

A REVISIT TO LIBBY PRISON.

(Some time ago Chicago capitalists purchased and removed to that city "Libby Prison" of Richmond, Va., the old brick warehouse where so many Union prisoners were incarcerated during the civil war. It is used as a war museum and contains a large collection of very interesting relics.)

Chicago has raised her jeweled hand and clasped her arm with an iron band; As a saint may toy with a tyrant's crown, After his throne has been toppled down; As a slave may lift his broken chain, To test, in might, its strength again.

"What is it they say, old comrades dear? No animosity harbored here; No sectional feeling or party spite In Libby Prison? That's right, that's right.

"We have lit the fires of love and peace To time the blasts of war should cease!"

"Yes, lead me in. 'Tis the same low door That open swung for us both before;



LIBBY PRISON IN 1865.

On a day like this, when the frost-cut leaves,
Drifting low on the smoky breeze,
Fell, dew-dyed, on the crimsoned breast Of many a lad that lay at rest.

"And many a gallant fellow lay White and cold, in his suit of gray, Before we set out for this prison pen, Dressed on and driven by Forrest's men, As the settling smoke at eventfall Fell o'er the dead—a flame-fringed pall!

"Well, how does it look? I plainly see, With inner sight, how it used to be. Here was the door and the post about there,

Where I cut my name with painful care, When, as weak as any child, I lay After my fever'd burned away.

"Just let me grope; I can surely find The spots I have so well in mind. Here are the stairs—but turned around—They ran up this way from the ground, When the traitor, Ross, up there would stand To call the roll of our gaunt band.

"How queer it seems to be here alone— I can almost fancy I hear the tone Of a voice—long drowned in a minie's scream.

"Now, out of my darkness faces gleam Tinged and aglow with the campfire's light, Or starved and dead in here at night.

"What was, set looks. Not soldier fare, Not open fields marked such despair. Oh! why do those eyes from out the gloom So sadly peer in this prison room? Look, look, how they come from far and near— Assembly call! The boys are here!

"The courtyard fills, they're trooping in



ITS SURROUNDINGS IN CHICAGO.

Dungeon and rat-hell, foul and dim; Forward, advance! Old Libby feel The clash of spectral arm and steel; While I— a Samson blind— o'erthrow This cursed walling place of woe!

"Ah, yes! Ah, yes! I raved. I know The war was over long ago, But lead me out where I can feel The air of freedom round me steal. Yes, lead me out where brothers stand Who've dropped the gun to clasp the hand!"

AFTER THIRTY YEARS.

LEVEN!

The mellow stroke rang out sweetly on the still night air of Rockland and a lonely watcher who counted them as seconds bringing nearer and nearer the saddest day of her existence, bent over her wretched sewing and stifled a sob and a tear.

There had been no Christmas joy in Mary Burton's life for over a quarter of a century, no pleasant birthday celebrations, no holiday reunions—only sorrow, bitterness and longing, culminating in a passion and agony of grief when Decoration Day came around.

As now. Twelve! Memorial morn had dawned, the day when vivid memory took her back over the scarlet path from Sumner to Richmond, to find its last step nearly three decades distant, and yet she had not forgotten one episode in which her brave husband had proven his heroism, leaving to fall at the threshold of that golden peace which made blue and gray friends and brothers once again.

It had been struggle, privation and loneliness since that mournful moment. She had come to her dead husband's home after the war, to be near his grave, to console his aged mother, till she, too, died, and Mrs. Burton was alone in the world.

"The last look to-day!" she murmured lookerby, placing aside her sewing and gazing from the window past the moonlit meadow to where white monuments stood like sentinels on eternal guard. "The last forever—the last good-bye! One gravel Oh, if it were only two—if the other but slept by her father's side, I could go in peace, since duty wills."

These were her musings, and they framed a poignant picture of anguish and awe until morning had come.

Mrs. Burton had received an offer to accompany a wealthy family to Brazil as a housekeeper. It would make her an exile, but it promised comfort and a permanent home.

She would carry away with her, however, something more than a widowed heart—the sorrowful distress of a bereaved mother, but bereaved so strangely, so terribly, that for thirty years doubt and anguish had lain incessantly over her soul like a hideous pall.

Hastening to hear her wounded, dying husband's last words, accompanied by their only child, little Myrtle, then one year old, the river boat on which they were passengers had been attacked, burned and sunk by guerrillas.

Mother and child were separated in the confusion of rescue, and when the terrible night had passed away, little Myrtle was nowhere to be found.

The frantic mother had haunted the vicinity for weeks, with others, seeking for traces of missing friends. What had become of her baby darling? She never knew. But as body after body was cast ashore, broken heartedly she decided that her child had found a watery grave.

Mary Burton had given two to paradise on that eventful last night of the war, it seemed—Myrtle, the innocent, and John Burton, private in the Army of the West, but surely captain in the heavenly phalanx where valor and duty brought the meed deserved.

"Good-bye—my lost one, my cherished one, dead in wild battle and dying so fearlessly—good-bye!"

Amid the solemn dirge echoes of the village band, Mary Burton placed her simple floral offering upon the mound of her dear hero.

Only a wreath of violets, but they were sparkling with the tear diamonds of a loyal woman's eyes, they were heavy with the kisses of lips pure and patient with prayer.

Then the bereaved one sank to the shelter of a flowering bush, watching the mourners at other graves, with a sympathy that lessened her own grief.

"The sexton said this was the grave," fell suddenly upon her hearing.

"Yes, here is the headstone," responded

heaven full of holy, tranquil shores of hope and eternal beauty.

It was just a bunch of white roses, but the ribbons that tied it together told its history—one was blue and the other was gray. It was to be placed on the grave of a boy who had fought for what he believed was right, and the gentleman who was to put it there believed that all animosity had passed by, and the Blue and the Gray might be firm friends. So the bunch she carried for her own boy's grave was tied up in this way, and in her hand was another one tied the same: it was to be laid upon the grave of the stranger. That stranger, whose name was even unknown to her, had died fighting like a brave man, and, therefore, deserved to be remembered and to have tribute shown to his courage. I think it a beautiful idea—this one of decorating the graves of all the soldiers, but I like it better when the custom is carried even further, and when not a grave in the cemetery is overlooked.

It seems to me a goodly and proper thing for the living to remember the dead, at least once a year, and it seems a kind and loving thing to mark this remembrance with sweet flowers. As a people, we are not very emotional, and if there is any way in which we can bring our kindness to the surface, it should be done, and so the encouragement of the day sacred to the memory of those who have gone before is worthy of much consideration. Decoration Day must essentially be one entirely free from any feeling but that of generosity and loving kindness. It doesn't make any difference which side a man fought on—he died for what he believed was right, and for that reason he deserves to be remembered by those who are living. Decoration Day ought to mean the union of the Blue and the Gray; there ought to be a flag for that purpose, for the colors blend so beautifully that the result is exactly the tint of heaven itself. I wonder, my friend, if you feel as I do. I wonder if you despise all the funeral trappings—if you wish more respect shown to yourself dead than you might possibly demand alive—and when the long years have gone by, you would not like somebody once a year to place a flower on your grave, to show that you were still in touch with humanity. No matter who it is; if it is the woman whose life was soiled, if it is the man whose death was shameful, or if it is the soldier who was fighting for his country, just remember that not one of them can defend themselves now, and that neither you nor I can judge them.

Start out to make God's acre beautiful; take the crimson roses of love, the white ones of innocence, the lavender heliotrope of devotion, the blue forget-me-nots of never dying memory, the lilies of purity, and strewn them all about here, there and everywhere, make the day one of absolute union—union of hearts, union of feeling and union of remembrance. That is what Decoration Day should be.

And all these soldiers who lie sleeping, those who fought not only on the battle ground of dispute, but in the greater one of life, will, when the trumpet call rings out its summons on the great judgment day, each stand before the Great Commander, ready to answer the questions put to him. And be sure he will not ask his neighbor, "Did you wear the blue or the gray?" But, instead, he will say: "Brother, we have fought the good fight, and may God, in his infinite mercy, judge us."

CARRIED ON IN THE WAVE OF REFUGEES driven to flight by the guerrilla band, the child had found a home with a family in Louisiana.

Only a name on a locket, "Myrtle," linked her to an unforgetable past. She had grown to womanhood, had married Rodney West two weeks previously.

The day after their wedding the locket she had worn for years fell from its chain and was crushed under foot.

Attempting to recapture it, Myrtle discovered a tiny folded paper between the cover plates.

The printed chronicle of the birth of "Myrtle, daughter of John and Mary Burton, of Rockland," placed there by the latter so many years before, it seemed a providential revelation to the motherless wail.

It had led them hither, to this—the happiest reunion of Memorial Day!

All day long those devoted spirits remained at the little mound, sanctified with a new tenderness.

They watched blue and gray walk, arms interlocked, among the cool shaded paths of the beautiful cemetery—blue, bright skies above them, dotted overhead, as the peaceful evening came on, with a whole

bab on decoration day.

A Southern Woman's Tribute to Heroes Both Blue and Gray.



DAWS OF MEMORIAL DAY.

a gentle feminine voice. "Rodney, look! Oh, we have not come in vain. 'John Burton.'"

She to whom John Burton had been all in all arose to her feet, a thrill, and peered through the shrubbery.

Who were these strangers? What their interest in the little mound so lonely and obscure?

"You are agitated, my dear. This may all be a mistake," interposed the first speaker. "We will seek out the lady the sexton told us of, Mrs. Burton. Then we will know, Myrtle."

Myrtle! At that moment the man's companion turned, and her face was plainly seen by the startled, breathless watcher.

Mrs. Burton's senses reeled. It seemed for a moment as if heaven had flashed one of its sweetest mysteries on her vision.

The dead beneath the sod lived again, in every familiar lineament of the strange woman's face, and she was "Myrtle!"

"Rodney," spoke she, her eyes resting pleasantly on her companion's face, "you will see this Mrs. Burton at once, will you not? Oh, my heart cannot tell me wrong! Think! think what to me it must be, after thirty years, to know that I have found at last—my mother!"

"My child! Myrtle! You have his face, his voice. I am she you seek!"

Heaven told the poor, tortured heart this as by an inspiration—the weeping, clinging Myrtle verified it with a strange story.

Historic War Events Which Took Place on That Day.

Many an old soldier on Memorial Day looks back to scenes and events of the war suggested in conversation or revived by the sight of a former comrade. The occurrences in line as "anniversary" happenings grouped below, will be of interest to those who participated and those who remember. They tell what took place on the 30th of May, thirty-four, thirty-three, thirty-two, thirty-one, and thirty years ago this Decoration Day:

May 30, 1861, a solitary war event of little importance marked the advance of the Federal forces through Virginia. This was the occupation of Grafton by the Union troops.

May 30, 1862, three active skirmishes occurred—at Fair Oaks, Va.; Tranter's Creek, N. C., and at Zuni, Va. On the same day Booneville, Miss., was captured, the Cypress Creek and Tusculum bridges were destroyed, Corinth was evacuated by the Confederates, martial law was proclaimed in Texas, and Fort Royal, Va., came under Federal control.

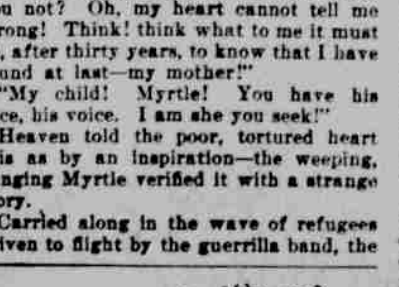
May 30, 1863, the notable occurrences were a skirmish at Greenwick, Va., an attack on the Confederate camp at Carthage, Tenn., and the capture of Tappahannock, Va., by four Federal gunboats.

May 30, 1864, saw engagements at

Women of the G. A. R.

The important part that women are playing in the memorial and charitable work of the Grand Army of the Republic is always made manifest upon the occasion of Decoration Day services. Nearly every post has attached to it a woman's auxiliary, and no small part is entrusted to its charge. In looking after the wants and supplying the needs of the sick, nursing the suffering, investigating cases reported as deserving of charity, and in gathering flowers to decorate the graves of the dead, these noble women perform a service that adds to the credit of the order. They are worthy of all honor. Their influence is for good, and it is increasing all the time.

Napoleon was fond of any and all works on legal subjects and military science. He said a man should read along every line and gather hints for his own benefit from any source.



AT THE HERO'S GRAVE.

The Unknown Dead.

Here are some interesting statistics concerning the dead soldiers of the war: There are 82 national cemeteries, containing 327,179 soldiers, nearly one-half of whom are classified as "unknowns." Twenty-one of these burial spots contain over 5,000 bodies each, among them the famous cemeteries at Vicksburg and Corinth, in Mississippi. At Salisbury, N. C., out of a total of 12,132, only 97 are "known."

At Andersonville and Hampton, Va., more than nine-tenths are identified. At the Soldiers' Home, Washington, nineteen-twentieths, and at the cemeteries at St. Augustine, Fla., and Battle Ground, D. C., all are identified.

The largest interments are at Vicksburg, where there are 16,020 of the dead. At Nashville, 14,532 are buried. The smallest national cemetery is at Beverly, N. J., and contains only 164.

So they lie together, the known and the unknown, under long white rows of headstones, ranked and serried as when they fell fighting for their country.

THE 30TH OF MAY.

Historic War Events Which Took Place on That Day.

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WHEN TROUBLE COMES.

When trouble comes, don't let despair Add to the burden you must bear, But keep up heart and, smiling, say: "The darkest cloud must pass away."

Don't say "Why is it?" with a frown, And go with heart and head bowed down, But lift them both, and let your eyes Behold the sunshine in the skies.

Don't sit and brood o'er things gone wrong, But sing a hopeful, helpful song, Or whistle something light and gay, And thus drive half your cares away.

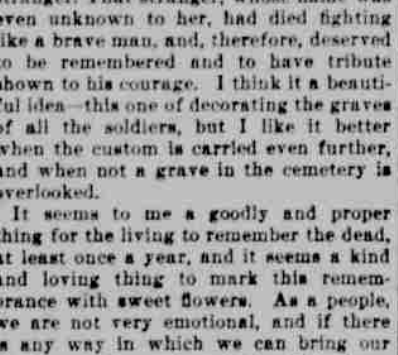
Sing of the pleasant things life knows; Not of the thorns, but of the roses, Each life knows some joy every day, Sure as December leads to May.

The man who sings when trouble's here From trouble has not much to fear; Since it will never tarry long When stout heart meets it with a song.

But brood o'er care and we can make This life a burden that will break The stoutest back. But sing, and lo! The load is lifted. Let it go!

Then don't forget when things go wrong To try the magic of a song, For cheerful heart and smiling face Bring sunshine to the shadiest place. —Eben E. Rexford.

THE CAMPER.



I WAS NOT LIKE MOST prairie schooners, which as a rule impress one as being comfortable and picturesque. In the first place there were no children in this wagon, and generally one sees little faces peering from front and rear and under the flapping canvas at the sides.

THE CAMPER.

A curious and impressive custom of Southern Italy is the lament which takes place at the death of a person, and while the body lies awaiting burial. The corpse is fully dressed and laid upon the bed, with the head and shoulders raised. Lighted candelabra are placed at the sides. A young girl is generally dressed in white and adorned with flowers. The relatives and friends gather 'round sit in an irregular semicircle about the foot of the bed. At intervals they join in a wail, monotonous wail, that is distinctly Oriental, and resembles nothing European. Perhaps a near relative will approach the bed, and with wild actions, clasping her head and tearing her hair, will describe the illness and sufferings of the departed one, the good qualities, and the disconsolateness of those left behind, the mournful cry being finally taken up by others. One who has lost a parent will sometimes keep up this awful death cry for over twenty-four hours. But though the lamentations are so violent the grief of these people seems to be assuaged, and after a day or two they appear to be fully reconciled to circumstances and mention the lamented one in quite a light and airy manner.—Harper's Bazar.

Vaccinating a Fire Brigade.

Yesterday morning an outbreak of fire occurred in one of the wards of the smallpox hospital in Parkhill road, and information was sent to the central fire station. Superintendent Willis and a contingent of firemen and members of the salvage corps went to the institution, and the fire, which was not of a serious character, was soon extinguished. Mr. Willis and Inspector Smith, of the salvage corps, and the men were about to return to headquarters when they were told that they could not leave the hospital until all had been vaccinated. The operation was duly carried out, and fresh clothes were sent for, in order that those the men were wearing at the time might be thoroughly disinfected.—Liverpool Mercury.

Most Horrible of Life Destroyers.

"It is a strange fact," said my friend, the Franklin street physician, "that six out of ten would-be suicides now resort to that most horrible of all deadly doses, carbolic acid. It causes more pain, more genuine, lingering agony than any deadly dose I can mention. Yet its popularity continues to increase, especially among the unfortunate members of the half world who have become weary of life and seek the comforts of the grave. The antidote? Oh, an antidote after the acid has been swallowed is of little avail. A mixture of flour and water should be given, also medicinal drinks. I once had a patient recover after taking a small quantity of the acid, and she said she thought she was swallowing molten lead. It is a horrible life-destroyer."—Buffalo Courier.

A Joke in Stone.

Australia has a postoffice named "Talking Rock." The origin of the name is thus stated: Someone discovered in the vicinity a large stone upon which had been painted the words "Turn me over." It required considerable strength to accomplish this, and when it was done the command, "Turn me back, and let me fool someone else," was found painted on the other side of the stone.

Nothing is shocking after a man gets used to it.

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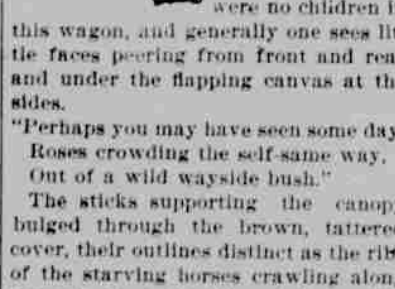


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Roses crowding the self-same way, Out of a wild wayside bush."

The sticks supporting the canopy bulged through the brown, tattered cover, their outlines distinct as the ribs of the starving horses crawling along through the white blur of dust. The wagon lurched slowly up the main street of the little Nebraska town, the fierce wind swooping down from the bluffs in the south, and rending the rotten canvas into fantastic fringe. No stock followed. A dejected dog slink between the rear wheels in an apologetic attempt to efface himself.

The man on the creaking seat leaned forward, holding the slack lines in languid hands. He was about 40, thin and stooping of shoulder; his sallow face was lined; his hair was streaked with gray. He drove on to the outskirts of the town. There a great oak tempted him. He drew up under its shade, and turned the lean horses loose. He took a little flat piece of sheet-iron about two feet long and under it built a fire of twigs and sticks. He went down to the creek twinkling near, a mere thread in its parched grave, and came back with a tin of water. He put a handful of ground coffee in a skillet, poured water on it, and set the utensil on the primitive stove. When



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