

The Hero's Grave.



His fair day passed,
The sun was low;
I stood enraptured
In its fading light,
And the west was
Touched with its
Warmth and glow,
As it welcomed the
Balm of night.

As I stood by the road in my dream of joy,
I was touched by the muffled tone
Of the funeral drum, while the soldier by
Was borne to his rest alone.

I followed the bier to the lonely grave,
With a heart that swelled with pride
For the deeds of the noble hero brave
Who for his country died.

And I gathered the lilies for his winding-sheet,
Made wreaths of the flowers that grew
By the way,
And laid them down at the hero's feet,
This sad Memorial day.

And every year as the time goes by,
And the evening sun lights the western sky,
I gather the flowers that grow by the way,
And weave into garlands fragrant with life.

And go to the grave Memorial day,
To give him his laurels he won in the strife.

—Lydia B. Walsh, in Home and Country.

MEANEST MAN IN PLUNKETT.



MORNING," said Mr. Blodgett, with an upward jerk of the chin. "So you're the new school-ma'am, hey? Come to tell me 'bout some bad conduct of Sammy's. Well, if you've got any fault to find with my grandson, out with it. I'll back ye every time." Mr. Blodgett, who was plowing, while Sammy helped him by guiding the horse, turned round to his grandson as he spoke.

"Oh, I assure you, Mr. Blodgett, Sammy behaves beautifully. I called on an entirely different errand. Probably Sammy has told you about the flag we want to buy."

"No, he hasn't."

"Well," said little Miss Stanton quickly, "we want to provide a flag for our schoolhouse. Nearly every schoolhouse in the country has one. And we want you to help us."

"A flag! What for?" demanded Mr. Blodgett.

"Why, don't you think," she spoke with surprise, "that the daily sight of their country's flag will make the pupils better children now, and better men and women by and by?"

"I do know about that," responded Mr. Blodgett. "There's lots of foolish notions running round loose nowadays, and this strikes me as one of 'em. Hoisting a flag and making a Fourth of July out of all the three hundred and sixty odd days in the year! Stick to writing, reading and 'rithmetic, and let the stammeries be!"

Miss Stanton, too shrewd either to show dismay or to wrangle with the farmer, simply looked as if she were amazed at and pitied his sentiments.

"How much do you calculate to put out for the flag?" he asked, forced by her demeanor to doubt whether he had not put himself in the wrong.

"Oh, something like \$40."

"Whew-ew!" Mr. Blodgett whistled his astonishment. "And how much do you lay out for me to give?"

Miss Stanton had an instinctive knowledge that it is often judicious to ask for more than one expects. "Well, I should like it if you and Mr. Simpson would give me ten dollars each to start the ball rolling. The minister tells me you are one of the richest men in Plunkett, and Mr. David Simpson is the other. So I came out this Saturday to ask you two to help us get the flag."

Mr. Blodgett gave a little jump toward his plow. "I guess you don't know much about Plunkett!" he gasped. "Dave Simpson, did you say? Dave Simpson? The meanest man in Plunkett! Skin a flea for its hide! Ten dollars! Him!"

He considered a moment. "Look a-here!" he said. "You go and see Dave Simpson. Tell him Bill Blodgett sent you. Don't leave that out. He will know what I mean—he and I were in the war together. Tell him you want a \$40-dollar flag for Plunkett schoolhouse. And I'll match you, cent for cent, dollar for dollar, whatever you get out of Dave Simpson. Come! there's an offer for you."

"Why, that's a splendid offer, sir!" said Miss Stanton, rather sarcastically.

"Thank you, Mr. Blodgett. Good-by—thank you so much! Good-by, Sammy!"

"Well!" muttered Blodgett, chuckling. "I got out of that neat. Get up, Sammy." And yet, he felt, uneasily, that he might have given a dollar to the flag.

Miss Stanton, somewhat discouraged, walked over to Mr. Simpson's place. The first glance at him reassured her.

Holding his little grandchild, Polly, by the hand, he cordially inquired how she liked Plunkett, and put a great many other questions. She could not get in a word about the flag. She began to suspect a method in Mr. Simpson's volubility.

"And how is this naughty Polly carrying on?" he asked.

Miss Stanton smiled on the pair. "Have you told grandpa about our flag, Polly?"

Dave Simpson squared his shoulders. His amiable expression vanished. His pocket was attacked.

"Well," he faltered, "I'm sorry to disoblige you—really—specially as little Polly here wants it. But—but—well—you see, in the matter of contributions for flags and such things you mustn't look to me to help you out. Hope you ain't over-much disappointed," he added.

"Oh, not overmuch, for Mr. Blodgett warned me in season," smiled Miss Stanton.

"Bill Blodgett!" exploded Mr. Simpson. "What's he know about it? Bill Blodgett! That's a good one! I'll have you to know Bill Blodgett's the meanest man in Plunkett! Splits his coppers for the contribution-box! What are you laughing at?" he asked in an aggrieved tone.

"I was only thinking what Mr. Blodgett said," she replied demurely. "He told me you are the meanest man in Plunkett."

Mr. Simpson stared furiously. "I'll pay Bill Blodgett for that! What else did he say?"

Though his tone was fierce, Miss Stanton noted that little Polly was not at all alarmed; so she kept her own courage undaunted, and slowly, as if she was teaching a lesson to a very dull pupil, replied:

"Mr. Blodgett said to me: 'You go see Dave Simpson, and I'll match you, cent for cent, dollar for dollar, whatever you get out of Dave Simpson!' Now, what do you say, Mr. Simpson? Of course he reckoned you wouldn't give a cent."

Mr. Simpson flushed with anger. "I say this!" he said, emphatically. "I'll give you ten dollars—ten dollars for Bill Blodgett to match. Yes! for the

in time of peace, unite to unfurl the starry banner for which they bled, to float in proud benediction over the heads of the young men and maidens of Plunkett."

"Ain't it grand?" whispered Sammy. "Wonderful!" she whispered back. It certainly was wonderful. Who could have written it? When she put this question to Mr. Simpson that worthy laughed uproariously.

Mr. William Blodgett did not take the joke so philosophically. He grew glummer of face and shorter of speech than ever. The neighbors trembled a little, not knowing what the matter might come to.

Dave Simpson became very much interested in the flag. It awakened all his old patriotism. He fell to telling war stories to Polly, and he could not keep Bill Blodgett out of them—Bill and he had been such inseparable comrades in arms. Then he and Miss Stanton held many consultations regarding the flag-raising.

"What do you do in Plunkett on Memorial day?" she asked, one morning, excitedly.

"Do? Nothing at all."

"Well, we'll do something this year, Mr. Simpson," said the determined little schoolmistress. "I can't, at this short notice, clear the graveyard, get up a procession and all that, but I can manage the children and the schoolhouse."

"What'll you do?" he asked.

"Why, plenty of things! We'll fly our flag for the first time on Memorial day. We'll invite the parents, the school committee, the minister—in fact, the town. The children will sing, and we'll have speeches—yes, speeches, Mr. Simpson, from Plunkett's two noble benefactors."

Mr. Simpson pooh-poohed vigorously at the last idea; nevertheless she saw he was pleased.

Arrangements were made for a celebration, and Mr. Blodgett was asked to make an address.

"I won't have anything to do with such tomfoolery!" he thundered. "Dave Simpson's made a big enough fool of me now."

"I'm sorry you won't make a speech, sir," said Miss Stanton. "But, anyway,



"WHAT ELSE DID HE SAY?"

sake of seeing Bill Blodgett shell out, I'll give you—I'll give you—Polly, girl, we'll give a clean \$20! 'Cent for cent, dollar for dollar,' says Bill Blodgett. Ha, ha, ha! It's as good as a circus. Simpson gives \$20, Blodgett matches it. And Blodgett and Simpson ain't spoke for years. Blodgett and Simpson go halves on a \$40 flag for Plunkett schoolhouse. Ha! I guess I've got Bill Blodgett this time!"

"But will Mr. Blodgett give his share?" asked Miss Stanton, anxiously.

"Got to!" replied Mr. Simpson. "One thing about Bill Blodgett, he never goes back on his word in a financial transaction."

So the little schoolmistress went back to Mr. Blodgett. When she told him that Simpson had given her \$20 he turned pale, and without a word went with her to the house, took two ten-dollar notes out of a cupboard, and gave them to her. She thanked him earnestly, but he said not a word in response.

Miss Stanton kept the secret for a whole week. Then all Plunkett was stirred with the news, marveling much that Plunkett was to possess the flag, but more that it should be the gift of the two men whose stinginess and mutual animosity had become notorious.

Sammy Blodgett, almost bursting with pride, placed in Miss Stanton's hands a copy of the County Oracle, in which the wonderful fact was told. The item ended thus: "We congratulate Plunkett on the possession of such generous citizens as William Blodgett and David Simpson, men who, like brothers, fought to preserve our glorious union, and who, still of one heart

I hope you'll let Sammy take a part in the celebration."

"Well," said Blodgett, ungraciously, "if he does, see to it that he speaks up good and loud."

So Sammy was selected to speak a piece in his grandfather's place. He had very little oratorical gift. Miss Stanton struggled with him faithfully and diligently. Yet each time, after he slipped from her presence, he reappeared with the sing-song inflection and abominable emphasis that made her blood run cold. She could not understand these persistent relapses.

"Sammy," she cried, in despair, "what shall I do with you, if you will not speak it as I teach you to?"

Sammy burst into tears. "I wisht there wasn't ever any Memorial day, nor any flag, nor anything. I wisht I was dead—so, there!"

"Why, what's the matter, Sammy?"

"Before I'm out of bed in the morning, gran'pa he's after me to speak my piece," sobbed the boy. "And the same every noon and after school at night. And he stands me upon a rock down in the back pasture where nobody can see or hear, and he goes off to the other end, and I have to holler it at him. And I begin my way, and he says he'll holler me if I don't say it his way. And between you both—boohoo!"

Here was a revelation. Mr. Blodgett, for all his surly manner, had become interested in the celebration. It lent a touch of pathos to what would otherwise have been ludicrous.

"You poor dear!" she said, finally. "You shall not be bothered any more by me. Say it just as your grandfather wishes."

So the daily coaching in the back pasture went on without interruption. The cows chewed their cuds; the sheep lifted their dull heads and were not wise enough to wonder, though occasion for wonder grew. For, marvel of marvels! Mr. Blodgett, after the elocution lessons, fell to telling war stories to his grandson.

This was the first common interest of their lives. Sammy felt he was finding a place in his grandfather's heart. How "good and loud" he would speak that hated piece, for payment!

Mr. Blodgett, in his turn, tried his utmost to keep Dave Simpson's name out of his reminiscences. He fought against it all the more because he was conscious of strange and tender renewal of his old friendship; but Dave's name crept into almost every tale.

So it came about that one day he blundered on the story of that time when Dave Simpson had saved his life at the peril of his own. Then he faltered and finally broke down. He had put the incident out of his heart and mind.

What good friends they had been—he and Dave! Either would have died for the other as readily as for the dear old flag. And now they were enemies, though the veterans of Plunkett—her only soldiers left!

He strove to become angry again.

"'Twas a mean thing for Dave to do, anyhow to ketch me up so!" he was growling, just when Sammy interrupted with a burst he had long repressed: "O, gran'pa! how I wisht I could see you dressed up like a soldier!"

The old man thought a moment. "Well, come along," he said. He did not understand why he humored the boy. He was more of a mystery to himself than to Sammy.

"Sh! Sh!" Blodgett led the way to the dusky, cobwebbed garret. He took from the old chest a faded army coat, a soldier's cap, a knapsack and a musket.

"Sh! Sh!" As stealthily as they had ascended they crept down the stairs, and so, with their precious burden, to the secluded back pasture.

Then Bill Blodgett, with an expression on his face that was new to Sammy, put on the battered blue, placed the cap above his thin, gray locks, adjusted the knapsack, shouldered the musket.

Now, indeed, thoughts of Dave Simpson crowded to the front. How proudly he and Dave had tramped away together in their army blue! Others had gone with them. Who had returned? Only himself and Dave. How they had cheered each other on the toilsome marches!

"Now, Sammy," cried Blodgett, trembling with awkward earnestness, "I'll show ye how Dave and me used to—"

A twig snapped. A stone fell from the wall. The flock of frightened sheep went cantering the length of the pasture. With a ringing cry, Dave Simpson leaped the wall like a boy.

"Hold on, Billy! I'll drill ye."

"Dave!"

"Attention! Present arms!"

Bill Blodgett obeyed the old words of command instantly, and with true soldierly gravity. Sammy's delighted heart nearly burst its bounds, betraying its excitement in every tense muscle. When the drill was ended, a nervous silence ensued till Simpson broke it: "Say, Billy, let's wear the old uniform to the flag-raising to-morrow."

"Seem's if 't would be the proper thing to do," responded Mr. Blodgett.

That was all. Not a smile, not a hand-shake, not a word of repentance; yet the miracle of reconciliation had been wrought. And at the celebration on Memorial day the two veterans were present in their faded, eloquent uniforms. No speeches came from their lips, for their hearts were too full, but Sammy spoke up "good and loud" enough to redeem the loss, and the flag was raised by Blodgett and Simpson, pulling together on the rope. Then, at another pull from little Polly, it trembled, fluttered and flung its glory to the welcoming breeze, while the children cheered with a will, and their elders softly, with something tugging at their throats.—Emily J. Langley, in Youth's Companion.

Not for the dead alone this day we cherish;
For all our brave deserve as well
As those who in the conflict fell—
Each risked his all—no one could tell
Who was to perish.

Not for the dead alone we bring these flowers;
But for their parents bowed with years,
Their children whom this day endears,
For wives and sisters yet in tears—
Their griefs are ours.

Not for the dead alone these ensigns gory;
But to impress on every eye
At what a cost we still may fly
That fabric fashioned from the sky—
Our nation's glory!

Not for the dead alone the drums are beating;
But listening ears shall catch the strain
And comrades join the sad refrain
Till heart to heart shall beat again
In solemn greeting.

Not for the dead alone commemoration;
But that our sons be taught to-day
The price their fathers had to pay
To keep and unto them convey
This mighty nation.

Not for the dead alone—Ah! truly not;
But for an object lesson grand
That all the earth may understand
The valiant saviors of this land
Are not forgot!

—J. P. Rand, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Russian Spies.
Three Russian naval officers have been fined \$50 each for trespassing on the British fortifications at Hong Kong, and making sketches.

HOUSECLEANING TACTICS.

How to Meet the Annual Trial with Comparative Ease.

While the systematic housekeeper is renovating the sleeping-rooms, she should dispose of the winter garments. Furs, wraps and gowns which are not to be worn until next fall should first be thoroughly cleaned and then carefully packed. To pack away any article of attire without first making it fresh is a crime which should bar the person committing it from the society of good housewives.

Furs may be satisfactorily renovated at home. Short-haired skins, such as seal and ermine, should be rubbed against the grain with soft flannel until all the hair is reversed. Spots should then be rubbed lightly with flour and the fur finally removed by vigorous shaking. Long-haired furs may be cleaned by scouring them with hot bran. After this has been done roll the garments in paper, tie up in linen cases with pepper and camphor bags, and consign them to chests.

The spring house-cleaning period is not only the time when winter clothes should be laid away, but it is also the accepted season for plumbing. The services of the plumber are likely to be more necessary than those of any other person in the spring renovation of the bathroom. A beautifully enameled tub is a small compensation for sewer gas. Consequently before any mere superficial details are attended to an expert opinion concerning such homely things as drains and pipes should be obtained.

The bathtub will be less trouble to keep clean if it is painted with enamel paint. This may be purchased already mixed, and the least skillful woman will be able to apply it satisfactorily. The tub should, of course, be perfectly dry until after the last coat of paint has been applied. The wall of the bathroom back of the tub and wash-bowl, if they are not tiled or marble, should be "papered" with linoleum in tile patterns. This will permit unlimited spashing of water without damage. The floor may be well covered with this material.

If the bathroom has not been equipped with wire soap and sponge trays, shelves for bottles, hooks for clothes, racks for towels, and the like, there is no time like the days of the spring house-cleaning in which to repair the omission.

Before descending to the lower part of the house, the mistress should discover if her mattresses need renovating. If she uses feather ones she should destroy them, for in the opinion of physicians they are positively pestiferous. Hair mattresses, if they are hard and dirty, may be freshened by ripping the ticking, removing the hair, washing the ticking, picking the hair and putting it in a dry, airy place for several days. When the ticking is dry it should be filled lightly with the hair and tacked together again.

If painting is done in the bedrooms, pails of fresh water should stand about uncovered. This will prevent attacks of painters' colic.—N. Y. Journal.

HE DIED SUDDENLY.

Cannot Be Said That Anybody Was Very Much Surprised.

A Washington man who has recently returned from a six-months' visit in the great and growing state of Texas was talking to a reporter the other evening over a bottle (carafe) of Potomac water. The writer was chewing on a mouthful of it with more or less satisfaction when the other man was reminded of a story.

"During my stay in Texas," he said, "my business called me off to the north-west, where original customs prevail yet to a great extent. One land case in which I was interested depended largely on its successful handling in finding a certain man from Massachusetts, who had come out there a dozen years before, and I was asking a justice of the peace about him.

"'Ain't never been a man out here by the name of Jenkins from Massachusetts that I've knowed,' he said.

"'Haven't you ever had any people from that state?' I inquired.

"'Thar wuz one about seven years ago.'

"'What was his name?'

"'Dunno. We jist call him Beanshooter Bill fer short.'

"'What became of him?'

"'He died sudden.'

"'Ah, that's bad. Death unexpectedly is such a shock to a community.'

"'Well, yes, I reckon it is,' he admitted, with slowness and precision; 'but, you see, Beanshooter's wuzn't exactly unexpected.'

"'No?' I exclaimed in surprise. 'I thought you said he died suddenly.'

"'I did,' he hesitated; 'but, you see, it wuzn't exactly unexpected. He had stolen a hoss.'—Washington Star.

Her Chance.

"Jennie," said Mr. Portly, "I wish you'd put a 'V' in my dress trousers. I'm getting too stout to wear 'em." "I will," responded his spouse; "but I wish you'd put a couple of 'V's' in my purse. It's getting so thin that it slips through my fingers."—N. Y. Recorder.

—Montreal suffered from fire in 1852, 1,200 residences and stores being blotted out of existence, the property loss exceeding \$5,000,000.

—For of the soul the body form doth take, for soul is form, and doth the body make.—Spenser.