

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 echoes silence, long since
were their battles won.

Now are the battles 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
bitterest 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
parlayed 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
a way,
And the last recruit will join the ranks and
be mastered 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 Deco-
ration 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 head-
stones, 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 Deco-
ration 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 up-
on it in black letters the name of a sol-
dier. These are brought down to be fresh-
ly ornamented the day before Decoration
day. Certain of these little monuments
are placed unquestioningly aside, some-
times 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 ten-
der, 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 Deco-
ration day the congregation met. A vesti-
bule 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
odoriferous green branches, and she, so flush-
ed 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, out-
lined with the woven greens, their sides
hung with wreaths. These were connect-
ed 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 grace-
ful 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, mea-
sured 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 choic-
est flowers—each culls unsparringly. Early
in the forenoon the vestibule of the church
is filled with fragrance. Flowers of the
garden, cultivated so tenderly and gather-
ed 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 car-
ried to its place; great bunches of flowers
to be placed in the church windows;
everywhere flowers to be lavished. Up-
stairs 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 land, and the
more speckled at the wheels. The little
maidens rise from their uncomfortable
night's sleep, with sore heads and exceed-
ingly wavy hair. The out-of-town speak-
er 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 life, 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 suf-
focation. The ministers of all the
churches sit with the speakers in the
pulpit. The veterans file in. The band chat-
ters 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 oppres-
sive with the heat and the strong frag-
rance 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 Confed-
erates were made on land owned by the
same man. A part of Bull Run battle-
field 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 Appo-
mattox, 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, in-
cluding the queue, but the figure and
face were not Mongolian, and the smil-
ing countenance was not in keeping
with the dignified solemnity of a Chi-
naman. The gentleman's name was
Ngal, 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 Ngal 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 examina-
tion 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 decora-
tive splendor from China. The in-
scription in Hebrew, "Hear, O Israel;
The Lord our God is one Lord, blessed
be the name of the glory of His king-
dom 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 in-
cense, 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 dis-
cussion as to whether these people
were Jews or Israelites, whether they
came to China from the Assyrian cap-
tivity or the Roman dispersion. They
themselves say that their forefathers
came from the West, and it is prob-
able that the settlers arrived by way of
Khorassan and Samarcand. They
must have been numerous in the ninth
century, for two Mohammedan travel-
ers of that period describe a rebel,
named Bao-Choo, taking Canton by
storm in A. D. 877 and slaughtering
120,000 Jews, Mohammedans, Chris-
tians 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 Chinaman.
The Taiping rebellion dispersed the
settlement, and the remnant who re-
main faithful to the memory of old
traditions are chiefly poor and dis-
tressed.

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, some-
times behind their backs only, to their
friends and acquaintances. The great
Samuel Johnson, for instance, never
could pass a lamp-post without touch-
ing it, and always kept a collection of
lemon and orange peels under his pil-
low. Emile Zola has many little hu-
mors, 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
readily insignificant matters is impos-
sible to a general public, it can be con-
fidently 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 hun-
dreds of thousands of names. The fact
that there are but ten names of two let-
ters 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 tucks
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, Ed-
ward Ey, William Gy, Sawg Po, George
J. Py, Nicholas Re and Emil Ru. Op-
posed to them is William Zwierzykows-
ski.—Chicago Chronicle.

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

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

ALABASTINE

ALABASTINE is the original and only durable wall covering entirely different from all other wall coverings. Ready for use in white or twelve beautiful colors by adding cold water.

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

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

BEWARE of the dealer who says he can sell you the "best thing" as ALABASTINE or is offering it at a "special price" or is offering it at a "special price" to deceive you.

ND IN OFFERING something he has bought cheap and tried 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 on selling and consumers by using infringement. ALABASTINE's own right to make wall covering to mix with cold water.

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

N BUYING ALABASTINE, see that packages are properly labeled. Beware of large five-pound package light kalsomine offered to customers at a five-pound package.

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

ESTABLISHED in favor of all imitations. Ask paint dealer or druggist for tint card. Write for "Alabastine Era," free. 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 \$1 a day; in Belgium each member of the chamber of representatives gets \$1 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 1st mer had more influence for good of 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 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 spilling 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, Mr. 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.