

# THE ARMY IN THE PINES.

I AM old and I am weary, and my marching days are o'er, I can hear the misty river, breaking on its ghostly shore:

At the window, with my crutches, as the daylight fades away, I sit and watch the shadows 'neath the hoary maples play; It is then I hear the music of a bugle loud and shrill, And the long roll in the twilight seems to come from yonder hill; But awake or dreaming ever I can see the old blue lines, And again the army marches—marches underneath the pines.

With a tread that echoes ever in the veteran's heart to-day, Marches still that grand old army, 'mong the trees so far away; And I see its banners floating proudly 'gainst the azure sky, Just as though beneath my window it today were passing by; I can recognize the comrades touching elbows as of yore, With a beautiful devotion that will live forever more; And the sun in cloudless heavens upon blade and bayonet shines, And the breezes stir the pennons of the army in the pines.

Sitting here I count the marches one can never more forget, I can see the gleaming camp-fires when the stars their watch have set; Yonder rides the graybeard colonel, with a comrade's smile for all, That morning in the wilderness, he was the first to fall; I remember how we laid him 'neath the dark green branches low, And turned to meet the charges of the ever-vallant foe; I seem to hear war's thunder as it rolled along our lines, Waking not the dear old colonel, sleeping sweetly 'neath the pines.

But my crutches oft remind me that our battle flags are furled, That where we fought the angel Peace proclaims to all the world, That love cements the sections and that, brothers true to-day, Beneath the starry banner fair stand both the Blue and Gray; The roses bloom in beauty where we heard the mad shells scream, And southern lilies grow beside the squadron-guarded stream, And everywhere, this sacred day, love gratefully entwines, A fragrant wreath in memory of the army in the pines.

The sound of music thrills me; they are coming down the street, I plainly hear upon the wind the tramp of many feet; With nature's treasures beautiful they march again to keep Memorial day and crown the boys where side by side they sleep; They see me at the window and salute me as they pass, I lift my hand and smile on them, but very soon they pass, My old, old eyes grow misty and I cannot see the lines, Though I seem to hear the army once again among the pines.

There's another army marching 'neath the heavens soft and blue, Its leaders are not many now, its privates, too, are few; One by one they cross the river to the camp where all is still, Where drums to battle never beat and bugles never thrill; Memorial day grows sweeter as the long years glide away, And loving nature yields her gifts alike for Blue and Gray; And soon where the last veteran sleeps will creep the summer vines, And evermore will silent be the camps among the pines.

—T. C. Harbaugh, in Ohio Farmer.

# AT A BROTHER'S GRAVE.

"N'T you ever goin' to quit lawin' over that shoat? You an' Josh have both spent more'n its worth fifty times over, an' it ain't no nearer settled than it was five year ago. No I won't give my consent to spendin' another nickel in lawin'," and "Ma" Walker gave her foot a determined stamp on the polished kitchen floor to signify that she meant all she said.

To those who knew "Ma" Walker the stamp she gave meant much. Her mind was made up, and no amount of coaxing and argument could change it. She didn't intend to throw good money after bad in a vain endeavor to get payment for a four-dollar shoat for which they had already mortgaged the farm for more than they could pay in the next five years.

"But, 'Ma,' the lawyer says he can git a judgment in the next court, an' then I want to teach Josh that he can't have everything his own way. The lawyer says he'll only need \$50 more."

"Hiram Walker, you might just as well quit talkin', for I tell you I won't consent to spendin' another cent. I declare to goodness, it's a downright shame that two brothers can't get along without spendin' all they make in lawin'! It's bad enough for Josh, and for you, what's got a family to care for,

it's still worse. You had just better spend that \$50 in buyin' me an' the girls some new clothes. Goodness knows, we need 'em bad enough; I haven't had a new dress since this lawin' business began, five year ago; neither has the girls."

Again the foot of "Ma" Walker struck the floor with a thump that was certainly impressive, and her husband, finding that he could accomplish nothing by argument, left the house. If his wife wouldn't consent he had no thought of doing what he wished against her wishes, and, besides that, the money that he wanted was her own, the receipts from her butter and egg sales. No, the case would have to go over for awhile, but he wouldn't give it up, he would teach his contrary brother the needed lesson in time.

In the dark days of '61 three brothers responded to President Lincoln's call for troops. They came from a quiet farm home in one of the northern counties of Indiana. All of them left home for the battlefields with a mother's blessing on their heads, but the mother's heart went out especially to the youngest, "her baby." He was but a boy of 19 to whom the hard work of the farm had always been more of a burden than his frail body could bear, and for that reason he was made much of by the other members of the family. But men were needed, her sons thought it their place to go, and it was not her part to stand in the way of their duty to their country.



THE BROTHERS MEET.

Month after month wore away. The mother watched anxiously for each mail, and was occasionally rewarded with a letter, always from "her baby." He told her of his brothers, of the army, of their camp life, of their marches and their battles, but of himself he told her little except that he was as well as usual. But the mother read between the lines. The hardships of campaigning was wearing away "her baby's" health, and how she longed for him.

And then one day a letter came from Hiram. His brother, the mother's "baby," was ill, and they would send him home to her. She could feel almost glad that he was sick for it would bring him back. How carefully she would nurse him, and by the time the war was over he should be well again.

But the mother's hopes were not to be realized. "Her baby" came home to her only to be taken away again forever. She watched beside his bedside; she did all the many little things that only a mother knows how to do, but without success. Long before the war was over they had laid him in the little cemetery, and his furlough was extended into eternity.

When the old folks died the farm of more than 200 acres was left to Hiram and Josiah Walker, to be divided equally or worked together, as the brothers might choose. For several years they farmed their land together, and then Hiram married. After that the land was divided, Hiram taking the part on which the home stood for himself and his bride, and Josiah was to make his home with them.

Added to the ties of blood were the ties of comradeship on the battlefields of the south, and they seemed inseparable. Nothing, it seemed, could come between them. They assisted each other in their work, they shared each other's earnings; they made it a point to plant at the same time; they reaped their crops at the same time, and they sold the products of their farms to the same men. Their lives were the happy ones of peace and good will. And then came a time of doubt, of

hard words, and all the comradeship of the past was forgotten.

It was in the winter time, and both brothers were fattening hogs for market. The pens in which their hogs were kept adjoined, and day after day they had stood together and remarked about the condition of the stock. One morning as Josiah came out to the barnyard he found his brother counting his hogs, and as he reached his side Hiram turned to him and said:

"Josh, there's a board loose and one of my shoats has worked its way into your pen. I think it's the spotted one in the corner there."

"Guess you're mistaken, Hiram; that's my pig; this old sow here is his mother. You'll have to look again, Hiram, to find your shoat."

"But I guess I know my shoat when I see it, Josh, and I tell you that spotted pig's mine. I'll git in an' catch it and put it back in my pen."

"You'll do nothin' of the kind. That spotted pig's mine, I tell you, an' you'll let it alone where it is. I don't believe you've lost a shoat, anyway."

And so the quarrel started. A pig that either would have gladly given the other had he asked it was to come between them.

At his first opportunity Hiram carried out his intention of putting the pig into his own pen, and in less than 24 hours afterwards he was arrested on a warrant sworn out by his brother.

The case went through the justice court with a decision for Josiah; when appealed to the grand jury the decision

Before this lawsuit pa and Uncle Josh always went together on Decoration day to trim the bushes and fix the sod and put on the flowers, but now they go by themselves. Pa always goes in the afternoon and Uncle Josh in the morning, and each takes care of one side of the grave. Maybe if we could get them to go at the same time, and have them meet there without knowing it the remembrances might cause them to make up again.

"I just believe it would, Mary, if we could only do it, but your pa's so set in his ways that he wouldn't go at any time he thought Uncle Josh would be there, and Uncle Josh wouldn't go if he thought he'd meet your pa. I don't see how we could work it, Mary, they're both that contrary," and "Ma" Walker shook her head over the problem.

"But, ma, couldn't we make Uncle Josh believe pa was going in the morning, or make pa believe Uncle Josh was going in the afternoon," put in Jane.

"Now I never thought of that," and "Ma" Walker beamed on her two daughters. "It takes young heads for new ideas, don't it. I'll just leave it for you two girls to fix up. You've got a way of gettin' round them two men I never could get."

The morning of May 30 was as bright and clear as anyone could ask. The country people in the part of the county where the Walkers lived always made the day a holiday—a day devoted to the memories of the brave men who fell in the civil war. Many of them had friends and relatives buried on the battlefields of the south, but there were but few soldier graves in the little churchyard cemetery at home. What few there were, however, received the offerings of the entire community.

As Hiram Walker came in from the barn after doing the chores of the morning his wife asked how soon after dinner he was going to the cemetery, saying she believed she would go with him.

"I guess I'll go this morning," he replied. "The girls tell me Josh has took a notion to annoy me by goin' in the afternoon, an' I guess I'll let him have his own way."

After the quarrel of five years before Josiah had built himself a house as far from that of his brother as possible, and at his place there was no sign of his intention of varying his usual custom of visiting the cemetery in the morning. The girls had worked their plans quite successfully, and the chances were the brothers would meet at a place where, for a time at least, they must drop their quarrel over a spotted pig.

Josiah Walker was kneeling beside the little marble monument clipping the dead branches out of a rose bush over his brother's grave, when he became aware that some one was approaching the grave from the other side of the bush. Glancing around he saw it was his brother. As he rose from his position beside the bush Hiram paused at the side of the grave opposite him.

"Why do you come here at this time?" demanded Josiah, thoroughly incensed at what he considered an imposition.

"And why did you tell my girls that you was comin' in the afternoon," answered Hiram. "I came this morning because you told them that."

"I never told the girls nothing of the kind, and you know it. You come here at this time to spite me."

The whole scheme that the girls and their mother had worked came to Hiram in a minute, and stepping a little nearer he said:

"Josiah, the girls told me that, and now I know why. They can't see any sense in this quarrel of ours, and want us to forget it. They thought here at Charley's grave would be a good place for us to meet. Don't you think it is?"

Without a word of reply Josiah extended his hand across the grave, where it met that of his brother.

"Hiram," he said, "we have quarreled for many years. I thought I would never again speak a kind word to you, but beside the grave where our brother and comrade sleeps our quarrel should be forgotten for the time at least. Shall it be?"

"Why not let it be forgotten for all time, Josiah? Is a spotted pig worth the amount of happiness it has cost us?"

"It was my pig, Hiram."

"No, it was mine, Josiah."

"Let's call it our pig, Hiram, as it really was?"

"That's best, Josiah. Now let's fix up Charley's and mother's graves, and then you must go home to dinner with me, for I suspect 'ma' and the girls will be expecting you."

The lawsuit was settled out of court. "Ma" Walker and the girls got their summer dresses, and abundant supply, for they came from both farms, and Josiah is back at the old home again to live.

WRIGHT A. PATTERSON.

One Misfortune Averted.

Anxious Mother—I think you should interfere, Edward. There is young Stumps sitting for the last half-hour with Mabel, holding her hand. You know that he's not in a position to marry!

Father (complacently)—True, but let him hold her hand, Martha. It will keep her from the piano.—Stray Stories.

## HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

### Some Commonplace Bits of Information Gleaned for the Busy Housewife.

To powder parsley, dip the bunch quickly into boiling water, to make it a brilliant green, then put it in a hot oven for a few minutes to dry thoroughly. Break it into fine flakes.

If your mandolin has been soiled and greasy through being touched by moist fingers, take a mixture of one teaspoonful of vinegar in four teaspoonfuls of water, and lightly wash the parts affected. Then rub dry and continue to rub with a dry, clean cloth, which must be entirely free from all roughness. After this, polish with some good furniture polish.

A few drops of oil of sandal wood, sold by druggists, dropped on a hot shovel, will be found to diffuse a most agreeable balsamic perfume in sick-rooms or confined apartments.

As a dentifrice salt and water will not only cleanse but whiten the teeth, and will harden the gums.

A well-known and successful exhibitor of vegetables recently remarked that asparagus was rarely properly cooked when sent to the table, because of the practice of submerging the whole of the stems in water, thus treating green tops and blanched bases alike. The proper way is to cook it erect, covering the blanched stem with water, and leaving the green, tender tips to be cooked by the steam, in this way the entire stem is completely cooked at the same time.

Before closing your houses for the summer, try this simple method of preserving bright grates or fire-irons from rust. Make a strong paste from fresh lime and water, and, with a brush, smear it as quickly as possible over all the polished surface requiring preservation. By this means all the grates and fire-irons in an empty house may be kept for months without further care or attention.

The usual method for cleaning gloves entails more or less expense, and frequently unpleasant odors. Try the following one, which is as successful as it is cheap. Have ready a little new milk in one saucer, a piece of towel or cloth folded three or four times. On the cloth spread out the glove smooth and neat. Take a piece of flannel, dip it in milk, then rub off a good quantity of soap with the wetted flannel, and commence to rub the glove downward toward the fingers, holding it firmly with the left hand. Continue this process until the glove, if white, looks a dingy yellow, though clean; if colored, until it looks dark and spoiled. Lay it to dry, and old gloves will soon look new. They will be soft, glossy, smooth, well-shaped and elastic.

Salt thrown on coals when broiling steak will prevent blazing from the dripping fat. When contents of pot or pan boil over or are spilled, throw on salt at once. It will prevent a disagreeable odor, and the stove or range may be more readily cleaned.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

### FAKIRS NEVER MAKE MISFITS.

The Merry Humorist, Bob Burdette, Philosophizes on the "Short Cuts" to Knowledge.

A peddler comes along. "Want to practice medicine? Well, it will take you four, maybe five, years of the hardest kind of boning at this old dust-yard of a school; you come with me and I'll sell you a diploma, good anywhere, that'll cost you only ten or twelve weeks' loafing and \$100." First thing we know we have a doctor in the class. Another fakir comes along; finds a boy who wants to be a preacher; can preach a little, but he would like to be a theologian. "All right," the fakir says; "got a degree of D. D. right here in the desk; cost you \$50; and an old sermon." Boy gets it, frames it and hangs it up in his study. Wears his D. D. around in public, proud as the crow with the peacock feather. You might think these fellows would get a misfit some time, but they never do—never. A \$50 degree fits a \$50 man, like the paper on the wall. Same way with all the "short-cut" honors. The fakirs are good tailors; they can—and do them justice they do—make their wares to fit their customers every time. And one popular class of "instructors" in this line are the professors who teach "short cuts" to wealth. They do a free dispensary business with war-price profits, and they also keep a finishing school in Canada.—Robert J. Burdette, in Ladies' Home Journal.

### Strawberry Pudding.

Sift 1½ cups of flour with one heaping teaspoonful baking powder into a bowl; add one-quarter teaspoonful salt, one tablespoonful sugar and one tablespoonful butter; rub the butter fine in the flour, mix the yolks of two eggs with three-quarters of a cupful milk; add it to the flour and mix all together. Add last the two beaten whites. Fill the mixture in a buttered melon form. If a form is not handy take a large kettle, butter it and sprinkle with bread crumbs, and fill in the batter; close it tightly and place the pudding in a kettle with sufficient water to reach one-third up the form, boil 1½ hours. Care should be taken not to have too much water in the kettle, as the water is apt to get under the cover and make the pudding soggy.—St. Louis Republic.