

A PATHETIC SCENE.

A TRAMP DECORATES A PAUPER'S GRAVE.

"One Flower for Seven Oaks and One for Malvern Hill, a Bunch for Old Antietam and Tears for a Nameless Tomb."



THE LITTLE country churchyard at — was filled with the good-hearted villagers who had gathered there to do reverence to the dead heroes. Upon the mounds, marked by little flags, whose stars and stripes fluttered in the soft breezes that dallied with the whispering leaves, flowers and wreaths were laid in profusion, commemorative of the love the living bore for the dead, sleeping so peacefully below. Kind words had been uttered by the good old preacher, whose long, white hair swept about his head as he lifted his face toward the blue, cloud-flecked sky and asked God to bless the loved ones who gave up life for the cause of right, and for all the dead who had taken part in the great struggle of war. And when the flowers were laid upon two graves lying close side by side, the tears gathered in the gentle old man's eyes as he recalled the pair of handsome sons who had gone from the quiet parsonage years ago to die with their hearts' blood the vernal sod of the sunny south. And now all was over and done, and the good people departed, leaving behind a few scattering ones walking among the narrow paths of the quiet churchyard, whose silence was broken alone by the twittering of birds among the rustling leaves. A man with wild, unkempt hair straggling about his bronzed, weather-beaten face, stood upon the outside, leaning with crossed arms upon the white picket fence. His clothes were ragged and dirt-stained;

BLUE AND GRAY.

Their Only Rivalry Now Is in Honoring Dead Heroes.

Memorial day preserves its holy and sacred associations because it mingles into one, the highest, noblest and most grateful feelings of which mind and heart and memory are capable. The gleam of joy is seen through the mist of tears. Flowers bloom and birds are highest up in the air, yet the funeral dirge is heard and the flowers are placed on tombs and over mounds where lie the dead sleeping death's reconciling embrace. This rain upon the river and sunshine on the hill are a salutary mingling. For it is good for us to sorrow, and yet to sorrow with hope chasing away our tears. We cannot forget the past. What ingrates should we be even if we could. Nor can we be blind to the present. To perceive it is our duty. The tear for the past is in the eye, the joy for the present lights up the very tear with a radiance born of heaven. Memorial day is to be observed by Americans in all time because it commemorates our dead. It matters not now on which side they fell. They sleep together; and when summoned by the angel will awake together and be brothers for evermore. A reverent silence prevails as we put on every mound its garland. Who asks whether they wore the blue or the gray? We do not know, nor do we want to know, as we traverse the battlefields from whose verdant faces nature has wiped the track and stain of bloody conflict. Some boy, precocious to woman, mother, wife, sweetheart, waited and waited and waited. He never came, so she went to him. The south and the north weep together. Their only rivalry is that of loving duty to the heroes gone. Let not a word of faction disturb the solemn tasks of mutual grief on a day which is a day of God. Although the graves of our revolutionary soldiers, of those of 1812, and of Jackson's warriors at New Orleans, may be difficult to discover, one could wish they should all share the honors of the day. And many a gallant sailor boy is buried fathoms deep in ocean caves, and on the lakes where Perry swept to victory, and around the coasts of our southern clime. But

GOLD FOUND IN GEORGIA.

Resident of White County Declares That Territory Leads the World.

A representative of the Progress had a long and interesting talk a few days ago with J. R. Lumsden, one of the most successful gold miners in the country. The talk brought back memories of days when big "finds" were made in this country, says Cleveland (Ga.) Progress. It was in 1880 that Mr. Lumsden was working for gold on a branch on his place, seven miles above here. One afternoon he had two men at work when they discovered some small nuggets three feet under the ground. Mr. Lumsden had the dirt removed from a small place and had struck a layer of gravel. In two hours after he had struck it he had taken out 900 pennyweights of the precious metal. He mined on the same lot for two months, in a space not larger than 50x100, and in that time took out \$3,500 in nuggets. In one place, about 10x12, he got 1,200 pennyweights. Two big nuggets were found on this lot. One weighed 341 pennyweights and the other weighed 307. Talking of big nuggets, it was about five years ago that John Thurmond, while at work on what is known as the White & McGee property, dug up a nugget which weighed 504 pennyweights. "There are thousands of pennyweights in White county yet," said Mr. Lumsden, "and all that is needed is money to develop our gold property. Money is still to be made by placer mining, but the best gold and the most of it is in veins. People can brag, but I can tell you there is more gold in the ground in White county today than in any other county in the world."

HE WAS VERY POLITE

And Showed It Even When the House Was Burning Down.

"The coolest man I ever saw," said a veteran fireman, to a New York Sun reporter, "I met at a fire in a dwelling house. We found him in an upstairs front room dressing to go out. The fire by this time was b'illin' up through the house at a great rate. 'Hello, there!' he hollered to him when we looked in at the door, 'the house is afire!' 'Would it disturb you if I should remain while you are putting it out?' he said, lifting the comb from his hair and looking around at us. He had on a low waistcoat, and his dress coat lay across a chair. 'Seeing us staring at him he dropped his comb into his hair again and went on combing. But as a matter of fact he was about ready. He put down the comb, put on his coat and hat, and picked up his overcoat. 'Now I'm ready, gentlemen,' he said. 'We started, but the stairway had now been closed up by fire. We turned to the windows. The boys had got a ladder up on the front of the house. 'Now, then,' we said to him, when he came to the window. 'After you, gentlemen,' he said, standing back, and I'm darned if we didn't have to go down the ladder first and let him come last.'

DIDN'T WANT ANY OF THEM.

A Virginia Father Led His Sentimental Daughter Out of the House Gallery.

A thrifty old farmer from Loudoun county, Va., came down to Washington during the session of the last congress accompanied by his daughter, an extremely attractive young woman. It was to be a day of sight-seeing, and father and daughter had a jolly time getting around from place to place. It was practically new to both of them, for they didn't get to the capital often, and very much less often for a holiday entirely to themselves. The last point to be seen was the capitol, and the couple, after a hurried visit to the other points of interest about the great pile of marble, found themselves in the house gallery. The old farmer had been reading the papers pretty closely, and he knew what he was looking at as he cast his eyes over the aggregation on the floor, but the girl was thinking about something else. At last she nudged her father. "Well," honey," he responded in a whisper, turning to her. "How would you like to have a congressman for a son-in-law, dad?" she asked, after the manner of daughters on good terms with their fathers. He looked at her a moment and then at the crowd below. "What? One of them?" he said, scathingly, and taking her by the arm he walked out of the gallery in a hurry.

Germany's Imperial Train.

The German emperor's imperial train cost \$750,000 and took three years to construct. There are altogether twelve cars, including two nursery carriages. The reception saloon contains several pieces of statuary and each of the sleeping-cars is fitted with a bath. Unexpected Corroboration. Mrs. De Flatte—Dr. Knowall says milk should not be used in large quantities, because it makes the hair fall out. Do you believe that? Mrs. Suburb—Dear me! It might be. Our cow sheds its coat dreadfully.—New York Weekly.

Begin at the Top.

The Japanese begin building their houses at the top. The roof is first built and elevated on a skeleton frame. Then it affords shelter to the workmen from storms.

A Pecos River Spring.

There is a spring on Pecos river, in San Miguel county, New Mexico, which throws out a stream fifteen feet wide and three feet deep.



"HERE'S A BLOSSOM."

his shoes were battered, out at the toes, down at the heels. He was a dilapidated specimen of humanity, a voyager upon life's troubled stream, drifting from point to point as purposeless as a bubble upon the crest of a wave. His eyes were fixed intently upon one corner of the churchyard where briars and bushes covered in tangled masses a few mounds. "Forgotten again. Poor old pard! They mean well, but they don't finish the work." The words fell from the lips of the strange man in soft, low whispers. From a pocket of the ragged coat he drew a bit of red cloth and wiped away the tears that rolled down the seamed face. He walked around to the entrance and passed through the little turnstile. No one noticed the poor, ragged fellow who slowly wended his way along the narrow pathways toward the tangled corner of the churchyard. When he reached the spot he took off his hat and stood there with bowed head, gazing mournfully before him. Then he reached out his hand and pulled the briars and bushes aside and bent forward. "Just as I thought. Forgotten. They didn't know you, old pard. They didn't know how brave you was in time of war. There is no flag to mark your grave. They didn't know how proudly you carried the stars and stripes above you at Malvern Hill." The birds in the bushes were not disturbed by the stranger's whispered tones. There was something so quieting in the softened tones that the little birds hopped about among the branches so near that his trembling hands could have touched them. The man gathered a bunch of violets from the grass near the fence, and then went back to the briars and pulled them aside.

though buried beyond our reach of hands, they are none of them beyond our hearts' affections. And every wreath on every American soldier's or sailor's grave is our tribute to one and all and all in one.

Decoration Day.

Shoulder to shoulder, heart to heart, eyes to the front, the men in blue marched together thirty years ago. The shoulders bore muskets; the hearts were like those of lions in their bravery; the eyes looked forward without flinching to the chance of suffering and death. And shoulder to shoulder, heart to heart, eyes to the front, the men in blue will march together May 30. The shoulders will again bear muskets, but their harmless muzzles will hold bouquets instead of bullets; the hearts, still brave, will be filled with the tenderness of weeping women rather than the fury of fight; the eyes will look forward through a film of tears to the graves where lie the men who fell in those long past battles; to the last resting places of comrades who, escaping the dangers of war, have since dropped by the wayside at the call of peaceful death. Heroes all! All honor to them! Make way!



Remember the Soldiers.

Remember the soldiers, children. Remember them all with flowers! Theirs was the battle and theirs the pain, Ours is the peace and ours the gain; Theirs was the sowing, the harvest ours— And all we can give them today is flowers! Decoration Day. A china decorator May is named, And pretty cups she paints, though all unfamed. Asked little Flo: "What shall you paint today?" "Nothing at all, my darling," answered May; "I thought you'd paint a lot today," said Flo. "Because it is Memorial day, you know!" That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.—Abraham Lincoln.

Here's a pretty blossom, pard, for the sake of Seven Oaks; here's another for Lookout Mountain, where you was great; here's four or five for Malvern Hill, where you was a hero a nation could be proud of; and here are all the others for Antietam and other places, where you moved with the front line and never backed from your duty. And my tears are for your long days and longer nights spent in the career of a tramp who died a pauper soldier."

The stranger turned away and walked with bent head out of the graveyard. He passed on down the village street, looking neither to right nor left; and when he reached the brow of the hill beyond he turned toward the peaceful town, waved his hand, whispered "Forgotten," and then he disappeared. For the stragglers on the churchyard drew near the pauper's corner they wondered where the grave there had been strewn with violets, and they wondered who had placed them there; but the little birds among the briars knew, and they kept the secret to themselves.

To attack a man with any weapon is a serious matter in Madagascar. It is punishable by death.

...of Priceless Value... sections of fans may reach a display, writes Alethea Lowber the May Ladies' Home Journal. New York women of wealth possess very valuable varieties, while the Duchess might furnish an entire exhibit with the 700 beauties she reserved for her children of England, especially beautiful. It is of lace, and the mother-of-pearl inlaid with gold. The late Ferdinand of San Donato, Florida, owned an original collection of them were only twenty-two in all, but for twenty-five years he had interested himself in having facsimiles of the principal pictures painted by Proscodimi, these fans. One of the subjects "Trumpeter," by Wouvermann, another "The Prodigal son," by Verelers.

IMPSON, Marquess, W. Va., says: Catarrh. Cure cured me of a very bad catarrh. Druggists sell it, 75c.

...siasm is an indispensable adjunct... physicians had given me up, I was cured by PISO'S CURE.—RALPH DRIBBO, Willert, Pa., Nov. 22, 1893.

...month Among the Mountains... who want information about the route to the West, way to reach Denver, meeting next July should write Francis, Omaha, Neb., for a copy of the book recently issued by the Post-Office Department of the Burlington & M. R. R.

...Lake Shore Makes Some Changes... the inauguration of the summer service on the Lake Shore & Michigan Eastern railway, taking effect Sunday, the train No. 14, now leaving at 8:25 will leave at 8 p. m. The Elkhart accommodation at 4:15 p. m. will be discontinued. Train formerly leaving at 11:30 will leave at 2:45 a. m. Sleeper will be used in depot ready for occupancy at 4 a. m. All other trains remain as heretofore. F. M. Byron, city passenger agent, 180 Clark street. C. K. Wilcox, western passenger agent, Chicago.

...Important Change of Time... new service on the Nickel Plate road into effect on Sunday, May 19th. Three trains will be run in each direction, leaving Chicago going east at 8:05 a. m. daily except Sunday, 1:30 and 9:30 p. m. daily. No trains between Chicago and New York in either direction. Also through dining cars are a feature of the service. Rates always the lowest. City office, 111 Adams street. Telephone 689.

...Almost Cheaper Than Walking... low rates offered by the Burlington & M. R. R. Tuesday, June 17th, when round trip tickets to points in Kansas, Colorado, Wyoming, Dakota and Utah will be on sale at the regular tariff. Half the regular tariff. Travelers to whom economy is an object will find this money-saving opportunity as well as for full information about the routes and trains, apply to the nearest agent or write to J. FRANCIS, Gen'l Pass'r Agent, Omaha, Neb.

...ONE AND THAT IN JULY... Excursion to Colorado. The Great Rock Island Route will sell tickets for this excursion to Denver for \$5.00. You should post yourself as to rates and routes. Write for circulars by postal card or letter to Jno. Sebastian, P. O. Box 11, Chicago, for a beautiful souvenir, called the "Tourist's Guide," that tells all about the trip. It will be sent free if you send for it. Write to J. Sebastian, G. P. A., Chicago, for time and words are the two best expenses in life.

...LOOK OUT FOR BREAKERS AHEAD... when pimples, eruptions, boils, and like manifestations of impure blood appear. They wouldn't appear if your blood were pure and your system in the right condition. They show you what you need—a good blood-purifier; that's what you get when you take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It carries health with it. All Blood, Skin and Scalp Diseases, from a common cold, to the worst liver and kidneys, invigorates the system. In the most stubborn cases of Eczema, Tetter, Erysipelas, Boils and other ailments, it is an unequalled remedy.

...PISO'S CURE FOR... QUICKLY CURES... OLD IN THE HEAD... Price 50 Cents. Write to J. N. U., Omaha—32, 1895.

Take no Substitute for Royal Baking Powder. It is Absolutely Pure.

All others contain alum or ammonia.

Never Do It.

Tit-Bits: Mrs. Scribblor (impressively)—"Whatever you do, never, never marry a newspaper man." School chum—"Why?" I married one, and I know. Every night my husband brings home a big bundle of newspapers from all over the country, and they drive me crazy." "The newspapers?" "Indeed they do. They are just crammed with the most astonishing bargains in shops a hundred miles away."

Make Your Own Bitters!

On receipt of 30 cents in U. S. stamps, I will send to any address one package Steketee's Dry Bitters. One package makes one gallon best tonic known. Cures stomach, kidney diseases, and is a great appetizer and blood purifier. Just the medicine needed for spring and summer. 50c. at your drug store. Address Geo. G. Bratzke, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Signs of Genius.

Washington Star: "I am sure that baby is going to be a great artist," said the fond mother. "Isn't he rather young to evince any talent?" "That's just where he shows his genius. I left him where he could get some red ink on his fingers, and before I knew what he was doing he decorated the library wall with one of the lowest magazine posters you ever saw."

The Ladies.

The pleasant effect and perfect safety with which ladies may use the California liquid laxative, Syrup of Figs, under all conditions, makes it their favorite remedy. To get the true and genuine article, look for the name of the California Fig Syrup Co., printed near the bottom of the package. If "cleanness is the next thing to godliness," soap is sacramental.

Low Rate.

Harvest Excursions will be run from all stations on the Washash railroad on May 21st and June 11th, to the south and southeast. For full particulars apply to the nearest ticket agent of the Washash or connecting lines, or to G. N. CLAYTON, N. W. Passenger Agent, 1415 Farnam St., Omaha, Neb.

Homesteaders Excursions.

On May 21st and June 11th, 1895, the Union Pacific System will sell tickets from Missouri River points and stations in Kansas and Nebraska, to points south and west in Nebraska and Kansas, also to Colorado, Wyoming, Utah and Idaho, east of Walsuer and south of Beaver Canon, at rate of one first class standard fare for the round trip. Minimum rate \$7.00.

The Danger of It.

Detroit Free Press: "I can't give you anything to eat on the premises," said the hatchet-faced woman to the tramp at the kitchen door, "but I'll give you a pie if you will put it under your coat and carry it away with you." "I beg your pardon, ma'am," replied the tramp, "but I can't accept it." "Why not?" she snapped so sharply that it frightened him. "I mean on those conditions, ma'am," he explained. "What's the matter with the conditions?" "I'm afraid, ma'am, I'd be arrested for carrying concealed weapons," and the way he disappeared without the pie was astonishing to a casual observer.

Hanson's Magic Corn Salve.

Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

For a man to exert his power in doing good so far as he can is a glorious task.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

See and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. WENZLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

Temperance is the moderating of one's desires in obedience to reason.

No good endeavor is in vain; its reward is in the doing.

For Cure of Sprains, Bruises, ST. JACOBS OIL on the .. BASE BALL.. Field Is just what all players call it, "THE BEST."

See that Lump? That's Lorillard's CLIMAX PLUG. It's Much the Best.

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