DANGEROUS POST IN BATTLE.

Men in "Fighting Tops" Are in a Position of Extreme Peril.

The men in the greatest danger during a naval engagement are those stationed in the military masts or "fighting tops" of the big ships. It is a position of extreme peril. The men stationed there play hide and seek with death during a battle. Exposed to the fire of the enemy with but little protection, the chances of their again reaching the deck below are extremely slim. There are slight barbettes behind which the men crouch while loading and firing their guns, but these are of but little practical use in warding off the fire of the enemy, and the smoke and heat of battle rising in the air make the situation even more disagreeable.

Masts are not used on a modern battle ship to support sails, but as stations for fighting and to display signals. Fighters were stationed in the tops long before steam supplanted sails. It was a shot from the mizzentop of the Redoubtable that put an end to Nelson's life in the moment of victory. Long before that they were used as a station for marksmen. The sailor nowadays doesn't have to climb the mast. It is of steel, not wood, and of great diameter. Access to the fighting tops is gained from the interior. In the same way ammunition is passed up to the men who are doing the fighting in the dangerous station.

These masts vary greatly in construction, some ships indeed being without them, and on others they are mere signal poles. But on the big battle ships they are elaborate affairs. Some are equipped with an upper top for the electric light, a peculiarly shaped edifice below to enable three quick-firing guns to be discharged right ahead, and a species of conning tower below, from which the captain can oversee the smoke clouds, and thus see to direct the movements on his ship in action. This conning tower is not always present, but all the battle ships have three or six pounder rapid fire guns, and electric light projectors, and one or two lighter machine guns in addition. These guns are supported by expert gunners,

BATTLESHIP'S MILITARY MAST.

and in every battle they do effective work in clearing the guns, sweeping the decks and superstructures, and picking off the officers and leading men.

It is hazardous work. There is an overhead shield, but these and the barbettes give protection more hazardous than real. There is not much danger of the mast falling, for it would take a well-directed shot with a big projectile to bring it down. But if it did fall there would be a great crash and the damage would be great. It would be rough on the men in the tops, who would come tumbling down to certain death. Yet even if the masts do not come down, the men are in a dangerous position, being living targets for shot and shell. The thin plating affords protection against a rifle bullet, but anything larger would pierce it and end the lives of the men behind the barbette.

WAITING FOR RELIEF.

Whaler Officer Travels 2,000 Miles to Bring Aid to Arctic Colony.

George Tilton, third officer of the steam whaler Belvidere, traveled 2,000 miles over snow and ice to bring aid to an Arctic colony. His companions and the crews of the Orca, a steam whaler, the J. H. Freeman, a steamer, and the Rosario, a schooner, and from four other vessels form the colony on the Son Morse islands. They were the ships caught in the "young ice" off Point Barrow.

When the ships' crews had been rescued from the ice that crushed the vessels; when the provisions had with infinite labor been transported to the island where the men had to live; when the wood and the sails left from the wrecks had been built into huts for the 300 men who had been wrecked, Tilton started for civilization.

He had to kill some of his dogs for food, and he had to quench his thirst by moistening his lips with a little snow. He had two guides, an Eskimo and his wife. Coming over the glaciers the trio had to be lashed together to avoid being separated in the blizzards. Three

VILLAGE ON THE ICE.

times Tilton was all but frozen, but the vigorous action of the Eskimo saved him. It took him nearly five months to reach St. Michael, where he met Lieut. Jarvis, of the relief expedition.

A Dawson City Idyl.

A Dawson City mining man lay dying on the ice,
He didn't have a woman nurse—he didn't have the price;
But a comrade knelt beside him, as the sun sank in repose,
To listen to his dying words and watch him while he froze.
The dying man propped up his head above four rods of snow,
And said, "I never saw it thaw at ninety-eight below;
Send this little pinhead nugget that I swiped from Jason Dills
To my home, you know, at Deadwood, at Deadwood in the hills.

"Tell my friends and tell my en'mies, if you ever reach the East,
That this Dawson City region is no place for man or beast;
That the land's too elevated and the wind too awful cold,
And the hills of South Dakota yield as good a grade of gold;
Tell my sweetheart not to worry with a sorrow too intense,
For I'm going to a warmer and a far more cheery hence.
Oh! the air is growing thicker, and those breezes give me chills,
Gee, I wish I was in Deadwood, in Deadwood in the hills.

"Tell the fellows in the home land to remain and have a cinch,
That the price of patent porkchops here is eighty cents an inch,
That I speak as one who's been here scratching 'round to find the gold,
And at 10 per cent of discount I could not buy up a cold.
Now, so-long," he faintly whispered; "I have told you what to do."
And he closed his weary eyelids and froze solid p. d. q.
His friends procured an organ box and c. o. d.'d the bills,
And sent the miner home that night to Deadwood in the hills.
—Deadwood Pioneer.

Like Mother, Like Son.

One of the most remarkable among the feats of the postoffice in finding people—and such feats are many—is recorded by a New York paper. A letter was received at the postoffice in that city addressed simply: "To my mother, New York, America."

The letter come from Ireland, but as there are in New York several women who have sons in Ireland, the postoffice people despaired of finding the right one. However, the letter was turned over to the deciphering department. Now it so happened that on the very day of its receipt there an Irish woman came to the general window and said:

"Have ye a letter from me b'y?"

The fact that a woman with the cast of mind required for such an inquiry should come at that time, struck the clerk, who had heard of a letter for a woman whose name was not given, as something more than a coincidence. It was quite possible that such a woman might be the mother of such a son.

So he took the letter, observed the postmark, and asked the woman where her "b'y" lived. She gave the name of the place with which the letter was stamped. Some other questions were asked and the answers noted down. Then the clerk gave the woman the letter, on the condition that she should open it on the spot and return it if it were not for her.

She opened it, and lo! its contents proved conclusively that it was really from her son in Ireland.

Ancient Scales Discovered.

A pair of scales much like those of the modern pharmacists is among the multitude of objects discovered this year in excavations about thirty miles from Thebes and recently exhibited in London. The scales are finely finished, having a beam about four and one-half inches long, with a ring at each end of the three cords, and the pans, about the size of an English penny, are slightly convex.

Wool from Persia.

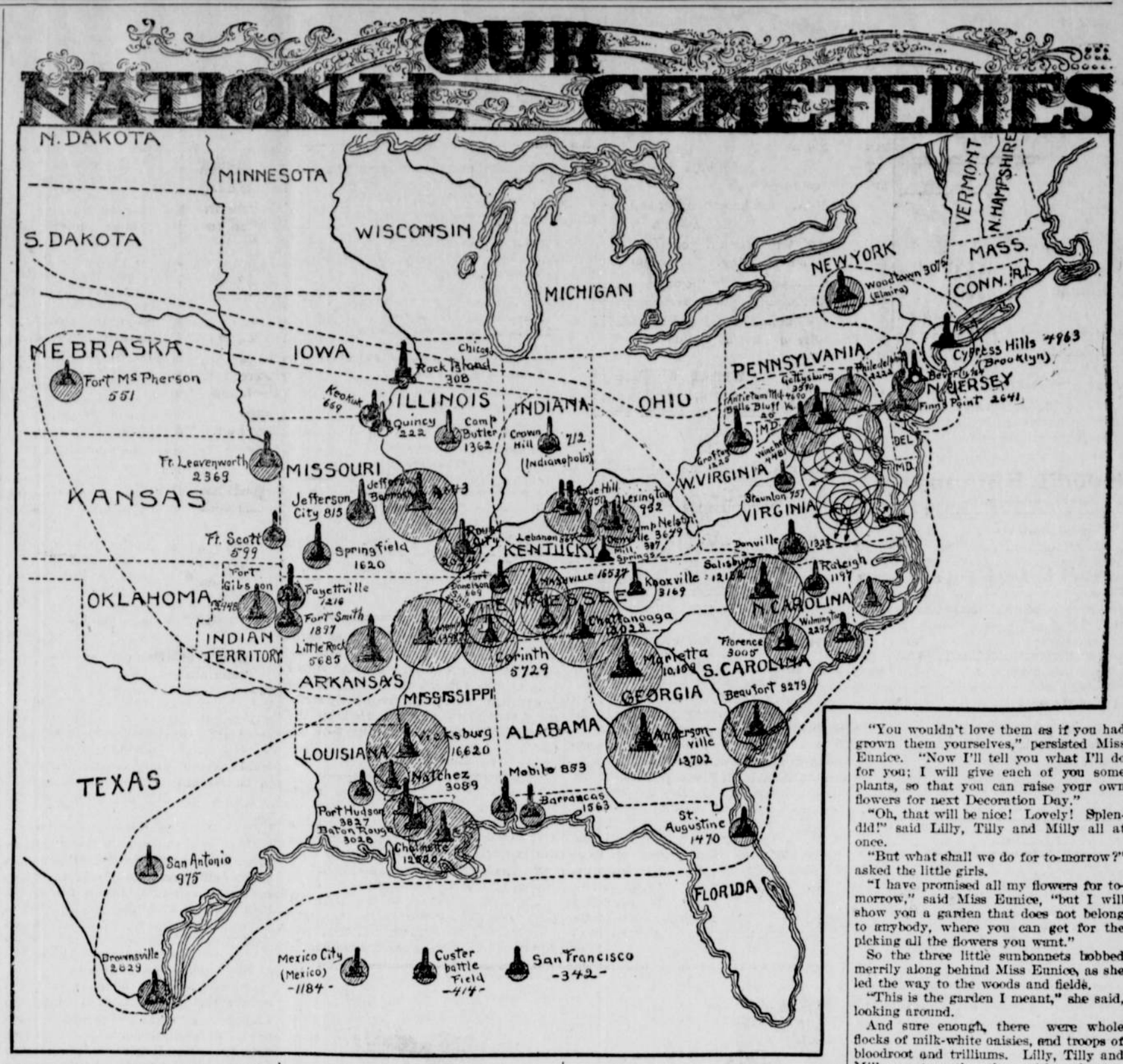
Persian wool is going to Russia, France and the United States. Our import of that commodity is made via Marseilles. A small portion only of that clipped from the millions of sheep in the country is used there, and that goes for manufacture of carpets. The chief centers of carpet manufactories are Suntanabad, Korassan, Chiraz and Kurdistan, one house in Suntanabad employing more than 10,000 workmen.

He Expected It.

"Oh, why do you love me, Mabel, dear?" he cried.
"Because," she answered, and he, of course, was satisfied.

Alice—I've just been reading Poe. Doesn't he tell some weird tales? Mrs. Deadnext—Yes, but they don't hold a candle to some of those my husband tells me when he comes home late.—New York Herald.

It requires as much time to get away from a persistent agent as it does to say good-by to an affectionate woman.



THERE are nearly half a million soldiers' graves in the cemeteries of the United States. From the Atlantic to the Pacific the nation's heroes are on each 30th of May honored by a loyal and loving people. On that date, from the time the sun rises over the hills of Maine until it sinks to rest beyond the mountains of California the vast extent of our land echoes with the bugle call and the booming of cannon. The youth of the nation get their best lesson in patriotism when they lay a wreath of flowers on the stone that marks a soldier's grave.

It is impossible to state the exact number of soldiers' graves, as no record has been made of them for several years. When the last record was made there were about 300,000 sleeping in the national cemeteries and probably 75,000 scattered in little graveyards all over the country. The accompanying map gives the figures of the last record made. Of course, the number of graves has increased since then. The veterans have become fewer and fewer. They have not fallen as rapidly as they were mowed down before the death-dealing fire of Gettysburg, nor as they fell in the awful charges of Bull Run, but their ranks have been thinned by the grim reaper, and for each one that passed away there has arisen another mound to be decorated.

National cemeteries, as is, perhaps, well known, are burying places maintained at the expense of the United States Government, and wherein only soldiers are buried. Many of these are near some military post, but by far the larger ones are located in the vicinity of the big battlefields. Some of the heroes were buried near the spot where they gave up their lives for their country, and numbers were taken to as near their homes as possible. In the national cemeteries near the battlefields most of the graves are unnamed. Only a number and a tiny stone tell where a hero lies sleeping. When shells and shot mowed men down by the thousand it frequently happened that there were none left to identify the bodies. In most cases it was known to what company certain men had belonged, although each could not be identified individually, and in such cases all are buried in groups and the names of all the men who were missing after the battle are inscribed on a single shaft.

There are in all about ninety national cemeteries in the United States and so scattered that each presents an entirely different appearance. Could pictures of them be viewed one after another they would present a panorama of our country. There would be cemeteries far out on sandy wastes where the sun beats down mercilessly and the dry desert wind carries the hot sand in blinding clouds over the shiny stones that mark the graves. There would be cemeteries in mountain wilds and on boundless western prairies. There would be peaceful little spots sheltered 'neath church towers, and vast stretches of beautiful park where thousands lie buried. Millions of people visit these cemeteries on Memorial Day and when night comes each is a perfect bank of flowers.

The most easterly of the national cemeteries is the one known as Cypress Hills. It is located not far out of the city of Brooklyn, and is a typical Eastern burying place that contains some of the finest monuments that are placed over soldiers' graves in the country. The natural aspect of the country at Cypress Hills is somewhat flat, but the cemetery has received so much attention and art has done so much for it that the flatness is not noticeable. It is a most beautiful spot, where 5,000 heroes are buried. Woodlawn is the name of the national cemetery of New York State. It is a magnificent burying place on slightly rolling ground, well kept and planted to all sorts of flowers and evergreens. Over 3,000 are buried here. A little further to the south the national cemeteries are very close together. At Philadelphia there is a beautiful burying place, where about 2,500 sleep, and just to the northeast of town is pretty Beverly. Only 164 are buried here, but it is one of the most beautiful cemeteries in the country—certainly the most beautiful of its size. In the immediate vicinity there is the Gettysburg cemetery, Antietam, Balls Bluff, Grafton and Winchester. All these are much alike in general appearance. About 14,000 are buried in all of them.

The shores of the Chesapeake in Virginia are fairly lined with national cemeteries. About 50,000 are buried in this vicinity, and the graveyards are almost exactly alike in appearance. They are not as well kept as some further north, but nature has done so much in the way of luxuriant vegetation that this is hardly noticeable. The most important of these cemeteries are Fredericksburg, Arlington, Culpepper, Richmond, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Yorktown and Annapolis. Most of them have streams of water running through them that greatly add to their natural beauty. In North Carolina the most important national cemetery is Salisbury. Nearly 13,000 are buried here. This cemetery is located in a spur of a mountain range and is a most beautiful spot. In general appearance it is entirely different from any other national cemetery in the country. From almost any part of it a view extending over miles and miles of country that in war time was the scene of many important battles can be obtained. It is a most impressive place to visit at any time of the year. The other cemeteries in North Carolina are Raleigh, New Berne and Wilmington. About 7,000 are buried in these three.

Almost at the southern tip of South Carolina is the most beautiful national cemetery in the country. It is known as Beaufort and about 10,000 are buried there. Although it is in South Carolina, Beaufort might be said to belong to Savannah, Ga. The perfect city of the South is just a few miles away, across the river that divides the two States, and it is from there that the crowds of people come who decorate its graves. Hundreds of the sons of Savannah are buried in Beaufort. For picturesqueness the national cemetery at St. Augustine, Fla., takes first rank. It is on the site of an old Spanish burying place, and many are the quaint graves and tombstones to be seen there. Surrounded by a very old stone wall, within sound of the breakers and filled with tropical plants and dreamy lagoons, it is at once beautiful and interesting. About 1,500 are buried here, and the Decoration Day ceremonies are always of a most impressive nature. The national cemetery of Chalmette, near New Orleans, is one of the best-known burying places in the country. Thirteen thousand are buried here. Chalmette is located on the shore of a bayou and presents somewhat the appearance of a swamp with driveways through it. There are several lakes in it, and in many instances the graves are very close to the water. Decoration Day is always extensively observed here, but for one reason or another the graves are decorated with flowers and evergreens the greater part of the year.

The largest national cemetery in the country is at Vicksburg, Miss. About 17,000 are interred here, but the place has rather a depressing effect on one who visits it for the first time, it is so vast and so suggestive of the horrors of death. There is a melancholy aspect to it that it is impossible to shake off. Near by is the cemetery at Natchez, where 3,200 are buried. In the immediate vicinity are the cemeteries of Port Hudson, Baton Rouge and Alexandria. All through this part of the country Decoration Day is most extensively observed. In nearly every graveyard there are several soldiers buried, and the sentimental nature of the people causes much attention to be given to the ceremonies. From Andersonville, Ga., and following a sort of curve to Little Rock, Ark., there is a line of cemeteries where nearly 100,000 soldiers are buried. These are all very much alike in appearance and are not as well cared for as those in other parts of the country. The principal ones of this group are Memphis, Nashville, Chattanooga and Marietta.

There is a little group of cemeteries in Kentucky where about 8,000 are buried, but the observances of the day here are always very sad. More old people are seen at these ceremonies than in any other cemetery in the country. They still remember their lost ones, and even at this late day old, white-haired negroes are frequently seen weeping and crying for "young marsa."

A national cemetery that is very little known is Jefferson Barracks, located about eighteen miles below St. Louis, Mo. Over 11,800 are buried here, and the cemetery is one of the grandest sites in the world. It is about 300 feet above the Mississippi, on the west bank, and commands a view in all directions over the bottom lands. This cemetery is remarkably well kept, although it does not contain as many trees as one feels ought to be there.

The national cemeteries of the West are sad places. Most of them are absolutely barren and are distressing in the extreme. The one at San Antonio, Tex., is of this character, although of late years an attempt has been made to improve it. Nearly all the Western cemeteries are small. The national cemetery on the Custer battlefield in Dakota is perhaps the strangest burying place in all the world. It is a most barren spot, containing an enormous marble shaft, with 414 graves grouped around it. The strange thing about this cemetery is that all those sleeping there were killed on the same day. The national cemetery of San Francisco is located at the Presidio. About 350 are interred here. It is not generally known, but the United States maintains a national cemetery at the City of Mexico. Of course the 6,184 buried there are the victims of the Mexican war.

The First Celebrations.

The date of the first celebration of Memorial Day in the various States is as follows: Alabama, April 26, 1866; Arkansas, May 30, 1865; California, May 30, 1880; Colorado, May 30, 1877; Connecticut, May 30, 1876; Delaware, May 30, 1867; Florida, April 26, 1870; Georgia, April 26, 1866; Illinois, May 30, 1873; Indiana, May 30, 1867; Iowa, May 30, 1868; Kansas, May 30, 1866; Kentucky (Confederate), May 10, 1867; Kentucky (Union), May 30, 1868; Louisiana (Confederate), April 6, 1875; Louisiana (Union), April 8, 1878; Maine, May 30, 1867; Maryland (Confederate), June 7, 1866; Maryland (Union), June 5, 1866; Massachusetts, May 30, 1881; Minnesota (at Minneapolis), May 30, 1869; Minnesota (regular), May 30, 1870; Mississippi, May 1, 1867; Missouri, May 30, 1868; Nebraska, May 30, 1868; Nevada, May 30, 1869; New Hampshire, May 30, 1868; New Jersey, May 30, 1868; New York, May 30, 1868; North Carolina (Greensboro), May 5, 1866; North Carolina (Raleigh), May 10, 1866; Ohio, May 30, 1868; Oregon, May 30, 1875; Pennsylvania, May 30, 1868; Rhode Island, May 30, 1868; South Carolina, July 3, 1866; Tennessee, May 30, 1868; Texas, May 30, 1871; Vermont, May 30, 1869; Virginia (Union), May 31, 1866; Virginia (Confederate), June 11, 1866; West Virginia, May 30, 1878; Wisconsin, May 30, 1873.

The Committee.

"We're a Decoration Day committee," began Lilly.

"And we want some of your flowers," said Milly.

"To trim the school house," said Tilly.

Miss Eunice laughed heartily. Then she looked sober.

"See here, my dears," she said, kindly, "I think it isn't a nice way for little girls to beg, if it is only for flowers.

"Beside, when you get the flowers so easily, you hardly care for them. A little girl asked me once for a sweet red rose, and what do you think? She ate it before she got to the gate!"

"Oh, but we wouldn't do that, Miss Eunice!" said Milly.

"You wouldn't love them as if you had grown them yourselves," persisted Miss Eunice. "Now I'll tell you what I'll do for you; I will give each of you some plants, so that you can raise your own flowers for next Decoration Day."

"Oh, that will be nice! Lovely! Splendid!" said Lilly, Tilly and Milly all at once.

"But what shall we do for to-morrow?" asked the little girls.

"I have promised all my flowers for to-morrow," said Miss Eunice, "but I will show you a garden that does not belong to anybody, where you can get for the picking all the flowers you want."

So the three little sunbonnets bobbed merrily along behind Miss Eunice, as she led the way to the woods and fields.

"This is the garden I meant," she said, looking around.

And sure enough, there were whole flocks of milk-white daisies, and troops of bloodroot and trilliums. Lilly, Tilly and Milly ran to gather them with a shout.

"Take care, my dears!" said Miss Eunice, as the children tore up the violets by the roots. "Pick the flowers and leave the plants."

"I thought you said these were nobody's flowers?" said little Tilly.

"To be sure," said Miss Eunice, "but they are too pretty to be spoiled. Leave them to grow, and other little girls will find them here waiting to surprise them. So the lovely wild flowers will keep a great many Decoration Days."

HEAR THE DRUMS MARCH BY.

ARAH, Sarah, Sarah, hear the drums march by!
This is Decoration Day;—hurry and be spry!
Wheel me to the window, girl; fling it open high!
Crippled of the body now, and blinded of the eye,
Sarah, let me listen while the drums march by.

Hear 'em; how they roll! I can feel 'em in my soul.
Hear the beat—beat—o' the boots on the street;
Hear the sweet fife cut the air like a knife;
Hear the tones grand of the words of command;
Hear the walls nigh shout back their reply!
Sarah, Sarah, Sarah, hear the drums dance by!

Blind as a bat, I can see 'em, for all that;
Old Colonel J., stately an' gray,
Riding slow and solemn at the head of the column;
There's Major L., sober now and well;
Old Lengthy Bragg, still a-bearing of the flag;
There's old Strong, that I tented with so long;
There's the whole crowd, hearty and proud.
Hey! boys, say! can't you glance up this way?
Here's an old comrade, crippled now, an' gray!
This is too much. Girl, throw me my crutch!
I can see—I can walk—I can march—I could fly!
No, I won't sit still an' see the boys march by!

Oh!—I fall and I flinch; I can't go an inch!
No use to flutter, no use to try.
Where's my strength? Hunt down at the front;
There's where I left it. No need to sigh;
All the milk's spilt; there's no use to cry.
Plague o' these tears, and the moans in my ears!
Part of a war is to suffer and to die.
I must sit still, and let the drums march by.

Part of a war is to suffer and to die—
Suffer and to die—suffer and to—Why,
Of all the crowd I just yelled at so loud,
There's hardly a one but is killed, dead and gone!
All the old regiment, excepting only I,
March out of sight in the country of the night.
That was a specter band marched past so grand.
All the boys are a-tenting in the sky,
Sarah, Sarah, Sarah, hear the drums moan by!
—Will Carleton.

"His Face to the Foe."

"Slain in Battle." "He fell with his face to the foe." These were the messages that were flashed over the wires and sent to the waiting ones at home by brave and thoughtful comrades. Those who lived through those trying times need not be reminded how sacred is the trust committed to our charge. They know what the day means in all its comprehensive and broad significance, and it needs no burst of martial music, no flourish of trumpets or beating of drums to tell the story. They know the history of those trying days, and the most eloquent efforts of oratory cannot make it more clear or more dear to them.

The Field Flowers.

Yes, bring the fairest roses,
Carnations white and red,
And pansies, royal blossoms,
To deck each soldier's bed;
But bring the dainty field flowers, too—
Daisies, and violets white and blue.

The largest bridge ever built is the famous one crossing the Firth of Forth.