



ASLEEP AT HIS POST.

BY GILBERT PATTEN.

With muffled drums and measured tread the little band of battle marked and time scarred veterans—honored heroes of the noble army that fought to preserve the Union—marched through the cemetery that lay sleeping on the southward sloping hillside.

At length they halted by a white shaft that bore the name of "John Loring," followed by this strange inscription: Pardon us, gentle, because of his faithful service and splendid record as a brave and loyal soldier.

Never in all the years since they began decorating that grave had Uncle Dan's Brinton been known to remove his hat there or in any manner show he mourned for and honored the sleeping comrade with whom he had fought almost shoulder to shoulder in the same company.

There were those, however, who hinted that there had once been a feud between the two men, and that even death had not softened the heart of stubborn old Uncle Dan!

At all the other graves where the veterans passed and uncovered he removed his hat and bowed his head with the rest, his grim features softening and something like a tender look creeping into his eyes.

Among those gathered at the cemetery to watch the solemn memorial ceremonies was a plainly dressed but pretty girl of 18. She was attired in common print, and the shoes on her feet were made for wear instead of beauty.

There was something like a look of mingled pride and pain on her face as she saw Uncle Dan stand up so rigidly by John Loring's grave, and she glanced slyly at a manly young fellow a few years older than herself who stood with his hand on the bit of a spirited horse, restlessly tapping the tops of his high boots with the riding whip he carried.

She saw the young fellow was watching Uncle Dan all the while, biting his lip and occasionally pulling at his light mustache.

When all the graves had been visited and the ceremonies had been completed, Uncle Dan saluted the commander and fell out of the company, immediately coming straight toward the girl, whose face brightened as he approached.

"I'm relieved from marchin' back to town, little one," he said. Then his eyes fell on the young man in the riding suit, and he started a bit, a shadow settling on his face while he went on, hitting his voice a trifle.

"I'm gettin' party old fur marchin', but I've always done my duty in ev'ry campaign, and I never slept at my post."

"Come, Jennie, we'll go home now. Them as don't deserve it has been honored like them as do, and the decoratin' is all over."

ing them. Their lives passed peacefully and rather monotonously, but they seemed content with their humble lot, apparently caring little for things beyond the bounds of their tiny world.

On the night of this Memorial day Uncle Dan sat by the open cottage door and smoked his pipe, the light of the setting sun showing a troubled look on his face, while Jennie moved briskly about the room, attending to her household duties and humming a tune of a song.

All at once the old man removed his pipe, struck it against the edge of the chair to knock out the ashes, straightened up and cleared his throat, speaking with an effort:

"Come here, little one." She approached, a wondering look on her face, for she saw by his manner he had something serious to say. He took her hand and pulled her down beside him.

"He's the son of a man who slept at his post and was condemned to be shot." "But was pardoned by the president 'cause of his faithful service and splendid record as a brave and loyal soldier."

"That sounds very well, but let me tell ye there was a wonderful influence brought to bear on the president to obtain that pardon, or John Loring would have died the death he deserved."

"I've got to talk of it," was his stubborn retort. "Something I saw today makes me feel it's needful and right. My old eyes ain't so sharp as they used to be, but they saw that young Nat Loring looking at ye, little one, in a way that meant a pile—and them same eyes saw ye blush. That's why I feel it's needful to talk now, for I want to warn ye ag'in any one with the Loring blood in his or her body. Keep clear of that young man, Jennie."

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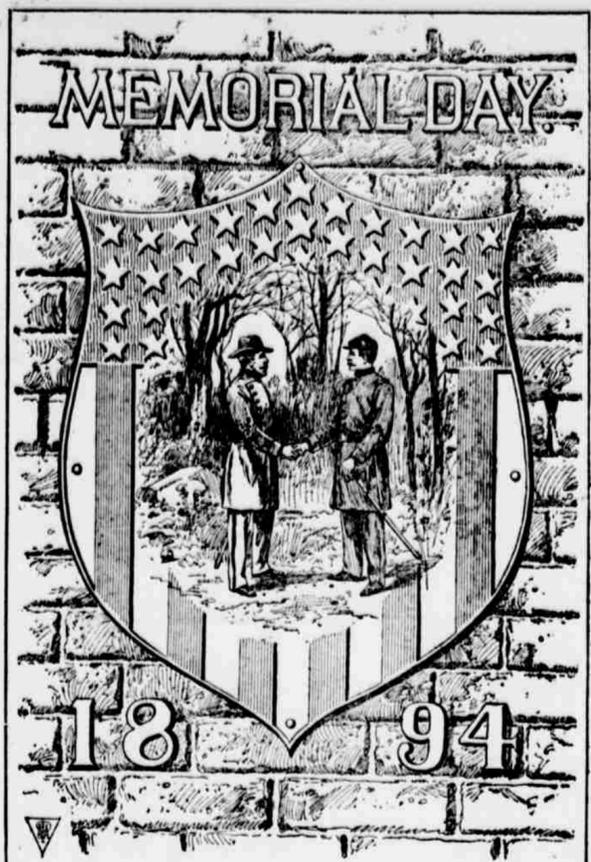
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That's enough for Dan'l Brinton. Jennie, come here!" Pale and trembling, the girl left Nat Loring and advanced to her uncle's side. He took her hand and drew her close, his eyes fastened on the young man all the while, as he continued:

"I hev tried to protee' this little lamb from ye. I warned her, but ye found a way to sneak around and lead her inter deceivin' the best friend she had in the world. That's like a Loring—they're deceptions."

"There was no deception intended, Mr. Brinton," protested Nat stanchly. "I was urging her to let me go to you and ask for her hand when you appeared. I was in earnest, for I love her."

"Love her! Bah, bah, bah! I know the kind of blood there is in yer veins. It's treacherous. If ye think ye love her to-day, tomorrow ye may think ye lovesome other girl."

"My love is true. It will never change. I will marry her today."

"Marry her!" almost shouted Uncle Dan, his face now dark as a stormcloud. "Ye marry my little lamb! I'd rather see her dead and buried!"

"You may change your mind some day, Mr. Brinton," called Nat. The old man turned to fling back, "Never, sir—never, never!"

Winter came, and the little cottage in the hollow was nearly buried beneath the drifts of snow that blew down from the hills. At times the back road was quite abandoned, leaving the old man and the girl shut off from the rest of the world.

To make matters worse, Uncle Dan was not very well, for the time was past when he could welcome cold weather and enjoy it. Still he was brave, and he tried to be cheerful for the sake of Jennie, whom he often saw sitting by the window where she could look out across the hollow to the hills.

Spring slipped into summer, and the long warm days of July and August passed away. September came to turn the forest leaves from green to brown and crimson. The smaller song birds had already departed, and in stubble fields the robins were gathering in flocks preparatory to the flight they would soon take to a milder climate.

In the long dead grass crickets chirped mournfully, and there was a brooding sadness in the croak of the blue bird.

Uncle Dan came to the cottage door, shaded his eyes with his hand and gazed across the hollow toward the spot where the winding stream disappeared into a grove that had been touched here and there by the lurid brush of Jack Frost.

"Wonder why Jennie goes over there so often? She don't seem like herself no more; acts like she had a secret from me. I don't like it—I don't like it. She oughter know her hand when she's got in all the world. I'm the best friend she's got in all the world. I'm jest going over and see if I kin find her."

"You look hungry, Jennie. I believe you are nearly starved," declared Nat. "I haven't eaten anything for two days," was her confession. "The only food in the house I kept for uncle. We are out of provisions, and there was no way of getting more."

Nat was horrified. On the bed the sick man was muttering deliriously of his army days. He saw the visitor, but did not recognize him.

It was late that afternoon when Uncle Dan became himself once more, to find the village doctor by his bed, with Jennie and Nat close at hand. The old soldier looked long and steadily at the young man, and then he faintly said:

"I thought it was a dream, but I see ye have really come in time to save my poor lamb. There's been an old fool, but—"

"I've got to talk now, doctor, or never. I've made my last campaign, and I'm goin' to be mustered out right away. The commander in chief will soon give me an honorable discharge."

"I always thought the one thing I held against John Loring was that he slept at his post. I thought I had forgot he won the woman who once promised to marry me. But as I lay here I had a vision that told me what a selfish, revengeful old wretch I have been."

"Heaven knows I will," was the reply. "Then take her. She'll soon need another to guard her. I've been faithful to the end—faithful to my duty. I've stood by my post to the last, but now—I'm tired—and I—must—sleep."

With the weeping girl's loving kiss on his lips, Uncle Dan closed his eyes in that dreamless slumber that comes when the campaign of life is ended.

When another Memorial day came around, the fading band of veterans found a new grave on which to place a tiny flag and fragrant flowers. Uncle Dan slept not far from where John Loring was buried, and little Jennie, with her husband at her side, dropped a tear for both. But through the shadows of her sorrow shone the sunshine of perfect love.

The generals of the Civil War. The general's commissions held and received during the war or issued at the close were as follows: Generals, 1; lieutenant generals, 2; by brevet, 1. Major generals, U. S. A., 11; by brevet, 153. Major generals, U. S. V., 128; by brevet, 288. Brigadier generals, U. S. A., 36; by brevet, 187. Brigadier generals, U. S. V., 661; by brevet, 1,170. There were also 8 generals of state troops in service of the United States in 1861.

Some of the prominent names had more than one representative leading to confusion in reading history at this date. Of the name of Anderson there were 5, of Baker 4, of Bartlett 4, Blair 4, Bulls 2, Buford 2, Butler 2, Cox 2, Crittenden 2, Curtis 2, Davis 7, Dodge 2, Doubleday 2, Ewing 3, Fairchild 3, Farnsworth 3, Foster 4, Fry 3, Garrard 4, Graham 4, Granger 3, Grant 2, Green 3, Gregg 3, Griffin 3, Grover 2, Hamilton 4, Harrison 3, Hatch 2, Hornley 2, Hays 3, Hooker 2, Howard 2, Howe 2, Humphrey 2, Humphreys 1, Hunt 3, Johnson 7, Jones 9, Lyon 2, Mansfield 2, McCull 2, McCook 3, Mitchell 4, Palfrey 3, Palmer 4, Patterson 5, Porter 4, Potter 6, Reno 2, Reynolds 3, Richardson 4, Robinson 4, Russell 3, Schofield 3, Sherman 3, Sickles 2, Slocum 2, Smith 30, Sumner 2, Thomas 2, Tyler 3, Warren 3, Wilcox 2, Wilcox 1, Wilson 7, Wood 5, Woods 2, Wright 7 and many others.

The Perfect Union of the Present. It should be remembered that there never was such a complex union as since the civil war—a union in feeling and in desires, in purpose as well as in form. In other years, before the sixties, the skeleton of an "irrepressible conflict" was always marring every feast; the specter of war was always waving its hand over our most patriotic anniversary. Now the past is buried in the grave with its dead, and the nation goes forth to new life, new hopes, to a destiny higher and nobler than would have been possible under the old regime.

OUR NATIONAL CEMETERIES.

Eighty-three national cemeteries, wherein 250,700 soldiers are sleeping their last sleep, have been established within the boundaries of the United States. The laying out of these great gardens of graves and maintaining them in such a way as to deserve this latter appellation have cost the nation a sum of money large enough to disprove, at least in a measure, the old time saying that "republics are ungrateful."

It was in the second year of the war that congress authorized the president to purchase grounds and have them prepared for soldiers' cemeteries. The next year such graveyards were dedicated at Chattanooga, Stone River and Gettysburg. It was at the dedication of the last named of these three that President Lincoln delivered that address which, spoken modestly as it was, did not then attract the attention of his hearers as anything greatly out of the ordinary.

In pursuance of the general plan of 1865, 17 cemeteries were established in Virginia, 7 in Tennessee, 6 in Kentucky, 4 in North Carolina, 4 in Louisiana, 3 in Mississippi, 3 in Maryland, 2 in South Carolina, 2 in Georgia and 2 in the District of Columbia. In the north and west 2 were established in Illinois, 3 in Missouri, 2 in Indiana, 1 in Iowa, 2 in Pennsylvania, 3 in New York and 2 in New Jersey. In many places besides these classic locations, the national cemetery at Arlington was laid out in 1864, that at Antietam in 1865.

Five of the national cemeteries contain the bodies of United States soldiers who fell in other wars than the struggle for the Union. One of the most notable is near the City of Mexico. Another is in Montana, in the latter lie the bodies of 918 regulars, including the 300 brave men who were massacred with Custer by the redskins.

It is a thing that every American may be proud of that all these cemeteries are kept in superb condition. The cemetery at Arlington heights, near Washington, is the most beautiful and contains the largest number of graves of identified dead. The total number of interments there is 16,535, of which but 4,840 are of unidentified soldiers. The first soldier buried there was a Confederate, on May 13, 1864.

The grave of Sheridan is a striking feature of the Arlington cemetery, where have also been gathered the bodies of most of those who fell at Bull Run, Chantilly and other battlefields in the vicinity. A massive monument of sarcophagus form, marking the bodies of 2,111 unknown soldiers, attracts much attention, as does also the Temple of Fame, a circular structure composed of eight columns surmounted by a dome.

The cemetery at Gettysburg, with its numerous monuments and its 3,592 tablets; those at Shiloh, with 3,507; Vicksburg, with 16,633 (3,913 identified and 12,720 unidentified); Fredericksburg, with 15,274, of which 12,788 are unknown; Nashville, with 16,546; Salisbury, N. C., with 12,137, of which only 102 are known; Memphis, with 13,384; Andersonville, with 13,792, all identified but 925; Chattanooga, with 12,439—all the national cemeteries are, in fact, interesting, especially at this time, and all deserve alike the attention of the government.

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MEMORIAL DAY GEMS.

As the eastern worshiper, before he enters the precincts of a holy place, divests himself of his worldly garments lest they profane it with their grime, so should we leave behind us the passions and prejudices of our daily lives as we approach the tombs of the mighty dead of our republic. These are the shrines of American patriotism.—John S. Wise.

Bury hate, banish strife, keep alive love and hope, and under the flag of our Union and that banner on which is inscribed "Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty" let us march on to that greater and grander destiny which should be the fruitage of the tears and blood of our generation, and of the million heroes whose memory we honor by the beautiful ceremonies of Memorial Day.—J. H. Davidson.

The fields where he buried the heroes of the struggle for the preservation of the Union are more than cemeteries. They are gardens of glory where shall blossom eternally the most splendid flowers of patriotism.

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EVERY HEAD WAS UNCOVERED SAVE ONE, fellow in the riding suit, Jennie glanced back and saw him looking. The color of ripe berries came to her cheeks.

Uncle Dan's scowled, but spoke no word, only quickening his pace somewhat.

Jennie Brinton was the daughter of Uncle Dan's brother, who died in debt and left the girl to be cared for by the old soldier, who had not even a meager pension to aid him. He proved faithful to his trust, although it was anything but an easy task, while time and constant association led him to love her as tenderly as if she were his own child.

They lived alone in the little old cottage that stood in a quiet hollow by the "back road," the isolation of the place, together with Uncle Dan's hermitlike ways, preventing many of the neighbors from visit-



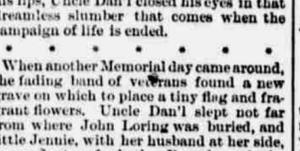
"I HAD A VISION," ward the spot where the winding brook—now rebound and buried in snow—disappeared into the grove, a plaintive sadness in her eyes.

At last the great storm of the winter came on. For four days snow fell steadily, and the wind howled down from the hills. Three days after the storm had ceased Nat Loring came down the back road on snowshoes. He paused where he could see the roof of the cottage in the hollow peeping from a great bank of white. There was no sign of life about the place, not even a trace of smoke rising from the chimney.

With a heavy feeling of dread in his heart, Nat hurried down to the cottage and made his way round to the door, against which the snow had drifted high. He rapped again and again, the knock being answered after a time.

The door opened, and a white faced ghost of a girl stood there, clinging to the latch for support. She saw him, and her lips moved, but made no sound. He leaped into the room and caught her in his arms barely in time to keep her from falling.

"Merciful heaven, Jennie!" he gasped. "What is it? What has happened?" "Uncle Dan!—he is so ill—I dared not leave him a moment. There are no matches in the house to build a fire."



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"And you are nearly perished of cold! This is terrible! Why didn't I come before!"

He disengaged his feet from the snowshoes and assisted her to a chair near the bed on which the sick man was lying. In a few moments he had a fire built in the stove.



ENTRANCE TO SHILOH CEMETERY.

ple of Fame, a circular structure composed of eight columns surmounted by a dome. The columns are marked by the names of Washington, Lincoln, Grant, Farragut, Humphreys, Reynolds, Garfield, Thomas and Meade. The cemetery at Gettysburg, with its numerous monuments and its 3,592 tablets; those at Shiloh, with 3,507; Vicksburg, with 16,633 (3,913 identified and 12,720 unidentified); Fredericksburg, with 15,274, of which 12,788 are unknown; Nashville, with 16,546; Salisbury, N. C., with 12,137, of which only 102 are known; Memphis, with 13,384; Andersonville, with 13,792, all identified but 925; Chattanooga, with 12,439—all the national cemeteries are, in fact, interesting, especially at this time, and all deserve alike the attention of the government. The number of Confederate soldiers' graves so cared for is of course much smaller than the number of Union soldiers' graves, but they are as carefully tended and watched as the others.