the inscription:

"Killed in honorable battle, Hiram Snyder, aged nineteen."

Not long afterward, strange, weird, bearded men, in faded blue, began to arrive. Great welcomes were given them, and many a big gathering was held in their honor. At one such gathering, a ghost appeared, a lank, saffron ghost, ragged as a scarecrow, wearing the cape of a cavalryman's overcoat, with no coat beneath.

The apparition was a youth of about twenty, with a downy beard all over his face, and a countenance well-mellowed with coal soot, as if he had ridden several days on the top of a freight car near the engine. The ghost was Hiram Snyder.

We forgave him the shock of surprise he had caused us, all except the minister, who had preached his funeral sermon. Years afterward I heard the minister remark, in a solemn and aggrieved tone:

"Hiram Snyder is a man who cannot be relied upon."

A Straggler of '63.

Along the line of march of '63,
I find a lonely, sunken grave, unmarked;
Yet well I know the soldier sleeping here;
A comrade brave as any hero dead
Or living, footsore, weary, fallen out
With leave; at rest so well he hears no breath
Of lulling summer winds, nor fiercest shriek
Of the November blast.

No glory of
A bloody field is 'round about him, but
The grass grows green, and graceful trees still woo
The breeze to music whose sweet words are "Rest,
Brave comrade, sleep and rest;" and still, above
The drifting snows, the winter winds shout, "Victory!"
His monument is high in all hearts;
His fame is bright with laurel, for all time.

—Albert C. Hopkins.

Soldier Masons at Fort Monroe.

Prominent among the two-year regiments from the Empire State was the Tenth, or National Zouaves, raised in New York City. A working lodge of Master Masons was organized within this regiment. The meetings or communications were held in a casemate at Fort Monroe and were attended by many brethren from neighboring camps. The lodge entered, passed and raised thirty-four members. Not infrequently gray clad soldiers of the Southern army, prisoners within the lines, found their way there and sat in lodge with their more fortunate brethren.—Washington Post.

A grateful dog is better than an ungrateful man.—Saadi.

DECORATION DAY.

"Don't cry, grandma, you'll see him again some time."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Farmer's Daughter: What She Can Do.

In a paper read before the thirteenth annual convention of the Indiana State Dairy Association, Miss Edith Parsons, a student in Purdue University, gave an interesting account of her experience in dairying. Miss Parsons began with the three or four cows kept to supply their own family, and is now selling the product of between fifteen and twenty cows at a profitable price, because of its uniform excellence and regularity of supply.

After recounting her difficulties in getting a good herd, she said: "After you decide to begin dairying, the question arises: Who shall care for the milk and the butter? Shall it be the farmer and his sons who toil in the field all day, or shall it be the tired mother and wife who shall do this work, thinking it one of her many duties, instead of a source of pleasure to her? No!

"In my opinion, it should be the farmer's daughter who should come forward and say, I am young and know that I would enjoy taking full charge of the dairy work. How proud I will feel to think that I am making gilt-edged butter.

"Many mothers persist in saying that the work in a dairy is too hard for their daughters and would soon become a drudgery to them, but I believe mothers of this opinion forget that any work, no matter how hard, if entered into with the soul and willing hands, ceases to be drudgery and becomes an art.

"The dark side to dairying for the farmer's daughter is that it is an every day business that can not be put into inexperienced hands, without getting things out of balance, and that whole days off must be few. But a girl who has tact and judgment enough to get the best results from a Jersey cow, is well qualified to win by persuasive measure any favor she may covet.

"So I would say to the farmer's daughters, stick to the farm, keep up some profession that can be practiced on the farm, whether it be dairying or poultry raising, don't for a single moment let the tempter have possession of you, but think of your health, and of those little gold mines on the farm and remember that with health comes happiness and with happiness wealth."

HAS BUILT A PALACE FOR DOGS.

A $5,000 building for dogs has been completed at Mrs. P. A. Valentine's summer home, at Lake Oconomowoc, Wis. It is almost a palace, but notwithstanding this, its comforts will be shared by the plebeian watch dogs of the place, as well as the high-priced purps that have won blue ribbons at bench shows. The temperature of the

MRS. P. A. VALENTINE.

building will be kept at 70 degrees, and there are splendid facilities for bathing and cooking—for Mrs. Valentine has employed a man to cook for the dogs, and he is instructed to prepare their food with as much care as if he were cooking for human beings. The only other dog mansion in the country is that of E. W. Vanderbilt, at Biltmore, but it is not nearly so elegant as that of Mrs. Valentine. She was formerly the wife of Philip D. Armour, Jr., who died at Pasadena, Cal., three years ago.

TWO HANDSOME STOLE CAPES.

Here are two chic stole capes. No. 1 shows heavy lace in deep cream with white, with a turnover collar to match. No. 2 displays a stole cape of heavy white linen trimmed with a narrow band of fadeless black canvas and openwork stitch done in black. White pearl buttons complete the trimming. There is a bishop turnover collar to match.

When a woman you never saw has her back turned toward you, in nineteen times in twenty, when she turns around, she is a disappointment.

It is easier to judge some men by their coats than by their promissory notes.

HOW VEHICLES OBTAINED THEIR NAME--- OFTEN CALLED FOR THEIR ORIGINATORS.

MEN who in these days "hire a hack" never stop to inquire how the vehicle they engage to wheel them to thir homes or to a depot got its name. It suffices to know that everybody else calls it a hack, and to them it is simply that and nothing more. The original hacks were termed hackney coaches because they were drawn by "hackneys," a name applied to easy-going, safe-pacing horses.

Coach is derived from the French coche, a diminutive form of the Latin conchula, a shell, in which shape the body of such conveyances was originally fashioned. Seldom, if ever, is the full term, "omnibus," applied to those heavy, lumbering vehicles found in so many large cities. With the characteristic brevity of English-speaking races the title has been changed to "bus."

These were first seen in Paris in 1827, and the original name of omnibus is derived from the fact that it first appeared on the sides of each conveyance, being nothing more than the Latin word signifying "for all."

Cab is an abbreviation of the Italian word cabriola, which was changed to cabriolet in French. Both words have a common derivative—cabriole—signifynig a goat's leap. The exact reason for giving it this strange appelation is unknown, unless because of the lightness and springiness of the vehicle in its original form.

In some instances the names of special forms of carriages are derived from the titles of the persons who introduced them. The brougham was first used by the famous Lord Brougham, and William IV., who was originally the Duke of Clarence, gave the latter name to his favorite conveyance.

The popular hansom derives its name from its introducer, Mr. Hansen; and the tilbury, at one time a very fashionable two-wheeled vehicle, was called from a sporting gentleman of the same name.

Landau, a city in Germany, was the locality in which was first made the style of vehicle bearing that name.

Sulky, as applied to a wheeled conveyance, had its origin in the fact that when it first appeared the person who saw it considered that none but a sulky, selfish person would ride in such an affair, which afforded accommodation to but one individual. The strange title was never changed.

Coupe is French in origin, being derived from the verb couper (coopay), to cut. This was considered an appropriate designation because it greatly resembled a coach with the front part cut off.

The old-fashioned gig was given that name from its peculiar jumping and rocking motion, the word being from the French gigue, signifying jig, or a lively dance.

COULD WE SUBSIST ON ENGLISH SPARROWS FOR ANY LENGTH OF TIME IN CASE OF FAMINE?

IN his usual habit the English sparrow, as we call him, or house sparrow, as we ought to call him, elects to stay close to human habitations. Yet the fact that he has spread over almost the whole country seems to prove that he migrates, for how otherwise could he have extended his field from this town, where he was introduced by Col. Proctor back in the 60s, to California, Canada and Florida? A hunter who was traveling through the Maine woods last summer came upon a lonely house in the middle of the great wilderness that still covers the northern half of the state. It was sixty miles to the nearest settlement, and that was not much of a settlement, either. Yet the first sound heard as he approached the place was the rasping chirp of a house sparrow. Now this little divvie, as we commonly regard him, must have crossed sixty miles of dense forest, and in all that distance he did not see one of the human beings of whose society he appears so fond. The hunter shot him on general principles.

This instance is not singular. There are in various parts of the country isolated hamlets, unconnected with the rest of the world by railroads, nor even with good roads. They are seldom visited; they do not advertise their presence by the smoke of industries; yet the sparrows find them out, and as you enter you hear the racket of hundreds of these little gray backs. They stay after they have come in too, and you hear less of the robins and orioles afterward. Yet, after all, we probably do an injustice to this bird. If we hear less of the song birds it is because the women wear them on their hats, and thereby persuade the gunners to destroy them. In some districts they have been wholly exterminated; in others they have been made shy and hasten away from the sight of men. The sparrow, on the contrary, is fearless; he has not been hunted for what a government official calls the "foliage," and he nests and roosts under our window ledges and over our doors. Probably we may as well resign ourselves to him, and, after all, he is better than no birds at all.

There is scarcely any meat at all on them, yet we hear of house sparrows served in Manhattan restaurants as quail, reed birds, almost any other thing that you like to call for. If this country should ever suffer from a famine—as it never will so long as we keep out schools open, for famines occur only where there is dirt, ignorance, laziness, intemperance and all that goes with illiteracy and a degraded condition of the populace—we shall have sparrows enough to eat for several weeks.—Brooklyn Eagle.

GOOD Short Stories

The late Augustus Hare was fond of relating an amusing incident which illustrated the absent-mindedness of his cousin, Dean Stanley, and Dr. Jowett. Both were quite devoid of either taste or smell, and for some reason both were inordinately fond of tea. One morning they had each drunk eight cups, when suddenly, as Jowett rose from his table, he exclaimed: "Good gracious! I forgot to put the tea in!" Neither had noticed the omission as they sipped their favorite beverage.

That the people of South Carolina had little regard for Theodore Parker, the anti-slavery leader, is evident from the experience a Boston merchant once had in Charleston. According to J. H. Trowbridge, in the Atlantic Monthly, an excited crowd gathering around the hotel register where he had written his name, observed him with suspicious whisperings. Thereupon the excited landlord stepped up to him and said, anxiously: "Your name is Parker?" "That is my name, sir." "Theodore Parker, of Boston, the abolitionist?" "Oh, no, no, sir! I am Theodore D. Parker, a very different man!" The landlord heaved a sigh of relief. "I am glad to hear it!" he said; "and allow me to give you a bit of wholesome advice. When you are registering your name in Southern hotels, write the D very plain!"

Representative Julius Kahn, says that Joseph Jefferson, the veteran actor, once struck a progressive Western town, where he was to give a two nights' performance of "Rip Van Winkle." "After the performance on the first night," he relates, "we went back to our hotel, and there we found waiting for our arrival the most prominent merchant of the town, a wholesale manufacturer of bedsprings. After a few preliminary expressions of his approval of the performance, the merchant declared that he was prepared to furnish bedsprings to Jefferson's entire family free of charge, provided the actor would make one little change in the lines of his role. His proposition for the change was extremely simple. All he asked was that after the line where Rip exclaims: 'Oh, how my bones do ache,' Jefferson should add: 'But, ah, not thus would they have ached had I slept on B's bedsprings.' It was only a little change, and the merchant was surprised and indignant when his proposition was rejected."

P. T. Barnum and his wife were very fond of the gifted sisters, Alice and Phoebe Cary, who often visited them at Bridgeport. To a friend the famous showman once remarked: "Alice was the more thoughtful, while Phoebe was always bubbling over with good spirits and wit. I never knew a brighter woman. One day I was taking her and some friends through my museum. At the head of the stairs was the cage containing 'The Happy Family,' which included owls, cats, mice, serpents and other creatures generally mortal enemies, but all living in perfect harmony, mainly because we kept them so stuffed with food that they had no temptation to prey upon one another. The cage stood directly at the head of the stairs, and just as we reached the top a big serpent stretched its head toward Phoebe. Forgetting the glass thickness that separated them, she was so startled that she uttered a scream, and would have fallen backward down the steps had I not caught her. Looking up to me she said: 'Thank you, Mr. Barnum; but remember that I am not the first woman that the serpent has caused to fall."

No Sympathy.

"Charlie, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "you know I never blame you for anything that is not your own fault."

"But when the horse you bet on loses that isn't your fault, is it?"

"Charlie, dear, the winner was just as easy a horse to bet on as any other, wasn't it?"

"Why—er—yes."

"No one forced you to bet on some other horse."

"No."

"Then I can't see that you deserve any sympathy whatever."—Washington Star

Onions.

The onion contains one of the most powerful medical agents known. This is an oil, the sulphide of allyl. It is this oil that causes the eyes to fill with water as you cut the onion. When the onion is cooked, the greater part of this allyl is lost, but other compounds containing sulphur remain.