

A STREET INCIDENT.

He came with lagging step along the busy, crowded way:
His eyes were wan and weary, and his hair was thin and gray;
His shoulders bent beneath the weight of years of patient toil;
An arched sleeve and badge of bronze told of war's grim turmoil.
He came with lagging steps until he heard a lively thrum—
The rattle of a war tune from a busy life and drum.
He stopped to watch the players as they marched along the street—
The shrilling of the life was coaxing out the drum's swift beat.
"The Girl I Left Behind Me" was the swinging song they played,
And as he stood and listened, from his eyes went all the shade.
His shoulders straightened quickly; his head rose firm and proud,
And he looked far and far away beyond the heedless crowd.
He turned and went his way again with steady, sturdy stride—
In tune and time to that old tune his soldier feet replied:
One hand swung gallantly as though it reached out toward
Ah, who can know what memories were in those drum beats stored!
What vibrant echoes of the past came rushing to his brain
When he walked "with the boys" again to that old war refrain!

AUNT BETTY.

HERE was a spot of red on both of Aunt Betty's cheeks and a spark of excitement in her faded blue eyes as she hurriedly limped up the steps of the large veranda of the County Poor House.

"I wonder why I have not thought of it before," she murmured to herself as she hobbled on through the long corridor. "Mr. Young is always so kind, I'm sure he will let me unless he thinks the walk too much for me, but I know it isn't. See how spry I'm getting to be! It makes me think of my young days to get around like this after my long illness."

She hurried on until she found the manager of the poor farm, Mr. Young, who was entering the home through the back, having issued orders to some of the workmen about the place. Aunt Betty approached him rather timidly, and her courage almost failed when she felt his keen questioning gaze on her.

"Good morning, Aunt Betty, what's the matter? You don't look like yourself this morning. Why, really, you look a year younger; have you heard any good news?" he asked.

"No, but to-morrow is Decoration Day," she answered.

"Well, what of that; don't we have a Memorial Day every year? Nothing new about that."

"I thought I'd just ask your permission to go to the city in the morning and spend the day in the old graveyard with the soldier boys. My boy isn't there, but he is buried somewhere; he died fighting for the flag, and so Decoration Day is the greatest day of all the year to me. I haven't been able, you know, for several years to attend the exercises or watch the little girls all dressed in white strew flowers on the graves. I should like to see them once more before I die. I have no flowers to offer, but I can shed a few tears at each grave, and in that way I can show my love and gratitude to the noble boys in blue; my boy, the noblest, truest, best of them all."

Mr. Young was touched and, taking the old withered hand in his, said rather huskily:

"You shall go, Aunt Betty, even if I must neglect all my work to take you. Good thing if there were more such loyal hearts eager to honor the boys who died fighting for their country. I'll take you to town as soon as you want to go, Aunt Betty."

"Thank you ever so much, but I would rather walk. See how strong I am and how well I can walk with my cane!" And the lame old soul hobbled up and down the hall quite briskly.

"You remember how far the boys had to walk, tired and hungry as they were. Why, my boy wrote home one day that he was so tired and sleepy some time he couldn't help sleeping as they marched along. Surely I can walk two miles to help decorate the graves."

Aunt Betty arose earlier than usual the next morning, and after putting on the very cleanest calico dress she possessed, sat down to wait for breakfast. She was too nervous anticipating the great pleasure before her to sit still long, so she limped from door to door arousing the other inmates, and when they were all assembled in the sitting room, she tried to induce them to join her thin, quavering voice in singing "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

Soon after breakfast she waved a farewell to them all and hurried with the eager but stiff old limbs down the dusty road to the city. It was only two miles, but it seemed ten, and often she sank down with weariness and pain, fearing that after all she had undertaken too much and that she would have to ask some passer-by to help her back to the poor farm. While thinking thus she happened to spy some daisies in a fence corner close by. She crawled to them, and with a joyous laugh plucked them and hearily craved them with loving caresses.

"Now I'll have a share in decorating the graves, too," she murmured. "I believe God had those to grow just for me. I'll select the most neglected soldier's grave in the cemetery and place those on it. My boy is in an unknown grave, but I hope some one will think to put a few such sweet blossoms on his grave to-day."

With tears in her eyes and renewed strength and determination, she arose to continue the tedious journey.

At last she found herself in the old cemetery; the place seemed so still and calm, and everything looked so beautiful in the fresh morning light that the old heart swelled with reverence. Kneeling on the hard gravel walk, she offered a prayer, then with awed feeling and quiet step she dragged herself from one soldier's grave to another, stopping at each long enough to rest the tired limbs and to caress the soil covering the grave. When she came to what seemed to her the most neglected and forgotten grave she kissed the withering daisies and placed them at the head, murmuring, "For the sake of my boy" and then sat down on the bench near by to eat her lunch.

Early in the afternoon the people began to gather, and by and by came the

procession. First the old soldiers with life and drum, then the speaker, resting leisurely in a cab, then the cadets, and last of all, the little flower girls. How her heart thrilled with the pleasure of it all, and how she longed to join in the patriotic song the little girls were singing as they passed! Never had Aunt Betty enjoyed anything so much for many a year.

But her joyous heart, so full of tenderness and love for all the braves who had suffered and died, was soon pierced by the thoughtless hand and tongue of one of the fairest little flower girls, who was standing by the neglected grave.

"These ugly, withered daisies are not fit for anything," she was saying. "I'm going to throw them away. Here, bring one of our plain bouquets, we want to save the prettiest for the nice graves." And selecting a bunch of common yellow roses she threw it carelessly on the ground.

The tears sprang to Aunt Betty's eyes. "Not much reverence or love in such an offering," she sighed. "Ah, well, she is only a child, and does not yet fully comprehend the meaning of it all." Yet she could not forget the careless speech, and a shadow fell over the day that had so far seemed the brightest and happiest of her old age.

The speaking having begun, she made her way toward the stand. The orator of the day, although a very young man, spoke very eloquently of the brave heroes resting under the sod; also of those who were still living and of the young boys who were wearing out their lives so nobly in the far away Philippines. But Aunt Betty was grieved to notice that the close listeners were chiefly those dressed in the blue uniforms and their aged wives. Those representing the younger generation seemed to consider

tience with which that boy stood his suffering. Never a murmur, never a cry of pain passed from his lips. It provoked a little, and so I said to him: "Armstrong, what makes you so quiet? I know you are hurt worse than I am, and yet this old leg pains so I can't keep from howling." Never will I forget the expression of his face as he turned to me and said: "Why, I don't think of the pain. I only think of how glorious a privilege it is to die for one's country. I know my dear old mother will be proud of her boy when she hears of his death. The only pain I feel is the thought of leaving her alone in the world."

"Here I noticed that his eye rested on something that he held in his hand and that he raised it to his lips and kissed it. "What is it?" I asked. "My mother's picture," he answered. "Take it, comrade, and keep it, and if you ever see a lady with that heavenly look in her sweet eyes, be kind to her and tell her of her boy; tell her that his very last thoughts were of her, that he died loving her better than boy ever loved mother." Again he kissed it and then gave it to me.

"No wonder you suffer," he said, after a few moments of silence. "You have such a hard, hot place to lie in. Here, let me help you to my place; the ground is much softer and the July sun is not quite so warm because of the shade of this small tree."

"He crawled to me and lifted me carefully to where he was lying. "I am dying," he said, "so it does not make much difference where I lie, but you are going to get well, so you must be cared for."

"Soon after he died, and I have always carried the picture and carry it in this pocket, and have tried to find the mother of that brave boy, but never until this day have I seen anyone with the same sweet, resigned smile and—"

MEMORIAL DAY.



the occasion a time for a good social chat with friends and acquaintances. Most of the cadets, whom she naturally supposed had more respect for their soldier sires than most people, were flirting with pretty blue-eyed girls. One in his eagerness to reach a fair maiden who had smiled and bowed to him, deliberately walked over a grave bearing the sacred red, white and blue. Another, anxious to please his sweetheart, boldly took a rare and very beautiful rose and presented it to her.

After the exercises were over, he already much grieved heart was again pained when she noticed the young orator and a few other fine looking men, whom she supposed were prominent in the city, seated themselves among the soft cushions of the cab, while the old soldiers, many of them crippled with rheumatism, took up the weary march through the dusty streets to their headquarters.

"I wonder why they have no carriages for them?" she asked herself. "Are they not to be honored, also, to-day? They pretend to pay tributes of love and respect to those lying in the graves and then forget and ignore the poor, feeble ones as they are tottering to the graves."

When the crowd began to disperse Aunt Betty, with aching limbs and disappointed heart, turned toward the road leading to the poor farm. But she had gone only a very short distance, resting often, when her limbs gave way entirely. There was a piercing pain in her head, too, so she lay down in a shady fence corner to wait for some compassionate traveler to pick her up. "It has all been too much for me," she whispered to herself. "I should have stayed at home. I would not then have known about the heartlessness of it all. Still, I have had the joy of decorating that poor neglected grave with those God-sent blossoms. After all, I'm glad I went."

But the sun that had arisen so bright and gloriously for Aunt Betty that calm, May morning, was not to set behind a cloud. While lying there suffering, a stranger passed along in a carriage. He was a farmer and a soldier, for he had on the army blue. As soon as he saw her he stopped and helped her into his carriage.

"I knew you would help me as soon as I saw you," she cried, gratefully. "For you are an old soldier. A soldier always has a kind and tender heart, God bless them all!"

She told him of her day's experience and of her life at the poor farm. "What is your name?" he asked, for he had become interested in her story.

"Elizabeth Armstrong," answered Aunt Betty, rather proudly. "It is a good name," she continued, "for the Armstrongs were once a proud, influential family. They are now all gone. My boy and I were the only ones left, and now he lies in an unknown soldier's grave, and I have to spend the remaining days of my life at the poor house. I would have had a good home had my boy not given his life for his country."

"Armstrong is a good name, indeed," answered the stranger. "I have reasons to remember it with tenderness and reverence. There was a young man in our regiment, a mere boy of eighteen, who fought by my side through many a severe and bloody battle. His bravery was astonishing in one so young, and his cheerful hopefulness always put new courage and strength in those about him. At Gettysburg we both fell—he with a bullet in his side and I with several in my right leg. We had fallen about the same time, and so were lying close to each other. I never will forget the pa-

But Aunt Betty did not wait for him to finish. As soon as she caught a glimpse of the picture in the stranger's hand she cried out joyously: "My boy! I felt, I knew it! It is my picture. Tell me where my boy is buried. I must see his grave, even if I crawl there."

He could not tell her, for it was unknown, but he took Aunt Betty to his home, where he treated her as his own mother, and on the next Decoration Day he took her to visit the old battlefield at Gettysburg, and showed her where her boy had died, and Aunt Betty, with her heart full thanked God for the life and death of her noble soldier boy.

Psalm of the Old Soldier.

The blue is fading into gray,
Just as when sunset comes
With bugle calls that die away
And softly throbbing drums;
The shadows reach across the sky
And hush the cares of day;
The bugle call and drum beat die—
The blue fades into gray.

The gray is blending into blue—
A sunrise glad and fair,
When, in the richness of the dew,
The roses riot there,
The bitterness of yesterday
Is lost to me and you;
The blue is fading into gray—
The gray blends into blue.

They're sleeping now the long, long sleep,
The boys who wore the blue;
Above the grass the grasses creep—
And both were good and true;
And in the twilight of our life,
The ending of the way,
There comes forgetfulness of strife—
The blue fades into gray.

Above each mound the lily glows,
And humble daisies nod;
And ruby glory of the rose
Sheds lustre on the sod;
The tears—the tears—they are the dew
That greets the coming day—
The gray is blending into blue—
The blue fades into gray.
—Baltimore American.

Gratefully Remembered.
The annual occurrence of the day when the nation pays its tribute to and reveres and honors the dead who fought for the preservation of the Union, who suffered and slaved and sacrificed every thing, even life, for the country they loved, brings to the attention of all patriots the fact that those who serve the nation are not forgotten. Though they have passed away, the boys who wore the blue are remembered, and their graves are decorated by loving hands, that appreciate and respect and honor their courage and services.

Flora of the Yellowstone.
Five hundred and four different kinds of flowers grow wild in the Yellowstone National Park.



EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

The Russian Power.

THE Russian power appears to be a huge, portentous bubble, which the courageous Japanese have pricked. Russia has an enormous army, but where is it? How can it be got together? An army that cannot be concentrated is no fit object of terror. To be sure, we have had a few weeks of war, but that has been fine enough to cripple and bottle the Russian fleet in the East, and the Baltic fleet and the Black Sea fleet dare not, or cannot, leave their stations, while one guboot refuses to leave the port of Shanghai, and two larger ones have been bidding themselves in a French port of East Africa. The Japanese are masters of the China seas. And the Russian mighty land army of four million men, where has it vanished? A paltry hundred thousand men, or possibly a hundred and fifty thousand, are scattered along the Manchurian railway, or split up between Port Arthur and the Yalu River, unable anywhere to offer an equal front to the Japanese advance. Even the rumors that come from St. Petersburg are all of Russian losses, and most reasonable they are, for it is impossible for Russia to hasten along its ill-built railway—three sleepers to a rail—the needed reinforcements, or even the food and stores for those who are spread along the front. Japan was "bluffing," they told the Czar. It is Russia that has been bluffing the deluded world. However it may be in the West, it is sure that there is nothing to fear from her in Asia, either on the Manchurian or the Indian border, if any other Power will duly pluck up courage to resist her. This New Japan has dared to do, and the black bear is utterly demoralized before the swarm of yellow hornets. It looks as if Russia would have to put off for a century, which means forever, her ambition to have four capitals—St. Petersburg, Moscow, Constantinople and Peking.—New York Independent.

School Teachers' Salaries.

SUMMARY of the salaries paid to the school teachers in the chief European countries appeared recently in several American newspapers. This report showed that the salaries of teachers in England range from an average of \$350 for men to \$250, or even as low as \$200, for women. The lowest annual salary paid to a full-fledged teacher in Belgium is \$192. In Denmark city teachers begin with \$230 and village teachers with \$182. The average for a country or village teacher in Prussia is \$118 per year, although Berlin teachers receive from \$315 to \$350; women are paid from \$140 to \$400. France has an irreducible minimum of \$220. Holland \$199, Portugal \$96 for the country and \$108 for the city, and Sweden and Norway \$130 for men and less than \$90 for women. The average salary in Switzerland is \$340 for men and \$275 for women. Greece divides its teachers into classes, those in the first receiving a maximum salary of \$26 per month, those in the second \$16, and those in the third \$13. Teachers' salaries in Spain vary from \$100 per year in the villages to \$480 in Madrid.—Montreal Star.

Labor as Joy or Curse.

IT is worthy of note that all the great historical religions of the world—whether of the millions of Egypt toiling under the lash to build the pyramids at the wages of a couple of onions and a piece of dry bread a day, or of the millions of India working in the rice swamps amid swarms of pestiferous insects, or of the millions of the Semitic race whose traditions have been gathered together in the story of Eden and of the fall in the Book of Genesis—all have been rooted and grounded in the problem of the common doom of man that he must eat his bread in the sweat of his body and the sweat of his mind. None of these religions affects to treat the issue flippantly, rhetorically or with commonplace platitudes, but with awful seriousness. The enormous overweight of the burden of the work in comparison with the strength, spirits, interest and reward of the worker is what oppresses the minds of these teachers and prophets and brings them to the common ominous conviction that this must be the outcome of some

WHALEBONE WHALES.

Their "Baleen" the Most Valuable Product Obtained from Whales.

Another group of whales have no teeth, but the mouth is provided with several hundred closely packed horny, flexible plates or slabs suspended from the roof of the mouth and hanging on each side like a curtain, so that when the mouth is opened as wide as possible their ends are received within the lower jaw. These plates, which in some whales are nine or ten feet long, have pointed, frayed extremities, and are lined with long, stiff hair. This peculiar substance in the mouth of whales, which is called baleen, or whalebone, although it is not bone, is now the most valuable product which is yielded by these creatures; and to obtain it thousands of men brave dangers of the seas, of the Arctic ice, and of the chase, killing the whales by hurling harpoons and shooting explosive bullets into them from a small boat.

Among the various kinds of whalebone whales is the right whale, which reaches a length of 60 feet and yields 200 barrels of oil; and 1,000 pounds of long, valuable baleen; the humpback whale, which is sometimes 75 feet long, but has short bone and little oil; the finback and sulphur-bottom whales, of large size but comparatively little value; and the bow-head, Greenland, or polar whale. The last is at home among the ice fields, and is now the most sought of all the whales on account of the excellent quality and large quantity of its baleen. The maximum length is 65 feet, and its bulk is immense; the huge head represents a third of the length, and the tail is 16 to 20 feet across. The largest bow-heads produce several thousand pounds of bone worth \$5 or \$6 a pound, and 6,000 or more gallons of oil worth 40 cents a gallon.

In feeding, the baleen whales drop the lower jaw and swim forward rapidly, and all kinds of small floating animals—fish, shrimp, winged mollusks—pass into the yawning mouth.

primeval curse and of some stupendous moral catastrophe, redemption from which is the end and aim of all higher spiritual hope.

Labor may be either joy or curse. All turns on whether it is encountered with freshness, spontaneity and zest, or whether it is draining to the dregs the springs of life. Once for all, out with it, fair, square and plump! There is no more dignity nor elevation in mere labor than in a mechanical pump-handle. What it lifts from the living, central springs beneath determines all. Our joy must be in this living water welling up, as we ourselves quaff its refreshment or extend it to the thirsty lips of others. For this sole joy that is set before us must we endure the cross and despise the pain. We think the poets exempt from this toil, pure children of inspiration. Never the weary pump-handle for them, but only the leaping geyser. But hear what Milton has to say: "No worthy enterprise can be done by us without continual plodding and weariness to our faint and sensitive abilities."—Boston Herald.

The American Husband.

AN American young man does not as a rule look forward to marriage nor prepare for it by saving any considerable portion of his ante-nuptial income. When he marries it is usually on short notice, and because he has fallen very desperately in love with some one and cannot find it in his heart to wait until cold caution declares the venture advisable. Even when an engagement is a long one he usually squanders so much on gifts and entertainments for his fiancée that there is only a very moderate amount to begin housekeeping on. Thus before his marriage the young American of the middle class begins to give evidence of what is to be his chief national characteristic as a husband—his unfeeling, unselfish and almost improvident generosity.

The middle class husband in America rarely interferes with the affairs of the household. He hardly knows the cost of staple articles of food. As a rule he does not make his wife a regular allowance either for household or personal expenses, but gives her as much as he can spare, freely, but with a lack of system that is not conducive to the best outlay of their income.

The young American husband is also very indulgent to his wife's fondness for fine clothes. He would far rather have an extravagant wife than a dowdy one, and although he grumbles occasionally at a millinery bill, in reality he glories in the resplendent appearance of his wife in her fine feathers. The American husband is rare who does not concede his wife's right to expend a much larger sum with her dressmaker than he does with his tailor. Indeed he often leaves his tailor altogether and cheerfully repairs to the ready-made clothing house in order that his wife may have more money for extravagant finery.—London Telegraph.

The Evil of Worry.

DOUBTLESS there has been more or less worry since Adam hid in the bushes, but it is a curious physiological—indeed, it may be a psychological—fact that real worry, the worry that has a definite cause, is not so wearing as the imaginary worries that we persist in taking to bed with us. We cannot rest and be busy at the same time, and it is not hard to guess what will happen to the brain that insists on fretting and worrying when it should be enjoying the serenity of repose. There are doctors who can examine your eyes and tell you whether you have kidney disease, but how much better it would be if some specialist could arise who can locate worry and pluck it out, as it were, by the roots. It is a baleful source of poison at best, and at its worst, it is ruinous. Happy the man who is able to take the measure of his worries and troubles and value them for what they are! Happy, thrice happy, is the man who can present to their attacks the impenetrable armor of serenity! His years shall be long and full of charity. His bed shall be in the sunshine, and there shall be no shadow about his feet. Old men will follow him, and little children shall be his companions.—Atlanta Constitution.

SIX CHANGES IN WOMAN'S FIGURE IN FORTY YEARS.



"Well, I'll have to give up and just adopt that hopeless style of figure described as a pillow with a string around it," announced the woman who at 56 was the proud possessor of a shapely figure, and who had just learned on good authority that tight lacing was coming into fashion again. "No less than six times in the last forty years I have completely changed the outline of my figure, and I am afraid I am now getting to an age where comfort is almost as much of a consideration as appearance.

"I well remember when I was 16 how pretty the fashionable figure was with its neat, small waist in the place where a waist ought to be. How trim and dainty we were. But I'm afraid a little tight lacing was needed to get the desired effect.

"Next we had those short waisted shapes which brought the squeezing away above the natural waist line. Absurd enough they would look now, but we thought them charming when they were in fashion.

"Then came those long, slim figures of the '80s with the bust unnaturally high, the waist compressed as far as possible into the hips. Pert, smart, and saucy they looked, and they were only acquired at the expense of a good deal of squeezing all along the line.

"In the '90s we had a genuine hour glass figure, girl tight around the waist and bulging above and below. I always thought it stupid.

"The low bust and sudden hip effect which came in next was thought to be free and natural, but was really decadent and the little girder corset then worn could be drawn as tight as any other.

"The straight front wide waisted fashion—bless it!—is the only one I know which combines comfort and style. O, why can't it last?"—Exchange.

When the lower jaw is closed, the plates of baleen are forced upward and backward, the water rushes through the sieve formed by the hairs, the food is left behind, and is swallowed by the aid of the tongue.

Some of the baleen whales are said to attain a length of more than a hundred feet, and there are authentic records of examples measuring between 90 and 100 feet. The largest species of whale, and therefore the largest of all living animals and the largest creature that ever existed, so far as we know, is the sulphur-bottom whale of the Pacific coast. One of these was 95 feet long and 39 feet in circumference, and weighed by calculation nearly 300,000 pounds. The sulphur-bottom whale is further distinguished by being the swiftest of all whales and one of the most difficult to approach; it glides over the surface with great rapidity, often displaying its entire length; and when it requires the immense volume of vapor which it throws up to a great height is evidence of its colossal proportions.—St. Nicholas.