



ANTIETAM BRIDGE.

A broken reach of the Appalachians, this:
A play of nature's forces, hit and miss,
Mountains torn amain
And scattered o'er the plain
Confused and quiet,
In hills and ridges strewed,
Where the gray rocks protrude
Defiant of the elements whose war
Seamed their rough fronts with many a
scar.
By the sneaping skit
Of the flying grit,
Rounded and knobbed and stained with
grime
In every storm since the dawn of time.
But much
Of hill and ridge, responsive to the touch
Of softening time, is seen
Clothed in tender green,
Clumps of riotous growth, stout, thick and
tall
Toss to the September gales
And vines and brushwood sprawl
In the umbrageous swales.
The living verdure of the sunny sword
No heights retard;
But spreading high and wide
Mount, like a giant's hopes,
The spacious slopes
Of ride and broad hillside;
O'er which the scudding cloud's shades
swiftly glide.

Here, on either hand a ridge,
Is the bridge,
Abrupt, uncarved; but still
Arched with no common skill
Spanning Antietam creek, whose shallow,
spring-fed stream
Speeds o'er its stone-strewn bed with un-
intrusive breeze.
Thence scarce a pistol shot
Is a spot
Where a brook brawls through a gorge to
sea.
The hurrying creek:
Where boulders, brushwood, trees,
Recede, rising by degrees
Height on height, a devil's den
Filled with riflemen.
Even at that distance, on the day,
None could say
Which the gray rocks and which the men in
gray.
Straight for the gap that cut the ridge
(The roadway entrance to the bridge),
Burnside pushed his corps
The head of column bore.
Sharp to the right at double quick,
And near enough to hear the gun-locks
click.
Of hidden foemen just across the creek,
Swift for the bridge the head of column
sprang—
Five hundred murderous rifles cracked and
rang—

Shrill through the air the leaden missiles
sang
Down went the column's head,
A hundred stricken dead.
The remnant swift retired,
For the fire, falling, dire,
From the broken face of the ridge
Swept the approaches to the bridge:
Again
The leader called upon his men,
And once again
The flash of flame from out the devil's den
Streamed like a demon's breath
O'er the rear path of death:
Twice they sprang to breast the leader:
hail!
Twice their gallant charges fail.
At length,
A test more of endurance than of strength,
With twice one thousand men
At the run they try again.
Dashed over the bridge,
Scaled the steep and frowning ridge,
Took the den in flank with a shout,
Drove the Confederates out
And crossed the entire corps.
Silence broods upon the bridge and dell;
Silent the brave hearts lie
Who fought and fell.

AT A NATION'S SHRINE.

FLOWERS DECORATE GRAVES
OF THE DEAD.

An Occasion When the Grand Army of the
President Honors the Grand Army of the
Past—Memorial Day and its Meaning.

Precious Memories.
From the time when some private
soldier (history should have saved the
name) wrote to the Grand Army sug-
gesting that soldiers' graves be strewn
with flowers once a year, after an An-
cient German custom, Memorial Day
has grown to mean
more and more in the
hearts of the people.
The vestiges of war
are fast fading away,
and soon all that re-
mains will be words—
and graves. And
there is now—and
will always be—a day
for Nature and man
to unite in a solemn
tribute to the soldier
dead. Hate and ig-
norance are dis-
pelled for a day at
least, and in this
vivifying of loyalty
sorrow becomes
pride, pride that the dead builded so
true and well.

This is the season of flowers. Women
and children, old men and veterans
with empty sleeves,
everybody, under a
common impulse,
obey the words of
Logan on the first
Memorial Day: "Let
us, then, at the time
appointed, gather
around the soldier's
sacred remains and
garland the passion-
less mounds with the
choicest flowers of
springtime. Let us
raise above them the
dear old flag they
saved from dis-
honor."

In these piping
days of pens and plows we are apt to
forget what a grand character—like
him all in all—was presented by the
American volunteer soldier of a quarter
of a century or more ago. The world
had never revealed his equal then, nor
has it since.

He was modest—save when facing a
foe—the thought of gain did not appeal
to him; he relin-
quished for a time,
perhaps forever,
all that was dear
to him and all be-
cause of a high
sense of honor—a
love of his country.
It is well to call
this to mind now,
for it has become a
fashion of late for
sooters to jeer at
all that is best in
men, to smile at
patriotism and
match frivolity
against the right.

It was a strange
metamorphosis, that of 1860-61. Men
came from the field and factory, from
the country store and the lawyer's
office, raw-boned, awkward boys from
the plow, merchants from the desk.
And to all of them, or nearly all, the
only war they knew was on the printed
page; and in arms, reared in a
picaresque atmosphere of unbroken peace,
buying and selling, working and play-
ing, they were snatched without prepa-
ration, practically without the training
that men were supposed to need for the
tented field, to scenes of privation and
carnage.

That was the America of it. The men
were fighting for something dearer to
them than all else; they knew the dan-
ger, but accepted it calmly; they were
private soldiers with brains and hearts
(a new figure in war), and they fought
all the more valiantly for it. Europeans
gazed on with wondering eyes—they
could not realize a soldier with a heart
in his work.

That was the wonder of it. It was
Minerva springing armor-clad from the
brain of Jove. In a
space of time incon-
ceivably short to the
European mind, those
farmers and lawyers
and silbo-boned boys
were tramping over
the sand and dust and
through the piny
woods, weary of body
but stout of heart, with
the bullets whistling
and the blood flowing,
but not a hair's breadth
through the bravest,
brainiest, grandest
body of citizen-soldi-
ery the world has
ever seen.

True of the soldier, it was true of the
sailor. A young man these days does
not need to thumb the pages of civil
war history to feel a thrill in his soul.
He finds brave deeds that have no coun-
terparts since wars began.
And when it was all over but the
memories and tears, this incomparable
citizen-soldiery dissolved as in a mirage;
the visions of battle and tunnel faded
away, and in the place came the plow-
boy whistling at his work, the merchant
at his desk. It might all have been a
dream but for those things which make
this day so significant in our lives.

IN MEMORIAM.

While muffled drums are beating,
We go with mournful tread,
Where low in peace are sleeping
Our country's honored dead.
We come from blooming bowers
And with God's beauty shine
And strewn their graves with flowers,
With cypress and with pine.

O'er all the land their weeping
While proud our flag doth keep
Her loving, faithful vigils
Where'er our heroes sleep.
Aerially the tear-drops falling
Upon this hallowed day,
We weave unto their memories
A fadeless wreath of bay.

To God, who rules the nations,
Shall songs of praise ne'er cease,
Who, through the blood of heroes,
Gives to the nation peace.
For 'neath our vines and fig trees
We sing of victories won,
While they, who fought our battles,
Have lain their armor down.

Bing out, glad bells, your music!
Float, banners bright and fair!
While fragrant buds and blossoms
Your silent homes adore.
Like incense sweetly burning
Forever 'neath the sky,
Immortal is their glory
Who for their country die.

VETERANS OF THE WAR.

The Grand Army of the Republic, its His-
tory and Membership.

In the patriotic
demonstrations of
Memorial Day, the
most impressive is
the appearance in
the tribute paying
parade of the vet-
erans—that noble
body of battle-
scarred warriors
banded together as
the Grand Army of
the Republic. Their fighting is ended,
but it saved a nation. In that line of
rugged Grand Army soldiers, many
there are whose sight is weak and im-
perfect. But those eyes once looked
into the blazing muzzles of hostile can-
non. There are many whose step is
lame and halting. But those feet once
trod the paths that led to glory ever-
lasting. There are many with empty
sleeves pinned uselessly across their
breasts. But those sleeves were once
filled with arms that were maimed and
shattered while fighting for their coun-
try. This organization, which has been

very properly named the Grand Army
of the grandest country on the earth,
has had a marvelous history. It has be-
come one of the most magnificent bands
that ever was banded together. Its fra-
ternity is that of men who have done
great deeds and suffered great hardships
together. The 30th of May is its day.
On the last day of November, 1890, it
numbered 385,155 men. On the 30th of
June, 1891 (the latest figures obtain-
able), its membership was 398,270. It
is divided into forty-four departments,
with membership as follows: Alabama,
334; Arizona, 298; Arkansas, 2,200; Cal-
ifornia, 5,812; Colorado and Wyoming,
2,901; Connecticut, 6,807; Delaware,
1,280; Florida, 471; Georgia, 455; Idaho,
439; Illinois, 32,329; Indiana, 24,726;
Iowa, 20,174; Kansas, 17,715; Kentucky,
3,773; Louisiana and Mississippi, 1,093;
Maine, 9,700; Maryland, 2,423; Massa-
chusetts, 23,781; Michigan, 19,280; Min-
nesota, 7,947; Missouri, 20,822; Mon-
tana, 626; Nebraska, 4,144; New Hamp-
shire, 5,211; New Jersey, 7,798; New
Mexico, 292; New York, 40,444; North
Dakota, 535; Ohio, 45,523; Oklahoma and In-
dian Territory, 522; Oregon, 2,052; Penn-
sylvania, 43,168; Potomac, 3,312; Rhode
Island, 2,856; South Dakota, 2,769; Ten-
nessee, 3,719; Texas, 1,305; Utah, 184;
Vermont, 5,487; Virginia, 1,422; Wash-
ington and Alaska, 2,783; West Vir-
ginia, 2,633; Wisconsin, 13,710. The
Department of Ohio is the largest, with
278,394. Of the enlisted men, less
than 2,000,000 ever saw service, as many
of them joined the army during the last
year of the war and were saved from
conflict by Lee's surrender. It is es-
timated that about 950,000 was the
greatest number in the Northern army
at any one time. These figures are
necessarily based on doubtful statistics
and guesses.
During the war 328,943 men died from
wounds or other causes. This leaves
less than 2,400,000 of the enlisted men
alive after the Confederates laid down
their arms and carries the Grand Army's
proportion of membership of the survi-
vors up still nearer one-sixth of the total.
The number who have died since the
army disbanded is estimated at 1,119,
300, leaving alive about 1,300,700 men
who fought for the Union. Thus it is
seen that the Grand Army of the Re-
public actually embraces more than a
fifth of the survivors at the present time.
Since the first national convention of
the Grand Army, at Indianapolis, Nov.
22, 1866, it has steadily increased in
membership. Veteran after veteran has
been added to its roster, and it has
grown despite the vacancies left by a
constantly increasing death rate. The
organization has, however, probably
reached its maximum. The average
age of the Union soldiers was about 24.
During the few years immediately suc-
ceeding the war the ratio of mortality
was over 66 per cent, as high as it was
during the conflict itself, for many who
had been wounded or wrecked by hard-
ship and exposure lingered in life a few
years after the war had ended. When
these months of death had passed the
death rate became exceedingly small,
until the average age of survivors crept
along through lapsing years to 40.
That was in 1871, and since that time
the number of old soldiers who pass
each year has constantly in-
creased. The death rate at the present
time, when the average age of the
veterans has climbed to 52, is very high.
But, though their bodies die, their
brave deeds live.

Curious Deception.
A curious deception came to light in
Paris recently in the course of a police
raid on unmuzzled dogs. An old lady,
whose pet had been seized among
others, complained loudly when her pug
was captured that the police allowed
that of her neighbor, a painter, to roam
at will without a muzzle. The police in-
spector assured his visitor that the
artist's dog was always muzzled, and
was somewhat taken aback on learning
that the muzzle in question was merely
painted on the animal's head.
TORTOISES have been known to live
300 years.

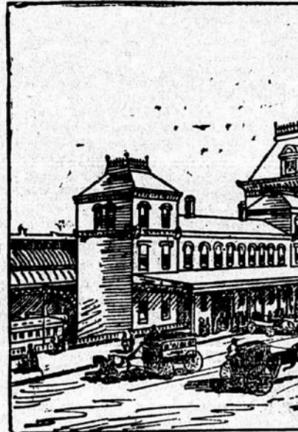
VISITORS TO THE FAIR.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR THEIR
COMFORT IN CHICAGO.

The Railway Depots Where Thousands of
Strangers from All Parts of the World
Will Arrive—Some Information as to
Lodgings, E. c.

In the World's Fair City,
Chicago correspondence:

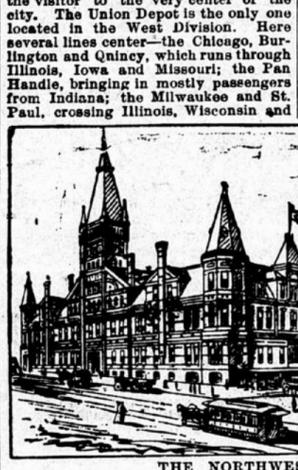
THE person living out-
side of Chicago who
visits the World's
Fair for a single day
only, will find every-
thing arranged for
his comfort and con-
venience. All rail-
roads coming to the
city will land pas-
sengers at the ter-
minal station at the
Fair for ten cents in
addition to the regu-
lar railway ticket.
Here hand baggage
may be checked, and
here about toilet
rooms, lunch counters, telegraph offices,
and desks for writing. The Columbian
guards will direct the visitor to his
State building, where he may deposit
his extra valuables. He may see the
great show, take a terminal train for
his depot at nightfall, and return home
within twenty-four hours, all at a cost



THE UNION DEPOT.

of fare, ticket of admission, lunch, and
a trifle for a guide book or souvenir.
Those coming from a distance, how-
ever, and those who wish to thoroughly
inspect and enjoy the Exposition for a
week or a month, should exercise con-
siderable forethought. It is possible
for such to formulate a pleasant and
economical system of procedure, pro-
vided they know what to do and how
to do it. Unless they arrive at night—in
which case a stop at some hotel will be
advisable—they should devote the first
day to the securing of a settled abiding
place. That care off their minds, they
are on a footing with the native-born
Chicagoan, and are independent of re-
strictions of time and method of real-
izing the Fair, as of the exactions of
the harpies, who will strive to ex-
tort double prices from hurried or un-
formed strangers.

Chicago's Great Depots.
There are six great depots in Chicago.
The Northwestern is the only one located
in the North Division of the city. Trains
arriving here bring passengers princ-
ipally from Northern Illinois, Iowa,
Wisconsin and other points lying along
the route of the Chicago and North-
western Railway. This depot faces
east on Wells street, and a walk across
the river and four blocks south, brings
the visitor to the very center of the
city. The Union Depot is the only one
located in the West Division. Here
several lines center—the Chicago, Bur-
lington and Quincy, which runs through
Illinois, Iowa and Missouri; the Pan
Handle, bringing in mostly passengers
from Indiana; the Milwaukee and St.
Paul, crossing Illinois, Wisconsin and



THE NORTHWESTERN DEPOT.

Minnesota; the Alton and St. Louis,
stretching westward across the State to
Missouri; and the Pittsburg and Fort
Wayne, which takes in Indiana, Ohio,
Pennsylvania and the Eastern States.
This depot fronts on the Canal street,
at the corner of Adams. A walk of
four squares east on the latter thor-



GRAND CENTRAL DEPOT.

sengers of the Michigan Central Road
from Northern Indiana, Michigan and
Canada. At the Dearborn depot arrive
the trains of the Grand Trunk, the
Wabash, the Western Indiana, and the
Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Rail-
roads. It is located at Polk and
Dearborn streets. The Grand
Central depot is at Harrison
street and Fifth avenue, and is the
terminus of the Northern Pacific and
Baltimore and Ohio Railroads. The
Michigan Southern depot faces on Van
Buren, just west of Clark street, and
the Michigan Southern and the Rock
Island and Pacific lines discharge their
passengers here. These last-named
four depots are all situated in the South
Division, all face the business center,
and are within half a mile of the large
hotels and of the points where
the various street, elevated and
cable cars have their down-town termi-
nals. State and Madison streets is a
corner well worth keeping in mind as
the chief center of Chicago.

A visitor arriving at any of these
depots and meditating a sojourn here
should, first of all, check his hand bag-
gage, which may be stored for twenty-
four hours at 10 cents per parcel. In-
quiry at the depot Bureau of Informa-
tion will elicit courteous response.
Should a conveyance be needed, a print-
ed card in the same will give the legal
fares, which are fifty cents for one mile
in a one-horse vehicle, and double the
amount for a two-horse one, one hun-
dred pounds of trunk and twenty-five
pounds of hand baggage being carried



THE DEARBORN STATION.

How to Find Lodgings.
The question of finding a tempo-
rary domicile is now the all-absorb-
ing one. There are any amount
and all varieties of hotels near the
business center, but high charges and
great crowds go along with them. There
are, too, near the Fair grounds, now and
large hotels which charge only \$3



MICHIGAN SOUTHERN DEPOT.

per day, or, where four room together,
only \$2; \$7 boarding-houses, \$1 lodg-
ings, and even 20 cent restaurants.
The advantage gained, however, by be-
ing just at the Fair gates all the time
are somewhat visionary. There is tur-
moil, rush and discomfort. Many
of the new hotels are frail struc-
tures, many of the lodgings and
restaurants are overcrowded, and the
sensible visitors will find quite as rea-
sonable rates and far more home-like ac-
commodations away from the hetero-
geneous throng that will continually
crowd the immediate vicinity of the
Fair.
The Fair grounds are some seven
miles from the business center. Be-
tween these points are numerous quiet,
pretty streets, where arrangements for
board and lodging may be made, and in
the North Division, just across the
river, still more reasonable charges
prevail. The West Division, however,
comprising the largest section of the
city, broad as it is long, affords a still
better choice. It embraces a majority
of the homes and population, is less
crowded, and the visitor making it his
objective point for a temporary resi-
dence, will probably be more speedily
and satisfactorily suited than elsewhere.
With this section in view as a prospec-
ive place of residence, he will find
many hotels which are quite rea-
sonable in their charges, and
furnished rooms without number. Tak-
ing Madison street as the central line,
and proceeding, say, half-a-mile west of
the river, north and south are safe,



MICHIGAN SOUTHERN DEPOT.

gentil that work a good or evil influ-
ence on the person who wears them. The
price paid for the gem was something
like \$100,000. How many little hun-
gry mouths that would feed.

quiet residence streets, well built up.
Here a person can secure almost any
kind of accommodations, from an eleg-
antly furnished suite of rooms down
to one apartment with two beds in it.
For a pleasant, comfortable furnish-
ed room, the charge should not exceed
per day, or \$5 a week, and with board



ILLINOIS CENTRAL DEPOT.

in the same house, about double that
amount. Rooms quite comfortable are
to be found as low as \$3.50 per week,
and as restaurants are numerous and
good on many West Division business
thoroughfares, the visitor may get a
substantial meal, and add trimmings
for a dime and a half additional.
Ten dollars a week ought to cover the
board and lodging, and cover it quite
satisfactorily.
Some may make an objection to lo-
cating "so far" from the World's Fair
grounds. Distance, anywhere within
the city limits, is a trifling considera-
tion, however. The seven-mile rides to
and from the Fair should be a pleasure
instead of a bugbear, as they afford the
visitor daily the choice of a delightful
journey by land and water.

THE CHINESE QUESTION.

Members of the Cabinet Discuss the De-
cision of the Supreme Court.
The Chinese question occupied the
entire attention of the Cabinet at its
meeting Tuesday. Before the Cabinet
meeting Chief Justice Fuller, who dis-
sented from the decision of the Supreme
Court, called at the White House and
had a brief talk with the President.
Subsequently the Chief Justice had an
interview with Secretary Gresham. It
is understood the conclusion reached
by the Cabinet was that the law could
not be enforced, for the reason that
there is no money available for that
purpose. The act only carries an ap-
propriation of \$100,000. Secretary Car-
lisle showed that not more than \$16,000
of that sum remained. It was esti-
mated that it would cost to deport all
the Chinese now in the country who
have not complied with the law, more
than \$5,000,000.



THE DEARBORN STATION.

It is evident the administration was
surprised by the decision, and the situ-
ation is perplexing. With the constitu-
tionality of the law settled, it is embar-
rassing not to be able to enforce it, but
in the absence of the money for the ex-
pense of deporting the Chinese there
seems to be nothing that can be done.
If the Chinese would simply accept the
situation and comply with the law it
would simplify matters, but the presi-
dential is that most of them will not do
this, but will resist as long as possible.
As to the expense of enforcing the law,
it is not by any means sure that if Con-
gress were in session the money would
be appropriated. W. W. Rockhill, Chief
Clerk of the State department, who has
correspondents in the Chinese diplo-
matic service, and also a number of
American friends in that country, says
he has not heard a word concerning re-
taliation, and, furthermore, that there
is hardly a likelihood such action will
be considered, much less taken. Secre-
tary Carlisle has received many tele-
grams asking for a suspension of the
operations of the law for at least six
months.

A Famous Coronet

The famous diamond coronet comb
which Louis XIV. gave to Mme. de
Montespan, after all its wanderings
and strange experiences, has at last
fallen into the hands of Mrs. William
Waldorf Astor. She wore it in her
lovely silken hair at the Queen's draw-
ing-room a few days ago. Mrs. Astor
seems to have a love of collecting old
jewels worn by famous women. I won-
der if she believes in that gem super-
stition which reads that jewels contain



MICHIGAN SOUTHERN DEPOT.

gentil that work a good or evil influ-
ence on the person who wears them. The
price paid for the gem was something
like \$100,000. How many little hun-
gry mouths that would feed.