MEMORIAL DAY.

The mist of battles has rolled away:
Peace, glorious peace is ours to-day;
And added stars in our banner glow:
The dear old flag of the long ago!
We think of the founders of this blest land,
Our grandsires brave in stern command,
And listen still as the vet'rans tell
Of vict'ries won, though the foe fought well;
Of retrieved disasters, of great defeat,
The onward march and the forced retreat.
Then turn where our childhood's heroes rest,
While gentle fancies soothe the breast.
Then while we place on each soldier's plot,
On each hallowed grave, the forget-me-not;
Thankful to God for the courage shown
By those we were proud to call our own,
That Right, triumphant, may closer bind
The ties of royalty all mankind;
With the inward prayer: May all wars cease,
And men be skilled with the skill of peace.
—George Bancroft Griffith in Woman's Magazine.

"Good morning, Aunt Ruth. You see I'm on hand bright and early for my lilacs. Aren't we going to have a beautiful day?" said Antoinette, cheerily, seeming to have caught the contagion of the bright May morning.

"I am so glad it is pleasant, for I well remember how rainy it was last Decoration day. I'm sorry the lilacs are a little backward this year; still I think we shall find enough for a fair showing. Did you bring a basket?"

"I did. The self-same one that has done service for the last three years. Ralph is coming for me about 11 o'clock."

With that they started for the garden.

Miss Bosworth, "Aunt Ruth," as she was more familiarly known—was one of the oldest inhabitants of Pleasantville, a sleepy little town nestling among the Berkshire hills, its quiet undisturbed save by the buzz of the sawmill, and, in summer, the busy hive of workers at the canning factory.

Everybody knew Aunt Ruth, and none knew her but to love her. She was one of those elderly women—shall we say rare?—who had preserved a sweet, happy nature, free from disagreeable habits both of speech and manner. Although over 60 years old, she still possessed that blessed faculty of adaptability which made her a coveted companion of both young and old. Children were attracted by her cookie jar and a fund of delightful stories, while those of maturer years were charmed with her personality and her entertaining conversation, which ever sparkled with subtle humor, despite an unmistakable undercurrent of sadness, which at times betrayed itself in her face.

Antoinette Rathbun was particularly fond of Aunt Ruth, and many happy hours they spent together, reading or discussing the various questions of the day.

Antoinette was just now in a most beatific state of mind. That which makes the world go round had touched her life and imparted to it fresh enthusiasm and delight, and this Decoration day morning she seemed unusually happy.

"After all, Aunt Ruth," she said, "there is no season of the year quite so beautiful to me as the springtime, when everything seems fairly bursting with life and delighting in life."

"Ah, my dear, it is because you are just now in the springtime of life yourself. You seem to me very like that little shrub yonder, the buds just peeping out which shall so soon unfold into the perfect flower. So do I see in you the possibilities of a beautiful and noble womanhood. But haven't we enough lilacs? The sun is so warm!"

"Yes, indeed, we have and I don't care to rob you even for a good cause. I am relying upon the girls for a goodly supply."

"It's your Sunday-school class, isn't it?"

"Yes," answered Antoinette. "Aunt Ruth, won't you go with us? That would make our party complete. Do say yes."

"No, I would rather go alone. I am glad, though, that you are interesting your class in this way, for it seems to me that children in these days have too little patriotic spirit, and too little appreciation of the cost of liberty. The decoration of the soldiers' graves means little more to them than a half holiday from school and a happy time gathering flowers. After all, I guess it is better so. Let them have all the sunshine possible; the shadows come soon enough to all of us."

"Aunt Ruth," said Antoinette, tenderly, "I've wanted to ask you something for a long time, but I don't know that I ought."

"Certainly you may. What is it?"

"Will you tell me whose grave you visit so much, and on which you always put such lovely flowers Decoration day?"

"You will be surprised, my dear, when I tell you that I don't know. It is an unknown grave, but all I needed to know was that he was a soldier. When did you say Ralph was coming?"

"Not till 11."

"Then come into the sitting-room where it is cool and let me tell you a bit of my own life. Somehow I feel just like it this morning."

They laid down their flowers and enjoyed the restfulness of the cozy room.

"I'm going to lie down," said Aunt Ruth, "and you bring the hassock and sit right beside me and let me tell you what is in my heart.

"When you came in this morning so happy and light-hearted my thoughts flew back thirty years, when I was about your age, and had just as much to make me happy as you have now. I was engaged to a noble man, and, strangely enough, his name was Ralph, too. He was a lawyer, and his fine mind gave promise of a brilliant career. We were to have been married in the spring of '63, but when the war broke out his country's call appealed to his noblest manhood. He didn't say much at first, but I knew that the only obstacle in the way of his enlisting was the pain it would give me. He was perfectly well and strong, an added reason for his going. Ah, well do I remember the night we settled it! How earnestly and tenderly he talked about it! In a few days he was gone. It took more courage than I then thought to make that sacrifice, but my sense of duty to country would not allow me to

"THE BLOODY ANGLE."

withhold the word. He joined the Fiftieth New York Volunteer Engineers, Company G, and at first had an easy time. The letters were bright and cheery and full of enthusiasm, so that after a time I grew less anxious and more and more glad that he went. But there came a day when the regular letter failed, and a week passed; and another, and another, and finally one came in an unfamiliar hand and told the story I so much feared. They thought he was killed in the battle of Gettysburg, in the desperate charge at the "Bloody Angle," where so many brave men on both sides gave up their lives, but diligent search brought nothing more definite. I sometimes wonder how I have lived through all these long thirty years, but you know we poor mortals can endure more than we think. I have much that is pleasant to look back upon, and much in the future to dream of. And now about that lonely grave. He was a soldier, too, and there was no one to care for him, so I love to place my flowers there, and cannot help feeling that perhaps another is doing the same for Ralph."

A whistle interrupted the story and Antoinette stooped to kiss the dear old lady, and in a moment was gone.

Late that afternoon, after Antoinette's class had gone and the cemetery was quite deserted, Ralph and Antoinette lingered at a little distance from that grave, quite unobserved by Aunt Ruth, and watched her arrange the flowers.

"Do you know," said Ralph, "I never saw anything more pathetic. The men who enlisted and fought with courage and fearlessness were indeed brave heroes, but not an atom more heroic than the women who gave their husbands and sons and lovers to die for their country, and have lived on, year after year, bravely and cheerfully hiding their loneliness and heartache behind a happy face. All honor to them!"

The Memory of the Dead.

There are few influences so hallowed to the living as the memory of the

AT GRANT'S TOMB.

dead. They make good men better; sometimes they make bad men good.

It is a grateful and beneficent custom which has been established of devoting one day in the year especially to the commemoration of the virtues of the dead. Their memory comes to us, bidden or unbidden. It comes with the morning light; it comes with the evening shades; it comes in the stillness of the night. Whenever it comes it is always welcome and precious. Indeed, one of our chief companionships, which we cultivate and enjoy more almost than any other, is the recollection of those we have loved and lost.

In the formal appropriation of Memorial day, however, to the decoration of graves, there is a manifest, outward sign of respect which is seemly and in keeping with our ever-present feeling of affection for those who have gone before us. Many improve it by carrying flowers to the spot where their loved ones lie; all improve it by recalling in more vivid fancy the forms and qualities of the sleepers we sigh in vain for the power to awaken.—New York Ledger.

American Roses for England.

Rosegrower L. M. Noe of Madison, N. J., has solved the problem of packing American beauties. Some time ago he had an order for a huge bunch of this variety from a lady who wished to take them to Europe with her. In packing roses Mr. Noe inserts each of the long stems into a potato, and on their arrival after the voyage they were found to be as fresh as if they were just taken from the greenhouse. In a letter the lady said the flowers kept well for a number of days after her arrival, and their beauty was greatly admired by her English friends.

CUT IN HAIL OF SHOT.

BRAVE SEAMEN FROM AMERICAN SHIPS DID DARING AT CIENFUEGOS, CUBA.

Spaniards Shoot from Masked Batteries and Rifle Pits Upon the Handful of Bluejackets Ordered to Sever the Wires Leading Into the City.

Amid a perfect storm of shot from Spanish rifles and batteries the American forces cut the cables at Cienfuegos Wednesday morning, May 11.

Four determined boat crews, under command of Lieutenant Winslow and Ensign Magruder, from the cruiser Marblehead and the gunboat Nashville, put out from the ships, the coast having previously been shelled. The work of the volunteers was perilous, and one was killed while bravely doing his duty, six others being seriously wounded. The man instantly killed was Patrick Reagan. None of the ships was damaged to any extent. The cruiser Marblehead, the gunboat Nashville and the auxiliary cruiser Windom drew up 1,000 yards from shore with their guns manned for desperate duty.

One cable had already been cut and the work was in progress on the other when the Spaniards in rifle pits and a battery in an old lighthouse, standing out in the bay, opened fire. The warships poured in a thunderous volley, their great guns belching forth massive shells into the swarms of the enemy. The crews of the boats calmly proceeded with their desperate work, notwithstanding the fact that a number had fallen, and finished it, returning to the ships through a blinding smoke and a heavy fire.

More than 1,000 infantrymen on shore kept up a continuous fire and the bullets from the machine guns struck the warships a hundred times, but did no great damage. Commander Maynard of the gunboat Nashville was slightly wounded by a rifle bullet that before striking him passed through the arm of an ensign, whose name is unknown. Lieutenant Winslow was shot in the hand, making three officers wounded in all. After the Spaniards had been driven from the rifle pits many of them took refuge in the lighthouse fortress, upon which the fire of the warships had been centered. A four-inch shell from the Windom tore this structure to pieces, killing many and burying others in the ruins. The Spanish loss is known to have been very heavy, the warships firing hundreds of shells right into their midst.

The United States cruiser Marblehead, the gunboat Nashville and the auxiliary cruiser Windom steamed up to the harbor of Cienfuegos early Wednesday morning with orders to cut the cable connecting Havana with Santiago de Cuba. This task was accomplished, but only after a terrific fight between the warships and several thousand Spanish troops, which lined the shore and lay concealed behind improvised breastworks.

Soon after the arrival of the warships off Cienfuegos four boats were launched and proceeded in shore for the purpose of grappling for the cable in order to cut it. The warships lay to about 1,000 yards or more off the harbor.

It was observed that the Spanish troops had assembled ashore, but it was not known that heavy guns had been placed in a masked battery and that the old lighthouse, far out on a neck of land, had been transformed into a formidable fort.

The small boats proceeded cautiously and for more than an hour worked unmolested on the cable. Suddenly, just as the work was about completed, the shore battery fired a shell at the boats. It was followed by others, and the Spanish infantry opened fire then with their rifles. Then, like a flash, the Marblehead sent a shell inland, and followed it with a perfect shower of shot. The Nashville was quick to follow suit, and the little Windom cut loose with her four-pounders.

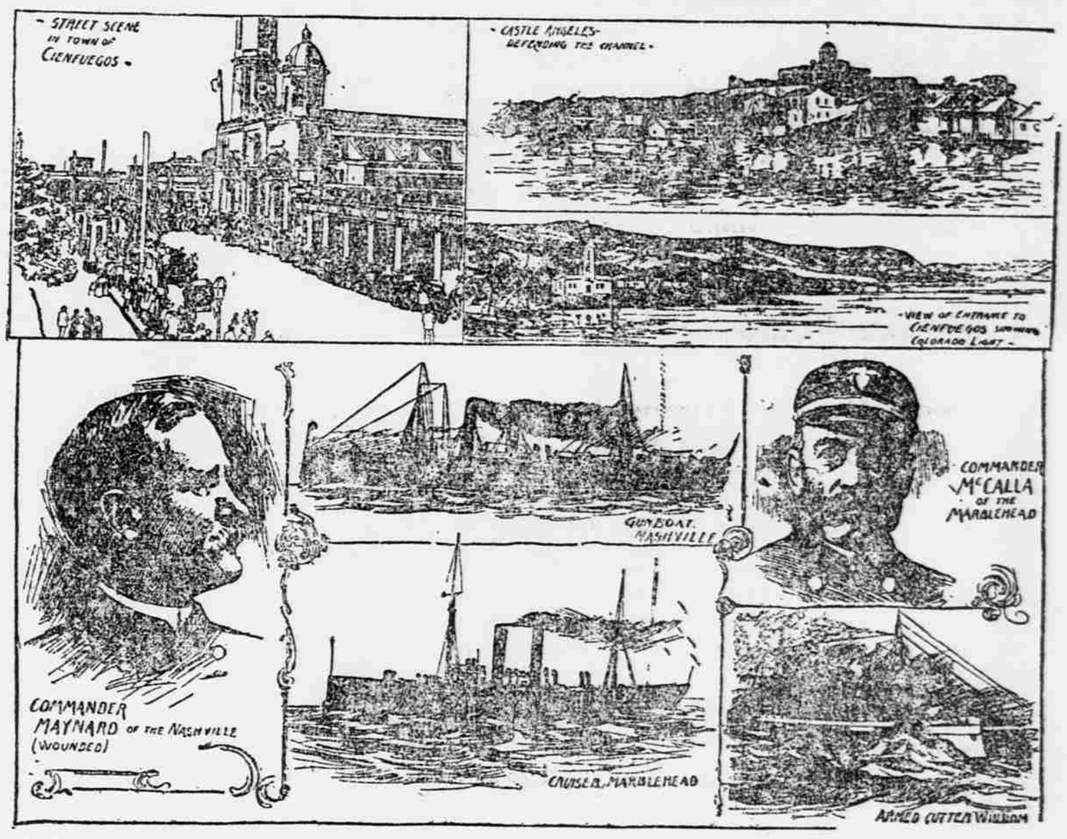
In the meanwhile Spanish bullets fell in every direction around the small boats. Though the attack had come suddenly and fiercely the bluejackets were not dismayed, and, protected by the terrific return fire of the warships, work was continued and the cable cut.

The Spaniards had by this time suffered severe loss. Their shots from the lighthouse struck the warships several times, and, although they did not do much damage, the fire aroused the determination of the American officers to exterminate the fort. Thereafter, for the moment, the fire of the warships was concentrated upon the lighthouse and the improvised fort was blown to pieces. As there were great numbers of Spaniards in and behind the fort at the time there is no doubt that many of them were killed. The Marblehead and the Nashville used their heaviest guns, as well as their small rapid-fire guns, and hundreds of shots were thrown into the Spanish troops.

The Marblehead was struck scores of times by bullets from machine guns and the Nashville suffered to about the same extent. The Windom also had many marks of the fray. Her shell blowing up the lighthouse and scattering the Spaniards in all directions ended the battle.

The cable which was cut at Cienfuegos extended from that city to Santiago de Cuba. It does not sever cable communication with Cuba, as there is another line in operation between Santiago de Cuba and Kingston, Jamaica. The severed cable is owned by the Cuba Submarine company. The one operating to Kingston is owned by the West India Panama company. The latter is the only line not in control of the United States government. The cable from Havana to Key West is controlled by United States officials. It was a shot from the four-inch gun of the Windom which knocked over the lighthouse. In command of that gun division was Lieutenant Crisp, and Cooper was the gunner who fired the shot. The Spanish loss is estimated at 400.

The lighthouse was demolished, the arsenal destroyed and the batteries on shore silenced. The town was set on fire by shells from the American fleet.



SCENE OF THE FIGHT OVER THE CUTTING OF THE CABLES, MAY 11.

Called It Furniture Medicine.

"The secret of never wanting new things is to keep the old ones well mended," said a wise housekeeper, as she exhibited the shelf where she kept what she called "furniture medicine." There were tins of different colors of paints and enamel, brushes of several sizes, a bottle of liquid gilt, some good glue, and remnants of all the different kinds of wall paper. A handsome six-leaved Japanese screen had been badly mutilated by a careless housemaid, so that two of its panels were unsightly. She patched the gashes carefully with court plaster, and with a box of water colors and the liquid gilt so concealed the patches that it was as good as new. A somewhat top-heavy but sturdy little boy made a seat of the handsome Chinese porcelain umbrella jar, when down came both boy and jar, the latter in a dozen pieces. It was not therefor discarded, but piecing it with the greatest care with cement, a brush was dipped in liquid gilt and covered all the cracks, which, from their zig-zag directions, really added to its oriental appearance.—Short Skits.

Two Natural Foes.

Water will extinguish fire because the water forms a coating over the fuel, which keeps it from the air, and the conversion of water into steam draws off the heat from the burning fuel. A little water makes a fire fiercer, while a large quantity of water puts it out. The explanation is that water is composed of oxygen and hydrogen. When, therefore, the fire can decompose the water into its simple elements it serves as fuel to the flames.

Refreshments in Scotland.

In the course of the arguments before the house of lords in a case in which the necessity for additional refreshment accommodation at Oban station arose Lord Watson, himself a Scotchman, interposed and remarked that refreshments in that part of Scotland had only one meaning and that—whisky.

GARTERS ARE GAYER.

Than Ever Before, and Startling in Their Brilliancy.

New York Sun: Garters are gayer than ever before. No woman dreams of wearing plain elastic bands to keep up her stockings nowadays. Indeed, garters are now made so many colored that the rival the fashionable hosiery itself when it comes to startling brilliancy. A garter can come about as near marring or making a woman's happiness as any trifling accessory to her toilet. Women generally, long ago, gave up the elastic band which held the stocking up below or above the knee. Health culturists first told them that it was injurious, preventing perfect circulation, but the sex clung to it with its bejeweled buckles and beautiful rows of ribbon. Then the culturists told them that the round garter would spoil the shape of the leg, and they dropped it like a hot cake and adopted the suspender garter or stocking supporter, as it is oftened called. The newest supporters are made of very broad and fancy silk elastic in brilliant Scotch plaids or Roman stripes, or else plain elastic covered with ribbons that would shame Joseph's coat, put on full. The catches and side buckles are of white metal, silver, silver gilded and pure gold, and some of them are studden with precious and semi-precious gems. One style fastens around the waist of the wearer by means of a satin belt matching in color the predominating color of the elastic; the other fastens at the side of the corset with catch pins. Both methods are unsatisfactory. The waistband is warm in summer, and destroys the lines about the waist. It is, indeed, impossible for a woman inclined to be stout. The other, if of such a length as to keep the stocking up properly, pulls on the corset and gives the wearer a most uncomfortable, tired feeling toward the end of the day. All of these drawbacks have a tendency to make a woman conclude that after all her great grandmother was right in declaring that the most satisfactory garter in the world was a string torn from a selvedge edge of a piece of flannel and wrapped just loose enough for comfort and tight enough for convenience about the stocking above or below the knee. A woman who will invent a really artistic and, at the same time, comfortable stocking supporter will strike a Klondike.

Pressure of the Sea.

There are spots in the ocean where the water is five miles deep. If it is true that the pressure of the water on any body in the water is one pound to the square inch for every two feet of the depth anything at the bottom of one of the "five-mile holes" would have a pressure about it of 13,200 feet to every square inch. There is nothing of human manufacture that would resist such a pressure. That it exists there is no doubt. It is known that the pressure on a well-corked glass bottle at the depth of 300 feet is so great that the water will force its way through the pores of the glass. It is also said that pieces of wood have been weighted and sunk in the sea to such a depth that the tissues have become so condensed that the wood has lost its buoyancy and would never float again. It could not be even made to burn when dry.

The Czar at Home.

Alexander III., the late czar of Russia, was said to be an autocrat even in the bosom of his family. Nicholas II., however, is the very reverse. He regards his consort as a good comrade and when in urgent cases ministers seek an audience late in the evening he is invariably to be found in her company, chatting and laughing without restraint. The czar is generally occupied at his desk, while the czarina busies herself with embroidery work. Immediately a minister enters she rises as if to retire, but more often than otherwise the czar informs her that she is not one too many.

French Doctors Cut Off.

One of the provisions of the French code forbids a doctor to inherit property left him by a deceased patient.