



THE PASSING ARMY.

The Irresistible Conqueror Is Thinning the Ranks of the Veterans of the Civil War.

It is now thirty-six years since the first flowers were strewn upon the graves of the men who gave their lives that the nation might live. Observed at first in a small way by isolated communities, this decoration of the grassy mounds has come to be recognized as an established custom and Memorial Day has long had a fixed place in the calendar. With each successive anniversary the day has gained a wider observance and has been made the occasion for many appeals to the patriotism of the people. The verdure of each returning spring covers more deeply the scars of battle which once seamed the hillsides and valleys of the sunny South. On this day of precious memories it is well to recall the sacrifices of bygone years, and it is also fitting to express the hope that those who are now charged with the guidance of our national destinies will perform their duties patriotically and well.

When the gray-haired veterans of the great war for the Union meet together in annual observance of Memorial Day, few will bear in mind that the day itself, as a part of the national life, is the result of the inspiration of one of the greatest of all the volunteer soldiers who fought for the flag—the late Gen. John A. Logan of Illinois. Few, indeed, of those not associated with the organization of old soldiers will remember this. The soldier-statesman who won his spurs in actual fight and refused to accept peaceful honors while the war was still on—one of the first, if not the first, of the list of honored comrades who headed this organization—was the originator of the day of sorrowful remembrance of the bravery and virtues of those who fell in battle or who have crossed the dark river since the conflict ended.

The apple tree of Appomattox never blossomed so full and so fair as to-day. Its flowers and its fruit were never so fine and fragrant. The Union which Appomattox established and cemented was never so strong and glorious. Its sacred bonds have been welded, not merely by the mutual pledges of devotion, but by the fire of heroic service, side by side, under the common flag, on a distant soil, and they never before bound up so much of national pride and hope and high aspiration.

The great chieftains—Grant and Lee, illustrious products of the same national school at West Point—met at Appomattox with mutual respect and honor, and in their generous and chivalrous coming together typified the spirit of a reunited country. That historic hour dates a new Union, which is now a true union of hearts and hands that none can sever.

So long as the flag remains unfurled Memorial Day cannot cease to be a great and tender memory. Each anniversary becomes more pathetic from the fact that many of the "boys in blue" are passing away to join the vast army in the silent land. Every year the ranks of the veterans on this side the river grow thinner, and the steps of the marchers slower. Within twenty-five years nearly all will have joined their regiments on the other side. But their deeds can never die. Future generations will read them, deep cut, defying the tooth of time, on the marble of the country's greatness. They will blaze on the pillars of the Union and in the springtime of each year a grateful people, bearing choicest flowers—nature's sweetest emblem of love and affection—will decorate their graves; for those grassy mounds will be known as shrines forever more; shrines so long as the republic shall endure; shrines where patriot knees will bend and patriot eyes will weep so long as freedom has a worshiper and equality of rights a devotee.

Grant and Lee are no more, and Sherman and Stuart, and Jackson and Hooker, McClellan and Hill, Early and Meade—all are gone, and the great spirit of change broods over the scenes of their former activities. The grass grows green on the deserted battlefields, and all is quiet along the banks of the Potomac. The James and the Chickahominy, the Rappahannock and the Rapidan, wind their course to the sea undisturbed by war's rude alarms. The former turns the earth in the fertile valleys which drank the blood of the flower of American chivalry; the feathered songsters of the wood make melody in the tangled thickets of the Wilderness; but the great captains and many of their devoted followers have departed. They pitch their tents on other camping grounds—not beneath the stars that shine on Southern scenes, but above the stars on the fair fields of Elysia. There they commune and there they hold sweet intercourse. We may not know their employments there; we may not conceive the rapturous delights that attend them in that blissful station; but of this we may be assured; they are not unmindful of the comrades

who tarry here, and they have no higher joy than the realization that the peace they set up at Appomattox has grown into a perfect peace—a peace that has overcome all obstacles and the doubts and perplexities which first attended it—a peace whose blessings fall to-day upon our land like the rain upon the mown grass and like the dew upon the mountains of Lebanon.

And so it is that in the decoration of the graves of the heroic dead human hands and human hearts have reached a solution of the vexed problem that baffled human will and human thought for three decades. Sturdy sons of the South have said to their brothers of the North that the people of the South long since accepted the arbitrament of the sword to which they had appealed. And likewise the oft-repeated message has gone forth from the North that peace and good will reigned, and that the wounds of civil dissension were but sacred memories.

The contest that followed the end of argument between two great civilizations was, while it lasted, the greatest and bloodiest of equal duration in the authenticated annals of the race and the most destructive ever waged by men. It lasted four years; it annihilated six billions of property; it overthrew the rebellious governments of thirteen States; it killed four millions of men to arms; it was fought on 2,300 recorded fields; it filled 700,000 graves from the sword and shot and shell and pestilence; the silent sleepers went down on mountain side and in tangled wood, in dismal swamp and on sunny plain; where the rivers rolled and the wide-waved ocean stretched they found sepulcher; and at last one civilization, with its garments rolled in blood, passed away to the shades forever; the other, victorious, raised a spotless ensign in the sky, its stars washed brighter with the glad tears of rejoicing humanity that the greater government of and for and by the people had not perished from the earth.

THE SEXTON OF THE SEA.

You scatter flowers on the grassy mound
That marks the spot where your loved ones lie;
You bring them emblems with never a thought
For the dead beneath the sea.

For every ship that the hands of men
Have builded with chisel and wheel,
The bones of men in a hundredfold
Are laid beneath its keel.

A canvas shroud and an iron bar
At the weary head and the wasted feet,
And lo! from the deck they move away,
From the hearts that throb and beat!

Soldiers and sailors and captains grand,
Babes with a mother's breast,
Wet with the lips that will touch no more,
Come down to my arms to rest.

And I lay them gently alone to sleep,
Where the bed of the sand is clear;
And none may wander, and none shall stray;
For I keep them, oh, so dear!

And hark! When the bell-buoy tolls at night,
Above the wave where the fishes swim,
You may know that I keep my Father's watch,
For the day I shall give them back to him!—
Leslie's Weekly.

GAVE FIVE BOYS.

The Deacon's Heart's History of the Civil War.

A young man was "hogging" a big pine box as the Decoration Day parade came swinging down the street. Feeling himself gently punched in the back, he turned and looked down. There stood a little, old man holding a big, thick cane and evidently very anxious to see what was passing. "Young man," he said, "I'll take it mighty kindly if ye will share part o' that box with me. I've got lost from my friends, an' I'm particular eager to see this marchin'. My boys is in there, ye see!"

"All right, deacon," assented the young man; "hop up."

"Well, boy, that's more'n I ken do," and the young man saw that one of the old gentleman's legs was shrunken and twisted. He reached down and gently lifted him to the box.

"That's good," sighed the deacon; "I reckon you've had a good raisin', young man."

"Were you in the war yourself, deacon?"

"Naw, I wan't thur myself. Uncle Sam wuz makin' cripples fast 'nuff 'thout puttin' forrard enny already made." This with a patient sort of a smile down at his crooked leg. "But, stranger, I dun middlin' well ennyhow; I giv him five boys, two o' 'em twins, and two son-in-laws. My gals are wid-ers, and only two of my boys cum back. The oldest and youngest fell at Chancellorsville. There wuz shoulder-straps on Jerry's coat when we buried him outen Crown Hill. He wuz the first born. Mos' killed his ma when the news cum. Old Obe Simcox rid over to our place

with the telegram. I 'lowed 'at sumpin' wuz up soon's I saw 'im. Ma wuz kneadin' dough, an' stood in the stoop just behin' me. Obe jus' said 'Jerry.' I got the telegram open somehow. It wuz in a strange handwrite, an' sez, 'Cap'n Jeremiah Braxton wuz killed in the first charge.' I jes' turned 'round to ma. She put 'er han' agin the door, sort a-tremblin', an' then went in. I heerd her goin' 'n' sort a slow-like up the front stairs. It wuz awful hard, stranger; awful hard.

"Purty soon Obe Simcox rid off arter the gals to tell 'em to come up. I found ma a-kneelin' at the little ole carpet-covered box where the boy Jerry used to kneel at family prayers. Seemed like I jes' couldn't stan' it nowhow. I stood there an' 'membered 'nigh about everything from th' time the boy wuz born'd; how ma laid out that he wuz to be our foundation, an' named him Jeremiah; an' then when he 'listed how he tuk her up in his arms right 'fore the kernel an' the major an' all the boys down at the gate. I saw it all onet more, then I jes' kneeled down by ma and put my arm round her an' jes' repeated what Job sez, 'The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord.'"

Here the young man found it convenient to wipe the cigar smoke out of his eyes.

"Well, the gals cum in shortly an' made thur ma go to bed, an' put ther arms 'round me an' said, 'Poor daddy, poor ole daddy; same time they bein' fearful 'bout ther own two men. Shortly afore dark up cum Parson Hale, as I thought to give spiritual comfort, and so I tuk him right up to ma. I wuz standin' on the front stoop when I heerd ma sort a break out as though she's mortal hurt an' heerd her moanin'. 'Oh! my first born'd and now my youngest, my baby, my baby!' I tell ye, boy, I felt turnin' to stone. I know'd then what 'twuz. The boy, Sam, an' all 'eighteen year comin' fall, jes' as full o' pranks as a pup dog, sing like a bob-o-link, spell down the whole school or recite 'Cassidy's' and 'Lucy Gray' 'til ye couldn't keep your tears back. Sho, you'd a laffed yerself sick the time he rigged up in his sister Ruby's clothes and went over to Mis' Skaggs to hire out. An, he wan't ashamed to wash dishes 'er kiss ma right afore company enny where, no, sir."

Here the old man choked up again, and two big tears zig-zagged down his tanned cheeks.

"As I wuz sayin, it cum too quick fur me, boy. I kind o' s'posed I loved that boy a little more'n the others, ennyway I clean forgot my raisin' and my bein' the seener deacon and a class leader, fur I jes' natcherly throw'd my han' up an'—an' I cursed Gawd. I did, son, I did jes' thata." There was a tone of horror and awe in the tone with which he confessed to this sin of thirty years back.

"Uv course, I've prayed fur forgiveness ever since, an' feel like I got it, too, but jes' then the devil wuz in me. An' would ye believe it, that boy's ma she'd got up an' come down to find me an' wuz a stanlin' right there an' heerd it all. When I turned and seen her I jes' staggered an' fell down afore of her. Then she kneeled down an' put her arms 'round me as I had done in the mornin' with her."

"We got through it all somehow, by the Lord's help, and when along later news cum that Leander wuz took, too, ma she jes' turned to me with a sort o' resigned smile on her face, an' I 'low I jes' smiled back; ennyhow me an' her an' my two darters, both widders, with boys whose fathers never seen them, looked to Parson Hale, an' the parson he talked and prayed right there, better'n I ever heerd 'im in the pulpit. An' now when Decoration Day comes 'round, ma—she was seventy-four last March—goes up to our room an' gits out the picturs and things belongin' to the boys and lays 'em out on the table, and then she puts flowers with 'em and flags all 'round ther picturs that hang on the wall, and tries to keep cheerful, but she won't never cum down to see the boys marchin', nor go to the graveyard that day."

"But Lishe and Wash, the two that cum back, belong to the post, and I jes' natcherly have a powerful lot o' pride in seein' them with the other fellers."

Here the deacon grasped the young man's arms, and, pointing to the front of a line of "vets," exclaimed delightedly: "Thar they air, thar they air!—them two right under that flag, an' ef I do say it as oughtn't to, them two boys constitute a heap o' me an' their ma's pride!"

The young man looked and saw two soldierly men, gray-haired and gray-bearded, stepping off proudly to the old familiar fife and drums, despite the war legacy of stiffened joints. The two "boys," despite their grayness, their halting steps, were still "boys," not only to this little old "dad," but to that long line of spent, crippled and maimed defenders of "the just cause."

"Well, young man," continued the deacon as he was helped from the box, "I'm obliged to ye fur your kindness, an'—ye won't take it hard from an old man—ye lookasif you were one o' these young city fellers that burns the candle at both ends, an' ef you ever feel as though you was clean tuckered out and wanted to rest a spell, come out to our place,

AVOID THE SUMMER HOTEL.

And Take the Children to a Farm for the Vacation Time.

"What possible excuse the average mother can concoct to justify her in taking her very young children to a summer hotel I have never been able to discover," writes Edward Bok, in the Ladies' Home Journal. "It cannot be the food, because in the few summer hotels where it is not positively bad and uneatable, it is cooked in such large quantities and in such a slap-dash manner that all the nutritive qualities are cooked out of it. It cannot be the freedom from conventionalities, because conventionally reigns as supreme at the summer hotel as it does in the city drawing-room. There is all the slavery of dress and none of its freedom. * * * There is a bigness, a freedom, an honesty, a sincerity in the life of the farm and its folks which thousands of us know nothing about! The sanest, the highest lives are led by these people, and yet in our narrow horizon we think their lives are contracted. The fact is, that we are narrow; not they. It is their lives that are real—not ours."

"It is the essence of the lives that are lived in the country that we need so much in our lives: the essence of simplicity, of sincerity, of freedom from things which are external and not worth while. We cannot, of course live in the city and live as do country folk. What we can do, however, is to go to the country in the summertime and live with them and extract some of the wholesome lessons of simple living which their lives can teach us. The love of Nature is implanted in all of us to a more or less degree: the crime to ourselves is that we give it so little chance of development or expression. And the crime is doubled when we withhold the expressions of Nature's workings in our children."

Edward VII. and Harriet Lane.

"During the Prince of Wales' stay in Washington (upon the occasion of his visit to America, in 1890), he was President Buchanan's guest, and occupied apartments of the Executive Mansion looking over Lafayette Square," writes William Perrine, in the Ladies' Home Journal. "One evening when an elaborate display of fireworks was given in his honor he stood on the balcony of the White House, together with Mr. Buchanan and Miss Lane, amidst great cheers. When dining with his hosts he would escort Miss Lane to the table, seating himself at her right. His manner was somewhat bashful, and most public ceremonies apparently bored him. But while he was with Miss Lane and the coterie of beautiful women of her set it was noted that for the first time since he had been in this country he seemed to show the manner of a gallant young gentleman desirous of pleasing. One of the merriest mornings she had with him was at a gymnasium in Washington attached to a female seminary. On the brass rings suspended from the ceiling he swung himself one by one across the room, and the whole party laughed heartily at his pranks on the rope ladder. Then he fell to playing tennis. Miss Lane and the Prince together succeeded in conquering Mrs. Thompson and the Duke of Newcastle. It was next the turn of the victors to play against each other, and Harriet, who was one of the most robust girls of the day, speedily outbowed the Prince and put his muscle to shame."

How Spring Comes in England.

The larks have begun to sing their spring carols, and the privet is greening in the hedge, says an English magazine. A crimson shell of the apricot has broken to show its creamy, folded petals. Under the naked lime trees the exquisite blossom-like leaves of the columbine are mustering, a purplish magenta beneath, a pearly green on the surface. If no rude hand of frost or east wind prevail the daffodils will soon be in bloom. The little dark green rosettes of the London pride are rounding gracefully, and the spikes of the great flag lily push upward from the earth as if they were the bayonets of buried warriors.

Great Skua in Danger of Extinction.

The fishermen of Dieppe, Boulogne and Gravelines are accused by the Society for the Protection of Birds of catching that rare species of gull known as the great skua and using it as bait. The great skua is already in danger of extinction, and its only known nesting place now is Foula, a mountainous islet off the west coast of Scotland. Steps are being taken to have the breeding grounds closely watched this season. Foula was the last haunt of the extinct great auk.—London Express.

The Point of View.

"Mike," said Plodding Pete, "do you tink New York is de wickedest city on de map?"

"No, sir," answered Meandering Mike. "Dese little towns is de ones dat sets de dogs on you an' makes ye saw wood, instid of arrestin' you an' tryin' to make you comfortable."—Washington Star.

Costly Butterflies.

One of the Rothschilds is reported to have paid \$1,000 for a butterfly. His extensive collection of butterflies is valued at \$500,000.

CHIEF FRANCIS O'NEILL.

Head of the Chicago Police Force Was Originally a Sailor.

Francis O'Neill, Chicago's new chief of police, has had an exciting career. Born in Cork, Ireland, he became a sailor when still young and made his first voyage in an English vessel to Odessa, Russia. After another sea voyage, this time to Egypt, he sailed for America and thence to the West Indies and South American ports. His next voyage was to Japan and thence to Honolulu. From Honolulu he sailed for Baker's Island, in the South Pacific, and was shipwrecked. After his rescue



he made his way to California and became a sheep herder. But the ocean still attracted him and he sailed for New York on a vessel which rounded Cape Horn. He then became a school teacher in Missouri and later located in Chicago, where he joined the police force. During his first month of service he was shot by a burglar and he still carries the bullet in his body. His rise in the police force was steady and rapid and he passed upward through the different grades until he is now at the head of the service.

Chief O'Neill is an enthusiastic Irish scholar and an expert on many stringed instruments. He has the finest library of Irish literature and music in the United States and probably in the world and he is ever adding to his collection of works.

NEW MAIL BOXES.

Plan to Make Them Valuable for General Information.

A San Francisco inventor is not satisfied even with the improved mail boxes which register the time when



the last collection of mail was made and when the next will be made. He thinks the boxes should be made a sort of bureau of universal information for the good of the public, and he has figured out a

way in which the mail collectors can distribute this information without interfering with their duties. On the first round each morning he thinks the carrier should insert in a rack on each box a card showing the weather predictions for the succeeding twenty-four hours. He should also wind and regulate the clock which tells the time to passers-by. In another frame on the box bulletins of important events happening all over the world are to be posted by the carriers. The box is also fitted with an automatic mail scale for weighing letters and packages, and contains a thermometer and placards giving information as to the rates of postage and of money order fees.

Keeping Summer Boarders.

"Remember that the boarders are with you in the country for their own pleasure, and not for yours, and try and adapt yourself to them, rather than demand that they should adapt themselves to you," writes Caroline Benedict Burrell on "Keeping Summer Boarders with Success," in the Ladies' Home Journal. "One of the simplest ways of making them comfortable is to give them their meals by themselves and at their own hours. As your family is accustomed to early rising you can have an early breakfast, and have it all over before the guests will wish to rise. So with the dinner and supper. This may seem to entail a great deal of trouble on the farmer's wife; yet a trial will convince her that it is the most satisfactory arrangement all around, the extra trouble not worth considering. As to the food city people expect certain things on a farm, none of them too difficult to provide—good drinking water, plenty of milk and cream, fresh eggs and butter, vegetables in abundance and fruit in season. If these are all that they should be it will be found that allowances will be made if the meat is not of the quality to be had in city markets, and if there are few fancy dishes of any sort."

Two or three days before a woman begins housecleaning, she gets a funny look in her eyes, and nothing will do her any good except a woman to help her, a man to move the heavy things, and everything upside down.