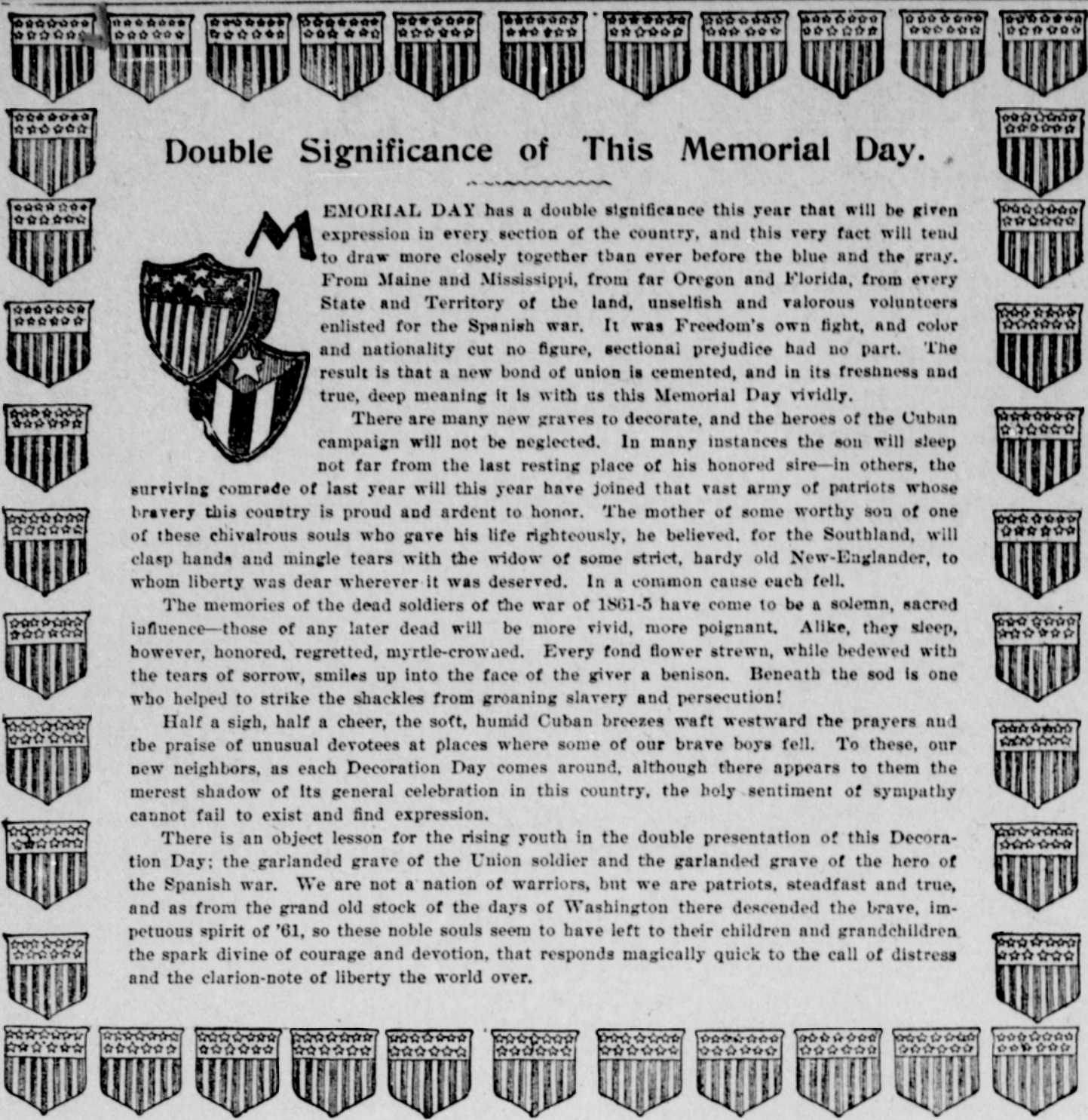




Double Significance of This Memorial Day.



MEMORIAL DAY has a double significance this year that will be given expression in every section of the country, and this very fact will tend to draw more closely together than ever before the blue and the gray. From Maine and Mississippi, from far Oregon and Florida, from every State and Territory of the land, unselfish and valorous volunteers enlisted for the Spanish war. It was Freedom's own fight, and color and nationality cut no figure, sectional prejudice had no part. The result is that a new bond of union is cemented, and in its freshness and true, deep meaning it is with us this Memorial Day vividly.

There are many new graves to decorate, and the heroes of the Cuban campaign will not be neglected. In many instances the son will sleep not far from the last resting place of his honored sire—in others, the surviving comrade of last year will have joined that vast army of patriots whose bravery this country is proud and ardent to honor. The mother of some worthy son of one of these chivalrous souls who gave his life righteously, he believed, for the Southland, will clasp hands and mingle tears with the widow of some strict, hardy old New-Englander, to whom liberty was dear wherever it was deserved. In a common cause each fell.

The memories of the dead soldiers of the war of 1861-5 have come to be a solemn, sacred influence—those of any later dead will be more vivid, more poignant. Alike, they sleep, however, honored, regretted, myrtle-crowded. Every fond flower strewn, while bedewed with the tears of sorrow, smiles up into the face of the giver a benison. Beneath the sod is one who helped to strike the shackles from groaning slavery and persecution!

Half a sigh, half a cheer, the soft, humid Cuban breezes waft westward the prayers and the praise of unusual devotees at places where some of our brave boys fell. To these, our new neighbors, as each Decoration Day comes around, although there appears to them the merest shadow of its general celebration in this country, the holy sentiment of sympathy cannot fail to exist and find expression.

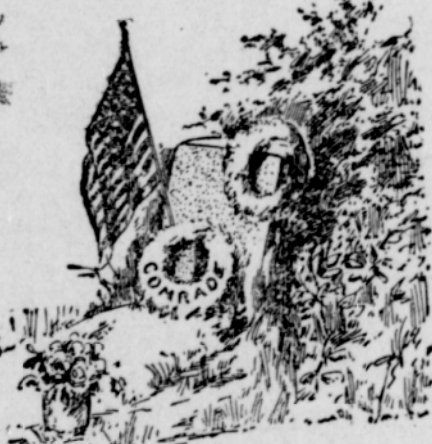
There is an object lesson for the rising youth in the double presentation of this Decoration Day; the garlanded grave of the Union soldier and the garlanded grave of the hero of the Spanish war. We are not a nation of warriors, but we are patriots, steadfast and true, and as from the grand old stock of the days of Washington there descended the brave, impetuous spirit of '61, so these noble souls seem to have left to their children and grandchildren the spark divine of courage and devotion, that responds magically quick to the call of distress and the clarion-note of liberty the world over.

MEMORIAL DAY.

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

My papa oft tells me
When soft falls the dew
Of "Somebody's Darling,"
A hero in blue,
Who laid down his life
On the red field of Mars
For the sake of the "old flag,"
All studied with stars.

And down where the cypress
Bends low o'er the way,
Where the moss from the live oaks
Hangs glist'ly and gray,



Who knows but at twilight
Some story is told
Of a soldier who died
For the "Lost Cause" of old?

They were brothers, these two
In memory to-day,
We can see them again,
The Blue and the Gray.
Side by side now they sleep
Beneath the green sod,
The pride of two armies
Both taken by God.

Bring out the wild blossoms,
The darlings of May,
The budding June roses,
For Blue and for Gray,
Pile high the white lilies
O'er each hero's breast;
Leave God and His angels
To watch o'er their rest.

Which Shall Enlist?

66 W ELLS, Ed, I've enlisted!"
"Have you though, Tom?"
"Yes, sir! I'm one of them!"
"I declare, I wish I was, too."
"Folks won't let you?"

"No."
"There's only sixteen more wanted to fill up the company and I've just met three fellows that said they were going up to put their names down," and then Thomas Hines, eighteen years old, lithe-limbed and fair-haired, enumerated to his chum of the same age, Edward Wilkinson, who "the fellows" were who said that they were going up to enlist.

"Edward, mother wants you to come in to dinner. How do you do, Tom?" and a young light-footed girl of fourteen ran out from the farm house opposite to which the two boys had fronted, and looked half-earnestly, half-laughingly, into the eyes of the young man, her neighbor, and her brother's inseparable companion, Thomas Hines.

"Tom has enlisted, Nellie. Now isn't it too bad that my folks won't let me enlist and go to the war?"

"You've enlisted, Tom? Really?"
"Yes, Nellie, and I wish Edward would, then we could be always together. Sleep in the same tent, march together and—"
"Fight together!" said the girl, her eyes flashing.

"Yes, Nellie, fight together!" the young man proudly added.

A tall woman with slightly gray hair, who had been standing at the side door of the long white porch of the farm house, now called:

"Come to dinner, children, and you, too, Thomas Hines, come in and eat dinner with us."

The boy would have hesitated, but a hand at either side holding each of his, there was nothing for the young volunteer to do but to accept.

"Enlisted, eh?" said Captain Wilkinson in a gruff voice, as he came in from the field a minute later, where he had been planting, and took his seat at the head of the table.

"Well, Thomas," he added after a moment's silence, "somebody's got to do it, I s'pose! But you're rather young yet, Tom!"

"Can't Edward go with him, father?" at length asked, in pleading voice, the girl, breaking the silence.

Edward Wilkinson looked up at his sister, a feeling of deep gratitude in his heart, and followed the attack with, "Yes, father, you said once that you'd give your consent, if anybody from right around home here was going that would look out for me."

"But Tom is only a boy himself. I meant some older person."

"And do you want your only brother to go to the war, Nellie?" asked the girl's mother.

"Yes, as he wants to go himself, and besides when it is every one's duty to go who can," said the girl spiritedly. "Besides, too, when his best friend and chum, Tom Hines, is going!"

The three young faces looked earnestly at the head of the table. As they did so a tall, thin-faced woman came and stood in the open door.

Invited in, Mrs. Hines would not take off her things, and said, all breathless, that she had come to know if they had made up their mind to let Edward enlist. She had given her consent to her own son feeling sure that his friend was going also.

"No, Mrs. Hines," replied at length in slow, measured voice, Amos Wilkinson, "Edward has never been very well, and, besides, I must have his help this summer. We must both work out for the neighbors, by day work on their farms when we can get time, to meet the bills that's due."

"But did you hear about the town meeting this morning, what they did?"

"No, what?"

"Voted to give every man in the new company a bounty of two hundred dollars in advance."

At the words the face of the hard-featured farmer flushed. Looking at him his hand could be seen to tremble. He was not an avaricious, grasping man, but the sterile little rocky New England farm he tilled made him think, in a practical way, in order that both ends should meet. This had been one of the weightiest reasons against his son's enlistment, but he had not mentioned it before. The other was the frailty of the young man. But now, as he sat there, he thought of the mortgage of two hundred dollars upon the little place, and a note coming due in the summer.

The color came and went to the man's face, but no, he would not sell his boy's life, or the risk of that life. Rising, as all sat and looked upon him in the silence, watching the struggle, he said, a determined look upon his face, and with flashing eyes, in a low tone:

"Edward is not going to enlist, but I am. I will go myself!"

As a thunderbolt the words came upon the devoted family.

"Edward, you can take care of the farm," he said, and then turning to Mrs. Hines, "perhaps I can look out for your boy better at the front than another boy of the same age could."

The next day the Allentown company,

enlisted to its full compliment of one hundred and one men, marched proudly down the street of the old town, and at its head, beneath the flag upon its staff on the town's green, the company halted. No captain that had ever stepped before a volunteer company looked better fitted for his place than did Amos Wilkinson, the old State militia captain, the company's choice.

A modest, retiring man, he had no thought of the place he was elected to fill, when, the day before, he had enlisted.

So it was that the Allentown company reported at the State camp, and after, with its regiment, reported at the Heights of Alexandria, and in all the marches and battles of the Army of the Potomac, beneath Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania skies, the farmer, citizen, soldier of Allentown did his whole part in cheering on and leading his men. First, as captain,



MARCHING AWAY TO WAR.

then secondly as major and again lieutenant colonel, to finally fall when, upon that awful June morning of 1864, in the fiery fatal loop of Lee, the division of Martindale fell as a living wall at Cold Harbor.

"I was to watch over you, Sergeant," he said, as, dying, his orderly, Sergeant Hines, bent over him—Col. Wilkinson. "Tell—tell your—" but the death rattle sounded, the eyes put on a vacant stare, and another brave officer of the Army of the Potomac was no more.

The remains of Col. Wilkinson rest in his own village cemetery at Allentown. There, each year, as sad Memorial day comes round, the widow of Captain Hines, he who died a year later from a gunshot wound received among the last fired before Richmond, and the daughter of the town's brave hero, Col. Wilkinson, with her little one, trims the flowers above these graves. And with them, too, another grave, for Edward Wilkinson, the frail youth, could not stand the work he tried to do at home, and died even before the war ended. But the bravery and determination of a father at the front strengthened and disciplined a regiment.—The Bouquet.

The Greatest National Feast.

No more purely national feast than Decoration Day could be possible. To the rest of the world May 30 is merely a day at the close of the last spring month. To the patriotic dweller in the land of Uncle Sam how much more! It is customary to call Americans, as a nation, laughing-loving and fickle yet who, viewing the vast throngs assembled in every city and hamlet to do honor to the glorious dead, can believe this true? Rather would the stranger on our shores be impressed by the fact that patriotism is strong within us. For in the national holidays may surely be read the character of the people as it can be read in no other way. Croakers there will always be, but we can afford to disregard them. The future of a nation is safe in the hands of those who reverence its noble past.



The bride—I don't want to have any trouble with you, Bridget. The cook—Then, bedad, ma'am, let me hear no complaints!—Life.

Dash—Don't you think Miss Sweetly sings with a great deal of feeling to-night? Smash—Yes; she must be feeling pretty bad.—Judge.

"Johnny, did you take your cough medicine regularly in school, as I told you?" "No'm; Johnny Budds liked it, an' he gimme an apple for it."

Miss Fox—Papa, why does a young man give his fiancée a diamond ring? Mr. Fox—Oh, that's the forfeit he puts up to insure a fight.—Jeweler's Weekly.

Two next-door neighbors quarreled, and one of them exclaimed, excitedly: "Call yourself a man of sense! Why, you're next door to an idiot!"—Exchange.

"What time did the hotel catch fire?" "Midnight." "Everybody get out safe?" "All except the night-watchman. We couldn't wake him up in time."—Boston Traveler.

"Was that sleight-of-hand man's exhibition successful, Mudge?" "I think so; I lent him a counterfeit silver dollar, and he gave me back a good one."—Detroit Free Press.

Inquirer—"When is the next train to Leamington?" Station-master—"At 12 o'clock, sir." Inquirer—"What, isn't there one before that?" Station-master—"No, sir; we never run one before the next."—Tit-Bits.

Miss Gay—This bathing suit is out of date, and I don't think mamma ought to allow me to wear it any longer. Miss Primm—Well, if I were your mamma I should insist upon you wearing it very much longer.

Parson Featherly—De Lawd hab took yo' husband an' lef' yo' wid six chilluns; but 'membah, sistah, dat dar's some good in all de Lawd oes." "I does, pahson. I realizes dat dar's one less foh me to perwidge foh."—Life.

Bass—I got some eggs of Mrs. Fowler for fifteen cents a dozen. I praised her baby, you know. Fogg—That's nothing; I bought some of Fowler himself for twelve and a half cents. I spoke in admiration of his dog.

"That's a fine, solid baby of yours, Middleton," said a friend who was admiring the first baby. "Do you think he's solid?" asked Middleton, rather disconsolately; "it seems to me as if he were all holler."—Stray Stories.

"I am glad to say," remarked Mr. Meekton, "that I never spoke a hasty word to you." "No, Leonidas," answered his wife, rather gently, "I'm willing to give you credit for not hurrying about anything."—Washington Star.

Van Twiller—"I dreamed that I committed suicide last night on your account." Miss Oldun (gushing)—"He! he!—er—hadn't you better to speak to mommer about it?" Van Twiller—"Oh, I wouldn't dream of that!"—Judge.

Husband (handing his wife some money)—There, dear, is ten pounds for your birthday party expenses, and it has bothered me a little to get it for you. I think I deserve a little applause. Wife—Applause? You deserve an encore, my dear!

Ingenuous, but precise: "Are you the defendant in this case?" asked the judge, sharply. "No, suh," answered the mild-eyed prisoner; "I has a lawyer hired ter do de defendin'. I's de man dat done stole de abticles."—Washington Star.

Village cousin (showing his city relative around the hamlet)—That fellow lounging over there has just completed a tabletop composed of 4,763 separate pieces of wood. City cousin—What did he do that for? Village cousin—Oh, just to keep from working.

"Do you think it proper," said the man who was trying to keep his temper, "to laugh at a man who slips on a banana peel by accident?" "Well," replied the spectator, apologetically, "I laughed by accident, too. I didn't think of such a thing until I saw you."—What to Eat.

"And you say the idiot of a teacher told you that you had an extravagant fool of a father?" "That's what he meant." "But what did he say?" "He said it was criminal folly to waste money on the education of such a chump as I am."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"I see," remarked Dedbroke, "that you advertise an up-to-date boarding house. I suppose that refers to the service and appointments." "No, indeed," replied the landlady; "that refers exclusively to the boarders. I don't keep any one who gets behind."—Philadelphia Record.

"You are all right," said the doctor after he had gone through with the regulation thumping and listening with his patient. "Not a trace of heart disease. Fifteen dollars, please." The patient drew a long breath and remarked: "I am sure now I have no heart disease; if I had I should have dropped dead when you mentioned your fee."—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

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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 \$85 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 or 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 of Moody and Sankey's hymns. Next to him was a workman who was singing lustily in tune. The primate was wretchedly out of tune, and his singing evidently upset the workman, 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. Browne;" "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.