

THE LOOM OF LIFE.

All day and all night I can hear the jar Of the loom of life; and near and far It thrills with its deep and muffled sound As the tireless wheels go always round.

THE TWO OLD LADIES; OR, WHO FOUND UNCLE JACK?

A DECORATION DAY STORY, BY MRS. ABRIE D. HAWKINS.

"Then the mother thought of the days So starry boys from her river; How they'd strut at her side and lightly played."

"Our Father which art in Heaven— How one was the gray and the other the blue— How they passed away from her sight, And had gone to the land where the blue and the gray Are merged into colors of light."

The silvery notes of a bugle rang out clear and sweet upon the balmy air of a lovely spring morning—calling together the members of Geo. H. Thomas Post of the G. A. R. to prepare for the solemn services of Memorial Day on the 30th day of May 1885.

Business houses were closed, the city schools were suspended and bright-faced boys and girls passed to and fro in hot haste for there was to be a grand parade in which the pupils of the graded schools were to take a prominent part upon the programme.

Near the city in one of the cemeteries lay sleeping many of our Nation's dead, whose graves were to be covered with flowers on this Decoration Day. Many of them were unknown, or nameless graves, but we called them all "our boys" and scattered flowers upon their graves year after year for the sake of the absent wives, sisters or mothers.

Old battle-stained, weather-beaten flags floated over the headquarters of the army post, while the leading public buildings and many private residences were appropriately decorated with bunting.

Officers of the day in full uniform and mounted upon spirited horses were swiftly pacing between the City Hall and an old camp ground near to the cemetery which had been selected as the most suitable place for holding the memorial services. There where loyal thousands had met and passed through their first experience upon the tented field, had learned their first lessons in military tactics, promptly springing at the sound of reveille and obediently heeding and obeying the drill sermons and new until with choking sobs or silent tears they had been marched away to the front, up to the jaws of death. What place more fit for memorial offerings?

Several distinguished army men were the guests of the city, and were expected to address the vast concourse of people who were to unite in paying tribute to those who had fallen in the late war. On one of the principal streets, and in the heart of the city stood a building over which floated not only the flag of our Union, but a banner bearing the initials W. R. C. in great letters which proclaimed it to be the headquarters of the Auxiliary to the Grand Army, a society of wives, sisters and mothers or daughters of Union soldiers who under their names were banded together under solemn obligations to aid and assist the soldiers' orphans or widows the sick or stricken, or any such as are helpless and in distress.

Here since early morning two score of women had been gathered together, busily engaged in preparations for the day. Down the centers of the long hall lunch tables were beautifully spread with abundance of food for hundreds; while in the room beyond loads of flowers were being manufactured into lovely bouquets for the tables, or simple nosegays for such as might wish to purchase for decoration purposes. Flowers and food were all the donations of the generous public, and the proceeds of sales were to go toward the fund kept for benevolent work done by this organization.

The incoming train brought members of army posts and their friends from the neighboring towns or country, and as the hour of noon approached the sale of flowers became immense, keeping the young lady clerks at the counters down the sides of the hall, busy as bees in a clover field, while the white aproned waiters at the tables were equally active in filling orders for the hungry men, women and children who docked in from everywhere apparently. When the great town clock tolled forth the hour of high noon—the lady President, who sat at her desk near the door—turned to one of her assistants saying, "I wonder where our old ladies are to-day; have you seen them?"

"No, madame," said she, "they have not been here yet."

"I miss them; they have never failed to be here since our organization until now. But of course the time was bound to come when we should miss them forever, for they were growing feeble I noticed last year. I wonder who they are, and I often think there is a romance connected with their history. No doubt they are sisters, and I judge them to be Southern ladies."

Even while the President was yet speaking, a bright faced young lad of apparently twelve or fourteen years accompanied by a delicate and daintily dressed little girl of five or six years walked into the hall and stood for a few moments as if uncertain what next to do. Only for a few moments, however, then quickly doffing his hat he approached the lady at the desk with a demure and respectful bow as he handed her a box, saying: "My grandmother sends her regrets that she can not come and buy flowers of you to-day. She begs you to accept these instead and desires you to be so kind as to have them placed upon some of the unknown soldiers' graves. Grandmother's sister died at an early hour this morning, and it was her dying request that we should keep memorial day just as if she were with us."

Taking the box from his hand while he was speaking the President had lifted from it first a magnificent shield made of choice white flowers for the background, on which were outlined two clasped hands in immortalized above the word love, while from each end of the box she brought forth a bouquet of white lilies tied with soft gray ribbons, and one of roses tied with blue. "Beautiful!"

"Superb!" "Exquisite!" were the exclamations which burst forth from the lips of the ladies at the desk.

"The blue and the gray, with love and fraternity for shield—beautiful thought!" said the lady President as she turned to the gentlemanly little fellow who stood waiting. "Tell your grandmother she has my sympathy in her bereavement, and that I will see that her wishes are carried out in regard to these memorial offerings to her dead ones."

"They were not both her sons' ma'am." "No, no, they were not both her boys," said the lovely little girl who now slowly returned from a quiet survey of the lunch tables near at hand. At one in particular she had stood a long time, and looked with sorrowful eyes at the empty sleeves worn by a gentleman, and now she was a study for an artist as she stood looking up with her soft gray eyes from beneath her long lashes, while pointing her delicate finger she said: "One was Aunt Bettie's boy, and two was my grandmother's boys. Is, is roses for Betty's lunkie who was shot wif' er Union an' his lilies for lunkie Jack who was killed wif' er rebels. He was a berry good rebel; my granmuvver says so, and my Aunt Bettie she did say so too, and my pappy says he believes them—don't he lie?" and lightened at her own long speech she now nodded her head and turned back and forth in a respectful manner.

"Yes, darling," whispered her brother as he patted her tenderly on the shoulder, "our grandmother had two sons in the late war," said he, "one in the Union army and one in the Confederate. Our Aunt Bettie's son on the Confederate side, and that is why they always decorate for the Blue and the Gray."

While this low toned conference was being carried on at the desk, three distinguished looking men sitting at one of the tables not far away, suddenly ceased their lively chat, and as if with one accord watched this peculiar scene, although not near enough to catch the drift of conversation. The significant combination of lilies with gray and roses and blue evidently struck them and told their own story, for each face showed traces of deep emotion as they turned their glances from the group and looked questioning into each other's eyes. One of the number in particular showed signs of being deeply touched. He was the handsomest one of the three—a man of magnificent form with a true patrician face possessing great dignity and gentleness of expression. One empty sleeve and his halting step told the sad tale of battle field experience, while by his accent and pronunciation we very surely knew him to be from the Sunny South if he had not already heard that General B— was entertaining two friends from Louisiana, both lawyers of distinction—his classmates in college days—and both ex-confederate officers, with whom he now clasped hands in peace and good will.

"Well, well," exclaimed General B— "I do declare that lad looks enough like you, Colonel, to be your own flesh and blood; the very image of what you used to be when we were dodged our sleepy heads over Virginia, or played shinner on the college campus. Hey! ain't I right, Major O—?"

"True I'd say, General," answered the Major with a hearty laugh. "How is it Jack—is it your treat or ours?"

The Colonel smiled, but it was a sad smile and a far away absent look that lit up his fine face as he answered: "Well, boys, I'm not so sure but they are my flesh and blood; those little ones; you may have hit a truth which I can not trace out. Perhaps you are not aware of the fact, but the one anxiety of my life for years has been to find my surviving relatives, or to hear of them if dead. I would give years of my life to be able to solve the great mystery. My brother Robert, as you will remember, General, fell on the bloody field of Gettysburg in the hottest, the most vindictively contested point of conflict. Ah! Bob was brave and true, but you know the story, General—he was among you boys in blue, while I was on the rebel side under Hood."

"Away down in Tennessee I got my dose after the battle at Franklin when we run Thomas in and held Nashville in siege for a spell, until he finally led his army out of the trenches and drove us south into Alabama. It was when on this wild retreat that I saw one of the rear guard fall badly shattered up, and lay along time at death's door. In fact I was reported dead, and beyond a doubt would have been so but for the tender care bestowed upon me by your Yankee nurses, General. It's all right now, all right boys," and the Colonel laid his hand brushed away a mist from before his eyes which were looking across the bridge of years, long years. "When finally, after many of the vicissitudes of those times, I wandered back to the old home places it was to find all changed. My widowed mother and only sister, feeling unsafe, applied for and received kind and careful escort across the lines, and had gone away up North somewhere, but no one could tell just where. You see they thought me dead as they know Bob to be. The old plantation had changed owners, the sale having been effected through an agent, thus leaving no trace. No doubt they mourned for me as anxiously as among the dead, while I have never ceased to grieve for them, nor to anxiously watch and wait for some trace by which to find them, living or dead."

"But," said General B—, "have you tried advertising? have you resorted to every means in your efforts? Tell me, what have you done, Jack?"

"Well, Tom, I think I have done about all there is to do in such a case. You must remember that advertising for a member of the Smith family is about like hunting for a needle in a haystack. Besides, my mother may have died years ago, and my sister, by mixing and changing her name, would render the chances even less hopeful."

"True," said Major O—. "Yet don't despair, Colonel. You know the old adage of the long lane which soon or late has a turn; and you may have come to the turn, even now. And, then, the darkest hour just before day always melts at sunlight. A good Providence may have guided your footsteps here for a purpose."

"Use here, now," said the General as he shyly wiped tears away, "don't you go to giving up, old boy; why come, this'll never do. Come on, let's do something. We'll find out who those little kids are, anyway, and then who knows? who knows?" and springing to his feet General B— led off at double quick, followed slowly by Major O— and Colonel Smith.

"Madame," said the General, approaching the lady President, "Can you tell me who those little folks were that have just left the flowers in your possession?"

"I can not, sir. I know nothing scarcely in regard to them. For five years I have searched and searched for them, and every Decoration Day, no matter what kind of weather, presented themselves here to buy flowers to be placed upon some of the nameless soldiers' graves. They have always called for white lilies tied with gray and roses tied with blue. They paid liberally for their bouquets, and left in their little pony phaeton without a word by which we could trace them or upon which to base an opinion. I have always thought they were sisters, and Southern ladies. This morning the young lad whom you noticed came with his little sister, telling me his grandmother sent her compliments and these emblems, which she desired should be placed upon some unmarked soldier's grave. He also told me that his Aunt Bettie, the grandmother's sister, is lying dead."

"Aunt Bettie! did he say Aunt Bettie?" exclaimed the Colonel, whose pallid face and

glittering eyes now showed his intense excitement.

"Yes, sir, Aunt Bettie was the name." "I must see them. My mother's only sister was named Bettie. Let's go to them immediately, Tom," said the Colonel in a dazed way as if he had been stunned by a sudden shot.

"Go where Jack? go where? Now see here, you keep cool—hold on—don't get excited, let me manage this affair, a little while longer and you'll see what can be found out." Then while he slowly lit his cigar he seemed to be taking a mental survey of the situation. Finally after several minutes spent in reflection he motioned an Aid, who stood near the door, to come to him, and taking out a note book he hastily wrote off a few questions, and I suspect the most embarrassing of the city, by which he would ascertain if any old lady had died since the hour of midnight; if so, her name, residence and the location.

"Now, my dear," "take this, Ben, and when you are ready to report you will find me at the camp ground, on the speaker's stand after the parade."

"One word more to you gentlemen," said the lady president, "the little girl also told me that her grandmother had two sons—one who was killed on the Union side, and one whom she called a rebel, that had fallen on the Confederate side, and I suspect you are certain if any old lady had died since the hour of midnight; if so, her name, residence and the location."

"That, Bob and me—Now Tom—lets find them."

"Come Jack," said the General, looking into the pallid face tenderly, as he laid his caressing hand softly upon the empty sleeve, "we have done all we can do just now, let us go out to the camp ground for an hour or two and wait. The boys expect us; don't let us disappoint them." Shoulder to shoulder they passed out to the carriage in waiting for the parade, although not near enough to catch the drift of conversation. The significant combination of lilies with gray and roses and blue evidently struck them and told their own story, for each face showed traces of deep emotion as they turned their glances from the group and looked questioning into each other's eyes. One of the number in particular showed signs of being deeply touched. He was the handsomest one of the three—a man of magnificent form with a true patrician face possessing great dignity and gentleness of expression. One empty sleeve and his halting step told the sad tale of battle field experience, while by his accent and pronunciation we very surely knew him to be from the Sunny South if he had not already heard that General B— was entertaining two friends from Louisiana, both lawyers of distinction—his classmates in college days—and both ex-confederate officers, with whom he now clasped hands in peace and good will.

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1885. A CARD 1885.

TO THE GENTLEMEN OF INDIANAPOLIS.

Owing to the hard times and dullness of trade, I will make special prices for the next 30 days in SUITS MADE TO ORDER! A FIT GUARANTEED.

REGER, THE TAILOR, 42 NORTH ILLINOIS ST.

On falsehood's turbid tide with ease— Their power to tie again our sees. SYLVIA.

The May Prize. Pope's Poetical Works, nicely printed and bound in cloth, will be presented to the reader furnishing the best lot of answers to the "Knotty Problems" for May. The solutions for each week should be forwarded within six days after the date of the Sentinel containing the puzzles answered.

- Answers. 1195.—Cleopatra. 1196.—Acanthopterygian. 1197.—Hardship. 1198.—A mirror. 1199.—Something. 1200.—Cipher(9). 1201.—Mast.

CURIOUS, USEFUL AND SCIENTIFIC.

Mr. W. L. Brown, of St. Petersburg, is said to have written a paper, to be published shortly in book form, in which he makes a serious attempt to compile and utilize existing knowledge of wind and wind currents, and the influence of the moon thereon, so as to find some scientific rules for a definite weather guide.

It is a curious fact connected with deep mining that from the hours of 12 at night till 3 in the morning the disturbing influence in the bowels of the earth obtains increased activity. At this time it is observed by miners that water falls from places where none is observable during the day. The volume in the water-wheel is perceptibly increased, the atmosphere is charged with gases, which often prevent the lights from burning, and suns of particles of earth and rock are observed to fall from the tops of the drives.

Professor Theodore von Oppolzer in a note writes: "The words midnight and noon have a purely local character, like the words evening and morning. At a given instant it can be 6 hours on the whole earth if we have agreed to designate this given instant everywhere with this number, but there can be midnight only under one meridian at the absolute instant, so the words midnight and noon are to be avoided when speaking of universal time." He thinks that astronomers are more inclined to over than to underestimate the trouble of a transition period.

The difference between the larval cod and the young salmon just hatching, says Professor Macintosh, is striking. The young cod is in a very rudimentary condition, not only in size, but in structure. For instance the heart pulsates, but there is no visible blood, and there are no blood vessels. Those therefore, who say that the heart in animals contracts from the stimulus of its living blood would here find little support. On the other hand, the newly hatched salmon has attained great complexity; indeed, several days may be spent in delineating its elaborate blood vessels alone.

At a late meeting of the Geological Society London, Mr. H. Wood read a paper on an almost perfect skeleton of the Rhytina fishes, ("Stellar's sea cow"), obtained from the Pleistocene peat deposits on Bibring's Island. He spoke of the interest which all ways attaches to such animals as are either just exterminated or are now in course of rapid extirpation by man or other agents and referred to the present speedy destruction of the larger mammals, expressing the opinion that the African elephant, the giraffe, the bison, and many others would soon be blotted out of existence unless protected from being hunted to death. The same applied to the whale and seal fisheries. He then described some of the leading points of the anatomy of the Rhytina, and pointed out the principal characters by which the order is distinguished. He regarded the Rhytina as a last surviving species of the old Tertiary group of Sirenia, and its position as marking an "oulier" of the group now swept away.

KNOTTY PROBLEMS.

Our readers are invited to furnish original enigmas, charades, riddles, puzzles and other "knotty problems," addressing all communications relative to this department to E. B. Chabouras, Lewiston, Maine.

No. 1206.—Covered Pallidromes. Old Farmer Gray is wont to say, As he shakes a doleful head, That warning truths to growing youths Are worth as much unsaid: "Blood and upon the cross—"

Then with its brother comes another, Which, heeded, oft has saved a duel: "Though falsehood's tongue your heart has wound, Unless you fast would add new fuel, And force the fire to flame the higher, Love never at a fustler's!" SYLVIA.

No. 1207.—A Charade. MY FIRST, The sun peeps out a little space, In gold the roses steeping; A jealous cloud obscures his face, And drowsiness heralds in weeping. Smiles and tears, hopes and fears, And again the sun appears!

By no means difficult to find (For these are all around you) If to the fact you be not blind, It would be perilous to be wined, And you yourself, I have no doubt, May be the one you're seeking out.

A tub of water in your path, A most insulting letter, A sentence framed to rouse your wrath, A new, untried method of doctor, If such of these to you should fall, Don't take offence; I'm my all. JOE AMORY.

No. 1208.—A Numerical Enigma. I listened 1, 2, 3 a very long time, but heard nothing to lead me to believe the 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 were being drawn down the street, and as I 7, 8, 9 my lunch I thought myself 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 for not having depended upon its arrival. CLAUDE.

No. 1209.—An Important Company. We are banded together, by fate and by birth, By testing our skill you may judge of our worth, We are firm in our friendship, and true to our work, And one of our number is ever a shirk.

All eager for service, we stretch out our hands, In our own native homes, or in faraway lands. We vary in figure, some shorter, some taller, Some awkward, some graceful, some larger, some smaller.

The stoutest moves foremost, as the strongest one ought; One, wise as a guide-board, points out what is sought; And then, the darkest hour just before day always melts at sunlight. A good Providence may have guided your footsteps here for a purpose.

And there are two others who do as they choose, We deck them with jewels, we leave them to play, Hiding and clinging, they help in their way. Please give us employment, we work with skill; Even Satan, the fallen, would scorn to keep still; But not our labor is often defeated, And much that is worthy is grandly completed. S.

No. 1210.—A Riddle. Small am I, a tiny creature, Yet vast structures I rear: Wind and waves can not destroy them, And brave men of them have fear. My work is done in subterranean; Oft in caverns submarine; And what I form is sought for With much labor, too, I ween; But when I reach the light of day, And made over with much care, It forms a beautiful ornament Which the ladies love to wear. E. A. P.

No. 1211.—An Anagram. By transposing the letters in the words "Best in progress" make the name of a religious denomination. X. Y. Z.

No. 1212.—A Punning Quiz. Can any member of the band That loves to play in Puzzeiland Tell why the people most we trust, Whose words are ever true and just, Can surely deal in falsehood dark Not once alone? For they embark

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See ENGINES. Shipman

In operation at 21 West Maryland, Driven Well Store—1 and 2 horse power. Safer than coal oil lamps. R. E. ROBERT, State Agent, 25 Electro Block Tin Plating a Specialty.

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