Or where the Schuylkill cleaves the vernal shadows. Or stretches far the commerce-gathering

Of village rims and harvest-blooming farms. Where'er we meet the friends once fondly And hands all warm with old affection

Of the broad Hudson, through the fresh

Breathe ye with love the names of those who perished And sleep in graves unknown, for Freedom's sake. The wooded slope of Chattanooga shad-

The level fields where they repose, alone; In serried rows in Arlington's green mead-Their headstones speak the one sad word, "Unknown.

Balm-breathing Junes, to old home-farms returning. Bear from green fields no pleasant airs to them, Nor rose and lily's odorous censers burning.

The west winds blow by Chickamauga The south winds play the Rapidan be-But they are dead, and we shall see them

In morning suns, from dew-bejeweled

Till heaven's armies follow Him who Peace! Let us mingle love's sweet tears

For those who bought the heritage we Who gave their all, and in death's silent Have but the nameless epitaph, "Un-

-Boston Herald.

The Borrowed Regimentals.

A Romance of Memorial Day.

~~~~~~ Always towards Decoration Day old Silas Morton went through the self-same period of excitement, fervor and patriotism. Along about the 20th of May he became a being revivified by stirring memories, and no man kept better step, looked more dignified and important than the old hero of Company B, who had saved the regimental colors at Pea Ridge forty odd years back. Silas had got a two-line notice in the busy prints for that five-minute plunge amid shot and shell, but a century of love and devotion in the hearts of comrades and their descendants.

Memorial Day was a picture-dream to him, an occasion where rarely fervent and tender emotions mingled. He devoted hours to formulating programs of ceremonies, to brushing up his cherished accoutrements. On the eve of the day memorable he strolled over to the home of his veteran companion in arms, John Ridgely.

Paul Ridgely, grandson, sat on the rustic porch, his head between his hands, a victim of either deep dejection or meditation. He started up confusedly, stammered, and turned dead white.

"Very much better," answered Paul. "The fever is gone, and the doctor says

he will be well and about soon if he keeps mind and body quiet." "He won't do neither if he realizes it's

Decoration Day," declared Silas. "He mustn't realize it, then-in fact,

we have fixed the calendar several days

"Strange procession-without him in the ranks." grumbled Morton. "I won't see him, then, till it's over-might blurt out the truth, for I'm naturally full of the occasion. That's why I run down. I was thinking, Paul; my old blue suit is pretty shabby. John and I are about a size. He wouldn't object, if he knewwould you, if I wore his to-morrow?"

"Sarely not," answered Paul quickly. "I'll get it for you at once." Paul knew just where to find the suit, for he had put it away himself the last time his grandfather had worn it. That was two weeks before. The old man had gone to a G. A. R. meeting, had returned with a sore throat, and the next day

was laid low with fever. Paul sighed as he thought of that night in question, so much had depended on it, and out of it had come only silence, disappointment and suffering. Over in a corner was Paul's trunk, packed. He was going to leave Colesville as soon as his relative was better-and for a great, sorrowful reason.

"Why haven't you been down to see us?" inquired Morton, as Paul handed him the parcel "Been a pretty steady nurse, though, I reckon, for you look peaked. Come soon-Madge has missed you."

"How is Madge?" inquired Paul, chok-

"Oh! same as usual-she's going to the grove to-morrow."

Paul's face fell gloomier than ever, as Morton went, and soon he had resumed his old dejected position on the porch.

Memorial day dawned clear and warm, but all Paul saw of it was the his destiny, which he had asked his passing groups; all he heard of it was grandfather to hand to Madge two weeks filled the prophecies, they brought to pass the dim echo of drum and trumpet.

His grandfather slept peacefully, and | And the old veteran had forgotten all after noon, a neighbor coming in insist- about it, and fever had intervened, and ed on Paul taking a respite. He wan- now it had magically come to light, and dered about aimlessly, thinking constant- | Paul had misjudged Madge, and believly of Madge, and finally reached the edge of the grove.

Paul skirted the precincts of the high mured. platform where speaking was in progress. There he saw old Silas, and, near by a team hitched to a light wagon. Madge was in the rear seat. From a shield of bushes Paul watched her fervently. He fancied her face looked sad bling-for joy.

and preoccupied. The last speech was followed by a song, this by a prayer. Then the chair ingly to his side. man lifted his hand, and in signal, in the distance, yet thunderous, a cannon made

the echo ring. A shriek, a crash, loud calls of alarm, ineffable. and, mad with terror, Silas Morton's mettled team tore towards the steep down- Famous Decoration Day Sentiments. and impeded the work of laying pontoon

hill road. pened. Madge, driven from her seat, more poetic temperaments, symbols and cross and drive the enemy out. Soldiers had struck the floor of the vehicle, and emblems are better understood than in of the Seventh seized some empty ponlay insensible. The reins dragged. As the practical North, the widows, mothers toons, rowed rapidly across, jumped Paul darted away, with a shout Morton and children of the Confederate dead ashore and drove the Confederates from cleared the platform. Paul reached the went out and strewed their graves with the rifle pits and from the houses. Two runaways, flew at their heads, clung flowers; at many places the women scat- Massachusetts regiments followed and

MEMORIAL DAY AND SENTIMENT.



It is to the South, the land of flowers and fragrance and chivalry and beautiful women, that the North owes the fine idea of decorating the graves of soldier-dead with flowers, setting apart one day each springtime for the

The custom spread to the North, and was universally observed, even before it was established as a national institution.

By a general order issued by General John A. Logan, Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, May 5, 1868, May 30 was fixed as Memorial Day for that year in all States and Territories and the District of Columbia, except Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina and Texas. These States fixed their own dates for Memorial Day. It is observed earlier in the South than in the North, the date for several of them being April 26. Although there has never been any Federal legislation touching Memorial Day, many of the States have made it a holiday, and both houses at Washington, whenever in session, always adjourn on May 30, in respect to the dead.

It is a beautiful custom, founded entirely on sentiment. Respect for the dead means nothing only as it influences the living. Memorial Day knows nothing of strife, of wrong, of ill deeds, of small natures, of selfishness. It says: Men were brave to the extent of dying for what they believed to be principle. They endured hardship, privation-they suffered much —and all for the cause in which they believed.

There is no sectional line in bravery. There never has been. We honor courage and devotion, and ask not under what flag heroicm was proven. We place flowers on grassy mounds, and pray that the generation that has grown up since the great struggle has all of the fire and courage and virtue of those who have gone. We hope that future generations will find so much to admire in the deeds of those now living, that in the years that are to come we will be remembered, even as are those of the silent army of the great war .- St. Louis Chronicle.

seized the trailing lines, was dragged flat, touching tribute flashed over the North, but his iron fists sawed at the sinewy it roused, as nothing else could have leather strips.

Paul sprang into the box. Madge had It thrilled every household where there sustained a bruise on the forehead and was a vacant chair by the fireside and an was stunned. Some one brought cold aching void in the heart for a lost here water--she revived slightly, and lay in whose remains had never been found; old Paul's arms, while Morton anxiously wounds broke out afresh, and in a mindrove homewards.

Looking up, he thrilled to the grateful Depew. glance of the fair girl whose life he had

Then there was an interruption. In his hear the breathing and feel the pulsa-Silas came up.

have lost the team than that happen."

"Don't let that worry you, Mr. Morton," said Paul.

"It does worry me. I've spoiled my old friend's regimentals!" "Why," assured Madge gently, "I

think I can sew it up so it won't show She took the coat, nodding encouragingly to Morton as he walked off, and,

as she turned over the garment, from an inside pocket a sealed letter fell out. "Why!" she exclaimed in surprise, "it

is addressed to me." Paul gave a gasp. Was it possible? His handwriting, "the" letter!

Yes, there it was; the missive settling previous.

ed her indifferent. "I wonder who wrote it?" she mur-

"I wrote it," answered Paul, boldly.

Their eyes met-hers sparkled, fell, She blushed divinely—understood! "Shall-shall I read it?" she stammered, with downcast glance, and trem-

"No. Let me tell you what it says." whispered Paul, and drew her unresist-

The holy stars of Memorial Night, looking down upon those two, hallowed a

In a flash Paul saw what had hap- where, under warmer skies and with ed. A call was made for volunteers to there, dragged and swung, as they near- tered them impartially also over the un- aided them in holding the position.

"How's the grandfather?" inquired ed the terrific decline where a plunge known and unmarked resting places of meant death. Morton gained the road, the Union soldiers. As the news of this done, national amity and love, and al-As Morton gained the wagon seat, layed sectional animosity and passion. gled tempest of grief and joy the family Paul carried Madge into the parlor of cried, "Maybe it was our darling." Thus the farmhouse, placed her on a couch, out of sorrows, common alike to the and left her to the care of her grand- North and the South, came this beautimother. As he went out and sat on the ful custom. But Decoration Day no doorstep, he was shaking like a leaf. longer belongs to those who mourn. It The emotions of the past hour had been is the common privilege of us all, and a vivid strain. Suddenly a light step will be celebrated as long as gratitude preceded a timid touch on the shoulder. exists and flowers bloom .- Chauncey M.

> Ah, sir, there are times in the history of men and nations when they stand so He could say nothing, as she sat down near the veil that separates mortals from beside him, telling him brokenly what immortals, time from eternity, and men she felt she owed to his unselfish bravery. from their God, that they can almost shirt sleeves, storming ferociously, old tions of the heart of the Infinite. Through such a time has this nation "See here!" he cried, extending the gone, and when two hundred and fifty coat he had worn that day. "I'd rather thousand brave spirits passed from the field of honor through that thin veil to In rushing to Madge's rescue he had the presence of God, and when at last its slit one sleeve entire of the borrowed parting folds admitted the martyred President to the company of the dead heroes of the republic, the nation stood so near the veil that the whispers of God were heard by the children of men.

–James A. Garfield. This day is sacred to the great heroic host who kept this flag above our heads. sacred to the living and the dead, sacred to the scarred and maimed, sacred to the wives who gave their husbands, to the mothers who gave their sons. Here in this peaceful land of ours, here where the sun shines, where the flowers grow. where children play, millions of armed men battled for the right and breasted on a thousand fields the iron storm of war. These brave, these incomparable men, founded the first republic, they fulthe dreams, realized the hopes that all the great and good and wise and just have made, and had since man was man. But what of those who fell? There is no language to express the debt we owe, the love we bear to all the dead who died for us. Words are but barren sounds. We can but stand beside their graves, and in the hush and silence feel what speech has never told. They fought, they died, and for the first time since man has kept a record of events, the heavens bent above and domed a land without a serf, a servant or a slave .-Robert G. Ingersoll.

The Seventh Michigan's Exploit. The success of the brilliant move

across the river at Fredericksburg makes love that had found brightness and peace a bright page in the annals of the Seventh Michigan infantry. Confederate sharpshooters lined the opposite bank When the war was over, in the South, bridges, which had finally been abandon-

## END OF JACK SULLY

NOTORIOUS DESPERADO SHOT ON ROSEBUD RESERVATION.

## A RUNNING FIGHT WITH OFFICERS

Rifle Ball Brought Him Down-The Outlaw and Cattle Rustler Had for More Than a Quarter of a Century Been a Terror on the Range.

rious desperado, Jack Sully, who for ter was known to have a membership of many years has been the terror of the 300, extending all the way from Kansas Rosebud country, are these: A week or to Canada. Many of these were ranchten days ago Sully stole a bunch of near- men and stockmen in apparently good ly 200 cattle belonging to various neigh- standing. The strength of the society boring ranchers. He took a bunch of lay in the fact that no one knew who seventy-four down across the Nebraska were its members. A campaign against line and sold them for \$20 per head, re- them could not progress far, without ceiving half cash and half paper. He someone, not known to be a member, cashed the paper. Soon after, Brand In- sending the warning. spector Long got track of the cattle, and, ly at his home, near Blackbird island, hold, but all were ineffective. Tuesday morning, and attempted to make speedily proved the victors. Sully's horse was hit five times and killed, while Sully received wounds from which he died within thirty-five minutes,

Sully for the past thirty-five years has

have of late been coming into the neighborhood, and his tragic end is not likely to cause very deep mourning upon the

The Sully gang has been credited with having stolen, during the past twenty years, a total of fully 50,000 head of cattle and several thousand head of horses, but it is reasonable to suppose that this estimate is somewhat exaggerated.

Nevertheless, it is safe to say that several thousand head have been stolen by the thieves during that period. The gang is also said to have been responsible for the death of seven men during the long period it was carrying on its operations along the Missouri River. The victims were chiefly inoffensive settlers, who, unto protest when some of their cattle were stolen, or who were so indiscreet as to

came under their observation. his appearance at the Northern Pacific have driven him away for all time. crossing (now Bismarck, N. D.) in 1872, and was at that time a chum of Jack Kingade, who kill d his own sister at a country dance in Misouri, Minkade tried to kill the fellow with whom his sister was dancing, but she sprang between the own body the bullet which was intended

for her companion. Only when Kinkade was on a drunk with Sully would he ever mention the killing of his sister, "Bill" Reese, another of Sully's old-time chums, was shot and killed in his own dance house at Miles City, Mont., by Dr. Lefcher. .The men quarreled over the affections of manded to halt, but did not obey. There wife of "Bill" Reese, who, after the the man who was supposed to have been a distance of 450 yards between himself

"Jim" Foster, a character well known nother chum of Sully. Foster was an from his horse, ecomplished banjo player, and many ous drunk, during which he was invaria- water, after which he expired. bly accompanied by his banjo.

He had a remarkably fine voice. "I'll Remember You, Love, in My Prayers, was a favorite song of his, with which he was wont to entertain such of the resi- a wedding party, were overtaken by a dents of the frontier towns as cared to snowstorm and sought refuge in a appear upon the streets when himself and deserted mill. They lit a fire with his drunken companions virtually rad possession of the thoroughfares and the buildings adjacent thereto.

One of Foster's characteristics when drunk was to light his cigars with \$5 or corner of the building. They jumped \$10 bills. He, like many of the former up on a shelf, and, to their dismay, chums of Sully, "died with his boots on." saw several more wolves join the first. He was a handsome man, a veritable The animals rushed in their direction, Adonis, and was a perfect specimen of and the drummer, at a loss for a mode physical manhood, yet by nature was en- of defence, set to beating his drum, dowed with many of the traits of the In-

While on a hunting trip to the Black Hills with several boon companions he there is little question that he was shot eventually escaping through a hole in down by one of his companions who had a grudge of some kind against him, and feared that if he did not resort to assassination Foster himself would assassin-

ate him when the opportunity offered. Sully was also a chum of "Lame Johnny," "Big Nose George" and a man named Gray, who were all noted "holdup" men during the early days of settlement in the Black Hills, "Big Nose I'd rather keep me appetite fur ham George" was hanged by a vigilance com- sandwiches dan have to get me enmittee at Rock Springs, Wyo.; "Lame joyment ownin' art galleries an' look-Johnny" suffered a like fate on a creek in at de pictures."-Washington Star. now known as Lame Johnny Creek, in the Black Hills, and Gray, who was at one time proprietor of the old Minnesota House at Yankton, was hanged in Ari-

brought an end to his career. there probably has not been a parallel in to a chop."

the United States for some years. He was not a bloodthersty criminal of dime novel variety, but an honorable man in his way. He was true to his friends, and not given to bloodshed if it could be avoided. If allowed to prosecute his vocation of stealing without molestation, he would molest no others.

The exact time when Sully came to South Dakota is not known, but it was at least thirty years ago. He was a tall, raw-boned young man, who said nothing about his past and gave a name which is known to have been assumed.

It was not long after he came that he built his but on a high hill on the Rosebud reservation. Here he was surrounded by a crowd of loose characters with whom he easily carried on a big rustling business. As the civilization of the country draw closer about him the mesh of the law, a more perfect defensive organization was necessary. Sully was Chamberlain, S. D.: The circumstances | equal to the demand upon him. He orleading up to the tragic end of the noto- ganized a secret society which last win-

Sally was a squaw man, too, and four accompanied by their owners, Harry half-breed daughters married and lived Ham and Hugo Schilling, recovered them | about him and helped him. A fine, white and returned them to the home range, frame house took the place of the hut at As a result of the exploit United States his cyric, and from this he could see the Commissioner Tidrick, of Chamberlain, approach of an enemy for four miles. The on Sunday morning sent out Deputy federal officers must have approached his United States Inspector Petrie, Brand home under cover of darkness, and even Inspector Long. Sheriff Irish of Brule at that it is remarkable that they escaped County, Deputy Sheriff Jesse Brown of the attention of the many friends of Sul-Lyman County, and Harry Ham to bring by living about him. Numerous attempts in Sully, dead or alive. They found Sul- have been made to take him at his strong-

Only twice in the past four years has the arrest. Sully was ordered to surren- Sully been captured. The first of these der, but with a defiant taunt he made was in the fall of 1991. The habit of a break for his horse, sprang upon its the rustlers was to take only a part of a back and made a dash for liberty. For herd of cattle the first time. If no fuss a time a running fire was maintained be- was made the owner of the herd would tween the two parties, but the pursuers | not be disturbed again. But if he made a noise about the theft, the rustlers would revisit his place and take the rest of the cattle.

One Pete Waugh, living north of Oacoma, suffered a loss at the hands of the been known as a lawless and desperate rustlers, and made a big "holler." As a character. His most recent exploit was consequence another visit was made and to break jail at Mitchell, where he was all his stock was taken. Waugh only being held for trial on a charge of cattle made a bigger racket. The rustlers were rustling, and until Monday the officers | fearful, and Sully and an associate named had not been able to set their eyes on | Donnerau went to a dance where Waugh was to be. A row was started, but the He has for years been recognized as bullet struck Waugh's elbow instead of the head of a band of rustlers that has his heart and Sully and Donnerau had to been the cause of endless trouble and ex- flee. Waugh's blood was up and, with pense to the thrifty class of people who | the aid of officers, gave pursuit and captured Sully. The wily old leader soon gave bond and secured his liberty.

Sully's one weakness was his passion for whisky, and this led to his last canture. It was found out in some way that Sully was to visit Niobrara, Neb., in the interest of a spree. Sully was remarkably successful in making these underground trips, getting into a back room in various towns near his eyric and having his drunk and getting away without anyone but his friends knowing of his pres-

This time he was inveigled into a game of cards. Liquor was handed out freely to him and he became hopelessly intoxicated. He awake in the Niobrara jail. He was taken to Mitchell. The night the | tile was disclosed, and the space has fortunately for them, were foolish enough Mitchell sheriff died Sully es- now been railed off, in order that the caped, and it is said this cost him \$1,500. public may view the remains. A fine He made his get getaway on relays of veal incidents connected with cattle and horses. It was said be emigrated to horse stealing raids which by chance Canada, but instead went to Kansas. He returned to his old maunts once too often, Sully's coreer naturally has been filled | and met his end on the very eve of the with interesting incidents. He first made | time when the incoming of settlers would

Additional details of the killing of Sul- figures and inscriptions being in some ly, which have been received here, how and he made a desperate break to escape from the officers.

Ben Diamond, a neighbor of Sully's, by request of the officers, went to the Sully two men just in time to receive in her house and informed Jack that his place was surrounded by officers and requested | through what is now Greenwich Park. him to give himself up. He refused, say-

"Goodby to all. With fair play I equal

three of them.' Thrusting a 44-caliber Colt's revolver into his belt and mounting a horse, he made a dash for life. He was com-"Dode" Reese, supposed to have been the were thirty shots fired by the pursuing officers, of which five took effect in the death of Reese, lived with the slayer of horse. By this time Sully had measured and the officers when a volley of shots was fired, one of which took effect in n the frontier twenty years ago, was | Sully's back, causing him to reel and fall

When the officers approached him he people who yet reside in South Dakota | was commanded to throw up his hands, remember the devil-may-care fellow, who and he obeyed. Recognizing Deputy at intervals would visit the frontier | United States Marshal Petrie, he shook towns for the purpose of having a glori- hands with him and asked for a drink of

Music and Wild Animals.

Two musicians, a drummer and a piper, returning to their village from some wood they found in the place and were warming themselves when they saw a wolf emerge from a dark played his pipe. The effect was marvellous. The music so terrified the wolves that they attempted to run was shot and killed. The members of the away, and as the door was closed they party declared that he was the victim of | began fighting, and several of them the accidental discharge of a gun, but were torn to pieces, the survivors the wall.

> Vagabond Philosophy. "Mike," said Plodding Pete, "how would you like to be one o' dese here

"I dunno," answered Meandering Mike: "it kind o' looks to me as if

Up Against It. The tramp was beginning quite hun-

gry to feel, so he asked the lady to zona, a vigilance committee having give him a meal, at a farmhouse witers he did stop. The kind-hearted female took The killing of the masterful old lead- him to the shed, and, getting the ax, she er removes a border character for whom | feelingly said: "Pray, sir, help yourself

## HANGED REBEL LOUIS RIEL.

Man Who Carried Out the Law's Sentence on Malcontent Is Dead.

John Henderson, who carried out the sentence of death upon Louis Riel. originator of the Riel rebellion in Canada, is dead at his ranch near Glasgow, Mont. Recently an old wound in his leg, received by Henderson years ago while a government scout, had been causing him much suffering and the physician had to amputate the limb. Henderson never recovered from the shock. He was born in Scotland seventy-eight years ago. He came to the United States when a mere youth. He was one of the pioneer residents of Last Chance gulch. Subsequently he was employed as a scout during Indian campaigns. Then he went to Canada, where he also served as a scout. He saw service throughout the Riel rebellion, and in 1885, while acting as government hangman, executed Louis Riel at Regina, N. W. T.

Henderson had a claim against the Canadian government for \$15,000 for his services. The claim was recently allowed. The amount will probably go to the widew, who lives on the family tanch near Glasgow.

Tired, Suffering Women.



and endure daily tortures through neglecting the kidneys. Kidney backache makes housework a burden; rest is impossible; sleep fitful; appetite gives out and you are tired all the time. Can't be well until the kidneys are well. Use Doan's Kidney Pilis, which have restored thousands of suffering

Women run down

women to health and vigor. Mrs. William Wallace, of 18 Capitol street, Concord, N. H., says: "I was in the early stages of Bright's Disease, and were it not for Doan's Kidney Pills I would not be living to-day. Pain in the back was so intense that at night I had to get out of bed until the paroxysm of pain passed away. I was languid and tired and hadn't the strength to lift a kettle of water. I could not work, but a few doses of Doan's Kidney Pills relieved me, and

two boxes absolutely cured me." A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mrs. Wallace will be mailed to any part of the United States, Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Sold by all dealers. Price 50 cents per box.

Valuable Roman Remains Unearthed During the course of some excavations on a mound in the neighborhood of Greenwich Observatory, London, some Romain remains of great value and interest have been unearthed. About two feet below the surface the floor of a Roman room with a great portion of the tesselated pavement intact was revealed. Under careful treatment the beautiful work in cubes of red collection of coins of the period of Hadrian and Constantine was also discovered, together with several pieces of beautifully figured pottery and ornamental wall plaster. The coins were in a state of remarkable preservation, the instances almost as clear and distinct as those at present in use. The discoveries are regarded as important, for the reason that they prove that the Roman road from London to Dover led

Having a Pic-nic.

There is something particularly enjoyable about going to a picnic. The very word Pic-Nic brings pleasant anticipations of a good time. The idea of going out to the woods and fields or down by some brook or lake, with luncheon to be served on the grass and under the trees, has a peculiar fascination. The fresh air and exercise contribute to give a hearty appetite to all and everything at luncheon seems far better than the finest course dinner that a French chef ever served. Wooden dishes supplant Dresden china, and paper boxes silver trays, when the "good things to eat" are spread upon the ground.

Pic-Nics are never complete without the sandwiches, sweet white bread with a generous layer of meat between. Libby's canned meats are ideal for pic-nics and outings. The cans are so easily opened and the contents so fresh and palatable that no pic-nic is a success without Libby's "Natural Flavor' Food Products.

A Monetary Choice. "Which do you like better-money or

aobility?" "Well, I love a dollar, but I worship a lovereign!"-Smart Set.



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