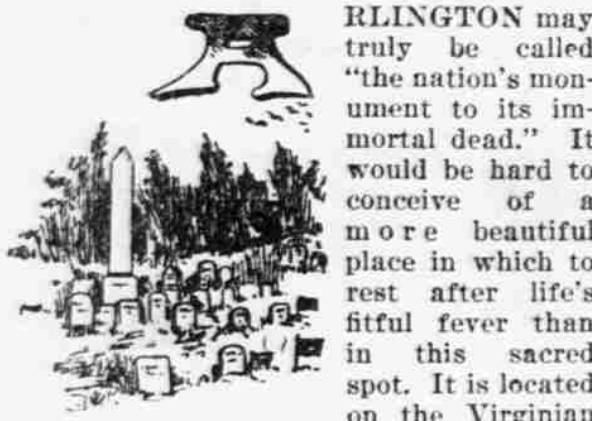


NATION'S MONUMENT

TO ITS IMMORTAL DEAD AT ARLINGTON CEMETERY,

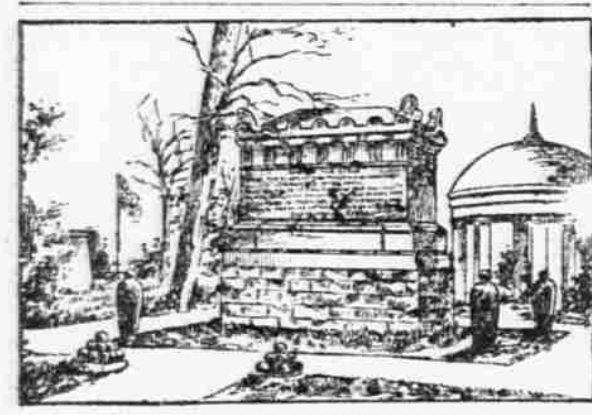
The Beautiful Spot Near Washington City in Which Thousands of Known and Unknown Heroes Await the Resurrection Trumpet's Call.



ARLINGTON may truly be called "the nation's monument to its immortal dead." It would be hard to conceive of a more beautiful place in which to rest after life's fitful fever than in this sacred spot. It is located on the Virginia hills about three miles southwest of Washington, on the old Georgetown and Alexandria pike, a road which a hundred years ago was the principal means of communication for all of that part of the country. It rises beyond the river in terraced hills, while every foot of ground for miles around it was the scene of the great drama of the civil war.

The story of Arlington itself is full of historic interest. It was the property of George Washington's adopted son, George Washington Parke Custis, and he built the old mansion in 1802. Into this house he brought his bride, Mary Lee Fitzhugh, and here he spent the remainder of his life, as a quiet country gentleman without ever giving any evidence of possessing much of the spirit of his honored grand-sire. He left but one living child, Mary Randolph Custis, who married Robert E. Lee in 1831, and they lived at Arlington until the outbreak of the war, at which time they left it never to return. During the war it was used as headquarters for the commanders of the Union troops that were quartered on the grounds. Washington was the hospital base of all the surrounding country, and thousands of wounded soldiers were carried there to die. The cemetery of the Soldiers' Home became overgrown, and what to do with the soldier dead became a very serious question. Then it was that Quartermaster General Meigs ordered that Arlington should be used as a burying ground for the Union soldiers.

It is interesting in this connection to note that the first soldier buried at Arlington was a rebel prisoner of war. In 1867 it was declared a national cemetery, and, a number of years afterwards, the Government paid to the Lee family the price they agreed upon for it. The estate contains about 1,100 acres and the 200 acres surrounding the mansion is used for burial purposes, while all of the rest is a magnificent park. The house is modeled after the temple Thesens at Athens, and consists of a center 60 feet long; two wings, and a portico in the front, 25 feet wide, with six massive doric columns, which are 60 feet high. The view from this porch is surpassingly beautiful. To the north lie Fort Meyer and Georgetown. Extending away to the east across the Potomac lies the proud city of the nation—Washington—with its legislative



TOMB OF UNKNOWN DEAD.

hall of granite and marble, while just beyond it glitters the gilded dome of the Congressional Library building. The mansion is surrounded by a broad driveway, and from it the well-kept walks lead in and out among the flower beds.

In a perfect grove of forest and ornamental trees, over a level plateau that extends from the western wall of the cemetery to the mansion, is the general burying ground where thousands of the private soldiers lie. In this section the headstones are all alike, simple marble slabs rising about two feet from the ground, bearing the names and regiments of those whose graves they mark. Directly south of the house is a most interesting plot of ground. Right in its center is what is known as the Temple of Fame. It is a circular structure and is composed of eight columns, surmounted by a dome, which rests on an octagonal cornice of stonework. Set in this cornice are the names of Washington, Lincoln, Grant and Farragut. There is also carved on each of the pillars one of the following illustrious names: McPherson, Sedgewick, Reynolds, Humphrey, Garfield, Mansfield, Thomas and Meade. This temple is seen in the background of the illustration of the Tomb of the Unknown. During the summer months the names of our famous generals appear in floral letters in this plot. Immediately west of the Temple is the Tomb of the Unknown Dead, and contains the bodies of 2,111 soldiers who were picked up after the battle of Bull Run, and who could not be identified. It is one of the most touching sights.

There are four magnificent entrance gates to Arlington, of which, perhaps, the one known as the Sheridan is the most interesting. It is of four mammoth white marble columns, which were originally in the War Department at



THE ARLINGTON MANSION.

Washington, but when it was destroyed by fire in 1879, they were saved, and were placed at Arlington as a gateway, and named in honor of "Little Phil." All the driveways converge to the house, and on the eastern slope of the hill in front of the mansion lie some of the most distinguished officers of the war.



ARE HEROES ALL!

A LONG with the tears shed over the graves of those fallen there is mingled pride in the patriotic deeds and heroic achievements of both the dead and the living. Within the past year Liberty has spoken a new fiat. The note of the bugle and roar of the cannon have been heard, and tyrannical shackles have been stricken from a people long enslaved. To accomplish this American soldiers volunteered, and from shot, disease and weariness many died. Some of them sleep in Arlington and some in the family lot in the little church yard, but there are others who lie buried on barren Cuban hillsides, and still others in the tropical jungles of the Philippines or in the depths of the sea.

No matter what differences of opinion may exist as to the war policy of the Government, seventy-five millions of people are a unit in doing honor to the nation's dead, wherever they lie, and in praising the courage and bravery of American soldiers, whether they marched with Sherman or with Lee, stormed the blockhouses at El Caney, worked the guns for Dewey or swam the alligator-infested rivers of Luzon. Sons of the veterans who faced each other on the terrible battlefields of the South have within a twelvemonth fought and fallen side by side. Their blood has effectually wiped out the last vestige of sectional lines, and the stars and stripes now have the same meaning the country over.

This year we crown Shiloh anew. We commemorate Chickamauga and Corinth, Antietam and Appomattox—all the historic spots where heroes fell and which sacred grief immortalizes. But there are now new graves—graves across two oceans to be decorated. The aged widow of the soldier whose tomb has been a mecca for devotion these thirty odd years, in this month of budding flowers and glorious greenery, shares tears and love with those of a later generation, who have reason to remember Santiago and San Juan, Manila and Malolos with sorrow.

America reverently honors the memory of her dead and eulogizes the patriotic heroism of her living. Their deeds will never be forgotten by a grateful nation. Heroes all—the dead and the living; the mingled emotions of sorrow and pride that sway the great popular heart, like the brooding protecting wings of a cherishing presence, hover alike over the peaceful village cemetery and the grave in the island jungle. Garlands wither and flowers lose their fragrance, but the glory of the nation's heroes shall bloom forever.

"OLD ABE."

Live War Eagle Which Accompanied the Eighth Wisconsin Regiment.

"Old Abe" was the live war eagle which accompanied the Eighth Wisconsin regiment during the war of the rebellion. Old Abe was a fine specimen of the bald eagle. Various stories are told of his capture. The most trustworthy account is that Chief Sky, a Chippewa Indian, took him from the nest while an egglet. The nest was found on a pine tree in the Chippewa country, about three miles from the mouth of the Flambeau, near some rapids in the river. He and another Indian cut the tree down, and amid the menaces of the parent birds, secured two young eagles about the size of prairie hens. One of them died. The other, which lived to become historical, was sold to Daniel McCann for a bushel of corn. McCann carried it to Eau Claire, and presented it to a company then being organized as a part of the Eighth Wisconsin infantry.

Old Abe was called by the soldiers the "new recruit from Chippewa," and sworn into the service of the United States by encircling his neck with red, white and blue ribbons, and by placing on his breast a rosette of colors, after which he was carried by the regiment into every engagement in which it participated, perched upon a shield in the shape of a heart. A few inches above the shield was a grooved crosspiece for the eagle to rest upon, on



"OLD ABE."

either end of which were three arrows. When in line Old Abe was always carried on the left of the color bearer, in the van of the regiment. The color bearer wore a belt to which was attached a socket for the end of the staff, which was about five feet in length. Thus the eagle was high above the bearer's head, in plain sight of the column. A ring of leather was fastened to one of the eagle's legs, to which was connected a strong hemp cord about twenty feet long.

Old Abe was the hero of about twenty-five battles, and as many skirmishes. Remarkable as it may appear, not one bearer of the flag, or of eagle, always shining marks for the enemy's rifles, was ever shot down. Once or twice Old Abe suffered the loss of a few feathers, but he was never wounded. The great bird enjoyed the excitement of carnage. In battle he flapped his wings, his eyes blazed, and with piercing screams, which arose above the noise of the conflict, seemed to urge the company on to deeds of valor. Old Abe knew his own regiment from every other, would always accompany its cheer, and never that of any other regiment.

Having served three years, a portion of the members of Company C were mustered out, and Old Abe was presented to the State of Wisconsin. For many years on occasions of public exercises or review, like other illustrious veterans, he excited in parade universal and enthusiastic attention. He occupied pleasant quarters in the State capitol at Madison, Wis., until his death at an advanced age.



ONE DECORATION DAY.

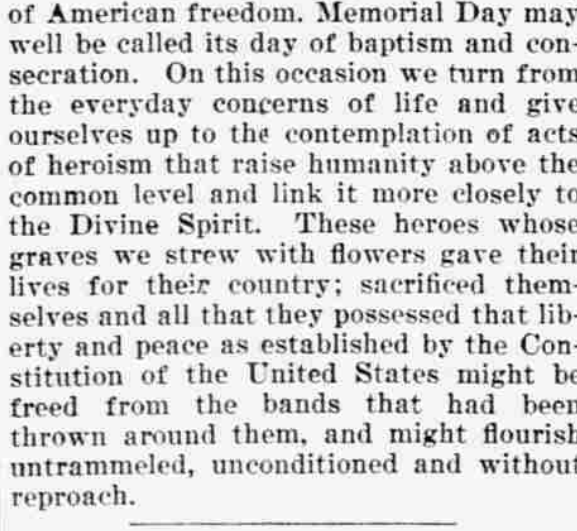
How Its Observance Brought About the Relief of a Needy Soldier.

It was May 30. All good people had been warned to turn out and decorate the graves of the dead brave in our cemetery. It was in the early days after the war, and every one was ready to do his part. The speaker of the day, the town officials, the village fathers were in carriages; the pretty young girls dressed in white represented the different States and carried flowers in their hands as they rode in the big, old omnibus in the procession. Lumbering after these came a dray carrying an easy chair in which a sick soldier was half reclining. He had been seen day after day sitting at a window by a generous hearted woman. She had entered and asked him about himself; she had noted the poverty in the room, the decrepit old father and mother, and she had thought this was good missionary work. She went out among her neighbors, begging food, bedding, everything for the family. He told her his story; how he had enlisted, started for the front, had fallen ill, suffered for want of care in the barracks and had finally come home disheartened and crippled for life. Poverty, extreme poverty, had come to the family. A brother who had a family of his own was the only supporter of them all. They were actually suffering for food.

So Decoration day came on and the good friend caused the soldier to be taken to the cemetery, where the address of the day took its chief point from the afflicted man, where a collection was taken up for him and a new start given him in life. A little stock of pins and needles and the like was furnished him, a string was fastened to the old-fashioned latch of the outer door, so that he could open it without trouble, and, as he lay upon his couch, he sold trifles to his neighbors and friends. The pension surgeon took his case in hand, the lawyers pleaded his cause and after a delay of several years a pension was granted him and a few years farther on back pay was allowed him. Relief from care and anxiety has contributed toward his amendment in health and he is now much better. All this is the fruit of one Decoration day's work started by a generous, impulsive woman.—Exchange.

First Memorial Service.
The first memorial service was held over the graves of the Union prisoners who died at the stockade at Charleston, S. C., May 30, 1865.

BOTH IN A HIGH NICHE.



HOW TO TEACH PATRIOTISM.

Perhaps the great poem of the civil war is yet to write; some hand perhaps now unborn may one day send a great epic of it ringing down the ages. Yet while we wait for it the poet's pen has not been idle and such poems as "Barbara Freitchie," "Sheridan's Ride" and "The Blue and the Gray" will live perhaps forever. They never lost their hold upon us and sweet it is to hear them lisped by baby voices, to make their indelible imprint upon the characters now being molded into a lifelong patriotism. It is the verses we learn first which retain their hold upon us in after years, therefore let us see to it that the children are taught the ones that tell the story of some heroic deed. Then will Decoration day always mean more to them than an empty name, and the simple lines perhaps of an unknown poet may help to send some future hero to his duty!

If a man is worth knowing at all he is worth knowing well.—Alexander Smith.

SANS SMELL—SANS TASTE.

Man with His Nose Closed Cannot Tell Tea from Coffee.

It would now seem from experiments, which have been carried on in the University of Iowa, that we do not taste many of the things which we eat at our daily meals. It is asserted confidently that he merely smells them. If the nose is tightly closed in the ordinary man and he is blindfolded, he will not be able to distinguish coffee from water or a weak solution of quinine. This has been proved by experiments made on many persons. Common coffee was said to be water, it was also said to be quinine. Water was said to be coffee. Tea was called coffee. Turkey was called pork. Raw apple was called grape juice. Malt extract was sherry wine. Lard was pronounced butter. In short, experienced persons were unable to distinguish many common foods and drinks when sensations of smell were removed, and the conclusion was reached that a person might even practice economy in eating by merely blindfolding the eyes and substituting lard, pork and beer for butter, turkey and venison, while if the further precaution was taken to close the nose, a very weak solution of quinine would pass for good coffee and vinegar for the most costly wine.

The experiments which led to these conclusions were carried on by Prof. G. T. W. Patrick, of the University of Iowa, who has just communicated some of the results of his work to the American Psychological Society. Prof. Patrick was enabled to attain great accuracy in his work by the fact that one of the persons he experimented upon was an anosmic—that is, absolutely devoid of the sense of smell. He was enabled thus to determine which sensations were those of taste and which were smell. He experimented also on normal subjects, and some of the results were surprising.

There are only four simple taste sensations, namely, sweet, bitter, sour and salt. It is said by some that there are only two, sweet and bitter. All other sensations which are commonly called tastes are complex results of sensation of smell, touch, temperature and sight. The means by which we distinguish almost all of our common foods and drinks is not the sense of taste so much as it is the sense of smell, touch, temperature and sight. All the fine differences by which we distinguish the various fruits, meats and drinks depend not upon taste at all, but upon these other senses. Pure sensations of taste add hardly more than a certain emotional element to the complex sensations.

SUPERSTITION AND EFFECTS.

Rider Haggard Think They Deserve a Worthy Conqueror.

I wish that some one would write an adequate book upon superstition and its effects, as distinguished from and opposed to revealed religion and its effects, says Rider Haggard in Longman's Magazine. This curse of the world, civilized or savage, deserves a worthy chronicler. Walking round the exhibits in the agricultural hall to-day, it was borne in to my mind that superstition in all its hideous phases is perhaps the most concrete and tangible form in which the evil one manifests himself upon earth, and I think that those who have mixed much with native races will not disagree with me.

Here is an instance of its working, which has just come to my notice. Not long ago two Matabeles were tried at Bulawayo for the murder of their grandson, a child of 2. Poison having failed, the boy was held beneath the water and drowned.

The crime was admitted, but the defense raised was that the child had cut its top teeth first. Such children being unlucky and the cause of ill-luck to others, it was customary to kill them, and a "witch doctor," on being consulted, had ordered that this one should be put to death! Well, only a century or so since we did things almost as bad in England.

His Plaintive Pleas Prevailed.

A homesick Japanese is as homesick a man as can be. One who acted as cook on the Indiana last summer sent in the following pathetic petition for his release: "Excuse me, Honorable officers. I am always thanking for your kindness, that I could not forget perpetually. Last month I signed for my work, therefore I have a duty to do make my responsible for a year, but for the sake of I could not understand English language, I could not give you even a satisfaction, and moreover I would often trouble my friends, by this I have many sorrow. If I must bear with patience this work for a year, I must take a sick surely. I have to do much thing for my native country. Though you will refuse my wish I will never free away because I believe a God and have many honor. But my Honorable Officers please excuse me my work and give me a free." It is pleasant to be able to add that he did not have to take a sick, for he got his free.

Lipton and Gordon College.

Early on his arrival in London, Lord Kitchener paid a visit to Sir Thomas Lipton, and the proposed Gordon College at Khartoum was mentioned. Sir Thomas Lipton paused for a moment and said: "Either I shall give all the money, or I shall give a small subscription." But before Sir Thomas could do either the matter was taken up by the public, and the general response was so hearty that the second alternative alone was left to Sir Thomas. However, his "small subscription" was a matter of \$2,500.

Philippine Names.

Some are coughed, and some are sneezed, And some are hoarsely rolled, But Pasig is the best of all For him who bath a cold. Cleveland Plain De Jer.

Nicknames Among Rough Riders.

The men speedily gave one another nicknames, largely conferred in a spirit of derision, their basis lying in contrast, writes Theodore Roosevelt in Scribner's. A brave but fastidious member of a well-known Eastern club, who was serving in the ranks, was christened "Tough Ike;" and his bunkie, the man who shared his shelter-pitch, who was a decidedly rough cow-puncher, gradually acquired the name of "The Dude." One unlucky and simple-minded cow-puncher, who had never been east of the great plains in his life, unwarily boasted that he had an aunt in New York, and ever afterward went by the name of "Metropolitan Bill." A huge red-headed Irishman was named "Sheeny Solomon." A young Jew who developed into one of the best fighters in the regiment accepted, with entire equanimity, the name of "Pork-chop." We had quite a number of professional gamblers, who, I am bound to say, usually made good soldiers. One, who was almost abnormally quiet and gentle, was called "Hell Roarer;" while another, who in point of language and deportment was his exact antithesis, was christened "Prayerful James."

Even with the Butcher.

Not one household in 1,000 can tell a good steak from a bad, and purchasers are nearly always cheated by smart butchers. I have been persistently robbed for several years. The other day I reaped my reward of patience. The fellow threw down on the block two hunks of beef. "This is the finest piece of meat in New York," he said, pinching one by way of confidence. "All right," said I, "cut me a four-pound steak off the other." He glared at me. "You are no judge of meat," he said. "Why don't you take the other piece?" "Simply because you recommend it," was the reply. "It is my practice to refuse what a butcher recommends. It is your principle in life to work off bad meat first." Was he mad? Maddier than a savage bull. It was an enjoyable revenge. I tell you, folks!

At Public Expense.

Americans are unquestionably progressive; still we can learn much from Europe. Not long ago the city of Wurzburg, Bavaria, arranged to have the teeth of children in public schools examined and kept in good condition free of cost, and if the experiment proves successful, free treatment of diseases of the throat and ear by skilled physicians, is to be provided for. This is a recognition of the fact that health is as necessary as education to the rising generation.

Jill—Is Gill a good judge of cigars?

Bill—I think he must be. He had two last night and he gave me one. He must have kept the best one.—Yonkers Statesman.

"He Laughs Best Who Laughs Last."

A hearty laugh indicates a degree of good health obtainable through pure blood. As but one person in ten has pure blood, the other nine should purify the blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Then they can laugh first, last and all the time, for perfect happiness comes with good health.

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