PLAY SOFTLY, BOYS.

I'm thinkin' av the goolden head I nestled to my breast; They're tellin' me, "He's betther off," And sayin', "God knows best." But, oh, my heart is breakin' And the wild, wild waves at play Where the goolden head is buried low, Close to Mauila Bay.

I'm thinkin' av the reguish eyes Of tender Irish gray; "They're tellin' me, "He's betther off," And, "I'll thank God some day." But, oh, my heart is breakin' And the wild, wild waves at play And my haby's eyes all closed in death Close to Manila Bay.

I'm thinkin' av the little hands That's fastened 'round my heart; They're tellin' me, "Have courage, Sure life's to meet and part.' But, oh, my heart is breakin' And the wild, wild waves at play And my baby's hunds so stiff and cold Close to Manila Bay.

I'm thinkin' av the noble boy That kissed my tears away: They're telling me "How brave he was, And foremost in the fray!" But, oh, my heart is breakin' And the wild, wild waves at play And my baby and my soldier dead-Close to Manila Bay.

Play softly, boys, I know you will, Remembering he's away-My boy, who proudly marched with ye On last St. Patrick's day. Play softly, boys, I know ye will, And the wild, wild waves at play And your comrade lying lonely, Close to Manila Bay.

Play softly, boys, I know ye will, And hush this pain to rest-And soothe the bitter agony That's tearin' at my breast. How can ye march at all, at all, And the wild, wild waves at play, And the boy who loved ye lyin' cold-Close to Manila Bay. -Utica Globe.

"MAN PROPOSES

66 IN 0, mother, no; it is useless; let us speak no more about it."

My mother stretched her plump, small hands towards the fire, her fingers lavishly ornamented with rings, the coquetry of ladies in the '60s.

"James," said she, with her most dignified countenance, "you are as stubborn as your father. He, too, objected to marriage. He belonged to a clubthe poor man-to the Bachelors' Club, and had seriously sworn to remain faithful to its principles. But you, too, you will come to it."

"But, then, in my father's day, young girls were brought up more simply; they aspired no higher than to play the plano prettily, write correctly, and make a graceful courtesy. Then, on and yet you ought to have known-your leaving school, young girls came into their familles with enough instruction to understand the pages of a romance and follow a conversation, not enough knees to ask her pardon. And yet how to humiliate their parents, and often

where Rose had appeared ampious t avoid me, perhaps out of consideration for her sister, or perhaps to save me from disappointment.

Under the torture of this sudden suspense I flew to my mother. "I must make a clean breast of it, mother dear; I love Rose, and you must help me to gain her."

"O, James, is not this somewhat sudden? And those convictions you have cherished ____

"Nonseuse, mother; listen, this is serious. You will admit that so sweet and unpretending a girl is seldom found now. No more words, please, but do, like the good mother you are, go and ask Mme. Desjardins for the hand of her daughter."

"My dear child, I will teach you how to be consistent; I cannot go back on my word. I will have nothing to do with the arrangements of a marriage for you."

She said all this with such an amused smile that I could not think her serious. I determined, however, to put an end to this suspense, and soon found an opportunity.

There was a concert and ball at the Desjardins' beautiful country home. When bending over her mother's hand I saw but one being, and heaven entered my soul as I caught the light of her eyes. It seemed but an instant before we were outside, wandering about the grounds. The words were on my lips to speak, when some one called to us, "Come, La Mariani is going to sing!" What cared I for Mariani? But Rose hastened her steps, and I followed, hoping she would at least stay outside. As we neared the house, she led the way to a corner of the veranda, and there the words and voice of the wonderful singer reached our ears and entered our hearts.

My soul is full of dreams,

My soul is full of love.

"Those words are mine, Rose, do you understand? Don't you see how I love you? You are the woman I have dreamed of since I have known how to dream. You are the companion I have longed for, Rose; could you not love me?"

In a low, sad voice, she murmured: "My friend, I am not the companion you have dreamed of. Too often you have described me, your ideal woman. You love me because you think me sim-ple, as young girls should be-and you know-" Her voice had been firm until now, and though her words puzzled me and pained me I became aware of the sorrow in her voice-a sorrow which meant more than sympathy. "Rose, in the name of heaven, what

1s It?" She mastered herself in a moment.

She mastered herself in a moment. "How often have you cruelly told me you would never marry a college grad-uate-a blgestocking, as you called her, and yet you ought to have known-your mother knows." mother knows---

The fool I had been! And how I wished I could fall right there on my could I have suspected that so much their husbands. They were then really feminine grace could be united to a



THE SILENT MARCH.

Side of side, the interaction and states in the second s

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

are the batteries silent that breathed Now

the trodden plain

whisper comes to grass or flower of all its crimson stata. No

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

home were sweet, Have the soldlers joined the silent march, quiet.

 THE SILENT MARCEL

 Not with the clash of the subers, not with the roll of the drums

 Do the roll of the drums

 Soft to the wound of the bugie, mellow and clear and sweet, are returning feet.

 But Into the dim, deep stilloess, where now ermore strift may come.

 With never a footfall sounding, the soldiers are marching home.

 men case down great armfuls of purgent green. The little wooden soldler monuments, painted white, were brought into the vestibule to be trimmed. The chatter and bustle began with the work. It 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.

 men case to work of the subers, as 'twas in the time unbroken, as 'twas in the suber of the shill 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 Deatl," 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 and ever since the wartime, when love and hurried away and the church was left in Each white pew door is closed with never rejurning feet, Out from the door of the coitage, from pal-ace of wealth, they cause, And the path led on in silence, the way war ever the same, And still the silent army is marching awag upon the green, well-pounded cushions or neatly in the racks. The gilt pipes of the the proudest moment of their lives, march in the quarrel, however, and after 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 Dend" 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, splcy odor from pantry and kitchen in the home The 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 marses of snowballs, branches of dog-wood, with their white petals crimson plashed, 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;

draw it have tiny flags between their ears

the committee. The day before Decorafrom the side doors that opened out on to more speckled at the wheels. The little Province of Luang Prabang is the final

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 clatters 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 encath. The little girls in white, and

SIAM.

How the Land of the White Elephant is Being Dismembered.

The news that Siam has ceded another province to France illustrates the process by which the great powers of Europe are gradually absorbing the once powerful nations of the far East. The kingdom of Siam lies between the British province of Burmah on one side and the territory of French Indo-China on the other. It is caught between the two millstones, and at intervals, now here and now there, a piece of its territory is confiscated. Even within the small section still normally under the rule of King Kulalongkorn the Slamese are but puppets in the hands of resident Europeans. Englishmen control the commerce of the country, most of which goes through the port of Bangkok, the capital of Slam and a city of 350,000 inhabitants. What business the English have left untouched is in the hands of German and French traders. Even the small retail trade is conducted not by native Sinmese but by Chinese merchants, The royal Siamese navy, consisting of one protected cruiser and a few yachts and gunboats, is officered by Englishmen and Danes, while the standing army of 12,000 men is armed with German rifles and drilled by German officers.

The difficulty with France, which now appears to be settled, is of long standing. In fact, as long ago as 1580 French influence began to be felt in the Malay peninsula. The controversy in which the ceding to France of the step broke out into open hostility in 1893, when France sent gunboats up the Mekong River to enforce its demands. Siam made an offer to submit the whole matter to arbitration and the



Siamese commissioner to the World's Fair asked that the President of the United States act as arbitrator. Secretary Gresham was reluctant to mix

'home angels,' "

"You exhaust my patience, and I can't bear such prejudices. 'Home angels,' indeed! As if one must be a fool or a nonentity to be domestic. A bright woman could never be satisfied with the role you assign her. If you had not wasted your time at college. you would not be so afraid of compari-Sons."

"You are too severe-"

"Do you pretend that Latin and Greek are incompatible with modesty, sweetness and domestic qualities in a woman?"

"I am certain of it!"

"Very well, then; we will speak no more of marriage. You will accompany me to Desjardins, for you will meet the twin sisters, and you may judge respect. The steamer Friedrich der for yourself, since my experience is not worth your own."

Poor little mother! I knew she and her old friend, Mme. Desjardins, had plotted together against my bachelorhood, but a girl with the degree of B. A. was enough to frighten me into it more securely than ever. When we arrived Japan. German owners paid 8,000,000 at Mme. Desjardlus' she greeted me as | francs in canal dues in 1897. "little James." This exclamation upset me.

I expected her to ask me if I had brought my marbles along, but instead of that she presented me to her daughters. The twin sisters resembled each other only in their dress. Mile, Martha was a very beautiful brunette-a Greek goddess, with pure, straight features, Mile, Rose was less imposing, a sweet, pretty blonde. 1 was sure that in spite of her nineteen years she still played with dolls. She certainly was not the "learned young woman" my mother had proposed I should court; it must be the other one. There was dancing, and I offered my arm to Mile. Rose. After a waltz we chatted. She was witty and a little sharp, this meek-looking little blonde. I started a conversation on commonplace subjects, and in a short space of time I had judged my companion to be a most charming little woman, and it was with much reluctance I left her side.

Blue eyes, blue gauze, smilling lips, and a cloud of golden halr were all mingled in my sleep that night. Why not the stately, statuesque, dark beauty my mother would so gladly welcome as a daughter?

In another week I must again accompany my mother to the weekly reception of Mme. Desjardins, and then they would come to my mother's Friday "at home."

Thus twice a week I saw her, and naturally fell in love deeper and deeper. "Dear little Rose," thought I. "true home angel. What a wife she will be to make home bright and happy-for

ripe and mature intellect? "O, Rose, speak to me. Speak in

Latin, in Greek, if you will. Only say you forgive me and will love me."-The Princess.

Increase in German Trade.

A remarkable proof of the expansion of German trade is furnished by the traffic returns of the Suez Canal. Twenty years ago the German share of the canal traffic was 1 per cent, of the total tonnage. It is now 11 per cent., a large proportion of the trade being with British possessions. Another curious fact in connection with the canal is that the largest vessels passing through are German. As long ago as 1896 Germany took the lead in this that year, paying dues amounting to 72,000 francs. Several German steam-

ers of the same size are mentioned in subsequent canal reports, and at the present moment others are being built for the regular service in China and

Longest Flight of a Cannon Shot.

The longest distance ever covered by a cannon shot it said to be fifteen miles, but that probably was several miles within the possible limit, according to the rear of the church were the long, low Captain E. L. Zallaski, the retired army officer, who ranks among the highest authorities in the world on munitions of war. On the point of possible range Captain Zalinski says: "Under existing conditions and with the guns, powder and projectiles available, I believe it possible to fire a shot to a distance ed to play. Soldiers lay sleeping in both. of eighteen miles. The distance will be greater when a powder is produced that will exert a uniform pressure on the gun throughout the course of the projectile from breach to muzzle."

Use for Volcano Dust.

from the mountains of Puy in Auvergne enriches the soil of Limagne with phosphoric acid and potash. Ac- times with a whispered word of those who cording to M. Nivois, Inspector Gen- would trim them. A widow takes one of eral of Mines in France, it is owing to these, bearing her husband's name. Two this natural fertilizer that the soll is belong to her; but her son's she leaves, and glances about the vestibule. Miss so rich. A field at Gerzat, Clermont- Hannah, with sweet, sad face, goes to Ferrand, has yielded a fine crop of her and takes the other one.

Ashestos.

Aspestos is found in nearly all parts of the globe, but there is probably no and a little apart from the gossip on the product of inorganic nature about porch a group of sad-faced women sit in silence. Each twines the evergreens upon tery. The principal claim for this remarkable product is that it cannot be consumed by fire.

me when I recalled many instances time the baby cries to come to him.

away. And the last recruit will join the ranks and be mastered in some day. -Buffalo News.



They called it Decoration day in a little village some twenty years ago. It was one of the great days of the year. The illage itself was all green and white. The houses were white, with green blinds, Grosse, of 10,000 tons, went through in and white fences inclosed the ample yards. The green branches of majestic trees met over the long, white roadways. 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 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 lov-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 vergreens, and for that one day placed at the head of the graves. Each has upon it in black letters the name of a sol-Volcanic dust carried by the wind from the mounting of Dust is the fresh-ly ornamented the day before Decoration day. Certain of these little monuments are placed unquestioningly aside, some-

The two hemp 18 years running without any 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. the little monument before her with ten-

der, stumbling fingers. The name upon it her eyes cannot read, for the tears that A man feels that he is vindicated in and on the "Roll of Our Honored Dead."



THE WHITE CHURCH.

everywhere flowers to be lavished. Upstairs in the "infants' room," are trays to be filled with the bouquets each child soldiers' graves.

vehicles are coming into the village from from the ravages of war. By a strange all the little towns surrounding. The coincidence he took up his abole at Apposome one!" A strange fear came over his claim that he is a good father every me when I recalled many instances time the baby cries to come to him for the decorations were being made by with flags. The eight white horses which the final battlefield of the civil war.

to the front seats.

The ceremonies begin. They are very The commander of the G. A. R. long. leads the services. The air grows oppressive with the heat and the strong fra-grance 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, antee that the provisions of the treaty 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 the grandson of Gov. William cark, through the shaded streets. Old soldiers of Missouri. Over twenty-five years sit in groups, recalling their hattle scenes. of his life were devoted to the Ameri-In the cemeteries on the hill, the flowers can turf, during all of which no breath have faded on the soldiers' graves. The little monuments show their whiteness thickly under the dark pines .- Chicago Inter Ocean.

Meant Confederates.

One of Lincoln's little stories has just ome to light. It was told by Dr. Walker at the Long Island church club. He says: "One week before the assassination of President Lincoln he visited the hospital at City Point. I was stationed there as a member of the sanitary commission. I was then a boy of eighteen. Imagine my pride at being assigned to convey the President around the hospital. I felt very big. We came to one part of the hospital where we had several tents of what were then called rebel prisoners. With all the pride of a Northern boy I said: 'Mr. Lincoln, do you want to go into all those tents? There are only rebels in there.' Laying his big, generous hand on my shoulder he answered in his quiet way: 'Yon must mean Con-federates.' And I have meant Confeder-ates ever since." That is the true spirit of Decoration day. We should bury all animosities, all hard feelings in the graves of our dead soldiers. We should twine with the olive branch of pence, the woodbine of fraternal love and the honor to the brave compassed by the nasturtium.

Bull Run and Appomatiox.

It is a fact not generally known that the first and the last stand of the Confederates were made on land owned by the the stand in Louisville ever since the same man. A part of Buil Run battle-"little red horse" Aristides captured

Already, from every direction, lines of a locality where there would be less fear

French arms had met with some re-

verses a French naval squadron ascended the Menam River, on which Bangkok is situated, in the face of a severe fire and finally threatened to bombard the Sinmese capital.

Then terms of peace were arranged and the City of Chantibun was given into the hands of the French as a guarwould be carried out. This town is now to return to Sinmese control. In 1896 England and France made a treaty which guarantees the permanent independence of the central portion of the Slamese empire.

A NOTABLE TURF FIGURE.

Col. M. Lewis Clark, Who Recently Committed Suicide at Memphis.

Col. M. Lewis Clark, of Somerville, Ky., who killed himself at Memphis, Tenn., was prominent in turf circles throughout the United States. Illhealth and unlucky speculations unbalanced his mind. Col. Clark was of scandal has ever assailed his name. He was the author of a majority of the turf rules or laws of the present day and the founder of the first American Turf Congress. For over twenty years be had acted as presiding judge of

Western race tracks. He has been at

COL. M. LEWIS CLARK.

is to wear, and the large ones for the field was owned by Mr. McLean. After the first Kentucky derby, twenty-two this famous battle he decided to move to years ago. He presided at Memphis, Nashville, Oakley, Dalins, Ideal Park and the City of Mexico.

> Experience is a teacher of mankind. and some men will learn of no other.

