

MEMORIAL DAY



THE SILENT MARCH.

NOT with the clash of the sabers, not with the roll of the drums
Or the cheers that greet the hero when home from the battle he comes,
Not to the sound of the bugle, mellow and clear and sweet,
Do they pass on the homeward march with never returning feet.
But into the dim, deep stillness, where never more strife may come,
With never a footfall sounding, the soldiers are marching home.

Side by side, the line unbroken, as 'twas in the years ago,
When they went with flying banners to meet the ranks of the foe.
These were the youthful heroes who fought for the nation then,
These who march to silent music, scarred and gray, like ghosts of men.

For them no bayonets flashing in the tide of the noonday sun,
For them the echoless silence, long since were their battles won.

Now are the batteries silent that breathed their murderous breath,
That laid like grain of the harvest the long, dark swath of death.
Gone is the smoke of the battle that hung o'er the far-drawn line
Till the sky was hid at noonday and the sun forgot to shine,
And where the tide of carnage surged over the trodden plain
No whisper comes to grass or flower of all its crimson stain.

There were tears and hours of longing for those who come no more,
For the voices hushed to silence and the footstep on the floor.

In those far days of battle, those days of bitter strife,
When a man for his country's glory set no price upon his life,
But guarded that nation's honor down to his latest breath,
The soldier brave who knew no fear, who parleyed not with death.

And ever since the wartime, when love and home were sweet,
Have the soldiers joined the silent march, with never returning feet,
Out from the door of the cottage, from palace of wealth, they came,
And the path led on in silence, the way was ever the same,
And still the silent army is marching away,
And the last recruit will join the ranks and be mustered in some day.
—Buffalo News.

DECORATION DAY IN A VILLAGE

They called it Decoration day in a little village some twenty years ago. It was one of the great days of the year. The village itself was all green and white. The houses were white, with green blinds, and white fences inclosed the ample yards. The green branches of majestic trees met over the long, white roadways. The stores, with their green, batten shutters, the flagpole in "the square," the town hall, with the hitching posts about it, were all white. And on the hill stood the white church.

In this hill church, the services of Decoration day were always held. The people who looked down on the village from "the ridge" could see the white steeple with its four little spires rising out of the dense green. It was a landmark. The church bell was sweet, clear and far-reaching. In the rear of the church were the long, low sheds for the horses and carriages. From each side a little cemetery stretched away; the "old cemetery" on the left, with time-worn epitaphs on gray headstones, where the white-haired men and women walked; the "new cemetery" on the right, with white monuments and flower-bordered plots, where children loved to play. Soldiers lay sleeping in both.

Up in the high belfry-tower are little wooden monuments used only on Decoration day upon the soldiers' graves. Each year they are trimmed with flowers and evergreens, and for that one day placed at the head of the graves. Each has upon it in black letters the name of a soldier. These are brought down to be freshly ornamented the day before Decoration day. Certain of these little monuments are placed unquestioningly aside, sometimes with a whispered word of those who would trim them. A widow takes one of these, bearing her husband's name. Two belong to her; but her son's she leaves, and glances about the vestibule. Miss Hannah, with sweet, sad face, goes to

her and takes the other one. The two women go out together to the side porch, from which they can look across to the spot, under shading trees, where the two men lie. Others follow them, till all those monuments set aside have been claimed, and a little apart from the gossip on the porch a group of sad-faced women sit in silence. Each twines the evergreens upon the little monument before her with tender, stumbling fingers. The name upon it her eyes cannot read, for the tears that blind her, but it is written on her heart, and on the "Roll of Our Honored Dead."

For weeks before the 30th of May plans for the decorations were being made by the committee. The day before Decoration day the congregation met. A vestibule ran across the front of the church



GARLANDS OF FLOWERS.

from the side doors that opened out on to the small stone porches, and there the men cast down great armfuls of fragrant evergreens. The little wooden soldier monuments, painted white, were brought into the vestibule to be trimmed. The chatter and bustle began with the work. Little groups formed. Busy fingers soon lowered the heaps of pungent green. Then often some young man and maiden would slip out together to gather a new supply. And were it not for others who built up the dwindling piles of spruce, the workers would wait long for the two who first went. When they finally came back, he with his conscious face hidden behind the odorous green branches, and she, so flushed and shy, the merry jests were at their expense. But, though persecuted, the faces of the lovers showed that it was good to live.

Within the church, behind the pulpit on the platform, two white columns rose, outlined with the woven greens, their sides hung with wreaths. These were connected by a broader structure on which were the words: "Roll of Our Honored Dead," and in smaller black letters, in two long columns, were the names of those soldiers lying in the little cemeteries beside the church. Spaces were left for the bunches of flowers, to be added in the morning. At the top of each column the white statue of an angel stood. Long ropes of green were draped about the high gallery, in the rear where the choir sat and about the side lights and windows were more graceful loops.

As dusk fell the lads and lassies had made their engagements for the next day, possibly for life, and home duties were calling the matrons. The little groups hurried away and the church was left in quiet. Each white pew door is closed upon the green, well-pounded cushions on the narrow, high-backed seats within. The little footstools are in prim array. The hymnals and the palm leaf fans stand neatly in the racks. The gilt pipes of the organ in the gallery show above the rail, and the moon-faced brass clock on the front of the gallery ticks in a loud, measured tone. The odor of the fresh-cut evergreens is like some heavy incense. The pulpit looms up high and dark with the big Bible, the hymnal, and the little book of psalms arranged upon it in a severe pyramid. The moonlight creeps into the quiet there, touching the names of "Our Honored Dead" with its cold fingers, two by two, up the long columns, till the roll stands clear.

Through the village, as the evening grows, the sound of the band practicing diligently is heard. A neighboring band joins in the ceremonies of the next day and the rivalry is keen. All the little girls with long hair, at the important age of 7 are to assist in decorating the graves. Each fond mother braids her small vestal virgin's hair in tiny strands to produce the required crimpiness. A warm, spicy

odor from pantry and kitchen in the home where the out-of-town speaker is to be entertained speaks for him a comfortable inner man. One of the prominent men of the village is to make a five-minute speech at the monument "To Our Unknown Dead." He has rehearsed it for hours in a meadow behind a hay stack.

The day dawns. The dew is brushed away by passing skirts as the women hasten to their gardens to pick their choicest flowers—each culls unsparingly. Early in the forenoon the vestibule of the church is filled with fragrance. Flowers of the garden, cultivated so tenderly and gathered so willingly, are there, and great masses of snowballs, branches of dog-wood, with their white petals crimson splashed, the sweet mock-orange, the rosy, flowering almond, all add their beauty. The work presses; bouquets to tack on to the little monuments, and each to be carried to its place; great bunches of flowers to be placed in the church windows; everywhere flowers to be lavished. Upstairs in the "infants' room," are trays to be filled with the bouquets each child is to wear, and the large ones for the soldiers' graves.

Already, from every direction, lines of vehicles are coming into the village from all the little towns surrounding. The band wagon is brought out, and trimmed with flags. The eight white horses which draw it have tiny flags between their ears and waving on their backs; white horses always, the whitest in the lead, and the more speckled at the wheels. The little maidens rise from their uncomfortable night's sleep, with sore heads and exceedingly wavy hair. The out-of-town speaker has arrived. The bell in the steeple of the white church on the hill tolls the hour. The flowers have been placed upon the white columns; masses of bloom are about the dark, old pulpit, around the side lamps, on the walls, and following the gallery rail. The church is ready.

The procession of veterans forms in "the square." They march to the shrill, weird notes of a fife, and the intrepid roll of a drum. The neighboring band has come with but six horses, and none of them white. The church is packed to suffocation. The ministers of all the churches sit with the speakers in the pulpit. The veterans file in. The band clusters to the gallery, and sits with the choir. The standard-bearer drops the great flag across the gallery rail, and its soft, silken stripes sweep to the heads of those sitting beneath. The little girls in white, and the proudest moment of their lives, march to the front seats.

The ceremonies begin. They are very long. The commander of the G. A. R. leads the services. The air grows oppressive with the heat and the strong fragrance of the flowers. "A selection from the band" endangers the tympanums of every one present. A poetess recites with fervor an original poem of many stanzas to "Our Heroes." The choir has a solo for the leading soprano of each church, and other numbers interspersed among the readings, prayers and speeches.

Then the procession forms. The flower girls have their baskets of flowers. The band leads the way to the cemeteries. A grave is reached. Two little flower girls come forward and kneel at either side of the grave. The name of the soldier, his age, rank, regiment, last battle, and date of death are solemnly read. A short prayer follows. The children place their flowers upon the mound. The band gives three solemn signals, and at each the Stars and Stripes sweep in salute over the soldier's grave. From grave to grave they go, till all have been remembered, and the sun is sinking in the west.

The village homes are full of friends and relatives from out of town, staying to tea. Young couples stroll in the twilight through the shaded streets. Old soldiers sit in groups, recalling their battle scenes. In the cemeteries on the hill, the flowers have faded on the soldiers' graves. The little monuments show their whiteness thickly under the dark pines.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Bull Run and Appomattox.

It is a fact not generally known that the first and the last stand of the Confederates were made on land owned by the same man. A part of Bull Run battlefield was owned by Mr. McLean. After this famous battle he decided to move to a locality where there would be less fear from the ravages of war. By a strange coincidence he took up his abode at Appomattox, which subsequently proved to be the final battlefield of the civil war.

CHINESE JEWS.

A Splendid Tabernacle in the Flowery Kingdom.

The Biblical prophecy that the Jews should be scattered abroad over the face of the earth is certainly a true one, for there is no country in the world which does not contain its portion of these thrifty people. Even in China they have long been known. Early in the seventeenth century, and shortly after the Italian missionaries had come to Peking, one of them, Matthew Ricci, received a morning call. His visitor wore the gorgeous Chinese dress, including the queue, but the figure and face were not Mongolian, and the smiling countenance was not in keeping with the dignified solemnity of a Chinaman. The gentleman's name was Ngai, and he had heard of the arrival of some foreigners who worshiped one Lord of heaven and earth, and yet who were not Mohammedans; he belonged to the same religion, he explained, and had called to make their acquaintance. Now, Master Ngai made it clear that he was an Israelite, a native of Kae-Fung-Foo, the capital of Honan. He had come to Peking to pass an examination for a mandarin degree, and had been led by curiosity and brotherly feeling to call at the mission house.

In his native city, he said, there were ten or twelve families of Israelites, and a synagogue, which they had recently restored at the expense of 10,000 crowns, and they had a roll of the law 400 or 500 years old. The missionary's letters described this synagogue. It occupied a space between 300 and 400 feet in length by about 150 feet in breadth, and was divided into four courts. It had borrowed some decorative splendor from China. The inscription in Hebrew, "Hear, O Israel; the Lord our God is one Lord, blessed be the name of the glory of His kingdom for ever and ever," and the Ten Commandments were emblazoned in gold. Silken curtains inclosed the "Bethel" which enshrined the sacred books, and which only the rabbi might enter during the time of prayer. Every detail of this place, with its incense, its furniture and all its types of good things yet to come, is interesting. There, in the last century, the children of Israel at Kae-Fung-Foo worshiped the God of their fathers with the rites that pointed to the Messiah, of whose advent, as far as it can be ascertained, they never heard until the arrival of the Italian missionaries.

Learned men have entered into discussion as to whether these people were Jews or Israelites, whether they came to China from the Assyrian captivity or the Roman dispersion. They themselves say that their forefathers came from the West, and it is probable that the settlers arrived by way of Khorassan and Samarcand. They must have been numerous in the ninth century, for two Mohammedan travelers of that period describe a rebel, named Bae-Choo, taking Canton by storm in A. D. 877 and slaughtering 120,000 Jews, Mohammedans, Christians and Parsees. More than one Jew of Kae-Fung-Foo is known to have gained the right to wear the little, round button on the top of his cap so dear to the ambition of a Ghizaman. The Taiping rebellion dispersed the settlement, and the remnant who remain faithful to the memory of old traditions are chiefly poor and distressed.

Eccentricities Not Signs of Insanity.

An Eastern physician has broached a theory in regard to some noticeable eccentricities. Many of the foremost men of the world at present and in the past have had queer little habits which make them a laughing-stock, sometimes behind their backs only, to their friends and acquaintances. The great Samuel Johnson, for instance, never could pass a lamp-post without touching it, and always kept a collection of lemon and orange peels under his pillow. Emile Zola has many little humors, the gratification of which form the basis of his daily happiness. These, says the psychologist, are not signs of insanity, but of overwork. The tired brain feels impelled to do certain things. The human mind is a most complicated machine, and although a nice exposition of the causes of these really insignificant matters is impossible to a general public, it can be confidently stated that the healthy mind, when fatigued by a day's hard work, is none the less sound for the queer things it may impel the hand to do.

Chicagoans with Short Names.

The Chicago directory contains hundreds of thousands of names. The fact that there are but ten names of two letters in the book shows how rare such names are among the nations. It would seem that nearly every man born with a name of two letters promptly tacks on another. The directory contains hundreds of three-lettered names. Those who boast but two letters and apparently have enough are Maurice Ax, Emily Eg, Axel Ek, David Ex, Edward Ey, William Gy, Sawg Po, George J. Py, Nicholas Re and Emil Ru. Opposed to them is William Zwierzykowski.—Chicago Chronicle.

Lots of men who have traces of greatness in their make-up spoil everything by kicking over the traces.

Throwing mud at a good man only results in soiling your own hands.

ALABASTINE

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ADIES naturally prefer ALABASTINE for walls and ceilings, because it is pure, clean, durable. Put up in dry powdered form, in five-pound packages, with full directions.

LL kalsomines are cheap, temporary preparations made from whiting, chalks, clays, etc., and stuck on walls with decaying animal glue. ALABASTINE is not a kalsomine.

BEWARE of the dealer who says he can sell you the "same thing" as ALABASTINE or "something just as good." It is either not posted or is trying to deceive you.

ND IN OFFERING something he has bought cheap and tries to sell on ALABASTINE'S demands, he may not realize the damage you will suffer by a kalsomine on your walls.

ENSIBLE dealers will not buy a lawsuit. Dealers risk one by selling and consumers by using infringement. Alabastine Co. own right to make wall coating to mix with cold water.

HE INTERIOR WALLS of every schoolhouse should be coated only with pure, durable ALABASTINE. It safeguards health. Hundreds of tons are used annually for this work.

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UISANCE of wall paper is obviated by ALABASTINE. It can be used on plastered walls, wood ceilings, brick or canvas. A child can brush it on. It does not rub or scale off.

STABLISHED in favor. Shun all imitations. Ask paint dealer or druggist for tint card. Write for "Alabastine Era," free, to ALABASTINE CO., Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Pay of Lawmakers.

The lawmakers in Austria and France are paid \$5 a day; in Greece the senators get \$100 a month and the deputies \$50; in Germany members of both houses receive about \$2.50 a day; in Denmark the members of the "landsting" each receive about \$3 a day; in Belgium each member of the chamber of representatives gets \$5 a month; in Portugal the peers and commons are paid the same sum, which is about \$355 a year; in Spain the members of the cortes are not paid for their services, but enjoy many advantages and immunities; in Switzerland the members of the national council get \$2.50 a day, and the council of states, the lower house, \$1.50; in Italy the senators and deputies are not paid at all, but are allowed traveling expenses. England is the only country where members of parliament are not only unpaid, but have no special rights or privileges.—Chicago Chronicle.

A Man or a Minister.

A distinguished Massachusetts clergyman tells a good story at his own expense. He was on a tramp through the White mountains with another clergyman for a companion. One day they mounted the driver's seat of a stage coach. As is often the case, the stage driver was an interesting character whose conversation abounded in good stories. The three speedily became friendly and it was with reluctance that they parted at the end of the journey. "I'm glad ter hev met yer fellers," said the driver, on leaving them. "Yer see, I haven't seen a man this summer exceptin' ministers." Does anybody doubt that these two men had more influence for good on this driver than all the duly uniformed ministers he had met that summer?—Anecdotes and Morals.

Reproving an Archbishop.

An English paper tells how the archbishop of Canterbury, some time ago entered an East End (London) church during a week-night service and, taking a back seat, joined in singing one of Moody and Sankey's hymns. Next to him was a workingman who was singing lustily in tune. The primate was wretchedly out of tune, and his singing evidently upset the workingman, who patiently endured the discord as long as he could, and then, nudging the archbishop, whispered in his ear: "'Ere, dry up, mister! You're sp'iling the show!"—Chicago Chronicle.

Only One.

Nice Young Man (lecturing in a Sunday school)—Now, is there any little boy or girl who would like to ask any questions? Well, little boy, I see your hand; would you like to ask?

Small Boy—How much longer is this talkin' going to last?
Collapse of lecturer.—Tit-Bits.

Proper Training.

A business man is training his two little sons to repeat invariably, in conversation, the name of the person to whom they are speaking, as: "Yes, Mr. Brown;" "Good afternoon, Mrs. Greene;" "No, Miss Mary," etc. He insists on this form of courtesy, because of the special value it may be to the boys in business life. To call a person promptly by name is a subtle compliment, which many times may have a commercial value.—Housewife.

A proverb found in one form or another in every European or Asiatic language having a literature is "Familiarity breeds contempt." Its earliest form is believed to be of the Sanskrit.