DECORATION DAY

ERE CENTURY DAWN.

A Memorial Day School Recitation for 1900.

In this the waning light of rounded years,
We swing the portals of the century near,
In ecstacy of hope—through blur of tears—
We wait the word prophetic, be of cheer.

The Holy of the Holies enter we,
The dream of ages, and of seers foretold,
A day of kinder motive, bondless, free,
The century-tide, where meet the New and Old.

In clash of hungry steel and din of hate,
We hear the echo of a dying past;
We pray it jangle not the new-born state,
Nor that its clang this pregnant year outlast.

For dispensation new the world hath need
Of peace on earth and God's good will to men,
Where Love shall make new war—on lust of greed,
And old war steel shall thirst for blood in vain.

And what have ye to gain of arms ye bear,
Ye nation's army—mad, in fevered strife;
What measure shall we mete for blood ye spare,
For waste of treasure and for sunken life?

The fittest have ye drained, to mar and slay,
Survive the weakling, to beget your young;
Decadence dogs your dead march all the way,
From hall to hut the haunting wail is wrung.

Ye pile the burdens higher, year by year,
For every ship ye build, are builded two;
In wild alarm, ye counsel take of—Fear,
Nor see the end whereof—the ill ye brew!

Ho! Armistice! ye leaders, be ye wise;
Ere yet the century sands have all been spilled,
A truce to let of blood! ye nations rise,
And call the measure of your hate o'erfilled.

For halt shall come; nor may the question cease:
"The turn, be it of choice, or led by fate?"
To bid for rising joy of unarmed Peace;
Or War, to broadcast wild the seeds of hate!

Come now and let us reason, saith the Lord,
If there be not for men an holier way;
For ye shall lay no lines of less reward
Than such have fallen ere this Epoch day.

We wait a newer school in things of State,
Of joy in brotherhood, and weal of men,
To lift the human life—put Love for hate.
Look ye—the writing on the wall again!

If e'er an hour outroiled within our ken,
When it were due to pause, one cometh now—
And on apace—when o'er this world of men
There broodeth thought of Peace o'er aching brow.

So be ye swift to take your fill of blood,
Then haste to wipe your blades e'er set of sun;
For men implore that in more human mood,
The wide world o'er, the century be begun.

Mark not with stain of blood that sacred hour—
At turn of century tide. This threshold cross
With lowered lance. Show ye a mightier power
That counteth war, and spoils of war, all loss.

O ye, who are the hope of this our day,
Who dominate world-thought—ye of our tongue,
Defy not, but ally that ye may say
On Century Morn no battle hymn be sung.

—William Henry Lynch.

GRANT'S CHARGES.

From his earliest boyhood General Grant was an expert rider, and like Washington, he possessed a mysterious power over horses. He ridiculed the idea that he could be thrown, so long as the horse kept on his feet. He asked but one thing of a steed, and that was that he should go. No Mexican vaquero, Bedouin sheik or American cowboy had a firmer seat, or more resembled a centaur. Early in the Mexican war Grant purchased a superb stallion that had just been captured from a herd of wild Texas horses. He was blindfolded and then saddled for the first time. The young lieutenant, springing lightly into the saddle, ordered the blindfold removed, when the untamed steed bounded like a bull, reared, leaped, threw his head almost to the ground, sprang first to the right and then to the left in his efforts to unseat his rider; but finding all his efforts futile, he dashed away at a terrific rate of speed, soon disappearing in the distant chaparral. General Longstreet, who after more than half a century recalls the incident, in a letter to the present writer, states that no anxiety was felt concerning Grant's safety, who was then, as well as previously while a cadet at the Military Academy, universally recognized as an accomplished and fearless horseman. Of Cortez, as Lieutenant Grant named his wild charger, he wrote in his Personal Memoirs:

"I had, however, but little difficulty in breaking him, although the first day there were frequent disagreements between us as to which way we should go, and sometimes as to whether we should go at all. At no time during the day could I choose exactly the part of the column I would march with, but after that I had as tractable a horse as any in the army."

During the occupation of the capital by General Scott's forces, a Mexican gentleman, with whom Grant was on terms of intimacy, requested the loan of Cortez for an afternoon. His owner said afterward: "I was afraid he could not ride the horse, and yet I knew if I said a word to that effect the suspicious Spanish nature would think I was unwilling to lend him." The result was the Mexican mounted the spirited stallion, was thrown before he had gone three blocks and instantly killed!

A few days before the American army evacuated the city of Mexico, Grant mounted Cortez and rode out to make a morning call on the colonel in command of the Castle of Chapultepec. The officers' quarters were inside of the fortress, which was surrounded with a high, broad earthwork. Riding up the outside slope and around the post, Grant spurred his steed down the broad but long, steep, stone stairs that led into the fort. When the colonel appeared and saw Cortez tied at the door, where no horse had ever been seen before, he exclaimed in astonishment:

"Lieutenant, how in heaven's name did you get your horse down here?"

"Rode him down, sir," calmly answered Grant.

"And how do you expect to get him out?"

"Ride him up, instead of down," replied the lieutenant, which he accordingly did on his departure, the intelligent Cortez climbing like a cat to the top, when Grant, waving his chapeau in adieu to the colonel far below, disappeared over the breastworks. With the single exception of Captain Charles May's Black Tom, a magnificent and powerful coal black gelding, such a steed as Theodore Winthrop introduces in his best story under the name of Don Fulano, or the Forest King in Ouida's novel of "Under Two Flags," Cortez was the grandest war horse in General Scott's army with which he conquered Mexico.

REBESSO'S STATUE OF GRANT.

Five years later, when Captain Grant was stationed with the Fourth Infantry at Columbia Barracks, now Fort Vancouver, on the Columbia River in what was then Washington Territory, he purchased the most valuable horse in that part of the country, calling him Garland, in honor of his brigade commander during the Mexican war. In April, 1853, Lieutenant George B. McClellan, of the Engineer Corps, reached Columbia Barracks, and for three months, while on duty there, was Grant's guest. The day of his arrival, while seated with several comrades in front of the officers' quarters, they saw the captain returning from a ride on his superb charger and approaching a six-gun battery which was parked some 300 yards distant. As he drew near the guns and they were observing the graceful movements of Garland and his perfect rider, the group of officers saw Grant pull down his hat more firmly and seat himself squarely and securely in the saddle. "He is going to leap the battery!" they exclaimed, when McClellan and the others—including General Rufus Ingalls, Grant's West Point classmate, who told the story—all stood up to see the interesting performance. Running his horse at good speed toward the pieces, Grant put Garland over the six guns, one after another, as easily and gracefully as Charles Lever's world-famous Charlie O'Malley could have executed the clever act of horsemanship.

Early in June, 1861, Governor Richard Yates appointed Grant colonel of an Illinois regiment, and borrowing $400 from his father's Galena partner, with which to equip himself for the position, he paid about one-half of the amount for his famous Claybank, or Old Jack. This showy war horse Grant used for several years, and he was well known to the Army of the Tennessee as "Old Yellow." At the battle of Belmont, a horse having been killed under him, Grant mounted his cream-colored steed. When at the close of the fighting our forces retreated to the boats on the Mississippi, the general on reaching the landing place found that he was the only representative of his army between the Confederates and the Union transports and war vessels. From one of the former a plank was run out and from a high bank the intelligent horse took in the situation, sliding down the difficult slope on his haunches to the gang-plank, and with his rider was soon safely aboard the steamer. Grant's groom was captured. Belmont, and a colored cook belonging to a Confederate colonel escaped with the Northern troops. An exchange was proposed by Bishop Polk, the Confederate commander at Columbus, Grant replying that he had no authority to exchange a black man, but the cook could return to the colonel if he so desired. The slave did not, but Grant's groom was nevertheless courteously sent back by the Confederate prelate-general.

Monkeys Invade Girl's Boudoir.

In the grounds of the big hotel at Coronado Beach there are a score of monkeys whose antics afford much amusement for the guests. Recently, however, the monkeys took it upon themselves to amuse themselves at the expense of one of the young women staying at the hotel. She was an unusually good-looking young woman, and the monkeys from the trees observed her day after day arraying herself in pretty clothes and going forth in all her glory for the promenade and drive. One day when they had seen her leave the room and had taken note of the open window they climbed the fire escape and took possession of the fair lady's property. Their observation had not taught them the precious details of donning feminine attire, but they managed to enwrap themselves in swirls of silk and lace to their greatest satisfaction and to hold flower and feather-adorned hats atop their heads, grinning and chattering meanwhile. They had a happy quarter of an hour, and when discovered got away with pieces of finery in all stages of dilapidation clinging to them. The girl's distress at the wreck of her wardrobe was assuaged by the offer of the hotel proprietor to make good her losses, and after the first shock had passed she was ready to laugh with the others over the prank.

A Polite Stranger.

A big, fine-looking man sat in the corner of a Brooklyn car reading his newspaper. Next to him sat a little woman in an up-to-date frock. She had a box of candy in one hand and an opera libretto in the other, says the New York Telegraph. She tried to get a newspaper from a newsboy who came through the car, but the conductor broke up the transaction, and, seizing the small newsdealer, put him down on the pavement. Then the pretty woman in the up-to-date frock paid her fare in pennies and smiled. The big man's newspaper was spread out before her eyes, and she glanced at the headlines. Then she read half a column about a thrilling rescue of a typewriter girl by a gallant fireman. She glanced sideways at the big man. Apparently he was taking no notice. She began on a story of burglars in a south side flat, how they bound and gagged a woman, stole her sealskin sacque and—— "Oh, the horrid things!" she exclaimed excitedly. The big man looked around inquiringly, and then, quite as a matter of course, he said: "Have you finished this page, madam? If so, let us turn to the stock reports and the society news."

Bored by Andrew Lang.

Even the shrewdest persons may at times be deceived. No matter how much people may differ upon the genius of Andrew Lang, they are unanimous in regard to his quick intelligence and his talent for playing golf. Not long ago he was a guest at a very distinguished dinner, which he is said to have described as an extraordinary survival of savage mysteries, but Mr. Lang's enjoyment was utterly ruined by having, as he put it, "a budding funny man on the one hand and a diabolically deaf socialist on the other." "I could not," added the famous critic, "tell which of the two was the more mournful companion." Two weeks afterward it got out that the socialist was not deaf; that he had come to the banquet prepared to be bored by less learned guests; that he had been seated alongside "an idiotic middle-aged gentleman, who did nothing but talk golf," and that to protect himself he had simulated deafness which kept his neighbor bawling.—Philadelphia Press.

GUILTY OR INNOCENT?

By AMY BRAZIER.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

Only George does not tell Barbara of a grim shadow that haunts him night and day—a shadow so grim and black even his love for Barbara cannot make him forget it, a trouble so dark he dare not face his mother's gentle eyes—a trouble he locks in his own heart, while day by day the end comes nearer. Even if he told Barbara she would not understand. Racing debts and promissory notes would be Greek and Latin to her. But by degrees George becomes graver and quieter; his sunny smile is forced sometimes, and his light-hearted gaiety seems to have deserted him. And then Mrs. Bouverie falls ill—so ill that any shock or worry might be fatal—and George sits and looks at her with a lump in his throat and wet eyes. And now his heart is breaking with his own troubles, a sea of debt is engulfing him. In a month a bill for one hundred pounds falls due, and he has nothing to meet it with, his own allowance anticipated long ago, and the mother who might have helped him lying too ill to care now.

"No excitement," the doctors say. "The least shock would prove fatal."

No wonder George Bouverie looks miserable, and his face has a drawn, gray look. Dishonor is an ugly word, and that is what it will mean. The man who had helped him into the mess will not help him out of it. He has left the country, and George has to bear it all alone.

How to get a hundred pounds? That is the problem that haunts George Bouverie with a sick agony of uneasiness that will not be quieted. It is always there—the certainty of ruin—and the shame of it is horrible.

Money, borrowed to pay his racing debts. It seemed so easy at the time, and three months seemed such a long way off. He would be sure to have a run of luck and be able to pay. But the man who had lent him his name has gone, and George has no means of procuring a hundred pounds. With a sinking heart, he remembers with a blush that scorches his cheek that his mother's income is very slender. She had given nearly all to him, saying, in her sweet, lovable way:

"What can an old woman like me want? A young man must have pocket money."

"If she had only been harder on me when I was a little chap," groans George now, realizing too late that his own way has not been a good way Even Barbara cannot comfort him now.

The winter has worn itself away and March has come—March that has more of the shy witching of April than the usual boisterous month that proverbially enters as a lion.

Still no answer from Tasmania. Does Mr. Saville also mean to ignore the engagement? It were hard to say, but it looks like it.

Mrs. Bouverie slowly creeps back from the borders of the shadow land, and George keeps his misery to himself, while the day of reckoning draws nearer and nearer.

Today the lovers have met. Barbara has ridden over on her bicycle to ask for Mrs. Bouverie, and George walks with her down the avenue. Barbara cannot fail to notice his dejected manner, the look of trouble that blots the sunshine from his face.

They stand together in the sunshine and the light falls on their young faces, and out across the lawn the sunbeams touch the daffodils.

Barbara looks at them with a smile.

"I always think of Wordsworth's lines," she says, and quotes them softly:

"The waves beside them danced; but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee.
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company.
I gazed and gazed, but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought."

George only sighs.

She slips her hand into his as he wheels her bicycle beside her.

"Poor George, it must have been such an anxious time for you; but your mother is better, really better, now."

"Yes," he says, moodily, looking with unseeing eyes at the nodding, dancing daffodils, and drawing another long sigh. Then his eyes rest on her face, with a sudden agony of regret she can not fathom.

"Barbara, my darling, I am not worthy of you!" he exclaims, in a voice that speaks of desperation.

She lifts sweet, smiling eyes.

"You must not say that, George; but, dear, why do you look so unhappy?"

"I can't help it!" he bursts out. "Barbara, I am a most unlucky fellow. Dear, it would be better for you if you never saw me again."

She looks half frightened, but her hand creeps closer into his palm.

"There isn't any fresh trouble, is there?" she asks, noting all at once the haggard look in his face.

Then he tells her suddenly and abruptly, almost roughly, making the worst of it almost in his self-reproach and misery, sparing himself nothing, pouring it all out in a whirlwind of despair.

"Now you know the sort of man you have promised to marry!" he says, with sudden fierceness. "A gambler, and a gambler who cannot meet his engagements! No Bouverie ever disgraced himself like that before. You had better say good-by to me, Barbara. Your aunt was right—I am not fit match for you!"

Barbara's cheeks are pale enough now.

George leans the bicycle against a tree, and leads her across the grass to a wood, where the green moss grows in feathery tufts like sofa pillows, and where here and there the celandine is lifting its sparkling, spring-like face, the birds filling the air with song. All the world appears full of hope and promise; hope seems everywhere but in the heart of George Bouverie.

Barbara's eyes are slowly filling with tears, but what is that in woman's love that makes her then more tender to the erring and more lenient to the failures, so ready to forgive?

She and George have seated themselves on a fallen tree, and she is the comforter. His hand is held to her bosom, her face, full of love and pity, is upturned, with the tears quivering on her lashes.

"I feel as if I could shoot myself!" George cries passionately. "Sweetheart, I have only brought sorrow on you."

Barbara looks at him bravely.

"George, when I promised to marry you, it was to be for better, for worse. It is the same as if we were married now. I am glad you have told me your trouble. It is very dreadful; I hardly understand what it means; but, my dearest, I will help you to bear it."

How sweet are her words, how earnest the pure and lovely face!

George only groans.

Barbara does not know of the mire of difficulties that so nearly submerge him.

He turns his haggard gaze on her.

"Nothing can help me, unless I get a hundred pounds; and what I feel most is what this will mean to my poor mother."

He might have thought of this before, but Barbara does not say so; only leans her cheek against his shoulder, and looks away at the golden sea of daffodils that flutter so gaily in the March sunshine.

"I would rather release you," George says huskily. "I shall have to go abroad or somewhere."

"I will go with you," Barbara says, in a sweet, unsteady voice. "You cannot give me up, George, for I won't be given up unless you do not care for me any longer."

"I must love you till I die!" cries poor George, love and remorse making him well-nigh desperate.

But even Barbara cannot raise his spirits. Nothing can lift the gloom from his face. A trouble like this takes the life out of a man. The girl puts her arm about his neck and draws his grave, unhappy face down to hers.

"George, after this you will never bet on those horrid horses again? Once this trouble passes away—and it will pass, dear—you will be brave. I think, George—— Oh, I don't know how to say it! But do you remember the preacher in the square? He said God will help people to resist temptation even in the little things of everyday life."

"That is rubbish!" George returns, answering her caress. "My old mother talks that sort of nonsense. I don't believe she buys a new bonnet without asking for guidance as to the color of the ribbon." He laughs a mirthless laugh. "It stands to reason, darling. I don't look on a mess like mine as what mother calls a chastening of the Lord. I have brought it all on myself, worse luck! and I don't expect a miracle to get me out of the hold. My Barbara, my own love, you've lost your heart to a worthless sort of chap. Even Sebastian Saville—but, no! I would hang myself if you were his wife!"

The misery seems darkening every moment. That awful promissory note, given to pay that wretched racing debt, is ever in his mind. Not even Barbara's love can help him now!

He stands up, a tall, splendid figure, in tweed knickerbockers; so goodly to look upon, so wretched and unhappy, as his haggard face shows.

"I have only about a fortnight," he says, as together they walk back to where Barbara left her bicycle. "After that, oh, my darling, what am I to do?"

Barbara's heart echoes the cry. Her face is as sad as his as she wheels away in the sunlight; and George, thrusting his hands in his pockets and sinking his head on his chest, walks slowly back to the house.

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Saville's answer has come. It is not in the least what Barbara expected. It is a very short letter, and out of it falls a cheque for two hundred pounds. And there is nothing about her engagement at all, except a casual allusion to the danger of flirtations that can end in nothing. And Barbara is to come out to Tasmania at once, by the next steamer that sails after she receives the letter. The two hundred pounds is to purchase an outfit and defray the expenses of the voyage.

Mrs. Saville also receives a letter, which is possibly more lengthy, and may contain more information than the communication to Barbara, in which her father only says he is lonely and wants her to manage his household for him.

Mrs. Saville looks keenly at her niece as she sees her reading the letter, while the color forsakes her face. And Sebastian watches Barbara, too.

"Father wants me to go out to him," Barbara says, lifting her great, troubled eyes. In her heart she knows that this command is only to separate her from George.

Mrs. Saville folds up her own letter.

"Yes, so your father says. He thinks you are old enough now to be at the head of his house; but we will miss you, dear. And I see he expects you to start at once. He mentions the steamer that some friends of his are going out by. Every thing will be dreadfully hurried. We must go to London in a day or so and get your things."

Barbara sits white and miserable. To leave George, that is her one thought—to put thousands of miles between them! The thought is intolerable; but not till breakfast is over, and Sebastian, with another incomprehensible look, has lounged out of the room, does Barbara speak. Then she looks at her aunt.

"Aunt Julia, does father say nothing about George? You know we are engaged."

Mrs. Saville smiles rather provokingly.

"I do not think your father has any objection to your considering yourself engaged. He hardly mentions the subject."

Barbara's color rises. She is to be treated as a child, then, who has set its heart on possessing the moon, and every one knows it is nonsense!

"I will go out to father as he wishes," she says, proudly, "but when I am of age I will marry George Bouverie; so there will only be a year to wait, and then nobody can make any objection."

"I was not aware that any one had objected," Mrs. Saville returns. "I have not tried to prevent your engaging yourself to any one."

Barbara's lip quivers. This tacit ignoring of her engagement is hard to bear.

Mrs. Saville, who has no sympathy with her, proceeds to discuss Barbara's clothes.

"You will want some gowns," she says. "I am sure I do not know what kind of things you will want. I believe it is a nice climate; but I fancy some one told me there is always east wind, and that is so trying."

But Barbara can take no interest in her clothes.

"I have plenty of things. I shall only get a deck chair," she says, almost crossly, for this banishment to the other side of the world is very hard to endure. Besides, her nerves are on the rack on account of George Bouverie's troubles.

"Your father has sent you a check for your expenses," Mrs. Saville says presently. And Barbara says "Yes," and no more.

Mrs. Saville gathers up her letters and rises from the table.

"I must go and tell Mason to commence packing. Really, it is hardly fair to make you start at a minute's notice; but the steamer your father names sails in a few days, and we have to meet these people who are to take care of you."

Barbara bursts into tears. She is stung to a pitch of excitement, and can only realize the one awful fact—she must say good-by to George and leave him in his trouble.

"My dear, there is nothing to cry for," Mrs. Saville says, crossing the room in her trailing garments, and leaving it as Sebastian enters.

(To be Continued.)

Origin of Visiting Cards.

"The use of visiting cards dates back to quite an antiquity," explains Mrs. Van Koert Schuyler, in the Ladies' Home Journal. "Formerly the porter at the lodge or door of great houses kept a visitors' book, in which he scrawled his idea of the names of those who called upon the master and his family, and to whose inspection it was submitted from time to time. One fine gentleman, a scion of the nobility from the Faubourg St. Germain, was shocked to find that his porter kept so poor a register of the names of those who had called upon him. The names, badly written with spluttering pen and pale or muddy ink, suggested to him the idea of writing his own name upon slips of paper or bits of cardboard in advance of calling upon his neighbors, lest his name should fare as badly at the hands of their porters. This custom soon became generally established."

Fine Sarcasm.

Four or five drummers, after their day's work was over and their dinners stored away, were talking about the various cities of the United States which they had visited in the course of their business experience. New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston were left in the list of the undecided when a New York man appealed to a veteran who had been reading a newspaper during the discussion. "You know the country pretty well, I guess, major?" said the New Yorker. "Fairly, I should say," was the reply. "I've been traveling over it for thirty years." "Well, what would you say was the best town in the United States?" "Chicago," responded the major, promptly. "Aw," expostulated the New Yorker, "we don't mean morally," whereupon the major hastened to apologize.—Washington Star.

A Frank Advertiser.

The advertising man was telling about queer breaks made by his fellowmen, and he remarked: "Philadelphia merchants are mighty candid advertisers. I've always known that fact, but I never saw it so strikingly illustrated as I did in the Philadelphia papers Tuesday. I picked up one of the leading papers there and read over the bargains the big stores had to offer, and in the middle of one advertisement, under the head of hats, I found this: 'What do you get when you buy a $4 hat at other stores?—Stuck. Same here, $3.50.' Of course, I thought it was a break, but I got the other papers and I found the same thing in every one of them. Just suppose a New Yorker was as frank as that in his advertising announcements, wouldn't he do a trade, though?"—New York Sun.

Jack Had Escaped.

A gaunt, muscular woman of fierce mein entered a city hall in a Utah county seat and asked the county clerk to find out if one Jack Peters was married. Search developed the name of John Peters, for whose marriage a license had been issued two years before. "I thought so," said the woman. "Married 'Lize Waters, didn't he?" "The marriage license is issued for a marriage with Miss Eliza Waters." "Yep. Well, I'm 'Lize. I thought I'd ought to come in and tell you that Jack Peters has escaped."—San Francisco Wave.

A woman who is too near sighted to see when the buttons are off her husband's macintosh can often read mighty fine print bargain advertisements.