

MEMORIAL DAY



Memorial Day is the day upon which we look back into the bloody '90s, and bring our meed of tribute not only to the living, but also to the quiet dead.

It is unique, this memorial day. Other nations have had their wars and heroes, but there is nothing else in the world like this day of ours, when, year after year and decade after decade, we cease from active business life, when we send our school children out with fluttering flags and martial songs, when we bring roses and wreaths to lay upon shaded graves, and when we cheer with a lump in our throats at the ever-dwindling, ever-more tottering column, in parade.

It is an indissoluble part of our national life. It makes one the nation and its history; it teaches our children the compact glory of an undivided union; it makes us better patriots because it has stirred our patriotism for over 40 years, and better men and women because it never yet has failed to touch our hearts.

Among the profound and beautiful thoughts Abraham Lincoln uttered in his Gettysburg address was the remark that it was out of the power of the patriotic citizens there assembled to consecrate that battlefield. On the contrary, they had assembled that the battlefield might consecrate them.

What a beautiful sentiment that was, and how true! The heroism of the men who had fallen in that blood-stained arena could acquire no added brilliance from the tears and plaudits of men who had made no such sacrifice, but these men themselves perhaps might be stimulated there to a higher devotion to the principles which were snatched from extinction on that ever-memorable field.

There is a somewhat similar feeling appropriate on Decoration Day. The noble dead whose last resting places will be visited and adorned with lovely flowers are far beyond the reach of human praise. In the opinion of some they are in an eternal sleep. Others think

of them as disembodied spirits, but hardly as looking down on what takes place over their mortal dust. They have all passed away.

Even if they were consciously present they could not in any strict sense receive additional honor from the people of the present day, who have done nothing and may never do anything for humanity. Decoration Day, therefore, is for the living. Its exercises are intended to sanctify and ennoble a generation of people who are wholly employed in enjoying the good things which are the dear-bought purchase of those who are sleeping.

Ruskin has said: "Do not think it wasted time to submit yourself to any influence which may bring upon you any noble feeling."

Decoration Day, then, is not wasted time, unless it be spent in gaiety and sport. It is uplifting to any man to visit a beautiful church and to have a hush of solemnity come over his spirit for an hour. It is equally ennobling for him to stand over the decorated grave of a soldier of the republic and ruminate on the nobility of soul that is necessary to constitute a good soldier.

It has been many years since the surrender of Lee, and sometimes it may seem as if that was long enough to hallow the memory of the soldiers of the civil war, but it is not.

That war was the most dreadful war ever waged, and its results were more momentous than those of any other war in history. When every other soldier's grave in the world lies forgotten the graves of these heroes ought to thrill men's hearts as they garland them with flowers.

A round century is a short enough time for the observance of Decoration Day, and it would be a reproach to the people of this country not only to discontinue its solemn and loving observance altogether, but to devote the day principally to hilarity and selfish enjoyment.

On Memorial Day the colors ought to be at half-mast in every patriotic heart.

HOUSEHOLD

New Way to Catch Cockroaches.

A florist has discovered by accident a new way to catch cockroaches. A pint fruit jar containing a scrap of bacon happened to be left over night in one of his greenhouses. Next morning a dozen or more cockroaches were vainly trying to climb the slippery sides of the glass jar. The florist has succeeded in ridding his establishment of these repulsive creatures, which formerly ate such high-priced plants as orchids and gardenias. It is necessary to paste a piece of paper on the outside of the jar, so that the insects can get sufficient foothold to climb up into the trap. In the original case the label of the manufacturer supplied this need.

How to Fill Up Holes in Wood.

It sometimes becomes necessary to fill up cracks or dents in fine wood-work, furniture, floors, etc. The following is the best way of doing it. While tissue paper is steeped and perfectly softened in water and, by thorough kneading with glue, transformed into a paste, and by means of ochres (earth colors) colored as nearly as possible to the shade of the wood. To the paste calcined magnesia is then added, and it is forced into the cracks or holes. This cement attaches itself very firmly to the wood, and after drying retains its smooth surface.

Steamed Batter Pudding.

Beat two eggs light, add one cup of milk, three and one-half cups of flour sifted twice with one-half level teaspoonful of salt, one level tablespoonful of sugar, four level teaspoonfuls of baking powder and three tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Beat and stir in three-quarters cup of stoned dates cut in pieces, or seeded and cut raisins. Pour into a well-greased pudding mold, cover tightly, and steam two and one-half hours. Serve with a creamy sauce.

Fried Steak.

I have seen so many recipes for stewed steak I am tempted to give mine for fried steak, which always proves a success. Into two pounds of round or other cut, rub salt to taste and a light teaspoon of soda. Let it lie overnight for breakfast, then before frying rinse in two waters, dip in flour and fry in boiling fat until well done. Serve at once, either with or without gravy poured over it.

Delicious Rice Waffles.

To one cupful of cold boiled rice add about a tablespoonful of melted butter, two cupfuls of milk, a teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two eggs whipped light and flour to make thin batter. Beat all the ingredients well together and bake as you would other waffles, taking pains to grease the irons very thoroughly, so that the rice may not stick. —Christine Terhune Herrick.

Old-Time Spring Medicines.

Sulphur and molasses, taken internally, is a blood purifier that undoubtedly is excellent. The two are mixed to a thick paste, and about a teaspoonful of cream of tartar added to a cupful of the mixture. A big teaspoonful of this is taken for three mornings, skipping the next three, resuming the dose again, and continuing in this way until nine doses have been taken.

Benzoin Sauce.

Beat the yolks of two eggs light, put into a round-bottomed saucepan and set in one of boiling water. Stir into it, a few drops at a time, three tablespoonfuls salad oil, heating as you stir, then as gradually the same quantity of boiling water, next one tablespoon lemon juice, a dash of cayenne and salt.

Dates for Breakfast.

Separate the dates—one from another—with the fingers, cover them with boiling water and stir about one minute, then skim out of the water on to an agate plate. Set into a hot oven from three to five minutes, then remove to serving dish.

Potato Pudding.

Two cups cold potatoes mashed fine two eggs well beaten, one-half cup sweet, milk salt and pepper to taste; three tablespoonfuls melted butter. Bake half an hour.

Short Suggestions.

Tarnished silverware is brightened if washed in buttermilk for two hours and placed in hot suds.

Do not pile left-over cooked potatoes together, as they will sour quickly. Spread them out on a large dish.

If the upper edge of the saucepan is well buttered, the chocolate, milk, cocoa or anything of the kind will not boil over.

Heat a lemon thoroughly before squeezing, and you will obtain nearly double the quantity of juice that you would if it had not been heated.

The pulverized washing powders last much longer if used from a talcum powder shaker. A baking-powder can with holes punched through the lid may be utilized for the purpose.

It is a mistake to lay scrubbing brushes with the bristle side upward. They should always be put with the bristles down, otherwise the water will soak into the wooden part and the bristles very soon become loose.

Buy a strip of asbestos cloth and use small squares to interline your ironboards. Keep a good-sized piece fastened to your ironing board to save the sheet, and lay a square under the table pad where the meat platter rests.

When cleaning poultry it sometimes happens that the gall gets broken by accident. The unpleasant taste thus given to the meat may be removed by soaking it for half an hour in cold water, to which a tablespoonful of baking soda has been added.

In making porridge keep to these proportions: Take one pint of water and add to it half a teaspoonful of salt. When the water boils add gradually a teaspoonful of oatmeal, stirring meanwhile. When all is mixed, boil slowly for half an hour, stirring at intervals.

MEMORIAL DAY AT GETTYSBURG

These graves, which show where blood was shed. These mounds, now strewn with roses red.

Recall past days of bitter strife, When brother sought his brother's life.

That hate, which once had unknown power, Has turned to love in this glad hour; No more shall war, with threatening air, Arise to drive us to despair.

Each soldier brave who now survives Recounts the blessings he derives From untold hardships he endured And what to all has been secured.

The gray, the blue, their loves have shown For comrades resting still and lone; Beneath these mounds their forms will lie Till Gabriel calls them to the sky.

Soon all these living soldiers, bent With years that Father Time has lent, Will rest within these hallowed grounds; Still friends will strew with flowers their mounds.

Where once was hate, love reigns instead; Love rules the heart and guides the hand; Dread civil war we no more fear, Since love grows strong from year to year.

May peace throughout all time be ours, A pledge be these expressive flowers, And as each coming year they bloom, May they adorn a soldier's tomb.

Here Meade, the hero of this field, Cursed Lee, with all his hosts to yield To force of arms as well controlled As those of Marathon of old.

Now two score years have passed, and more, Since those dark days of war were o'er, Yet time moves on, and on and on; Soon our last veteran will be gone.

Their ranks grow thin each passing year; There'll soon be none to answer "Here!" Then all will be enrolled on high, Where are no tears, nor e'en a sigh.

Still songs will be forever taught To tell of deeds through valor wrought By those who fought and died to save Our land from a dishonored grave.

THE 30TH OF MAY.

Memories Recalled by the Great National Anniversary.

The return of this national anniversary has a testimony to offer you. Every Decoration Day witnesses a smaller number of northern and southern veterans. The maximum is passed; the minimum increases daily and annually. The flowers upon graves and chaplets woven around faded banners bear testimony that the republic cannot forget her old soldiers, can never allow them to be visited with social contempt. Mr. Lincoln, the greatest figure of the past tempest, declared that the world "can never forget what they did." Decoration and Deed go together. Some things may cause controversy, but when men have fought and bled and suffered, no wordy war can suppress their claims on our respect.

Let two veterans meet who fought on opposite sides, and their stories are mingled with their tears. No warmer comradeship, no more fraternal intercourse could be desired. There is no more honorable feeling than that of one brave man for another equally brave. To-day the feeling will predominate, and among the reminiscences of strife will be the actual overbrooding presence of peace, good will and loving unity.

Decoration Day is the gift of the womanhood of our land thirty or less years ago. They gave it not with triumphant paean of victorious rejoicing, but amid heartache and grief and tears were those first graves decorated, the name bestowed and the date perpetuated. If there is a more sacred gift than that born of suffering woman's holy love, one does not know it. And we are convinced that the soldier's mother who prayed for him in the closed room of intercession, and his sweetheart and his wife who loved him as none other did or could, will demand that Decoration Day shall ever represent their hearts, and its flowers their hopes beyond the veil, and its tears and joy, like rain and sunshine in spring's evening of both, be indicative of the mingled feelings with which they reconsecrated the places where lay the dead of blue and of gray.

The Senate and Legislatures of Federal and State governments have decreed many public occasions. Here is one ordained by those whose common suffering and charity and patience have ever redeemed the credit of a people, whose silence enhances their glory—the women of the war, who gave us Decoration Day.

The lessons of patriotic value taught by this day can be discerned by all. Amid chaos the country struggled into more permanent being. Disasters enriched her. In strife more than in lassitude she developed her latent forces, and the red rain of blood brought forth a harvest of devotion immortal in our souls.

The spirit of those days was rude, but she evoked great men to control them, and as one surveys the list of heroes, the question forces itself: "When shall we look upon their like again?" Peace has dangers no less great than those of strife, and sometimes the more to be dreaded because the less to be discerned. The right and the privilege purchased for us during the past century and a half are ours to keep, increase and bequeath to those who come after us. Now, shall we not set so as to earn, if not the soldier's glorious wreath, at least a modest flower of remembrance for the maintenance of right?

For if Washington and Lincoln could ride at the head of every festival procession in this nation on May 29, they would cry aloud: "Maintain! Maintain! Let your birthright, purchased in blood, be kept in undivided security!"

Decoration Day bears one last word of testimony to our peaceful unity and solidarity as a nation. "Irrepressible" conflicts are repressed, schisms are healed, localities and sectionalisms lost sight of in the great, serene view the day affords. East and West, North and South are as indivisible in that common sentiment of American patriotism which no party discussions can disturb as are Rhode Island and Connecticut. Express trails have abolished physical barriers; mutual dependence in commerce facilitates an already natural intercourse. Between ocean and ocean lives a mighty race, whose guiding forces and aspirations are a unit. One law, one element, one blood, and, henceforth, one language.

And as the watchers of God look down on hill and hamlet, on mighty seas, and over great shrouds of mountains, right down on the spots thirty years ago crimsoned with strife and now fragrant with spring's gifts, their thankfulness will be that in this great land there is peace, sweet peace.—New York Ledger.

The Field of Flowers.

Yes, bring the fairest roses— Carnations white and red.

MEMORIAL DAY

Comrade, from your dusty town, have marched to bow me down at the side.

All about the grass is scattered, in they crushed Madras sword, High Old Glory, King's unfurled on the tide.

Didst thou hear the brave salute Of thy comrades, wat'ry mate, O'er thy grave?

Didst thou hear that story sweet Of the victory from defeat? Of thy part? The reveille sang its song; Ah, how stirring, sweet and strong! Still it sounds with echoes long In my heart!

Canst thou feel my breath at rest On thy loving loyal breast, lying low?

Canst thou feel my falling tear, As I kneel beside thee here— Thou who heldest me so dear long ago?

Rest brave comrade in thy bed, With our flag above thy head, Peacefully.

Soon I'll join thee, lifeless mate, Soon with drum and fife and flute, They will give us one salute— Thee and me!

Hattie Homer Louphan.

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

HANGING A GUERRILLA.

He Accepted His Fate Without a Word or Tear.

A shot had been fired at us as we rode along the highway in column of fours, and a trooper reeled and pitched from his saddle, shot through the heart. The shot was fired by a guerrilla hidden in a corn field, and we got the order to throw down the fence and ride through the field. He was captured at the far end of it, just as he was about to gain the woods. He was a man 50 years old, grim and grizzly and with eyes of defiance.

"What is it?" he quietly asked of his captors. "Do you live about here?" "In the cabin down that." "Got a family?" "Yes." "Want to bid 'em good-by?" "I reckon." "Come along!" The cabin was reached in five minutes. A gray-haired woman and a girl of 15—wife and daughter—stood in the open door.

"What is it, Jim?" asked the wife as the man stood before her. "Gwine to kill me, I reckon," he replied.

"What fur?" "Fur killin' one of them." "Hu! good-by, Jim!" "Good-by, Daddy!" from the girl. "Good-by!"

No hand shakes—no tears—no sentiment—no pleading. Ten rods below the house was a large knotted tree. Two or three halteres were snatched together—the rope thrown over a limb—a noose slipped over the man's head, and next moment he was dangling clear of the ground. He had no excuses—made no plea—asked no mercy. He went to his death with stoicism of an Indian. Wife and daughter stood in the doorway and saw all, but there were no tears—no outburst. As we were ready to ride away the woman came slowly down to the spot, looked at the body for half a moment, and then turned to ask:

"Is Jim dead?"

"Yes," answered the captain.

"Hu!" And she walked slowly back to the house and entered it and shut the door, and we rode on and left the corpse hanging.—Detroit Free Press.

New Story of Bishop McCabe.

An interesting incident of life in Libby prison was recalled by Colonel C. E. Bradshaw addressing a meeting of representatives of the patriotic organizations of Washington. The name of Bishop McCabe was mentioned.

"I recall one of the darkest, stormiest, rainiest nights at old Libby," said Colonel Bradshaw. "The Union prisoners were huddled together on one of

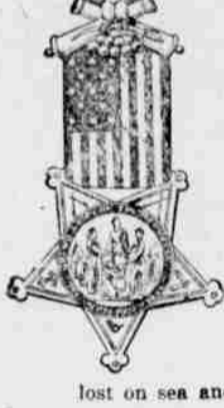
THE WAR TIME PHOTOGRAPH.



"My goodness, gran'pa, were you ever as young as that?" "That was taken the day we marched away * * * forty-six years ago. I was the drummer boy. * * * The men used to laugh at me and my big drum, and they called me the baby of the regiment." "They don't laugh at you now, do they, gran'pa?" "Not many of them, poor fellows. * * * Why, my goodness, I'm just as young as that now, but, you see, I have to look older because I'm a gran'pa, you know. I just do it to keep up appearances."—Chicago Tribune.

THE GRAND ARMY.

Day by day their ranks are thinning, one by one they disappear, And at each succeeding roll call fewer voices answer "Here."



Still their regiments are marching—many march with noiseless tread, And the bugles sound "assembly" in the bivouac of the dead.

Glorious tales of gallant service echo still on every hand; Charge and siege and bitter hardship—comrades lost on sea and land.

Now a reunited nation joins to bless the honored dead, Though forgetful of the living who have likewise fought and bled.

Hats are reverently lifted to the heroes lying here; Love to the living heroes—hail them all with cheer on cheer.

Not for long will they be with us; soon each regiment will be Tented here beneath the blossoms of the land it helped to free.

But to-day the drums are muffled and the flag at half mast waves, Keeping green dead heroes' memories as the grass above their grave.

Still another weary winter shrouded in the snow they lay; Now we bring them crowns and garlands of the loveliest blooms of May.

Let them rest in honored slumber, while their praise, from shore to shore, Eighty million throats are swelling—we are free forevermore! —Elsie Florence Pay in Success.

FEEDING CONFEDERATES.

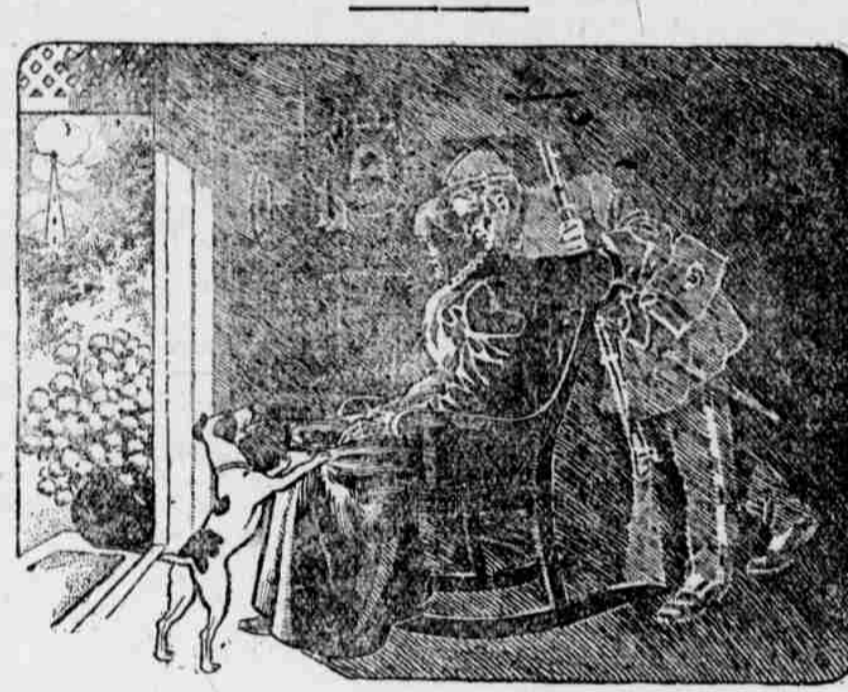
Lee's Soldiers Drew Three Days' Rations from Sheridan.

There having been some controversy as to the incidents connected with General Grant's issue of rations to Lee's troops at Appomattox, General Michael R. Morgan writes to the Washington Post as follows: "I was General Grant's chief commissary and was present in the room during the interview between him and General Lee. After the terms of the surrender had been agreed upon, General Lee said to General Grant: "General, I would like my army fed."

General Grant turned to me, as his chief commissary, and said: "Colonel, feed the Confederate army." I asked: "How many men are there?" General Grant asked: "How many men have you, General Lee?" General Lee replied: "Our books are lost; our organizations are broken up; the companies are mostly commanded by non-commissioned officers; we have nothing but what we have on our backs."

I then found Colonel M. P. Small, the chief commissary of General Ord's army, and asked him, as I had asked General Sheridan's chief commissary, if he could feed the Army of Northern Virginia. He expressed his inability, having something very important to do for General Sheridan.

A MEMORIAL DAY RESTROSPECT.



ions of fresh beef, salt, hard bread, coffee and sugar. He mounted his horse immediately and proceeded to carry out his order. Both Colonels Kellogg and Small are now dead.

That we had any rations on the spot to spare may be wondered at when the swiftness and extent of the pursuit are considered, but we had, and we soon found sufficient to supply the famishing army.

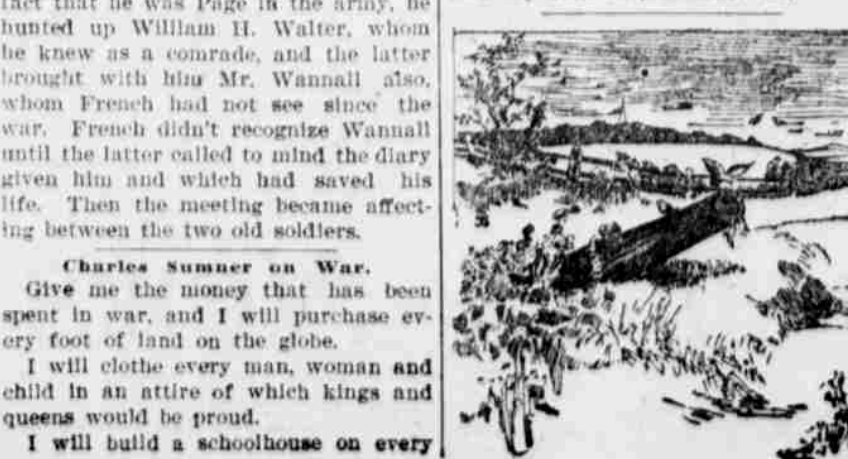
BOOK THAT SAVED A LIFE.

Affecting Meeting Between Two Old Union Soldiers.

When Andrew French was a mere youth he resolved to become a soldier in the Union army. He thought that maybe, as he was only nineteen, the parental authority might intervene, and so, in common with thousands of others, as it has turned out, he went in under another name, that of Andrew Page. He enlisted in Company D, Third Maryland Infantry, and proved himself a gallant soldier, says the Baltimore American. He was wounded at Chancellorsville on May 3, 1863, and subsequently received an honorable discharge. Some time after the war he applied for and secured a pension of \$8 a month, and under, of course, his army name. The special pension examiners found, among other things, that no one knew of any Andrew Page at the address given, but did know Andrew French. The "alias" made an identification requisite under the rules of the department, and French was identified as Page by Colonel J. M. Ludsbury and two comrades. Here is where a story comes in.

Previous to Chancellorsville, Page, or French, had given a comrade named George Wannall a diary, and, as it turned out, it was a lucky gift for George. At Chancellorsville Wannall had the book in a side pocket, and stuffed in with it was a towel. A Confederate bullet struck him in the breast and penetrated through eight thicknesses of the towel and part way through the diary and then stopped. When French wanted witnesses to the fact that he was Page in the army, he hunted up William H. Walter, whom he knew as a comrade, and the latter brought with him Mr. Wannall also, whom French had not seen since the war. French didn't recognize Wannall until the latter called to mind the diary given him and which had saved his life. Then the meeting became affecting between the two old soldiers.

Charles Sumner on War. Give me the money that has been spent in war, and I will purchase every foot of land on the globe. I will clothe every man, woman and child in an attire of which kings and queens would be proud. I will build a schoolhouse on every



hillside and in every valley over the whole earth.

I will build an academy and endow it, and a college in every State, and fill it with able professors.

I will crown every hillside with a place of worship consecrated to the gospel of peace.

I will support in every pulpit an able teacher of righteousness, so that every Sabbath morning the chime on one hill around the earth's wide circumference, and the voice of prayer and the song of praise should ascend like a universal holocaust to heaven.

The Man Behind the Gun. Soon after the close of the Spanish war Admiral Schley visited Bangor, Me. General Joseph Smith tendered him a reception, to which many of the townspeople were invited. The people gathered from far and near, and the streets were filled with those who wished to get a glimpse at the admiral.

Mrs. Pearson lives directly opposite General Smith's house, and the piazza and the steps of her house were crowded when up the steps came Mrs. Casey, a comely Irish woman, clutching something tightly in her hand. Coming up to Mrs. D., who was seated on the piazza, she held out her hand, and in the palm lay a bronze medal, which was given to her son for services rendered at Manila.

"If ye please, will ye read what it says?" she asked, and Mrs. D. read: "To the Man Behind the Gun." "That's him," exclaimed Mrs. Casey; "that's him; that's my son! He got there for safety, and could ye blame him, now?"—Boston Globe.

