

THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC
DECORATION DAY MAY 30th 1903



High lift your children, mothers! Let their young eyes behold
A dying army marching, time-beaten, spent
and old.
As they toll by, as tattered as the banners
that they wave,
See the worn hands saluting! Lo! They salute
the grave!

High lift your children, mothers! Let their
young voices cheer
The brave old hearts that slowly draw on
and disappear—
Thin ranks that front the shadows, ranks
must'ring out so fast,
'Tis a phantom army that solemnly drifts
past.

A fading army marching with weak and
faltering tread—
But pressing all around it there through the
mighty dead!
Aye, bright and splendid spirits! Their
battle lines are drawn,
And Comrade waits for Comrade beside the
gates of dawn.
—J. W. MULLER.



Amateur
Photography

The following will be found a good way of making trays for developing, fixing, washing, etc. Make a wooden tray by screwing together one-half inch planed deal; then lay down with marine glue, inside the tray, white marble oilcloth. Put the cloth on in one piece, turning the edges over the end sides of the tray, and tack them down. One thing which is greatly in favor of this tray is little weight for a large-sized dish; this is a great help, as it enables you to hold the tray and keep the developer in motion. The writer has had in constant use a tray made as above for the full-sized sheet for over two years, and it is as good to-day as when made. Do not cut the cloth at the corners, but turn the stuff in, and fasten with the marine glue. Should there be any cracks in the oil coating, rub in some of the glue, and you will have no further trouble. I have also used one of these trays for fixing, and have not noticed any injury to cloth. In this way I have made good trays out of old herring boxes and used them constantly for years.

A JOHN BROWN RELIC.

Partial Destruction of the Great Abolitionist's Home.

The recent partial destruction by fire of John Brown's home at Tabor, Iowa, serves to recall the exciting period when the noted abolition leader made the little one-story cottage in Iowa the headquarters of the "underground railway" for the transfer of slaves from the South to Canada.

In 1857 this little house was the center of perhaps more attention than the national capital itself. Brown was being heard from. Already were gathering around him men from Massachusetts and Maine and other New England States. Already had shipments of arms, and even a cannon, been received at Tabor. And hundreds of runaway slaves had passed through the town, coming at night and leaving the following night. And the eyes of those men, who four years later became the leaders of the secession movement, were also fastened on this little house. Northern politicians were regarding anxiously the preparations "Old" Brown was making. The Kansas "Jayhawkers" hated him bitterly, and several contemplated raids on the place were narrowly averted.

But through it all Brown and his friends continued their work, and it

100 pounds per mile, two guard wires are sufficient, stretched a minimum distance of twenty-four inches above the former and the outside at a horizontal distance of eight inches from the trolley wires.

If the telegraph wires weigh 100 pounds or more per mile this latter arrangement is sufficient if the trolley wires are not more than fifteen inches apart. Where the trolley wires are separated by a distance of from fifteen to forty-eight inches three wires are required parallel to the trolley—two on the outside, a horizontal distance of eight inches, and the other midway between the two trolleys, all at a minimum distance of twenty-four inches above the trolley wire. If the distance between the wires is over forty-eight inches and the telegraph wires weigh more than 100 pounds per mile two guard wires are required for each trolley wire, as for a single wire. Guard wires are also required where telegraph wires do not cross the trolley wire, but are apt to be blown against it. Where a telegraph wire may fall upon an arm or span wire and so slide down on a trolley wire guard hooks must be provided.—New York Evening Post.

Pictures as an Aid in Teaching.

Three hundred years ago a German savant had a wonderful vision. At that time children were taught to read by force of arms, so to speak, through hardships and with bitter toil on the part of teacher and of child. It seems curious, says a writer in *Household*, that the first real step toward lightening the labor of children as they climb the ladder of learning was the product of the imagination, not of some fond mother or gentle woman teacher, but of a wigged and betitled university doctor. It was Johann Comenius, however, who first conceived the daring idea that children could be taught by the aid of memory and the imagination working together. "By means," as he quaintly expressed it, "of sensuous impressions conveyed to the eye, so that visual objects may be made the medium of expressing moral lessons to the young mind and of impressing those lessons upon the memory." In other words, the good Herr Doctor had the bright idea that picture books could be useful to children. Comenius made his first picture book and called it "Orbis Pictus." It contains rude wood cuts representing objects in the natural world, trees and animals, with little lessons about the pictures.

It is a quaint volume, and one that would cause the average modern child not a little astonishment were it placed before him. As truly, however, as that term may be applied to any other book that has since been written, the "Orbis Pictus" was an epoch-making book. It was the precursor of all children's picture books, and modern childhood has great cause to bless the name of Comenius.

The Comma.

The Countess Henriette de Witt, the daughter of Guizot, the historian, was a charming lady; but she had a culpable indifference to the art of punctuation. Her father wrote her two pretty little essays on the subject. Whether she was able to take the "middle course," after her second lecture, we are not told; but at least she had not found it before.

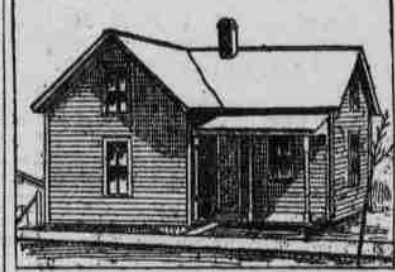
"My dear Henriette," wrote Guizot, "I am afraid I shall still have to task you with regard to your punctuation. There is little or none of it in your letters. All punctuation marks a period of repose for the mind, a stage more or less long, an idea which is done with, or momentarily suspended, and which is divided by such a sign from the next.

"You, Henriette, suppress those periods, those intervals. You write as the stream flows, as the arrow flies. That will not do at all; because the ideas one expresses are not all intimately connected, like drops of water."

Either Mademoiselle Guizot was taking a clever revenge, or she was past all redemption, for this is her father's next letter:

"I dare say you will find me very provoking; but let me beg of you not to fling so many commas at my head. You are absolutely pelting me with them, as the Sabine pelted poor Tarpeia with their bucklers."

It is the unmarried young thing who talks about the gray monotony of life, but it is the married one who knows what it is.



JOHN BROWN'S IOWA HOME.

was while residing in Tabor that Brown decided upon the move which he hoped would set the country ablaze, but which ended in his own death.

It is told by one of the old settlers that one night there marched into the little town of Tabor, 200 recruits for Brown. They came from Maine, were all well armed, and were en route to help the free cause in Kansas. Accompanying the body was a single wagon loaded with corn. The party stopped in Tabor several weeks, and were drilled and instructed by old Brown himself. Two weeks after the party arrived, a company of runaway slaves arrived from Missouri. The following day the owner of several of them arrived. With him was the sheriff of his county, and several deputies. They demanded the slaves. Brown refused to deliver them. The sheriff attempted to take them by force. Brown gave a shrill whistle and the Maine men swarmed from all directions. The officers were overpowered and robbed of their arms. They left, vowing to return with re-enforcements and capture the whole body. Then the corn was thrown out of the wagon and from beneath the grain was brought a small cannon, which was quickly mounted and placed in a position commanding the road by which the Missourians would return.

But the slave-owners never came back and the cannon was covered with the corn and was taken down into Kansas with the men from Maine.

GUARD FOR TROLLEY WIRE.

Overhead Lines Are Protected According to Law in England.

Guard wires are required wherever telegraph or telephone wires unprotected by a permanent insulating cover cross above or are liable to fall upon or be blown on to the electric conductors of a tramway. Each guard wire should be well grounded at one point at least and at intervals of not more than five spans. The earth connection should be made by connecting the wire through the support to the rails by means of a copper bond. Guard wires should in general be of galvanized steel, but may be of bronze or hard drawn copper in districts where steel is liable to excessive corrosion. In general these wires must be installed at a minimum height of twenty-four inches above the trolley wire. Where there is but one trolley wire parallel to this—one on each side at a horizontal distance of eight inches from the trolley wire—are necessary. If there are two trolley wires not more than twelve feet apart, but the telegraph wires do not weigh more than

LITERARY
LITTLEBITS

"Two Centuries of American Costume in America" will be Mrs. Alice Morse Earle's next book.

Josephine Dodge Daskam has signified her desire to be known in the future as Josephine Daskam, without the Dodge.

Ernest Thompson Seton, the well-known writer on nature subjects, is writing a long story for boys. This will be his first in that field.

The publication of Mark Twain's new book, "Christian Science," which was announced by the North American Review, has been postponed for the present.

Miss Susan B. Anthony will give all her books and documents relating to the woman question to the Congressional Library, where they will be placed in a special alcove and catalogued separately.

Another Western woman has written a first novel, and Harper Bros. are to publish it. Mary Holland Kincaid has written a love story dealing with the life actually led to-day by a religious community in the West, and has called her novel "Waldra."

A diary kept by John Quincy Adams while a law student in the office of Theophilus Parsons at Newburyport has come to light. Charles Francis Adams has edited it and Little, Brown & Co. will soon issue it under the title "Life in a New England Town, 1787-1788."

Small, Maynard & Co. announce the immediate publication of a remarkable addition to their distinguished list of American humor, a list which began with the masterpieces of Mr. Dooley and which has recently included Mr. Lorimer's "Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son," now in its one hundredth thousand.

Edith Wyatt has defined her admirable little story, "True Love," as a comedy of the affections, and in her modesty seems to disclaim any attempt at satire. However, it remains for the reader to experience a delightful surprise in reading the book. The title is so suggestive of the milk-and-honey variety of novel that her absurdly natural observations on the lives of her subjects comes with a delicious and totally unexpected shock.

Lavater says: "Read the best books which wise and sensible persons advise, and study them with reflection and examination; that is, ask yourselves, 'Do I understand what I read? Do I benefit by it? Do I become wiser and better thereby?' Read with the firm determination to make use of all you read. Do not by reading neglect a more immediate or more important duty. Do not read with a view of making a display of your reading. Do not read too much at a time. Reflect on what you have read, and let it be a nourishment of the heart and soul, moderately enjoyed and well digested."

FIFTY HATS AT \$50 EACH.

An American Girl's Order a Godsend to a Parisian Milliner.

The American woman abroad is constantly doing things that are sensational. This is what makes them so popular, for their extraordinary acts



MISS MAY GOELET.

are generally of the money-spending kind. For instance, Miss Goelet has recently proven a veritable silver mine to a Parisian milliner in the Rue de la Paix, having recently bought fifty hats at as many dollars apiece. The hats represent all the prevailing modes, and Miss Goelet never wears less than five in the course of a day.

A Preposterous Proposition.

"Come, now, Maud," said Mr. Ape-sleigh, "we've got to buy tickets for this concert, you know. It's for charity."

"But you said you hated concerts of this kind."

"I do. Still, when their purpose is a noble one like this I feel that we ought to go."

"Why not give the money the tickets would cost to some institution that needs—"

"What! I haven't got any money to toss to the wind just for the purpose of seeing the stuff flutter, confound it!"

A Prize.

The editor of a weekly newspaper in Australia offers himself as a prize to the woman who writes the best essay on the duties of a wife.

RIGHT ABOUT FACE!

MRS. ADRIAN KRAAL.

"Ho, here comes old Waddy with his drug store, boys; let's have some fun out of him!"

More than a dozen boys on their way home from school, with noisy jests, surrounded an old man who was limping along with a basket on his arm. He turned a curiously vacant looking, yet smiling face on the boys, and stopped.

"Hello, Waddy! what ge-rate, ga-rand medicine have you got in your basket to-day?" "How's yer liver, Waddy?" "Why don't you swaller some of that stuff and cure yerself, you old quack you?" were some of their questions.

He waited patiently till there came a lull in the storm, then began: "Here, young gentlemen, is that most wonderful preparation, Balm of Healing, certain remedy for chills, fever, neuralgia, lumbago, gout, pleurisy—"

"O, give us a rest, we've heard all that before; haven't you anything else?" "And here are the miraculous Electric Pads. By their use paralytics are cured, club feet straightened—"

"Well, I guess we won't take any to-day, as none of us are paralyzed or club-footed. Just give us one of your wonderful exhibitions of ventriloquism and then dance a jig!" and the poor, simple old man tried to do as they asked, and when he had ceased the curious guttural sounds and shrill-calls, he accepted their boisterous ridicule and almost deafening shouts for honest applause. "Now the jig, Waddy," they cried, and setting down his basket, he began hopping briskly around on the ground. The wind carried away his hat and blew his long beard about his face, but he was interested and did not pause. "Let's dance too," cried the boys, and they began capering around, bumping against the old man and each other with such force that three of them were knocked down and fell in a heap on the basket. There was a sound of smashing glass and loud hurrahs from the rolling, struggling boys.

"O, you have broken my bottles and spilled my precious medicines; even my basket is ruined," said the poor old fellow, and he began to cry like a child.

"Ho, he's blubberin' like a baby; I'd be ashamed," said some of the boys. A few of them looked ashamed of themselves. Just then, around the corner came Herbert Page, one of the tall high school boys. He stopped at sight of the crowd and seeing his own brother Charlie there, asked: "What's the trouble, youngsters?"

"O, nothing, only old Waddy's basket got smashed," said one. "We were helping him dance a jig and fell on it," said another.

"Yes, I think I understand. Here, Mr. Wadsworth, let me see your basket. How many bottles were broken? Four? Worth two dollars, eh? Well, you youngsters can raise two dollars to pay for your mischief, I guess."

"Pay old simple-minded Waddy! I guess not," "Mr. Wadsworth, indeed," said one boy, scornfully.

When Herbert had pressed the basket into shape and placed the "Electric Pads" in it, he said, "I've only a half dollar with me. Will it pay for Charlie's share in this mischief?"

The old man took it thankfully, and went away with a sad face.

The boys were very quiet as Herbert looked soberly at them. They began to see that they had been rude and thoughtless.

"Do you know who that poor old man is?" asked Herbert.

"Why, Old Waddy, of course; he's simple-minded. I've known him all my life."

"He is Barton Wadsworth, a veteran soldier, and at Gettysburg he received

the injuries that made him what he is now. He gets a small pension, but it will hardly keep him in the plainest food and clothing, and keep a shelter over him, so he tries to earn a little money by selling those medicines you boys have destroyed. I noticed some of you fellows taking part in the exercises on Decoration Day with great enthusiasm. Now it strikes me that there would be as much patriotism in showing honor and respect to living soldiers as to dead ones, and I'm perfectly sure that I would as soon die for my country as to have my mind so injured that every boy I met would make fun of me."

Then Herbert went on and left a thoughtful group of boys instead of the noisy, heedless crowd he had found.

"I say, fellows," said one lad, looking up from the hole he had been digging with his toes. "Old Wa—Mr. Wadsworth, I mean—does show signs of having been a gentleman once. Ever notice how neat and clean his hands and clothes always are?"

"Yes," said Charlie Page, "and he never forgets to lift his hat when he meets a lady he knows, mother says."

"Let's pay him for those bottles we smashed," said another.

The old fellow was as grateful when the boys went to his poor room to pay what they owed as if they had made him a magnificent present.

They had had a taste of doing right and relished it. It was "About face," with a right good will. Instead of following him with jests and ridicule and making a joke of his infirmities of mind and body, they took pains to treat him with respect and kindness.

After a while some of the fathers of these boys began to notice the great change in their treatment of the old man, and then to feel an interest in him themselves. Then the necessary steps were taken to procure for him an increase of the pension, and now he no longer carries a basket of medicine to sell, and he would almost lay down his life to serve one of those boys.—Normal Instructor.

Memorial Day.

Gathered once more in the "City of Sillence," and friends, with our flags and bright flowers,
Uncovered heads, as a token of homage,
Honor we give these dead heroes of ours.

Heroes, who fought on the land, or the water,
Soldiers, who came at their country's first call,
Shoulder to shoulder, they marched to the conflict,
Leaving their loved ones, their homes and their all.

Years have passed by since the soldiers from battle
Marched to their homes, with the flags floating gay,
Once more they meet, in the "City of Sillence,"
Sadly, to keep a Memorial Day.

Year after year, as our country grows older,
Stronger their love for the Red, White and Blue,
Deeper the feeling of appreciation
For our brave soldiers, so loyal and true.

Comrades are gone, who were with us last May time,
Taps sounded call, for the last bronze,
Over the river our soldiers are gathered,
Safe into camp, but they may not come back.

Though the Grand Army may lessen in numbers,
Footsteps may falter and veterans grow gray,
Homage is theirs from a thrice grateful Nation
Lovingly keeping Memorial Day.
—Margaret M. Darling, in Des Moines News.

When Antietam Was Red with Blood.

Doubly sacred to the hearts of many western families are the waters of Antietam, because those waters were crimsoned by the blood of fathers, brothers, husbands and sons during one of the most sanguinary battles of the Civil War. The sketches herewith given will be of special interest to the veterans of the Eighth Illinois cavalry, the First, Sec-

ond, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixteenth, Seventeenth, Twentieth and Twenty-fourth Michigan infantry; the Seventh, Fourteenth, Nineteenth and Twentieth Indiana volunteers, and the Second, Third, Sixth and Seventh Wisconsin volunteer infantry, for they were all most terribly mixed up in the many bloody encounters of the 16th and 17th of September, 1862, along the Antietam from Hagerstown to Sharpsburg.

God alone knows who owned the good right arm, that was found in the cornfield, but it probably belonged to one of Gen. Sedgwick's commands, who made their famous charge through the cornfield just north and east of the historic Dunker Church, for it was plowed up in this field five years after the battle, and has been since that time in the office of Drs. D. Fahrney and son of Hagerstown, Md. Its wonderful state of preservation cannot be accounted for as a chemical analysis of the soil in which it was found shows no preserving or mummifying qualities.

The old mill and falls near the stone bridge was the scene of a bloody conflict between the Federals, who were defending Hagerstown, and the Confederates, who were endeavoring to gain possession of the town. It is said the slaughter of horse and men was such at this cavalry fight that the Antietam ran blood for several hours below these falls. The ground in this locality, especially along the banks of the stream, is almost solid rock, and the blood ran rapidly into the creek.

There is a gentleman in Chicago having an office in the Board of Trade building, who was a major in the Federal army and provost marshal of Hagerstown at that time.

Just over the hill back of the little brick house is a female academy, from the balcony of which the Confederate sharpshooters were firing upon the Union officers down in the city, and there are to this day many musket balls bedded in the walls around the public square at the crossing of Washington and Potomac streets.

The Eighth Illinois cavalry was engaged in these skirmishes, and many members of that organization, which was under command of Col. W. Gamble, will call to mind the hot time in that old town.

Origin of Memorial Day in South.

An association known as the Ladies' Aid Society was organized in 1861 for looking after soldiers who died in Columbus hospitals. They were buried under the direction of these ladies, who thereafter took charge of these graves, making it a practice to go in a body to care for and beautify them with plants and flowers. Upon the occasion of one of these visits, in January, 1866, Miss Lizzie Rutherford, a member of the society, made the suggestion that a specified day should be adopted upon which a memorial service should be held for the purpose of decorating the Confederate graves annually. The proposition met at once with the greatest favor, and a letter was addressed to each of the chapters in other cities and towns suggesting similar action on their part.

These letters were written in March, 1866, and from their publication resulted the observance of April 26 as Memorial day for the Confederate dead in several Southern States.—Mrs. V. Jefferson Davis in Woman's Home Companion.

In Battle with the Merrimac.

Soldiers of the Twentieth Indiana infantry were once a thorn in the flesh of the Confederates on the Merrimac. They passed a winter at Fort Monroe. They also encamped at Newport News, where they were at the time the Merrimac fought the Congress. The Confederates wanted to take possession of the Congress, but the Hoosiers deployed on the beach in face of a hostile fire and prevented the enemy from gaining the prize. In May of 1862 they went over to Norfolk.