

**GARLANDS FOR THE DEAD.**

Advance! Each buried brave  
Is now a glorious king,  
Who proudly leaning on his grave,  
Awaits the meed ye bring.  
No tributary tear  
Your deathless heroes crave;  
Advance with incense of the blooming year,  
Let fair hands crown the brave.

They did not bleed in vain—  
That father, brother, son—  
Who made gray shores and pine-clad plain  
An altar and a throne.  
Fame lifts the crimson sign  
They once to battle gave,  
Anew they form their gallant line,  
Let fair hands crown the brave.

The surging tide is spent,  
The mighty march is o'er;  
A mist of morn, the soldier's tent  
Has fled forevermore.  
But hush and state remain;  
What'er they did we love,  
Will bench the fire and burst the chain;  
Let fair hands crown the brave.

**THE FORTUNE OF BATTLE.**

A STORY OF THE CIVIL WAR BY JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

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AM so glad you are going, Darrell, and yet it almost breaks my heart to think of it. I had so hoped you would go, but I would not have asked you to for the world. You see how woman-like I am. When you do what I was praying that you would do I can't keep the tears back. O, how can I let you go! And she clasped him more tightly in her arms and wept convulsively on his breast.

"Do not make it any harder, darling," he replied, kissing her tenderly. "I'm not much of a hero at best. I feel your patriotic resolution giving way when I see your streaming eyes and your distressed face."

"I will be brave, Darrell; I will be worthy of you. See now," and she dried her eyes with her handkerchief. "The tears are all gone."

"You are brave, my dear girl; braver than I am, I fear. It is far harder for a woman to let the man she loves go to battle than it is for him to lead the forlornest of forlorn hopes."

This very sentimental dialogue, oscillatingly punctuated, took place in the drawing room of a conventional brown stone front in Thirty-fourth street, New York, rather late one evening at the close of April, 1861. The speakers were Helen Morley, aged 20, and Darrell Seaton, aged 28. She had an intelligent, interesting face without regular features, gray eyes, light brown hair, a slight, willowy figure of medium height. She was the youngest of three daughters, two of them married, her mother being dead, and her father a prosperous dry goods jobber, in whose residences these love scenes were occurring, while he was passionately discussing the prospects of the civil war with several of his fellow merchants at the Union club.

Darrell Seaton, after having been graduated at Columbia, had studied medicine, and been practicing three years under promising circumstances, as his father was a physician also, and had gained a prominent place, though little money, in his profession. The elder Seaton had six children—Darrell the eldest—two sons and four daughters—and, having been opposed to slavery all his life, had naturally reared his family to the same views. Darrell had believed, while at college, that armed conflict between the north and south could not long be postponed, and had made up his mind, when it should come, to take some active part in it. A year before he had met Helen Morley, between whom and himself a close and sympathetic friendship soon arose. They were too good friends, they used to say, to fall in love with one another, and they firmly believed what they said. Thus secure, as they fancied, against any dangerous attachment, they passed much time together, took long walks when occasion favored, read the same books, and were both passionately fond of music.

The elder Morley and Seaton had been intimate from boyhood, having been born and having spent their early years in the same town in the interior of New York state. Morley was very different from Seaton. He had far less intellect, with less literary and artistic taste, but a far greater fondness for acquiring money. In truth, he had often said in youth that he intended to be a rich man, and he had largely fulfilled his intentions, being worth, at 60, not far from a million. His love of gain, as often happens, had increased with his gaining until he had come to regard wealth as indispensable. He was not destitute of generosity by any means; he did many kind things without considering expense; but he certainly overestimated the value and importance of money. He had expected to lose heavily by bad debts from the hostile attitude of the south, and this, perhaps, more than any other consideration, moral or political, had recently made him his enemy. In consonance with his financial ideas, he had seen that two of his daughters had married fortunes and he had determined that Helen should follow their example.

Clarence Williams, a young man devoted to society, clubs and pictorial dissipation, chiefly distinguished for idleness and the possession of a millionaire father, had imagined himself deeply in love with Helen, and had proposed to her a few months before the firing on Sumter had roused the nation from its protracted lethargy. To his surprise and indignation she had positively refused him—him who had thought that the offer of his hand would be accounted an honor. He had then, with singular lack of pride, referred his case to Mr. Morley, who favored his suit and encouraged him to believe that the girl would doubtless change her mind; that she probably had romantic notions on the subject of marriage, which a year or two more would correct.

In an interview with Helen, she told

him she had a temperamental aversion to Mr. Williams that never could be overcome. Asked if she loved anybody else, she replied evasively that she was not aware that she did. "Then there is ample reason," said her father, "for Williams to persevere. A girl whose heart is not pre-engaged never knows anything about the state of her affections. You'll come round, Helen, in due time. Why, my dear, Clarence Williams will inherit two or three millions."

When Darrell Seaton read the fateful dispatch on the morning of April 12, and felt that it meant indefinite, possibly eternal separation from Helen Morley, the wild throbbing of his heart revealed that his friendship had been but a mask for an intense, passionate love. He resolved to tell her so at the first opportunity, and he kept his resolution. He did not ask her directly to be his wife, but felt that she ought to know how he had deceived himself, and that he was at last awakened to the truth—the delightful, distracting, tumultuous truth. His avowal elicited hers. She, too, had unconsciously practiced self-deception. They were, and had been from the first, simply and completely in love with one another. Before they were aware of it, and before they could understand how it was brought about, they were engaged. Darrell had always thought that he would not, under any circumstances, marry an heiress; and here he was betrothed to one. He was beginning to see, as so many young men have seen, that it is imprudent to form or unions without adequate experience.



"I AM SO GLAD YOU ARE GOING."

The enamored couple met daily, and their conversation much resembled that of which a specimen has been given. Helen was patriotic to the core. The course of the south, from the election of Lincoln to the revolutionary measures of Carolina, had fired her blood and made her wish that she had been a man. Her father, busy with mercantile affairs, never suspected that Helen cared any more for Darrell than for any one of a dozen young men in her social circle. He could hardly have been persuaded that she would dream of marrying a physician who had yet his way to make in the world. The idea would have seemed so absurd to him that he would have imagined it equally absurd to her. The affianced couple decided not to divulge their secret even to him. When the war was over they would proclaim it. "And perhaps," began Darrell, but tears shone in Helen's eyes, and she cut short his sentence in a charmingly feminine way.



ON THE POINT OF THRUSTING A BAYONET INTO HIM.

Darrell Seaton enlisted in a New York infantry regiment. He had been urged to offer his services as surgeon, but he declined, saying that in such a cause he preferred to give wounds rather than to heal them. Before going to Washington he was elected second lieutenant, and had his earliest military experience at Bull Run.

He has told me that when first under fire, in the skirmish at Blackburn's Fork, he was excited and nervous, and would have run away but for his pride and the consciousness that if he should begin running there would be no place to stop. Every time a bullet whistled near him he thought he must be struck; again and again death seemed to be inevitable. After fifteen or twenty minutes he perceived the danger to be much more apparent than real, and he gradually began to grow calm. Frightened, as he confessed himself to have been, he declared that he was coolness itself compared with hundreds that he saw about him. This encouraged and emboldened him. When he learned, an hour after, that not more than one hundred and twenty men had been lost on both sides during the skirmish he was amazed. He would have sworn at the time that the casualties must have reached three thousand at least.

He was afterward in the advance movement on the Confederate center. The Unionists were confident of victory, and he was in high spirits, when suddenly the whole right wing of the Federal army gave way before an unexpected assault from the enemy, and fled in the wildest confusion. He and all the officers who remained any reason tried in vain to rally their men. It was a perfect panic, and the flying multitude, incapable of control, carried everybody and everything along with it. He likened it to an avalanche or a tidal wave. The only way to avoid being crushed to death was to yield to the mighty pressure. He, with thousands of others, was borne along several miles, and ultimately found himself at Centerville.

The scene at the narrow wooden bridge over a brook on the Centerville turnpike was extraordinary and bewildering. A throng of civilians had come from Washington on horseback and in carriages to witness what they had been told was a glorious victory. Bitter was their disappointment and great their alarm when they saw, at that point, hurrying, frightened masses of soldiers, army wagons, artillery inextricably involved and hopelessly confused. The heat was excessive, the dust choking, the panic complete. Men were shouting, swearing, struggling like mad, horses plunging, whinnying, evidently scared as much as their masters. A cannon shot struck a caisson on the bridge, shattered it and obstructed the way. Then the dismay, disorder and uproar increased to a terrific point. Men surged over the broken caisson; others leaped from the bridge; many rushed through the stream; artillery horses were cut from the traces and ridden by their frantic drivers through the trembling, screaming crowd. The wonder was that hundreds were not killed in the chaotic jam. The fugitives scrambled through and over every obstacle, and pushed their tumultuous course toward some imagined place of safety as the shadows of evening fell.

The defeat was evidently irreparable. It was also evident that the enemy was in no condition to pursue his enormous advantage, which was a great consolation. Darrell's idea of war was rudely changed. It seemed to him that many of the Union troops were consummate cowards, and he did not spare his bitter denunciations. He learned in subsequent battles that what we call courage is largely dependent on accustomedness. Men who had run like sheep from indefinite peril on that memorable July day afterward proved themselves valiant and earned the name of heroes. Bull Run was a great and impressive lesson to Darrell as well as to the whole north. The mortifying repulse and disgraceful panic was of immeasurable benefit to the federalists in the end. Darrell was deeply chagrined that he had not been wounded, but he was without a scratch, beyond the bruises inflicted by the fugitive masses in their mad race for Washington. He soon reflected that there was still time for wounds; but he had no idea of the slaughter of the next four years, which turned the nation into a common house of mourning.

Bull Run had made a soldier of him; he had increased his horror of aught approaching cowardice; had taught him the priceless lesson of the need of coolness under any and all circumstances. Bull Run was to him, as indeed it was to every free state, a kind of military education, and was duly profited by.

As may be supposed, Helen and Darrell corresponded, and their letters were very much, no doubt, like those the majority of young men and women write who are in love with one another. The correspondence may have been more romantic, for their environment was more romantic and their emotion quickened with uncertainty and peril. She was, for the first few months, in constant fear that every newspaper she took up would inform her of his death. But, as the time lengthened, and as he passed through battle after battle unharmed, her terrors diminished, though her anxieties continued.

She became, as men become who are habitually exposed to danger, a kind of fatalist, without any process of reasoning. She wrote, soon after the battle of Bull Run, that Clarence Williams had again proposed to her, encouraged, as she believed, by her father to renew his suit. His second rejection had apparently astonished him more than the first, and had so visibly excited his anger that she was forced to the conclusion that he wanted, unaccountable as such motive seems, to marry her from something like malice. The next month he sailed for Europe, to be absent indefinitely, and her father upbraided her for what he pronounced her extreme folly in once more declining a rich, handsome, well connected fellow, whom most of the girls in her set would be overjoyed to get.

Months and seasons passed, very, very slowly, for the horrors of the civil war seemed to stretch out time immeasurably. Darrell had taken active part in most of the engagements in Virginia, serving under McClellan, Burnside, Hooker, Meade, and finally Grant. He had gone unscathed through the bloody battles of the Wilderness, and in the summer of 1864 was sent with his regiment, which he now commanded as colonel, to the siege of Petersburg. He had been greatly opposed to asking for leave of absence, but had several times, during lulls of active hostility, seen, with increased love, his betrothed, who had gone on to Washington under chaperonage of a maiden aunt. Helen had been anxious to serve as a voluntary nurse in the hospitals of that capital, but her father, who was not very well, had persuaded her that he needed her care at home. The lovers had often been tempted to marry clandestinely, but they had resisted the temptation, even when she had, in despairing mood, a horrible presentiment that he would die in the field.

"Remember, my darling," he would say, in mock heroic tone, "that it is written in the stars that our matrimonial war shall begin after the nation's peace."



HE TOLD ME HIS NAME WAS DARRELL SEATON.

In the winter of 1864-5 he was ordered, with his regiment and a considerable Union force, to make another attempt to get possession of a railway to the south of Petersburg. They started at dawn, and had a sharp engagement with a larger Confederate force, encountering an admirably managed battery which threw his regiment into confusion. A number of the men had been killed and several of the officers wounded. While attempting to rally his command a shell exploded over his head, a fragment striking and killing his horse, and another shattering his left leg. He fell under the animal, and a sudden charge of the enemy, in overwhelming force, drove back his regiment. A southern soldier was on the point of thrusting a bayonet into him as he lay there stunned, when a captain of the command knocked the fellow down with the flat of his sword. The Unionists soon retreated, and Darrell on recovering his senses found himself a prisoner and suffering intensely. After a while he was removed to a temporary hospital, where the Confederate captain visited him and did what he could for his comfort. The two men, about the same age, appeared to have an affinity for one another, and soon became, as they called it, very friendly enemies. The succeeding weeks were full of events; the cause of the south was rapidly disintegrating. As soon as possible Darrell wrote to Helen what had occurred, but the letter was lost. Everything in the south was chaotic. He was sent to Mobile, where his wound refused to heal, and where fever was consuming his life. He was not aware when Richmond fell, being semi-delirious at the time. Meanwhile he had been reported killed and his body missing. The New York newspapers contained touching obituaries of him, and poor Helen Morley, wishing that she had died with him, mourned without hope. Her father had failed in business, and the shock of his failure made him an almost hopeless paralytic. As the daughter carefully attended to his wants in a smaller and humbler home, she frequently whispered to her despairing heart, "My presentiment was the projected shadow of destiny."

Two months after the surrender of the last of the southern forces—our foes no longer, but our common countrymen—I met a lame, pale man in Broadway, who accosted me warmly. I recognized him not. He told me his name was Darrell Seaton, and then I saw in his altered features my old friend.

"How is it with you now, my dear fellow?"

"It is all well. I married Helen Morley a week ago, and with such a woman as my companion I defy fate."

In 1888 the total imports of ivory into England weighed 11,757 hundredweight. This would mean at least 62,000 tusks and the destruction of 30,000 elephants for this market alone. France, Germany and America share in these supplies, but they also obtain ivory direct, more especially Germany. One authority reckons the annual mortality of African elephants as high as 65,000 for export alone, besides which there is a large consumption in Africa itself, the chiefs in the center keeping the choicest tusks for the decoration of their temples, houses and graves.

A Substantion of the Period.  
First Clubman (aged 17)—Hello, me boy!  
Second Clubman (aged 60)—Hello, old man!  
—Life

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