## ON EVERY SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

It's lonesome—sort o' lonesome—it's a Sund'y day to me,
It 'pears like—more'n any day I nearly ever see!
Yit, with the stars and stripes above, a-flutterin in the air,
On ev'ry soldier's grave I'd love to lay a lily thare.

They say, though, Decoration days is gener'lly observed
'Most ev'rywhares—espeshally by soldier boys that's served—
But me and mother's never went—we seldom git away—
In pint o' fact, we're allus home on Decoration day.

They say the old boys marches through the streets in colum's grand,
A-follerin the old war tunes they're play'n on the band—
And citizuns all jinin in—and little children, too—
All marchin under shelter of the old red, white and blue.

"WE'VE TRIED THAT—ME AND MOTHER."

With roses! roses! roses!—ev'rybody in the town!
And crowds o' little girls in white, jest fairly loaded down!
Oh! don't the boys know it, from theyr camp acrost the hill?
Don't they see theyr com'ards comin and the old flag wavin still?

Oh, can't they hear the bugul and the rattle of the drum?
Ain't they no way under heavens they can rickollect us some?
Ain't they no way we can coax 'em through the roses jest to say
They know that ev'ry day on earth's theyr Decoration day?

We've tried that—me and mother—whare Elias takes his rest,
In the orchurd, in his uniform, and hands acrost his brest,
And the flag he died fer smilin and a-ripplin in the breeze
Above his grave, and over that a robin in the trees!

And yit it's lonesome, lonesome—it's a Sund'y day to me,
It 'pears like—mor'n any day I nearly ever see!
Still, with the stars and stripes above, a-flutterin in the air,
On ev'ry soldier's grave I'd love to lay a lily thare.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

# TOLD AT THE GRAVE.

A STORY FOR MEMORIAL DAY.

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AT THE base of a mountain spur in northern Arkansas is a grave. There is an air of subdued romance about the place, an indescribable something that breathes a hallowed sadness. The country is of old but thin settlement. Up the narrow valleys the ferns are rank, and on the hillsides beflowered vines cling to the rugged trees. The grave is under a willow that shades an open space. It is the only willow in the neighborhood. Once every year since the war a man and a woman have come from the north to decorate this lone grave. At first the woman, bright eyed and springy of step, was exceedingly handsome, but latterly time had ceased to be playful with her. The man was sturdy and of sober mien. He looked as if his life had always held a secret suffering. This man and this woman have rather a unique history.

At the time of the breaking out of the war John and Henry Archer, brothers so nearly alike that they were often taken for twins, lived in Lake county, Ills. John was engaged to marry Tress Pryor, and the day for the wedding was appointed, but before the time came a drum beat, and sturdy young fellows mustered on the grass.

It was evening, and Tress Pryor was standing on the veranda. John rode up, sprang off his horse and with a new accent in his manner—a peculiar bearing—came up the walk.

"Tress," he said, "did you see the men marching?"

"Yes."

"Do you know what it means?"

"They say it means war," she answered.

"It means more than that, Tress. It means that you are to marry a hero."

"I don't know that I understand you."

He laughed. "Are you so dull, little sweetheart? It means that I am going to the war."

"It means nothing of the sort," some one exclaimed, and John, wheeling about, saw his brother Henry standing near.

"What's the trouble with you, Henry?"

"There's no trouble with me. I am simply sensible, and you must not be foolish." He pointed to the girl. "There is your present duty. I am going to the war. You are going to stay here, and after awhile if we need you I will send for you."

"Well, now, this is a pretty come off," John declared. "You would make a hero of yourself and a drudge of me. You are not engaged to be married and are therefore a patriot. I am in love and am consequently a coward. Tress, you needn't say a word. I am going to the war."

"I haven't said anything," the girl replied.

"Good, and it means that you give your consent."

"It means that you must do what you consider your duty."

"You are a brave girl, Tress."

"If not, I shouldn't be worthy of you, John."

"That sounds very well," said Henry, "but without common sense bravery is but an aimless piece of foolishness. One soldier from our small family, I should think, is enough to prove our loyalty to the government."

"Henry, you needn't say a word. I'm going to the war."

The next day John and Henry were mustered into the service, and it was not long before they were under fire. One day in a skirmish not far from Fayetteville, Ark., John was shot while standing under a willow tree. He was so severely wounded that it was thought he could live but a few hours, but when the next morning had come he showed signs of improvement. He was taken to the hospital, and his brother Henry was detailed to attend him until an advance should be ordered. One day there came to the hospital a young woman from Kentucky. She had been regarded as a belle in the blue grass country, but she gave up society and went south to nurse wounded soldiers. This young woman took special interest in John Archer. She made a romance of her duty, and at times when the wounded man seemed brighter than usual she would sit near his cot and read poetry to him. But upon this Henry began to look with disapproval, and once when the girl had gone to fetch another book he said to his brother:

"I don't think that's right, John."

"Don't think what's right?"

"Why, having that girl read love verses to you."

"She's reading to herself as much as she is to me."

"I don't know about that, John."

"I do."

"Well, but I don't think it's right, and I know Tress wouldn't approve it."

"Then why doesn't she come and read to me?"

"She doesn't know that you are wounded. I haven't had the heart to tell her."

"Hush; here comes Miss Bush."

Henry withdrew, but some one spoke to him, and he halted within hearing distance of his brother's cot.

"I didn't suppose you were so fond of poetry," said Miss Bush, speaking to John.

"I wasn't until I heard you read it."

"Oh, that's a compliment surely; but, tell me, since you acknowledge that I have pointed out the beauty of"— She hesitated.

"Tell you what?"

"Oh, nothing."

"But what were you going to say?"

"Something hardly proper, I fear."

"Tell me," he pleaded.

"Oh, I don't suppose that it amounts to anything. I was simply going to ask if there had not been a time when some girl stirred a poetic emotion in your heart."

A few moments elapsed before he replied, "I worked so hard when I was at home that I had but little time for"—

"For love?" she asked.

He nervously fumbled with the covers of the bed, and gently she arranged the pillow for him.

"Near our place," said he, "there is a girl that I've known a long time. I've known her about all her life, I guess."

"What about her?"

"Well, I told her that she should marry a hero. You see, I thought I'd go home covered with glory."

"Oh, you are engaged to her."

"Yes, in a way."

"In a way! Why, what a funny sort of an engagement that must be! Shall I read now?"

"If you please."

* * * * * * *

After returning home it was some time before Henry had the courage to call on Tress Pryor. But one evening he went to see her. As he entered the gate he saw her standing on the spot where she had stood when John came dashing up to tell her that he was going to the war. She reached out and took his hands, and for a time neither of them spoke.

"Tress, he died for his country."

TOOK SPECIAL INTEREST IN JOHN ARCHER.

"And for me," she said.

"Y-e-s. He lay a long time in the hospital, and we thought he was going to get well, but a sudden change came, and he died. He begged to be buried under the tree where he fell, and we buried him there."

"But did he send no word to me?"

"Oh, yes, he talked about you a great deal. He was brave, and if he had come back you would have married a hero."

And it was Henry Archer and Tress Pryor who went every year to decorate the grave under the willow. They became well known in the neighborhood, and school children used to climb high up the mountain side and get strange flowers for them. Henry moved to the northwest, but on time every year he would get off the train at the milk station near Tress' home.

One time when he came she said to him:

"It doesn't look right to drag you away from your business every year. My time, you know, doesn't amount to anything."

"Mine doesn't amount to so very much," he answered; "and besides it is a great pleasure to go there."

"Yes, it is. But tell me, Henry, why is it you have never married?"

"Oh, I don't know. Because there have been so many divorces, I suppose."

"That's a queer reason. But it isn't the reason, and you know it," she added, looking him full in the eye.

HE HAD SEIZED HER HANDS.

"Well," he replied, avoiding her gaze, "if that isn't the reason I don't know what it is. Perhaps I had a cause a good while ago."

"And you have forgotten what it was," she said, laughing, but in her laugh there was more of sadness than of mirth. After a time she asked, "Do you think a man's love is as constant as a woman's?"

"Not always, but sometimes," he answered.

"But do you believe that a man or a woman can love twice with equal devotion?"

"I don't know how it may be with others," he answered, "but I could never love but once."

"Oh, you have been in love, then, have you?"

"Tomorrow we start for the grave," he said.

"Yes, but you have not answered my question."

"I will answer it at the grave."

* * * * * * *

It was the 30th of last May. Henry and Tress sat under the willow. Another generation of school children had brought violets from wild places and had gathered blossoms on the mountain side. The grave was ablaze with red roses, white dogwood blossoms and bluebells. The sun was low. The cows, ringing their bells, were going home. Henry told a story which so often he had related:

"The skirmish was sharp, almost a battle, and there was danger everywhere, but John was too brave to stand behind the tree. I was not far away, and the bullets were buzzing thicker than bumblebees in our meadow, but somehow I was not afraid of being hit—my mind was centered on John. What difference could it have made if I had been shot?"

"Don't talk that way," she interrupted.

"But why should I have cared for myself? There was no one at home waiting for me to come back a hero." He paused for a few moments. "An increase in the firing to the left caused me to turn in that direction, and when I looked back John was down."

"You have never pointed out the place where the hospital stood," she said.

He was silent for a time. "I don't like to think of the hospital."

"Why?" she asked.

"Oh, on account o[illegible] man!"

"You [illegible] the grave," she said, looking away. "You were in love with her."

"No, I wasn't, Tress."

"Yes, you were."

"I swear I wasn't."

"Yes, you were."

"Tress, I hated her."

"Hated her! What for?"

"Because she was your enemy."

"My enemy! Henry, I don't know what you mean. How could she be my enemy?"

"She loved John."

"Oh, and is that all?"

"All," he repeated. "Isn't that enough?"

"To have made her my enemy? No."

"But—but—it's got to come now. John loved her."

"How do you know?" She was so quiet that he was surprised at her.

"I might as well tell you all now. Here." He took from his pocket an old and faded letter. "He told me to give you this, but I hadn't the heart. Read it."

The letter was brief. It was the breaking of an engagement. She read the letter and quietly handed it back to him. He gazed at her in astonishment.

"Tress," he cried, "on his deathbed he married that woman." She did not answer.

"I say he married her."

"Well?"

"Is it possible? Tress, I ought to have told you—ought to have given you the letter—but I thought you worshiped him. And why have you decorated his grave all these years?"

"Because he was your brother."

"What! I—I—don't"——

"Henry, oh, how stupid you have been, you"——

She did not complete the sentence. He had seized her hands. "Merciful heaven, girl, I have always loved you!"

"And, precious, I never loved John, because I loved you, but I was afraid you would despise me if I were not true to his memory. You engaged me to him. I don't know how, but you did."

The sun was down, and the music of the cowbells was far away.

OPIE READ.

## AN OLD CAMP MINSTREL.

**He Played Simple Melodies For Grant and Sherman.**

One of the attaches of the North Dakota senate house at Bismarck is an old colored man named Blakely Durant. His war history was made under the camp sobriquets of "Blake" and "Old Shady," and the last mentioned was given to him on account of a song by that title, which he often sang at the headquarters of the Army of the Tennessee. Grant, Sherman, McPherson and other generals of the western army were entertained by the simple melodies of the musical darky, who accompanied his songs by twanging the guitar, which he handled skillfully.

"OLD SHADY."

"Old Shady" was the favorite piece of General Grant, and he called for it whenever he spent the evening at McPherson's campfire, where Blake was employed as a caterer for the mess. The song on the lips of a real contraband in the bivouacs of the liberating army was part [illegible] ran as follows:

Oh, yah, yah, darkies, [illegible] with me
What do white folks say—dat "Old Shady" am free?
Don't you see dat de jubilee
Am comin, comin? Hail, mighty day!

CHORUS.

Den, away, away,
I cannot stay
No longer.
Hooray, hooray,
For I am going home.

Ole massa got scared, and so did his lady;
Dis chile speaks for old "Uncle Aby."
Open de gates fo' rout here's "Old Shady"
Comin, comin. Hail, mighty day!

Goodby, Massa Jeff. Goodby, Massa Steve.
'Xeuse dis darky for takin his leave.
I 'xpec' soon dat you'll heah Uncle Aby
Comin, comin. Hail, mighty day!

Goodby, hard work without any pay.
I'm goin up norf where de good folks say
Dat white wheat bread and a dollar a day
Am a-comin, comin. Hail, mighty day!

Oh, I got a wife, and we got a baby
Away up norf in the lower Canady.
Won't dey laugh when dey see "Old Shady"
Comin, comin? Hail, mighty day!

Blake, or "Old Shady," as he was best known, joined the army as cook for the officers of the Seventy-first Ohio regiment and was on the field at Shiloh. He afterward shipped on the steamer Magnolia, which was used as transport for Grant's headquarters at the opening of the Vicksburg campaign. During that time "Old Shady" came to the notice of the commander, and he engaged him as cook; but, true to his vagrant nature, the darky asked for transportation home on a brief visit as a bonus and failed to report back for duty at the end of his furlough. Subsequently he fell in with the steward of McPherson's mess, was employed as cook for a time and then became chief caterer.

"Old Shady's" song made a hit by reason of the patronage of the generals and was taken up by the Lombard brothers, who managed a band of singers that often entertained the soldiers in their camps during the winter season. The Lombards learned the song at McPherson's quarters, where the colored minstrel sang it for them over and over until they knew it by heart. Finally it became a popular campaign song and had its day with "Suwanee River," "Ole Virginny," "John Brown's Body" and other airs appealing to the sentiment of the hour.

## A GREAT UPRISING.

**The Surprising Material and Moral Strength of the Loyal States in 1861.**

As the years roll by we get a proper perspective of the civil war, and as we have leisure and opportunity to compare it with other wars we realize the importance of one fact too often overlooked. In our impatience and criticism in 1861-5 we forgot that no war of modern times had been waged by any nation with rulers so little prepared by experience. The soldiers of the Union in 1861 were absolutely new to the art of war, and by an extraordinary combination of circumstances the civil rulers were at the same time almost devoid of experience in practical administration.

The Republican party was led by very new men, whose almost entire experience had been in political opposition. They were indeed ardent patriots, but so far as experience in governing went they were in 1861 just like passengers who might suddenly be called to take charge of a ship going to pieces beneath their feet in a storm which made thrice seasoned mariners pale.

Suddenly they were called upon to deal with the most embarrassing complications in diplomacy, the most difficult problems in finance, the most subtle and complex issues in constitutional law, and to meet demands for military purposes which would have staggered the most powerful monarchies in Europe. Russia, Austria, England and France had in turn owned their incapacity to suddenly mobilize a quarter of a million men. The United States, which had but 16,000 men in its regular army in April, 1861, had before the frosts of autumn fell nearly 700,000 men armed and equipped and in camp or on the march.

And with what success? Comparisons are in this case indeed eloquent. Great Britain's administrative system confessedly broke down in supplying less than 60,000 men in the Crimea. In the winter of 1861 the Washington administration supplied 600,000 men, scattered along a line of 2,500 miles from the mouth of the Potomac to New Mexico. Before the war a revenue of $60,000,000 a year alarmed the nation. In a few months Secretary Chase had to raise $600,000,000 a year, and soon had to double that.

In naval warfare the Americans of April, 1861, were as children, yet in eight months they had established a naval blockade the most thorough in history, and in eight more their rams, monitors and other ironclads had revolutionized naval warfare.

The energy of the north was indeed wonderful, its reserve of strength vastly greater than itself suspected. To quote a western byword, "We ached with strength." No country in the world was ever stronger for war purposes than were the adhering states in 1861.

And back of all the material resources were the soul, the moral vigor, the fierce and high resolve that the time had come to settle the great issue once for all. Only twice in all history has there been anything at all approaching it—the uprisings of Holland against Spain, and of France in her early revolutionary era. Time, instead of lessening, heightens our appreciation of that great and truly national movement. The perspective of 30 odd years gives us a more inspiring view of the great uprising of the north.

J. H. BEADLE.

**Thoughts For the Hour.**

To get away from the blood and enmity of the struggle is the first effort of patriots recovering from war. To commemorate the virtue and heroism of the army is to ennoble [illegible] traits in men by which nations [illegible] paid.

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Bids are also invited for remodeling the heating system in one wing. Specifications may be seen at the asylum.

The right to reject any or all bids is reserved. Bids will be opened at 10 o'clock p. m., June 5, 1893.

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